

Painted by J. May Fraser

LIHUE MILL AT NIGHT

1928



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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 2

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Ethel M. Damon

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BOOK III
Paul Isenberg

Koamalu Children Growing Up

Like a flash of sunlight, memory leaps backward so nimbly from peak to peak along life's trail that the valleys of growth and toil lie often long unnoted in shadow. Yet while we linger gladly on the mountain tops of happy childhood with Maria Rice's little sister, Baby Nana, the sudden realization comes upon us that when she was a child of five, Molly and Willy had grown to be nine and twelve, laughing Emily was almost fifteen, and Maria, the adored oldest sister, was already counting her seventeenth summer. From Tennessee Uncle Atwood was already making fun of the distended hoop skirts of the newer fashions which, in less than a year, had crossed continent and ocean to become the prevailing mode even in Lihue among quite young ladies. Koamalu was fast growing up. Toward the end of the year 1858 Maria, who was not in the best of health, made a short visit in Honolulu and during that time received two letters, one from sister Emily at school in Koloa, and one from her father at home. Between the lines of her father's loving message one fancies that the lady to whom he refers may possibly be his own oldest daughter.

Koloa, December 13, 1858.

Dear Maria,

As the John Young is going to sail for Honolulu today, I thought I would write you a short note. Mollie is staying with me at the Doles now. She is sick today with a fever & so I am staying away from School to take care of her.

Last Saturday, which was not our week to go home, Emma Smith, Willie & I went to meet Mollie. We started on our horses at five minutes to ten & got clear over to Lihue, by the place where Mr. Charman used to live, before we met them. So on we all went home & took dinner, & started for Koloa at 15 minutes past two. We were just about an hour going from Koloa to Lihue. We

raced like everything. Some of your plants have come up that Dr. Hillebrand gave you.

You remember the queer man in Koloa who has a daughter Sophia. Well, he went over to Lihue mill & offered Sophia to Mr. Whipple for a wife. They say Mr. Prevost nearly died laughing at the performance. They told Mr. — that they thought the new sugar boiler at Koloa would like Sophia, so he came back home. He is making a stone wall for Mr. Dole and says he can finish it in three hours. But they think it will be a wonder if he gets it done in a week.

It looks awful stormy. I hope we shant have any more rain. Last week there was almost a flood. Maulili stream was very high. We could almost Swim to School, and the bridge between Kahookuis & Dr. Smiths was all covered with water.

I believe they are going to name Mrs. Prices baby Lavinia. Clara & Marion Rowell went up there on Saturday & they say it is a very red baby.

I cannot write any more now so Good Bye

Your aff. sister Emily.

P.S. Dont let *any one* see this letter. I wrote it in great haste.
E. D. R.

Lihue Plantation, Dec. 10th, 1858.

Dear daughter Maria:

We were all glad to learn that you had so comparatively pleasant a trip up. I am not very well again today. I have worked too hard for my strength, but I dont mean to do so any more.

Will you select at Castle & Cooke's the nicest sewing chair with rockers & arms, smaller than our large rocking chairs & a little larger than Anna's chair, a good size larger, & have it charged to me. Either cane seat or hair cloth, as you may judge. I want it for a new years present to a lady.

We had very heavy rain the night you left & for several days after, so that we are wallowing in mud. Mr. Wilcox & Miss Bishop went on toward Hanalei this A.M.

Your aff. father,

W. H. Rice

But life was not filled with illness and rain and voyages to town. By common consent of the neighbors on the east side of the island, the Fourth of July was set apart for a joyous celebration, which began by meeting at the mouth of the Wailua and poling the whole party of children, young people, staid governesses, parents, ranchmen, and plantation men, on a big scow up the quiet river for lunch on its banks. Mrs. Smith's sister, Miss Knapp, who accompanied the Widemann family, was at that time the governess for their children and, in the eyes of the gay young girls of eighteen, apparently added much to the fun of the party by her dreamy abstraction. By some miraculous power, these same young ladies not only disposed of their large hoop skirts upon a crowded scow, but, after lunch, carried them up the steep bank of the river where their saddle horses awaited them, conveyances by which, in some manner even more marvelous, both hoops and young ladies were transported to the Wailua Falls mansion. Every family has its portraits. One of the Rice-Isenberg family tapestries, an heirloom indeed, was woven by Hannah Maria out of the colors and gay laughter which echoed in eyes and ears for days after the celebrated Fourth of the year of our Lord 1859.

Yesterday was the 4th of July and we agreed to celebrate it by a sail up the Wailua River. We all rose early and by 10 A.M. our party started. We were, my Father, Mrs. Burbank of Koloa, Mary and Sammie Burbank, Pattie Cooke, Julia A. Gulick, Malvina Rowell, George Dole, Willie Smith, Charlie Alexander, Willie, Emily, Mary Rice and myself. G. Dole drove Mrs. Burbank in the carriage. The rest were on horse-back. I rode a new horse, Victor. We rode very slowly, tho our horses were very gay. In reaching the beach we found Mr. Hardy and Alice, Willie Andrews and Messrs. McBryde and Pomeroy there. We went into the verandah of a house to wait for the rest. Soon Dr. Smith came. He and Mr. McBryde came and talked to us

awhile, a long time afterwards (so it seemed for that wasn't a pleasant place to wait). The carriage and the ladies with Mr. Pflueger came, and soon after, Mr. Isenberg. Miss Knapp was in one of her "abstract" moods and could not tell whether the Widemanns were coming or not. We waited till 12 o'clock and then went aboard. Such funny work as we had getting under way. First over one side and almost wrecked, then ditto the other, the sails flapping, Father and Mr. Pomeroy shouting, Mr. McBryde running all around, and general confusion.

After a while we arrived at a house where there were a lot of melons for us and took them on board. We cut some and Emily sent melon boats down the river. Somebody said, "Mr. Pflueger is coming." "Is he swimming?" innocently asked Miss Knapp. Mr. Hardy sailed along in a nice canoe sometimes alongside, sometimes before or behind. The worst thing was to run ashore the other side among some rushes and drop an old man overboard who was attempting to steer the craft. We didn't wait, but as soon as we were free, went on. How many times we plumped in shore I cannot tell. Once I was sitting in an armchair when the sail gave a great lurch and Mr. Pomeroy came flying down as tho he would embrace me. I was out in a twinkling. Again, we were uncommonly far in, for Mr. Isenberg and a Native were pushing, when Mr. Isenberg's powerful arm pushed the pole in so far that it could not be pulled out, and we sailed away from it. Another time I was sitting on a low bulwark, when bump we went far into the hau bushes that hang in to the water. The bulwark was carried away and I was thrown down, safely caught by my sleeve, but laughing so that I could not rise. By some most powerful leap Mr. McBryde rose behind me and helped me to rise. He always persists that he saved me from falling overboard. Sometimes Mrs. Burbank was quite alarmed, but Pattie and I made ourselves very generally laughed at with all this and bragging of our superior sailorship. Mr. Hardy reclined on a mat in his canoe laughing at us. He invited me to join him. I told him that he looked like a savage chief and I would not leave the fun of the scow.

At the break in the mountains the scenery is very fine. Below that it is rather flat, but indeed we did not look at scenery much, we were so interested in our mishaps. The gentlemen did not enjoy themselves so much, as they had to work pretty hard, but



*Spirit Paul Senberg
2. 1860. Meiner S. (Harold) Hannover
Germany*

*From a picture taken before he left Germany in 1858.
His signature is from Maria Rice's guest book at Koamalit.*

there was an almost constant shout of laughter kept up. Mr. Melchers, Marshall and Widemann with Emma, Pattie and Otto came aboard. We had to tell them our history then. We came suddenly upon a place where the hill rose directly from the water. Half way up there is a singular series of columns resembling the Giants Causeway in Ireland. Mrs. Burbank and Mr. Isenberg were near us, for we had been bidden to go aft, as the scow was too heavy forward and the water was shallow. Vines hung festooning the precipices. There we again bumped, Mrs. Burbank sprang to get the flowers, so did I but I was held back so that the flowers I coveted I did not get. Then we came upon a beautiful place. Beautiful Kukui trees grew down to the very water's edge. Governor Kanoa came riding along. Cheers were proposed. One was given, but ere the second, all were laughing so that it was feeble.

At half past two we landed at a pretty place and after washing and arranging hair, Mr. Hardy and I laid out the food. Pattie came and helped us too. Sardines, biscuits, three kinds of loaf cake, cookies, sandwiches, melons, oranges and ale composed the rural feast. My cookies were much praised, greatly to my delight. I made four loaves of fruit cake but it was so burnt I took but two. Mr. Hardy said that it was wedding cake and would know whose. Pattie said "Maria's", but she stoned the raisins. Pattie, Mr. Hardy and I passed the food, since everybody else clanned together. Mr. Widemann, McBryde, Melchers, Isenberg, and Marshall together. Miss Knapp and Mrs. Burbank, the Governor and Dr. Smith on a settee. Papa and Mr. Pomeroy by the table and the girls and boys together. Thirty in all. We passed food till nearly all seemed well helped and then Pattie and I sat down midway between Papa and the "Gents' clan". Everyone was at Mr. Marshall to know the depth of the Caves at Haena. I innocently asked him too, and then Mr. Melchers with the funniest gestures began to tell how that two days before Mr. Marshall had persisted in going in a canoe alone. He just stood up to make a very low bow to Mrs. Wundenberg and the ladies, lost his balance and disappeared, coming up quite sobered. It was all acted out and we most laughed till we cried.

When all were pau, the natives came and finished the food and I gathered up the dishes, gave the ale bottles and glasses to

Mr. McBryde, and then we were all ferried over and climbed up the bank, and soon found our horses. We girls, under the guardianship of Mr. Isenberg, reached the house first and made ourselves at home. When the rest came, those who were not tired started for the dairy. We went through the garden. As we passed through the dining room only one half the door was open. Pattie was first, Mr. Isenberg sprang forward to open the other. "I think we can go thro," she said. The look of doubt that he cast on the lower part of her dress was indescribably comical. But "we" all did get thro. We stopped to admire the magnolia, and accidentally I nearly broke off a flower which was presented to me. Pattie made some exclamation about roses and immediately a pretty bunch was presented to her. We passed the dairy and made ourselves comfortable under the peach tree, where we ate a vast quantity of peaches. There were no mangoes ripe. We returned, and in passing a fence, Emily, who was considerably in front called out that instead of climbing the stile we had better go thro a break in the fence. I was first, Pattie next. Our hoops flew out and the gentlemen behind laughed. Mr. McBryde said he "should believe in Punch hereafter." At the well house, Mr. Melchers held a pan for us to drink and then to wash our hands. Pattie could not get her handkerchief handy and so he handed her his nice white silk one. At the dairy Mr. Isenberg held a pan of milk for those who liked it. "Will you have some?" he asked Mary Burbank. "No", she said and proceeded, "I have been eating an orange." We all trembled for the next word and felt very much relieved when she only said, "And it would sour."

Before we left the house they brought out the Autograph Book and we all wrote our names. "What day of the month is it?" asked Miss Knapp. Mr. Isenberg too brought out a German dairy book, and I made him quite angry by laughing at the pictures of women. Pattie and I walked our horses much of the way home and laughed over the day. And far into the night we laughed over a day that I shall always remember as one of the merriest I ever spent.

This story of the Wailua picnic is written in Maria Rice's finest hand in a homemade notebook entitled *Pleasant Days & Pleasant People*. Following this holiday account, in lieu of a minute journal, the notebook con-

tains jottings as to the arrival of dear friends, horseback rides in the moonlight, tea at the Widemanns' and annual feasts and processions on both Grove Farm and Lihue. One of the longer of these diary notes bears the title, Mr. McBryde's Wedding. The Friend of February, 1860, announces that on the tenth of January, at the Bethel Chapel, Honolulu, by the Rev. S. C. Damon, according to the rites of the Episcopal Church, Duncan McBryde, Esq., of Wailua Falls, Kauai, and formerly of Argyleshire, Scotland, was married to Miss Elizabeth Amelia Moxley, of Pontypool, Monmouthshire, England, niece of Captain George Luce of Honolulu. Maria Rice's vivacious account tells of happenings before and after this event.

. . . There was a story around that Mr. McBryde fancied me, which gave my mother a great deal of anxiety, but didn't me. About the first of December it came out that he was and had long been engaged to Miss Moxley. After it was "out" he came often, every Saturday in fact to talk over marriage, etc., with mother. He told us much about Miss Moxley and we felt well acquainted with her. He often said that he hoped that she and I would be good friends, and as mother begged that he would bring his young bride here, he asked more than once that I might meet her on the beach. They were married on the 10th of January, and the next morn were in sight. Mother and Father returning from Mr. Hardy's at Malumalu saw the Vessel and hurried home. I got ready in the greatest haste, sprang into the carriage and whipped off, for which I got the wagon full of mud. "Because you are too fast, Miss Rice," said Mr. Hermann.

Mrs. McBryde was landed first, deadly sick. I gave her a warm "buss" and then ran to Mary Andrews whom I was right glad to see. Mrs. McBryde and I then came up together, she so sick that she was glad to get on the floor of the wagon and put her head upon the seat. Mamma welcomed her with all the others and took her into the Marshall Room, where she laid upon the bed till we started again for Wailua, I driving and Mr. McBryde riding along. We drove the long way and talked and laughed the

whole way, till Mr. McBryde had to open his eyes to hear the girls get acquainted. A warm pressure of the hand and as warm a kiss at parting and I left her at the river, to come home alone. So ended one pleasant day.

The charm of the simple home at Koamalu was exemplified in its eldest daughter. Grace, vivacity, a mind alert, a heart strong and loyal, a spirit sensitively attuned to all that was noble and fine. At ten she was already mothering the three younger children. At twelve she was an earnest student. At fifteen, a zealous housekeeper in her mother's absence from home. At eighteen, with all the gaiety of girlhood and the high seriousness of true womanhood, she was writing to her dear friend, Lizzie Johnson of Waioli Mission, under pledge of eternal secrecy, the romantic longings of a young girl's heart. And another dear friend, Pattie Cooke of Honolulu, was writing about this time to Maria. "I hear that our friend Mr. Isenberg is ill. When is *his* lady coming out? Bessie Moxley seemed very happy about plans for her marriage to Mr. McBryde, and she will make a good neighbor, I know."

Pattie Cooke had been a guest at Koamalu the summer before when, on the famous Fourth of July picnic, the young ladies in their wide hoop skirts had been welcomed so gallantly by Mr. McBryde and Mr. Isenberg, hosts at Wailua Falls Mansion. To this day "little Mary Burbank," recalling her childhood admiration of Maria Rice, tells of the lovely roses presented to Pattie Cooke at her remark on their beauty, and of the exquisite magnolia flower reserved for Maria's acceptance. It was presented, doubtless, with a correct German bow, hand on heart. And behind the mockery in Maria's eyes, as she later twitted Paul Isenberg on the pictures of German women in his dairy book, lay something far deeper than merry laughter. For eyes had spoken, although lips echoed only gay banter rippling along over the surface of life.

Heart was meeting heart and the delicate symbol thereof welled up in fragrance through the deep white cup of the magnolia bloom as it passed from one hand to the other.

To Maria Rice a new and very poignant devotion now mingled with all the childhood and girlhood associations of home, the stalwart figure of her lover rising in her dreams as a source of protection and tenderness. To her mother and her father the new relation would presently bring another son and augured well for the happiness of their beloved daughter. To Paul Isenberg, finding an understanding heart in an alien land, the significance of it made up the sum of life. To his father and mother, in their simple home of a German pastor, it was sweetest music to learn that their beloved eldest son had found happiness and peace in a Christian home. Two streams of the best and highest culture, one from the New World, one from the Old, crossing two oceans, had met and become one on these far isles of the sea.

Strangely enough, the two homes, that of the German pastor in the Old World and that of the mission teacher in this far western extension of the New World, were, in spirit, closely attuned one to the other. Paul Isenberg's father, Daniel, was a gifted, hard-working Lutheran pastor, who devoted his life to numerous parish communities in central Germany between Cassel and Hanover. Tradition has it that in the middle of the thirteenth century Count Friedrich Isenberg had fled from his home neighborhood of Cologne and the river Ruhr after confiscation of his family estates owing to bitter quarrels and tragedy between his father and his uncle, the Bishop of Cologne. Turning eastward into the hill country, Count Friedrich wandered at length to the region of Muenden, a hamlet lying at the juncture of two streams flowing northward into the river Weser. "Here," he said to himself, "I am far from the troublous lands of Rhein and Ruhr, here no one knows me. Here is what I love, water,



A STREET IN OLD BREMEN

forest, mountain and valley. Here I will work for my bread." Then, flinging shield and coat of arms deep into the water, he parted forever from all insignia of rank. Only his sword he kept, a weapon carried by many in those medieval days of unrest. Familiar from boyhood with water and its ways, he sought and found work with an old ferryman, who was also fisherman, near the hamlet of Munden and was rejoiced to have a sturdy youth

share his labors. Not only was his body sound and strong, but the heart of this youth rejoiced in his labors. No burden was too heavy, no task too long, no danger too great. In time this youth took joy in a boat of his own which carried him, with his freight of various country products for sale, northward down the Weser, almost to the great city of Bremen. In time, with his wife from the little town of Munden, he founded a family of honest citizens. For many years his sword was kept as a family relic, but it disappeared in the course of centuries. Indestructible, however, has been the remaining heritage of his now widespread descendants, a body strong and sound, a mind alert and ready to follow his motto: *Nichts*

halb tun, sondern ganze Arbeit soll der Mensch verrichten.—Nothing half done, but the whole task shall a man complete.

Members of this large family emigrated in the eighteenth century to the United States and even to Russia. But the immediate family of the Rev. Daniel Isenberg had its home in the little town of Muenden. George Isenberg, father of Daniel, was a boatman and river merchant who died suddenly while yet a young man. His business partner and brother-in-law, a childless man, intended to leave the property of the undivided partnership, after the death of his own wife, to the children of George. He, too, however, was stricken by a fatal disease, and in his dying hour begged one of the Isenberg daughters to destroy his old will. This she staunchly refused to do, on principle, though it might, and did,



OLD BREMEN, ALONG THE WESER

mean the subsequent poverty of her own family. The entire property descended, therefore, to the partner's wife and her kin. When young Daniel reached manhood, years of litigation had swallowed up most of the estate and the little that came to him from it he gave to his sister. Early destined to study for the ministry, as a lad Daniel set out on foot at the beginning of term time on the twelve-hour walk down the river to school in Holzminden. On his back was a small bundle of books and the thirteen shirts, spun, woven, and stitched for him by his mother's hand, thirteen, one for each week, and all to be brought back at the end of the school term to be washed at home. Stockings he had none, and had never had. In summer he saved his shoes by carrying them in his hand through the long day's walk. By perseverance, and a marvel, Daniel kept at his studies for three years at the university of Goettingen, not far from Muenden. The sum of four hundred and fifty dollars was the very least on which a student could hope to subsist during the three years. Such a sum his mother certainly had not, nor were any of her friends willing to risk such a loan. In desperation, young Daniel betook himself to the house of a merchant, a Jew, who had known his father. To his utter amazement, the Jew at once agreed to lend him the money, and without interest. At Daniel's outspoken astonishment, the Jew remarked, "I know that your father's son will return the loan as soon as he is able. Moreover, if anything should happen to you, I promise not to plague your poor mother for payment. The God of my fathers has blessed me, and helping the poor is salt to my meat."

Even after two years of study in direst poverty Daniel was still only a candidate for examinations in theology. His regular meals consisted of bread and coffee, with two exceptions per week, when he had a hot dinner. Stockings and even cloak or overcoat he still lacked. But God

had supplied him with far more important furnishing, namely: an excellent memory, a keenness of intellect, an aptitude for philosophy and languages, a facility for conversation and clear explanations, a sound body and a good voice for singing and speaking. But how was he to achieve the elegant dress required by the dignity of his main examination? He still ran through the winter streets of Goettingen in bare boots



HOME OF THE ISENBERGS IN MUENDEN

and thin jacket,—it was far too cold to walk. By some miraculous means, however, he did compass the impossible and presented himself for the examination in Hanover properly clad in black knee hose, black silk stockings, buckled shoes, dark blue frock coat with gilt buttons, and high silk hat. And he passed the examination very well. But still there was a final and less important test to be taken. In the meantime, the eager young student returned to the little private school which he was teaching in Dransfeld, a town not far from Muenden, and applied himself to alternate teaching and studying.

In 1833, fortnightly love letters began to pass from Dransfeld to Klausthal, to Daniel's betrothed, Dorothea Strauch. More frequent messages were quite forbidden

by the high charge for letters to Klausthal, a town which lay, to be sure, not so far northeast of Dransfeld, but high in the Harz Mountains. The family of Strauch was even then widely scattered throughout the district, Dorothea's grandfather having been a worker in the silver mines there, very deep mines which in modern times are no longer worked. This same grandfather, by sturdily refusing to connect himself with dishonest schemes for handling the precious ore, won at length a deserved promotion, which has become traditional in the family. Not only was it a symbol of honor among kinsmen and descendants, but also a spirited stimulus to increased exertion which placed many among them in positions of great dignity and responsibility. Symbolic, too, is one device employed on his coat of arms, a ladder, one of his most essential mining tools. The importance of these works was so great that they were administered by government mining officials of the kingdom of Hanover, and Great-grandfather Strauch thus became a very responsible officer of the Crown. The only picture of him now known displays something of the dignity of his official uniform and is a family heirloom.

To the youthful lovers, Daniel and Dorothea, prospects for marriage were still closely enfolded within the dim cloud of their future. But the silent hand of fate was already laying aside the folds of their own immediate cloud in the process of sweeping together a great wind in the direction of Dransfeld. In 1834 almost every house in the town was burned to the ground in the wake of a violent storm. Unequal to the burden of coping with this dire emergency, the aged pastor of Dransfeld made his way to the security of Goettingen and there recommended that the young candidate, Isenberg, whose tiny garden house outside the town had escaped destruction by fire and flood, should be ordained at once and installed as temporary pastor to care for the suffering



JOHANN FRIEDRICH STRAUCH
Grandfather of Paul Isenberg

flock. This was soon done, and ably did the young minister comfort and sustain his bereaved people. So occupied, however, was every moment of the day that his own housekeeping was sadly neglected and he wrote an urgent letter to Klausthal, setting forth his pressing need of a wife. This the Father Strauch grasped at once and the simple marriage service was forthwith celebrated in Klausthal. Wedding journey the new bride had none save the short one from her father's house through the high, winding valleys southward by way of Goettingen to Dransfeld. Fifth daughter in a family of ten children, the young pastor's wife yet brought with her a modest outfit and almost four hundred dollars in cash, her wedding dowry with which to buy furnishings for the bare little garden house. Yet even this simple luxury was denied her, for together with Daniel's own modest savings laid by up to this time, most of the bride's dowry went to pay the debt still owing to the kind Jew in Munden for his university loan. Tears and sighing availed nothing. A debt was always a debt until it was paid, and no such burden was to shadow the opening of this new home. Bare indeed the little rooms looked, but once the atmosphere had been cleared by righteous decision, many were the laughs they had when visitors from a distance commiserated with the new couple on having been burnt out like the rest of the town.

One final burden was yet to be laid upon the young bridegroom and shared by the bride. In his haste to have someone to keep his house and prepare necessary meals, Daniel had failed to ask permission of the Consistory, or Presbytery. The clerical board sat long in disapproval over this youthful misdemeanor, and was finally won over only by the former pastor of Dransfeld, who showed them how utterly necessary to the stricken town were the ministrations of zealous young Daniel and how

impossible it would be for him to minister without being in his turn ministered unto by a wife. A heavy fine was imposed, to be paid into the widows' fund of the church from the minister's small salary. So poverty and care ushered in the new home and, indeed, accompanied it for over thirty years. But faith and prayer and love filled their hearts and continued to do so to the parting of the ways.

Here in the little parish of Dransfeld four children came to the young couple. Anna, in 1834, Paul in 1837, followed by Julie and Carl. In time, too, a larger house and garden supplied growing needs, and the addition of two cows delighted the heart of the young mother. On the steep mountain sides of her childhood home no vegetable gardens could grow and even in the narrow valleys only a few potatoes and green beans could be coaxed into existence. But with all the intricacies of dairying Dorothea Strauch was as practically familiar as any well brought-up maiden of the Swiss Alps. And fortunately young Pastor Isenberg was a thorough and enthusiastic gardener, rising very early for two solid hours' work in his orchard, hay field, and vegetable garden, before the rounds of his parish day should begin. Here in Dransfeld the young wife knitted the first pair of socks her husband had ever possessed, of wool which she herself had carded and spun into yarn.

Money was seldom seen in those early days, but with care and energy and good health, the little family was well nourished and warmly clad. Here Father Isenberg became the owner of his first overcoat, of an almost indestructible dark blue material which, during many years afterward, was handed down to his small sons in garments of ever-diminishing size. Here, as her children came, Mother Isenberg began her lifelong practice of supplying each one, after its first year, with warm goat's



DOROTHEA STRAUCH
An old portrait of Paul Isenberg's mother.

milk, devoting a new goat to each child and milking the goat whenever the child was hungry, even if it were every hour in the day. As the babe grew older a Zwieback was added to the warm drink, and thus the children throve "like apples on the tree." Great need had the mother to watch over the economies of her household with incessant care, for the father had little regard for money as such, and was carelessly generous with any coins that chanced into his pockets. Absent-minded, too, he became, to the lifelong delight of his children and notwithstanding the anxious scrutiny of his devoted spouse, who, one evening at a little neighborhood gathering, watched him with apprehension the while he drew out of his pocket a child's shirt and used it, quite unperturbed, in place of a handkerchief. His children also loved to tell of how once, for four weeks, he wore two left shoes, noticing discomfort in his right foot, to be sure, but never for a moment aware that he was wearing one left shoe belonging to a friend at whose house he had been visiting.

In 1840, or possibly the year before, Pastor Isenberg was transferred northward to the little town of Klauen, east of Hanover, and miles from the beloved mountains of the south, in a flat country of grain fields and small fruits. Here the gentle mother wept all day while the household goods were being moved into the new home. No mountains, no firewood, no cows, no friends! At length, however, finding that her husband was determined not to come into the house while she wept, she dried her tears and resumed, not without effort, her customary cheerful countenance. Hungry for the new pastor's simple gospel message, the people filled the church Sunday after Sunday, and made frequent errands to the parsonage with friendly gifts of eggs, fruit, butter or sausage. For it was clear to all that the pastor and his wife, with four growing children, could by no means live

on the small stipend allowed by the Consistory. Even with all the gifts, which during six years never failed, Mother Isenberg had always to "turn over every penny ten times" before she spent it. This her husband had learned to do in his student days, but now that care was hers. Even tobacco for his beloved pipe and an occasional new book were the greatest luxuries. Coffee and sugar were never used except for company; the children had their goat's milk, and the parents had rye coffee. Yet what joy and cheer pervaded the home, and how strong and well were all the family! Every year wool was to be carded, spun and woven, likewise flax fiber made into shirts. At four in the morning Mother was at her housework, the first up before dawn and the first to bed at night, too weary then to do otherwise. Here at Klauen two children, Bertha and Otto, were added to the four older ones, and the mother often prayed for help to get them all sufficient food and clothing. Father Isenberg had a childlike faith that they would not be brought beyond the verge of want, and so indeed they never were.



THE PARSONAGE AT DRANSFELD IN 1929

After six years in Klauen, however, both parents longed for a little more income, if only to give their growing children something of the education they needed. And in answer to their prayers there came from a friend the gift of a parish at Meine somewhat to the northeast of Braunschweig, or Brunswick. It was a scattered community of eight villages and with over two thousand souls belonging to the church. The former minister, much beloved and very successful in his work, was sadly missed at first, but the most loyal of his followers soon came to see that Daniel Isenberg also belonged among the good and faithful shepherds. Here he worked for fifteen years, the crowning years of his life's work, full of sorrow and care, but greatly blessed in every activity. His work he loved best, yet not once did he allow himself to neglect the supervision of the fields allotted for the pastor's support. This took daily time, although the field was plowed and sown by the peasants of the different villages, in the autumn to rye, in the spring to summer corn and potatoes. At harvest time, too, the willing workers came to do their share. Farming out the fields to someone



THE CHURCH AT DRANSFELD



KLAUEN PARSONAGE AND CEMETERY
1929

else was, of course, not for a moment to be considered. And beside this there were five or six cows, two goats, two or three pigs, thirty or forty hens, and, to the immense delight of the children, a dovecote and a rabbit hutch. To the father of the family this was all an unavoidable duty, in order to feed his

family and to set an example of thrift in the community. But his heart lay in his spiritual work among the people and in the little chapel of each village where special week-day services were held four times a year. For this the well-to-do peasants brought at Easter time a loaf of bread and six eggs; others only four eggs; at Christmas time a loaf of bread and a fine sausage. Money was scarce and all these gifts were gratefully received; the excellent bread, which was delivered week in and week out, instead of all at once, saved many a toilsome baking; the hundreds of sausages were smoked and eaten with gusto.

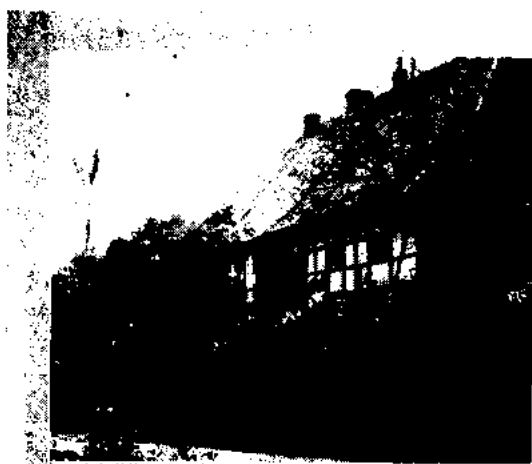
It was a busy life for a country parson. To all his farm cares were soon added several hours of daily instruction to his sons, in German (for only Plattdeutsch or low German was spoken in the neighborhood), French, Arithmetic, Geography, History and Latin. Then visits were made among the sick, the old, the wandering and the lost, to surround them with the love and comfort and mercy which were their portion. All official transactions were attended to with scrupulous care; so likewise

were sermons prepared which gripped the people's hearts, while comforting and uplifting them. Supervision was extended to ten or twelve pastors and as many as thirty teachers of scattered parochial schools.

Nor must the busy mother's pastoral cares be omitted, for shepherd she surely was to that big family of five sons and three daughters, even though she could never bring herself to punish them, and at evening often had a long list of transgressions and chastisements to turn over to the weary father. Shortly after settling in Meine, a fourth son, Daniel, was born to the family, the son whose reminiscences, published privately by his children after his death, furnish us with most of these indelible pictures



THE CHURCH AT KLAUEN
1929



THE PARSONAGE AT MEINE
1929

from the life of his father and mother. In 1855, when small Daniel Isenberg was almost nine years old, Johannes, the youngest child of the family, was born. Daniel was told that he had a little brother, and bubbling over with joy, the small boy ran to carry the news to big brother Carl who was working at some distance

from home. All the reply the happy messenger elicited was a curt box on the ear, much to his mystification. The older brothers and sisters had not looked forward with any pleasure to having a baby in the house after all the intervening years. Their mother, too, had sighed at the prospect. But after the little chap had arrived, he became so much the pet of all the older ones that even small brother Daniel's erstwhile enthusiasm waned and he often felt "his nose rather out of joint." Even as a baby of two or three, Hans would not take his dose of medicine unless big brother Paul, eighteen years his senior, were sent for to administer it. And as the baby grew up, the entire family set themselves to the task of educating him, his beautiful sister Julia giving him lessons in French, but always bringing him to his father to be chastised, so quickly did he grow into a strapping lad. Only Father Isenberg had looked forward eagerly to his advent into the family and to him Hans was always the beloved child of his old age.

These two youngest sons of the family, Daniel and Hans, followed in their father's footsteps as ministers of the gospel, Daniel, the elder, with a quiet determination and fixity of purpose that lay upon him even in his childhood. And how much of the sturdy development in her children might be set to the account of their mother not even she herself could have told. Passionately devoted to the big, oldest son Paul, she yet loved them all and was in turn deeply loved by both husband and children. Generous, large-hearted, cheerful, happy, she daily removed mountains with her tireless persistence and practical foresight. And at the close of long, active days one of her keenest joys was to sit down to her piano and for an hour or two take deep delight in such treasures as Beethoven's sonatas.

Gifted she was, to the lasting joy and advantage of both husband and children. Nor were others neglected, for her favorite relaxation of Sabbath afternoons was regularly to knit one stocking for the poor.

During the latter years of 1850 repeated droughts literally burned up the meadows from which much hay was customarily sold, and thus even greater economies were en-



CARL AND DANIEL ISENBERG
1860

Younger brothers of Paul Isenberg

forced. Yet, even so, bread never failed in this big household. The children gathered sacks of acorns in the oak forest and everyone, even Father, drank acorn coffee with goat's milk. Bread was eaten plain, except on birthdays when the birthday child alone was distinguished by the luxury of butter on his slice of bread. Christmas, however, could not pass without a gift for each child. Once—oh, day never to be forgotten!—one small boy, filled with jealous rage that his smaller brother had received a whole Noah's Ark of treasures, set himself secretly to snapping off one leg from each of the many little animals that always thereafter limped on their processions in and out of the Ark in time of Flood.

About the year 1860 Father Isenberg was transferred as pastor and superintendent to the parish of Boerry, westward near the River Weser. Here, as in his next and last parish, the character of Father Isenberg's work became even more executive. More pastors came under his guidance and much of his time was spent in conferences with them at his own parsonage, as well as in journeying out to their pastorates for more direct supervision of their spiritual labors. He was especially skilled in the development of parochial schools, his success and magnetic enthusiasm mounting to such heights that at last the cool, unimaginative directors of the Consistory were fired with the possibilities of his new plans. Long after his death his grandchildren in Germany continued to hear of his personality and achievements from strangers who had met him perhaps only once, but had never forgotten his dynamic quality as an individual, his originality and his vigor of thought. A lifetime of observation on parochial visits where doctors did not exist had opened his eyes to many physical laws not then familiar even to physicians. Convinced, for one thing, that the disease of consumption was contagious, he carried disinfection to the extravagance of burning mattresses. And, again quite



FATHER AND MOTHER ISENBURG
With their youngest son, Hans, about 1865.

contrary to general usage, he insisted that fever patients should drink water freely.

When Father Isenberg returned from his supervising tours and could be at home a few days, his playtime with the beloved son of his old age was never missed, the greatest delight of both father and son being to con over Latin verbs together early in the morning before getting out of bed. And during his last years one of his keenest joys was to look forward to school vacations which regularly brought young Hans home from Celle. After six years at Boerry, the old pastor and his wife made their final move, northward to the parish of Wunstorf on another tributary of the beloved River Weser. Here, in 1871, Mother Isenberg laid down the burden of what had nevertheless been a very happy life. And save for his daughter Bertha's daily care, the regular vacation arrivals of young Hans from school and university, and occasional visits from others of the older children who had settled sufficiently near, Father Isenberg's days were filled with loneliness. So active a body and mind had been dependent on the comfort and companionship of his wife, and on the evenings of music at home which had meant so much to both. For one short year a beloved second wife filled the house with cheer. But she, too, soon followed into that dim land beyond the shadows. The visits of his children became doubly dear, but not even the growing company of very little children, with their faces set toward the rising sun of the future, could quite make up to Grandfather for the days that would never dawn again. A lingering illness he was spared. His heart failed suddenly late in November of 1875 and in a few hours he was gone.

No man stands alone, even in an alien land among alien peoples. And to know, even in part, what manner of young man it was who came into the homes on Kauai in 1858, one must look far back to Germany for glimpses



THE CHURCH AT OBERBERRY
1929

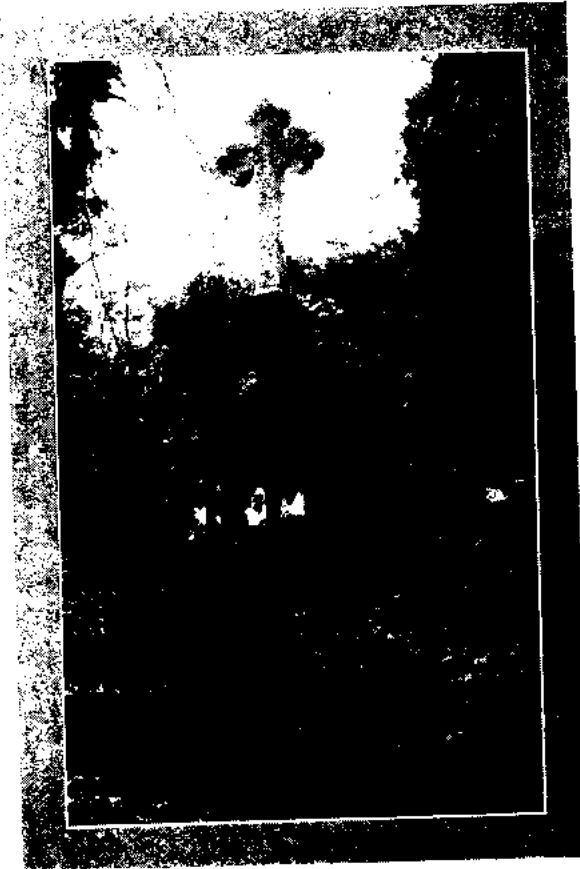
at least into the life of his parents and into that early home with which their care and their fortune surrounded him. Paul, the beloved and oldest son of Daniel and Dorothea Isenberg, grew, as did his brothers, into a strong, sturdy lad, in the parsonage homes of Dransfeld and Meine. Pluck and endurance were characteristic of him, his brothers and sisters loving to tell of his twice breaking his arm ringing the church bell. The first time he came directly

in to the Friday prayer meeting which his father was conducting, and sat down quietly with the other children, giving no sign of pain. His father, however, soon noticing that his usually ruddy face was chalk-white, found that he had struck his arm a severe blow and was unable to move it. Taking hold of it at once, Father Isenberg discovered the fracture and sent the boy home to show it to his mother, after which he was to find the practical village surgeon who would bind the arm in splints.

Strong and active though he was, Paul had yet no difficulty with his studies. But what he did find irksome was the long sitting indoors for hours at a time. At twelve

years of age he was a robust, good-looking boy, but so stout that his parents sent him to school in Braunschweig, and to live with friends who charged very little for his keep. Hopes as to his losing superfluous flesh, however, were soon frustrated, for the mother of the family took a liking to the lad and fed him up so well that he came home stouter than ever. His genial way won him friends in and out of school. But to his father's regret he brought home the decision, after two years, that he would not study for a profession.

Father Isenberg, however, did not press the point, and Paul was apprenticed to a practical farmer who kept him hard at work for four years, from three in the morning often till late at night. Here he shot up into a tall, handsome young man, his well-developed body discarding all superfluous flesh, although he was always heavy. The food at the farmer's table was good, but not too plentiful and with very little variety of choice. One year when much of the potato crop proved inferior, the rule was that one must eat first a poor potato and then top it off with a good



*The grave of Rev. Daniel Isenberg
at Wunstorf*

one to take away the bad taste. The estate was a large one and well managed, and the men as well as the apprentice were held to strict account, the manager being a skilled agriculturist and very exacting. Not even a spadeful of manure was suffered to fall from the wagon and lie unused. And not one of these severe lessons did the young apprentice fail to turn to good account in later years.

During the third year of this agricultural training the most minute forms of farm bookkeeping were required, with neatness and exactness as indispensable features in this department as in all others. When, after a long day's work in the open air, the tall young apprentice would often nod over his books and sometimes even fall asleep, he was sternly remanded to his task and informed that sleep was only a necessary evil to be indulged in very sparingly, since it brought in no real profit. "One must learn," said the conscientious farmer, "in order to get ahead. Go put your face in a bucket of cold water for a moment, then come right back and copy these columns all over again neatly." No vacations were allowed under this strict regime and although this seemed a hardship to Paul at the time, he was wont to refer to it in later years as a school of wholesome discipline. Two or three days at the Christmas season have been from time immemorial so universally celebrated throughout the length and breadth of the land of Germany that even this strict employer could not keep an apprentice to his tasks at that time. But rather than suffer the obnoxious and almost unendurable sight of an idle lad about the place, the farmer packed Paul off to his home in Meine. And not for Paul only were these brief days seasons of joy and festivity. To the younger children his coming brought the keenest delight. Even at sixteen Paul was already their big "older brother," grown tall and broad-

shouldered, his fair beard already appearing on his face. All loved him for his pleasant, friendly manner and his happy way of playing with the little folks and telling them stories. Much of his father's disappointment in his choice of a vocation must have begun to disappear. And his mother! How proud she was of the promise which he so richly gave of developing into a well set-up man, industrious and skilled! How he devoured the Christmas cakes she made him, what delight he took in getting a few long nights of sleep, and how he revelled in the joy of being once more within the circle of those whom he loved and who loved him.

With his eighteenth year his apprenticeship, having brought him great profit, came to an end. In the department of agriculture this very practical schooling had given him thorough training in every point; he had learned not only to be exact in small things, but careful also in greater things, and had acquired, for so young a lad, an enviable knack at supervision and not a little prudence and forethought as an executive. What he needed now was another similar field in which to broaden his experience. And such a position was not long in presenting itself on a farm which, through negligence, had become much run down. Here he worked as foreman or manager for two years, faithfully and zealously striving to improve neglected conditions for the owners. And so successful were his efforts that in the end he had won his employers' affection as well as their respect and admiration. They hoped, in fact, that he would marry their only child and would thus settle on the estate permanently. To a youth of twenty, with no capital and no definite prospects, this must have presented many angles of advantage. But Paul's face was already turned toward the west. Moreover, his heart was still untouched and, looking clearly beyond the need of the moment, he replied firmly to the gracious offer of his employer, "You do me

honor, for I think highly of your daughter. But I do not love her. She is older than I, and I am too young to enter into such a contract." Wise words, and well considered, yet the leave-taking, after two years of close companionship in work and interests, was not without sorrow on the part of the young man as well as that of his employers.

More than possible is it also that the wish and advice of Paul's father had had much to do with this momentous decision. Realizing, perhaps, that his son was gifted with faculties beyond the ordinary for organizing, planning and executing the multitudinous tasks of a landed estate, Pastor Isenberg had learned by inquiry of friends and acquaintances that a certain Mr. Hoffschlaeger in Han-



ANNA AND BERTHA ISENBERG
Older and younger sisters of Paul Isenberg

over was on the look-out for a young man whom he could send out to the distant Hawaiian Islands as manager of an estate leased from the government. Paul applied for this position and was accepted. The words "apply" and "accept" are cold channels through which to convey the hopes and fears that thrilled the busy home in the parsonage at Meine. This home had itself often moved, it is true, and was to move again

more than once before breaking up into eight younger homes. But never had it journeyed beyond the mountains and lowlands and beautiful river valleys of central Germany. Never had Father Isenberg seen the sea on which his son was now to venture life and limb. Never had he traveled farther to the north than down the River Weser to the city of Bremen. Never had he approached the Alps in the south beyond the limits of the city of Cassel. And now the beloved oldest son was to go out among strange peoples and into strange lands whence it was possible that he might never return.

To go directly to America would have been a long journey in itself. But this meant sailing the long and dangerous eight thousand miles still further, around the dread Cape of Storms, with no probability of the family's receiving news of the voyage for a year and more. To the children there was the desolating thought that big brother Paul would not be coming home even at Christmas. To his father and mother, aside from the personal deprivation, there came



JULIA ISENBERG
ABOUT 1861

Younger sister of Paul Isenberg

the devastating quandary as to the immense expense of the undertaking. Beside an outfit of enough clothes to keep the lad in reasonable comfort for two or three years, beside the outlay for his passage money, there came the yet greater expenditure of almost three hundred dollars to release the boy from required military service by securing one who would serve longer in his stead.

All these thoughts, and more, surged through heart and mind. But it was for Paul's good, and once the die was cast, no obstacle was permitted to stand in the way. The twelve suits of clothes for the tropics, with boots and other necessities, were prepared and carefully packed in tight sea chests. And hard cash for the necessary payments had to be borrowed by Father Isenberg, who then in his turn loaned freely to his son, as the old Jew in Muenden had freely loaned years before to the young student, in the sure knowledge that it would be repaid at the very first possible moment. Nor was the father's trust betrayed one whit more than that of the remarkable old Jew. When the wagon from Braunschweig finally arrived at the door to carry away Paul and his sea chests the whole family wept in despair. But a kind neighbor comforted them with God's promises, bade Paul remember always to seek his Savior, and at length the wagon disappeared with its precious burden. That was a day which the younger brothers and sisters never forgot. Even little Hans, not yet three years old, remembered all his life the contents of those chests and the sense of despair that fell upon every one of the family as Paul finally stepped into the wagon.

One hundred and eighty-three days was the journey from Bremen to Honolulu on the little bark Harburg, more than six full months of days which sometimes seemed monotonous to young Paul in the intervals between learning English and tending the three pairs of

valuable sheep which Mr. Hoffschlaeger had sent out in his care. Captain Graefenheim of the Harburg agreeably allowed Paul to take meals at his table and when the vessel made her first port at Valparaiso, Paul was invited to accompany the captain on a visit to his brother by a journey of several days on horseback into the interior. Of this expedition and of the captain himself, a most original character, Paul related many an amusing tale when he returned, years afterward, to his homeland. The visit at Valparaiso meant also the welcome addition of fresh water to the ship's limited menu of stale water, peas, beans and lentils with bacon or salt beef, and hard bread. On the fifteenth of October, 1858, the little bark Harburg sailed, or more probably was towed, into the harbor of Honolulu, which was a small town then. Nevertheless, Paul was glad to leave the little vessel and stretch his long legs on land, even if it were an alien shore. Homesick he often had been on the long voyage, and homesick he continued for years to be, but there yet arose within him an inextinguishable zest and enthusiasm, fired by the determination to work hard and make the best of every opportunity offered him among these new surroundings.

Even so, and welcomed though he was to this mid-ocean metropolis by members of three German firms there, Paul Isenberg little dreamed that within the space of barely a score of years he was himself to become a partner in one of these business houses, and that within less than forty years he was also to preside as senior officer in the corporation of H. Hackfeld and Company, Limited. In 1858 this firm had been established in Honolulu almost a decade, its first formal business card having appeared under the name of H. Hackfeld, Ship Chandler and General Agent. And it was Captain Heinrich Hackfeld himself, a well-known figure in Honolulu circles and but recently returned from a business expe-

dition to Hamburg, who welcomed young Paul Isenberg to Honolulu. Another to do so was Mr. F. A. Schaefer, whose name later superseded that of Melchers and Company, and who was to become a lifelong friend of the young stranger just arrived from Bremen. The third to bid him welcome was, of course, Mr. Stapenhorst, the Honolulu partner of Mr. Hoffschlaeger in Hanover. Other cordial greetings there undoubtedly were, since Honolulu was then, as now, well known for its hospitality, and contained such a colony of German residents that a club of some sixty members, famed for their good fellowship, had been formed there four years earlier. But the little town of Honolulu was never to be Paul Isenberg's permanent dwelling place and was not to become the scene even of his political activities until almost a score of years had passed. His first visit there was extended to twelve days, probably waiting for the sailing of some schooner for ports on the island of Kauai, since it was on the Wailua River there that Hoffschlaeger and Stapenhorst had leased the considerable estate first taken over by Mr. Thomas Brown.

The years of 1850 marked the height of the whaling industry in the Hawaiian Islands and in consideration of the numerous kegs of butter and salt beef put down by the Wailua Ranch under Mr. McBryde, it is interesting to find that Hoffschlaeger and Stapenhorst, in addition to other business, owned three of the whaling vessels of the Hawaiian fleet. Honolulu, writes Mr. Thomas G. Thrum, the authority of the Hawaiian Annual, was by this time imbued with the "oil fever" and for the season of 1858 sent out its own fleet of nineteen vessels aggregating 4,891 tons at an outfitting cost of \$395,500. Three of these vessels belonging to Hoffschlaeger and Stapenhorst were named the Kauai, Wailua and Victoria, the last probably for Princess Victoria Kamamalu, owner of

great tracts of land on the eastern coast of Kauai south of Wailua. And one may well imagine that during the winter months of victualing, these three ships, each of some two hundred tons or less, often lay to off the mouth of the Wailua River and took in much of their year's stores from the ranch there which was then operated under sublease to Duncan McBryde.

According to a historical account of Ed. Hoffschlaeger and Company, Limited, published in *The Advertiser* of February 24, 1926, the first Hoffschlaeger came to Honolulu in a small sailing vessel in 1852 and opened a store on lower Nuuanu Street. In this little house, which with its high gables and broad veranda looked like a residence, the firm outfitted its own traders voyaging to the South Seas and whalers bound for the Arctic. Hoffschlaeger and Stapenhorst, as the firm was then called, came gradually to confine itself to general importing, and eventually moved to its present offices on Bethel Street which have since been extended through the block to include modern showrooms on Nuuanu Street. In the company's



Drawing by G. H. Burgess

By Courtesy of Hon. G. R. Carter

THE PORT OF HONOLULU IN 1857

office file there still exist duplicate letters of 1858, almost undecipherable in places because traced on the thin, transparent paper necessitated by the old method of manuscript duplication. Writing from Honolulu to Mr. Elard Hoffschlaeger in Hanover, Mr. Stapenhorst mentions receiving fresh asparagus from the Wailua Ranch on Kauai and comments on the success of the young German agriculturist, Widemann, at Lihue. He adds likewise much of special interest:

June 23, 1858.

. . . I note that you are sending out per Harburg a young German agriculturist by the name of Isenberg. I have finally arranged with McBryde that he is to take him on for at least six months when he will have opportunity to learn the language and inform himself on local conditions. Later, I presume, you will give him the management of Wailua after McBryde has left.

September, 1858.

. . . I think after all that I shall try to place your protégé Isenberg with Knudsen at Waiawa, west Kauai, where he can learn English and Kanaka. I do not like to send him at once to McBryde, because I had a disagreement with him lately and do not like to be under obligations to him. If Isenberg proves efficient, your best course will be, I think, to give him the management of Wailua and let him participate in the profits.

October, 1858.

. . . The Harburg has finally arrived. It took that Captain Graefenheim ten days to take on water for the vessel at Valparaiso. . . . You were wrong in promising to pay the captain an extra sum for the safe delivery of those sheep, because your own man Isenberg was the one who kept an eye on them all during the voyage. I have sold two pair for \$400 and shall keep one pair for you.

In other respects, however, Mr. Stapenhorst seems to have formed no very high opinion of young Paul's capacity for hard work. The Honolulu partner was a stern,

strict man and, with the best interests of his partner in mind, expressed surprise that Mr. Hoffschlaeger should have sent out such a great, heavy youth of the type that would evidently do all his farming from an arm chair. This prejudice, formed at first glance and prompted, perhaps, by some disappointment on the part of Mr. Stapenhorst himself, was none the less difficult for Paul, from his subordinate position, to combat. Not infrequently, therefore, did it give rise to friction and misunderstanding. With the impatience of youth, Paul at once resented it, and finding no work ready to hand, felt that conditions had been misrepresented to him at the start. In his position of authority Mr. Stapenhorst proceeded as seemed to him best, reporting regularly to Hanover and allowing himself now and then the delight of innuendo.

October 27, 1858.

. . . I have shipped your two hundred-and-fifty-pound Isenberg to Kauai today without waiting for Knudsen's reply to my letter.

November 12, 1858.

. . . Received a letter from Knudsen yesterday stating that he had placed Isenberg with Rice at Lihue, who would start him with a salary of Thirty dollars a month out of which he must pay his own board. After learning the language he will get more.

December 24, 1858.

. . . McBryde wants to go in for himself and has been here in Honolulu trying to lease from Prince Lot some land on the southern coast of Kauai, where he hopes to move after his marriage. He has promised to take Isenberg on next fall to teach him butchering before the next whaling season begins.

Leaving Honolulu on October 27th on the schooner of a Captain Richards, Paul Isenberg landed at Koloa and spent the night there in the hospitable home of this Captain Likeke, a Hawaiian, and born, it is said, on Maui, where he took the name of Rev. William Richards,

the first missionary on that island. The arrival of Paul Isenberg at Koloa in 1858 became quite a traditionary event in the family of Captain Likeke, his daughter Lilia relating to the day of her death how Paulo, as young Isenberg was at once named by the Hawaiians, came to the house with her father to stay the night. Not so very many years after that this Lily Richards, who afterwards became Mrs. Auld of Honolulu, often came over to Lihue to help out with the sewing for the Isenberg family there and rarely did she come without describing the arrival of young Paulo at Koloa and his riding off next morning on her father's horse. Paul's face was still set westward, and in a few hours he had traveled almost as far toward that point of the compass as the limits of the island permit, pulling up his horse at Waiawa, the home of Mr. Valdemar Knudsen. This gentleman of wide interests, both human and scientific, as well as agricultural, was not in need of a young man at the time. He had, in the course of his few years' residence on Kauai, already begun to gather about him a group of five or six youths, one of them the son of Mr. Archer, whose lease of Waiawa tobacco lands he had bought. These lads grew up in his house under his own systematic instruction and at least one of them, sent away to school by Mr. Knudsen for further training, returned to that part of the island to make his living. Not having work for more young men, however well trained, Mr. Knudsen invited the young German to stay on at Waiawa for two or three days, since it was a long ride back. When Paul finally set out again, Mr. Knudsen gave him good advice and a note to Mr. Rice at Lihue Plantation.

That must have been a long day in the saddle, riding over the steep and often very dusty or muddy trails from Waiawa to Lihue, but the journey was at length rewarded for he made the acquaintance of Mr. Whipple, the bookkeeper at Lihue, and soon received his recom-

mendation for thoroughness and reliability. This young Whipple was from an excellent New England family and deeply in love with the eldest Miss Rice, but since she did not look upon his suit with favor, he soon left the plantation and returned to Boston. The first entry of Paul Isenberg's name in the books of Lihue Plantation reads: "Paul Eisenberg commenced labor Mon. Nov. 8, 1858 at \$20. per month." Another arrangement, of thirty dollars a month without board, was evidently soon made. The salary of a dollar a day may seem small, but in those days a dollar purchased three or four times what it now does, board could be had for two or three dollars per week and a young man with no job at all was more than glad of the opportunity to make a start. Moreover, even with this small salary, young Paul began to save as soon as he began to earn, and it was not so very long before he sent back the money his father had borrowed for his outfit and passage. This principle of coupling earning with saving was with Paul not only a point of honesty and of honor, but formed the nucleus of the fortune which he administered in later years. He used often to tell of his indignation at other young men there in Lihue, on salaries as meager as his own, yet paying a boy to keep their boots and saddles cleaned, oiled, and in good condition. When every dollar meant so much not only to Paul, but likewise to those dear souls at home who had denied themselves and ventured so much to send him out, cleaning his own saddle and boots was a good job for lonely evenings and rainy days, and saved him many a penny.

Significant also is the place where Paul Isenberg's earning and saving began. Unlike his ancestor, Count Friedrich of Muenden, he was far from delighted with the spot which was eventually to become his home, for in 1858 the sight of the water, the forests, the mountains, and the valleys of Lihue brought him little joy. Little

indeed could he dream, during those first dismal weeks of rain and mud, that he would soon come to love those hills and valleys and sheltering blue mountains of Lihue as his own home. He not only felt himself a stranger in strange surroundings, but found himself wrestling with two alien languages, confronted with Hawaiian just at the point where he had begun to feel that he understood English. He acquired both, but always retained somewhat of a German accent.

A few, very few, redeeming features gradually began to appear, like friendly islands, in this tossing sea of homesickness. There was Hillebrand, with whom one could at least talk one's own language at night after work was done, even though on rainy days both young men had to sit in one small bedroom which allowed of little more furniture than a bed and a chair. This compatriot was Hermann Hillebrand, younger brother of Dr. William Hillebrand in Honolulu. They were young Germans whom threatened ill health had driven away from the severe winters of their homeland. A daguerreotype of this young Hillebrand was found among Paul Isenberg's treasured possessions long after both had died, a reminder of the poignant homesickness of the two lads, trying to keep themselves sane with talk of home while the tropical rain poured out its deluge over their heads. Sunday afternoons, weather permitting, one could ride over to Koloa for a chat with young Eduard Hoffmann, afterward Dr. Hoffmann of Honolulu, who had come out from Germany as sugar boiler the year before. And sometimes, but not often, there were horseback rides with the young people at Koloa, Miss Mary Burbank recalling young Mr. Isenberg to this day, so big he was, so friendly and so genial, and how he laughed when little Mary slid off once over her horse's head into the long grass, when the horse was standing headed down hill on the green slopes of Lawai.

Nor was that first homesickness ever forgotten. Years afterward in Honolulu, while watching the Kauai steamer off one day, Paul Isenberg found a young German going down alone for his few days' vacation. This was Hermann Focke, now a senior member in the firm of Hoffschlaeger and Company. Learning that the young man had no horse, though provided with saddle and bridle, Paul Isenberg wrote a brief note directing his brother Carl to "supply bearer with horse." To this day Mr. Focke tells of that holiday with enthusiasm: "I wanted for nothing. At Lihue they gave me a horse, at Koloa they gave me another for Kekaha, and so on back and over to Hanalei. It was a royal vacation."

But to the young man of 1858 the sojourn on Kauai was not a vacation. On Sundays, his one free day, almost the only recreation to be had was going to church, and when one did finally get on to one's horse and ride over there through the big grove of kukui trees, the entire service was in Hawaiian. And what a bare little whitewashed church it seemed,—no altar, no organ, no chancel, the minister in a suit of plain black, preaching mostly from the Old Testament in what seemed to Paul long, colorless discourses relieved only by psalm singing without a trace of any liturgy. Thus the Old World to the New! But the little Hawaiian church, unpromising as it seemed, did serve to open up a third avenue of escape from the tedium of strangeness, for it led directly to the open door of Koamalu, the home of Manager Rice, where young Paul Isenberg was welcomed as a pastor's son. One of the items of news written on December 7, 1858, by Mrs. Rice to daughter Maria, who was away from home, read: "Sabbath and Monday we had pouring rains. No one at meeting but Mr. Esenburgh and he was also at Sabbath School." Yet even this happy group at Koamalu seemed strangely Puritanic to the young German lad, who wrote home later to his parents:

. Sunday here is like nothing so much as the strict Jewish Sabbath of the Bible. To read a newspaper or a so-called worldly book on Sunday is looked upon as a very grave sin and even the children are forbidden on that day to enjoy their play-things. I often take long walks with them in the neighboring forest on Sunday afternoons, but when Saturday evening comes, every toy is religiously put away and not taken out again until Monday morning.

More than one thing was the impetuous German lad to learn during this first year among strangers and strange conditions, and in more than one way was he befriended by the gentle kindness in the home at Koa-malu. Writing in 1858 to the older children at school in Koloa, Mrs. Rice, among bits of news, inserted a protective caution:

Wednesday eve.

Dear Children,

I want to see you and talk with you just as much as if I had not just had a visit with you, but I can't write much although I am pretty well again.

All goes smoothly at the Mill. When Father came up at noon he had ground this week 29 clarifiers. The boy that Mr. Esenburgh whipped was the laziest of the gang. Papa did not blame Mr. E. But I think, Emily, that we had better not speak of this, it will do no good. I did not tell Mrs. Dole nor anyone.

No vessel or news this way. I wish you all to read the pieces in the Advertiser on the Sabbath.

Be good, diligent children.

Lovingly,

Mother.

No doubt the Lihue mother's heart knew what a year of consuming homesickness was this first one for the German lad so far from home and friends. Certainly the two became fast friends, for Paul was quick to respond to love and kindness, and loath to bring pain

to those he loved. Writing to the children at Koloa about this time, Mrs. Rice said, "Paul Isenberg had two home letters today. Prevost also had two and one of his was edged with black." Of Paul's letters home during this first year of loneliness, none remain. And the only early one still kept is not to one of his own family. Perhaps very few were written on the long Sundays after work was done. Certainly, Paul had a wholesome distaste for distressing his devoted parents with his own troubles, and could pour out his heart best to a friend of his own age. One letter received by F. A. Schaefer in Honolulu during this first year was found years afterward among his personal papers. Even after the lapse of more than threescore years and ten since it was penned, and losing, as it inevitably does in English, much of its force in the original German, there still emerge from the four closely written pages of this old letter many lines as sharply cut as if they had been first traced by a steel point and then revealed by etcher's acid.

Lihue Plantation, February 17, 1859.

My dear Schaefer!

Although I have just written you a note, with your kind letter at hand and the Excel leaving for Honolulu tomorrow, I must begin anew and write you a lengthy epistle.

First I must send you heartfelt thanks for the kindness which you have showered upon me. It is indeed an abundance for which I seem ungrateful, and your writing again in so friendly a spirit embarrasses me. I see you are not angry, and I count myself fortunate in such a friend.

I am surprised to learn that Froebe is going home so soon, but I rejoice that he has sold his business so well and I wish him hearty good luck. The same also to Mr. Band who so kindly lent me his Hawaiian books. Please ask him how much he wants for them and I will gladly buy them.

I envy you being with Froebe so much. I can hardly hope that he will come to Kauai. He will probably go off without my seeing him again. Do what you can, dear Schaefer, to urge

him to visit me. Use all your powers of persuasion, I beg of you, to turn him this way even if only for a few days. It would surely build up his strength for the long voyage, and of that he has none too much. How his heart will beat as he draws nearer every day to his beloved Augusta!

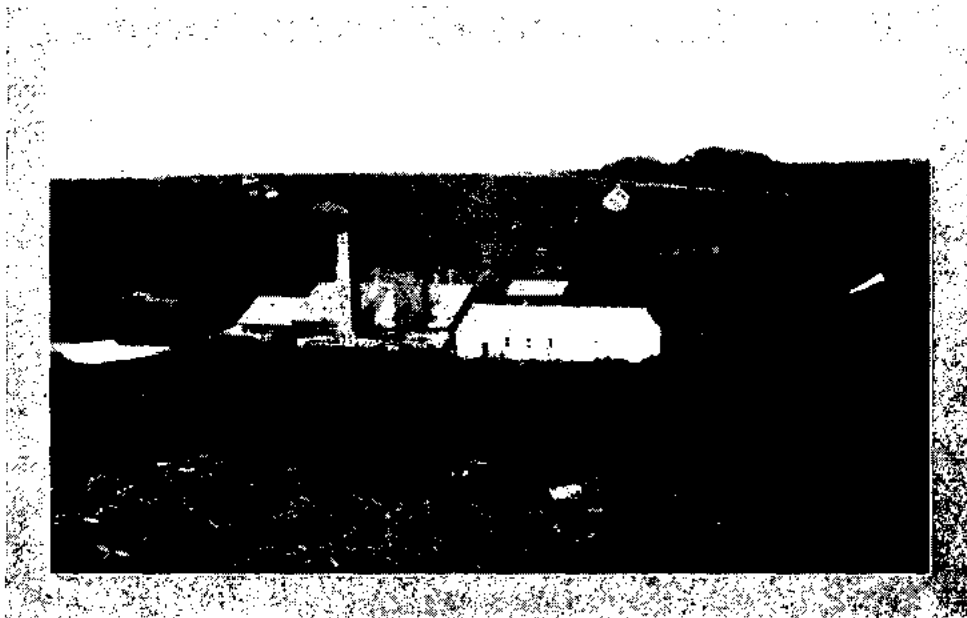
I hope, dear Schaefer, that even here on Kauai I may in some measure make up to you for his departure. I shall write you often, and often be with you in thought. What an empty, tiresome world this is! Mr. Whipple plans to leave in April too, tell Froebe, for they would enjoy traveling together.

I have not written my parents or brothers and sisters since leaving Honolulu. You will chide me, thinking it only laziness on my part. But, dear Friend, put yourself in my position among so few educated people. I have never been so cast adrift in my life. Never before have I been so unhappy. If you had gone through the hours that I have suffered here, you would not have written either, and for a very cogent reason. Dear Father and Mother, after all they have sacrificed, and thinking, as I did myself, that I should find it so pleasant here! The life here was painted in such alluring colors and such fine promises were made me! And what did I find? They did not even have work for me and packed me off to the hot desert side of the island where I was not wanted either. Through the suggestion of Whipple, whom I like, Rice took me on here. And there are several Germans here with whom I live, but who consider me reserved and offish and do not understand me. Yet can you expect me to find roses where there are only thistles? What shall I write home? Shall I lie or tell the truth? The latter would worry them unspeakably. Yet I will write them by this very boat and send the letter to you to be forwarded.

One comfort at least, I am earning a little more, ten dollars a month, than I did at first. And I am beginning night work at the mill which will net me twelve dollars more, at least for the two remaining months of the grinding season. If I had written home that I was happy and content, I should have been a liar, and even you will agree that it was better not to do that. And my poor father and mother would have suffered unspeakably, had I written them actual conditions. But I am beginning to get hold of myself and am much calmer about it now.

I am so glad you had a happy holiday season. A very few words will tell you of our gay holidays here. Hillebrandt had gone to Waimea, but at my urgent request he returned two days earlier than he planned, and so was here for Christmas. He lives with Widemann who unfortunately for us had gone to Honolulu. But at least I could go to Hillebrandt's room, at Widemann's place. I was there Christmas Eve. The rain poured down in a great storm. We talked of old times, of fate, friends, girls, and so on and so on. Now and then I would burst out in a rage, "These islands are so desolate, so tiresome!" and wished I were at home. Hillebrandt wished he were in Texas. So the evening passed. I thought first of sleeping in his blanket, but finally started back in the rain and in a moment was wet through. On Christmas Day we worked till noon. After lunch I went horseback riding with Hillebrandt. In the evening and on Sunday we were together again.

New Years was about the same as Christmas. Hillebrandt came back from Koloa for New Year's Eve. We sat in his room,



THE MILL AT LIHUE IN 1865

The oldest pictures of Lihue have come back by way of Germany, where Aunt Bertha Isenberg kept them for half a century.

rather he lay on his bed and I sat on his chair, or I lay on the bed and he sat on the chair. I growled because he had not even brought a bottle of brandy along from Koloa, for a spree at least. He said, "Why, you never drink at other times, and you know my health will not permit it. So what good would it have done to fetch it along?"

The next day we were invited to the Rices' to dinner. We were the only guests. I sat next to Miss Emily Rice, the second daughter, and conversed with her as well as I could. Hillebrandt sat towards the head of the table. The ladies were very hospitable, exceedingly friendly. We staid till three o'clock after the noon dinner, then we went over to my "palace" and talked. After that to the Widemanns' where I had supper and stayed late. The next day Mr. Dole came over and held service at the Rices'. He is a missionary at Koloa. The Rices are pleased when people come to the services. I went with Hillebrandt, and afterward we took a long walk. That is all.

Now it is several weeks since Hillebrandt left. Whipple is always busy and I am quite alone again. I work four nights a week, as well as every day, and am often very tired. Since Saturday it has rained constantly and so hard that no cane can be brought to the mill and grinding has stopped. Hence my leisure for this long letter. Today it cleared some, but now it is raining again and very stormy. Please write me soon, if you can. And if it is in any way possible, come down here for a few weeks' visit so that we can have good talks together. Do try to talk Froebe into coming too. Farewell.

More devotedly than ever,

Your

Paul Isenberg

Written economically, yet in elaborate German script, this long letter by no means comes to a close at the end of the sheet, but is turned about and still more closely covered until every slit and corner of the margin is utilized to convey something of the loneliness of youth. Eager and fervent messages are sent to any Honolulu acquaintances who may recall him. A special appeal is

sent to friend Froebe, who is apparently heading for homeland and sweetheart, and finally the letter ends in another downpour.

. . . . Greetings to Froebe. Tell him he could just as well leave a fortnight later. His Augusta could wait that much longer. Or has he decided to sail from Lahaina? Do you see Banning and Schultz? Do they ever speak of me? Write me about anything that is going on in the world. It is eleven-thirty, wet, cold, and raining as if to burst the roof over my head. It rains continually, and the mud is fearful, deep, sticky, and almost impassable even on horseback.

In another five or six weeks, however, the color of young Isenberg's reflections seems to have brightened immeasurably. He is still employed at Lihue, but rides over to see Mr. McBryde on Saturdays and Sundays at Wailua and, to the intense amusement of Mr. Stapenhorst in Honolulu, has written to that gentleman making inquiries with a view toward himself taking over the new lease of Wailua Ranch, when Mr. McBryde shall have gone to ranching independently. Mr. McBryde was in Honolulu during that month of March, 1859, apparently, writes Mr. Stapenhorst to his partner in Hanover, with thoughts toward marriage as well as independence, two rather desirable conditions which meet with no toleration from Mr. Stapenhorst. In May of 1859, in fulfilment of his agreement, Mr. McBryde had already employed young Isenberg at thirty dollars a month and his board, quite an advance on what he was being paid at Lihue, except with the extra from night work. Mr. McBryde speaks well of Isenberg's industry and application. And in July of 1859, the month of the famous Fourth of July picnic up the Wailua River, Mr. Stapenhorst writes for instructions as to Isenberg's future employment.

Just twelve months from that date, which allowed time

for the letter to reach Mr. Hoffschlaeger and its reply to return to Honolulu, Mr. Stapenhorst made a five-year contract with Mr. Isenberg, giving him a salary of six hundred dollars a year as manager of the Wailua Ranch, with one hundred dollars additional for each successive year. It will be recalled that Mr. McBryde had been married in January of that year, 1860. His contract with the firm terminated on May first, and some time before that he had employed Mr. Isenberg to go across the island to superintend there at Wahiawa, his new leasehold, the building of his new house. Mr. Isenberg selected a site on a hill with a commanding view, and near the forests of koa, but Mrs. McBryde preferred a somewhat lower situation not so far isolated from the main road around the island, and here the house, known always as Brydeswood, was built. Proximity to the travel on a dusty country road, however, proving quite unpleasant, Brydeswood was later moved further up into the hills to the sightly spot which it still occupies. And for many years thereafter the two families of Isenberg and McBryde were closely bound by the intimacy of isolation, Judge McBryde always sending over fish when a catch was made in Nomilu pond, and Paul Isenberg always sending the return courtesy of a side of mutton. This exchange proved a boon to each family, since the natives seldom fished on the windward side of the island near Lihue, preferring the more sheltered waters to the leeward near Koloa and always being ready to stretch their gill net for the weekly catch in the celebrated pond at Nomilu. This is a deep pool, quite uniformly so, about twenty-four feet in a direct drop after the first narrow ledge near the rim, in structure not unlike a volcanic fire-pit. And, indeed, legend has it that the goddess Pele here made her last attempt on Kauai to dig a cave for a home to house King Lohiau and herself, but being

rewarded only by salt water oozing in and destroying her work, betook herself off to the windward islands in search of a true fire-pit.

After the departure of the McBrydes from Wailua early in 1860, Paul Isenberg, who had been left in charge of the ranch, was just beginning to give Mr. Stapenhorst some satisfaction in his thorough and practical work, when that gentleman, in no very calm frame of mind, wrote to Mr. Hoffschlaeger, in November of 1860, that young Isenberg had just announced his engagement to the oldest Miss Rice of Lihue. To have a married man at Wailua was apparently no part of Mr. Stapenhorst's plan, and, to add fuel to the flame, the young upstart had engaged himself in marriage without asking permission of either member of the firm with which he had just entered into a contract for five years!

History does indeed repeat itself, for not so very far back one Daniel Isenberg had rashly made *his* marriage contract without asking permission of *his* superior officers, and the echo of the Consistorial rage was long heard in the Isenberg family of Germany. In the next generation, some, but by no means all, of the Stapenhorstian wrath was vented in this letter to Hanover, which proceeded to announce that young Isenberg had chosen a bride as old as himself. Very probably, however, this irate epistle crossed Mr. Hoffschlaeger on the way, for he had already set out on a voyage to the islands, where he must have found out for himself that as a matter of fact Maria Rice was five years younger than her impetuous young fiance, and yet at the same time perhaps quite as well versed as he in the ways of men. Occasional letters sent from Koamalu to Wailua Falls Mansion, exquisitely penned in the finest script and usually accompanied by some of her handiwork such as a jar of preserves, give voice to a wise caution surprising in a girl of barely nine-

teen years. Many of the words touched into life by her fine pen must remain forever folded away among those intimate pages, but even fragments of her letters written during the two years of betrothal reveal the beauty of her spirit as she enters into her lover's joys and sorrows.

Lihue Plantation, Nawiliwili.

Friday, March the 1st. 1861.

My Beloved Betrothed Husband,

I congratulate you with all my heart that you have at last welcomed your "Papa Hoffschlaeger" to Wailua Falls, and I am most delighted that our kind friend Mr. Banning accompanied him. I imagine how surprised and delighted you were to see him, for I know how it lightened your heart of part of its anxiety. I am so glad, dear Paul, for your sake. Oh, I pray always to Our Father that he will grant you wisdom and grace in all your discussions of the future, *our* future, Love, and help you to say just what is right. And Paul, do not talk too much of wrongs, you know we always feel them more if we rake up all the old difficulties. I can only pray that the Allwise Father will guide you just as is right.

I am Forever

Your loving little Betrothed Wife.

Saturday morning.

My dear *dear* Paul,

I have just read your note and am delighted to hear that Mr. Hoffschlaeger is not going to sell the ranch. I feel greatly relieved by your note. Do not think it necessary to write me a long letter, if you find it hard to find time, for, Paul, I'll live a *week* very nicely on the note I have, dear boy. I send the syrup, and your two shirts. Many thanks for the loan of your book.

Please give my kindest remembrances to Mr. Banning. I hope we shall have the pleasure of seeing him when he has leisure to call. Mamma and the rest send their love to you. May God bless you.

Very Patiently and Faithfully

Forever Your Loving

Maria.

Lihue, March the 6th, 1861.

My Love,

I had such a wee bit of a visit with you this afternoon that I feel we had just begun to talk, but I'll try to feel grateful that I could see you at all, for I did not expect to while Mr. Hoffschlaeger was here. Dear Paul, I am so glad that I know some at least of your pilikias, poor boy, these little "blisters" of feeling are so hard to bear with a right spirit. How much need you have of patience, for try as we will, someone will always find fault with us. Courage, dearest, the "darkest night is just before the day."

I was speaking with Papa and Mamma this eve regarding Mr. Hoffschlaeger's proposal to lease Wailua in November, but did not feel at liberty to say much. They talked somewhat of leasing it. Of course you will talk freely with Papa before you commit yourself to any bargain.

Paul, now please don't laugh at me, now please don't, for I want to tell you something I want, though it may not be for a long, *long* time (I *hope* not though). I want our wedding to be the quietest and simplest one imaginable. Church Weddings are almost out of the question *here*. Lizzie Johnson of Waioli has always had the promise of attending my wedding, and the Doles too, of course. But it is not necessary for me to invite anyone else, unless Dr. Smith should be our minister, then he might bring any member of his family he chose. I think Mr. Dole expects to be our Minister, as I am a member of his church. *You* of course can ask your most intimate friends, not many though, "mind you." and so we could avoid much expense. My dress shall be neat, but cheap. Yours must be ditto. We don't need any parade, for beside hating "scenes", we shall have happy enough hearts to like it best. And beside my principles on the subject, I want to show "folks" that it need not cost a young man or woman so much as their "calculations" to get married. Let's be models in *one* thing, Paul beloved. Now please don't laugh, though I am planning so far ahead. Something just put it into my brain to tell you a plan I thought out and have told my mother and sisters of and they like it too, so it only remains for *you* to like it, and for the time to come. Oh dear! Ah well!

Thursday Noon.

I have been so busy all the morning that my feet ache. I have not had leisure to sit down once, save at Breakfast and prayers. I've been making Syrup, and preserving Papaia's, and preparing eggs for pickles, keeping two women supplied with sewing and two boys digging a pit for my Arbor Vitae. I send you two Bottles of Syrup, the light one of a new kind. You can have as much as you like more. I feel it a duty to sweeten your "Papa Hoffschlaeger's" disposition as much as is possible.

Do you know, yesterday almost every one of the family thought that you looked absent-minded and irritated at dinner. Dearest, have patience, and be not sad; for sadness alters nothing and impatience "makes bad worse." But you must be tired of this long "sermon" Dear Paul, I do love you so much. May God bless you and keep you always under the shadow of his wings.

Your loving little
Betrothed Wife.

During this same month, while Mother Rice and the two younger girls were away on a visit, perhaps at one of the mission houses on Kauai, Maria and Emily were left at home as housekeepers. A letter from Maria opens the doors of the Koamalu home in her own individual way.

Lihue Plantation.
March the 20th, 1861.

My dear Mother,

We are all still alive, though in a fair way to be drowned out, if the weather continues like that of the past three days.

Papa was home again almost before we could realize that you had really gotten started. Emily and I sat down to sew, but we were interrupted by that old heathen from up above Wailua. We bought one calabash of his tomatoes and ten oranges, after "higgling" a little as to his prices. Then with a flourish of generosity hardly to be equalled, he gave me an extra orange, and the old fellow was perfectly delighted when Emily put on an expression of deep feeling and asked if he hadn't any aloha for her. We sat down to sew again, when we heard spurs jingling and Paul made



HANNAH MARIA RICE
ABOUT 1859

his appearance bringing a box of peaches, and flowers. We were seated very quietly chatting, Paul on the sofa and I in a chair arranging my roses and Heliotrope while he held the vase, when a shadow darkened the door and there was his "lady friend" peeking in with such a curious expression of "I've caught you again," that I could not help laughing as I shook hands with her. She was just as uneasy as possible, though quite lively, and wouldn't stay but a moment, but anyway she took my "beau" off with her to Mr. Widemann's. . . . Paul spent Saturday eve here and came again about three on Sunday. We didn't have a sermon in the P. M., but prayers as usual in the eve. We sang some time in English and then in Native.

Emily and I have nice times with the housework and sewing. We have read Thompson's "Spring" and "Summer" through. I've made a jar of Syrup and E. made Pumpkin Pies this A.M., nice ones too. I have a splendid dish of butter churned on Tuesday. Sunday and Monday were bitter cold days. The man brought some nice cabbage too, and so far we've done nicely. I am housekeeper and provider. Emily sweeps and takes care of the Parlors and the Lamps, and sets the table and gets a lesson in the morning also. It is very pleasant to keep house so together. Willie is quite a good boy; Papa keeps him at work. There is no grinding going on and it is so wet that Papa has been in the house most all the time reading. I guess he misses you considerable, though we read aloud evenings some, so as to make it more social.

Don't be uneasy, dear Mother, for fear we shall have too much to do, for the work goes very easily. Tell Anna we shall all like to see her. I hope you are having a nice visit and will be benefited by it. We shall do nicely this week, but I fancy next week we shall begin to feel lonely. Very much love to Mary and Anna. I hope they give you no trouble.

Very affectionately,
Your daughter Maria.

During this summer of 1861, Mr. Rice's cough began to be troublesome, and Maria went with him to Honolulu to try what a little change of air might do for him. After a rough passage of five nights and four days in the little schooner Excel, Maria, herself in a somewhat

exhausted state, sent word back to Koamalu from town. For the benefit of sisters Emily and Molly, the letter, beside giving news of their father's improvement and items of Honolulu news, goes into great detail as to the agonies of the passage across the channel on which Mother Rice's gift of camphor had proved the greatest comfort to all the passengers. The Captain had been indefatigable in his efforts to keep them comfortable, even sharing some "preserved milk" with them. Father Rice and Maria were welcomed by the Aldriches in Honolulu and their appetites were soon quite toned up by Mrs. Aldrich's homemade beer and porter. Maria, having been shopping with Mrs. Aldrich, had purchased "a dark brown straw bonnet trimmed with brown ribbon and black velvet, and a full ruche and flowers in front." Her brown dress was also being made, but chiefly by herself. News of the royal family was also added:

Lady Franklin is to visit Punahou today with the King and Queen. She was to call on the young prince yesterday, his birthday, and carry him some presents. Mr. Wyllie had a pair of elegant trunks made from the different woods of the Islands and highly polished, mounted with silver, etc., for Lady Franklin and her niece.

In reply to this letter from Maria, small sister Molly, aged ten and brimful of mischief, sits herself down and indites an epistle of breathless sentences to her older sister, the dignity of whose fair German lover and new city bonnet small Molly is quite determined shall not go unscathed.

Woodside, Lihue. May 23, 1861.

My dear Sister Maria:

We were very much astonished to hear of your long passage to Honolulu. Your Paulo was here the day after you went on Sunday he was here again and last evening he came again he beares your absence in a meek and quiet spirit. We had dry

sponge cake for supper I expect he thinks he does not have very good things to eat when you are gone however he is coming here to dinner on Saturday and Emily and I are going to strain our cooking powers to the utmost.

I am in a great state of flustration to see your new bonnet Emily and I went to Madame Prevost's to see her beautiful books they are most Elegant fashions so much prettyer than the fashions we see here.

Willy has gone over to Wailua to carry some Saleratus because your poor dear little Paulo has none.

Emily has just been reading me her letter to you and I feel very much ashamed of my meek little letter by the side of her brilliant epistle. and then I know you like *big* things much better than little ones nowadays.

We have most exciting times playing with the little kittens the most conspicuous of Which is Sammie Pogue Who is very large and fat with a monstrous big head and "great rolling *blue* eyes and long *yellow hair*" and then there is Clara and Alfred Wight Mr. Banning and Mr. Krull. Mr. Krull is awful ugly and is a horrible little Cat Mr. Banning is very pretty and makes a most commicle picture in trying to run fast.

I would tell you about Sabbath School but I suppose you are too far gone in Worldly Vanity to care about it.

George Dole came over the day after you went and painted Mother's room but goodby from your aff Sister Mary Sophia Hyde

Rice ma

P. S.

I will use your farewell words that I have plenty to say but not time to say it.

In the way of a child small Molly had touched without knowing it on one of the serious sides of the life at Koa-malu. Her father's grave illness was becoming more and more apparent and the frequent visits of Paul Isenberg from Wailua were often to talk over plantation matters. With his youth and vigorous outlook he had come to feel that the work at Lihue might be more economically organized, that the one ditch might be enlarged and addi-

tional fields put under cultivation. More than a little anxiety had been felt for some time about the prospects of the little plantation and over a year before Mr. Rice had made a special trip to town for a meeting with the owners. His letter home expresses, in its very reserve, something of the stress and strain. A characteristic note is added for small Anna.

Dear Wife: Honolulu, March 11, 1860.

You will be rejoiced to hear that I had but one night on board the vessel. We got under way at 8 o'clock & at 12 o'clock the next night I was at Bro. Cooke's door. Sam Alexander came outside in a whale boat & took us off at 11 o'clock. Mary I met the next morning at Sabbath School well & happy.

There has been no meeting of the proprietors as yet, but probably will be before long. E. O. Hall is very much discouraged, says he would take \$1,000 for his interest in the plantation. Every body seems cordial, but all have many questions to ask.

I have made a few purchases, but shall send nothing but the can of oil & boards to make the seats in the church.

Your own Harry.

Dear Anna,

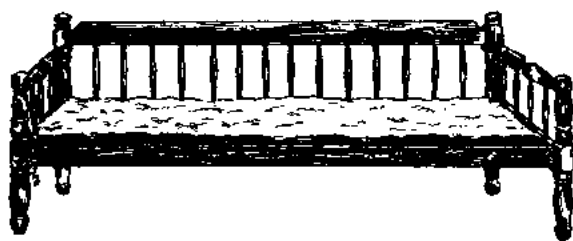
Papapa had a good time coming to Honolulu. Molly is well & Mary Cooke is well. There are some Japanese here, curious people. Most of them wear something like a basket turned bottom up on their heads & almost all of them have swords. Some of them have the hair all shaved off their heads.

Now be a good child & write me a letter as you said you would.

Your Papa.

In addition to his responsibilities to the church and the plantation at Lihue Mr. Rice executed the duties of District Attorney for the island, having been appointed to that position by the judges of the Supreme Court in 1856 and receiving a renewal of the appointment in 1861. This was a position for which his intimate acquaintance with the Hawaiians and their language eminently fitted him.

With increasing ill health it was often difficult to see how all his work could be accomplished, but his courage and faith never wavered. Before the end of the summer of 1860 he had asked Paul



KOA BENCH

Made by Father Rice and long used at Koa-malu. Now in the home of his son at Lihue.

Isenberg to take a position at Lihue, as soon as Mr. Stapenhorst would release him from his Wailua contract. It had become evident that Mr. Rice must try a journey to California for his health, and Paul generously proposed that Maria should accompany him. Although it meant a long separation, she could be of great help to her father and she was herself in need of change in a more bracing climate. And so the brave girl set out on what she well knew might be her father's last voyage. Letters from Honolulu to her mother and to Paul tell something of this anxiety and are filled with tales of the kindness of Honolulu friends. Many of them were Germans who now took a double interest in Maria since her engagement had become known.

Honolulu, July 13th, 1861.

My dear dear Mother and Sisters,

Dear me, I am so glad! I think Dr. Hoffmann is ever so *nice*. Papa says he has brought me another splendid Bouquet which is at Mr. Aldrich's and I want so much to see it, but I must write my letters first. I am stopping at the Cookes'. We had a passage of only 25 hours. And after we had been on board the Odd Fellow less than an hour Papa stopped coughing entirely and until we landed did not have one hard spell of coughing. He seems so much better here, quite well for him.

Mr. Aldrich got us a carriage and pressed us to come to his house, but I thought it better to go with Malvina Rowell to the

Cookes'. We found them painting and cleaning house. Jule and I went to work after Dinner and put down new matting in the Parlors, getting them into something like order before five o'clock.

Mrs. Aldrich came to see me and finally Papa has gone down to stay with them. Oh, they are so kind. I have promised to stay with them when we come back from California. Mr. Aldrich at first thought of going himself with Papa, but Mr. A. is much better now and feels he should not leave his business. You cannot imagine anything more kind than they both are to us and the children go half crazy over Papa. And you know how we love the children too. I have spent the last two days there. Mrs. Aldrich is just like a sister to me, she has given me quite a quantity of warm clothing and told me just what I ought to do. She knows so much from the experience of Mr. Aldrich's illness.

The Cookes are very kind indeed. Pattie and I have had some real long talks, she loves as well to talk about Sam Alexander as I do about Paul Isenberg, and can't stop any better than I can. One night it was about two A.M. before we could finally say "good night". They are all up to their ears in work for they want to clean house and paint and paper and get all nice before next Thursday when they have Missionary Sewing Society here. I feel like helping and try to do that or else keep entirely out of the way. Mrs. Cooke does so need a rest, I wish it were possible to get her to visit you.

I have not called any where except with Papa yesterday on Mrs. Damon. Mr. Wyllie came to see us and Mrs. Hoffmann, but I slip down the back streets when I go down to Mrs. Aldrich's so as to avoid meeting too many people, for I don't want to call more than I can help.

Papa has taken Staterooms, one for himself and one for Malvina and me, the two opposite rooms aft in the forward cabin so that we won't have to go round the Table to go to each other. He will probably have his room alone, as the Yankee is not near full of passengers yet.

I'll write again ere we go. Lots and lots and lots of love to all the family, Opunui and Kaniho too. Let Paul read this, if he wishes to.

Very lovingly
Maria.

Honolulu, July 16th, 1861.

My Dear Dear Paul,

I did not think when I said goodbye that I should have a chance to write you twice from Honolulu. But though I am most "powerful lazy" today, I'll tell you a little more of our experiences here, of which the principal one has been running back and forth from Mrs. Aldrich's to Mrs. Cooke's. I've hardly been any where else except one eve up to see Mrs. Hoffmann, the Reiners, etc. Mrs. Aldrich and I went up just at dusk, first to Mrs. Hoffmann's where both Mary Burbank and herself professed themselves extremely glad to see us and invited us to seats on the Veranda, as Dr. Hoffmann was playing upon the Piano accompanied by the flageolet of the little Frenchman who "can't play Yankee Dood," but can play "Ze one Grand French musique" at Lady Franklin's reception. Mamma will tell you the story, if you have not heard it. Dr. Hoffmann was playing beautifully. Mary Burbank was so glad to see me, I never get a warmer welcome from anyone than that dear child gives me. She is homesick for Kauai again and Kauai faces.

Of course, you know, tisn't polite to talk when there's music, but I took up the little dog "Snap" and he gave such a howl that we ladies all laughed. Then Mrs. Reiners & Mrs. Heuck came, and afterward they walked home with us. They are so kind to me, dear Love, because I am your little betrothed Wife, I can't help loving them both. Mrs. Reiners wanted to know if I had written my German letter yet to our dear German Parents, and told me she would help me. But I guess I shan't go to her house to have her help me with a letter to your Parents, Paul, for I want *my Husband* to help me with my first German letter. Both Mr. and Mrs. Reiners expressed considerable regret that you and I were not going together. You were a real true good Boy, Paul, to write him that it was your own generous self that sent me off, for surely I should never, never have thought of going, had *you* not proposed it.

Mr. Banning walked home from Church last Sunday eve with Mrs. Aldrich and myself. He was quite jealous for you, Love, and declared he didn't believe I'd ever come back at all. Impudence! As though I could ever find in America any one to com-

pare with your warm German heart. I assured him that it was all your doing, for I had bothered you so, that you had no peace and sent me off to get rid of me for a while. But seriously, I told him that you could not bear to have Papa travel alone and were the first to propose my going.

I did so long to have you with me last Sunday, Dearest. We had two such good Christian sermons from Mr. Anthony. He gave us such real Bible Truth so plainly and earnestly I knew he felt every word he said. I am so very glad we are to have a Clergyman on the Yankee, because it will be so pleasant, especially if we can have service on the Sabbath.

Honolulu, July 18th, 1861.

My Dear Mother,

It is such a warm, sultry day here, with frequent showers and no wind at all. I have been half afraid that Papa would take cold again. In fact it seemed almost impossible to avoid it, but I am so glad he has not as yet, and tomorrow we shall be upon the Sea. Dear Papa has seemed to improve every day very materially ever since we left home, and he seems so strong now that I fancy he'd be half inclined to send me home, if my passage was not all paid.

Mrs. Bates sent me down a package of Collars and Under-sleeves to wear and return to her afterward. She also sent two handkerchiefs. Mrs. Reynolds gave me a fashionable Rigolette and Mrs. Stott some Books. I am spending my last evening in Hawaii nei here with Mrs. Aldrich. We've been calling at Mrs. Stott's, Armstrong's, Dominis' and Parke's this afternoon and Papa went with us to most of the places, for the afternoon came out clear and pleasant. Yesterday at eve we walked down to call on the Miss Montgomerys and they showed me every thing with so much kindness. After seeing their beautiful garden, they took me in to show me shell work and two large Portfolios of lovely and most delicate pressed mosses from Ireland and America. Such pretty shapes and delicate colors, and so beautifully preserved, I should not believe it possible to do them so. They asked us to come and see them at Waikiki on our return from California, and said they hoped *indeed* they should some day make your acquaintance too. They are such kindly old Ladies with such quaint, "proper" and pleasant manners. I've not seen any of the English

folks at all for I have not called save to return calls, as I don't feel much like gadding about.

And oh! my Bouquet from Dr. Hoffmann was splendid! *magnificent!* such roses! and such quantities of them. There was one cluster of Yellow Roses, five great ones, and one other Rose, the most beautiful I ever saw.

Mrs. Cooke is still very busy and as kind as possible. I don't really know which is the pleasantest place to stay of my two Honolulu homes, but I think our little Lihue home at Koamalu is far better than both these when we are all well and happy together, and dear Mamma, do feel encouraged about Papa. I feel so hopeful that this long rest and *voyage* will permanently benefit his health. And I think he feels more hopeful too, than I have seen him before. So good heart, dear Mother, and trust me. I'll do any and every thing in my power to keep him well and strong to come home to you, D.V. [God willing]. Mrs. Aldrich said today that it made her feel really *happy* to see Papa walk off without that *tired* look he wore all the while he was here in May,



THE OLD MISSION HOME OF THE COOKE FAMILY IN HONOLULU
ABOUT 1870

and she did wish you could see him frolic with little Lena who expects him to "lun, lun" with her. While I write, Papa is helping Mrs. Aldrich entertain Mrs. Dominis who is calling this eve.

Give lots and lots of love to *all* the children. I hope they will be a great comfort and help to you. Aloha and Compliments to the Widemanns and Hardys too, if you see them, & Mary Ellen of course. Take good care of Paul and let him read his Bible chapter to you in English every Sunday, please. I hope he'll be happy & content. Alohas to Opunui, Kaniho, the Kuas and all the Natives. Lots of love to the Doles and thanks to Mrs. Smith for the camphor. I hope you will *rest* very much while I am gone and we shall find you well and *fat* too when we return. Oh, it does seem such a long ways to go, and not to hear from you for almost three months. God bless you *all* and keep you.

As ever Your Loving

Maria.

From Father Rice himself several letters written during this sojourn in Honolulu and California have likewise been kept in the family archives by his wife, to whom they were addressed and in whose hands so much responsibility was being left. Mindful of Judge Lee's death and the duty of providing for his own family in the event of a like emergency, Mr. Rice had, six months before, purchased three more of the fourteen shares in Lihue Plantation from C. R. Bishop, E. O. Hall, and J. W. Austin, each at the valuation of \$1500. He had faith in Lihue; none knew better its possibilities and risks. Again, such an investment imposed rigid economy, but he stood at grips with life and to throw out another anchor to windward was the best he could do in the almost certain approach of storm.

Honolulu, July 13th, 1861.

Dear Wife,

. Bills sent to my address please open and take care of. Also by the Excel goes our account sales by which you will see that the Plantation is in funds to the amount of over \$15,000.

The dividend, as we have now fixed it, will be about \$750 per share, or \$4,500 for our six shares. Now if it costs me \$500 to go to the coast with Maria, we shall still have \$4,000 to pay towards our debts, which I think pretty well. I am writing Prevost today & shall mention about Isenberg's coming to the Plantation and going to work as soon as he is through at Wailua.

Drs. Judd & Stangenwald highly recommend the trip, but say do not return immediately if the climate seems to agree with me. I hope we & *you all* shall be guided in all our ways by the Heavenly Father's hand. How I should have loved to have taken you with me. I hope & trust you will take good care of my wife, do not over-tax her, or let her be over-anxious. I send her a ring in the packet and ten pounds of very nice tea.

July 16, 1861.

. I think I have improved a little every day since I left home. I have had Dr. Judd put me up a little assortment of medicines. Should I stay on, as he advises, we may be back by the end of September, perhaps on the Comet or some other vessel.

I have rec'd my quarter salary, have paid Austin interest for six months, and arranged with Aldrich to pay Peirce's note when due.

Hoping that in the good Providence of our Heavenly Father we may yet spend many happy days together with our dear children, I am as ever

Your worst husband.

San Francisco,

August 9, 1861.

You will not receive Maria's letters by this vessel since she is a mile out, at the house, and I cannot get word to her before it sails. Address care of Rev. Joseph Rowell, Seamen's Chaplain, San Francisco. We hope to hear from you by the Speedwell which is expected daily. This is such a rushing, stirring world that such an old jogger as I am can hardly keep from being run over. You will get the war news from the papers. . . . In haste,

From your worst & most loving husband,

W. H. Rice.

With a world of love to the children.

A New Home Within the Old

With the final removal of Paul Isenberg from Wailua Ranch to Lihue during the summer of 1861, almost three years after his arrival on the island, his destiny, together with that of many whom he loved, began to take a definite course. The distance from Wailua to Lihue is not long, a bare four miles even by the old trail through the hills, and many a time, both by night and by day, Paul had covered it with so light a heart that each mile seemed but the duration of a pulse beat. Many a time, too, in the next forty years was he to cover that distance again, but never again would it be with the same feelings. For this was the last time that he would ever look on Wailua as an abiding place, and the first time that he actually felt himself headed toward home at Koamalu. Home, to a man like Paul Isenberg, meant all of life that was dearest. And at last, as he rode along through the hills, with the jingle of spurs, his tall, robust frame sitting easily in the saddle, his eye alert for all the features of the country about him, his heart could fully rejoice within him. His wanderings had at last brought him to the place he could call home. And with his forefather of Muenden he could at last say truthfully, "Here are forest, water, mountain and valley as I love to see them. Here I will earn my bread."

What his coming meant to the anxious hearts at Koamalu may well be conjectured, for aside from the joy of deep, personal affection, his arrival reestablished what had been long and sadly threatened, the very permanence of the home in that place. For if Father Rice should be removed, the old plantation house must open its doors to the family of a new manager, and the little "sprouts of Rice" that so loved every Hawaiian face about it and every tree that shaded it, must be uprooted

and transplanted to finish their growing-up in some strange and unfriendly spot, where there might be no mill pond, no lizard eggs in the rocks, no fruit trees in the valley, no surrounding rim of blue ocean to the south and east, no blue hills to the north and west. Realizing that even with the greatest care her dear husband's death could not be postponed for many years, Mother Rice had already formulated plans for purchasing a little home near her brother and sister in Tennessee, in order that she might have some place of refuge to flee to when the dreaded blow should fall and she should be left utterly alone with her young children. It was natural that she should cling to her own people and they to her. Mrs. Lucy Reeves, her only sister, writing to her early in 1860 and giving more than a page of Hyde family statistics, expressed the hope that some day the Hyde-Rices would emigrate from the islands:

Winchester, Tennessee, March 12, 1860.

. I have not thought it necessary to put down the births of your children, they are all down in our old family Bible at Jasper, Tennessee and as I have lately had a present of a beautiful Bible, I intend putting our whole record in it. I do not wonder at your unwillingness to bring your children into a slave state. If you could settle in Southern Indiana, you would be only a day's travel from us. But I am willing to leave it all in the hands of our God.

More perplexities than one were carried in Mother Rice's heart during those long days and years of her husband's illness. Means of a livelihood there would probably always be, owing to their share in the plantation which her husband's prudent and practical management had brought, in the short space of seven years, from a condition of struggling uncertainty to that of a good earning capacity. But without him the family could no longer call Koamalu its loved home. And now God had again shown his great and abiding mercy in raising up

for them this practical young son. For son he always was to Mother Rice throughout the more than two-score years of their companionship. Son he certainly had already proven himself in proposing that Maria should leave home to go with her father on that last voyage across the sea. To the young people, Paul and Maria, this meant a still further postponement of their wedding, but they were willing to let God's plan for them work itself out.

Prosperous that voyage seemed at first to be, as such last journeys often, in those days, appeared by bringing respite and renewal of hope. It was the first visit of both Maria and her father to the Golden State, and brought many delights, particularly in the abundance of fruits, many of which Maria had never tasted. One letter to Dear Sisters Emily and Mary begs them please to be very kind to Paul and not tease him much. Nor is Anna forgotten, nor Willie, nor any of the Hawaiian friends and other neighbors. A very intensity of love holds the entire family in one embrace. And the last letter, apparently, of the voyage, written to Dear Mother, adds:

. We were overjoyed to receive your notes today. Both Papa and I are fast gaining flesh, and have magnificent Appetites. But Papa has not lost his cough entirely, although he improves in every other respect. I think living so much on Fruit is first rate for us both.

I am very sorry if Paul has been low-spirited. Poor Boy, it has seemed very hard sometimes to be away from him just now, when I fear there is much to try him. . . . Please give much love to the Hardys, Widemanns, Miss Knapp, and all the Doles. Lots of love to Opunui, Kaniho, Kua, and all the other "Mothers in Israel." And ever so much love to the girls and the children. I truly hope you will take nice care of yourself, dear Mother, and recruit while we are gone. It is just as well that the girls are not with us in this big city, for I fear their nerves would be completely shattered, if they came here and saw a few thousands of Men all

at once. Papa was longing for little Nana today. It is funny to see how the little Anna here will follow Papa around. She does not try to say much, but everywhere he goes she is his shadow.

May God bless and keep you all. Ever your Loving Daughter
Maria.

Notwithstanding the cheery hopes of the family, it was soon obvious even to outsiders that Mr. Rice could not live many months. The very fact that he had taken on young Isenberg as an overseer showed that he himself knew how short was his own time. Mr. Prevost, the expert sugar boiler at Lihue and also, it will be recalled, a shareholder in the company, was apparently left as temporary manager during Mr. Rice's absence in California. To Paul's becoming connected with the plantation Mr. Prevost offered no objection, but with his compatriot, Mr. Burgoyne, who had taken charge of Wailua Falls Ranch on Paul's departure, he often speculated as to changes that would be brought about on the plantation by Mr. Rice's death. Maria's wedding was evidently planned for a day early in October, shortly after her return from California. Paul had moved over to the Koamalu home in August and the new cottage near the old house was probably built for Maria and himself while she and her father were in California. A letter from Mrs. Aldrich, who in many ways was as close to Maria as an older sister, gives some indications of the proposed wedding date.

Honolulu, October 11th, 1861.

My dear Maria,

. Your kind note came this morning. What a happy family you must be to be united again. I should like to look in upon you. I had heard through Mr. Widemann that you were not married, so I was not surprised to hear it from yourself. I hope your next letter will have a different signature from this last. You don't know how much I missed you and your Father, have hardly gotten over it yet. I am delighted to hear that your

Mother and Anna are coming up. The children will be so pleased to see their little friend.

I felt sorry after you left that we had forgotten to call on Mrs. Burbank. I have apologized for both of us. Your friends were quite surprised that you left so suddenly in the schooner. Mrs. Reynolds called the day after you left, thinking that you would of course wait for the steamer. A great many have asked me if you were married, especially at Mrs. Damon's sewing society yesterday afternoon. I want you to write me all about that *little affair* that is to come off, how you all looked, and what you all said. Only *don't* promise to serve and obey. But I will save my bits of advice for my next letter. I intend to go out in the morning to get your ring, and will finish this tomorrow, so good night, and may God bless you.

Later. I hope you will like the ring, it was the best I could get for the price. I am always happy to make any purchases for you, if I can suit you. The children were delighted to have me get a letter from you and insisted upon my reading it aloud to them. Lena says, "Malia gone Kauai." I am delighted that your father is better. Give my best love to all, and write soon, if you are not too busy. My particular regards to Mr. Isenberg.

Maria's wedding was as simple as she had visioned it so long before. And the small glossed visiting card which announced the event to her friends bespoke the wish of her heart in form as also in substance. One of her wedding gifts was from the friend and teacher who had watched her grow from earliest childhood into young womanhood. It was a book which her daughter keeps to this day, the memoir of a missionary of the American Board in Assyria, and bears the inscription on the fly-leaf, "Paul and Maria Isenberg, October 16, 1861, from Mr. Dole." Another friend of her father and mother as well as of herself was their Lihue neighbor, Judge Widemann. His wedding gift was her dainty gown of bridal white, a figured Swiss muslin, which is still carefully kept laid away in a chest in her daughter's home, the small white sprig in the sheer muslin, the full, puffed sleeves,

the high waist, the prim lining of orderly whalebones, the hundreds of tiny hand stitches, all in as good order as when they were first worn on that October day of long ago.

Dr. Smith came over from Koloa to perform the ceremony which gave Paul at last a home of his own, and for Maria enlarged her old one to include the new. With many young people and in modern times, this might have been a very unwise arrangement, but under these peculiar circumstances it became the one end desired by all. Paul's German home, in which he had always been the big brother, held him by many of the same close ties of deep affection which bound him here. Maria at Koamalu had always been the older sister and, during her father's long illness, had become her mother's greatest comfort and stay. To have made her new home even the four miles away at Wailua, had there been no opening for Paul at Lihue, would have brought keen suffering to both Maria and her mother, so intimately were they bound together by all that meant to them life and love in this world and the next. Very natural was it, then, that the walls of the old Chinese house at Koamalu should spread out to shelter also the first new family growing out of its own. Something of Mother Rice's happiness was conveyed in a letter to the mission home at Waimea, Hawaii.

December 13, 1861.

My dear Sister Lyons,

Many thanks for your very kind note & good wishes. It is indeed a privilege to have Maria still with us. Her husband seems to take the place of oldest son which is so needful now in Mr. Rice's feeble health. They have a separate house near by, but we all sit at one table & Maria is still a great help. Mr. Isenberg is a communicant in the Lutheran Church & his creed is precisely that of Luther. His father is a clergyman of that church, holding the office of Superintendent, corresponding to Bishop in the Episcopal Church.

We were glad to hear from you, and hope Brother Lyons will see fourscore years in the same good health. We have in no wise lost interest in old friends, but with a house full & often strength taxed to the utmost, time to write is difficult to find.

Mr. Rice is a confirmed invalid. His trip to California improved his general health, but did not affect his cough. His life so precious to us we hope may long be spared. He would not choose. Doubtless his days of active usefulness are passed. Still he exerts a great influence which to us seems indispensable. My own health is pretty good. With the help of my daughters I am able to keep up two & sometimes three weekly classes with the natives. Emily & Willie are now at Mr. Dole's school. The others at Home are all taller than myself except Anna, so it seems as if they were hardly the children that were once around us.

Through the intimate joys of that first year in the new old home there were woven the deepening shadows of separation. Knowing that he was soon to leave for the Heavenly Home, Father Rice set his earthly house in order as far as his hand could do it. And knowing, too, that it was his Heavenly Father's will to take him home, he longed to be there, for his work in his earthly home was done. Maria, the oldest of his children, was closest to him, perhaps. A note in her exquisitely fine hand still lies among her letters:

May 19th, 1862.

My precious Father was lying on his bed at Noon and as I sat down, he held out his left hand. While I still clasped it, he said very slowly and distinctly, "You, my dear daughter Maria, have been a good Angel to me, even anticipating many wants. Now you have separated yourself from the family—no, not separated—but you know what I mean." "Yes, Papa," I said. "May you have faith in all new trials," he went on very slowly, "new trials and sorrows, to cast all your care and trouble on him who is able to care for you. Oh, my dear—the Lord *bless* you, with all blessing—for Time and Eternity."

The following week, on May 27th, his earthly work closed. His devoted Hawaiian friends of the plantation and the entire neighborhood gathered at the house, some of them chanting a memorial ode in the manner of ancient days on the death of a chief. The Hawaiian form was perhaps never set down in writing, but parts of the English version give some faint trace of the dignity and fervor conveyed by the original chant.

A Lamentation for William Rice

Great is our love to thee, O William Rice,
Appointed Herald of Jesus Christ.
You have departed from our midst, and gone,
With the Spirit of Light forever to dwell.
And there in Heaven, with joy thou wilt see
Both Richards and Armstrong and William Lee,
Departed Companions, to meet once more,
Companions in Charity and Deeds of Love.

Much love to thy Wife and children dear,
With heaviness of soul thy loss they mourn,
For thou hast travelled the long road
Which shows no returning footsteps.
Our hearts o'erflow with love for thee, Rice,
Father of the friendless in this land.
One was *thy* friend, the Holy Word of God.

Thy name on the Girdles of Comfort is wrought,
Strong is our love for thee.

Thou didst traverse the great Pacific Waste
And among California's snows didst dwell,
But the home of thy choice, while here upon earth,
Was placed amid the Groves of Hawaii nei.

No more shall thy voice fill the Temple of God.
Love to thy distant friends who saw thee not,
The page of the voiceless messenger will tell them of thee.

Now thou dost dwell with the perfect ones,
In the Presence of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Maria's own pen it was which preserved this Hawaiian dirge in a translation made possibly by herself or her mother. The hand of this same daughter Maria has kept likewise, in her own fine penmanship, the *Reminiscences of William Harrison Rice by His Wife*. This begins with a loved quotation and contains many of his characteristic traits, in particular, his close kinship of spirit with little children and with his Hawaiian friends:

"His life sprung from a deep inner sympathy with God's will, and therefore was all that was true, beautiful and right."

. His presence in his home was like Sunlight, his footstep a note of joy throughout the household. So ready was his sympathy with every joy and sorrow that no one feared to impart to him what ever could interest themselves. It seemed as if for the more than twenty-one years he blessed his home there was scarcely enough of unkindness to have disturbed the harmony of Heaven. But though so loving, and gentle, he "ruled well his own house," and to displease him was the greatest possible punishment.

For children he seemed to have a peculiar love. He enjoyed having them near him, and interested himself in all their sports and happiness. And children had an intuitive love and trust in him.

For the Hawaiians also, whom he had made his own people, he cherished a most tender regard. To an uncommon knowledge of their language he joined an appreciation of their character and a love for their interests that made his ear ever open to the "pilikias" of the humblest. During the last months of his life he remarked, "My happiest days were those devoted to the instruction and assistance of the natives." One of the last human Names that lingered on his lips in his dying hours, was Kahaipo, a beloved Christian brother who was many years in his employ, and who after a blameless life died in Faith and Hope in Jesus, nearly two years before his Teacher. And among those who carried Mr. Rice to his burial and made lamentation over him was an Hawaiian Domestic who for Twenty years had followed every removal of the family, from love to its Head. This faithful Hawaiian, Opunui, seemed to catch the spirit of his Master, and

in his family and in the Church of God has ever walked worthy of the faith he professes.

As a Neighbor William Harrison Rice was slow to credit an evil report, or to fancy himself wronged. In Business, tho eminently diligent and practical, he scorned to take advantage. In the last months of his life, when told that he had been blamed for a transaction as doing too well for himself, he replied, "I sincerely thought I was doing the best for all concerned, and am as willing to take *that* as any other business transaction to the Judgment Seat."

No gloom or Despondency oppressed him during his long illness. At first, he said he "was not weary of the World, and should love to live half a century if it was God's will." He often requested us to sing, "Come, we who love the Lord, And let our joys be known." There seemed to him no dark shadow over the Grave. He spoke of "going to rest", and said, "Sin is the sting of Death and *that* is pardoned.—Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

As flesh and heart failed, the words of Holy Writ and Holy Song were a cordial that sustained him. When we sang or repeated to him all the stanzas of "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," he would say, "Yes, *that* tells the whole story." When I read him the lines, "Sweet to lie passive in His hands, And know no will but His," he clapped his hands and exclaimed, "That's it!"

He had been comparatively free from pain until the last week of his illness. Once, looking at his children, he exclaimed, "Oh, there are so many little strings to be broken and strong cords to be sundered ere the freed spirit can take its flight." And when I quoted, "To the bright gates of Paradise," he clasped both my hands in his and exclaimed earnestly, "That is just where I want to go. Can't we start *now*, and go *together*?" His last breathing of trust was, "My Saviour suffered more." And like Bunyan's Pilgrim he came at last, not so much Down to the Valley of the Shadow, as Up to the Gates of Life.

After Father Rice's death, Father Dole, one of the more severe and scholarly missionaries and not by any means given to exaggeration, added to the mission report of 1863 his sound and authoritative estimate of Father Rice's character, based on the close association of over

twenty years. Young he seemed, only in his forty-ninth year, but he had filled his life full. Mr. Dole referred to him as

the faithful missionary, the father and friend of the Hawaiians, the upright magistrate, the loving and revered husband and father, and a pillar of the Foreign Church of Kauai of a sound and discriminating judgment, self reliant, yet one of the most modest men that ever lived. He came to these Islands to do good, and he daily sought to accomplish this object by a blameless and holy life. But he was at the furthest remove from thinking of *meriting* Heaven. Jesus was indeed the foundation and crown of his hope. . . . This faith gave him the victory of the world; it rendered him more than conqueror over death and the grave.

On August 27th of this same year, 1862, just three months after Father Rice had left the Koamalu home, the first grandchild appeared within it. When, in March of the following year, Father Dole christened her, she bore the names of both grandmothers, Mary Dorothea Rice Isenberg, names which were ever to be an inspiration to her, in drawing fully, as she has always done, from both sources of culture and tradition. The long christening robe, of Chinese grass-linen edged with embroidery, which is still kept and has been worn by many other babes in the Rice family, was daintily made by the hand of Mother Rice, the last bit of sewing which she did without the aid of glasses. With all the years of sewing in her young womanhood, she yet had no liking for the art and was wont to relate that the invention of sewing machines had meant far more to her than the advent of automobiles many decades later.

To Mother Rice was granted the wish of her husband to live another fifty years, and it was in her small hand that so many of the threads of the succeeding half century were firmly held. Toward the end of her long life,

she was lovingly cared for by Maria's daughter, to whom she had become, and will always remain, "Little Grandmother". Writing to friends during 1862, that year of keenest joys and sorrows, Mother Rice showed how vital and unbroken was the course of life in that Koamalu home.

Lihue, October 20th, 1862.

Dear Bro. & Sister Alexander,

I did appreciate your kind letters. Our Covenant Father verified all his promises, sustained and cheered my dear husband, and enabled him to triumph over death and the grave. It was wonderful to witness his faith and patience, which never failed, and the gradual crucifying of all that was earthly, until it seemed as if while he lingered with us, he put on the heavenly

I felt before his death that our almost perfect home happiness would aggravate the bereavement, but this is on the contrary our greatest consolation. He still seems ever with us. His memory, like "ointment and perfume poured forth," still gladdens us.

My children are all with me, except Willie, who goes to Koloa to school on Monday and returns Friday evening. Emily has been teaching in the family of a neighbour for several months. She teaches her two younger sisters at the same time. My new son you have not seen; he is a good, kind son to me, and although a very decided Lutheran, is a man of principle, and I hope has the grace of God in his heart. A little granddaughter is added to our home, healthy and good. She is a great comfort & brings all the blessings that such helpless little ones scatter in the home. Her poor mother has had a long and tedious illness, but is again in good health, though not strong. We all live together, which makes a large family.

I have written thus of my children, because I am always so interested in hearing of yours. We had such a pleasant visit from your DeWitt and Emily. DeWitt is the only one of the returned scholars of old Punahou times that I have seen. James and Samuel and Charlie, my best love to them. I hope we shall see some of you in the course of a year. Any or all would have a hearty welcome.

Lihue, December 4, 1862.

Dear Bro. & Sister Lyons,

Mr. Lyons' kind letter of July 15th was very gratefully received & would have been long since answered, could I have done as I would. But it was long after my husband's death before I had strength to reply to my letters, to recall as I must, in writing, so many afflictive memories. But I had finally summoned resolution to commence my writing, when Maria's long & severe illness again confined me to the sick room until I was so exhausted by anxious watching that I was obliged to have a little change. But through the mercy of God I can now speak of all the family in comfortable health.

What a privilege it is to have an infinitely wise & good & loving Father leading us through all life's changes & fitting us by them all for the mansions he has prepared. It was a wonderful experience to me the last months of my dear husband's life. So perfect seemed his patience, his content with God's will, his spirit of love, of tenderness, & so complete his triumph over death & the grave, that the dark shadow that rested over them appears to have passed away.

My children are all with me & we have a daily school. Emily is teacher. I hope next term to send them again to Mr. Dole, but it is a great comfort to have them all at home.

After Father Rice's death in May of 1862, Paul Isenberg continued in charge of the outdoor work on the plantation, such as planting, watering and harvesting. Mr. Prevost, with whom young Paul worked very congenially, was in charge of the mill and for some time acted also as manager of the plantation. To the day of his death Mr. Prevost remained essentially the Frenchman, somewhat imperiously aloof, interested only in his work and never quite fitting in to the island life "to the manner born," as the phrase went in those days. Madame Prevost heartily seconded her husband's national and racial preferences, making a very French home for him in their simple plantation house part way up the hill east

of the mill. Here with the meticulous care of a born Frenchwoman she tended her little kitchen garden of French herbs and stuffed her fat geese to provide the delicate *pate de fois gras* of France for her husband's fastidious palate, and together they lived, much like exiles, quite apart from the rural community growing up about them. More and more intensely they longed to return to France, and above all to Paris, that one place in all the world to the true Frenchman. Their racial thrift laid by every possible penny of both salary and dividends, and gradually their dream began to take on more the substance of reality.

Paul Isenberg was the logical successor to Mr. Rice



THE HOME AT KOAMALU IN 1865

Near the site of the present manager's house. Mother Rice seated on the old bench. Paul Isenberg standing. Maria Isenberg seated next to him. Anna Rice and Dora Isenberg seated on the low step, small Dora much put out because her short skirts cannot hide her bare feet, as Anna's long skirts are well able to do.

as manager of Lihue Plantation, for, although only twenty-five years old, his thorough training and experience were coupled with a natural aptitude and sagacity in matters of agriculture. Realizing the urgency of having in the mill a workman skilled in the difficult art of boiling sugar in open kettles, for Father Rice had often told him how Mr. Prevost had saved great quantities of the cane juice previously ruined by scorching, Paul at length wrote home to Germany in the hope that one of his younger brothers would come out and train in under Mr. Prevost. That gentleman was fully aware of the importance of his skill, and never indeed parted with any of his knowledge save under strict provisions. There still exists among the Articles of Agreement in the Bureau of Conveyances in Honolulu the formal record that Victor Prevost agrees to instruct E. Ausgut and J. Reinhardt in the Art of clarifying and boiling Sugar from cane juice at Lihue while taking off the crop of 1860 and 1861, provided that said E. Ausgut and J. Reinhardt will forfeit to the aforesaid V. Prevost the sum of \$500, if on any account whatsoever they instruct any third parties in the above named Art of clarifying and boiling Sugar. These two gentlemen were apparently on the eve of starting a sugar plantation on their own account near the town of Hilo, a venture in which, if it proved successful, Mr. Prevost was to become a third partner at a low figure in return for sharing with the other two his expert knowledge. As a shareholder in the plantation at Lihue, Mr. Prevost was quick to see how both the real and the market value of his own shares would deteriorate, should he retire to France leaving no trained sugar boiler in his place, and he had agreed to pass on his knowledge to his successor with his own proviso.

During the year 1861 Carl and Otto Isenberg had, like Paul, gone out from the well-populated Fatherland to seek their fortunes in the wide world of the Pacific

Ocean. Unlike their older brother, however, they had remained in the South Pacific, in Australia, where they worked, though not together, for two years and more. In 1863 Carl received Paul's message and, finding enough money in his pocket to pay his passage by sailing vessel to California and thence to Honolulu and Kauai, he set out on the long voyage. Even with favorable winds the journey from Sydney to San Francisco took over three months. With the delay of only a few hours both in California and Honolulu, Carl appeared on Kauai before any advance message of his arrival could have reached the islands. "When I landed at Nawiliwili," he used often to relate afterwards, "the manager of the plantation, a Frenchman, chanced to be at the beach. Inquiring who I was, he took me up the hill to the field where Paul was working, and introduced me as young Prevost, his own son, just arrived from France. Paul had never seen me with a beard and took it all in good faith, until we both grinned. And many is the laugh we have had over it since that day."

It may have happened that the mill was not grinding when Carl arrived. At all events, he was employed for some time as an outdoor luna, or overseer, no doubt in order that he might become accustomed to the work and the language. But it was not long before he went into the mill and made a thorough job of learning to boil sugar. Chary though he was of taking strangers into the secrets of his skill, Mr. Prevost had definite plans for his own retirement, and having come to a point where he valued and trusted Paul Isenberg, he promised Carl to teach him his craft, provided that Carl in his turn would not go elsewhere and teach others as long as Mr. Prevost was still earning his livelihood. For ten years Carl remained in the mill at Lihue, a master boiler, as his instructor had been before him. In 1865 Mr. Prevost sold to Paul Isenberg at Lihue for the sum of \$5,250,

three-fourths of his holding in the plantation, or three-fourteenths of the capital stock sold to him by H. A. Peirce and J. F. B. Marshall. And it was probably about this time that the Prevosts at last achieved their ambition of going home to France to live in comfort, or it may very well have been that their years of frugality assured them even more than a modicum of luxury as well.

The books of the plantation, many of them carefully posted in the fine, clear handwriting of Maria Rice as early as 1858 and until 1862, show the names of other young foreigners, many of whom were Germans, even in those early days. There was Mr. Reinhardt, a carpenter, Mr. Wicke, a blacksmith, Mr. Ausgut, and Mr. Hermann. Later Mr. August Dreier was engineer in the mill. He had come out about 1860 for Hoffschlaeger and Stappenhorst to install a cotton mill in upper Hanamaulu land. The combination of a cool temperature with rain and red dust proved too much for successful cotton growing, but many wild bushes of it are still found in Kapaia valley. At one time Charles Griffiths worked on Lihue plantation, the Englishman well known all over the island, who could turn his hand to anything. Then there was Mr. Osgood, a blacksmith, who was also a butcher, and Mr. Mundon, the English carpenter, wheelwright, and cabinetmaker. Like the sugar boiler, Mr. Prevost, some of these craftsmen received as much as one hundred dollars a month. During his later years Mr. Rice, as manager, is listed by his daughter on the books as receiving \$125 per month, Maria's own modest recompense for part-time bookkeeping being \$16 a month. On the Koloa road, a little below where the Grove Farm reservoir now stands, there lived for many years the cooper, Mr. Bruns, one of the most valued of the skilled artisans on the plantation. During the days before jute bags came into use for marketing sugar packages, kegs and casks

had to be put together in great numbers before the grinding season commenced, and no ordinary carpenter had the knack of fitting the staves compactly into a tight, sound keg. This was distinctly a cooper's province and the office of cooper was almost as essential as that of sugar boiler. In the days of small crops such coopers were sometimes itinerant, working first at one place and then another somewhat like the medieval journeymen and their apprentices. One of the few letters which have been kept from among Paul Isenberg's early correspondence was written by the cooper from Koloa, who was plying his trade on the little plantation in the Hanalei Valley, where experiments in sugar were just beginning.

Hanalei, December 1, 1861.

. It is slow work with our sugar kegs here. Everything is ready for the machinery, but no one knows whether it will ever get here, since the ship is already overdue and may have been sunk by this time. Then, too, the kegs from Honolulu are a humbug. Sometimes I must try fifty or sixty staves before I can find enough to fit together for a single keg. The bundles were very indifferently tied up, more than half the staves were loose when they arrived, still more break, and not one keg can I get together without several knot-holes. Mr. Wundenberg says we shall order no more of these. Five hundred, however, I must have.

I work at coopering only three days in the week, being occupied with lessons the rest of the time. My two professions give me just enough work, and neither is burdensome.

This Koloa cooper was the German, Charles Newmann, who knew Paul Isenberg well and of course wrote to him in their common mother tongue. He was one of the interesting figures in early Koloa days, where, as at Hanalei, he combined coopering with music lessons. And one may well imagine the enjoyment he fostered in those isolated communities, for, beside being a skilled musician, he had for his art a veritable passion. In 1865, as has

already been related, Mr. Newmann was foremost in his zeal in obtaining donations toward a melodeon for the Foreign Church of Kauai at Koloa.

Work at Lihue Plantation advanced after Father Rice's death with much the same spirit of conservative constructive enterprise which had marked the period of his management. The fields covered at that time only a very small part of the present plantation and lay in the neighborhood of the mill on the hill where the store and office now stand and somewhat mauka and makai from there, or toward the mountains and toward the sea. In the very early days of the plantation this field and the adjoining field of Halo had been cleared of all but the largest trees and rocks, and the latter had been converted into the first stone walls to intersect what had previously been open country. Hawaiians were adepts in the art of building such walls, as the passer-by may still see from a glance at the huge boulders forming the foundation in the few old portions of the two original walls. These remaining sections stand to the north of the Armory and County Building in Lihue Park and form the street boundary of Halenani, the home of Mrs. William Hyde Rice, opposite the entrance to the County Building and on the south side of the main road leading to the center of the little plantation town.

In the early days and even after Paul Isenberg came to Lihue, there were still kuleanas, or original holdings of Hawaiians, within the field enclosures and many a time considerable patience was required when it was found that the horses or the children from these little kuleanas had made themselves at home in the fields of ripening cane. But in time these remaining kuleanas were bought up and the old stone walls were supplemented by fences that could be put up more expeditiously. Deeper plowing soon began to turn up more stones, however, and these were perforce converted into walls of the old type.

which were beginning to prove a more effective barrier against the ravages of long, lurching teams of struggling oxen on rough fields and narrow, soft roads often hardly less heavy and deep in mud than the plowed fields. In 1866 the plantation acquired the use of some three hundred additional acres of makai land toward Ahukini, and the mountainous stone walls surrounding parts of this section still bear mute witness to the labor of clearing the original field. Veritable quarries, too, these high walls became in later years, when stone was needed for buildings or modern macadamized roads.

During the years of 1860, as also during the previous decade, one of the greatest difficulties on the little plantation was to find, and to fence, sufficient pasture for work oxen, twelve acres being required to support one animal. In seasons of drought when the grass in the lower pastures dried up, the cattle had to be turned mauka to find what they could in the hills, where they very soon ran wild and became more loath than ever to be roped. With the addition of new cane fields more oxen were needed for the increased work of hauling, and many an expedition was made into the mountains to lasso wild "bipi", the Hawaiian cowboys of the new generation being now grown expert in the handling of animals. Whenever possible, Paul Isenberg rode into the mountains with these expeditions which, to him, were not merely for the sake of roping wild cattle. With the help of the older natives, he would explore the sources of streams and springs and swamps, and before long he came to the conclusion that far more water was available there than had been tapped by the one small ditch originating in Father Rice's time. Wisely, however, the young manager realized that this would be a radical measure for which the small, conservative plantation was not yet ready.

Judge Widemann, who grew some cane on the Grove Farm lands, had tried a ditch which had failed to bring the anticipated water supply. The whole crop of 1864 for Lihue was something less than 300 tons. Today it is a hundred times as large. Experiments were even then the order of the day, but with the limited means at hand in 1864 it was imprudent to strike out with too radical innovations. Mr. Widemann was essentially a promoter of new enterprises, as Mr. Lydgate's brief account of him plainly shows. In 1850, after the Land Commission had started its revolutionary work, the king's Privy Council, as its minutes state, had voted to set apart certain government lands "for the purpose of education in higher institutions." Early in 1860 the government deeded to Punahou School, beside some 5,600 acres at Hamakuapoko on East Maui, more than 2,000 acres in the valleys of Papaa and Moloaa on East Kauai, "to constitute a part of the endowment of said institution." More than possible is it that a tract of land at Moloaa held by Dr. Smith of Koloa had been deeded to him by the government for the similar purpose of the Koloa Girls' Boarding School. But he, like Punahou, was forced to sell out years before the land attained any appreciable value as the nucleus of an endowment fund. In 1861 Mr. Widemann of Lihue bought practically the entire Kauai land grant of 2,262 acres for \$1833.33 from the trustees of Punahou, perhaps with the intention of using it as a cattle and sheep ranch, according to Mr. Lydgate's surmise. This was apparently not successful, and in order to divide up the land among small holders, Mr. Widemann organized the Moloaa Hui, or Company, among the Hawaiians of that region, with shares at \$100 apiece, and sold the land to that Hui.

Concentrating then more closely on his holding at Lihue, and profiting by Mr. Rice's example, it became evident that in order to succeed with sugar cane he must

have water from the hills. Here again he organized, as told by Mr. G. N. Wilcox, a number of Hawaiians of the district in a Hui, each to pay for his share in the venture with his labor on the construction of the new ditch. This extended only two miles, no farther mauka than Hoina-kauna-lehua, the second stream on the Koloa road, but the few who came to work were very irregular about it, and six months elapsed before the ditch was completed. George Wilcox, a mission son from the Waioli station, had been engaged to keep the work going. Fresh from engineering work at Yale University, he had ventured the statement that the grade of the ditch was far too gentle to allow of any definite drop of the water, but his opinion on the subject was not desired. When the great day came, however, for the water at last to be turned into the new ditch, the grade was so light and the stream so small that most of the water seeped away before reaching the end of the ditch.

This was after July, in 1864. Mr. Widemann was disheartened at the failure, but loyally called all the Hawaiian members of the hui together, explained the cause of the failure, and reimbursed them for all their labor, since they were not responsible for its failure to achieve the end desired. For several months thereafter Mr. Widemann took over the management of Princeville Plantation at Hanalei, although realizing



GEORGE N. WILCOX
ABOUT 1870

that he had invested too much capital in the Grove Farm project to leave the place long untenanted. To lease or sell it, however, was not a simple matter. But at length he persuaded George Wilcox to take charge temporarily and extend the ditch to the next stream. In two weeks' time the young prospector had explored to his own satisfaction the possibilities of obtaining water when given a free hand, and was willing to take a five-year lease on the property. That this short leasehold was freighted with considerable risk is evident when one realizes that from the time of breaking ground it took almost three years to mature, harvest and market a crop. Moreover, the extension of the ditch delayed planting until well on in August, but with a good season and additional water, the first year proved a profitable one.

This enterprising young proprietor of Grove Farm was no stranger to Lihue, having worked in the plantation store there for Mr. Rice during the long Punahou vacation in 1857. Coming again to Lihue at the age of twenty-five, George Wilcox had to his credit the practical training of years at Punahou and Yale Sheffield Scientific Schools, with likewise the experience of attempting to grow cane in the Hanalei valley near his boyhood home. Much of the seed cane for his first planting at Grove Farm in 1864 was obtained from neighboring Hawaiians. This was at the suggestion of Paul Isenberg who was ready to help them as well as the young planter. None of the Hawaiians planted to much greater extent than along the edges of their taro patches and on intervening ridges, as in Vancouver's time, but in the fertile valley of Niumalu this often amounted to considerable and they were glad of the opportunity to sell it. When G. N. Wilcox made his first contract to grind cane at Lihue mill, and for a number of years thereafter, his planting was restricted by the agreement to seventy-five

acres. Of that amount he planted only forty acres the first year, yet he states that this additional tonnage required increased capacity in the mill. An evaporating pan was therefore installed, the bill for which, dated March 3, 1866, still exists in the archives of the Honolulu Iron Works.

The use of this pan, an open, rectangular tank of copper, was an innovation for those days and resulted in boiling the syrup more rapidly, as well as more safely. It will be recalled that the first kettles used at Lihue mill were heated by wood fires made directly beneath them, and often so hot that a whole strike, or kettleful of syrup, might be so scorched as to be ruined. The new "strike pan" was a continuation of this line of open copper kettles from which the syrup was ladled out into it by long-handled dippers worked like oars, but the new container was heated by means of a coil of pipe in which the steam could be shut off at will. This was the first attempt at Lihue toward using steam for boiling sugar, although previously an old circular pan, fitted with a steam coil and raised several feet above the floor to allow water from the condensed steam to flow back into the boiler, had been introduced to boil out a second grade of sugar from molasses after the first grade had been extracted in the centrifugals. And Mr. Wilcox also states that for some time steam had been in use at Lihue as an auxiliary motive power to turn the rollers, when water in the mill pond was low.

In addition to the contract with Lihue Plantation for grinding, George Wilcox also leased to the plantation some of the water on his mauka land, to be turned into the mill stream above the dam on Sundays and at night when not needed for irrigating at Grove Farm. The first year was a favorable one and by dint of perseverance and hard work the young planter managed to make a start. Hackfeld and Company of Honolulu advanced

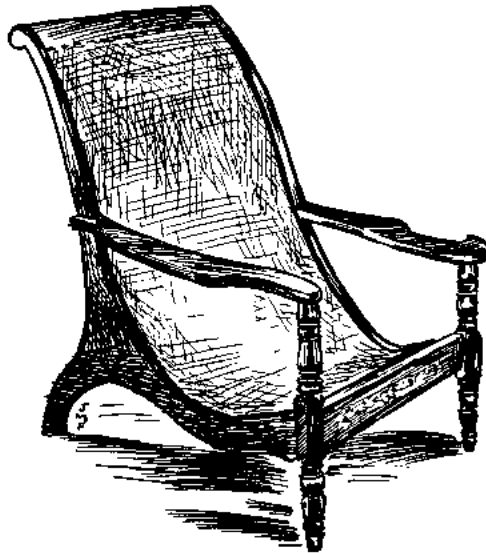
him money, as they had likewise done to Mr. Widemann, and it was not many years before he could call Grove Farm his own. On moving in to Mr. Widemann's thatched house there, he had begun, as Paul Isenberg had done a few years before, with his entire capital vested in his character and training alone.

Those were days when one must turn one's hand to anything and avail oneself of the resources at hand. The small Dora Isenberg born at Koamalu in 1862 still recalls her father's varied activities during her childhood and the characteristics of many of the Hawaiian cowboys on the plantation:

My father was postmaster, too, in the early days. I can still see the pigeon holes on the wall of his room where he always kept the letters. It was the same room, his office, at the end of the old house, where he kept his plantation medicines. Whenever a vessel came in to Nawiliwili, he was always at the beach to get the mail bag. He would take it, open it, hand out those for George Wilcox who always stood near by, and for any others who happened to

be there. Then he would close the bag and bring it up to the house to stamp the remaining letters and distribute them into those pigeon holes on the wall of his office.

Sometimes he would let me ride with him out of the yard past the store and down the road to the trash houses, which were just about where the Lihue Grammar School now stands. The old road to the mill still turns to the northward there, passing between the school houses and the teachers' cottages, but it dips so suddenly down toward the mill that only the



PAUL ISENBERG'S FAVORITE CHAIR
*Bought of Gen. Marshall by Father
Rice. The original is still at Molokoa.*

barefooted school children now use it and automobiles must of course take the longer and easier grade around toward the Lihue Church. There is a grove of other trees in the hollow now, but in my childhood there were still great kukui trees there and along the hillside. Sometimes it was butchering day across the road to the eastward from the trash houses and then there always hung in one of the big kukui trees a whole bipi, or bullock, to be carved up at two cents a pound as purchasers rode up on horseback.

Those old trash houses were great sheds all of a hundred and fifty feet long, I suppose, and perhaps fifty feet wide, with room for two ox-carts to pass each other. The sides were thatched too, to keep out driving rains, so that renewing the roofing and sides even every ten years or so was an immense undertaking. The pili grass for thatching grew thickly on the upland meadows and hill-sides of Puhi, near where the Grove Farm camp is now, and one of the big jobs for the Hawaiian workers on the plantation was to pull the grass thatch for these sheds, pile it into ox-carts to be carried down, and then tie it on to the ahos, or cross pieces, of the roof. When the mill was grinding, ox-carts wound slowly up the hill to this old trash yard, bringing the damp fibrous cane refuse from the rollers in the mill. In sunny weather Hawaiian women stood tossing it on the ground outside the sheds to dry it, and piling it up to be carted down the hill again and used for fuel in the mill furnace. Beside wood this was all the fuel they had in those days. In wet weather drying the trash was hard work, and even on dry days a sudden shower might easily ruin a whole morning's work. Uncle Willie Rice used to tell how excited he was once as a boy, when he stood watching the newly thatched roof of one of these great trash houses, as it slowly rose and fell and finally collapsed altogether in a strong southerly gale. In later years my father devised long sheds, well ventilated with latticed sides of slats, in the valley just north of the mill, which obviated much of that tedious hauling.

And how good those old oxen were,—at least sometimes. Certain pairs with an aptitude for backing were kept especially for hauling trash. When the roads were very muddy, which often happened, as many as four yoke of oxen had to be used for one trash cart. In the earliest days there had been only eight ox-carts to haul cane and trash, and to take the loads of sugar to the beach, but later there were over thirty carts. Yoking the oxen was often

no easy matter. Sometimes, if the animals were heated, they would lie down and refuse to move. Not even a whip would budge them, but Lono was expert in the best expedient, which was to twist their tails and then bite into the twist with his teeth! Other animals would escape into the cane fields, sometimes right through a fence, and would hide with great cunning for a long time. The natives named each one, and every ox knew not only his own name, but also the side on which he was always yoked. Old Lono could always manage them, no matter how paakiki, or stubborn, they were. He could not only call them all by name, but knew just which two were always paired in yoking and which was on the near side and which on the off side. Frequently the oxen were



OLD LONO AND HIS MULE

not unyoked during the week, but on Saturday all were freed and allowed to rest. And beside Saturday and Sunday every pair had an alternate week of rest, so that, in all, over a thousand head were needed to keep the work going. Every Monday morning five or six hundred fresh ones were driven in from pasture to be yoked. In 1886, when my father seriously contemplated a plantation railroad, there were, for hauling cane alone, forty-five carts, and on muddy roads it was not an uncommon thing to encounter a cane cart drawn by six or eight yoke of oxen.

We often wondered what the plantation would do, if Lono should ever die. He had worked with us as a boy in Grandfather Rice's time and it was sixty years before his last day's work was done. He was one of the very characteristic old Hawaiians. From much clinging to a saddle his legs had grown quite bent so that he was very bow-legged and, like an army cavalryman, looked much more at home on horseback. He walked awkwardly, but he could ride any variety of horseflesh, and mules that no one else could mount, or even saddle. One little failing he had, of which no amount of reproof ever cured him. He would take a little opium now and then, a habit learned from the Chinese laborers on the plantation. He never kept more than a very small quantity and that no one ever could get from him, because he always kept it,—just a little bit it was,—wrapped up tight and tied in a safe hiding place under his mule's tail. He himself was the only human being on the plantation who could handle that mule without disaster, especially if one approached his tail! From that secure retreat not even the most agile policeman on the island could dislodge the contraband drug.

There were so many other Hawaiians too, like old Hoopii and his wife Charlotte. They lived for years on the hill where the post office is now, but where Hoopii then had charge of the plantation stables. And Kuhaupio, who could lift enormous hogs that three ordinary men could hardly carry. And quite alone he handled the huge lehua posts that it took five other men to lift and set into holes. Grandmother told me, too, that whenever Grandfather Rice went to Honolulu or returned it was always Kuhaupio who carried him through the water to the whaleboat at the landing, not because he was so heavy, but because Kuhaupio



OLD HOOPI AND HIS WIFE CHARLOTTE
Charcoal drawing of a photograph made in 1900

could do it better than anyone else and so was tacitly assigned this place of honor.

The natives always called me Kola, for Dora, and as a child I knew them all. Nowadays, in my memory of those times, old Lono stands out from among the others. None of them ever thought of asking for an annual vacation, but every year Lono came and said solemnly that his old

grandmother at Haena had died and he needed a week to bury her. Old Lono was indispensable at Lihue for sixty years. Whenever anything was the matter on the plantation, the cry of "Lono!" would ring out. And almost before he could finish the job, someone else would call for him from another direction, sometimes several at once. He would listen to them all, then point to his breast, and say calmly, "Here only one Lono." My father was always glad to give a feast for the natives working on the plantation. Whenever any special enterprise was under way they knew there was a luau in store and gladly worked the harder in anticipation.

An occasional guest at Koamalu was old Governor Kanoa, a true gentleman and a good friend of my father. He was short and stocky of build, but very dignified, especially in his official uniform. Once when he dined with us we had Kuemmelbrod, bread with caraway seeds in it. Thinking the little black seeds to be mus, weevils or other creatures not infrequent inhabitants of the flour that came around the Horn in the old days, the governor contemplated his piece of bread with care, then deciding that it was meant to be eaten, tried furtively to pick out the little black seeds and unobtrusively to slip them under the edge of his plate. When my father discovered his quandary and explained that the black objects were seeds used for seasoning, the old governor laughed as heartily as anyone at the joke on himself.

Governor Kanoa's house at Nawiliwili was of the simple type which consisted of a square room or rooms standing high in the air, on stilts as it were. This was quite the favorite architectural mode among Hawaiians, who had thus to thatch only the single roof for the two apartments. The lower portion was, as Mr. Lydgate used to say, open to all comers, whether animals, chickens or people. One day when my father was calling on the governor and commented on the odd fashion of having an open ground floor, the old gentleman replied that that was a good shelter for his pigs under there.

At times one still sees such a house, even today, in some out-of-the-way corner of the islands. The old governor lived for many years, perhaps during his entire incumbency of over thirty years, on the north shore of Nawiliwili Bay at the place known as Papalinahoa, which was owned by a Koloa chief named Opunui. On the death of this chief, Dr. Smith, as executor of his estate, sold the old kuleana to Solomon Kamahalo. When Solomon went to Molokai as a leper, he sold it to G. N. Wilcox, who wanted a landing on the bay, but in very recent years has turned over his riparian rights there to the government for the benefit of the modern harbor. The land at Niumalu and near Nawiliwili Bay now known as the Kanoa Estate did not belong to the first Governor Kanoa, but was later bought by his son, Paul Puihula Kanoa, from the estate of Princess Ruth. The first Governor Kanoa's little home, later latticed in on the ground floor, stood back from the beach at the foot of the hill and is still recalled by many Lihue residents. Distinguished from this was the governor's residence on the hill above, back of the courthouse. It is not recalled even by Mr. G. N. Wilcox that Governor Kanoa ever occupied this solidly built frame house with its cellar, where fugitives sometimes hid. In front of this residence stood the first



THE COURTHOUSE AT LIHUE
ABOUT 1890

courthouse on the island, built about 1851 by John Cook by order of the government. John Cook, the Dorsetshire carpenter, states that he also built "a story and a half house" for the governor, very probably this gubernatorial residence with a cellar. Somewhat makai of these two houses, across a little valley, stood the jail for male offenders, women being housed in a separate prison on the Kupolo hill northward across the Nawiliwili stream. A Kona gale once removing the courthouse and leaving it stranded on the hillside, the governor's residence was from that time used as the courthouse, until swallowed up by the present High School after the erection of the modern County Building in Lihue proper.

The memories of Dora Rice Isenberg with regard to her father, the plantation and Lihue itself extend through her entire life, but those of her own mother are the few, yet strangely tenacious, impressions of very early childhood:

. . . . There was the scrapbook that my mother made for me of pictures that I never tired of. It has been kept all these years and I have given it to Dora Jane now. Even today as you turn the pages you will find one torn across, but carefully mended. I tore it once in a passion of anger and dear Grandmother said to me very quietly that she would paste it in again to remind me that I must control my temper. From that day to this I have never forgotten that torn picture. I was a wilful child, but as needy of love as ever my father had been, and he learned that to see him sad was a far greater punishment to me than a whipping. He would just come to me and take my hand, and I understood.

There were seldom little playmates for me and not a great many toys. Perhaps my dearest treasure was a Noah's Ark that my Mother once brought me when I was very little. On Sundays I was allowed the great treat of looking at my Mother's Dresden Gallery that someone had given her, Judge Widemann, perhaps. It was a collection of very fine engravings of the pictures in that gallery, and how I longed, as I grew older, to see the gallery itself in Dresden in my father's own country. He used to tell me of his father and mother there, and sometimes he had letters from them to read to us in English. But the postage on a letter from Germany was still four marks in those days, more than a dollar, and ships did not come every day.

Almost imperceptibly the old Koamalu home had grown to hold within it another, which yet was no separate home in itself, so close were the ties binding the two together. Grandmother and Mother held almost the same place in the child's affections, so often must the older mother take the place of the younger. The young uncle and aunts seemed more like brother and sisters, so much so that when small Dora began to talk, she instinctively said "Anna," instead of "Aunt Anna." The small aunt was herself barely ten years old when this breach of family etiquette threatened to become established as a habit, and, invoking the requisite authority of rank and precedent, she saw to it that any such radical tendency was promptly and firmly nipped in the bud. Letters from Mother Rice were rare in those busy days.



ANNA CHARLOTTE RICE
ABOUT 1865

Lihue, June 9th, 1864.

My dear Sister Lyons,

I have long been indebted to you for a very kind and acceptable letter. The last three years have been years of so much watching with the sick of my family that unanswered letters two or three years old are still in my desk. I heard of your husband's illness last spring while in Honolulu & have been rejoiced to hear through Mrs. Dole that you are all in better health. . . .

With me it is the old song of mercy & judgment. I have a pleasant home with my children around me and we are all now in comfortable health. Yet I have never been as well since the long watching last summer

with my youngest daughter who was not able for three months to bear her weight on her feet. The disease, Typhoid fever, ran 9 weeks. During her sickness Mr. Isenberg & Mary both had attacks of the same fever. Maria had not been very well for a year and when the rest recovered, she was obliged to spend three months in Honolulu under Dr. Stangenwald's care. He insisted on her sending her baby home to me. But do not understand me as complaining. Our Father mingles so many mercies with his dealings that in the darkest hours there is light.

The King has been here with Mr. Wyllie and is said to have declared that he will never sign the constitution. Alas, what will

prevail? Still, we, who belong to a kingdom that cannot be moved, have little to fear.

Excuse this hasty note, & believe me your friend,
M. S. Rice.

My dear Sister Lyons,

Lihue, Feb. 6th, 1866.

. I think of you often and of Brother Lyons now laid aside from such an active life. I remember his telling me once of a sharp sick turn he had in a native house on one of his long tours, and of the pleasure he took in thinking that he might die with the harness on, but such has not been God's will concerning him.

What different ends are allotted us! The young Wyllie at Hanalei who inherited his uncle's property has been suffering from brain fever brought on by such a sudden weight of care. The property was encumbered with so many mortgages and prohibitions of selling that the inheritance was like coming in possession of a drove of elephants. Last Sabbath eve the poor young man cut his throat. As soon as he had bled so as to relieve the pressure on the brain & restore his reason, he manifested the strongest desire to live, & it is possible he may. Dr. Smith is with him & they sent off a vessel with all speed to Honolulu for other physicians. He is reported to have said that he would give ten years of his life to be back with his mother without one cent of property.

Feb. 9th.

Poor Mr. Wyllie died on Wednesday & his uncle's fortune which he had with so much toil accumulated must have other heirs. We hope it will not be such a curse to all his family. His nephew was obliged to take the name of Wyllie with the property.

How does your native ministry prosper? This is the day of prayer for our minister here, Waiamau. Do you observe the Concert of Prayer? It is very pleasant for me to do so, & now each day is marked by this concert. Waiamau has been here seven months & far exceeds my expectations. I listen to his sermons with delight & never realize so fully what this Mission, under God, has accomplished, as when I hear him preach. Moreover, his whole life & that of his wife, as far as known, is consistently Christian. But oh, how these native ministers just taking hold of the work need a Reference Bible or Concordance in

Hawaiian! Perhaps that is a work for Brother Lyons now that he is laid aside from active tours.

Our family are all in pretty good health, Maria much better than last year. All are with me, except Emily who seems to find a very pleasant home with my brother in the States. He lives in Tennessee, but was a Union man, was with Sherman on his march & now holds office under President Andrew Johnson. We expect Willie & Mary will go in April to spend a year in California, Mary to be with Mr. & Mrs. Mills in their Seminary for Young Ladies, and Willie in a good boys' school in Oakland. It is very sad to have my family leave me, but I consent under the strong impression that it is for their good. I begin to think of a visit to the States myself. My brother & sister are so anxious I should return.

The girls' school at Koloa under the Smiths & Miss Knapp is flourishing. Do you hear anything from your good sister Marcia? But I must close.

With a kind remembrance to all your family, not forgetting Curtis, I am

Your sister,
M. S. Rice.

Mother Rice perhaps lost herself and her own sorrow, as an older person often must, in anxious watching over others after her husband's death. Gradually, Maria recovered her meager supply of health and threw herself again into all the joys of the twofold home at Koamalu. But in fair, laughing Emily the first close contact with death wrought a more subtle change than those that bodily medicines could reach. After the first numbness had passed, she resumed, as did the others, all the duties of home and school, nor was seen to fail in aught; but into her deep blue eyes there came often a wistful loneliness that increased, rather than diminished, with time. And after the lapse of two years this unspoken sorrow was so very strong upon her that her mother, fearing a settled melancholia, sent her to live for a time with her Uncle Atwood Hyde in Tennessee. That Emily had benefited

by the sojourn there with its complete change of thought and environment, a letter of 1865 still proves, but even at that distance of time and space her heart still clung to those in the old home at Koamalu. A portion only of this letter has been kept, and has its place here. Preceding it are two stanzas from the long birthday acrostic accompanying it, from Aunt Lucy's hand and celebrating Emily's birth by beginning each line with a letter of her name, Emily Dole Harrison Rice. The tripping meter with its jingling rhyme and tenderly Victorian sentiment are not a little reminiscent of the tinkling music boxes and the silk-embroidered trees of weeping willow over the graves and tombstones of a day that is past.

*Emmie, 'tis thy natal day,
Many loved ones far away,
In thy native isle so fair,
Lift for thee the ardent prayer.
You are ne'er forgotten there.*

*.....
Richest blessings from above;
In thy heart a Savior's love,
Cheer thee, till thy upward way,
Ends in Everlasting Day.*

Dear Maria,

Do you know I really begin to feel ancient, just think of it, twenty-one! Sometimes I wish it was 51 instead, but it will be that soon enough, if I live. We are getting old, Maria, I want you to realize it. Have you decided yet what kind of caps to wear? I think I shall have white muslin with a great broad ruffle, and wear this round owl kind of spectacles. I can imagine it all. Won't I look handsome?

But I don't want Dora to be growing up a big girl before I get home. Can't you put a stone on her head or something to keep her small? Does Anna's hair curl yet? I hope so. I keep one of her dear little curls that I cut off before I left.

Grandpa Rice wrote you a few weeks ago and sent his and Grandma's pictures. Have you received them? There, some of

my horrid little scholars have just come and I must give them their lessons. It was so rainy that I hoped no one would come. I enclose a piece of Grandma's new dark purple dress.

Your affec. sister

Emily.

A little later than this Aunt Lucy Reeves herself wrote to Maria, sympathizing with her on the separation of the family, and recommending a complete removal to Tennessee, a proposition which, had it been followed, would have brought about many changes in the family history.

Jasper, Tennessee. March 20th, 1866.

. My plan is for you all to come here. The climate seems to suit Emily and I think it would suit you. Emily certainly enjoys herself. She and her cousins have great times. Victor is continually courting her, and they have been engaged to be married several times. He will often gravely assure her that he thinks more of her than he does of $\frac{1}{2}$ a bushel of sweet potatoes. Then in a few minutes they are quarreling over the question of having salt put in the bread, & the engagement is broken off.

I think as your mother does that I could hardly live in a house without children, but I suppose I am as indulgent to mine as you can be to Dora. Tell Paul I am so glad & grateful that he is so kind a son to my dear sister. If she comes here to live, I want him to follow her. When our railroad is completed, as it is almost certain to be this summer, with the coal & iron that are here, & the oil that will be in all probability, this place will "look up" & be as good a place to make money as any he can find.

Tell Dora Auntie Lucy wants to see her & if she will come here she can see Auntie Emily. We have some superior preaching here. The presiding Elder of this circuit is an educated man, & very good & gentlemanly, & a good Union man too. Then there is a Cumberland Presbyterian preacher who has promised to come once a month. Most of the church members live in the country, not in the town. A majority of the reliable men of this county are, & always have been Union men.

Affectionately,

Your Aunt Lucy.

Still kept among family likenesses at Lihue is a little old-fashioned photograph of this Tennessee cousin, Victor Redfield, whose serious young face looks steadily enough out of the year 1866, but whose gay pen inscribes a laughing message on the back of the card to one of his cousins in the Sandwich Islands, and therefore presumably a cannibal, signing himself, "Your civilized cousin taken at a cost of 25 cents expressly for the benefit of a member of the heathen side of our family, that she may see how a person looks who never ate anybody in his life." While Youth gazed eagerly into the future, Age felt the stress of the war in the present and permitted itself at least a glimpse into the immediate past, bringing more than one memory of the Civil War to echo through these letters from Northern families who had been set down across the Southern border to live. The last little sheaf of messages written in Grandfather Rice's quavering hand was laid away among the others at Lihue, marked in Maria's fine writing, "From Joseph Rice our Grand Father Aged 81 Years." The first was written while the Civil War still raged, and very shortly after Emily Rice had left home to visit Hyde and Rice relatives in the South.

Covington, Kentucky. August 2nd, 1864.

Dear Children,

Maria's welcome letters of date April 24th & May 26th came to hand yesterday together with a rich present in the shape of two pictures, one of our Gran Daughter Anna, the other of our Great Gran Daughter Dora, for which please receive our thanks for we prize them highly. How much we want to see them and have a real spell of tossing them round. We are glad & thankful that Anna's health has been restored. From her picture she now looks healthy & well, but that little Dora sitting up there with her cap a little one side & her chin chucked down seems to say I intend to Make My Mark as I pass through the World. Well, Dora, try to be a No. 1 Good Girl.

Dear Mary, I wrote you about the 10th of May, giving a statement of our condition, how we were situated at that time. We are in good health, but old & clumsy, have the rheumatism some, not able to do but little work, hardly fit to live by our selves. Still we will try to take good care of our pleasant home provided for us by one we all loved.

Oh, this terrible war, when shall we have an honorable peace? By Richard's request I send you his love together with his photograph taken in the Army. He is now with Sherman at Atlanta, Georgia. We have heard this morning that Gen. Grant has been defeated at Petersburg with heavy loss. This will no doubt put us back another Year. We live here in peace & quietness, although our state is infested with small squads of meandering thieves, murderers & robbers. The President has found it necessary to declare the whole state of Kentucky under martial law. Quite a number of men in this county have been arrested within two or three days past & sent off for alleged disloyalty. It is hard to tell what will be the end of these wonders.

Well, Emily, we have your likeness which we are much pleased with, have stuck it on a blank leaf of a book by the side of Isenberg's likeness, though of course Maria's ought to stand next to his and yours a little back. If you will come & live with us a while we will introduce you to some nice Kentuckian.

Now, Mary, I must write you a line. I understand that you are the largest of the Girls, more like your Mother than any of the rest & getting along very well with your studies. That's right, prepare yourself for usefulness. Don't forget to write us as soon as convenient. I believe I must write Willie a letter before long. Our united love to all.

My eyesight has returned. I can see to read common print without the aid of Glasses.

Your Grand Father & Mother

J. & S. Rice.

Covington, Kentucky. Feb. 6, 1865.

Our Dear Grand Children—

Please receive our Grateful thanks for that present of 40 dollars you sent us in order to make us comfortable during the hard winter. We have spent money as sparingly as possible, have

20 dollars of it on hand which will buy our groceries for some time. We are in usual good health — had a letter from Emily lately. She will make us a visit this spring. When she comes we will endeavor to use some of the money to have our pictures taken & send you one. We could not well get them taken this winter, you will please excuse the delay. Our winter has been unusually severe with deep snow & cold, more moderate now.

It costs more to live than it did before the War. Brown Sugar is 30 cts which 4 years ago was 7 cts. Meat 20 cts per pound was 5 cts, butter 50 cts was 15 cts & everything in proportion. We hope & think the prospect is that the war will close this year, it seems that the rebellion cannot hold out much longer. May the Lord soon send us peace & prosperity. Your Uncle Richard served in the Army three years, resigned his commission & came home in Nov. safe & sound.

I was at your Uncle Hyde's Monday last. He was still with Gen. Sherman. The family all well except your Aunt Lucy, though able to keep about & getting better. We have Emily's photograph, also Anna's & Dorothea's on the same leaf below, side by side. Then on another leaf we have Paul's together with several of our family friends. Now Maria, please send yours & Mary's, also Willie's. We visit you by taking down the Book & looking over the likenesses of those we love. It is a great comfort to us in our retired situation, besides we see the forms of our Dear



MARY DOROTHEA RICE ISENBERG
Aged three

Grand Children. Your Gran Ma every time she looks at little Dora's picture says she wants to get hold of her & give her a good shaking.

It is quite a task for me to write letters, I must write short ones.

Your affectionate Gran Parents

Joseph & Sarah Rice

Elida, Ohio, Feb. 3, 1866.

My dear Gran Daughter Maria—

Our hearts were made glad about two hours ago by the receipt of a letter from you & your Mother containing a draft for \$100 in gold coin. Richard keeps the Post Office in this place. He brought the letter to us & will send to New York Monday for the Money. What little we had on hand would not last long. Every thing is so dear & we have all to buy, not able to make a garden now. I wrote you about the middle of Oct. & then again the 25th of Dec. I wrote to Anna & little Dora which they will get by the first of March I think. When I write to one of you I intend all to share in it, if worth any thing.

When I get the return from New York in the course of ten days or so I will write to your Mother. We are better now, but both took cold in the church, sitting when it was too cold. The Methodists are at this time holding a protracted meeting so near us that we can hear them plain. We do not attend any nights, but do some day times.

I get our wood by the cord. I saw & split all we need & feed 12 hogs. Mother does all the work in keeping house except the washing which we get a girl to do once in 2 weeks.

And now Paul, I want to thank you for your kind remembrance of us in our old age. Yes sir, these old hearts are not past feeling, for every day we lift up our hearts to God & ask him to bless you. And you Maria, also share largely in our prayers & little Dora too is not forgotten. I owe Mary a letter. I suppose she is in California to school. I would write to her there if I knew her address. This is as pleasant a winter as one could wish, not very stormy with about six inches of snow with dry cold weather.

We have had letters from Emily this winter. She enjoys good health & is much pleased in living with her Uncle & family.

Your affectionate Gran Parents.

William Harrison Rice, although going so far from home in early manhood, never forgot his parents nor their needs. From the very first days of their married life both he and his wife sent home what they could, never failing to include the wants of their parents with those of their own immediate family. One of the last things Harrison Rice did was to send his father money to purchase the little home in Kentucky. Later, when the old couple moved northward across the Ohio River to be near the family of their son Richard, they were still followed by Harrison's love which had passed on to his children and their families. Dear old people, living so frugally there in the evening of life, visiting with the likenesses of their distant children—who shall count the blessings called down by their fervent prayers upon the heads of those loved ones?

Life at Ebb and Flow

An entire volume might justly be devoted to the letters of Maria Rice Isenberg, as a more slender one might have been filled with those of Hannah Maria Rice. She and her mother might almost have been sisters, so little difference there seems in their ages, so closely knit are their lives, and so well does one take the other's place in the old Koamalu home. Evident though this was during Maria's girlhood, even more apparent and more sharply poignant does this relation become during the full, short years of her young womanhood. The enforced absence of either one from home gives rise to a running chronicle of events from Maria's fine, even pen in letters carefully cherished first by her mother and now by her daughter.

Lihue, Oct. 29th, 1862.

My dearest Mamma,

Baby has just been writing to you, Mary is doing the same, and I must not be behindhand with my say. Mary does all the work, so that I have easy times. Baby has behaved herself as well as I could ask since you left. I think she misses you all. She looks around so, and doesn't seem to know what makes us so quiet since you went away. We can hardly keep up a conversation.

Tell Anna that Paul shut Molla in the store one night and next morning the dog had eaten off all the woodwork of one of the windows. Please excuse this very hasty note as I am hurried this morning. We are all well. Don't worry about us. Kiss dear little Anna for us.

Your loving daughter

Maria R. Isenberg.

Once young Mrs. Isenberg took her baby on a short visit to Mrs. Dole at Koloa where she wrote this little letter to the youngest sister who had been left at home in Lihue, but who followed small Dora with longing eyes.

Darling Anna,

Baby liked your letter very much. She kisses it and almost eats it up. She is very good now. She has four teeth through. I think she will be very happy to go home and see you. At first she did not like to go to sleep here, but this morning she had a very long nap just as she does at home. Grandma Dole says she is a real good baby. Sanford has a large flock of Turkeys. Baby watches them and the chickens evenings when Sannie feeds them.

Grandma Dole gave her a blue Calico Dress and a yellow one too. She looks real pretty in the Blue one.

Kiss Mama for me and Mary too, if she will let you, and tell Paul to kiss you for me. Dora sends lots of kisses and pats. I will mark them at the end of my letter.

Your loving sister Maria.

O O O
Grandma Anna Mary

In the spring of 1863 there occurred in Honolulu the last General Meeting of the Sandwich Islands Mission, forty-three years since its establishment. The remaining missionaries continued this annual "going up to Jerusalem," it is true, but after the change of reorganization the old sense of closeness, of being bound together by the ties of a single family, began to lessen. That meeting of 1863 was, therefore, an event not unmixed with sadness in the hearts of the older workers in the Lord's vineyard. Mother Rice gathered there with the others for this last sacrament, leaving the two Koamalu homes in the care of her children. Maria's letters followed her faithfully, one of them recalling the recent visit of "Good Doctor Anderson" on a special embassy from the American Board looking toward this second birth of the Hawaiian mission.

Lihue, May 29th, 1863.

My Dearest Mamma,

We are so very glad to hear from yourself of your safe arrival in Honolulu, and we had a hearty laugh over your staying on the steps & in the Wagon House rather than wake the good Folks up. 'Twas just like Mother, we all said. Even Dora, sitting on the floor and playing, must needs snivel up her little nose

and giggle. We have been "drefful lazy," but next week will turn over a new leaf.

No, dear Mamma, we did not forget that precious sad day for us, the glorious Birthday of dear Papa. I knew your heart was full, and dared not speak to you before you left, of the many memories that thronged my heart. Anna & I went to Mr. Hardy's with a Basket on my saddle, in the morning, for flowers. Then we added our own, and towards evening we took darling little Dora and went to the Grave. We placed four clusters of lilies for the children, Maile wreaths for Paul and I around them, and on the Breast I laid an Evergreen Wreath for you. Dora's offering nestled inside, a lovely little garland of white rosebuds, Heliotrope & those sweet geranium leaves he so much enjoyed to the last, and Dora's little hands patted it into its place. Then we covered all the mound with Olive branches, White Roses, Heliotrope, & Evergreen, and today as I passed, I saw the white flowers were smiling unfaded still.

Dora is full of life. She hardly misses you now that all her Aunties are at home again, but I wish you could have heard her laugh when Emily read aloud that you had not seen any Baby to compare with her. She looked up with such a triumphant giggle. Anna and I rode over to the Widemanns' with Paul after dinner yesterday. Mr. Marshall and all their company had gone to Koloa and Wahiawa, in Mr. Wright's carriage & part on horseback, such a number of visitors for Mrs. Smith just as she is getting the Dr. ready to go to Honolulu, and how will Mrs. McBryde ever stow away four Ladies & two Gentlemen without any company room? We had a good look at Mr. Widemann's London Illustrated News. Queen Victoria attended the Wedding of her son in a simple Widow's dress and took no part in the ceremony. While we were at the Widemann's Paul went down to the Saw Mill & staid & staid, until I got uneasy. It was almost dark when we started for home and we met the girls nearly at the Mill with Baby. They had got frightened & were hunting for us. Baby was cross, for she was very hungry, and the Trees made it dark in the house.

Dr. Smith was over on Wednesday & brought the Oil & Fever Powders for Baby, with full directions. But Baby is quite well. Dr. Smith was in such a hurry that he wouldn't stay to dinner.

Do enjoy your visit. I shall ride & take care of myself. I have not coughed so hard tonight as before. The girls do not cut up much, but behave nicely and are very kind to Anna. Dora Rice made three "cakes" for Grandma this evening & sends them with ever so many kisses. Tell us about all the babies, & if you see pretty patterns for children's clothes, please get some for me. The socks you sent are ever so much too large, the feet almost an inch too long. But do not send any Hoops, unless you find some really strong substantial ones. Baby breaks mine badly, & for half the price I can get those from the Store here that will last as long as that last set from Hall's.

Give my love to the Chamberlains, Mrs. Cooke & Mrs. Aldrich, also to Mrs. Anderson & Mary. And if it comes in your way, both Paul & I would like to be respectfully remembered to the Good Doctor. Tell Sam Alexander that Paul says he fully agrees with him that Dr. Anderson is a *great* and *good* Man, and he would go without his Dinner any day to see him. Also ask Sam and Pattie if I am good enough to go to their wedding. If they will have it when I am in Honolulu, I'll attend.

I have just read Paul's letter to you. He has said altogether too much about my cough. Don't think it is so serious. I feel strong & well, but Paul is nervous about my coughing in the evenings. I do hope Willie is a good boy & a comfort to you.

With ever so much love to you,

Your loving Daughter

Maria Rice Isenberg.

This year 1863 marked the final disbanding of the Sandwich Islands Mission as a foreign station, and its merging into the natural outgrowth of independent Protestant communities. As early as 1848 measures leading toward this final step had been inaugurated by the American Board in Boston, in accordance with its settled policy of starting foreign missions for the avowed purpose of transforming them eventually into home missions. Results of this earlier step have been evident in the attempts of Father Rice and others of the mission to become self-supporting during the early years of 1850.

The culmination of the movement came ten years later, when in 1863 Rev. Rufus Anderson was sent out from Boston to visit the fifteen mission stations all over the islands, to confer freely and intimately with the brethren, both lay and clerical, inside the mission and out, regarding the prospects of a native ministry and a gradual severing of direct connection with the parent board in Boston. The few remaining missionaries received their homes and small pensions, and the new Hawaiian Board admitted native Hawaiian pastors into its membership and wherever possible installed them over the mission churches.

To some of the older missionaries with large families this new arrangement worked the inevitable hardship of readjustment by throwing them more upon their own resources, but to families whose fathers' prudence and foresight had started the program of readjustment a decade earlier, the significance of Dr. Anderson's visit held no terrors and the visit itself was accompanied by great interest and genuine pleasure. Such was very evidently the experience of the younger generation of the mission, if one may judge from the instance of Sam Alexander and the young Isenbergs of Lihue. The venerable figure of Dr. Anderson, preaching with an interpreter in almost every Hawaiian church on his wide circuit of the islands, was one long remembered by those who gathered in great numbers to behold this American mission father whose feet had trod the streets of the Holy City, Jerusalem. A local touchstone, too, he carried in the form of a special message in Hawaiian sent with him by Mr. Bingham, who had gone to the United States in 1842 and never returned. The reading of this word of Aloha at the opening of Dr. Anderson's addresses in the Hawaiian churches awakened each time the liveliest interest among the older people, who with tears in their eyes recalled their great and good friend, Binamu.

The account of Dr. Anderson's tour of the islands, published in 1864, as likewise his daughter's story of it for children published by the American Tract Society the following year, make most interesting reading. On the voyage to the windward islands the party was carried on the new "propeller" Kilauea, but to Kauai they set sail on the little schooner Annie Laurie. For two days and a night they lay on her deck, helplessly ill, and would have lain there a week, had the vessel not been provided with a small auxiliary propeller. One of their fellow passengers was Mr. Corwin, pastor of Fort Street Church in Honolulu. Another was Mr. R. C. Wyllie, Minister of Foreign Affairs, on whose account perhaps the Annie Laurie anchored first in Hanalei Bay. Welcomed by the families of Johnson and Wilcox, the mission party spent the night at Waioli, and Dr. Anderson addressed a meeting in the old Hawaiian church there. The follow-



Photograph by J. Senda

HANALEI VALLEY TODAY

A graded road leads down the bluff to a modern bridge and the river winds among broad fields of rice.

ing day Mr. Wyllie sent his boat down the river to take them to his estate at Princeville. The strangers were deeply impressed by the beauty of the Hanalei valley and much interested in Mr. Wyllie's new sugar mill, said to be at that time the costliest and most complete on the islands. Through "rich bottom lands extensively covered with sugar cane" the boat then carried them up the river to the landing, about where the bridge now crosses the river, whence they took their way up the hill to Mr. Wyllie's house at Kikiula. Here Mary Anderson, particularly, could hardly say enough of the beauties of the extended view, the garden and the fruits presented to them. Even the old magnolia grandiflora, old, yet not a score of years out of Kew Gardens, opened up the intense fragrance of its deep ivory cup for them "in beautiful contrast with the scarlet pomegranate blossoms: a fair white lily and snowy japonica completing a bouquet fit for a royal gift."

Thence the party proceeded eastward around the island on horseback. At the native schoolhouse near the small village of Koolau, the whole school came out to greet them. Dr. Anderson dismounted, to be presented, by the smallest girl in the school, with two large oranges, one held firmly in each hand. After the school had sung some native hymns, the party proceeded, deeply touched by this expression of courtesy and respect. Governor Kanoa of Kauai was with the party, having ridden over to Waioli to join them. Rounding the Anahola peak, they were handsomely entertained overnight at the Kealia dairy of Mr. Krull, in his immaculately neat thatched houses, having their interior walls covered with Chinese matting instead of paper.

. Indeed, so well-conducted, elegant and tasteful was his establishment, with grounds prettily laid out and two walks leading to a picturesque summer-house called Bellevue, that it was difficult to imagine that no lady's hand had been employed in it.

We saw many kinds of tea-roses, with their delicate tints. The garden abounded in a variety of vegetables, and we feasted on fresh strawberries.

. . . . Riding on, we were met, near noon, by a barouche from Lihue, kindly sent by a German gentleman at the request of Mrs. Rice. The carriage had two horses, and a curiously contrived auxiliary force for the hills. A smart native rode a horse on each side of us, with a long rope attached to the pommel of the saddle and also to the carriage, and the aid was afforded by each rider spurring up his horse at the proper moment, and bringing a strain upon the rope.

The gladness of our reception by Mrs. Rice and her interesting family could not be exceeded. Governor Kanoa was also with me a long time here at Lihue, and again at Koloa, whither he brought his wife and a married daughter to hear my statement. He and others were desirous of having a native pastor at Lihue; and as there are communicants enough to form a church, and a good meeting-house, and they are ten miles from Koloa, measures have very properly been taken to gratify their wishes.

Saturday morning I had a refreshing ride to Koloa, before breakfast, in company with one of the Misses Rice. The country is open, and the road tolerably good. Mr. Marshall, the American gentleman who met us the day before, was to bring the others over during the forenoon. Dr. Smith rode out to meet us, and conducted me to his house. One of my most interesting Sabbaths was at Koloa. The customary addresses occupied the forenoon, with an evidently interested congregation. In the afternoon the Lord's Supper was celebrated. After this I preached to Mr. Dole's foreign congregation.

Mary Anderson's story told to her nephews and nieces pictures something of the fun among the younger people. From Lihue she was escorted on a sixteen-mile ride to the falls of the Wailua river and the mansion house of the estate there. After tea at Koloa on Saturday, quite a party of the young people rode out with her to see the Spouting Horn. On Sunday a group of them rode over from Lihue to church at Koloa,

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making a goodly number in all. Almost all the native churches on the Sandwich Islands are pretty and neat. The people seem to take a great deal of pride in them, and keep them in good repair. All are furnished with bells, so that the sound of the "church-going bell" is heard in every village.

Monday morning we started for Waimea with a large cavalcade, our friends wishing to see us safely over the first half of our way. Mr. Rowell met us. The country as we neared Waimea grew desolate, and this was only the month of May. They had had no rain for a year. Not a blade of grass was to be seen.

We were met with great cordiality by the entire Rowell family. Old Jona came to see us, an aged Hawaiian of Kamehameha First's time, and a very interesting old man. When Grandpa addressed the meeting at the church next morning, Old Jona, when particularly pleased at anything Grandpa said, would turn round to him, smile, and nod his head in very evident enjoyment.

In the afternoon we rode up into the valley to Mr. Rowell's garden, where everything was green, in striking contrast with the scene near his house. We found some nice peaches, and brought home a pretty bouquet of white roses and nasturtiums. The next day Dr. Smith and party met us at Wahiawa. We stopped to dine at Mr. Duncan McBryde's where we were sumptuously entertained. After tea at Dr. Smith's, we embarked on the steam-schooner Annie Laurie, and soon after seven took our farewell look at the island of Kauai.

For Dr. Anderson, the Kauai journey held a deep significance in recalling the very earliest days of the mission. He writes particularly of the remarkable cooperation of the early chiefs with Mr. Whitney's endeavors, of other later events at Waimea, and finally of the very touching gifts made to him and to the mission board which he represented. He had seen Mrs. Whitney herself at Waimea, one of the few remaining of the pioneer band of workers. Her figure was still slight and her face still beautiful although more than forty years had passed since the marriage of fair Miss Mercy Partridge to one Samuel Whitney, Teacher and Mechanic, in the year 1819.

. Mr. Whitney remained at the Waimea Station until his death in 1845. Mrs. Whitney, now in the forty-third year of her residence, still occupies the house built by her husband, preferring it from long habit, and having no fear to dwell alone. How changed the habits, manners and morals among that people, since she and her excellent husband began their Christian labors! Mr. Whitney always had great influence over the chiefs and people. Mrs. Whitney's simple narrative of their early trials was very affecting.

I was specially interested, while addressing the people at Waimea, in Old Jona, who sat directly in front of the pulpit facing the people. He is Mr. Rowell's right-hand man, and about seventy-five years of age. He was an agent of the old chiefs in every species of service, and still possesses a governing mind, and his piety is unquestioned. While I was speaking of Jerusalem and other places of which he had read in his Bible, he turned up his old expressive face toward me with such a glow upon it, and such a twinkle in his eye, as almost disturbed my self-possession. Mr. Corwin, who had accompanied us from Honolulu, regards Old Jona as the most remarkable native on the Islands.

. When we landed at Honolulu early on Friday morning, Mr. Corwin proposed walking up to his house, and asked of me the loan of a sandal-wood stick, given me at Lihue by Mrs. Rice, "to keep off the dogs." Not many days after Mr. Corwin returned me the stick in the form of a beautiful cane, having a large ivory head. To my great surprise it proved that the ivory head was hollow and filled with gold pieces and small circular papers, drafts in favor of the American Board, to the amount of four hundred and twenty-five dollars, a gift toward the expense of my visit. Two of the principal donors had never sustained any connection with the Board, but the remaining seven had formerly been missionaries. The delicacy of the testimonial, as well as its value to the Board, gave me very great pleasure.

In view of this brief account of the Andersons' visit to Kauai, the reference to them in Maria Isenberg's letter previously quoted acquires a double interest. It is not unreasonable to suppose that the "barouche" which met the travelers, probably at the Wailua river, belonged to

Mr. Widemann. Also it may be that Paul Isenberg drove it over for them, since they were met about noon, and Maria quotes her husband as assuring Sam Alexander that he would willingly go without his dinner for the sake of seeing the veteran missionary officer. All this is idle surmise, perhaps, but it serves nevertheless to transport us almost bodily into those days of long ago. And when the stick of Kauai sandalwood, put into Dr. Anderson's hand as he left Lihue, finally budded and blossomed, like Aaron's rod of old, we are carried still further back in island history to the days when by a voyage to China sandalwood was actually transmuted into the gold of Hawaiian state revenue, and we rejoice that the good doctor bore with him both the symbol and the reality of loyal fealty. To many on the islands he must have appeared in the character of a Patriarch at least, or perhaps even of a High Priest, and as with Aaron's rod, the stick of fragrant Hawaiian sandalwood that had there put forth leaves and blossomed, must long have been kept in Boston as a token of God's special promise. We can well imagine that his visit to Lihue was the great event of the year. Maria's letters to her mother in Honolulu continue with an added reference to the shortcomings of the little steam-schooner of those days.

Lihue, June 1st, 1863.

My Dearest Mamma,

We have all been anathematizing the Moku-ahi, the Fire Ship, again today, when we learn that that weakly boiler of hers has given out again and there's no knowing when she will go to Honolulu or when she'll be back. We had set our hearts upon hearing from you tomorrow morning. Ever so many times every day some one of us wonders where Mamma is now. Yesterday we thought of you as enjoying "worshiping in the Great Congregation," and wished we could enjoy the same privileges. We had a pleasant, long Sunday. The girls all went to Sabbath School and to Native Meeting. Elikai preached and did not for-

get to pray for you, both in Sabbath School and Church, for you, he said, "who had gone away to help the Missionaries at their Meeting."

Dora was as "good as pie" all day long, and very happy. After Dinner she, Anna and Paul had a nice time feeding the chickens, and then Paul and I went to walk a little ways. During the day I accidentally dropped the India Rubber to Baby's bottle and before I discovered it, the Kitties had chewed it all up, so that now I have to let her drink from a Pitcher.

My cough is much less and I feel so strong and well. Paul says the breaking of the Gig was a great blessing, for I have had such nice Horseback rides and the long galops over the plains seem to do me ever so much good. The girls do very nicely in the housekeeping. Paul says the only trouble is that there are too many good things to eat. Dora is growing, and she creeps so fast that one of us has to follow her constantly. She rushes after the Kitties, and just as she thinks she has them, they run away from her and break her heart. Mary is sure Dora has her seventh tooth. She keeps quite well and is full of mischief. She never looks more cunning than when standing by a chair, as she will now for a quarter of an hour at a time. Emily says Dora is now-a-days so happy and so dirty. One day after she had seen Mary letting water into the Bowl from the Cask, I soon found the little witch trying to turn the fawcett too. She gets so fearfully dirty I sometimes bathe her three or four times a day when I can't get her clean any other way.

I must disagree with the doctor about Horseback rides. They do seem to put new strength into me. I sometimes feel tired for an hour when I come back, of course, but it soon passes off, and I am sure I am gaining in strength.

Paul is trying to write up the plantation Books. He works away on them almost every evening. I hope we won't have to wait so long for your letters again. Please be sure to send the hoops for our skirts. Paul says I must close. Dora sends kisses and pat-a-cakes to Grandma & Uncle Willie.

Lihue Plantation, June 11, 1863.

My Dear Dear Mamma,

We must again wait for letters as we hear the Steamer only

got away from Hanalei yesterday eve. We all felt *tired out* when those gentlemen went away on Monday morning, for as the girls said, Sunday was our hardest working day since Mamma had left. Paul too always feels the loss of his day of rest, if for any reason the Sabbath is not free of care. Paul tries to write evenings, but his eyes were so inflamed last evening that I begged off, and we all went to bed early. Mr. Prevost said the other day that Paul could not begin to do as much work as he did. Paul told me he had a good mind to reply to Mr. Prevost that if all the hours of Night work were counted, he thought his own would exceed that of Prevost, but concluded 'twas no use to argue the subject.

We were surprised by the Steamer this morning and as the Mail from Koloa has come too, we have all your letters, and are so glad. You need not slander yourself with spending your time selfishly. Don't you remember you went up for "our" benefit? Mary constantly regrets that she did not tease you into letting her go with you, that she might have had some attention and seen something of the World *and* have escaped the Milk and Butter. But she does nobly in that line.

Opunui had a real visit with little Dora on Tuesday. She did not want to sit on his lap, but staid near him talking and playing with him all the time. While she stood up by a chair talking and swinging herself, he put out his hand to steady her. That was something new to her, and it amused him very much to see her put out her little white hand and feel of his, and pinch the big brown veins. Dora is growing rather spunky. I scarcely know how to treat her for it. She can't remember a whipping half a second. I never saw a child who made so little capital of her hurts, even the most tremendous bumps are quickly cured by going out to see Grandma's Chickabiddies. I have been sewing for her this week, six pretty little dresses. If you see anything *very pretty*, pink and blue I like best, I wish you would get me two or three little dresses for her. Brilliants perhaps, or something that would be *nice* for her when I take her to Honolulu. And please ask Malvina Rowell if she sent to S. F. for some shirt bosoms for me. If not, I would rather have the linen, I can make nicer ones myself.

Occasionally a characteristic breeze from home reaches Mother Rice from daughter Emily. One reference in the following letter is to the Chinese cook, an innovation at Koamalu on which Paul Isenberg had very soon insisted after becoming a member of the busy household.

Lihue, June 12, 1863.

My dear Mother,

This is the first time I have ventured to write you on this monstrous paper that you left for us to write on. I am afraid I will have great difficulty in filling it. We did not expect the Steamer before Sunday and did not see her till she was close under the land. Maria and Anna went right down to get our letters, but while they went one way, Mr. Marshall brought them the other way.

Here let me say before I forget it that the Cook is in a great stew every time the vessel comes for some brick to clean his knives, he says you promised to send some when you went to Honolulu. Anna needs some new shoes very much. She is a very good girl, she has finished her Geography. I know it will do you lots of good to take the long voyage to Hawaii, besides you will have so much more to tell us when you come home. We get along so nicely, have not had the shadow of a quarrel.

Mollie and I do a great deal towards keeping up the Church. We go to Meeting every Sunday and manage to fill one seat. Then we have Sabbath and Sewing School. I hope you will find some new books for the Sunday School. Kaniho sat behind us in Church, all smiles and nods, and very particular to get up and pat out the cushion for us as we came in.

Maria and I took such a splendid long ride yesterday by our ditch way up in the woods. We make it a point of conscience not to go the same way twice. I have a great many trials with the chickens, they will persist in making themselves at home in the house and it takes about all our time chasing them out. Opunui called the other day. He seems very well, and inquired particularly about you. He asked if he should not help us clean the house before you came back. We discharged K., as Molly says, on account of her inability to perform the duties connected with

her office. She had a way of churning the butter till it resembled oil, and Molly preferred to do it. You see how economical we are getting in your absence.

We are daily impressed with the many dangers children run, and have come to the conclusion that we must be rather a remarkable family to have lived through all we did. Dora has not the slightest compunctions about tumbling off the bed or the verandah or pitching head foremost into her bath tub. Today as I came in from the cookroom I met her on an exploring expedition. She was about crawling into the dirt box to see if she could not find something nice. She has such a passion for standing by chairs that she will soon walk.

Anna will help me out by filling the last page of this huge sheet, that is I will write it just as she says it to me, and she will sign her name herself. We must all write about the same things to you, but there will be this advantage that you will get everything committed to memory.

From your affec. daughter

Emily D. Harrison Rice.

Dear Mamma,

I got your letters. Dora is a good girl and in a great deal of mischief. Yesterday she fell out of her tub and fell into it again and got bumped. The other day I was holding her and I hit my head on an iron hook and hurt me. I went down to Mr. Widemann's and saw the baby, it has as much hair as Dora. I want you to buy me some Sunday go to meeting shoes. Opunui has just come. Marys and my swing almost broke down the other day but we mended it. We had sewing school last Tuesday and only three native girls came, the other girls some of them had gone to a funeral and some to a feast. The natives are going to have a feast at the mill today.

Good bye from your daughter

Anna C. Rice.

In the fall of 1863 young Mrs. Isenberg was forced to seek help for her cough from Dr. Stangenwald in Honolulu. With her went her baby and the faithful nurse,

Kealoha, who, like all other island folk, never failed to keep a weather eye out over the westerly harbor for the first sign of any sail from home. "Moku" they still called a ship, the old Hawaiian name for "island." The arrival of vessels and direction from which they came was announced from a tower in the port of Honolulu by a system of telegraph arms which signalled also whether the approaching craft were steamer, clipper ship, schooner or brig.

Emily and Willy Rice were this year attending Puna-hou School under Mr. and Mrs. Mills, who also in later years proved such kind friends to all the Rices in California. Dr. Stangenwald, to whom Maria's letters constantly refer, was a scientific young German physician who had come out to the islands with the first daguerreotype apparatus known here. He took the first outdoor views of Honolulu and even went to the other islands to take portraits. Later he married one of the Honolulu mission daughters and became one of the beloved physicians of that town, children of the eighties still recalling visits with Grandmother to his office on the site of the present Stangenwald Building, where the genial, eccentric old doctor would alternate thrills of fright and delight by first opening the door concealing a whole dangling skeleton, and then allowing the small visitor to select one toothsome stick from a big, fascinating glass jar of long, striped candies. This visit of Maria Isenberg to Honolulu in 1863 was so long that her letters took the form of a journal. Even while she had her baby with her at first, her letters home, though brave on the surface, flow on a deep undercurrent of homesickness. One recalls the same characteristic in her vacation letters from Oahu, written as a schoolgirl. Another ten years have added an infinite number of heartstrings. And after the doctor desired her to send her baby home to Mother Rice's care, the lines between the lines throb intensely.

Honolulu, October 28, 1863.

Dear Paul, Mamma, Mary & Anna,

Here we both are safe in Mrs. Aldrich's most hospitable home, and so glad to be here after our weary weary passage of 4 days & 4 nights. You doubtless saw us off Nawiliwili all day Saturday only 8 miles from shore, and wishing so to go back! Emily came down to the wharf in the carriage. Dora was in her arms in a minute, knew her perfectly well and Emily could not say enough times how glad she was I had come. She staid all night with me and I should have written more, but I am so full of aches today. Willie has just come in to say that the Hannah is not going back tonight, so I will put up my writing and go out for a little ride and some shopping.

Mr. Aldrich has a capital white servant, Davis, and he drives us everywhere. Thursday I took Dora out to Punahou to see Emily. We found the girls just finishing off the Dinner dishes, and I guess Emily was folding the Clothes. Willie came to the Carriage and took the Baby in, but she got frightened at so many strange faces. Emily had on her light purple Calico, and looked as nicely as anybody. I went up in her room, it looked very well. She has marked faces on her two Dumb Bells and tied some cloth about them, and they stand up on the Window seat for her Dollies. On the way home we looked out toward the west and saw the Hannah going home, and I felt glad that the next day you would know that we were safely here. Little Lena Aldrich was quite exercised about that tiny Vessel not being large enough for great large Ladies to come up from Kauai in. She wondered if Mr. Isenberg could come up in her, and when I assured her he could, she decided to invite him.

In the evening Mr. & Mrs. Damon called. Mr. D. is quite excited about the War news, wanted to look at a Map of Chattanooga, etc. He & Mr. Aldrich finally had to go off to a Hospital meeting. Next morning Mrs. Thurston called, so grateful for the dress you sent. Dear Mrs. Andrews is very ill. After Mrs. Thurston left, Mrs. Aldrich & I went down town, and I bought me a nice Hat. I shall wear it to Church and so save getting me a Bonnet. I got stockings for Anna at Castle & Cookes, though they were expensive, and a pair of Boots for Mamma. Also I got a Dressy little Hat for Dora too. I thought

I could sell it or the other one when she went home. Emily came down to spend Saturday with me. She looked very nicely in the Purple Muslin skirt that Mamma sent her, the white waist she had made and the bow I made for her. Dora is delighted to have her Auntie & Uncle come, clings about them and always cries when they go away.

I was weighed the other day, how much do you think? 103 pounds. Mrs. Aldrich is much heavier than I am. Sunday I went to church twice, and Kealoha was gone all the afternoon. Dora slept all the morning. At first she could not sleep in the strange new crib in my room, but now she is very good about it.

Honolulu, Nov. 1863.

My darling Mamma,

Paul came safely about 1/2 past 4 on Sunday P.M. Kealoha was out in the Afternoon and she came back and reported a Moku from Kauai nearly in. . . . Dora was perfectly bewildered at seeing her Papa, she went right to him, but she would look at him so queerly, and kept so quiet and sober. After a little she was much excited and cut around like everything. She has had quite a fever cutting her Eye teeth. Dr. S. has had to lance them. It is such a comfort to her to have her father here. He tends her a great deal and she clings to us and wants to be cuddled. The doctor says he feels greatly encouraged about me, he says I am getting well remarkably fast, although it will be slow work.

They want us to go up to Punahou Thursday to spend the day, and we shall if Dora is well enough. Thank dear little Anna for her note. I should have written more, if Baby had not taken all my time these two days. Emily and



MRS. WILLIAM ALDRICH

Willie look very well and happy. I think Willie improves. Mrs. Mills told me that they had not had occasion to reprove him once. I gave her the dress for Emily and she was much delighted, because she is getting Christmas presents together for all the scholars. I will try to send you all the things you want when Paul goes back.

Before Dora was sick I took her up to see Auntie Dominis one morning. Auntie and Lydia [later Queen Liliuokalani] were busy unpacking Japanese curiosities, everything funny and pretty and nice, but I cannot tell you about them all today. Dora took a great fancy to a Doll and the Ladies gave it to her, because she kept kissing it and talking to it the whole time. It is so funny I want Anna to see it.

Some friends calling last night said they had heard that Dora was the handsomest Baby on Kauai. I said she was, because she was the only white Baby Girl on the island. They retorted that they supposed she would now be the handsomest in Honolulu. Mr. Aldrich said my Baby weighed the most, but his was the handsomest.

Honolulu, Dec. 8th, 1863.

Dear Home Friends,

That I have been delighted to hear from Mamma and Anna and Paul, you can imagine. I was not sorry to hear of you all and of my sweet little Dora. Dear little bird, I can hear her cry when she was sick. I have felt perfectly *lost* without her, but I know it is best for her to be at home in the country. I am glad Anna is going to take care of her "a great deal", but she must not lift her. I am sorry I did not send her Japanese Doll, for Anna would have been amused with it, but the big Cloth Doll is better for the baby to play with now, she has already broken one of the feet off of her Japanese Dolly.

I have not written home since the Odd Fellow left, because I felt so homesick for Dora and all, if I tried to write before I heard from you of the safe arrival of that precious freight at Home. I have determined I will not worry, but hope always for the best, and so far I have been successful.

On Wednesday Mrs. Aldrich and I went up the valley to call on the way down, commencing at the Judds, where we saw all the

Ladies except Grandma Judd. We stopped at the Dudoits, Bates, De Varignys, Thurstons, Parkers, Smiths, Carters and Ladds. Then after dinner and resting a while we made several more calls, one on Auntie Dominis. I wish you could have seen dear old Father and Mother Thurston. It is beautiful to see how they look at each other and how happy they are in their old age after all their years of mission work. She said she would have liked to see Mamma's little Grandchild Dora.

Saturday evening we went to the Auction and saw lots of pretty things. I would have dearly loved to take Anna there, she would have been so astonished at the toys and every thing else. Mrs. Aldrich bought a good deal for her Christmas tree, little glass baskets and the like. I bought only one thing, a substantial and compact little writing case with a good inkstand with screw cover and everything else convenient and good. I am using it now, and I expect that Paul will look with covetous eyes upon it when next I pack his trunk to come to Honolulu.

Monday I was invited to Mary Dowsett's to spend the day. I wore my black silk skirt and a new white waist I made last week trimmed with ruffles. We talked a great deal about poor Queen Emma. She has not eaten but once or twice since the King's death and will not leave the room where he lies in state. Were it not that she sleeps a good deal, she could not have survived the last week, and if she persists in her determination for the six weeks or more that must elapse before the funeral, she can scarcely survive it. There is to be a new Vault or Mausoleum built up in the Valley just below the Brewer house. It is intended to be eventually in the form of a Cross, but only one arm is to be built at present, where the King will be laid, and the rest of the building will be for the other Chiefs now in the old Mausoleum in the Palace Yard. Every Government House, Post Office, Custom House and so on are all draped in Black. The front of the Court House is really elegantly festooned. The foreigners are putting on black a good deal, and any Native can get a black dress by sending to the Palace for it.

I hope Willie and Emily will be back a day or two before the school term opens. Be sure to send both of Dora's pictures and if Mamma will please look in my large China box and send me some bracelets of Dora's hair that must be there, or perhaps they

are in my little Japanese Cabinet. Mrs. Aldrich likes to get your butter very much. It is nicer than any other I have tasted here. If Mamma is making Mary & Anna dresses, she cannot do better than to make them Sack Waists or Yokes. There are a great variety of nice sleeves for nice dresses. Do you wish any Patterns? Those that we have are the most fashionable.

Mr. Widemann has just been in with Emilie and given me a good account of my darling Dora, sweet little bird. I long to hear her baby talk. I am glad that Mamma has Kealoha help her so much with the Baby, but please don't ever let Baby go to the Native houses with her. Does she come to the table, and how does she behave?

In a little Bundle I send today are a pair of Hoops for Anna, Marshall's Spectacles, a small jar of Raisins to help you keep Christmas, and two ruffles for the neck instead of a collar for Mary. Collars are expensive and these are pretty. Emily has crocheted me two collars which are very pretty indeed. Colored handkerchiefs I have not found yet. Mr. Hall gave me a card of Needles to send to Mamma. I want Paul to send me some more paper like this & some Yellow Envelopes & don't forget to send both of dear little Dora's pictures. I shall be impatient to hear all about Baby. Have you received all the things I sent? Do they suit?

Anna must kiss little Dora a great many times for me, and must talk to her about her Mamma so that she won't forget me. I'll write a letter all alone to Anna next time.

December 14th, 1863.

Last Thursday Mrs. Aldrich & I dressed alike in our Black & White Muslins and went to the Strangers Friend Society at Mrs. Damon's. The children all went too, in white dresses with bright plaid Ribbons fastening their sleeves. They did not give me any sewing to do, so I talked with some of the Ladies. Mrs. Dudoit was there. They have all gone into mourning for the King, as have almost all who attend the Episcopal Church.

Saturday I spent at the Mission and in Kawaiahao Church. Just as I turned the corner of the Church Yard I met Mary Cooke who had been drilling the Native Choir and draping the King's pew in black, and was going to do the same to the Pulpit which

has been entirely changed. It is much lower and is of dark Pine beautifully stained, with a Reading Desk and low railing about the Platform. The old sounding board is left still, but the church has been so much improved I did feel sorry that I did not go once with Paul while he was here. I went into the Church Yard and looked at the little cluster of Mounds there where so many of the Fathers and Mothers sleep. What a pity that when all the rest of the town is so blooming and green *this* sacred spot is so desolate and forlorn!

Then I went on to Mrs. Cooke's. She commanded me to take off my things and stay awhile. Pattie had to go to Punahou, but I went up stairs into her room in our real old-fashioned way which did me a deal of good, and took care of her while she dressed. Oh such superb Masses of hair as she has, more than a yard long and so thick and beautifully coiled. I am going again later to see all her Wedding Trousseau. Her Wedding will not be now until the vacation at Lahainaluna.

I went into Mrs. Chamberlains on my way home and found Mattie out under the trees with the children, Goodale twins and all. Mrs. Aldrich wanted me to ask the children to her Christmas tree, and Mattie insisted on my staying until after Dinner. So I staid and all the children walked with us down to the Corwins. We came through Palace Walk. The Stables, Carriage houses, &c., are all draped in black. The back Palace Gate is more handsome than the front. I don't believe Paul ever went through Palace Walk and saw all the handsome Gateways there. The Queen Dowager's just opposite the Palace is all in black, and King Lot's gates have their due amount. The old Natives crowd that Palace yard, especially at night, and in the evening and early morning they wail and chant ancient Meles, and at certain times they all cry out the various names of the late King in unison. The poor people at the Mission are much disturbed by the wailing, why, every morning we can hear them way down here. We saw the Bishop skipping into the Palace Yard. He is certainly extraordinary looking.

Kiss my little Dora. I hope she is pretty good and not too much trouble. Write me how her little dark brown dress fits. I am sending it today, although the Button-holes are not quite done.

Honolulu, December 15, 1863.

I was delighted yesterday morning to receive a letter from Paul and Mamma. I am sorry Dora is so restless nights. I would so love to see her dear little face. I went down stairs just now to help Mrs. Aldrich assort a whole case of India Rubber Toys. She has given me some for Dora, and 5 large boxes are for the Festival in Fort Street Church for Miss Ogden's school, and then she has taken out a box for the Widemanns and one for the Thurstons and there are lots and lots for her Tree. Mr. Aldrich gave the whole case for the Christmas tree and for the Sale for Miss Ogden's school near Punahou.

Both Mother Andrews and her daughter, Mrs. Thurston, told me what nice visits they had had with Paul. Mother A. said Paul sat right down and talked to her as if she had been his Mother Rice. So Paul, I don't know as it will do for you to go around making calls without your wife!

The Butter and Eggs came nicely yesterday. I was glad you sent them, for Mrs. A. has cake to make this week for the Ladies Sale and these are just in time. They call the Fair for Miss Ogden's school a Ladies Sale! as it is not proper to have Festivals now that the King is unburied. Mrs. Aldrich wants Emily to come and stay here until school commences, she says she needs all the company she can have now that her Husband is away.

We are all well. I am improving fast. Give my little Dora ever so many kisses and don't let her forget how to say "Mamma". I hope she will know me when I get home. I do not send any bundle today with this.

Sunday, December 20th, 1863.

Mr. Corwin gave us a cutting Sermon today on Spiritual pride. Not a stone was left unturned for Perfectionism, Ecclesiastical Pride or any other to stand on. I think some must be offended by such direct speaking, but he brought out the meaning thrillingly.

After Dinner Emily and I went up to the Stone Church [Kawaiahao] to hear Henry Parker who was ordained when Dr. Anderson was here. Judging from the interest of the People, Henry's sermon was excellent. I could understand some of it from the gestures alone. Do you know that I was reminded so much

of dear Papa's style of preaching? Many of the gestures were so precisely alike, and the earnest tone, even his rather slender figure in the black coat just like one dear Papa had, all brought back our blessed Saint before my eyes.

The Choir sang very well indeed, and the house is cool and pleasant. We sat in one of the Chief's seats. John Ii was there. The other day the Queen told Bishop Staley that someone had told her the cause of the King's death was his forsaking the Protestant Missionaries, his old friends. Of course the Bishop was fearfully angry and said no one should be admitted to talk with the Queen. Accordingly, a guard was set over the room and when the Bishop himself came they would not let him speak to Her Majesty. He did not like a rule that worked both ways. Many of the Natives say that the influence of the English Clergy did induce the King to drink, and so hastened his end. But the common impression is that Prince Lot, the new King, will take very much the same course as his Brother.

Emily went up to Punahou in the Bus after evening service, to be up there bright and early tomorrow morning. We had confidently expected her every day last week, but looked in vain for the Odd Fellow until yesterday forenoon. I took her off the Vessel and made her tell me everything about you all and Dora. Even on Sunday morning she said that the whole Church was pitching and rolling from the motion of the Vessel.

Last Wednesday Pattie Cooke came for me really early before I had begun to dress to go, but I quickly got ready and drove back with her. We raced up stairs and I looked and looked at her nice things. She has a great many wealthy relatives in the U. S. One aunt sent her a heavy silver Castor and common forks. One gave her a dozen heavy silver tea spoons, another $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen table spoons, another a mustard spoon and a couple of salt spoons, two Napkin Rings with her name and Sam's, a Gravy Ladle, a Sugar spoon lined with Gold, a beautiful large Butter Knife, and ever so many lovely things. One was a pin of jet bound with heavy gold and in the center a cluster of Pearls, and one a very handsome gold back comb. She is making her clothes now, not a large outfit, but a very serviceable one, all well made and trimmed with trimmings of her own and Jule's make. I like all her dresses very much.

I did so want to have Emily get here in time for the auction at the Severances and the festival at the church. There was much spirited bidding. Mrs. Aldrich finally got the big doll, a beautiful one nearly two feet tall with real curly hair just like Charlie Alexander's, and it shuts its eyes when you lay it down. Mrs. A. is making a dress for it now out of some baby clothes. There are going to be a great many Dolls on the Christmas tree. Friday I went directly to the church to help the girls arrange flowers for the Sale. We had bushels of them from all the gardens in town. Three vases I had from Mr. Bishop, two pair from Auntie Dominis, one pair each from Mrs. A. and the Judds, and one pair belonging to the church. We made splendid Bouquets, such Magnificent roses, of every color, and we had lots of fun too. After we had finished filling our vases, we made small bouquets to sell. I made one of little red Peppers and Snap Dragon which was the center of attraction. Willie Hall bought it. Everything was sold, sometimes twice over, and the sale brought in over \$500, much more than was anticipated. Miss Ogden's little girls sung and were encored so much that Mary Cook sung two extra pieces and several of the gentlemen contributed liberally to hear her again.

December 27th, 1863.

. Our Christmas tree was a great success and the children's delight a joy to see. Emily and Willy both came down in the afternoon and we had a great time giving and receiving presents. Mrs. A. had a great many elegant ones. I tucked a white waist for her, she thought it was for Emily all the time, it has nearly 130 Tucks in it, very fine ones in clusters. She gave me a very handsome Fan, Black & White, & a small pair of Parian Marble vases. Emily was perfectly delighted with her Silk dress. She said she had always secretly wanted a Black silk, but she never expected to have one. Mrs. Mills gave her a pair of Bracelets made from wood from the Mount of Olives. There were about 38 children here and 40 grown people that evening.

We went to the Episcopal Church the next day to the long service, two hours. And Christmas Eve we went to the "unreformed Catholic service" at midnight. The illumination was worth seeing, for the house was brilliant with Candles. But the service did not appeal to me. I don't think I am in danger of turning

Papist very soon, or even Reformed Catholic, though the two Christmas Carols sung in Bishop Staley's Church were truly beautiful. Even with a Prayer Book I could hardly understand a word of the service. The Church was all hung with black, especially the King's pew, and the Bishop said a good deal about the King in his Sermon. I have not yet heard any one person speak favorably of the King's new Cabinet, though of course many of the English are pleased.

Dec. 29th, 1863.

Dear Sister Anna, and my own little Dora,

I promised to write all about the Christmas Tree. You must tell Dora, if she can understand, anyway you must kiss her right off for me. I don't hear half enough about the little rogue. Oh how much I want to see her, and you too, dear Anna.

The Tree was made of wood with a great many branches painted green, and then all wreathed with Maile and Fern. It stood in a large green box which held it up straight. At the very top of the tree was a cunning little Dolly, fastened on a long whistle, and it was dressed in a bright red gown trimmed with bright long feathers of different colors. Then there were about 18 Dolls of different sizes on the Tree, some with little hats on, and one with a Shaker bonnet on, and there were toys of all kinds for both boys and girls. Right in front of the tree was a cunning little carriage of wicker-work, with Annie's large Doll in it, dressed just like a baby, with a little white sunbonnet on and blue and white sack and long white dress. The children had so many pretty presents, twin dollies with little caps and night dresses, a Pussy that mews like a real Pussy and ever so many toys. On each side of the Tree was a little house, one was a Store and the other a Parlor. Then there was a large ship, Drums and swords, Bags and paper Horns full of Candy, Tea sets and Books, little ruffled shirts for two of the little Boys, large Japanese Tops, and paint Boxes. Almost every little girl had a Doll, and there were two tin kitchen sets with little stoves and every thing complete.

At the end of every branch was a little candle as large around as your largest finger, and of all colors. When the tree was lighted we threw open the folding doors between the Parlor and dining room. All the children squealed and shouted with delight. I never

saw anything much prettier than that tree was, so covered with pretty things, so gay, and brilliant with light. Every child had three or four presents, then the lights were put out and the Tree moved into the corner of the room, and then every one had Supper. There were all kinds of Goodies on the Table, with plenty of plain cake and Sponge Cake for the little ones. They all seemed to have a nice time, and went home early, for the Tree was lighted at seven o'clock.

Saturday Emily and I went down town to have her picture taken. I think it is quite good. I will send one home today. I have a horse for Dora and some India Rubber Toys for you both. Willie bought you a very pretty toy, but I do not like to send anything now, lest it be lost like the last valuable parcel with your Hoops in it.

Now, dear Anna, I want you to catch Dora and Kiss her for me. I know just how good you are to her and I hope to see the little Darling soon. You must make her say *Mamma*, so as to know what to call me. I am impatient to see her. I had to wait so long for her pictures when Emily came. I hope that you and Paul have nice times. You must keep him from being lonely and cross when I am gone, and I will pay you some way when I am so happy as to be home again with you all. Please kiss dear Mamma too for me and give my Alohas to all the Natives. Give my love to Mary. I see Emily and Willie very often. They had half of those delicious Oranges that Paul sent.

Kisses for you and Dora,

from your Loving Sister

Maria.

January, 1864.

Dearest Home Friends,

How good it seems that I need not write by the next Vessel, but shall see you face to face. I am still in the Dentist's hands. I hope there will not be many such banishments as this has been. I keep looking for the Moku to take me home, and I hope the winds will be more favorable. Just think, the Odd Fellow was seven days coming up. I want Paul to send Opunui to meet the very first Vessel, I am so impatient now to be home again.

Saturday Emily came down from Punahou and we went a-calling, to Mrs. Armstrongs first. Mary Green and Dr. Gulick came too, so we were very formal. Then we had a real visit at Mrs. Chamberlains. She and Mattie were making Sponge Cake, but they brought their eggs in and beat and talked. Mrs. C. said, "Maria, I love you, for you are such a good girl to bring Emily and come unceremoniously."



EMILY DOLE RICE
ABOUT 1864

Pattie Cooke is to be married next week, in Church, I have heard. Mrs. Cooke does enjoy the happiness of her child exceedingly. We saw her dress, a beautiful grey, thin fabric. "Now," she said, "don't you think that is too delicate for an old lady like me?" But I said, "No, indeed, it is beautiful."

At 2 o'clock we went to see the Polyorama of the American War. I treated Emily and Willie to a sight. The house was crowded with Ladies and children, and the show was really fine. I will bring a bill, for I must not write every thing or I shan't have any thing to talk about when I get home.

Sunday we went down to the Bethel Church. Mr. Snow is a fine, earnest Preacher. His prayers are thrilling in their depth and earnestness. I never heard any prayer so impressive as his repeating the Lord's prayer. It has been a great privilege to worship in the House of God so long.

. I spent part of Monday with Mrs. Andrews who is very ill, and rode up to call on Mrs. Bishop and Mrs. Hillebrandt. When I came down the Valley I called on Mrs. Heuck and saw her Baby, a sweet, little fat thing, and very well. Last Tuesday I spent the day and night at Mrs. Lowell Smith's and had a very pleasant time. We went into the Cemetery and saw the Monument to Mrs. Dr. Wood who used to be at Koloa. The marble is beautiful, exquisitely white, and a beautifully carved wreath upon it. I never saw such carving, the flowers are perfect. The inscription reads below the name, "For her, Death had no Victory, The Grave no Sting."

I want to go up to Punahou today, and I will write you more by the Odd Fellow. I felt too blue to write before I heard from home this time. Kiss my dear little Baby for me many times. I hope, Oh so much, that the latter part of next week I shall see you all again. Won't I be so *glad*? Still perhaps I cannot go, as Paul has given me one more trip of the Odd Fellow. But I am longing to be at home again, especially rainy days. Paul's watch is not ready to go today. I hope I shall not have to write you again.

Maria.

At various times during the year 1864 Mother Rice was away from home with one child or the other, her absence giving rise undoubtedly to many more than the two home letters from Maria and Molly which chanced to be kept.

Lihue, April 21st, 1864.

My darling Mamma & Sisters,

We had nice letters from Germany today. They all sent their love to you. I will enclose Julie's little Note.

Paul went to the Beach this morning and there found your good letter and the two bundles. He was a little late so I took Dora out doors to look for him to keep her good. He came up so smiling and shouted that he had at last found a letter from *our Mamma* and we were so glad. If Dora can go out doors enough she is as good as any child. She has a magnificent appetite, and grows more affectionate and intelligent. Poor Mrs. McBryde with her three little children scarcely goes away from the house because it tires her more than to stay at home. I am the envy of all the

young Mothers on the Island, and I think I realize how highly favored I am, my dearest Mamma, to have *you* and all my kind sisters.

We have not been out in the carriage but twice. There have been such strong Winds & Showers that I did not want to be blown away, and then I trot around the Yard so much with Dora I don't think we need more exercise. If Paul is late at noon for dinner, Dora sometimes gets real naughty and cuts up so that I feel quite tired of her antics.

How glad I shall be when Anna is home and can play with her some. I have to be Playmate, Mamma and Grandma as well, and my versatility is often sorely taxed. She is so distressed if I lie down a minute and wants to help me up. She is a loving little thing, but losing her friends so constantly makes her suspicious. The other day she caught sight of Anna's brown Hat with red strings, and was delighted. She ran shouting, "Anna, Anna!" so joyously, but Anna did not come. She was puzzled by Miss Knapp who stayed in Mary's room, kept calling her Aunt Many, and chattering to me about her, but was afraid to go to her. She lugs that Cloth Baby everywhere now, it must even go out to walk with her and sit near her at table.

Dear Mother,

June 25th, 1864.

We were all quite provoked not to receive any letters today from you. We are all in a very flourishing condition except that we are rather cross.

Last Tuesday we gave a feast to our sewing school girls. We bought a calabash of poi, and the cook made some cakes, we spread a mat on the veranda and placed three dishes of poi on each side with a piece of salmon on a saucer for each girl on each end of the mat was a large platter of cakes, and at each corner a plate of papaia; in the center was a large vase of ferns while we were putting the things on Anna got all the girls around the back side of the house and showed them pictures, so that they did not know anything about it their only regret was that they had just eaten their dinner before they came, after they had finished eating they washed their hands and sang and we played games with them they then went home, I never saw native children any where behave so well.

Yesterday the cook set a rat trap in the storeroom and today a large cat was caught in it, it made a most horrible noise.

I don't think I will send any butter up to you today as the Steamer is going around to Hanalei first and besides there is but very little butter for us. We all wish very much that you and Willie would both have your pictures taken. But I cannot write any more as there is nothing more to write about please give my love to Willie.

Your affectionate daughter

Mary.

Joy over Paul's happiness in his Lihue home was reflected and cordially expressed in letters from his own



MOTHER ISENBERG
ABOUT 1865

fatherland. Some few of these still exist, true, devoted ones from his mother, who longed to embrace his wife and child and was overjoyed at his writing oftener since his marriage. Those from his father are less exuberant, but equally devoted and loving. Written from Boerry, and of course in German, they both transport one into the busy pastor's home, where the mother, in addition to her endless cares, is training young girls to be thorough

housekeepers, where the father is always alert to the demands of his extended parish, and the daughter Julie, beside teaching her youngest brother, little Hans, is her father's first assistant. More than that, sister Julie delights in receiving and answering in English the letters received from Maria at Lihue or in California. Had Maria Rice Isenberg ever visited in her husband's boyhood home, she must undoubtedly have acquired some knowledge of German, as her daughter did in later years; but from the beginning of her acquaintance with Paul Isenberg it had been his earnest desire to perfect his English, and to second that endeavor became, therefore, her eager purpose. When she writes to his family it is accordingly in English, and a reply is courteously extended in the same language. Occasionally, it is brother Daniel, the young student of theology, who writes the English letters, but as a rule sister Julie takes the pleasant task upon herself, writing carefully on the thinnest "oversea" paper. Almost always her letters end with a message in German for Paul, but by far the larger portion is in carefully worded phrases which show a good command of the foreign tongue, though often betraying her native turn of thought. Affection unhampered springs from every line.

Dear sister Maria!

Boerry, 18 December 1864.

I have to thank you in the name of all the family for your interesting writing. When I read your descriptions it is sometimes as if I were there right with you all together. We could not restrain our tears by your telling of Dora. Dear little child, if we only could see her once! If we could have her here to enjoy with us the Christmas tree, I think our joy would be brighter by seeing hers. One must think it is not God's will that we see her now.

Dear Maria, pray take care of your health. We can do nothing for you but send our prayers to God. You must write me very minutely about your health, till then we are very anxious.

I was rejoiced about what you tell of our flowers, but you have probably forgotten to put some seed in your letter of that

mexican flower. Our garden is now very desolate. But our country is also fine in winter when we have clear frost days.

Dear sister Maria,

Boerry, 26 of June 1865.

Your dear last letter made us quite happy, you have told us so much about sweet Dora. I am so glad she liked the little dress. I did not find it pretty enough for her. Dear Mother is always in thoughts about what she will give Dora next. I think in autumn we will send another box. If you should have a wish, or Paul or Carl, (we hope he is now with you) pray write directly and we shall try to fulfil your wish.

I cannot express to you how very fond we all are of you, how fervently we wish to know you better. What you have written to us about heathenism has interested us much. You cannot think how each word of your letter does interest us. I have read it three times to dear mother, and then I must read it to our best friends who take so great an interest in you.

If God has protected our dear Carl, he must be with you now. He promised to write to us from San Francisco. His picture has filled us with anxiety, we should almost not have known him.

How is your sister Emily? Does she still like to be in America? Are you glad that the war has ceased? How dreadful is Lincoln's murder, just now when he could work so much.

You must excuse, dear Maria, that I write so badly. Next time I will take care to write a better and longer letter. A sweet kiss to dear Dora, and our best love to you all, your dear Mama and little Anna.

Your loving sister Julie.

A year later, on June 11th, 1866, the first small grandson arrived at the old Koamalu home. Dora having taken the names of both grandmothers, her small brother, Daniel Paul Rice Isenberg, was similarly armed with the names of both grandfathers, as well as bearing his father's name. He was known as Paul Rice, except in his mother's early letters where she always referred to him as Rice. Among the Hawaiians, with whom he became a prime favorite, he was called Paulo, like his father, or Paulo Liilii, Little Paul. Small Dora's first recollections

of him have never faded. She still remembers kneeling beside her mother and adding to her evening prayers a fervent petition for a baby brother. And then when they told her that he had come at last, and took her in to see him, how disappointed she was to find only a little bundle of a baby held in Grandma's arms, instead of a boy ready to race outdoors and play with her.

Yet Paul Rice was a robust little fellow, in spite of his sister's acute disappointment. For Maria Isenberg's health had been much improved and might have become permanently so, had she taken a long and complete change of climate in 1865 to follow up immediately the definite gain made in 1864. With modern knowledge of tuberculosis it is easy to look back and detect flaws in the best treatment to be obtained in those days, and from the impersonal distance of time to dictate another course of treatment for the eager young mother who felt so keenly her growing responsibilities and to whom the little old house at Koamalu held all that was dearest on earth. During the summer of 1866 her health failed rapidly and by October her cough was so alarming that Mother Rice insisted on her trying what a journey to the coast of California might do for her. Maria's letters of the next three months form a little manuscript volume, written often in great suffering and consequently in a less exquisite penmanship than those of former years, but each sheet carefully and consecutively numbered that the dear ones at home might know whether all had been received. Almost two hundred closely written pages cover the voyage and more than two months' sojourn with kind Mr. and Mrs. Mills in their Young Ladies' Seminary at Benicia, where Molly Rice was already as beloved as if she had been the Mills' own child. Maria's brave, newsy letters have yet a sharp poignancy that sometimes thrusts itself up through the surface of such everyday things as ships and clothes, food and letters of credit.

Honolulu, October 20th, 1866.

Dearest Friends,

Paul reached home this P.M., I presume, and I imagine you all so happy to be together again. If it had not been for very shame after all you had arranged for my comfort, I should have begged you to take me back with you, Paul. I could scarcely keep the words from my lips, it was so hard to let you go at last. But I have had my cry out, and now I am trying to be content and enjoy every thing. I thought of you all day, you must have got in to Nawiliwili in the afternoon and seen Mother, Anna and our two sweet little children, before night. I hope you kissed them all for me.

Sunday eve. I think of you, all gathered in the Parlor, did you sing any? Has baby been good? Has Dora been to Church today? The second Sabbath of my absence has passed, and I hope before another to be on the wide Waters, how many must pass before I can see you all face to face, and have my precious children again, dear little birds. I do not feel anxious about *them*, but about Mamma, lest she be worn out. Oh how tried I shall feel if I do not hear from you again before I leave.

Monday was a terribly exciting day. The Telegraph Arms announced a steam frigate very early, and just after Breakfast the U. S. Vanderbilt came in sight. Queen Emma is returning sooner from her long journey on account of her mother's death. We all went down aboard the Kilauea to see the Queen land, as every one supposed 'twould be a grand sight. The whole of Punahou school was on board with us, and if I only had time I could tell you of many funny things that happened. To the disgrace of this old seaport the Pilots who went off to the Vanderbilt were drunk and the old Admiral would not trust his ship in their hands. So they sent in for the Pele, and the Queen came in in her about noon. We waited and had a good sight of the Queen, who was dressed in black and wept constantly. Crowds of people thronged the Wharfs and near by Vessels, and the Hurrahs were deafening. We were not far from the Vineta, the first Prussian War Vessel ever to visit Honolulu harbor. She is a steam sloop of war enroute to China and carries 28 Guns and 320 men. We saw her Yards manned. The men scampered up like so many cats, then

stood up facing the Vanderbilt, then turned and faced the Wharf. They fired three salutes from her, the Vanderbilt three, and Punch-bowl two. We had enough of cannonading.

Letters from New York were probably received by the Vanderbilt, for *The Friend* of November, 1866, prints an interesting account of General Marshall, the first manager at Lihue Plantation, having met the Queen on her arrival



MARIA RICE ISENBERG
ABOUT 1865

from England. This was on August 8th, the 23rd anniversary of the day Mr. Marshall had spent at Windsor Castle in 1843 with Haalilio and Rev. Mr. Richards, as special Ambassador for Kamehameha III to reclaim the sovereignty of the Islands from Great Britain. When the Queen landed at New York in 1866 from the British steamer *Java*, Mr. Marshall looked up and saw the Royal Hawaiian flag flying from the masthead in honor of Her Hawaiian Majesty's presence on board. Mr. Marshall recalled the struggles of the infant Hawaiian kingdom almost a quarter of a century before, and hoped the nation would continue to be preserved from dangers in the years to come.

The Mrs. Whitney to whom Maria Isenberg's letters refer was the wife of H. M. Whitney, son of the pioneer

Kauai missionary. Sent away from Waimea at the age of eight years, he had returned to establish himself as a printer in Honolulu, where he bought the Mission press and later founded the Pacific Commercial Advertiser.

October 29th, 1866.

When I came home from spending the day with Mrs. Whitney, I found your letters and had such a feast of Reading. Be sure to give my Aloha to Brother Carl. I am glad he is so good to Dora. Mother, I can only thank you for all you do for Dora and Rice. You will be glad to hear that I have not coughed once with those convulsive spasms, even when I was so sick the other night, and I have not had a bit of pain in my side.

Saturday morning I walked over to the Widemanns and saw them all. Judging from the frame of the new house just up, he is building an almost Palace of a house, and there will be plenty of room for all his girls to spread and grow. Emma harnessed up the Basket phaeton and took me back to the Corwins. On the way home from shopping I called on the Wundenbergs.

Saturday we took a drive on the plains, toward Punahou, and on the way back stopped at Mrs. Cookes to see Lottie Smith who had just arrived from Koloa. I am glad she is going to California with me. She looks pale and stoop-shouldered. I wonder if we shall really sail next Tuesday on our bark Smyrniote? Is Paul coming to town on business and will he arrive just after we go? Oh dear, I would give a "pound of flesh" to see him or hear from you all just once more before I am gone from Hawaii nei. But your letters were so comforting. I am so glad my sweet little boy is so good and strong and heavy. Don't let Anna carry that Great fellow in her arms, and Dora must not be rude to Anna.

I am going to put up a small bundle for Willie Smith to take down to you. A bonnet for Baby, a feather duster I promised Anna, Mother's shawl and Paul nice handkerchiefs. Please write me about everything, you know I can never hear too much.

Dr. Hillebrand was in this morning. He says I look bright and smart, and he thinks I am going in just the right time to gain in California. Mrs. Herman Hillebrand told me that when her babies were five or six months old they seemed to need something more

than Milk and Water, and she then used burnt flour to advantage. Mother will know best about using it for Rice.

Evening. We did not get off today. It blew so fresh that the Pilots thought we ought to sail in the morning, so as to be well off the Islands before dark. Now the time is again set for "tomorrow", 9 A.M. We shall see.

I return the China camphor wood box, as Paul got me a nice trunk. I hope the children will keep well and hearty. Dora must not go out of the Yard without leave. I hope her large family of Cats and Dollies are all prospering. And I trust you are not too tired, dear Mamma. God bless you all.

Mamma's Precious little Daughter Dora,

Mamma liked your little letter very much. She wants to come home and see Dora, and take care of little Brother, but she is going to California first to see Auntie Molly and Uncle Willie, and get Dora a toy Cow to play with. A nice little girl just as big as Dora, named Emma Whitney, made a lei of Beads and wanted me to send it to my "little girl". It is just big enough for your Dollies.

Mamma saw a funny little white dog one day, it had curly hair, and a red nose and was very fat. Mamma could not find any Boy Dollie, so she sends Dora a Girl Dolly. Anna will help you make a dress for it.

Mamma is very glad that Dora sleeps close by Papa and takes good care of him. Be Mamma's good little girl, and by and bye, "many weeks", Mamma will come back and hug and kiss Dora lots and lots.

From Mamma.

Sunday, November 18th.

Here we are anchored just outside the Golden Gate waiting for tide and wind to take us in before evening. Our passage has been very short, not 16 days, but since Thursday very rough. I caught a severe cold, but am better. Lottie and I have called a thousand blessings on Mamma's head for all the warm flannels she told us to bring. I am having a dreadful lonely feeling at the thought of two lone women going ashore in this great city after dark. But Lottie and I will find someone to take us to the Lick House.

Beside the joy of living in the same school with Molly, Maria Isenberg looked forward eagerly to seeing her brother Willy who was at school across the bay from San Francisco. In old age, when the sharp sufferings of youth provoked a twinkle and a smile, William Hyde Rice was wont to tell of his longing to wander past the windows of clothing shops in the city of San Francisco when there was a school vacation. Once the owner of such a store opened the door to him and said, "Come in, my boy. What will you take for those pants you've got on? We have lost the pattern." Never had the lad felt himself so humiliated as a kua-aina or country jake. His blessed mother, not overfond of sewing and least of all fitted to be a tailor, had made him those pants out of an old skirt, and he had never once thought that they looked different from other boys' pants. But ladies of those days, even small ones like his mother, wore very full, long skirts, with plenty of cloth in them, and none of that old skirt had been skimped or thrown away in the construction of those pants. Maria's letters give no hint of the story of the pants, which was probably not divulged to her, lest it reach the ear of the gentle Mother at home. But one of the very first things that the brother and sister did was to wander past all the bright city windows on the way to Maria's boat up the river.

Benicia, Nov. 20th. 1866.

Mr. Aldrich has been so kind to us. After his wife died he left the children here with Mrs. Mills and they are very well cared for. He took us to the College School in Oakland to see Willie, who has grown so tall that his nickname is Shorty. He has filled out too, and is broad shouldered, not our reed-like Willie of last year. His teacher told us he had been a great blessing in the school and had an active influence in promoting the religious welfare of the boys. On the way to the ferry we met Mrs. Hardy, looking so pretty and well. Willie has bought a horse and every two weeks rides over, 30 miles, to spend awhile with Mollie. He

crossed to S.F. with us and we walked down past all the shop windows to the Sacramento steam boat. If you wish to be a real Californian, you must say *steamer* only for ocean going vessels. The Second Steward on board our steamer, the Smyrniote, is a native and a friend of Willie's, it seems, and had some Poi on board for him. Mr. Aldrich had had all our baggage transferred to the Sacramento Boat. When we were safely in a good place on the Boat, Willie went back to Oakland.

Fortunately, Mr. Aldrich accompanied us to the Seminary. The Boat only stops about two minutes at Benicia, and when the Bell began to ring Mr. A. seized Lottie's Carpet Bag on one arm, mine on the other, and Lottie's Bandbox in both hands. There was a crushing crowd going off but we kept close behind our protector. Mr. Mills and Molly met us with hugs and kisses from Molly and rushed us into a hack without knowing where our Knight of distressed Ladies had bestowed himself, but we all met at Supper afterwards. Mrs. Mills welcomed us warmly and is already planning to take good care of us both. Mollie is the picture of health, fat, and rosy-cheeked. She has had her hair all cut off and it is more becoming to her than most. She stands as straight as a soldier and holds her head finely. I hope Lottie will straighten up as quickly as Mollie has done. Mrs. Mills is willing to



WILLIAM HYDE RICE
1866

have me stay. I room with Mary and can sit by the fire next door in Mrs. Mills' little parlor on rainy days when I cannot go out. I often go to classes too, and try to obey all the rules. This is an excellent school, the girls all so fresh, without that weary, tired look that school children so often have.

I am fearfully hungry and eat from morning till night, fat meat and all. And the Grapes! We all have fruit whenever we want it, and I hope to go back fat and strong. And I'll never go away from home alone again. My heart continually travels homewards. I've read all your letters over again with Mary and left them for her to read to Willie. Yesterday I sent Emily her money by the Overland Route, and shall write to Germany before long.

Some of the 67 girls come into the private sitting room evenings and it is often a merry place. Mary is like a petted child. Mrs. Mills sends me to bed if I look tired, sees that I am dressed warm enough and orders me out if I go into a cold room. She is so kind, and never cross to anyone, tho busy till often late at night. And sitting by my nice coal fire, I don't mind the drizzly rain at all, with a dish of mellow pears, and a book to read. The damp rooms on a rainy day in our dear little home under the trees are the only things I dread about going home. I mean to get a little wood stove and have it put up in the dining room when I get back. 'Twould be such a comfort in rainy weather. The corner by the parlor would be the best and the pipe could run into the old latticed verandah and out, with one of the funnels on top to keep off the rain. Tell me what you think of the idea. I wonder if it is raining at Home today. If so, I imagine my darling little Dora has kept the house in a rumpus. Tell her to be good, and obey quick, and help Grandma take care of precious little Brother. I have many anxious thoughts whether dear Mother has sleep enough. Her life is so precious to us. Don't get run down, Mother, or I shall blame myself that I ever left you to the entire burden of the Children. God bless you all, my Beloved.

Nov. 28.

..... The climate here at the Seminary is milder than in the city, and every one is so good to me. It is a most delightful school. They let me go to classes whenever I like, and I always come

away with some new Idea. It is a life of luxury, seeing just as much or as little company as I like. Every one says I look better, and I think I am gaining. I have a splendid Appetite and am always hungry. My cough is variable, but never so bad as at home, and I am perfectly free from aches and pains.

I had quite a talk with Mr. Mills in our little Parlor after Thanksgiving Dinner. He told me all about purchasing this place and how he carries on the mortgage. He is a splendid manager, and has the true missionary spirit. Besides five girls from the Islands, he has five from California, making ten in all who pay only a part, some very little. He feels that he & Mrs Mills are doing this for the Lord. I am so glad we can pay the full expense for Molly and myself.

Oh dear, how stupid 'tis to write, when I could say more in an hour than I can write in a day. My heart is always over the Sea, with You, My precious little children. I can hardly bear to write about them, it makes me feel so homesick. Talk to Dora and my baby about Mamma, so that they won't forget me. I cannot hear too much about them, or any of you. I want to know Anna's remarks, and if Paul teases her, and all Paul's business, and Mother's daily work, and cares. All about the Natives too. And give my love to Carl. When will that Vanderbilt come and bring me news of you, and when *will* something else go and bear you news of me? I can see Mother's anxious face as the days lengthen and no letters come from Maria, and finally when Paul comes in some day and says *letters at last*, her heart will be in her mouth, fearing some very bad news, but I have nothing bad to write.

December 3.

Mollie and I have had colds, like almost all the other girls, but are amending bravely. Victor writes Mollie very funny letters from Tennessee. He is a great tease and seems to enjoy Emily immensely. The child is desperately in love with her Colonel George de la Vergne and it does seem so comical for her, who has always had such fun at the expense of others in that predicament. Her lover has set the date for January first, but she does not know it yet.

The Mills and Mary are very strong that I should not think of going home before January, at least. I have gained two Pounds in these two weeks. Mrs. Mills gets wholesale quantities of the most delicious Grapes for us, so sweet and crisp, and I keep a supply of them on hand. Such medicine I delight in, and only wish I could share it with you.

December 6th.

Your back letters all came last night, and now I have all up to November 22nd. When I think of you all and of Mother's cares, I feel as though I ought not to remain longer, but the voyage was so hard on me and I am now gaining so that my friends convince me it would be folly to hurry right back without a longer test of this climate. Even the rainy days here I can bear much better than those damp days at home, and lately we have been having lovely weather, clear, cold days with bright sunshine from morning until night. I walk several hours outdoors in the sunshine every day. Mr. Mills has offered me their horses to ride, but I like to walk, and I fear I should not like their horses as well as ours at home.

Dearest Friends, I thank you so much for *all your letters*, you tell me so many little things I long to hear. Precious Baby, growing so fast, and I losing all the joy of watching him. And Dora, I am sorry she is so determined to run out into the Native Yard, and so restless on Rainy days. I have bought her a Village to amuse her when she cannot go outdoors. I wish it kept for a Reward. If she runs into the Native Yard, she must not have it that day. And if you could keep it rather away in fine weather, then it would amuse her more on Rainy days. I well know how trying they are. When writing, tell me any news you hear, for all the bits of Island news are very interesting to us here. We occasionally see scraps from the Advertiser clippings sent to the Mills. Sam Damon visited us this week, and we enjoyed seeing him, so precisely as of old. He is to take a box for me containing Dora's toy Cow and Village. I hope 'twill reach you safely.

I have fine walks every day. Yesterday Mary, Lottie and I took a long walk, slowly at first, because it was the first time I had walked much uphill. The whole Country is growing green, surprisingly fast, the grass looks just like Moss. The Seminary is situated on rising land and commands fine views in every direc-

tion. In front of our window opening due East is Mt. Diabolo, not very high, at least it does not look as high as Waialeale, but as the Sun rises behind it the lights are exquisite, rich Purple just before the Sun appears, and the Clouds taking on Scarlet and Gold, Green, and every shade of blue and rich browns.

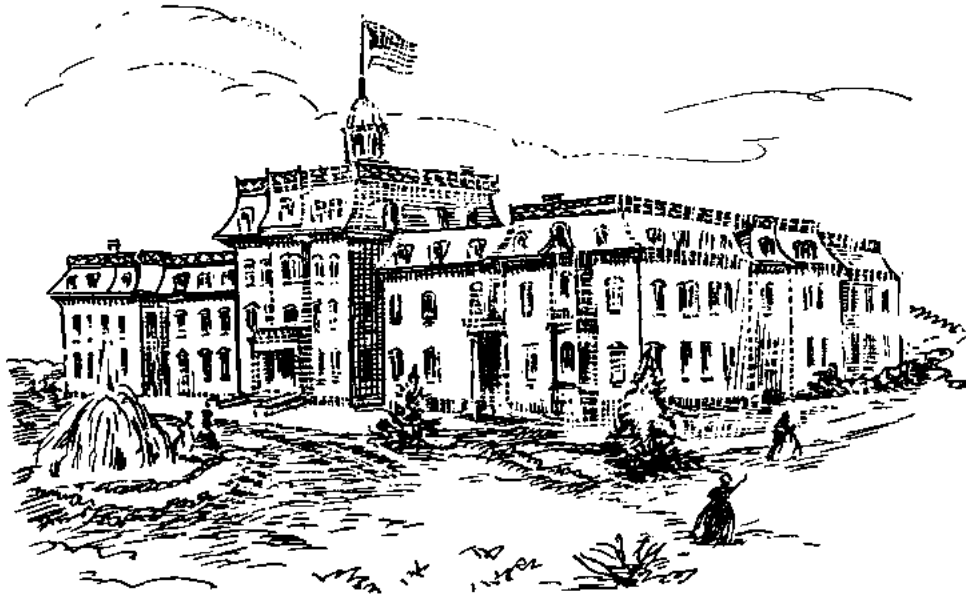
December 7th, Friday.

I have just come from morning Prayers. Mr. Mills reads a verse, then the whole school one and such attention is paid to reading in classes that every word of the Bible reading comes as distinctly to the ear as though spoken by one person. Then they sing, led by a small melodeon, and that is my delight. There is perfect time, no drawling, and so hearty that Sometimes even upstairs in my room I have distinguished every word of the hymn. Then the Scholars bow their heads on the Desks, and all repeat the Lord's Prayer, then Mr. Mills makes a short and impressive prayer. I always enjoy morning prayers. Each study has its own half hour of the day for recital, and some of the girls are trusted to study in their own rooms. There are seven small Music rooms with Pianos for practising, and six or seven recitation rooms, with the drawing classes in the Dining Room. One of the large Music rooms has a stove in it and is quite a resort for the girls, evenings, especially for dancing. Dancing is pretty enough for Girls alone, but I dislike it more than ever, to think of Tom Dick and Harry hugging me that style! Pshaw! it makes my blood boil. Then there is a new kind of Hoop skirt invented so that if you hit them, they "tilt" up and show ladies legs up above the knee. One or two girls here wear them, and I am always ashamed myself to see their Legs that style, and would blush to have Paul standing beside me. I wonder if those girls have "stuffed calves."

Mary is very diligent with her music, always practicing two hours and sometimes more. And her other teachers say she is often the best in the class. But she herself is over-modest and always fears that she has failed. This is the one fault I find in her. Her music teacher, the best one here, Mr. Schumacher (don't laugh, Paul, I don't know how to spell it) has a long beard, a little darker than Paul's, long dark brown hair, and wears Specs. He is dreadfully shy, and nearly faints, if he meets a girl in her Gymnastic costume. I have never met him and Mrs. Mills can

never get him to the table, he can't endure so many girls, but he is very polite.

This is the greatest place to fatten Girls. Lottie Smith is improving very fast and eats so much she says she is ashamed of herself. You would be astonished to see me eat Potatoes, Squash, Pies & Puddings, as large pieces as any body else and the helpings are not small. The Vegetables are the primest, and fruits too. Then they always have splendid Gravies and some of the girls take it three times. The Mills do everything for us all. Some of the rules are strict, but they need to be. There is a bad class of boys in town who delight for instance in spending their Sunday afternoons in walking up and down the street in front of our building, waving leaves and occasionally pulling out their Hdkfs and flourishing them. And at night they serenade the girls. Last Sunday night they stole the front gate. After three nights it was returned to a field directly back of the Cottage. They serenade the Cottage girls more than they do the big Seminary building. If a girl ever waves her hdkf out of the window, Mr. Mills says she shall be expelled.



MILLS SEMINARY ABOUT 1871

As honorary teacher I am allowed to help sometimes. I do like the distribution of clothes which takes more than an hour on Friday evenings. Such piles of clean clothes, especially such heaps of Hdkfs, now that so many have colds. Mary's is almost well. Both Mr. & Mrs. Mills have watched her closely. The girls are not allowed to have more than two sets of underclothes and Six or seven sets of collars & cuffs. One Teacher and several girls distribute the clothes on the Desks with the lists as they were handed in. Then the Bell rings and the girls mostly bring their work Baskets into the School room, and mend every thing. A few girls are trusted to do it in their own rooms, but they have to report, and no girl is allowed to take home ragged clothes. If they are too young to sew, Mrs. Mills does their mending. Also I made the Grand Round and found every room in Apple Pie order. The girls have time given in the afternoon for a great Cleaning Up and the severest examination is made on Saturday. As there is just now a Rage for Fancy work, we saw plenty of pretty things. Every room has a bureau, and the teacher opens almost every drawer and Trunk in the establishment, and puts her fingers on the shelves and windows to see if they are dusty. In the afternoon I convoyed five young ladies to the nearest Store. It seems comical enough to walk demurely behind a troop of them, every one perhaps as large or larger than myself, whom I am Matronizing in their shopping. But I enjoy the fun and it relieves the other teachers who have so much of it. Mr. Mills had said 'twas so late we had better not go further than the first Store. One of the young ladies (who is rather noted) tried to rebel. I answered pleasantly that we must obey all the rules, and we had no further trouble.

The girls have school reports with merits or demerits in punctuality, deportment and tidiness, and house reports on neatness, faithfulness, politeness and stillness. One trouble is that some of the girls have no idea of prudence. Mrs. Mills says any girl she finds working in her room before she is properly dressed, or running out of doors without a coat these foggy mornings, shall be demerited in Faithfulness. On Sunday both Mr. & Mrs. Mills strongly advised me not to stir out, because the Hall never has a fire in it. I obeyed of course, for I would not for the world make them anxious, when they constantly do so much for me, but 'twas very hard not to go to Church.

December 9.

My darling Mother,

Every day makes me more anxious that you shall have your trip next year. The different climate of itself is worth coming for. Your last letter made me more unhappy than I have been, and I am waiting for better news next week. Failing that, I must make definite plans to return. I cannot help blaming myself that I ever consented to leave you the care of the children, and I only am glad that the idea was yours from the first. How I long for you all whom I love dearest in the world. I wish we could always live near one another, if you will not live with us. I think I have written you fully in my journal letters of Molly and Willie. I feel proud of them both, they are so trusted by their Teachers, and respected by the Scholars.

Our coming in to S.F. was very melancholy to me. I had hard work to keep back all the thoughts that would come, of when we came five years before, dear Papa and I. It was such a comfort that so much was changed. One fears to dwell upon the past or give expression to one's feelings, for self-control would be entirely lost. The morning I came from home I longed so to tell you how I felt all your self-sacrificing goodness, to me, your unworthy daughter, and to my Husband and children, but I could not speak. Precious Mother, I can never never say what I feel toward you. You who gave me life not once but many times, for more than once since my marriage I should not have lived, had not you watched and tended me, as no one but you could. Surely never daughter owed a Mother as much as I do, and my conscience reproaches me for my own undutifulness. I cannot think without tears of how we shall miss you, when you come to visit all your other children, but you must have the trip, for your own sake as well as theirs.

Always your loving Daughter,

Maria.

December 11th.

Today my sweet little Boy is six months old. Time flies too fast, and he is changing every day. If I did not hope to come home the stronger for staying, I could not bear this absence another

day. Have you had all my letters? You can tell by the numbering on the pages. I have not had to take a particle of medicine here except for my cough. Lottie and Mary are both in the room, studying and helping me eat Grapes. The two girls are bound up in each other.

December 18th.

Your last two letters from Honolulu, Paul dear, were greatly prized. I am so sorry you were ill there, without Mother and Maria and every body else to take care of you. You had evidently not heard from Home since leaving and you were so anxious that you can imagine how eager I am to hear again from that "Dearest spot on Earth to me."

Some fatality attends my going down to S.F. If it is decently pleasant, Mary and I plan to go down on Wednesday when the S.F. scholars go for their vacation. But there is still a driving sleet, strong Wind, and the River is rising rapidly. Sacramento will suffer if it rises much more.

Friday evening we had a grand display of Fancy Work made here this term and all laid out on clean white tables in the Dining room. It was a beautiful sight. There were 35 Bead watch cases of almost every color of silk & velvet, Bead Needle cases, Tidies, Socks, Braided Aprons & Dresses, three beautiful Dolls dressed for Christmas, Lamp Mats, Sofa cushions, a handsome Flannel shirt one girl had embroidered for her father, Bonnets, Caps, Scarfs and Drawings. On a third table were huge platters of Cake and Apples for us all.



MOTHER RICE AND DORA ISENBERG
ABOUT 1866

Oakland, Dec. 21st.

My fatality seems to attend us. We gave up coming down on Wednesday, as the morning was dreadfully slippery, Rainy & Windy. The night was like one of our Kona storms, with a severe Earthquake which I slept through. On Thursday we had a Thunder and Lightning shower, then Hail came pattering down for a few minutes. Then the weather cleared and we were urged by all the girls to put on our things and hurry off with them. Mrs. Mills doubted, and I shouldn't have had courage, had I known that the Water would come up almost to the Hubs of our Hack Wheels. But we reached the Waiting room and came down in safety on the Boat. In S.F. we met Mr. Taylor, the minister who married Persis Thurston and used to preach in Honolulu. He is very little changed except that he wears a full beard. He kindly took care of our Carpet Sacks and conducted me to the Waiting room of the Ferry, then he streaked off up street with Mollie and his two daughters to do some shopping. I had to wait for Mr. Mills to bring me some money, and did not care to wade through the S.F. Mud. At the Oakland Depot Willie met us and we have had a delightful visit at his school. We called on Mrs. Hardy and talked away as fast as ever we could, just as if we had ridden horseback over to Malumalu above Mr. Widemann's to see them. Mr. Hardy spoke of the great pleasure those Photographs of the Malumalu place had given him, and sent his warmest Alohas to all his old friends, and inquired about every body and every thing on the Island. He seemed so entirely our kind neighbor that it did me a world of good to see him. He asked for all of you particularly.

Mary has gone off to visit the Taylors at their farm, four miles from Town. His health has improved somewhat, since they came from the Islands and settled there.

December 27th.

I wonder if I am never to have a decent day in California again. And I wonder whether Paul's back still troubled him after he got home. If I knew, I'd get some Red flannel to make him undershirts. It is so hard not to know how you all are. I see that the Murray's sailing is put off until January 1st. I am puzzled to know whether to go home then. My face has quite filled out and I feel stronger. The wretched cough, if anything, rather improves. Oh, I do so wish you could all come over here this Winter. I

dread the Voyage, and the damp house and the rain more than ever. But that can't be, I know, and I must take a stove and try to dry up our old house a little. I do love California, though how good it would be to struggle for a living here, I don't know.

I embrace you all, and trust that God will bring us all together once more in health and happiness. Yours in Wifely, Daughtery, Sisterly and Motherly Affection,

Maria.

My Dearest Friends,

Benicia, Jan. 1st, 1867.

A very Happy New Year to you all. God keep you in health and comfort. I send many a thought today over the Sea to the dear little home under the Trees. Oh when shall I see you again! I have determined not to worry, but just eat and laugh, and have gained 8½ pounds, partly in my cheeks. Mary and I have had our pictures taken for you in the City. We sat together, as you see, and will send photographs also to Emily and to Germany. One of the "Swells" we saw at the Photograph Gallery was tall and laced to ache, had on a light blue silk bound with deep velvet and lots of little gewgaws just like the fashion plates. It was rainy in the City, but a large Water proof is one of my purchases and with my stamping boots I managed to do well. The sensible fashion of holding the skirt well looped up over the Balmoral is all the rage here, to the vast benefit of the dresses.

I forgot to say that Mary and I were taken in our Street Sacks, hers the one she has worn here, mine my new silk. I do my hair over a large roll behind, rather lower than the extreme fashion. Then the front is rolled and done up under the large roll, the only trouble is that it takes me ever so long to dress now.

Molly's letter from Tennessee does not speak of Emily's wedding as definitely set, but such quantities of clothes were being made and trimmed that suspicions were created thereby. Victor thinks Emily almost perfect, the best read girl he knows. He said Colonel de la Vergne was the deepest in love of any man he ever saw, and 'twas his opinion that if "Em should drop him, 'twould kill him fatally dead."

We came back to Benicia with the Aldrich children and made a funny group in the elegant velvet chairs of the Boat saloon,

what with a big Christmas Doll, four large Carpet Bags, one large box, two small bags and three parcels, with the package of pictures, our gift to the Mills! But we engaged a Porter to run off the big loads, divided up the children, and after bumping against the Wharf and waiting for the Stage, were at last landed at the Seminary.

January 9th.

Here I am at the Lick House for a few days to see the doctor and get his permission to go home. This mighty Hotel has halls stretching in every direction. My coal fire burns brightly and three gas burners make my rooms bright as day. I have a Parlor to receive my Gentlemen visitors, Mr. Aldrich and the doctor.

January 11th.

Oh dear, I longed so to get the doctor over to my side, but he says it would be far better to stay a little longer, even though I am doing so well. I am all alone, the only one who can see you, dear Husband, waiting and waiting until your patience is all exhausted perhaps, my blessed boy! And Mother watching with

her patient eyes, taking care of my children whom I feel as though I had deserted, my precious birdlings. I am almost distracted, how I wish I were in that dearest little home and you all with me! Even Paul writes in every letter, "Stay if you gain," and Mary is bound I shall stay longer. No one knows how sore my heart is for mine own so very far away.



MARIA RICE ISENBERG
1866

I wish I could tell you of all the funny people here, a tall, extraordinary figure of an English Admiral, a real English Milord who parts his hair in the middle all through, and one of the Ladies is fit to kill, her light brown dress trimmed with Pea-

cock feathers overlapping on her Basque, the end of which she flops over her chair as she sits down to Dinner. If Paul were here to admire me, I should get me a handsome light silk, but I shouldn't like to look so nice for any eyes but his, though I always dress for Dinner, remembering I am his Wife and must be neat. I am having a handsome Merino made, the color of the feather in Dora's hat. I do my hair over a wheel and sometimes wear ribbons in it. Oh what a place this is to spend money! I pinch each piece, but in spite of me it slips away. I keep out of the Book Stores and am pretty brave about marching past the irresistible Windows of Glass and Crockery and Toys.

Benicia, January 17th.

I was too blue and lonely to stay long in the City, in spite of the floods in all the lowlands along the Sacramento River. The Benicia Roads are not one whit better than our Mud Holes at home. You will have a late Season this year, Paul, and the rains will probably come just as you are ready to grind. The Wharf here is just one slush, and jolting over it in a Hack just prime fun, if one does not mind the thought of being upset into it.

Today, the 17th, was Emily's appointed Wedding day, but I cannot make it seem real. I feel somehow as though she did not belong to *us* any more, the same feeling that she expressed when I was married. But they are so nice and Genteel, and I have not a particle of the Genteel feeling, for I never can be made over into anything but plain Maria Isenberg, content with my Husband and family. I try to fancy how Baby looks, how many sweet months I have lost out of



PAUL ISENBERG
ABOUT 1865

These photographs were carefully kept by Maria in a little album with a clasp.

his life. I am glad he is a comfort, but I am not so easy about Dora, for I fear it is too hard to punish her. Poor little Darling, she has plenty of the Old Adam in her composition, and how original her thoughts are! She is going to be a perplexing child to bring up right. My heart yearns for her. She will remember me, but I have such a vivid impression of how Baby will turn away and cling to you all, that it hurts me to think of it.

I am so thankful to be back here again, almost all day I can have the little Parlor to myself, where there is always a bright wood fire. Mrs. Mills has been ill, but has a full corps of teachers. Madame W., a German by birth, is about as stout as Mother Isenberg must be, and has the kindest face. She speaks any quantity of languages, is a Protestant, and teaches Music. I do love to talk with her, its so good to hear the English spoken with a German tongue again and she is as lonely away from her Husband as I am from mine. But she is not half so rich as I, because she has no children. Paul will laugh, I suppose, to think I want to hear German English, but my dear Sir, I've been reared on it these last five Years and a half, and I think it would sound very nice again. I assure you I am tired of hearing every *th* properly pronounced. I am always *starving* for news from home and just pounce on Mary's letters even before she sees them. I have sent off my letters regularly, except by the China Clipper Ships which do not advertise often to touch at the Islands.

Victor writes to Molly of Emily sitting on the Sofa beside Colonel de la Vergne, looking so Queenly, so gentle and so beautiful no one could help loving her, her hair done up in some distracting kind of fashion under a net, so that he thought the fairies must have helped her. He wishes she were really his sister instead of only his Cousin. He writes a very funny letter. He often calls at Uncle Atwood's. Aunt Lucy, he says, knows more of the Book of Books than any one else in that County.

January 24th.

The whole of this week has been rainy and very cold, and I could not go down to see the doctor. Whenever the Clouds clear off from Mt. Diabolo, we see the beautiful Snow lying upon it until nearly half way down. The mountain is not much further from here than Waialeale from our house, so it makes the weather

pretty cold. But I do not mind the cold half so much as at first and do not sleep with half the bedding Mary wishes. Everyone is prophesying that pleasant days must come soon and then I shall start for the Islands. Oh how I wish it would clear off bright! that would seem so much toward going home. My Purple dress has come and is pronounced very pretty. The buttons on it have little Bees, and Mrs. Mills always says to them, "How doth the little busy Bee." They do have the funniest Buttons nowadays, the more eccentric, the more fashionable. I send pieces of both Marys and mine. Hers is made up perfectly plain, except White Pearl and gold Buttons. Mine is trimmed with Black and White Velvet.

Mr. & Mrs. Mills are both well and always send their love to you all. They say if Mother ever wishes to *give away any* of her children, they'll take them gladly. Mary has scarcely written you since I came, in fact she drew a long breath and said she need do none of that while I was here! But she is a noble girl. Dearest Friends, I embrace you all. May God have us all in His Holy Keeping. Aloha to the Natives, and to Carl, also to George Wilcox and Sam, if there.

January 27th, 1867.

Today, Sunday, has been for the greatest wonder a long bright day, but so cold that I did not stir from my wood fire. Mrs. Mills says she feels like having a day of fasting and Prayer appointed for God's beautiful healthy Sunshine. Mr. Mills is not well, but She is flying around as usual, she does do the greatest amount of work I ever saw Woman accomplish. She has taken the Idea that I need even more nourishment and so has a nice little Beefsteak for me every Noon. Also she gives me California Port Wine, and my cheeks are quite filled out. I am so glad, for my face is set homeward at last. It is harder work than ever to keep the dear little home out of mind, but I cannot start yet in this time of stormy deadahead Wind that I dread. My best Beloved, I embrace you all. I hope not to send you many more pages of this Journal, but to turn my face homeward instead.

As ever your loving

Maria R. Isenberg.

The journey homeward must have been undertaken soon after this last letter, and for all the heavy shadow that hung over it, the joys of that homecoming were intense. Unfortunately, such happiness lasted only a few weeks, during which it became evident to Paul Isenberg that he must go with his beloved wife himself and that together they must try what might be done, for go alone again she could not. This may have been in March and the journey did not cover many weeks, because they were soon at home again where she had her loved ones around her. The little daughter, less than five years old, could not understand it all, but the strange quiet days cut lines into her memory that are sharp today, after more than threescore years. "I remember when my mother was ill and often lying down, and one day when I went in and took her hand, it was cold, and they told me she could never speak to me again. Then the next day we all went down to the Grave Yard where I had often been with her to lay flowers on Grandfather's grave, and I remember my father crying."

To the children, there had already been long months of separation, and Grandmother and Father were still there at home with them. But to Paul, not the greatest effort of his strong will could make him at first realize that Maria would not be coming back. And to Grandmother, ah, to the little Grandmother who must now continue always to be Mother as well, it was as if the last wave of desolation had engulfed her. Not her husband's death even had overwhelmed her as did the loss of this eldest daughter, this true comrade who had been so long a very pillar of strength to her little mother. Looking one day through Maria's papers, perhaps in the treasured writing case, Paul Isenberg came upon the beginning of a letter, written probably a year before, but never finished, the only will, doubtless, that his wife ever made. He marked upon it the date and laid it away with others

of her letters for their little daughter when she should be grown to woman's estate. Almost too sacred is it for eyes other than theirs, and incomplete, just as to human seeming Maria's own life was cut off before it knew fulfilment. Yet, cherished fragment though it is, this little letter touches poignantly the final chord in that noble harmony which was her womanhood.

My precious daughter, Dora,

I often think that I may be taken from you, while you are yet young. It is a very sad thought to me for I love you so dearly and I cannot bear to think that other eyes will watch you develop, that others must correct your ways, and help you to grow up a good and noble Woman. You will often long for your own Mother's love, Darling child, may you never know the lack of love that some Motherless children have.

But if I die, I leave you to my Mother and Sisters. Whatever other cares and duties they may have, I am sure they must have a warm love for you. And remember always that to your Grandmother you owe almost as much care as to me. She watched over you when a baby and her loving care has been untiring. Always love her, my daughter, and reverence her. Your own dear Papa too, always love him and try to be a comfort to him as you grow up. Try to make his life happy, and always have warm kisses and hugs for him. He wants plenty of love and expression of it, and you can soon be a companion and friend for him.

A noble legacy this, of the high ideals that had ever moved Maria Rice Isenberg. From her earliest infancy her nature had been attuned to the perception and absorption of such high thinking. In little everyday cares she saw this, in the color and glory of Nature about her, in the lives that were to her nearest and dearest. Even during days of pain and sadness she found time to contrive a scrapbook of interesting pictures for her small daughter, treasuring up for Sabbath afternoons the privilege of letting her pore over the finely engraved reproduc-

tions of masterpieces in the great art gallery of Dresden. It was perhaps from the long sojourn in California that she brought to her husband the silver watch which her daughter still treasures. It is a large one, in the style of its day with its long silver key, and its chain a finely woven cord of Maria's own soft brown hair. To look at it today is to be carried back instantly into the Age of Queen Victoria.

Maria's books were perhaps her choicest belongings. One of her schoolgirl compositions is entitled *Books*, and in four large foolscap pages of fine writing she gives a world of thoughts about them, beginning with the Bible. One of her best-loved occupations was to clothe herself in the invisible magic of a book, yet not even that joy kept her from the manifold duties of home and school. One of the treasured books of her childhood was the story of *The Missionary's Daughter*, a little volume published in New York the year that Maria was born on Maui, and giving something of the life of young Lucy Thurston of Hawaii. During her mother's absence from home in 1857 it was one of Maria's duties and pleasures to read aloud from this Mission chronicle to her small brother and sisters. And one of the first evidences of the friendship between herself and Paul Isenberg was a brisk interchange of books between the plantation home at Koamalu and the old Wailua Falls Mansion. Some of these were Maria's own earlier books, such as a history of Hannibal the Carthaginian, with a view of his elephants crossing the Rhone on huge rafts. Some were Paul's books, like the history of the United Netherlands, and these often bear the double inscription of having been re-presented to Miss H. Maria Rice. All of them, essays, novels, history, memoirs, were read with a very passion for knowledge, many of them bearing marginal notes, and two large flyleaves of Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic* being covered, by Maria's even pen, with a

comment copied from Frazier's Magazine. One of Maria Isenberg's books, published in Philadelphia in 1857, is called *Mrs. Hale's New Cook Book*. In it the mixture of eggs measured by the dozen, sifted sugar by the pound, and flour first dried in the oven, is leavened, not by modern baking powder, but by being "beaten together for an hour." Another of Maria's earlier books is an account of a colony of women migrating to California in 1851 to influence that wild new state toward higher ideals of living. One is an estimate of Mrs. Browning, placing her among women where Shakespeare stands among men. Others, like the novels, *Adam Bede*, *The New-comers* and the complete works of Sir Walter Scott, are inscribed in Maria's fine hand at Lihue a remarkably short time after their original publication in London or New York. After the Civil War there appeared a history of Lincoln's administration and *Christian Memorials* of the experiences of soldiers. Among Maria's favorite books were a treatise on the Statesmen of the Commonwealth of England and thick volumes in fine type on the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. A novel evidently much enjoyed, and very readable even now after the proverbial threescore years, is a delightfully Victorian tale, the sixth edition of *The Gayworthys* by the author of *Faith Gartney's Girlhood*, and published both in Boston and London. Its prefatory note strikes the truth of life today as well as of the days when a hand loom was a necessary tool in every household, and when the varied threads of Maria Rice's own life were mingling in their short web of joy and sadness and ultimate beauty:

Of threads and thrums: because a simple story of this mixed divine and human weaving we call Life; wherein are threads,—lines lying evenly along the loom, and secure and perfect with a filling; wherein are also many thrums,—ends broken, or dropped midway, or reaching out unfinished lengths beyond the web. Wherein the fabric seems, so often, faulty; where much seems lost,

left out, or wrongly joined; where correspondence is delayed, and full-matched beauty missed; where colors are confused; where the pattern, being vast, may never quite unroll to earthly vision; where Patience keeps her foot upon the treadle, and Faith must stand, with fervent eyes, beside the springing shuttle, knowing of breadths that shall be woven by and by!

Faith and Patience, with also a very vivid Joy and abounding Love, are perhaps the keynotes in Maria Rice's *Harmony of Life*, the sweet, lilting melodies of the child and the girl, now steady and earnest, now bright and happy, having almost imperceptibly deepened into the full, rich harmony of womanhood. The close companion from which even distance and sickness never separated her was her Bible, that never-failing source of strength and inspiration. And of all her books which may be found today, two Bibles still remain as symbols of her deep faith and supreme patience. These are the two books which she left to her children. Other books there are, also, delightful child books of the years of 1860, some of them marked in her hand not for Dora only, but for Anna and Dora as well, the two life-playmates between whom the difference of nine years in their ages has made so little vital distinction. Some of these little old books, like *Evenings with Grandpa*, or *The Admiral on Shore*, are charmingly illustrated with engravings such as that of Spartan, the Captain's Favourite Dog, espying a French Vessel, noble Spartan panting at the window while he gazes far out to sea. Also, there are improving little volumes like *Contentment better than Wealth*; and *Literature, Ancient and Modern, with Specimens*, by the author of *Peter Parley's Tales*, an individual with whom the gentle Nathaniel Hawthorne had much to do. The somber black and white engravings of *Happy Stories for Happy Hearts* have been brilliantly and lavishly colored from some child's paint box. And on the upper margin of a page in *Little Susy's Six Teachers* appears a waver-

ing manuscript signature which seems to be one of small Dora's first encounters with the use of pen and ink.

These child books still have their memories, but the two which were left to her children by Maria Rice Isenberg bear with them a still more vital significance. The larger has now been reinscribed by the hand of Dora Rice Isenberg to Dora Jane Isenberg, her brother's only child, and the only grandchild of Maria Rice Isenberg. As one of their gifts for their small daughter on her third birthday in 1865 Paul and Maria Isenberg presented her with a large family Bible, gilt-edged, and with a heavy leather binding tooled and gilded in elaborate patterns. Accompanying the great Bible was a broad bookmark, a band of red ribbon bearing upon it a large white cross made up of many tiny crosses, delicate and intricate, the painstaking work of Aunt Molly on behalf of her little niece. The edition of this Bible is one of the old ones which included between the two Testaments the fourteen books of the Apocrypha, those delightful tales which have been the inspiration for great painters, of Young Tobias and his fish, with the friendly angel, Raphael; of stately Judith and Holofernes; of The Rest of the Story of Queen Esther, the Song of the Three Children, the Wisdom of Solomon, and Bel and the Dragon. Both Apocrypha and canonical Testaments are embellished in this edition with frequent engravings of scenes which never failed to fascinate the eyes of small Dora as she stood at her mother's knee and listened to those age-old stories. After the apocryphal books in this edition follow blank leaves, in beautifully engraved borders, for the Marriages, Births and Deaths of the family. Here in Maria's clear hand are inscribed the details of the family history in America, Germany and Hawaii down to the birth of her son in 1866. Dora's own hand has continued this family chronicle.

The second Bible was originally Maria's own, given

her at Punahou with her father's and mother's love a few weeks before her sixth birthday, and inscribed: "And that from a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures which are able to make thee wise unto salvation." It is a small, gilt-edged volume in the finest type, bound in plain tooled leather, and was a very recent edition of 1846 by the American Tract Society which had given the Sandwich Islands Mission such material aid in the matter of subsidies for its press work. On the flyleaves Maria wrote her husband's name and birth, also the dates of events in his family and her own. On the title page of the New Testament the name of Paul Rice Isenberg is written by his father, with the date and hour of his mother's death on April 7th, 1867. Of her small daughter's life Maria Isenberg had the joy of almost five years, watching her growth and preparing for her fuller life. Of her son's life, a scant ten months she had in which to plan for his future. And her own short span measured barely five and twenty years, yet who, looking back into it, can see anything but a life filled to overflowing? Rich she was in her own inheritance of faith and love and mental vigor, rich in her joyous use of that great heritage, and exceeding rich in the legacy of ideals which she passed on to her children.

Again in the Fatherland

It would seem as though the overwhelming sorrow of Maria's death, like a devastating storm of lightning, might strike the old Koamalu home its deathblow and leave only a charred wreck of its first beauty. But its roots had dug in too deep to be torn out, nay, more, some of those very roots were the outgrowth of suffering itself and the vitality in them flowed back to the withered leaves. There were the children to be cared for and plantation matters needing attention, and ever and always that strong bond of affection between Mother Rice and her son, Paul. She had constantly to think of his comfort and cheer, and he had always to plan for her welfare. Molly wrote from Benicia of receiving comforting letters from her mother, and in July of 1867 wrote to her dear Brother Paul of being taken to the opera by Mr. Aldrich, having decided that Mother's scruples would not be offended, if she went only once. By this time, she added, Willie must be at home again, greatly improved by his



MOTHER RICE
ABOUT 1869

year's schooling in Oakland. More than one year would have been his portion but for the bankruptcy of the firm of Walker and Allen in Honolulu, which for a time involved his mother's affairs very seriously.

Even as a lad of twenty, William Hyde Rice had begun to show his close kinship with the Hawaiian mind, for as an old man he used to tell with the keenest regret of the early file of the Hawaiian newspaper, the *Kuokoa*, which he had unfortunately left behind him in Oakland in 1867 and never afterward recovered. Already his speaking and reading knowledge of Hawaiian was considerable and one of his pleasures at school had been to read the old Hawaiian stories published in the *Kuokoa* and to talk them over with the natives who often shipped on vessels for San Francisco and would sometimes bring him a puolo, or bundle, of poi and dried fish. His first job was given him by Mr. C. R. Bishop when he returned from California in 1867 and needed to find work. For twenty-five dollars a month he was to take care of the ranch cattle running on Lihue Plantation, and fortunately nothing suited him better, for he was a born horseman and quite at home with the Hawaiians. Later, one of the oxen lunas, a foreigner who was subject to fits of insane rage, actually bit a bullock on the nose and was at once discharged by Paul Isenberg, who then put Willie Rice in the luna's place. A real job, that was, he used to tell, at sixty-five dollars a month.

Mollie, too, although she was allowed to stay on longer at school, sent back many a thought to the old home under the koa and kukui trees. Once she even fancied herself coming to the little Lihue church as a stranger and received nine credits on the English composition evolved out of those fancies and written out with a neat and careful script in a single, almost breathless paragraph:

A Hawaiian Congregation

It was on a certain Sabbath morning that I found myself a stranger in a foreign land among a strange uncouth people, yet I could hardly believe myself in a land, which, but a few years ago was in a state of barbarism, when I heard the church bell's clear tones ringing out on the still air, and as I wended my way to the pretty white church on the green, it seemed to me that I was still in my own dear land, instead of being in a half civilized country. I was much surprised however to see some of the congregation going to church with bare feet, and carrying their shoes in their hands when they arrived at the church they stopped outside the door to finish their toilettes. The interior of the church did not resemble much those I had been accustomed to see. The floor was bare, and the seats were made of rough boards covered with coarse mats. The pulpit however was quite a respectable structure, and was occupied by an elderly native of very dignified appearance. He was short and fat, and had short grey hair sticking up straight all over his head, he was dressed in rather a remarkable manner, his coat was dark green with bright brass buttons, his shirt of gay calico, and his trousers were of striped blue and red cloth, while he was altogether minus shoes and stockings. The front seats of the church were occupied by the children which at first sight seemed to be nothing but a restless mass of little black heads, some of their costumes were most striking, there was only one in the whole crowd, that possessed anything in the way of shoes, and this was a little urchin in a suit of ragged blue denim that sported on his feet a pair of velvet slippers, to the great envy and admiration of all his fellows. One little girl wore a bran new dress of turkey red trimmed with yellow calico. As the dress was not likely to need washing soon, and it being too much trouble to make button holes the dress was sewed onto her. The bonnets worn by the women were put on bottom side upwards, giving them a most outlandish appearance. Almost all the women wore red bandanna handkerchiefs tied around their necks. One young girl I noticed who seemed to be in the very height of fashion, she wore a changeable silk dress in place of a collar she wore a string of enormous yellow beads, her hat, was of black velvet trimmed outlandishly with feathers and flowers, she wore on her feet a pair of white satin slippers without stock-

ings, added to all this she carried an enormous green umbrella which she continually flourished at the dogs, which were constantly trying to come in the door. The services were for the most part conducted with the greatest propriety, the preacher having to stop now and then to shake his fist at the children, who were more interested in trying to catch the wasps and flies, that buzzed around the windows, than in listening to the sermon. Most of the native women carried bottles of water and pieces of sugar cane with which to regale themselves, when fatigued, and it is no uncommon thing for them, when tired of the services to get up, and go home. I have frequently seen men stationed at the doors, with long canes to keep the dogs out and the people in.

Mollie S. Rice

Benicia April 1st, 1867.

Credits 9

The two years of 1867 and 1868 in the old home at Koamalu were often lonely and yet always busy. Once Mother Rice was persuaded to make the journey to Honolulu, perhaps to meet Mollie on her return from California in the summer of 1868, but funds were low and never did Mother Rice take great joy in being away from home. In the fall of that year, however, the momentous decision was made that all should take the long journey to Germany. For years Father and Mother Isenberg had longed to see their eldest son again face to face and to embrace his family also. The plan, as finally carried through, was for Mother Rice to take her two daughters, Mary and Anna, and the grandchildren, Dora and Paul, by sailing vessel around Cape Horn to Bremen during the winter, while Paul was finishing up the grinding season at Lihue in order to start off himself via Panama in April. On the 17th of December, 1868, the little family pilgrimage set out from Honolulu on the bark A. J. Pope, all the "dear Cooke family," who had been so good to them there, having come down to wave them farewell from the wharf. How different from the farewells today, when one's friends are swallowed up in the

surging crowd, and the high decks of towering steamers dwarf the wharves themselves and require elevators on the docks, and huge, stationary gangways. In those days the one small deck of the little sailing vessel rose only a foot or two above the wharf and passengers crossed the short distance on a narrow plank and dropped at once by a short ship's ladder into the diminutive cabin, which was invariably the dining room surrounded by a few small staterooms.

The only journal of this voyage to Bremen was kept by Miss Mollie, who delighted in reading the letters given her by "darling Mollie Cooke" and other young Honolulu friends, but was not at all so enchanted when it came her turn of an afternoon to care for "the phenomenons," as she called the two lively children, Dora and Paul, aged six and two. What Emily used to call Mollyisms flash out here and there from even the briefest entries in the diary.

Dec. 19. The great event of the day was a letter from Charlie Cooke, a real nice jolly letter which we read with much interest. Read French with Sister Marie Stanislaus, one of the Nuns. She is very kind indeed. Mamma is better and has been on deck a while, so also has the phenomenon. The sea is very calm. We had carrots for dinner. We are obliged to discipline the phenomenons considerably, for which purpose there is a switch hanging in the cabin which we have frequent recourse to.

Dec. 20. A real nice letter from Mollie Cookey today. Had a religious argument with Stanislaus, who is trying hard to convert me, but it's no use trying to teach an old dog new tricks. However, she is going to pray for me which cannot come amiss. We had two large Keys (TurKeys) for dinner. I played on the melodeon and walked on deck with the phenomenon. One of the two is filling the air with dismal cries most of the time. This morning I dressed myself up regardless of expense, put on a belt, and did my hair in a chignon, and, it being Sunday, indulged in a clean collar.

Dec. 21. Today found a Mail Bag put up by Koloa friends, one from Lottie for Anna and another for me. We've a fine breeze and go at the rate of eight or nine knots an hour. We had sauerkraut for dinner. It tasted funnyish. My hands are getting fearfully brown from staying on deck so much. Read to Mamma a while from the Testament. It's just my old luck to lose my knife so can't sharpen my pencil and writing looks like a whole gang of sheep.

Dec. 22. Sported some German on the Steward and made him grin from ear to ear. It is a little roughish, so Mamma feels a little sickish. Stanislaus has invited me to go to a convent school with her.

Dec. 23. A wave came rushing and rolling into the cabin. The Steward had to go and bail it up, which he did with a vegetable dish. He is an amiable person with a sort of deluged, washed out appearance, as if he had a habit of holding his head under a pump. I cut my hair off in front and did it up in papers and now it curls quite well, so in Bremen I will have some real curls. Tomorrow I've a good mind to write a description of all the passengers. Today the phenomenon had his hair cut.



*Mother Rice, with Dora and Paul,
in Bremen, 1869.*

Dec. 24. Christmas Eve!!! Here we are plodding on our old way. How many light feet are to-night keeping time to gay music, and light hearts are throbbing with pleasure. We have fine weather

again. We had soup today that tasted like soap (delicious very). Anna and I have been making some funny kind of bags to hang the children's clothes in. Mamma said she never could get well unless her room was in better order. Poor Mamma has a hard time with sea-sickness and the children crawling all over her.

Dec. 25. A very merry Christmas we have not had. Rainy and stormy and all shut up in the hot cabin. We had another Key for dinner. Oh what a shocking, shocking journal! Mamma gave me a gold watch today, such a beauty and I am so pleased.

Dec. 26. Hash and pickles for supper. It is so hot in the cabin when it rains, that Anna and I go to the top of the back stairs and poke our heads out. The oldest Nun seems to be quite a good old thing, but she looks as if her mouth tasted bitter. Sister Stanislaus thinks I am quite a heathen.

Dec. 29. Finished off a wrapper and the volume on Josephine Bonaparte. Pretty nice girl she was, taking her altogether. The sailors on board here sew with funny leathern thimbles on their thumbs. We girls have named all the sailors for people we know. They are almost all very ugly-looking indeed. Only two more days and this year will be pau, gone forever.

Dec. 30. Today we opened a can of condensed milk. Mamma regretted that we did not bring more of it. There is quite an animated flirtation going on between the best-looking Nun and a young Captain that is on board.

Jan. 1, 1869. Last evening we had a "New Year's Tree." Captains Geerken and Winters arranged it. It was really very pretty, hung with festoons of candy and lighted by many colored tapers. The children were greatly entertained as well as we all. Captain Geerken made a large bowl of punch, but before we had taken much of it, it all capsized through the cabin into the Captain's stateroom.

It may not always have been the custom on those long voyages of Hackfeld and Company's sailing vessels to lay in a supply of candles and goodies and a tree of some sort to represent the traditional Tannenbaum of the Fatherland and to recall the holiday festivities there. But on this voyage Captain Geerken had his wife and small

daughter Anna aboard, and it may be that the festival was especially in their honor. Captain Geerken was a brother-in-law of Captain Hackfeld, and his home in Bremen was near that of the Glade family who were also friends of the Hackfelds. Little Anna Geerken was not the only small girl aboard the A. J. Pope who enjoyed the New Year's tree so thoughtfully prepared for her. In the true German spirit it was undoubtedly intended as a Christmas tree, but the storm on that day probably postponed it until New Year's Eve. It stood on the dining table in the cabin, all alight with candles, and at last the children were called in to see it. Little Dora Isenberg had heard of such wonders as Christmas trees, but until this night on her first voyage to the land of her German forefathers her eyes had never beheld one. She stood as if entranced by the bright lights and colors, which still glow in her memory today after threescore years have passed. And never has a Christmas come since then without a

relighting of those gay candles and a sharing of that childhood joy in a festive tree.

Other delights, too, that first voyage afforded to small girls of an exploring turn of mind. Whenever they were permitted on a fine day to go aft where the sailors worked and played, the little girls never wearied of watching their sunburnt friends splicing ropes or carving little figures and various objects out of the ivory from walrus tusks. Some of these little figures



FATHER ISENBERG
ABOUT 1870

were even presented to the small girls, who carried them off proudly as treasure-trove. One of the sailors whittled expertly in wood and for weeks put all his spare hours on the model of one-half of a ship standing out in sharp relief against the smooth wood of the background. The little girls watched him, fascinated to see the brown wood gradually take the shape of a gallant ship with its full complement of ropes and spars and sails. When the last stroke had been put on the delicate work and the sailor unexpectedly made a present of it to small Dora, her delight knew no bounds. Correspondingly acute, too, was her grief in Bremen a few weeks later when, on a visit to Bauermeister cousins who admired the little ship's model with equal extravagance, her father required her to relinquish her treasure to the new German cousins. But such joys and sorrows as these, however acute, were too childish to find place in Aunt Molly's grown-up journal record of the voyage.

Jan. 7. Today passed nothing of especial interest excepting that it was my birthday. Molly Cooke sent me such a nice present of Dickens works. We had wine for dinner and they all drank my health.

Jan. 12. Rough weather, and everything tumbling a b o u t. Every once in a while a heavy sea strikes the ship and then it seems to shiver and tremble all over for a moment. Saw an Albatross for the first time. It is so cold that we cannot stay much on deck. The phenomenon behaved quite nicely. Every evening he says Good Night so cunningly.



MOTHER ISENBERG
ABOUT 1870

Jan. 16. Unusual excitement today. We caught four Albatrosses, large beautiful birds they were too.

Jan. 17. Just one month since we left Honolulu. We have a fair wind and go quite fast.

Jan. 22. Fair wind, clear blue sky and warm sunshine. It does our hearts good after the rainy, dismal weather.

Jan. 25. It is cold, bitter cold, and it nearly kills me.

Feb. 13. Great news! We are in sight of land and really off Cape Horn. We do not see the Cape itself, but some little islands near it. We may now anticipate that our voyage is nearly half way over.

Feb. 15. Cape Horn is passed at last and we are now sailing north in the Atlantic. Last night the thermometer was 40, the lowest it has been, and very cold to us.

Feb. 18. The eldest Nun, who is slightly crazy, commences to grow worse and worse. She cannot speak straight at all, and time hangs heavy on her hands. For change she wears the left shoe on her right foot, and vice versa.

Feb. 27. She sometimes makes remarks hardly in keeping with the dignity of a Nun. She proposed at table the other day that we all get up and play catch. Today they had to haul up a spar and tie it to the foremast which was split. They had to pull down all the sails which of course produced great excitement.

Feb. 28. Sunday. We girls wore our new gingham wrappers. It was a beautiful bright day and we all felt happy.

March 10. Great Excitement!! Almost the most exciting day we have ever yet had. We have seen seven ships and one, an Italian ship, came so near that we made signals to it, but it would make no answer. Mamma, Capt. Winters and the Captain's wife had a great religious argument with Marie Stanislaus, the French Nun, which produced quite an excitement afterwards. The Steward had a great argument with the poor crazy German Sister. The Captain caught a large shark and a frightful object it was, with four sets of teeth and the flesh still quivering and throbbing after it had been all hacked up by the sailors. Yesterday they tied ropes around the dogs and threw them overboard to bathe. Some sailors

jumped in too, but fortunately all got back on board before a shark appeared. It is very warm again and so nice.

Mar. 16. The sunsets for the last few days could hardly be surpassed in beauty and splendor.

Mar. 20. This evening we came very close to a ship. We hauled up our colors and soon we saw the dear old Stars and Stripes floating at the stern of the other ship, a joyful sight for us.

May 3. Rainy and dismal, off the mouth of the English Channel. This morning early a little boat from a fishing smack came off to us and sold us a quantity of mackerel. The men were from Boulogne, very hardy and healthy they looked, with bright sparkling eyes and red cheeks.

May 4. Head wind again, with heavy fog, and we feel quite discouraged.

May 5. Old England at last, although only a dim outline of the land can be seen. Last night we came in sight of the lights of the French coast.

May 6. Last night we had the worst storm we have had yet, very dark, with rain, thunder and lightning. I ran trembling into Mamma's room. Mamma, the Captain's wife and I sat up half the night in the cabin. Every once in a while the Captain or a Mate would come down to look at the barometer and would all laugh to see us.

This afternoon we saw the Isle of Wight where the English Queen resides sometimes. Bright, warm weather and on deck almost all day.

May 7. Last night a fine breeze brought us to the Straits of Dover. Nearly fifty ships were in sight and steamers going to and fro across the channel, a most animating sight. Warm and sunny. We could see Dover Castle and the chalk cliffs. A German emigrant ship passed so near by that we could distinctly see the "liebe Frau" [dear ladies] on board.

May 8. We are right in a fleet of about a hundred and fifty fishing smacks. Most of the fishermen who came to our ship wanted gin, but one real nice old man, who said he would not take any for a fortune, brought us some papers and potatoes which we were very glad to get.

The arrival at Bremen brought the journal, but not the journey, to a close. At Bremerhafen, the harbor many miles north of the city, who should be waiting to meet them but Paul Isenberg himself, and great was the joy of the little family thus reunited. He had left the islands in April and having availed himself of the land route across the isthmus of Panama, had had an expeditious passage of three weeks from San Francisco to New York. From Bremerhafen a few hours' ride by train brought them to Bremen, where they visited, to little Dora's sorrow, the Bauermeister cousins who showed such a disastrous predilection for her treasured wooden carving of a half ship. Again came a short journey by rail, all day southward up



WUNSTORF PARSONAGE
1929

the course of the River Weser toward Wunstorf, where the roomy old parsonage was waiting so eagerly to welcome them all. The joy of the old people was more than could be expressed even with demonstrative German hands and hearts. Eleven years and more had passed since they had sent this beloved eldest son out into the world to seek his fortune and now God had been good to let them look once more upon his face and to take his children into their arms, little Mary Dorothea, bearing the names of both grandmothers, and small Daniel Paul Rice, reminding them so freshly of their own firstborn son in the little home at Dransfeld.

At last, too, the New World had actually come to meet the Old World, Puritan America to Lutheran Germany, and differences were often felt. Yet, while obvious, they were not always uppermost, for bonds of love united the two differing attitudes of mind, a deep love for the



WUNSTORF MINSTER IN 1929

The tower was used as a place of refuge in medieval times.



CAPTAIN HEINRICH HACKFELD

Divine and an equally strong human affection for the children whom they cherished in common. Father and Mother Isenberg, as was their lifelong custom, took a glass of wine at dinner, to the amazement of Mother Rice, who looked upon the habit as a sin and a snare. And when Paul explained to them in German how his American mother felt, equal amazement was at once expressed

by the happy old German couple, who took their wine as a pleasant duty enjoined by Scripture, especially since it was the best of wine from Father Isenberg's brother in southern France! And when the Sabbath came, Mother Rice, accustomed from childhood to plain white New England churches and long, solemn sermons, felt strangely out of place in the elaborate old Romanesque church of thirteenth century Europe there at Wunstorf, with its vaulted ceilings, its massive pillars, its brightly decorated altars, its ornate chancel and organ, and the touches of color in its long, high windows, all this over and above the variety of liturgy and organ responses in the service. All this produced at first the strongest feelings of revulsion in Mother Rice, but with time her naturally keen aesthetic sense asserted itself and adjusted her mental equilibrium to the point where she actually came to admire and enjoy the rich beauty of the Old World church and its Lutheran service. Stiftskirche, it is called, as in England one speaks of York Minster, a cathedral originally connected with a medieval monastery, the old name persisting for centuries after the ancient cloisters of its minis-

terium or monastery have ceased to exist. In Wunstorf the great square tower of refuge on the old Stiftskirche still speaks of the troublous times when the town was often in a state of siege and women and children sought security within the church tower. At the beginning of the twentieth century this old church, like many others throughout Germany, was faithfully and elaborately restored. Built, it is said, on



MRS. HACKFELD

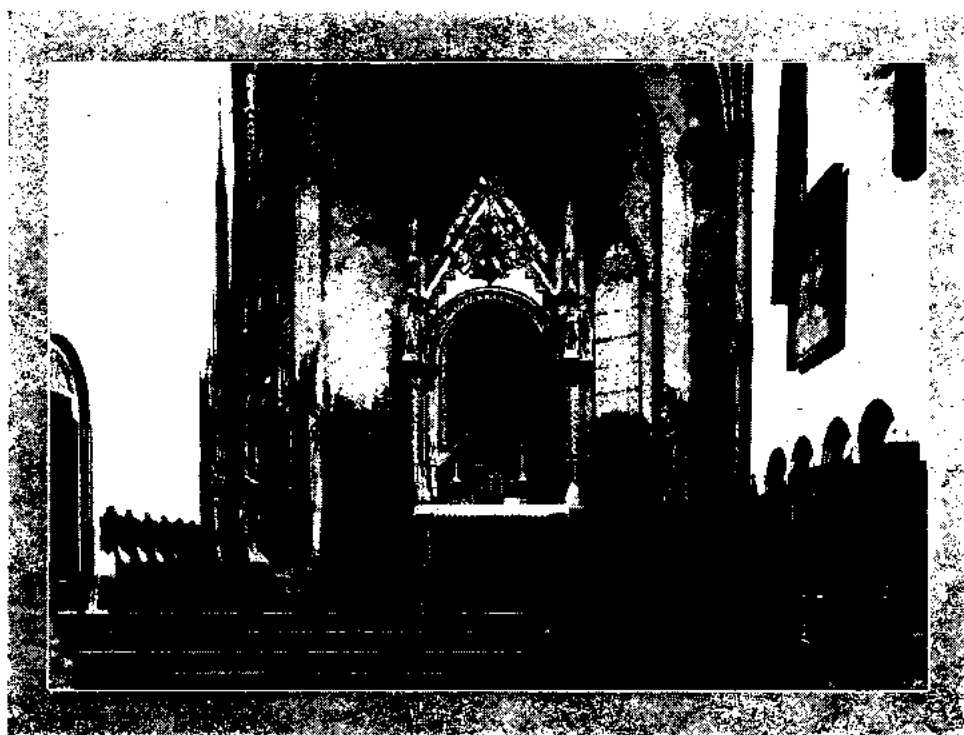
the site of an ancient altar to the pagan god, Wotan, it has twice escaped destruction by fire in wars of plunder, and just recently, in 1931, has celebrated the 750th anniversary of its founding.

Paul Isenberg, during this summer in his Fatherland, was often away from home on business journeys, once as far as Paris where he was hospitably entertained by Mr. Prevost, formerly of Lihue. On one trip to Hamburg he took Mother Rice with him to visit Captain and Mrs. Hackfeld who at that time made their home there. It happened that Miss Beta Glade of Bremen had also come on a visit to Mrs. Hackfeld, as she frequently did for weeks at a time. A beautiful girl of twenty-three, fair, blue-eyed, thoughtful, she at once put Mother Rice in mind of her own daughter Maria, a first-glance resemblance which Paul Isenberg likewise caught. And when young Miss Glade played for them exquisitely on the piano, Mother Rice's heart went out to her completely. It was often related afterward that the strangers arrived unexpectedly at the Hackfelds in the forenoon, when it

chanced that a wedding was in progress next door and the visitors from Hawaii were made welcome to the happy strains of the Mendelssohn wedding march plainly audible throughout the neighborhood. They all laughed and called it a favorable augury.

Less happy were the results of a later journey to Hamburg on which Paul took Molly and Anna Rice in order to show them something more of the foreign land in which they were sojourning. On the train one of their fellow-passengers in the same compartment was a sick, feverish child, and not many days after returning to Wunstorf both Molly and Anna were taken with what appeared to be the same malady. Poor little Mother Rice was troubled enough to feel that as guests they had brought sickness into the house, and when the kindly German doctor tried to explain to her that it was the "leetle pox," she understood him to mean smallpox, and her distress mounted almost to panic at the anxiety both for her own children and for their kind hosts as well. What the doctor meant was measles and the correct information presently allayed much of poor little Grandmother's distress of mind. After effects, however, were not wanting, for in some way Molly took cold and suffered so that her power of resistance was perceptibly lowered, thus paving the way for inevitable consequences.

Fortunately, they were in the bright warm days of mid-summer, and the parsonage at Wunstorf was set down in a lovely garden. But hardly were the two older girls able to be about again, when Dora and Paul fell victims to the same "leetle pox" and Grandmother's care and anxiety were all to do over again. Paul's plans for taking her on little trips into other parts of Germany and possibly also to Switzerland all came to naught, and her eyes never saw more than Wunstorf, Hamburg and Bremen, although her intuition could well picture the joys that she might otherwise have known. Her daughter Emily, whom



THE CHANCEL IN WUNSTORF MINSTER
1929

she had not seen for five years, was calling to her from her little home in Clinton, Missouri, and it was the part of prudence to take that long journey while summer and autumn days lasted. As for her two little grandchildren, she felt somehow that they would soon have as good care as she herself could give them. A Miss Schraeder was found to look after them until definite plans were made, and before the two children were entirely free of their measles, Grandmother and the two young aunts took their departure for far America.

Poor little Dora, just seven years old at the time, never forgot how she turned her face to the wall and sobbed her little heart out when Grandmother stepped softly out of the room for the last time and gently closed the door.

To be without Grandmother was a new experience and a bitterly hard one which somehow marked the end of little-girlhood. Up to now Grandmother's gentle hands and voice had always directed her and kind arms had always been ready to shield and shelter her. Now one must learn to fend for oneself against the cruelties of a strange world filled with strange people. How sharp this anguish of a child often is we sometimes forget unless we look back into our own childhood miseries. Outlived they always are, but rarely forgotten. During summer days before the measles, there had been the joy of the Wunstorf garden where the children gathered rose petals for Grandmother Isenberg's preparation of rose water. And as soon as late autumn days released small Dora from imprisonment within the house, she lost no time in scampering over the grass to her heart's delight. One morning she dashed out to brush away some puffs of white cotton lying on the lawn, and was startled enough to feel them cold against the palms of her hands and to hear the grown people laughingly tell her that those cold puffs of cotton were flakes of snow.

A part of Paul Isenberg's intention in bringing his children to the old home had been to leave them there for a German education, but one day when he came back from a visit in Bremen he had an unusually happy smile as he talked with Grandmother and Grandfather Isenberg. And afterward he took Dora off by herself and told her that beautiful Miss Beta Glade was to be her new Mamma and that they were not going to stay in Germany, but were all going home together. Going home to Lihue, yes, that the child heart accepted with joy. But with a new mother? No, that she at first resented with a sharp bitterness. Then one day Papa went to Bremen and brought Miss Glade back for a visit in the old parsonage at Wunstorf and everyone learned to admire and love her, just as Grandmother Rice had done at first

sight. Even Dora's sore little heart was eased, especially when letters began to come from Grandmother, and the child, eagerly asking Papa what Grandmother said about it, was comforted again by Grandmother's love and approval, though it came from so far away.

Sept. 9, 1869.

My dear son Paul,

Here we are, Mary and myself, on the Mississippi River going down to see Brother Atwood & Sister Lucy at Jasper, Tennessee. We have been on board 24 hours & think it the perfection of travelling. The Saloon is large & elegant, & the Staterooms pleasant. We have good fare & Ladies travelling alone are most carefully shielded from every annoyance from rude people. Indeed I like my own Country far better than I anticipated, & think it a better place for the children than I had ever dared to hope.



INTERIOR OF WUNSTORF MINSTER
1929

I wrote you from Clinton that I was getting ready for you all, but I fear I shall not receive word of your plans now until I return to Clinton. When you come to the States, Paul, buy your ticket through to St. Louis, then from there take tickets to Warrensburgh, or buy through to S. F. & stop at W. Your ticket will be good if you stop ever so long. From there to Clinton you will have to go in a stage. When we first went the road was bad & the ride most uncomfortable, but Tuesday it was a very pleasant ride. The rail road will not be through till next year. We all live with Emily in a 2 story house just as you enter the village. The back of our house is just back of the first church you see, a wooden building. Let us know when we may expect you and we will all be out.

Sept. 14th.

I have to-night received the joyful news of your engagement to our dear Beta. I take her right into my heart with my other children & pray God to give this blessing to your union that you may be indeed mutual blessings to each other. I can but feel that she is given in answer to my constant prayer that you might receive that favor of the Lord, "a good wife". Your letter is a great comfort to me. You could not have written more kindly.

All here unite in best love & congratulations to you and Miss Glade. We are at Atwood's, while Anna is at Clinton in school, Emily could not part with us all. I enjoy far more than I had anticipated in seeing my friends again. Much love to dear Dora & Paul & to all the dear family at Wunstorff, not forgetting Beta & Miss Schraeder, I am as ever

Your loving

Mother.

Rarely does a letter express so completely that ideal of "a heart filled with love." But Mother Rice was a rare woman and in their continued sharing of joy and sorrow Paul had indeed become a son to her. Although he was almost certain of her unspoken approval, the day for the wedding was not determined until he had received this loving response to his letter. Then preparations began.



BETA GLADE
1869

Because Father Isenberg longed to perform the ceremony and himself give Paul his blessing, and because the old people could not so well travel down to Bremen, the bride's family graciously waived their prerogative as hosts and all journeyed southward to Wunstorf. And a beautiful bride Beta was as she proceeded, veiled in white, down the aisle of the stately old church at Wunstorf, over which Father Isenberg was himself the pastor. The children present never forgot the glamour of that bridal procession and the glowing beauty of the fair young bride, accepting her responsibilities as she did with a joyful heart. Shortly after the ceremony the homeward journey was begun, a strange honeymoon, perhaps, but a very happy one.

Remembering Maria's eager wish that her children should see their relatives in the south, Paul made it one great objective to break the long overland journey at Ohio, feeling it a duty to take his children to their relatives in America as well as in Germany. Great-grandfather Rice was overjoyed to see them all, the two children with their new mother, and Paul whose help to him in his old age had been so constant. The two children never forgot that visit. Great-grandmother was quiet, but Great-grandfather beamed his happiness upon them and took them both out to see his cornhouse full of corn and all his fine red apples stored for the winter. Then when the family party arrived at Clinton, little Grandmother Rice welcomed them to their home in her heart as she stood watching the children wave their hands from the approaching stage. And what a joy it was to see Aunt Emily again, with her baby Harry, and Uncle George, her big husband. Then came

days and days across the prairies without seeing a single house or village. Sometimes there were herds of buffalo feeding on the prairie grass. And at every station there were Indians standing about. We went slowly, compared with present day trains, and

stopped often for water and fuel and our own food. When we went back again, only nine years later, all that was changed. Towns and villages were springing up all along the way, and the Indians and buffalo had vanished.

Before the end of the year the little family reached Honolulu safely and visited with friends there, the Pfluegers, relatives of the Hackfelds, and with Conrad Glade, Beta Isenberg's brother, who was also employed in the Honolulu office of H. Hackfeld and Company. To be at home again at Koamalu was the greatest joy to the children as well as to their father, and the new mother came into the old home as if she had always been a part of it, so happy was she to come, and so genuine was the love that welcomed her. One heart did hold out against her at first, the sore child heart of little Dora, who thrilled with joy at the recollection of her own mother, and correspondingly with pain at the knowledge that another was now set in her place. With Mother Rice and Paul Isenberg there was the remembrance of Maria's own repeated wish, when she saw the certain approach of death, that her children should in time know the care and love of a second mother. But to neither of these older folk did it ever once occur that small Dora should be told of her own mother's expressed wish. And so the hurt long remained within the child's heart, as such hurts will with sensitive children. But in time the new Beta Isenberg carried away even that resenting barrier, so true was the love she bore to the family of her adoption. Not every woman would have had the patience to compass all in a situation presenting so many difficult angles. But Beta Glade Isenberg was of a nature rarely gentle and understanding in the manner in which she soon became one with her new family. Her beauty of person must almost have equalled that of character, for to this day "boys" from Koloa tell how Mother Dole brought them over to

see the new Mrs. Isenberg when she first arrived, and how they thought that the lovely young bride must be an angel, and when she played to them on the piano they were sure of it. Even now, at the age of eighty-four, Beta Isenberg's eyes are as bright blue and her cheeks as rosy as ever they were, and with the skill of a master musician she delights in the rendition of Beethoven sonatas at her grand piano in company with a niece at the second piano beside her.



PAUL AND BETA ISENBERG
1869

Not long after the return of Paul Isenberg and his family in 1869 Mother Rice sent her welcoming message from far Missouri, so thankful that Koamalu was again filled with her own beloved children. Later letters followed, one bearing sad tidings, but all bringing word of her abiding love for them and trust in the Divine Father.

Clinton, Jan. 22nd, 1870.

My dear son Paul,

Your letter of Jan. 6th. was received a week since & we all agree that you are just the best son in the world to write. I do thank you for all you have told us, and about the children. It is such a comfort to know, & I do thank you with all my heart. And

Paul, I have been just as faithful to you, I have immediately answered every letter. With your foreign letters we have done the very best we could, put them in new envelopes as the old were so thoroughly written over we feared they would not be legible. George had them weighed & we paid full postage, & if they are all lost, we could do nothing more, only be very sorry. There were a good many both from Bremen & Wunstorf, & I sent short notes in each envelope. I never forget you or your interests. As I wrote before, you must be my guest one week at the hotel, that is please charge one week of your hotel bill here to my account. Could you only have stayed longer, so many people wished to become acquainted with you & your dear wife. You had calls till you had been gone many days & so many regretted not seeing you. But I am so thankful for even the short visit. I feel so at rest about the dear children, & so glad you could write that they had no cough.

We are plodding on as usual. I am feeling better than when you were here, still I lose rather than gain, & do not look as well as when I came. But you know I am as pleasantly situated as I can be, the house is warm & I do not suffer from the cold. Emily & Mary seem to endure the cold better than Anna, who manages to take cold frequently. Both the girls are making good progress in their music, I hope they will be qualified to teach.

We have lent out about 900 dollars of our money on interest secured by real estate here. I have sent & given Father Rice 250 dollars this year, & Sister Lucy 150. Father Rice wrote me that he was not in need of more, so I took the opportunity to send Lucy more to enable her to visit us here this spring. Brother Atwood will not remove to this region, but goes to Chattanooga. I think it is best for him, though it would be so pleasant to live near each other.

Mary is very busy helping to get up Tableaux for a festival to raise money to seat the church. The German lady who visited you here is at the head of the enterprise. She is often here & always enquires after you all. Another German lady called on us last week. I was so glad to see her, for I love all Germans on your account, my dear Paul & Beta. I am trying now to get up a class of German children in our Sabbath School. You know they are not very religious over here in this country.

I will send dear Dora her papers & try to write to her next week. George who is lying on the lounge, Emily who is getting Harry to sleep, Mary who is practicing, & Anna who is resting from her studies, all send love to you, to Beta & Dora & Paul.

As ever, most lovingly

Mother.

Aloha to Carl. Shall I send his letters back to you?

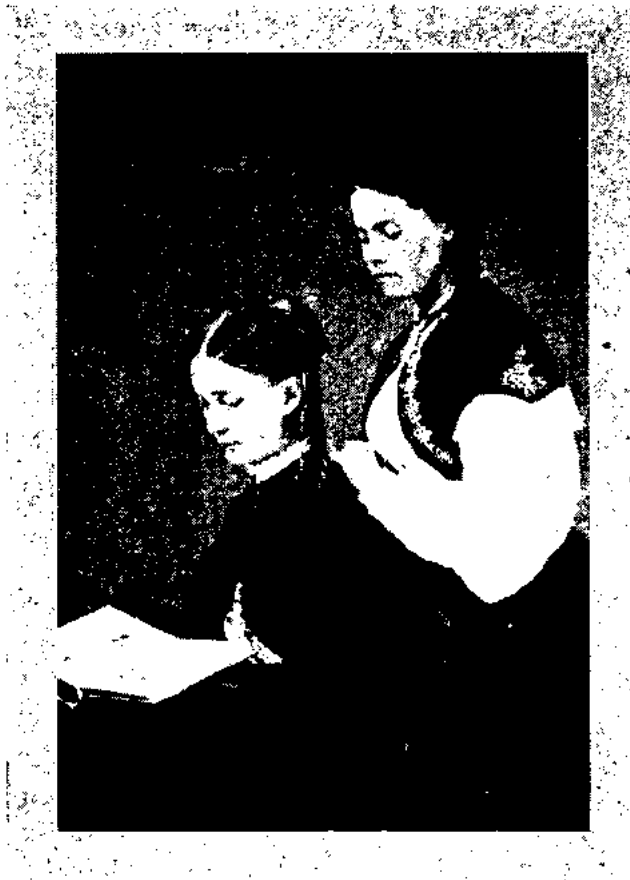
Clinton, Sept. 11th, 1870.

My dear sons Paul & Willy,

I must communicate to you the sad tidings of our Mary's death. She died last Monday on Anna's birthday, Sept. 5th. I have only now found courage to write, and yet I have every comfort that a mother can have in the death of a daughter. She seemed so ripe for heaven, so resigned. I wrote you of her strangely losing the use of her left arm and shoulder. This she never regained. But last Sabbath we spent a most pleasant Sabbath. I dressed her and read to her the Resurrection of Christ, which she seemed to enjoy. Then we walked in the garden & talked of our friends. She spoke kindly of Paul & very gratefully of Emily's peculiarly happy marriage.

Toward evening she wished me to read to her from Hymns of the Faith and this led to some conversation on Heaven. She said she knew that she was a great sinner and that Christ is a great Saviour. She slept quietly and on Monday was dressed and sat with us at Breakfast and dinner. Afterward she had a severe pain in her chest. I applied all the remedies possible & she only grew worse. I finally said she must take morphine. "No," she replied, "I will not take it, I wish to die conscious." I told her she would soon be easier. Even then I did not think of its being death. But she bade us good bye and after an hour of agony she passed away. She had not been able to use her hand all those weeks, so she could do nothing scarcely, but she sat so patiently, her face so peaceful & lovely. Once she sent her love to all her friends.

Bright, beautiful Molly! One of little Dora's brightest pictures of her flashed into memory's camera in the old mission home in Honolulu, when the Rices were staying there with the Cookes before they sailed away to Ger-



THE TWO MOLLIES IN 1869
Mary Cooke standing, Mary Rice seated.

many. The two Mollies were boon companions and loved gay times. One afternoon when they were going out to a party, small Dora saw them coming down the stairs and standing together at the doorway, the "narrow winding stair" of the old mission house hardly allowing even one at a time to pass down with her be-ruffled taffeta skirts. So happy the two were, their fresh, laughing faces so beautiful, as they waited impatiently for the hour

of the festivity to begin.

Late in 1870 Grandmother and Aunt Anna returned to Lihue to keep house for Uncle Willy in his home on the hill beyond the mill. And they spoke so lovingly of Aunt Molly that even then it seemed strange that she should not be there with them. A little brother Carl had been born in the old Koamalu home in September and Mamma was so busy with him that it was a double joy to have Grandmother back again, for even though she came to the old house only now and then, it was home to them all, and Uncle Willy's new cottage east of the mill was just a new part of the old home. Even the old Chinese

cook was there, the one whom Paul Isenberg had insisted on introducing into the kitchen at Koamalu when he was married in 1861. And such a blessing that Chinaman always was, Mother Rice used to say, such a good cook and so reliable. So that it was like the old home again to find him at Uncle Willy's when small Dora was allowed to go down and spend the day with Grandma. Sometimes she could stay even all night, for Grandma always had a nest ready in her bed for a small girl, who would sometimes rouse in the night and be so surprised to see Grandma sitting wide awake at the window, yet never so far away but that she would come to the bedside instantly, even if one spoke ever so softly. Oh, it was quite wonderful to have Grandmother back again, small Dora was very sure of that, as she has often related since:

And best of all perhaps was to be allowed to drive my own horse in the little carriage and take Grandmother over to Koloa to call on the Doles. I was only eight years old, but was apparently considered quite a safe escort for Grandmother on these long rides. No matter when we arrived, Father Dole always made us lemonade from the small yellow Chinese oranges growing in the yard, and it tasted so good. It was still the same garden which had stirred Aunt Emily's envious feeling to such a destructive point, and many a time did I hear that story told, though not intended for my childish ears. One thing in the garden that fascinated me was Mr. Dole's sun dial. I had never seen one anywhere else and longed passionately to ask about it, but my elders had so impressed it upon me that the only polite conduct for a child when visiting was to be seen and not heard, that I just folded up my questions and put them away inside of me without ever asking them. The Doles were old people then, of course, and no longer kept a school. But, like Aunt Emily, I remember that they always had things that other people never had. There was that sun dial, I can see it still. And they had sorghum for the cows. Nobody else had sorghum in those days. I used to love to get a piece and chew it. The Doles' lilies, too, were quite different lilies from those in other gardens.

And their old house, with the little garret room where my own mother used to live when she went to school there. I have been so happy in later years to find letters of hers telling of that old house. While Grandmother was talking with the Doles downstairs, I would be allowed to go up into that attic with the tiny rooms and read the Little Corporal, I think it was, a paper which preceded the St. Nicholas. Heaps of it had been left up there by the two Dole boys and I used to love going up to that little attic room and poring over those old magazines. The Doles must have added another room to their house after my mother was there at school, because the girls slept downstairs when Aunt Emily and Aunt Molly boarded there. And later the boys had still another house, I think. But in that old attic I lived many happy hours and I am so glad my own mother loved it before me.

And dear Grandmother, how gentle she was! The harshest comment she ever uttered of a person was to say with a sigh, "Why cumbereth he the earth?" When greatly distressed, she sometimes went so far as to describe a person as "of the earth, earthy," but that was seldom. Yet with all her gentleness she was as firm as the rock of Gibraltar when a question of right or duty arose, and had no more thought of sparing us children than herself. She was often worried, but she told me that Grandfather Rice had always been of a very happy genial nature, and a good talker. While she was very sensitive and intense, he had a more even and cheerful temperament, marked by steadiness and calm judgment.

Once when Grandfather was ill, as a young man, and had to leave Hana by a small vessel, Grandmother thought that for once she would conquer seasickness and take care of him, yet she could not bear the thought of going down into the close, hot cabin, even should there prove to be a tiny cabin on board. A settee was taken along for grandfather and he was laid on it on deck. In a little while Grandmother crawled under the settee and lay there helpless the rest of the voyage. Kaniho, Opunui's wife, had to take care of little Maria all the way.

When my brother and I came along, Grandmother cared for us as if she had been indeed our mother. She taught me to read and to love reading. And she insisted on my memorizing a good deal. There was always a poem pinned on the door at home to be

memorized. And she frequently had me read aloud to her, often from the Bible. There was my own big Bible, and how I loved that great book! It was something of my very own that no one could ever take from me. But Grandmother usually had me use her own smaller copy, and even when it was just a few verses, she never failed to notice if I happened to leave one out. Neither did she fail to request me to go back to the omission, and back I went! When I was older I read the whole Bible through to her, and much later when she came to live with me I read it once, and I think twice, through again to her. How saturated they were with the Bible, and with what implicit faith they took it. I remember how she often discussed passages in it with the Doles.

Koloa in those days was much more of a town than Lihue, which harbored only a plantation carpenter and cooper, while many other trades centered in the older settlement at Koloa. If I needed a pair of shoes, we had to go over to Koloa and order them of Pinkham, the cobbler. They were rather stiff, heavy shoes when they were finally done, and I wore them only on Sundays, but have them I must. Charman, the trader, lived on the Koloa road, above the other houses. And there was a baker there, too, who could always let us have bread when we were pilikia for it, or in need of it. Many a time the steamer would bring extra company, and we never could get anything extra at Lihue. Often Mamma would have three luncheons to serve unexpectedly and, with our own supply exhausted for the moment, would send me off on horseback to buy bread at Koloa.

For years my brother Paul and I were the only white children in Lihue. The Widemanns had gone before I was old enough to remember them, and before we went to Germany Koloa seemed a long distance from Lihue. Such isolation made me very shy for years and years. Even later, when I went to school at the Priory in Honolulu, I always went up with Papa or Judge McBryde. About a year after we came back from Germany, Papa engaged a governess for us, and with her I took long rides, often every day. With Papa, too, I was often allowed to ride over to Koloa after he became interested in that plantation. While he made his weekly inspection, I had the whole day with Mrs. Wright, who had been my governess, and with other Koloa neighbors. Thus it came about that I was almost as much at home there as in Lihue.

A frequent guest from Honolulu was Mr. W. C. Parke, Marshall of the Kingdom, whom I remember as quite the most distinguished gentleman of my acquaintance, for my little-childhood was much impressed by his white vest and gold buttons. The Parkes never sold out their shares in Lihue and in later years when Mr. Parke's son continued those periodic visits to the plantation, my father was wont to show him with pride the old koa bookcase, a beautiful piece of cabinet work, which young Willie Parke's father had made so long before.

With frequent company to entertain, there were often picnics, a-horseback, in valleys where we never go nowadays, more's the pity. Sometimes at the Halfway Bridge, but more often at the Picnic Bridge, as they had called it in my mother's time. This was the second little bridge on the Koloa road, over the little Hoina-kauna-lehua stream which we hardly even notice today, we go so fast. How good the ohias, mountain apples, tasted, and what fun it all was. Aunt Anna and I will never forget that picnic in a boat on the Huleia River when we set out to find the cave on the moun-



DORA AND PAUL RICE ISENBERG IN 1874

tain below Haupū. We never came near the cave and even lost all our lunch, too. Lizzie Pogue leaned way over to put her hand in the water and so the whole boat tipped over, and Willy Damon saved my life! The Smiths had brought silver spoons and those were left at the bottom of the river with the lunch. Auwe! Alas! But we all got out on the bank and had to get on to our horses dripping wet. Then Willy Damon went straight to the mill and said to my father, "I have saved your daughter's life." How my father laughed! Willy had seen me sink several times after the boat capsized, and finding I could not swim, had hauled me out. It was always fun to have Willy along, he was so jolly.

Oddly enough, I never learned to swim until we had our own swimming pool here at Molokoa. As children, Paul and I used to ride our horses down to the little pool in the stream below Koamalu, riding our horses in and scrubbing them off for their weekly bath, but we never swam there. In the days when every drop of water was brought up to the house from the valley by a Hawaiian, carrying two buckets swinging from the ends of an auamo stick on his shoulders, my aunts and I had often gone down to bathe in another little pool further down where the stream flowed into the mill pond. We took muu-muus of bright colored cloth, such as the native women wore, and slipped them on there under the trees. There was never anyone about in that quiet valley. My aunts swam about, but never taught me, so that I could never go in to the deep mill pond. About 1870 my father had a water wheel built in the valley. The water brought by a ditch ran it and the force drove the water by a pump into our kitchen and bath house at Koamalu.

After Mother Rice returned to Lihue to keep house for her son, Paul and Beta Isenberg had to be in Honolulu for some time, and took with them the two small sons, little Paul and Carlie, the baby. Not only Mrs. Isenberg's brother, Conrad Glade, lived in Honolulu, but her sister also, Mrs. B. F. Ehlers. Mother Rice, beginning those long years of moving about from one home to another to care for different families of grandchildren, went up to the old home at Koamalu to be with Dora.

Writing home news to Mrs. Beta Isenberg, Mother Rice made use of almost the only German word which she ever acquired.

Lihue, May 12, 1871.

Liebe Beta,

We all think of your birth day today & trust it may please God to give you many happy returns of the day, Blessed in your own Christian life & blessed as wife & mother.

The day has opened with a most grateful shower of rain. I have filled for you the 2 largest glass jars with guava jelly. But since I had only the best Lihue sugar the jelly is not as light a color as I could wish, still I hope you will value it. For many weeks Dora has been talking of your birth day & wishing to commemorate it. She will *bring* you the result of her plans. Carl seemed pleased with his birth day cake yesterday & Dora made him a pen wiper which he appeared to think nice.

We do not trouble either Carl or Willy to sleep up here at Koamalu, as we are not at all afraid. They go early to work, and it would be inconvenient for them here. Then Carl looks after the watering at night & Willy has been obliged to look after the cattle-stealing several nights this week.

Yesterday evening we had the pleasure of welcoming our dear Paul. I was so glad he stayed over one Sunday. We saw the Jenny pass & looked for him. All day Wednesday too we looked our eyes most out, but no sign of a Moku till evening and then we were so glad when he was once more safely here and in good spirits.

Anna sends so much love and thanks for her pretty present. She will write you soon. Dora will be so glad to go up with her father and to see you again. I have enjoyed so much being with her. I hope her journey will do her good, as her cough is not quite gone, though better. I send the apron Dora has hemmed for you, her birth day present. Am glad dear Carlie is well and so good. I will add a note for little Paul.

Believe me as ever

Your loving Mother

M. S. R.

Dear little Paul,

Grandmama was glad to get your many kisses and sends as many back. She is glad you have many little friends to play with. Try to help dear Mama and not give her trouble. Dora is playing with the little dog.

Your loving Grandma.

How Grandmother's love followed and encircled them all and how she devoted herself first to one child or grandchild and then another! In the fall of 1871 she took Anna away to Mills Seminary, where Molly and Maria had been so kindly cared for. Writing back to Dora, she mentioned the younger girls there of whom she was herself in charge. Occasionally, also, Anna added a note to her mother's letter.

Oct. 17th, 1871.

My dear Grandchild,

How much you are in my thoughts! Grandma remembers what a dear kind child you were to her, & is very glad she could be with you even a little while. Be kind and loving to Paul & try to help him to do right. I wish so much to hear from you & know how you are getting along with your lessons, with your play, too. Grandma misses you Oh so much, & little Paul also.

There are many little girls here, but only one nine, your age. I know I shall love to take care of them for your sake. Mrs. Mills has a broken arm & I stay with her just now. I shall write to Papa & Mama soon.

Nov. 6th, 1871.

Liebe Beta,

My good daughter to write me, & us, so much. During the calamity of this war between Germany and France it is a great comfort to know that you are all in health. Tell Paul and Willy that we shall do very well till spring on the money we have with us, if they will give orders to Hackfeld & Co. to allow us passage on the steamer, should we be obliged to leave suddenly on account of health.

Also tell your good sister, Mrs. Ehlers, that Anna and I are still enjoying the candy & jelly she so kindly gave us. How good of her to remember my birth day. I did enjoy it with Anna but was much in the sick room with Mrs. Mills. Anna is very diligent. She has made a sack for Carlie which she will send soon. Remember if you are overworked, I will come at any time. I do not forget the dear children. Every day I am with you in the early morning with prayers and wishes for the day. Today we heard of the terrible calamity to the whaling fleet, just after the fearful losses by fire in Chicago. It seems such a year of trouble. Dear Beta, I do thank you for writing so much.

My dear Paul, I see by your letter how hurried you are. You did not give us the German news. In this time of war we are anxious to hear from Wunstorf and Carl.

Ever your loving Mother.

November 27th, 1871.

My dear Beta,

Our dear Mother is quite well and contented, only some times she gets rather tired, and I fear feels the cold a good deal. I am delighted to have her with me, if it is best. We hear from Emily almost every week. Do you hear from Carl? Does he not think of going back to Lihue? Before another Sunday we hope to hear from you all at Lihue.

Mother has been reading to me from such a nice book, translated from the German, called Tales from Alsace. We thought of you often while reading, thinking you would enjoy it. We shall send it to you, if we can get it.

Give much love to Paul and the children and also to your sisters. Write to me some time when you can, dear Beta, and don't forget your loving sister

Anna.

Dec. 4th.

Dear Liebe Beta,

We were so happy to hear from you. But Paul writes the sad news of his dear Mother's death. Yet so peacefully she passed away that we can only sorrow for those who remain & not for her who has doubtless entered into the joy of her Lord.

I fear you need my help, dear Beta. I am ready to go at once to you, for my first duty is to you as the mother of Maria's children. Anna sends the little sack, though fearing that it may already have become too small for Carlie. Anna learns so many things now & is very well. I am very grateful for all my children & their love. Please hand Emily's letter to Willy when you have read it. All your letters received today did my heart good.

It was just about this time that small Dora was visiting at the Ehlers home in Honolulu where she heard German even more than at home, although the hard words rapidly spoken were often difficult to understand. In January she was told that she had another little brother, einen kleinen Bruder, which sounded like Puter, or turkey, as it might to many a grown-up excursionist in the uncharted realm of a new language. For some time the child delighted herself with the thought of owning a whole new little turkey all to herself at home, an illusion shattered by her elders as promptly as it was discovered. And great was her disappointment, for of brothers she already had two, but of small turkeys none at all. After Mother Rice's return during the summer of 1872, Mrs. Isenberg made quite a visit in Koloa, taking baby Alexander with her, but leaving the three older children with Grandma Rice at Koamalu. Again, as for so many years, Mother's home letter follows up the travelers.

Liebe Beta,

May 1st, 1872.

We have thus far had a nice time with Carlie. When he waked from a fine sleep he did not cry, but called and looked for his Mama. Paul R. had a good cry because you were gone. He had hurt his foot with a nail & I have been soaking it in lye water.

The Jenny has arrived with a mail. Letters from Missouri report all well with Emily's family. They may come out here to spend the winter. Willy has gone to Honolulu to the legislature and writes of a comfortable passage across the channel. Paul will report on German letters just received, no bad news, I am happy to say.

Thursday.

Carlie slept all night, had a look all over the house for his Mama, & now points outdoors when we mention your name. He is quite happy. Dora's hand is better, & she will probably be able to write tomorrow.

Is it not a blessing to report all well this morning through the loving care of the Good Father? I send the blouse you wished. Aloha to all the Koloa friends and to Mrs. McBryde & with love to yourself in quantity.

Mother.

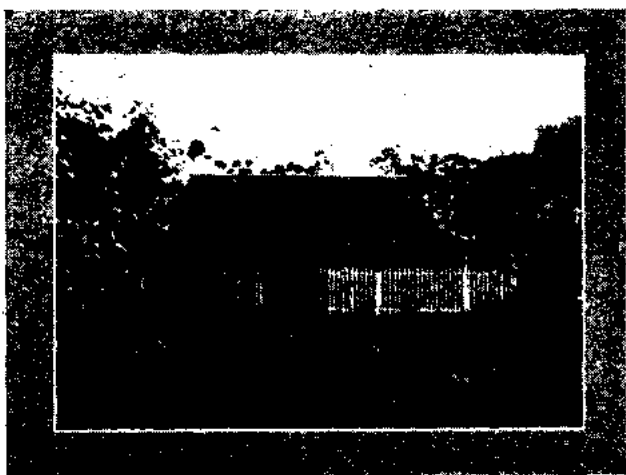
The disaster to the whaling fleet mentioned by Mother Rice in her letter of November, 1871, contributed to the already rapid decline of that industry in the Pacific, and dealt a blow to much of the trade in Honolulu. The need of vessels during the Civil War had already crippled the industry by withdrawing many whalers from the western ocean. And with the gradually increased use of kerosene after the discovery of petroleum in 1859, whale oil was much less sought after. Mr. J. F. B. Marshall, writing from Boston in December of 1859, sought to comfort his island friends with the statement of a current theory which history has not substantiated. After remarking on the numerous substitutes for whale oil which were being put on the market, but none of which was yet free from objection, he added:

Even kerosene, which became suddenly so popular, has very much declined in public favor. Though a cheap and brilliant light, it fills the room with a noxious odor said to be very injurious to the lungs.

The day of the whale was setting, nevertheless, and he was soon to be left in comparative peace in all oceans the world over. The winter of 1871 closed in in the Arctic Circle unexpectedly early and more than thirty whaling vessels of the Pacific fleet were irretrievably lost, frozen into the ice fields north of Bering Strait, and

abandoned, perforce, by their crews. Looking back now to the days of thick whale oil with its strong fishy smell and feeble, flickering flame in small lamps that, like candles, often had to be held close to the book to allow at all of reading, even the brilliance of larger kerosene lamps with chimneys and far brighter flame seems to grow pale before the dawning glitter of electricity as it flashes along hidden wires. The decline of whaling had its direct effect on the agricultural life of Hawaii, as well as on business in Honolulu. Whaleships no longer called at Koloa, Waimea and Wailua for supplies. The Wailua Ranch gradually ceased to exist as such, and little by little was rented out to Chinese rice planters. At Mr. Krull's model dairy above Kealia milch cows were slaughtered by the hundred, their fat tried out for tallow and their hides thrown into a great pit when tanning was no longer possible. Useless was it to salt beef or make butter. Hawaiians at Koloa no longer had a market for firewood, sweet potatoes, pumpkins. The Hawaiian market in California had slumped after its first sudden flare of 1850 and succeeding years. But the determined efforts of the Royal Hawaiian Agricultural Society were bearing fruit. The cultivation of rice had already placed it second among Hawaiian exports, and sugar, although still largely experimental, was looked to to save the situation.

In 1871 Mother Rice's letters from California refer to Carl Isenberg's having gone home to Germany. He and Mother Rice were great friends and she missed him from the home surroundings at Lihue. In less than ten years he had saved up enough to be married on in Germany and had returned to find the young lady to whom he had been engaged for twelve years and more. She had indeed waited for him, but having waited so long in spinsterhood, could not suddenly make up her mind to wedlock, and the engagement was finally broken. Carl bought a pottery business and settled down in Duingen



COTTAGE AT LIHUE
*Occupied by the sugar boilers, Carl and Otto
 Isenberg, about 1870.*

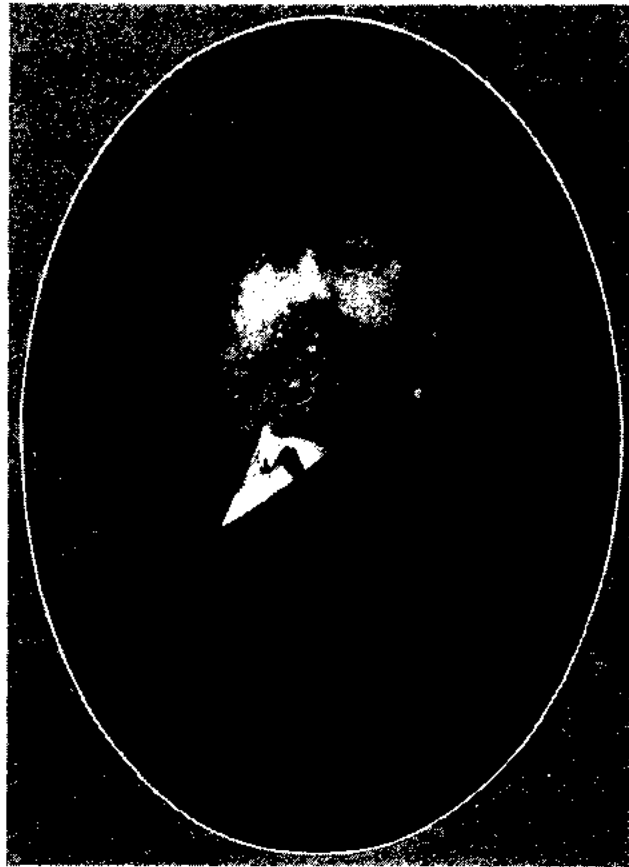
where he later married. Before leaving Lihue he had taught sugar-boiling to his younger brother Otto, who like himself, but in 1871, a few years later, had come up from Australia at Paul's suggestion. As sugar-boilers, both Carl and Otto lived on the hill east of the mill and of the pres-

ent bank building, where the boarding house for the plantation bachelors stood in later times. Their cottage was the house once occupied by the Prevosts and near the tall wooden frame which held the big plantation bell. In 1869 the old bell frame had been renewed and painted; after the advent of shrill steam whistles at the mill it was taken down altogether.

More than one of Paul Isenberg's contemporaries have remarked the fact that after returning from his first visit to Europe he showed himself to be far more progressive in his policy as plantation manager. This change was due perhaps to the fact that as part owner also he was more conscious of the growing importance and potentialities of Hawaiian sugar. Quite natural is it that so prudent and thoughtful a worker as he was even in his early youth should at first have shown considerable conservatism on shouldering the graver responsibilities of Lihue Plantation. Moreover, it was obvious that the time for greater investment had not then come. And his directors, too, evinced more than a modicum of conservative policy in their decisions. In 1870 Paul Isenberg's salary from the

plantation was still stationary at one hundred dollars a month. Marshall Parke, one of the owners in Lihue Plantation, once said to Mrs. Beta Isenberg, "Everything Paul Isenberg begins has God's blessing. I have told C. R. Bishop that we must raise Isenberg's salary, but he says 'No, no, wait till he asks for more.'"

Times were changing, however, and men with them. After Paul Isenberg's return from Germany late in 1869 he began to feel that it was the part of prudence to make larger investments with a view to larger outputs. About this time he installed a new mill at Lihue, which came from Scotland and for which he doubtless negotiated while in Europe. The old machinery was worn and inadequate; the new was so costly that money had to be borrowed for it, but its increased output soon covered that added expenditure. It is conceivable that with time his salary also was increased. With time also he began to work steadily toward the fulfilment of two dreams. One was to acquire additional fields. The other was to make more extended use of the water so bountifully supplied by nature on that windward coast of the island.



CARL ISENBERG
ABOUT 1895

On his departure from Lihue in the spring of 1869 Paul Isenberg had left Albert Wilcox of Hanalei as assistant or temporary manager in his stead. Albert Wilcox lived in the cottage with W. H. Rice, who was two years his junior and a boyhood friend. Carl Isenberg was of course in charge of the mill and of repairs there before the new grinding season commenced. On Paul Isenberg's return late in 1869 Albert Wilcox went back to continue attempts with growing cane in his home valley at Hanalei. And his older brother, George, having succeeded so well with his own ditch on Grove Farm lands, took a contract to survey the extension of the old Lihue ditch. Many a time both manager and surveyor rode up into the hills to discuss plans and changes, and great was the delight of small Dora Isenberg when she was allowed to ride along with them. Her duty it was to hold their horses while Papa and George Wilcox prospected for new water leads or inspected tunnels and ditches. Those were the days when Papa needed three good horses every day, one before breakfast, one during the forenoon and one for the afternoon. These were always turned out to pasture at the end of the week, like the work oxen, for none of them were stable-fed. Then a fresh set of three horses was brought in from pasture Monday morning. It was not until much later that California hay and grain were imported and the plantation stables built, after the cane fields, by extending gradually into the mauka lands, had begun to shrink the pasturage appreciably. On these long rides with her father it was Dora Isenberg's keen regret that she never penetrated as far into the mountains as Waiahi valley itself. It was remote and not easily accessible, but her father on returning from it always spoke of it as a spot once inhabited and well cultivated in taro and coffee, and he often came back from such an expedition with his saddlebags heavy with the most delicious oranges.

This project of irrigation was one on which Paul Isenberg had long set his heart and mind. For years the little ditch dug and tunneled by Father Rice had been obviously inadequate even for the old fields and with the prospect of additional acres it was inevitable that more water should be obtained. Irrigation was becoming the great need of the moment. As far as is known, Father Rice had been the first on the islands to use it by conveying mauka water through ditch, flume and tunnel. Twelve years later George Dole had been the first manager at Koloa to apply the principle that a steady and sufficient flow of water would render barren makai lands richly productive. At Lihue the ditch of 1856, by diverting the Hanamaulu stream near its source, had led it southward toward Lihue through a gap in Kilohana crater. Paul Isenberg's first extension of that ditch penetrated up on the north side of Kilohana and tapped higher streams, which greatly increased the volume of water. The ditch itself was likewise lengthened and enlarged.

It was the ambition of both Paul Isenberg and George Wilcox, manager and engineer, to tap the Waiahi Stream, or south fork of the Wailua River, further down in its course, and six years later they achieved it when the project of Hanamaulu lands was beginning to take definite shape. But in the early years of 1870 these two young engineers were obliged to superintend personally the handling of every stick of dynamite, if they did not wish to find their men, totally ignorant of its use, on the point of digging out a fuse that had failed to explode on schedule time. Many a tale they told of hairbreadth escapes, when giant powder was still a new thing in the land, one of them being often under the necessity of riding mauka with the dynamite in his pocket, carefully keeping the caps separate, and himself setting and firing the fuses, in order not to endanger other lives than his own.



WAIHOHONU IN 1928

The manager's home at Koloa, a two-story front having been added to the little old stone house.

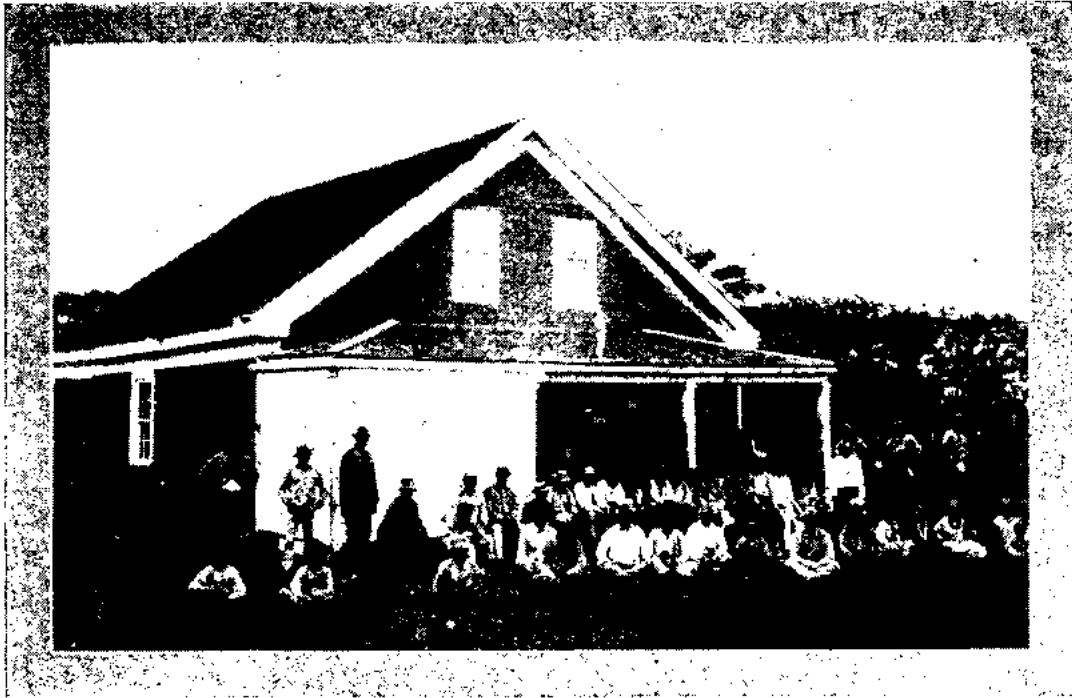
Even at great risk and expense, however, every enterprise that Paul Isenberg undertook succeeded, and his younger contemporaries began to follow with assurance where he led. In 1870 Dr. Wood, having left the islands, decided to

sell his Koloa plantation and offered it to Paul Isenberg through their mutual agents, H. Hackfeld and Company. Mr. J. N. Wright, who was postmaster and storekeeper at Koloa, agreed to become the manager and to take a fourth share, on condition that Mr. Adolf Haneberg might take the same amount and be placed in charge of the sugar-boiling. Paul Isenberg himself took a half share, and in December of 1871 the deed of sale was drawn up for \$35,000. This was the second foundation stone laid by Paul Isenberg at the basis of his subsequent fortune. Thrift and Good Will had formed the first; now to them were added Enterprise and Initiative. Koloa was at this time one of the most prosperous of the island plantations, with an annual output of some four hundred tons of sugar, and far advanced beyond the first commercial planting of sugar there by Chinese who, during the early years of 1830, put up their crude brown sugar in small mat bags imported from China. Mrs. Wright has written something of her life at Koloa for the Kauai Historical Society. New fields were cultivated, one of them being the famous buried forest of 400 acres now submerged by a reservoir. With Otto Isenberg in charge,

twenty teams of oxen were sometimes employed to haul out old trees imbedded in the swamp. One of these was a loulu palm so large that a calabash made of its hardwood center was long prized by Mrs. Wright.

It was in the Koamalu home at Lihue that Mr. Wright had first met his wife, then Miss Anna Wundenberg, of the Kikiula home on Hanalei River. In 1874 she had become governess to Dora and Paul Rice Isenberg. Sunday afternoons, escorted by W. H. Rice, G. N. Wilcox and W. O. Smith, she and Dora would usually ride over to Koloa for the service in English at Mr. Dole's chapel. W. O. Smith, oldest son of Dr. Smith of Koloa, was at that time sheriff of the island and lived with W. H. Rice in Lihue. After church they would often ride up to Waihohonu, Deep Water, the old stone house where Mr. Wright lived. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bindt kept house for him, Mrs. Bindt being a daughter of the Johnson family at Waioli Mission. After supper all rode home again to Lihue, often by moonlight. Return visits were not infrequently made at Koamalu by Mr. Wright and Otto Isenberg.

How truly hospitable were those old houses! Mrs. Wright remarks that her husband was port collector at Koloa for a number of years and always invited the captains of ships in port to spend their nights on shore at Waihohonu, which is today one of the oldest houses on Kauai. Sometimes the captains' wives were with them on the voyage, and pleased they were with beds ashore while the vessels were unloading and taking on supplies. Extensive additions to the old stone house were not made until later years. On the surface of its original massive structure Time itself has left little trace. And as one lays a respectful hand on its deep window seats or thick, uneven walls, and enters under the broad koa lintel of its spacious front door, or stoops slightly beneath the sturdy, hand-hewn beams of its little cellar, one wishes



LIHUE PLANTATION STORE IN 1865

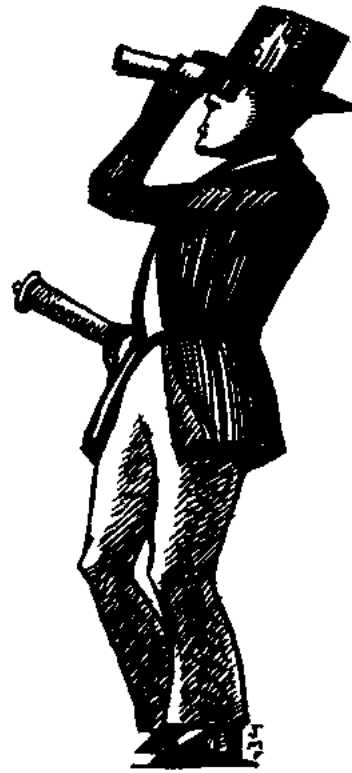
It stood near the Koamalu home in the days when nearly all the laborers were Hawaiians. Several stovepipe hats are here proudly worn by their owners.

that the old Chinese house at Koamalu might also have remained to this day. But that was built of wood, imported by Mr. Peirce from Canton in 1850 probably, and had well served its generation of a quarter of a century.

Within its old walls a new little family, yet still the same, was growing up. In the inevitable shifting at the time when the Koamalu family made the voyage to Germany, even Mother Rice's old Chinese cook had gone to keep house for her own son. A number of Japanese had been brought to augment the labor supply on the plantations. Quick and intelligent, some of them at Lihue began very soon to serve in the house as well. One young fellow, called Johnny, married a Hawaiian wife, and soon became indispensable as a cook under Mrs. Beta Isenberg's efficient training. During the months of intense

excitement over the events of the Franco - Prussian war, Johnny never failed, whenever he knew that letters had arrived from Germany, to inquire with keen solicitude for the health of His Highness, Prince Bismarck. Outside the old house other changes were in progress. The old plantation store, which had so long been a landmark near the road south of the Koamalu house, was presently to be set on rollers and hauled by ox teams down the mill valley and up on to the hill where the present store stands. Lumber was scarce in those days, and a plantation could not afford to "scrap" old material that was worth saving. The store's mascot was to go along, too, on the journey through the valley, the little wooden man with a spy glass, carved from a single piece of wood by a sick wayfarer, a stranger whom Mother Rice had nursed and cared for, and who presented her with the little painted figure as a token of his gratitude.

And even before the old store was moved, other surroundings began to take on a new aspect. Down the avenue and about the dwelling house Mrs. Beta Isenberg planted most of the trees which today form stately groups there. Many of the great koa and kukui trees around the old Koamalu home had begun to die out and with them went the old house itself. For years it had often been quite a problem during a storm to find a dry corner for a bed or a chair, and the whole family was kept busy "set-



LIHUE STORE MASCOT

Carved in wood for Mother Rice by a grateful stranger, it has followed every move of the plantation store.

ting out all manner of pots and pans to catch the drips." With little babies again as tenants of the old house this condition became at last impracticable and late in 1874 Paul Isenberg built a new house in the pasture just mauka of the old one. Thus the old house did, it is true, change its outward seeming, somewhat perhaps as a tree changes bark and stature with passing years, the while its unseen roots work their way ever deeper into the soil and the hidden core of its trunk grows firmer and stronger. So, also, the heart of the old Koamalu home kept the same sturdy growth as in earlier years.

Expanding Interests

Paul Isenberg's arrival in the islands in 1858 had been sufficiently early to bring him into close contact with the Hawaiians, to whom he soon became attached. This interest and affection was mutual, and the natives had such confidence in "Paulo" that before he had been here very long they began to come to him with their pilikias, grave or trivial, just as they were wont to do with most kama-ainas, or old residents. His own nature was such as to engender and foster this confidence, and together with William Hyde Rice, who was a Hawaiian among the Hawaiians, the two did much to fill the place left vacant by Father Rice, for whom the inhabitants of three islands had the utmost affection and respect.

Moreover, Paul Isenberg came gradually to wield the influence of one who understood local conditions and knew how to remedy their faults or to avail himself of their advantages. So at home did he become in the language of the Hawaiians with whom he worked constantly on the plantation that one of the large ledgers, the plantation diary for 1868, is written in Hawaiian in Paul Isenberg's own hand. Those were the days when many of the laborers on the plantation were Hawaiian men and women, and most of the best lunas, or overseers, were of the same race. In ten years, and less, Paul Isenberg had become a kama-aina, a familiar and well-known figure, and it is no exaggeration to state that, as with William Hyde Rice, who had been born among them, his position corresponded not a little to that of the konohiki, or landlords, of olden times, and even to that of the alii, or chiefs, themselves. This was true of many other white men in similar stations of trust and responsibility. With his duties as postmaster Paul Isenberg for a time combined those of taxgatherer, a fact which, with his commanding

person and personality, tended still further to establish his authority. In a public meeting at Lihue, referring to Paul Isenberg, who was tall and large, and to George Wilcox, who was small of stature, Solomon Kamahalo once proclaimed the fact to his assembled countrymen that the Lihue community was fortunate in having its *haole nui* and its *haole liili*, its big white man and its little white man. And Solomon Kamahalo, upright leader among his people, was a man whose word was power.

When Prince Lunalilo came to the throne, after the death of Kamehameha V in December, 1872, Paul Isenberg was called by the new king to the upper house of the constitutional monarchy and invested with the title of a Noble of the Realm. This must have occurred, however, after the election of King Lunalilo early in January of 1873, for there was no regular session of the legislature during the one brief year of his reign. Even had there been one, Paul Isenberg might not have been able to attend, for W. H. Rice had been elected as a Representative to the sessions of 1870 and 1872, was called to the special elective session early in 1873, and would probably have continued to carry on the same responsibility. From the few letters of Paul Isenberg which are still extant in regard to these early days, it is obvious that he found it difficult for them both to be away from the plantation at the same time. Moreover, the Nobles and Representatives sat together in the same house in those days when the somewhat reactionary constitution of Kamehameha V, promulgated in 1864, was still in force. When Mr. Rice was elected to a session, it became correspondingly less incumbent on Mr. Isenberg to attend, and vice versa. At all events, the roster of the legislatures from 1870 to 1898 brings out the significant fact that while Mr. Rice attended eleven sessions and Mr. Isenberg eight, they attended the same session only twice during those thirty years, namely in 1882 and 1890, after Mr.

Isenberg had relinquished to his brother Carl the direct management of the plantation.

Sanford Ballard Dole, a son of the Hawaiian Protestant Mission who had spent his boyhood on Kauai and was a young lawyer in Honolulu at the time of King Lunalilo's election, and who, before the end of the century, was to become one of the makers of Hawaii's history, contributed in his later years an indelible picture of the accession of Hawaii's first elective king. Mr. Dole, himself a loyal son of the old Hawaii, and friend alike to all her citizens of whatever race, was at the same time, and even as a young man, a keen student of her history and a logical observer of the trend of her course as a ship of state. His entire paper on Thirty Days of Hawaiian History, read before the Hawaiian Historical Society in 1916, is so instinct with loyalty to the hereditary institutions of his native land and so illuminating on the inception of influences which in a few short years convulsed the state and wrecked the monarchy, that one would willingly quote from it far more than these salient points. Hopes of constitutional freedom had been engendered by more than the death of the preceding monarch.

To the lover of liberal institutions the accession of King Lunalilo to the Hawaiian throne was full of propitious omens. A step toward popular government, even in a comparatively insignificant State, belongs to the world and is part of universal progress. To Hawaiians it will ever be an era of great political moment. It was a serious crisis in affairs and fortunately terminated favorably for Hawaiian citizenship.

. The constitution of Kamehameha V had been proclaimed [in 1864] through the streets of the capital at the head of an armed force. It fixed a property condition of suffrage, merged the two houses of the Legislature into one, and introduced several other features of absolutism into the Government. The people submitted not without protest to this high-handed act. . . . The King ruled with a strong hand. . . . He easily controlled the

one-house Legislature. Nine years passed, years of political suppression and growing alienation between King and people, years not devoid of commercial prosperity, but yet attended with alarming national decay.

Beyond tentative suggestions as to improved legislation, however, little was accomplished during the all too brief reign of Lunalilo. And less than thirteen months had elapsed since his accession in January of 1873, when a loud knock was heard late one evening on the door of the old Koamalu house at Lihue, and Paul Isenberg, answering it, found standing there in the dark the captain of a small schooner. King Lunalilo had died on February third in Honolulu and every Noble was summoned by special messenger to the capital city to aid in the difficult choice of a new sovereign. Without delay, Mr. Isenberg returned with the captain, riding down the dark road to Nawiliwili and setting sail at once for Honolulu. At the election of Lunalilo the year before, his opponent had been David Kalakaua, a descendant of two high chiefs associated with Kamehameha the Great, and married to Kapiolani, granddaughter of Kaumualii, the last king of Kauai. In addition, Kalakaua had held office under both Kamehameha V and Lunalilo, and was considered by many as the next in succession to the throne. Many natives, however, especially on Oahu, favored the election of Queen Emma, the widow of Kamehameha IV, and thus a brief campaign ensued for the two candidates.

Many diverse elements were now pressing to the fore in the matter of electing a Hawaiian sovereign to a succession which was no longer to be secured without question by the fact of royal lineage. Foremost among these new factors engaging the attention of the kingdom was undoubtedly the matter of a reciprocal tariff treaty with the United States. Some even went so far as to advocate complete political annexation to their powerful neighbor, a subject which had caused much agitation in island com-

munities twenty years before. Henry A. Peirce, it will be recalled, had been so strongly in favor of it in 1853 as to assure Judge Lee that he could practically guarantee it as a fact, if the Hawaiian Government would appoint him, Peirce, as their agent in Washington. Oddly enough, Mr. Peirce was again closely concerned in Hawaiian affairs in 1874, since at the time of King Lunalilo's death he was serving as the United States Minister to the royal court in Honolulu. Among Hawaiians generally the idea of annexation to the United States was most repugnant, and many good citizens of other races were so deeply attached to the islands and the monarchy as to disapprove sincerely of the proposed political alliance. Not a few business men, however, and Paul Isenberg among them, were strongly in favor of negotiating, if possible, a tariff treaty which should be advantageous to both countries.

This proposal was not new to Hawaii. The United States offered the nearest and most logical market for Hawaiian raw products, then chiefly sugar, yet the entrance duty continued so high as to discourage production and to stimulate search for another outlet. Even during the reigns of the last three Kamehamehas attempts had been made to negotiate such a treaty, and many advised King Lunalilo to do likewise. Public lectures on the subjects of both annexation and reciprocity were held at the old Royal Hawaiian Hotel in Honolulu and commented on by an interested observer, Miss Isabella L. Bird, an Englishwoman traveling in the islands and writing home to her sister.

. I have become so interested in the affairs of this little state, that in spite of the mosquitos, I attended both lectures, but was not warmed into sympathy with the views of either speaker.

. The reciprocity treaty, very lucidly advocated by Mr. Carter, and which means the cession of a lagoon [Pearl Harbor] with a portion of circumjacent territory on this island, to the

United States, for a Pacific naval station, meets with more general favour as a safer measure [than annexation]; but the natives are indisposed to bribe the great Republic to remit the sugar duties by the surrender of a square inch of Hawaiian soil; and, from a British point of view, I heartily sympathise with them. Foreign, i.e. American, feeling is running high upon the subject. People say that things are so bad that something must be done, and it remains to be seen whether natives or foreigners can exercise the strongest pressure on the king. I was unfavourably impressed in both lectures by the way in which the natives and their interests were quietly ignored, or as quietly subordinated to the sugar interest.

Business was business, however, and on it depended what was felt by many to be the very existence of the islands from the point of view of civilization. One angle of the subject neglected by Miss Bird in her presentation was the fact that the element which she denominated as foreign was largely native-born, of American parentage. The very person who delivered the lecture was a namesake of H. A. Peirce, Henry A. P. Carter, who had been born in Honolulu in 1837, was an experienced senior member of the long-established firm of C. Brewer and Company, and was destined to spend the last fifteen years of his life in devoted public service to his Hawaiian sovereign and the land of his birth. As long as human nature endures opinions must differ. When it came to the election of a king in 1874 those with English sympathies and many of the Hawaiians in and near Honolulu favored Queen Emma. Kalakaua, however, was popular with a great majority of the Hawaiians and was supported also by those who looked for a favorable treaty of reciprocity with the United States and who feared that as sovereign Queen Emma would incline politically, as she had already done personally, toward her British cousins across the Atlantic.

Kalakaua won the day in the famous election at the old Court House and the ensuing riot was quelled by the

landing of marines from American and British warships then at anchor in the harbor. Queen Emma acknowledged her new sovereign and retired more and more into private life. In proroguing this extra session of the legislature the new king reminded its members of the regular biennial session to be called three months later, in April, and of important legislation to be considered at that time. Among the Nobles of that session decorated with the Order of Kalakaua was Paul Isenberg of Lihue, who had more than one talk with the king at the palace on the subject which was agitating the entire kingdom, the possibilities of Reciprocity, a measure to which the new king had pledged his support. In such conversations Kalakaua listened chiefly to the views of his guests, seeming to find a free exposition of the matter from their point of view



Photograph by J. J. Williams

THE OLD COURTHOUSE IN HONOLULU
About 1885, ten years after it had been taken over by H. Hackfeld & Co.

preferable to any expression of opinion on his own part. How eagerly one would search Mr. Isenberg's letters for side lights on history, did it not chance that the greater part of his business and personal correspondence during this early period has been destroyed.

The president of this session of 1874 was the Honorable C. R. Bishop, who held a considerable financial interest in Lihue plantation, having been, together with Judge Lee and Hon. H. A. Peirce, one of its original proprietors. As the husband of Princess Bernice Pauahi Pahi, the last of the Kamehamehas, Mr. Bishop had long been a Noble of the Kingdom and had served likewise as Minister of Foreign Affairs under King Lunalilo. Another Noble attending this session was the Governor of Kauai himself, Paul Kanoa, that veteran lawmaker, who during the nearly forty years between 1845 and 1882 attained the maximum record of attendance at twenty-five legislative sessions. In the entire roster of legislatures, compiled in 1918 by R. C. Lydecker, Librarian of the Public Archives, only one other legislator equalled this record of twenty-five sessions, the High Chief Kanaina. Not only was he a resident of Oahu, but he had begun his legislative attendance at the very first recorded session in 1841 at the ancient capital, Lahaina, where his wife, Princess Kekauluohi, daughter of Kamehameha the Great, likewise attended, in company with three other chiefesses of high rank. Kekauluohi and her husband, Kanaina, were the parents of King Lunalilo.

Another legislator at the session of 1874 was the Honorable H. A. Widemann, long a resident of Lihue, where his wife was a kama-aina born. For the last ten years they had made their home in Honolulu, where Mr. Widemann was much at court. King Kalakaua, after taking the oath of office, had lost no time in appointing Mr. Widemann one of the ministers of his first cabinet. The only existing letter from Paul Isenberg during this time

was written to his wife at Lihue from the new Hall of Legislature, now the Judiciary Building and almost hidden by the imposing structures which have since grown up around it. The old Court House on Queen Street, a stately structure of coral built in 1851, had been the first Hall of the Legislature. Bought of the government in 1874 by the firm of H. Hackfeld and Company and used continuously, first as their main building and latterly as a warehouse, it still serves their successors, the American Factors, Limited. Its pillared entrance portico and little colonial balcony have been removed; and its classic front, severely plain, no longer faces the small square which, in the days of the earlier monarchy, opened toward Fort on Queen Street, but is almost obliterated by the modern structure of blue-gray lava stone built by H. Hackfeld and Company in 1901.

With Kalakaua, even during the earliest part of his long reign of seventeen years, the things of ancient days no longer sufficed to reflect his grandeur. For all that one great desire of his heart was to perpetuate his people and their language, other ancient symbols sufficed him not. Even his superb crown jewel, the enormous yellow feather cloak of Kamehameha the Great, must be accompanied by the glitter of a golden crown and sceptre from Europe, and the old palace must be torn down to make way for the present rather meaningless edifice with its mansard towers and other elaborate filigree of ornamentation. The Legislative Hall, which was built during the year of his accession, has at least the virtue of simple lines, and, in the primitive extravagance of Hawaiian figurative phrase, was well named, Hale Alii-o-lani, House for-the-Lords-of-Heaven. But thoughts of Earth rather than Heaven concerned Paul Isenberg as he sat in the new building, writing a note to his wife, probably from Minister Widemann's office, on a hot day almost a

week after the long Hawaiian debates of the session had come to an end.

Hale Aliiolani, Aug. 14, 1874.

. Next Monday I plan to go to Waihee with Widemann for several days. I am still undecided as to installing steam in Lihue mill, but I think it must be done, and it will be wise to look over Waihee mill where such a change has already been made.

Honolulu is full of uniforms, American, English and Russian.

Sugar and the tariff formed the burden of argument during this legislative session in the summer of 1874, which enacted a measure "to facilitate the negotiation of a treaty of reciprocity." Shortly after the session Chief Justice Allen and Henry A. P. Carter were sent to Washington as special envoys looking toward such a treaty. In November the king followed them, as the guest of the United States, in the man-of-war *Benicia*, and personally escorted by H. A. Peirce, the American Minister. The Hawaiian king was most favorably received by President Grant and all the members of Congress, as well as in the various cities which he visited. In 1875 the treaty of commercial reciprocity was ratified by the Congress of the United States and signed by King Kalakaua. Laws necessary to put it in force were enacted by both legislatures and in September of 1876 it became operative. Severe opposition had been encountered in both countries, but hard work won out.

It chanced that another of the original owners of Lihue Plantation aided materially at one end of this hard work for the new treaty. This was Mrs. Youmans of New York City, who almost twenty years before had left the islands as the widow of Judge William Lee. She had later married a distinguished scientist and conducted in her New York home a very intellectual open house, or what might almost be called a salon. Her interest, both personal and financial, in the Lihue project was main-

tained not only at the distance of five thousand miles, but even to the day of her death. When she entertained the Isenberg family in 1878, Mr. Isenberg was not a little amused to hear her ask briskly why the "sheep dividend" had not been paid latterly. In the earlier years at Lihue Paul Isenberg had introduced sheep in order to keep down the weeds and for many years the wool and the mutton brought in a dividend which, while the ownership of the plantation remained in a few hands, was kept on the books in a separate account. Not only as a person of considerable sagacity, but also as a personality of more than ordinary mental alertness, Mrs. Youmans had won respect and attention among the editors of such New York newspapers as the Sun, the Evening Post, the Tribune and the Times. On her death in 1894 W. N. Armstrong, himself a mission son of Hawaii and a shrewd observer, wrote for the Advertiser in Honolulu of her work at the time of the reciprocity treaty:

. Her intimate acquaintance with the editors [of New York papers] enabled her to command the influence of these journals in the interests of the Treaty. Some of the best writing on the subject was done by her. During her long residence away from Hawaii she never lost her interest in the Islands. Mr. H. A. P. Carter, our late Minister to Washington, found her in the various perplexing questions, which surrounded the negotiations for the treaty, a most valuable ally.

In the United States one of the most conclusive arguments had been that under their system of a heavy customs duty on sugar they were losing the Hawaiian shipments with alarming rapidity, a large part of the crop of 1873 having been shipped to Australia, New Zealand and British Columbia, where Great Britain had adopted a more lenient tariff. There was even talk of a reciprocity treaty with Australia and New Zealand and it was said openly that there were plans for shipping the entire crop

for the season of 1875 and 1876 to these more distant British colonies. Political alliance would doubtless have followed the commercial one, a contingency which the people and Congress of the United States finally realized. Nor was opposition met only in the United States. In Honolulu four long months were spent at the legislative session, from May to September of 1876, and the act necessary to carry the reciprocity treaty into effect was not passed until July 18th, writes Prof. W. D. Alexander, "after the most stubborn opposition, chiefly from the English members of the house and the partisans of Queen Emma, who denounced it as a step toward annexation." The results of this long-pending negotiation, direct and indirect, might well fill a volume, since, as Professor Blackman of Yale University has pointed out:

The remission of duties under the reciprocity treaty was equivalent to a clear bonus to Hawaii of several millions of dollars annually.

. In 1857 there were only five plantations remaining in Hawaii; in 1861 there were twenty-two; in 1876 there were not more than thirty-five. In 1877 the number of plantations had increased to forty-six; in 1880 to above sixty; in 1885 to above seventy.

Business men of modern times, even with more diversified industries, have yet many an anxious year over the tariff which the United States Congress will or will not lay on imported sugars competing seriously with our own, and it is therefore of not a little interest to look back to the great initial impulse given to the major industry and to the island commerce as a whole in 1876. The bars were let down and necessity for shipping to far Australia no longer existed. Plantations sprang up all over the islands, "from Kauai to Kau." Some slight reflection of all this shows in Paul Isenberg's few letters of that eventful time of stress and hope.

Honolulu, July 17, 1876.

. I am sending some new Chinamen for Lihue tomorrow. I hope Willy will not have too much trouble with them and can make them work. The expenses of the plantation are very great and it troubles me to be away. The grinding is going slowly, the vacuum pan gives trouble every week.

July 24, 1876.

. I feel that the next three weeks are the most important of this session, and if you and Willy think I can stay, I shall do so.

July 25, 1876.

. Waihee Plantation belongs to Mr. Widemann alone now. He went to Maui yesterday. They say the cane looks well and we hope that everything will prove favorable for him.

Honolulu, September 22, 1876.

Tomorrow morning I go to Kahuku with F. Glade, but I do not think that the sale will go through. . . . This evening we go to a reception at the Palace. I hope to return home next week.

Lihue, April 9, 1877.

Everything is very green, and last night we had rain again which is very important. Tomorrow I go to Koloa with Conrad Glade.

Willy Rice has made a contract with Makee to plow 200 acres in Kapaa for cane. He will take his family and remain four months. I am afraid the venture will not be profitable, but I cannot dissuade him from it.

The effects of removing customs duties on sugar in the United States were already being felt on Kauai. In 1872 there had been only four mills on the island, at Koloa, Lihue, Kilauea and Hanalei; at Grove Farm G. N. Wilcox had long been an independent planter and at Eleele Judge McBryde had made some beginning as a planter. By 1877 the east side of the island could also be listed, under Captain Makee's venture at Kapaa. And near by the king himself took a hand in the new lottery of sugar

by establishing one of the first colonies of Hawaiian homesteaders. This was known as the Hui Kawaihau, or Ice Water Company, the name having been that of a choral society founded at the court in Honolulu by Kalakaua's brother, the heir apparent to the throne. Kawaihau, the word itself, was originally the nickname of a white lady who maintained a marked coolness of demeanor toward the personal bestowal of royal favors. On the sudden death of the prince in 1877 King Kalakaua conceived the idea of settling members of this choral society and other courtiers in the profitable business of sugar raising, and the first cane planted for Makee Sugar Company was done by members of this Hui. It was an interesting venture, though old Kauai residents smiled at it as hopeless, because most of the Hui members were quite ignorant of the essentials of cane culture. Captain James Makee had often entertained royal visitors in his plantation home at Ulupalakua on Maui and in 1877 obtained permission from the king to build a mill at Kapaa on Kauai and to plant cane there, agreeing at the same time to grind the cane grown by the Hui Kawaihau.

Even the eastern corner of the island received its name from this venture by special mandate of the King and confirmed by the legislature the following year. For this the eastern section of the old Hanalei district, from Moloaa valley to the Wailua River, was cut off and the southern boundary of the new Kawaihau District thus adjoined the northern limit of Lihue, the two having been formed by a division of the ancient Puna section of the island.

The list of twelve charter members of the Hui was headed by the name of the king himself, and included, among others, those of his brother-in-law, Governor Dominis, Captain Makee and Koakanu, a high chief of Koloa. Of resident members in the Hui there were originally thirty-two, more than half of whom arrived at the

mouth of the Wailua River in August of 1877 and were rowed ashore from the steamer Kilauea with their families, their "lumber, tools, tents and food." To lend official dignity to the enterprise King Kalakaua himself accompanied them with the governor of Oahu, two members of his Privy Council, and High Chief Koakanu of Koloa. The Hui had contracted with Captain Makee to plant 240 acres of cane the first year, from the sale of which they were to receive two-fifths of the sales price on the sugar. Their land was the fertile section of Kapahi above Kealia and Kapaa and they went to work with a will.

About two miles above the shore they built a row of houses in a group, which is still used as a plantation camp. In the days of the Hui the central building was a large octagonal hall much frequented by the official and social gatherings of the Hui. The manager of Captain Makee's Kapaa venture was George Dole of Koloa, who had been manager of Koloa plantation for a number of years. He had married Clara Rowell of the Waimea mission home and it is owing to Charles S. Dole, one of their large family of children, that the Kauai Historical Society possesses an article on the Hui Kawaihau. One of the enterprises of this Hawaiian colony was to supply itself with a church ready-made, but not ready to hand. Lumber being scarce and costly, and the native population of Wailua-kai having dwindled since the prosperous days of Chiefess Deborah, the colonists of Kapahi set themselves the task of moving the little Wailua church over to Kapaa. It stood on an old kuleana near the river where Mr. Lindemann later planted the great cocconut grove of today. And thus they moved

the church building which, slightly enlarged and altered, is still used as the Hawaiian Protestant Church at Kapaa. The stalwart Hui members, aided by the bullock teams of George Charman of Koloa and W. H. Rice of Lihue, hauled the building, over the

rough roads of that time, the two and a half miles to its new location on the Kapaa flat, where it now stands.

Not far from this old building stands today the much newer Mormon church at Kapaa, many Hawaiians now subscribing to that faith all over the islands. In connection with the Hui Kawaihau, not far from the year 1880 another very interesting old house was moved to Kapaa, this time for the Royal Patron of the Hui. The king was so delighted with the climate of windward Kauai that, when the Wailua estate eventually reverted to the Crown, he had the old English house, the Wailua Falls Mansion, taken apart and carried to Kapaa, Mr. G. N. Wilcox says, with the intention of rebuilding it as a country residence for himself. Doubtless he planned to have it erected near the festive hall of the Hui at Kapahi, looking down on the sea toward the east and "guarded in the rear by the forest-clad mountain Makaleha, over three thousand feet high." But many of the planks were lost on the way, delays intervened and the rural palace was never set up. Charles Dole, then a small lad, was present at Kapahi when the Hui Kawaihau celebrated its housewarming in 1878 in their Octagon. The king had made a special trip down to Kauai and it was long after sunset before the gala occasion came to an end.

The first crop of cane netted each member of the Hui nearly five hundred dollars, after paying off their large initial debt. The second year, however, almost half of their standing cane was destroyed by fire, and then they were poho loa, stuck in the mire. Still, most of them struggled on, refusing to assign their lands to the plantation. Then their kind friend, Captain Makee, died, and his son-in-law, Colonel Spalding, who became master of the plantation and built the stately Valley House on the Kapaa stream not far from the Hui Kawaihau, had no real interest in the colony.

He had obtained title to the ahupuaa of Kealia, a large tract of fine cane land adjoining Kapaa on the north; and it was not long before Spalding, who had already built a second mill at Kealia, a mile and a half from the Kapaa Mill, tore down the latter and transferred all the milling operations of the two plantations to Kealia, and later the two plantations were combined under the original name of the Makee Sugar Company. But as early as 1881 the members of the Hui, disheartened, had drifted away, their property and leasehold rights passing into the hands of Colonel Spalding, and the Hui Kawaihau had passed into history.

For over fifty years the site of this little Kapaa mill at the shore was marked by its great stone chimney, not a low square block like the old Koloa chimney, which was almost forty years its senior, but taller and more slender, as befitted a chimney of the second generation, yet commanding nothing like the draught of the really modern skyscrapers of today at Kealia and Lihue. During the years immediately preceding and following 1880 the growing of sugar did indeed become a royal occupation. Even John E. Bush, governor of Kauai from 1878 to 1880, spent a great part of his time planting cane for Makee Sugar Company. His home was at Koloa and his family lived there, but the governor himself lived at Kapaa, unless the king and queen chanced to be visiting Kauai, when the governor accompanied the royal circuit of the island. How different a procession from those of Queen Kaahumanu and Governor Kaikioewa half a century before, although the royal levy of provisions still fell heavily on the commoner! At Koloa Governor Bush always appealed to the plantation and never in vain, when it was a question of feeding, housing and entertaining the royal retinue, and furnishing pasture for their numerous horses. Manager Wright was always more than ready with poi and sugar, as well as the requisite number of bullocks, pigs, turkeys and chickens. And

Mrs. Wright has often told of her special donations to Queen Kapiolani, in the form of butter, eggs, preserves, fresh fruit and vegetables. Mrs. Wright, it will be recalled, was one of the Wundenberg family at Hanalei in the days of earlier royal visitations there, when Kapiolani, before her marriage to Kalakaua, was in attendance on the little Prince of Hawaii, the son of Queen Emma and Kamehameha IV. Twenty years later, as queen, Kapiolani would often borrow the Wrights' carriage and span of horses for an early morning drive with Mrs. Bush about Koloa, sometimes turning in at the old plantation house to say Aloha to Manager and Mrs. Wright, who often begged for the pleasure of her company at breakfast.

The governors of Kauai were appointed by the king and were, therefore, in attendance when a royal visitation of the island was in progress. Of the first two governors, Kahalaia in 1824 and Kaikioewa from 1824 to 1839, we have already some account. On the death of Kaikioewa, his wife, Keaweamahi or Amelia, seems to have acted in the executive capacity for a short time, but according to a list of governors compiled by Judge Lyle A. Dickey, Kauai was administered from 1840 to 1845 by a high chiefess of Maui, Kekauonohi, who was married to Kaumualii's son, Kealiihonui. Mr. Bingham states that Prince Kealiihonui, a handsome chief save for the absence of front teeth knocked out when a lad in 1819 as a sign of mourning for Kamehameha the Great, was far more deserving than Kahalaia of the first appointment as governor in 1824. Twenty years later he did serve in that capacity, and doubtless was joint governor with his wife from 1840 to 1845. For the next generation, thirty-one years in all, Kauai was ably administered by Paulo Kanoa, almost the last of the Hawaiian chiefs. Mr. Lydgate writes of him:



Paul Kanoa.

Governor of Kauai from 1846 to 1877

Governor Kanoa was one of the outstanding figures in Kauai society and gradually there grew up a very genuine and appreciative friendship between him and Paul Isenberg. A commanding figure physically, with a strong yet responsive face, and a shrewd though genial expression, Paul Kanoa was also a commanding figure in his sturdy uprightness and his unswerving devotion to duty and honor as he understood them.

In those days the island governor combined in himself duties and powers which later were given over to various other officials and departments. It was, in a measure, a one man regime, which in the hands of a man like Kanoa was most efficient. Things were done, problems solved, enterprises put through, and delinquents brought to book, with a promptness and rough justice that were refreshing.

Over and above these qualities, Governor Paul Kanoa was learned in the speech and the oral tradition of his native land. His help was among the first to be acknowledged gratefully by William Hyde Rice in the collection and interpretation of legends. Like most of his race, the governor was apt at proverb and repartee, and Mr. Rice often related how he heard one proverb, at least, for the first time at Kanoa's house. The governor owned a famous calabash which was thought to be the largest gourd calabash on the island. To keep it well, it was always hung up inside the house in a koko, or net. When the governor called for it one day and found that it had a large hole eaten in it by the mice, he scolded his retainers roundly, using the proverb: Aole malama i pau i ka iole. A thing taken care of the mice will not get at.

Even before the reciprocity treaty was assured, Lihue plantation had begun to expand slowly beyond its original northern boundaries. In 1876 G. N. Wilcox of Grove Farm took the contract to survey a new ditch, this time carrying out Paul Isenberg's ambition to connect the Lihue ditch with the Wailua River by tapping the south branch nearer its junction with the main stream.

This, by draining off considerable water from the flow over the Lower Wailua Falls, furnished an ample supply for irrigation in the lower reaches of the new Hanamaulu lands. The ditch is the same that is still used today, except that it has been shortened by tunnels and in still later years has been connected up to serve the modern electric power plant of the plantation equipment. In 1863 Lihue Plantation had leased this ahupuaa of Hanamaulu, the large tract on its northern boundary, for ten years at an annual rental of \$350. In 1870, on the death of its owner, Her Royal Highness Princess Victoria Kama-malu, this land, of about 9,177 acres, was ordered by the Supreme Court to be sold at auction at an upset price of \$7,000. It was bought by Lihue Plantation, the highest bidder, for \$7,250. The deed to the tract gives its extent as something over 19,000 acres, in correction of the very early survey made for the land commission in 1852. Mr. G. N. Wilcox, who surveyed it at the request of Governor Dominis, administrator of the princess' estate, substantiates this, with the remark that the earlier survey by W. H. Pease paid very little regard to the mauka portion, which comprised almost one-half of the whole tract. A later survey by Mr. James Gay in 1876 places the extent at about 17,000 acres.

This purchase, with the money borrowed at 9%, was a daring plan on the part of Paul Isenberg. It must be recalled that the tract was quite unimproved, most of it unfenced and much of it mountainous with the greater part under primitive forest. Without considerable diverting of streams in the upper reaches of the watersheds which formed part of the purchase, the planting of cane in the broad lower stretches would be almost futile. Distance from the mill at Lihue, at some points considerably more than three miles, seemed likewise an almost insuperable obstacle, for this was still twenty years before Paul Isenberg made the bold move of putting in the narrow

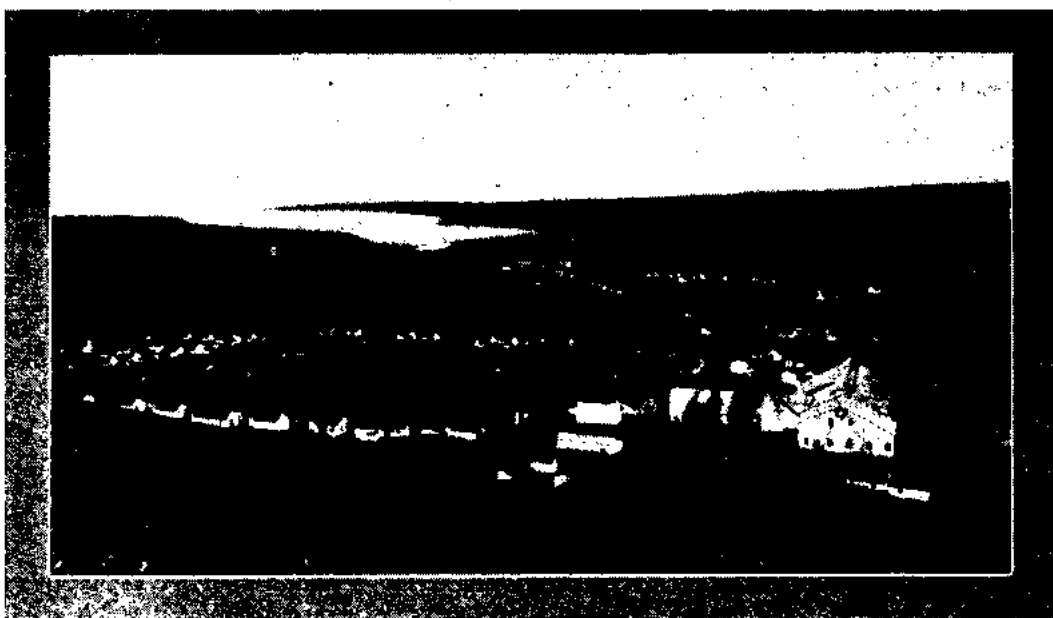
gauge railroad system, and to double the number of oxen and carts on the plantation seemed a chimerical project. What, in days of modern ease in transportation, would have amounted to expansion, meant in those days the creation of a new plantation with its own separate equipment. Something of the same sort occurred at Kealia and Kapaa under Colonel Spalding, who found it more practical to build an entirely new mill at Kealia.

Thus Hanamaulu became a new and distinct unit under Lihue ownership and superintendence. Yet not without vision, persistence and hard work. Opposition abounded, even at home, where Mother Rice, who believed in Paul Isenberg so thoroughly, trembled with apprehension at the risk. In fact, she was convinced that failure could be the only outcome. But for years he had dreamed of and planned for this extension which should not only supply land, but water enough for three or four plantations, if need be. He even talked with George Wilcox of raising a thousand tons of sugar annually on Lihue, a project which then seemed far beyond the reach of possibility. But had he not ridden, as a younger man, back and forth from Lihue to the Wailua Ranch across those fertile uplands, noting the courses of the streams and the possibilities of directing them to the uses of practical agriculture? With the enlargement of the old Lihue ditch not long after his first return from Germany, had he not, together with George Wilcox, often planned the Hanamaulu extension to the river itself? When his rather daring investment in the old plantation at Koloa, on borrowed capital, had begun to pay for itself, was he not on fire to begin the new expansion of Hanamaulu on the windward side of the island? With the prospect of Reciprocity, could one sit idle? And when, long before that treaty was achieved, the opportunity came to purchase the Hanamaulu land, had he not proceeded to the meeting of his plantation directors with every detail of the

scheme clearly worked out and arranged in orderly and logical sequence, even to the ultimate point of declaring that he was himself prepared to take over the whole project in his own name, should the board disagree as to its feasibility for Lihue?

One is caught back immediately, and not so many years at that, to the picture of Paul Isenberg's father, Rev. Daniel Isenberg, on fire with the possibilities for the country children in his German schools, and at length rousing the worthy members of his Consistory to the point of seeing through and beyond the tangle of present involvements into the inevitable and practical results of his carefully laid plans. More than a little of the stress of such years as these at Lihue is expressed in the life of H. P. Baldwin of Maui, who a few years later extended his successful enterprises to Makaweli on Kauai. Early in 1875 his father wrote him: "Rain, health, reciprocity and God's blessing will get you out of debt." To which the younger Mr. Baldwin's son and biographer added, "And so they did—with the help of the Hamakua ditch."

The new mill set up at Hanamaulu during the summer of 1877 was one bought of George Wilcox, who had himself gone to Scotland to purchase it, intending to grind his own cane at Grove Farm. On his return, however, finding himself able to make a more satisfactory contract for grinding at Lihue mill, he accordingly abandoned his project of a separate mill for himself and sold his up-to-date machinery to Lihue for Hanamaulu. Some time before this his brother Albert, finding sugar unsuccessful in the Hanalei region, had been asked by Paul Isenberg to plant cane on shares at Hanamaulu. Beside considerable experience, Albert Wilcox brought much of his own equipment, such as oxen and carts. Paul Isenberg had been pleased with his work as temporary manager at Lihue in 1869 and often said that he had the highest opinion of his capacity as a man who was not



HANAMAULU PLANTATION ABOUT 1890

afraid of hard work and who could always be trusted to go ahead.

The mill work at Hanamaulu was a separate project directly under Lihue supervision. Much of the stone for the foundation of this new mill, it will be recalled, was taken from the walls of the neighboring heiau, a legitimate and natural proceeding in those days for any Hawaiian builder, but one which is now forbidden by law. Charles Christian, a Danish sailor, who came to the islands as so many sailors had done before him, became sugar boiler at Hanamaulu in 1878. He had come to Koloa plantation the year before and with his wife had stayed several days with the Paul Isenbergs in the plantation home at Koamalu. He was a wise and exceptional leader in the field as well as in the mill, and on the retirement of Albert Wilcox, became head luna, or assistant manager, of Hanamaulu under Lihue, practically the same position which is held today by his son, the second Charles Christian. The twenty-fifth anniversary of his

arrival was celebrated by a dinner at the Isenbergs' mountain house, Kukaua, in 1902.

Thus the expansion of the neighboring project, so long a dream of Paul Isenberg, began to take definite shape even before he went to Germany to live in 1878. And so successful has it proved that only in very recent years, with the enlargement and improvement of the Lihue mill and vastly increased railroad facilities, has the separate mill at Hanamaulu at length been abandoned for better concentration at Lihue. Even after more than forty years the mill machinery at Hanamaulu was still serviceable for a small mill and after it had ground its last crop of cane in 1920 there was talk of its being purchased by one of the new plantations on the island of Formosa. Its four-foot rollers seem small today, but in the early days of Reciprocity a small mill was the only practical thing. Mr. Watson, a member of the Scotch firm who made the machinery, came out to the islands shortly after the purchase of this first mill by Mr. Wilcox, and sold as many as five or six similar ones to a number of the new plantations such as Eleele on Kauai, and Kahuku and Wai-manalo on Oahu. The whitewashed mill building at Hanamaulu, with its slender, sheet-iron smoke stack, is still the center of the landscape in the little village, although aside from serving as a small machine shop and garage for plantation trucks it has stood almost empty until quite recently. The community there is one composed largely of Portuguese families, many of whom have room enough to keep their cows in the back yard and cultivate grapes and roses in the front. Quite recently the growth of the Hanamaulu public school demanded its enlargement to the extent of rebuilding it on the other side of the road where were formerly cane field and pasture. And when, soon afterward, the mule stables somewhat nearer the mill gave place to a new camp for Fili-

pino laborers, the plantation mules were housed within the shell of the old mill itself, which with its high walls and many windows furnishes airy and palatial quarters to these useful plantation laborers, successors to the oxen of long ago.

The decade of 1870 brought changes into the old Koamalu home as well as into the plantation work. William Hyde Rice, who already had his own home on the hill east of the mill, bought a large makai section of the ahupuaa of Kalapaki from Princess Ruth in 1879 and there conducted the Lihue Ranch. In later years he sold most of this land to the plantation and bought from the same chiefess the ahupuaa of Kipu northeast of the Koloa hills. This was land which he had long leased for the ranch and for cane to be ground at Lihue. This mauka district is more often called Huleia, from its proximity to the Huleia River, but it is in reality part of the old ahupuaa of Kipu. Mr. Rice was the first in the islands to import Hereford cattle from Australia and about 1880 exported the first island Herefords to California. At the cattle show in 1883 his premiums were numerous.

In October of 1872 William Hyde Rice was married to Miss Mary Waterhouse, whose grandfather had been Superintendent of Wesleyan Missions in the South Seas. Of English parents and born in Tasmania, the new Mrs. Rice had spent most of her life in Honolulu, where her father was a prominent figure among the merchants of the small town in which everybody still knew everybody else. In regard to the young people this was particularly true, and it is evident that Mr. Rice, when in town during 1870 and 1872 as the youngest Representative in the Legislature, had been intent on private as well as public business. His choice of a bride was a very happy one, for she was kama-aina, as the natives expressed it, at home, and they at once called her *Mary*, just as her husband had always been *Willy* to them. The Hawaiian form of



MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM HYDE RICE

About the time of their marriage in 1872

their name for him, Wili Laike, came to be a household word even in North and South Kona on West Hawaii, through which he rode on horseback once during later years in the course of an electioneering campaign. He chanced to have in his pockets handfuls of the little papery red Christmas berry, that variety of South American pepper tree, *Schinus terebinthifolius*, which has made itself at home in the islands. As Mr. Rice rode along he scattered a few of these seeds now and then by the way-side, where an occasional bush of it may still be seen today, even on desert stretches of black lava. And to this day, says Miss Ella Paris, the Hawaiians of Kona have no other name for that plant than Wili Laike.

Not a little of Mr. Rice's popularity in the Legislature was due to his facility in Hawaiian, by far the greater part of the kingdom's representatives naturally being of

that race. He was not only accustomed to speaking in the Hawaiian idiom, but was very fluent in it and often remarked that it was far easier for him than English. One measure introduced by Mr. Rice during the session of 1872 was a bill providing that once in two months Kauai should have steamer service from the Kilauea, the first interisland steamer since the days of the laborious little old side-wheeler Akamai, twenty years before. A storm of protest arose over this bill, people arguing, just as they argue to this day over every new and larger vessel for Kauai, that she would never pay, even for six trips a year.

Not many months before this the Kilauea had figured largely in the rescue of survivors from the U.S.S. Saginaw which had been on duty more than a thousand miles to the northwest of Kauai at Midway Island, where it was proposed to build a coaling station. People in Hawaii, and particularly on Kauai, long talked with deep interest of the wreck of the Saginaw on Ocean Island, the last in the chain of more than twenty islands known as the Hawaiian Archipelago, which extends over an ocean track of more than 2,000 miles, from Hawaii on the southeast to Midway and Ocean Islands on the northwest. In November of 1870 the Saginaw struck on the reef surrounding Ocean Island, and as soon as the ship's gig could be fitted with sails and provisioned for twenty-five days with quarter rations from the rescued stores, a volunteer crew of five men set sail for Honolulu. After thirty-seven days of privation Hanalei Bay was sighted. Nearly exhausted, the little crew of five did their utmost to make a landing, but a heavy northerly swell drove them along the coast, where their officer and three men were drowned when the boat capsized on the rocks of Kalihi-kai. William Halford, coxswain of the Saginaw and a man of great strength, managed to get ashore alive with dispatches telling of the wreck. Aided by

Kauai residents, he reached Honolulu, where United States Minister Henry A. Peirce persuaded the king and the American consul to dispatch the steamer Kilauea to the rescue of the survivors on Ocean Island. Most interesting details of this wreck were published by Paymaster Read of the Saginaw from his own diary; and supplementary facts, gathered years after the disaster by Mr. J. M. Lydgate from Hanalei residents and from William Halford himself, were embodied in the first papers presented to the Kauai Historical Society, which Judge Hofgaard and Mr. Lydgate founded at Lihue in 1914.

This old steamer Kilauea, subsidized in part, and at length entirely, by the government, led a mercurial existence between changing hands because of financial failure and being wrecked and laid up for repairs, but even so her appearance was hailed with joy by many who suffered from the agonies of tedious voyages on inter-island schooners. Mr. Rice's bill for Kauai's share in these modern advantages was finally passed and he had the satisfaction of making his wedding journey on one of the Kilauea's first bimonthly trips to his home island. Another passenger was Mr. S. G. Wilder, one of the ablest business men in the islands, who was to become a few years later the promoter of Hawaii's first regular interisland passenger and freight line, the Wilder Steamship Company. As the Kilauea steamed slowly around Kauai on this trip in the fall of 1872, the circuit of the island and stopping at the principal anchorages being an important part of the new plan, Mr. and Mrs. Rice chanced to be on deck with Mr. Wilder as they passed along the west coast of the island. At times they drew in so close to the shore that they could distinguish the weeds covering acres and acres of dry and profitless land. Mr. Wilder, by way of introducing the bride to some of the features of her new home, pointed out whole fields of the rough kikania burrs and remarked, "There will be

sugar cane growing all over this dry coast some day." Mrs. Rice recalls the prophecy today with its sixty years of fulfilment.

In April of 1874 Anna Rice was married by Father Dole at the Lihue home of her brother, W. H. Rice, to Charles M. Cooke, a son from the old mission home on King Street in Honolulu and a promising young clerk in the firm of Castle and Cooke which had grown out of the business agencies of the early Protestant mission. For two years the young couple lived with Mother Cooke in the old mission house which is still one of Honolulu's most treasured links with the past and which was only a stone's throw from the old coral building of the mission depository where Castle and Cooke had first opened for business. Later, Mr. and Mrs. Cooke moved to a little house across the street and about 1880 went further out "on the plains," as the barren, treeless stretch toward Punahou was called for many years. Just mauka of Thomas Square on Beretania Street they built that hospitable home which was to be such a refuge to Rices and Isenbergs coming from or going to Kauai, and which, fifty years later, was to fulfil its normal and superb evolution into the Honolulu Academy of Arts. For many years Mother Rice was to come and go as grandmother in this Honolulu home of her youngest daughter, mothering and delighting in the babies as they arrived, attending to the needs of Dora and Paul Rice Isenberg at school in town, welcoming guests as they came and went, visiting with Mother Cooke, Mother Andrews, and Mother Thurston, looking after the Hawaiian girls whom she placed in school, and enjoying the great privilege of worshiping with her friends in Fort Street Church.

Perhaps the last time that Mother Rice was the hostess in her own old home at Koamalu was a few months after Anna's marriage and during the summer when Mr. and

Mrs. Paul Isenberg spent some time in Honolulu while he attended the first session of the Legislature after Kalakaua's accession. Letters from Mother Rice to one child or another open the door of the old home.

Lihue, June 21st, 1874.

It has been a day of good things to us. Our new Minister preached & the house was crowded. All our old Hawaiian friends were there and a house full to overflowing. The most cordial response was given to the enquiry if the Minister should remain. We are all well satisfied with him, modest in appearance, grave in manner and free from pride. He preached from 1st Corinthians II, 1st verse, read the whole chapter and seemed so deeply to feel his dependence on God. He compared the Christian graces to a wreath of flowers fastened in their places by a string which, if broken, would scatter all, so all things excellent in the Christian life would disappear if the bond of love to God did not sustain them. We have at least reason to hope that we are to have a good Minister, such a blessing. And then this is the day of prayer for the descent of the Holy Spirit. I can but hope there is mercy even for us in our low estate.

My thoughts have been with you, my dear ones, and I wish I could know as much of your Sabbath as you will of mine.

June 26th, 1874.

Well, the old house is full again. Yesterday morning about 6 o' clock the poor seasick company arrived from the Moku, all the Isenbergs, Mrs. Clara Dole and her baby. It was terribly rough in the harbor, the sea washed over them in the boats. I had given them up, did not think they could land here, but am thankful all are safely home.

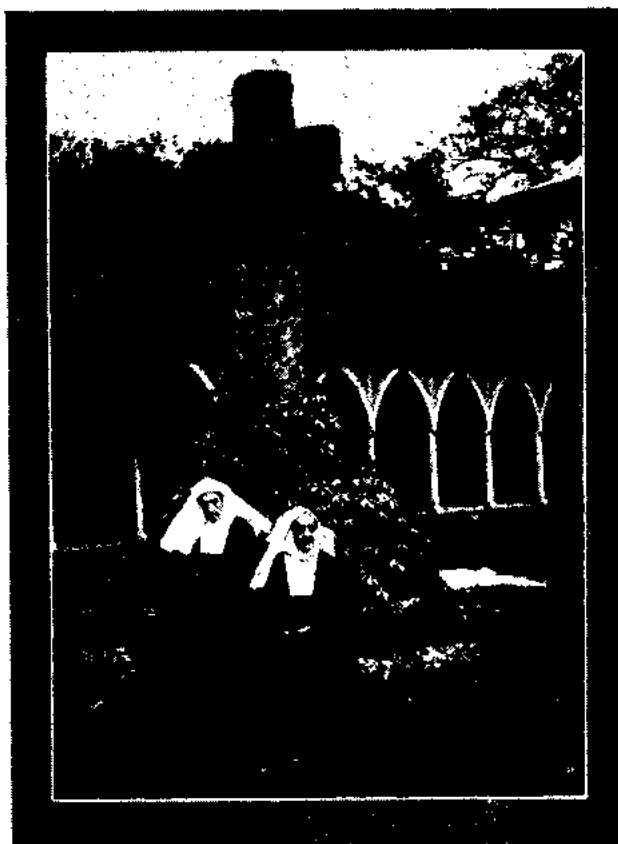
Paul R. seems much improved, had a prize at school for being the best in his class, & is very happy about it. He seems more than ever attached to his Mama, and she is devoted to the children. I shall stay here at the old house until needed at Willy's later after the nurse leaves. I have my sewing all done quite fixed up, and can be with my grandchildren. It is such a comfort to be with Dora again. I have both her and Paul in my own room.

Coming home in the summer was one of the long-anticipated delights. Paul was attending Mr. Atkinson's private school for boys in Honolulu and Dora was at the St. Andrew's Priory near the Cathedral. Most of the girls and all of the English Sisters who conducted the school were naturally strong partisans of Queen Emma during the excitement of the king's election earlier in the year, and when it became known throughout the school that Dora Isenberg's father had voted for Kalakaua in that famous election, reproachful looks and words became the portion of the sensitive child, who wished that her Papa might have considered her feelings somewhat when he cast his vote. Mother Rice's letters continue with items of that eventful summer.

Lihue, August, 1874.

. You will before this have heard of the arrival of W. H. Rice, Junior, a lovely babe. His mother is a noble Christian woman, a devoted wife & mother, & one of my choicest blessings, as indeed I count all my children & grandchildren. Willy has had the whole responsibility of the plantation on his shoulders for 3 months past & he feels the burden.

Paul has taken a noble stand in the Legislature on the side of the right, & I believe he will be able to come to me & say, as Willy did at the



Sisters Beatrice and Albertina at St. Andrew's Priory in Honolulu

close of his term, "Mother, I have voted on every question as I *thought right*, without fear or favor, though it has been hard sometimes." Things are dark with us. Rum abounds. Under earlier sovereigns it has been forbidden to sell liquor to Hawaiians, except in Honolulu, but they chafed under the restriction as "drawing the color line." Yet one of their own race acknowledges that with unrestricted liquor most of the race would have been dead years ago. The sale of licenses will greatly increase the king's revenue.

One of his ministers, W. L. Green, who is virtually at the head of the Government, imports liquor largely & is interested in a large saloon. He has brought in a bill to legalize distilleries and to have pedlers licensed who will carry rum & opium into every hamlet. Paul has fought all these measures as well as the big loan of a million dollars for a standing army that we do not need. Such a loan could never be paid and would be about equal to parting with the Sovereignty of the islands to their creditors. Well, perhaps it must go, and with such men in office, perhaps the sooner the better.

Honolulu, Dec. 1st, 1874.

My dear Paul & Beta,

As I hear a Moku leaves today for Lihue, I will write a few words. We were rejoiced & thankful to hear so good a report by Willy. In such a dreadful storm I almost dreaded what might be your state, & it was so long since we had heard.

Saturday we hope to have both Dora and Paul with us. I have come home to my dear little quiet room at Anna's which I call "Peace." Anna & Charlie are well & always send so much love.

Yesterday I received your letters of Nov. 19th & 20th. I will attend to Paul's shirts Saturday. With kisses to my dear little boys, Aloha Nui to all my native friends, & any amount of love to you, my dear Paul & Beta, I am ever

Your loving

Mother.

Dec. 13th, 1874.

My dear precious Beta,

. I have sent one letter to you and Paul today. No days pass when my thoughts and prayers are not with you. My ten-

derest love to you, beloved Beta, my comfort & my joy, whose loving words & kind acts are among my treasures.

Anna is looking very well. Charlie seems to make her life very happy. Mother Cooke is always interested in hearing from you. Were she my own sister, she could not make my life pleasanter here & Charlie is as kind to me as he can be. Then you & Paul write to me so kindly, & Willy & Mary & her family are so grateful for my watching with her while she was so ill. . . . Have I told you that Mrs. Waterhouse gave me black silk for a new dress, & I would like to have you order me a lace shawl from Germany like yours that I am wearing. Then you can have the new one when it comes.

. . . . Oh how thankful & happy I am to receive letters from you always & to learn that no terrible calamity has overtaken you. I do sympathize so deeply with Paul as the great burden-bearer of the family. I never forget him. And I am sure your letters are more valuable to me than mine to you. Do you think children can love their parents as parents do their children?

I hoped to see Dora today, but there was not time. It gives me great pleasure that you have such comfort in Dora & Paul. May they ever be loving & dutiful to you.

Jan. 25th, 1875.

. . . . Charlie was on the wharf when the children arrived & brought them both here. At evening I took Paul up to school. Dora we kept till this morning & then took her to school. Sister Bertha & the other Sisters were most cordial & very glad to have her back, though she was a little tearful about leaving us.

I am glad Otto is married & hope they will be happy. How is the new engineer?

Mother Rice's affection, long given to Carl Isenberg, had gone out likewise to the younger brother Otto. The oldest of the three brothers, Paul, was the natural one to assume responsibility and he had sent for Otto on learning how worried their mother was in Germany at hearing so seldom from her son, herself writing faithfully every month, but often in ignorance of where to address him in



OTTO ISENBERG
ABOUT 1898

the wilds of Australia. Otto's wedding, elaborately planned and carried out at Koamalu by Mrs. Paul Isenberg, is still remembered as one of the events on the island. During the short time that Otto Isenberg worked as a luna at Koloa in charge of much of the labor connected with draining the big swamp to convert it into cane fields, he had met his bride, Miss Helen Lewis of Maui, who had lived also in the Johnson home at Waioli Mis-

sion on Kauai. Later, Otto was sugar boiler at Lihue and for many years the manager of Kekaha mill. He is recalled as a man of strong religious and moral principles, a hard worker and efficient. He was very powerful physically and as exacting of himself as of his men. He was the successful instructor of many young sugar boilers and, of an inventive turn of mind, introduced a number of mechanical innovations in the mill.

At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Cooke in Honolulu "Grandmother's room" was always ready and waiting for her, and as the small grandsons came along they, too, loved to have Grandmother there. Games they

had with her, as well as reading and memorizing, and of the fourth lively grandson, who still recites *The Lady of the Lake*, which he learned from Grandmother, she once wrote that he was filling her room with "happiness and confusion." No multiplication of families is ever too large for a mother's heart. The old home at Lihue remained home too, and writing once from Honolulu to her Isenberg children there, Mother Rice gave expression to something of her affection for, and dependence on, her family at Koamalu.

Oct. 14th, 1876.

. Emily writes that her health has improved all summer, though she is not free from cough. My sister Lucy writes, "Much love to Beta. I wish she could know how gratefully I appreciate her kind remembrance of me." Did you think of me on the 11th? —my 60th birthday. I had a pleasant day of thoughts. My verse for the day was Psalms 116th, 12th verse. I thought of "benefits" so many. You, my dear Beta, have been one of them for which I am truly grateful. And Paul's thrift & enterprise give me my competence, nay more even than a competence.

I must tell you how happy Paul made me when he arrived the other day. "Mother," he said as we sat at table, "I have come to *take you home*." It gave me, & has ever since given me such a happy feeling, that I had a son who would take me home. And it is such a comfort to know that he is ever mindful of the needs of others who are widowed and orphaned. He is a true friend to many. I hope he will never weary in this work & am sure he will have a rich reward.

When Grandmother remained in Honolulu at Aunt Anna's during the long vacation, as she often did, the return steamer or schooner always brought prompt messages, neatly and painstakingly written in large school script.

Lihue, June 25th, 1875.

My dear Grandma

We arrived here safely on Wed morning 7 o'clock we were very sick Makaanui took care of Paul so Mr. McBryde had no trouble with him. My cold is almost well I am useing salt-water and I think it is doing me good.

Yesterday was little Willie III birthday and I went over to help Aunt Mary I took over the horse that you bought for him Aunt Mary says that he will enjoy it very much by and by Helen was over helping Aunt Mary we worked till 3 o'clock and then we went home to dress and at 4 o'clock the feast began after we had finished eating Aunt Mary's sunday school girls sang, some native men rode wild horses for a show.

Afterward we had ice cream and cake Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox George and Henry papa mama and the children Uncle Otto Helen Uncle Willie Aunt Mary little Willie and myself formed our little party.

I remain your loving

Dora

P. S.

Please give my love to Sister Bertha and tell her I will write to her by next schooner as I have nothing to tell now

Dora

Lihue, June 22d, 1876.

Dear Grandma,

We arrived safely on Tuesday morning about 5 o'clock. Yesterday we rode to the wailua falls we saw the lower falls but could not find the way to the upper falls so we had to turn our faces home-ward. Today the steamer leaves for Honolulu and Papa is going on it. We are all well and are having a splendid time. I can not write a long letter so please be satisfied with a short one. Please give my love to Aunt Anna, Uncle Charlie, Montague and the baby that looks like me and with lots of love for yourself

I remain

Your loving Dorathea

Going back to school was not as easy a matter as going home to Lihue. To a lively child like Dora Isenberg the kind Sisters at the Priory often seemed very strict, but she grew to love them with an affection that pictures them all there even now. The many church services seemed almost continuous, and small knees often rebelled at long prayers. There were some recreation hours, even dancing sometimes among the girls, but few games, and only short walks with the Sisters, no glorious horseback rides over the hills as at home. At any rate, there was molasses on all the slices of bread for supper, only it was always spread on already, that small girls might not put it on so thick as to waste it by making themselves ill. One of the girls, Lydia, came from Koloa, a daughter of the Charmans who had bought the old Dole place there, and she almost always brought some old Hawaiian stamps, often some of the now very rare numerals, which Dora's Aunts Emily and Molly had pasted as decoration on one of the doors of the old place where they had gone to school so many years before. Dora often wished that her school were only ten miles from home, as the old Koloa school had been, for the weeks at the Priory seemed so very long. Yet even there every week had a Saturday at the end of it, with Uncle Charlie waiting at the gate of the lodge with his horse and carriage. Strict Sister Bertha, gentle Sister Beatrice, and beautiful Sister Albertina were never quite certain whether it was right to let Dora go with her "young uncle," as they called him, but parental approval settled that. Dora had longed to be at Punahou where her mother had gone to school, and where one could have a horse and not be so shut in by walls, but her father remained true to his European distrust of coeducation, and decreed that the Priory was more suitable.

During the summer of 1875 all were at home again at Lihue, Mother Rice staying with her own son. On September third another son was born in the old Koamalu home, and all went well for two days, when a native on horseback dashed into the yard at the Rices and handed Mother Rice a piece of paper torn from a notebook and with the despairing words, "Please dear Mother come over & help us, the Baby is dying. From Paulo." So once more little Grandmother went back to the old home to do what she could for her sorrowing children. The little note has always been kept with her letters. And the little grave, made near the old home, lies now among the others that she loved in the garden of the dead on the Lihue hillside.

The home at Koamalu was changing, but it was still hers and always would be. And it was home also to beautiful Beta Glade Isenberg, who had come so far to live in it. Once in Honolulu about this time she met again the Austrian botanist, Dr. Wawra, who had climbed Waialeale several years before with Mr. G. N. Wilcox. Dr. Wawra had returned to the islands on an Austrian warship as instructor to two young princes of the house of Coburg. And when he met Mrs. Isenberg at a ball, given by Dr. Hoffmann, the eminent scientist remarked, "Have you been buried on Kauai all this time?" "No, I have lived there," was the quiet, happy response.

Perhaps it is mothers and grandmothers that make homes. Certainly there was a tie between the two at Koamalu that grew still stronger with the years. It was during 1875 that the old Chinese house at Koamalu had at last to be taken down and replaced by a simple frame house with roomy verandas. In November of 1876 a small daughter, Julia, came to Paul and Beta Isenberg there; and when the baby was a month old her gentle mother wrote to Mother Rice: "I wish you could see

your youngest granddaughter, this new, precious gift of God. She looks as lovely in life as our little darling boy did in death. The likeness struck me especially last night, when she was asleep." And before little Julia was two years old, her brothers were already such big boys that Paul Isenberg decided to take his family to live in Germany, where the question of schools would not be such a trying one. This was in 1878. With his family well cared for there, he could return every two years to attend the sessions of the Legislature and supervise the plantation work. The old home, never to be broken up, was to have, as it were, a double focus. From his pottery at Duingen Carl Isenberg came back to Lihue with his family to live in the new Koamalu house and to take his brother's place as manager of the plantation. Before leaving, Paul Isenberg destroyed a great part of his earlier correspondence, but in Maria Rice Isenberg's



THE NEW HOUSE AT KOAMALU IN 1877

little wooden school chest he reverently laid her wedding gown and many of her letters to be kept there safely for her daughter. It was the same "little chest painted blue" which Father Rice had made for his beloved oldest daughter when as a child of twelve she had left Koamalu to go back to school at Punahou.

One of Mother Rice's keenest anxieties, even after all these years, was still the health of her children, near or far. In 1875 she had written to Colonel de la Vergne that she planned to send him a good portion of her dividend, that he might take Emily away from the coldest weather. "And as to my property in Clinton," she adds, "do what is best, it is to me the merest trifle compared with the health and comfort of you all." Always was she ready to answer any call for help, regardless of personal inconvenience to herself, which as years advanced was often considerable. Nor did frequent letters to Emily fail of their home news and cheer.

Honolulu, Jan. 5th, 1877.

My precious Emily,

. . . . Did I tell you that quite a company of Christian Chinese have come recently, some married? They have a teacher with them, and went in a company to Kohala. That heathen China is sending us Christians has been one of my greatest joys.

Until today the storm has prevented my hearing from Kauai. Now comes the kindest of letters from Dora and later letters saying that Dora is very sick. And as the steamer goes directly to Lihue tomorrow, I think it best to go, especially since Anna has a good Chinese woman, a Christian, and I can go feeling easy about her. It is a trial to leave my quiet home with Mother Cooke & all my religious duties and privileges here, but I am glad to go to Maria's Dora.

Mother.

During this summer of 1877 Emily de la Vergne's health was so precarious that her husband, in serious alarm, harnessed his span of horses to a covered wagon

and drove the thousand miles and more westward across the open prairies to Colorado Springs. The benefit to her health proved so marked that the decision was made then and there to sell the ranch in Missouri and go west with the rest of the world. Mother Rice planned to join them in the fall after they had returned to Clinton to dispose of goods and chattels preparatory to the move westward.

In the meantime Mother Rice took Dora to Mills Seminary in California, after waiting in the islands to celebrate her birthday with her late in August. Many restrictions awaited the active, growing girl here, too, but at least there was a big outdoors all around the school and all the books she wanted to read. The good sisters at the Priory had laid sharp restrictions on both quantity and quality of reading, restraining it as some dangerous indulgence or bridling it almost as a wild steed. With Dora Isenberg, reading had indeed become a veritable passion from the time that one of her father's historical novels, a forbidden book of her childhood, had lain so long on the parlor table at home that she had read it standing, with ear alert and fingers poised, ready to close the book silently the instant that she heard an approaching footstep. *Berlin and Sans-Souci*, or *Frederick the Great and his Friends*, it is called, and redolent it is with the incantations of alchemists, lovers' ecstasies and all the intrigues of that brilliant eighteenth century court where the crown bowed to philosophy reigning in the person of Voltaire. The child, Dora, reading surreptitiously at the parlor table, was but entering into some portion of the heritage of her fathers.

Leaving her oldest grandchild safely at school in California, Mother Rice went on to visit with the de la Vergnes in Missouri, where many a thought turned back to the islands and to public as well as private welfare there.

Clinton, Nov. 24th, 1877.

My dear son Paul,

Your dear letter came a day or two since & was heartily welcomed. My letters from Dora are a weekly happiness, they are all so cheerful that they do me good. She appears to be doing very well & the teachers write so well of her.

One sentence of your letter gives me sorrow. It is that the "religious life is ebbing away." My heart is half at Hawaii & my thoughts dwell so constantly on her religious state. I see the great mistake that has been made in considering the work accomplished. There must be a new taking up of the work. We ought to have a wide awake man on Kauai, one who could labor for Europeans, Chinese & Natives. We had a German here today, a good, honest, earnest Christian man, a Lutheran, but very tolerant. I just coveted him for Kauai. How I wish the Planters would have a meeting in Honolulu to discuss the best ways of promoting the highest interests of our laborers. The people here are awakening to the truth which you once expressed to me that this land must be regenerated & there can be no true safety without the people fear & love God. A great work is carried on for the rail road men with a system of religious instruction, sometimes allowing all the machine shops to stop for 20 minutes for a prayer meeting. And the watch word of the meetings is "Missouri for Christ." There are many Germans on Kauai and I like so well the idea of your brother Daniel's going to the Islands. There is such sore need of more laborers in that Vineyard, as on all the other islands.

Still later that fall Mother Rice wrote again to the Paul Isenbergs at Lihue, to say that she hoped to welcome them at Colorado Springs when they should come to see her on their move eastward to Germany. And before the winter was well under way the de la Vergne's move westward was successfully made. Mother Rice therefore sent her definite welcome to Paul and Beta from the beautiful mountain country where she was to spend so many happy years. If she were to return there today, she would still find a trace of their sojourn, for when Colonel

de la Vergne later sold his ranch there, he cut it up into residence lots through which ran two streets named Lihue and Lehua.

Colorado Springs, Feb. 12th, 1878.

Your letters are a great comfort to me. You see by my date that we are safely arrived here. Emily has just gone out to our new house a mile away. I have not been out yet, but like well the looks of this town. We brought a trundle bed for Carlie & Alie, & have all our arrangements made to fix you all comfortably when you come.

George hired a railroad car & we brought all our household goods, a span of horses & carriage, a colored man & wife. The man came with the baggage car & the woman with us. So we were 7 & had 7 bundles, as large a party as yours will be.

With his wife and little daughter Julia, three sons and himself, Paul Isenberg's party was indeed almost as numerous crossing the Pacific. In California they added Dora, somewhat against her will, since she would far rather have stayed at Mills Seminary than have gone on to Germany. But Germany it was to be, and the bright spot in the enterprise for her was the visit with Grandmother and the de la Vergnes in Colorado. Uncle George was so much more than an uncle, he had been a soldier and knew how to fish, how to pitch tents and take care of horses. And sometimes they all went off in the old prairie wagon for days at a time. Underneath the wagon swung the grub box with the family provisions in it; near by was their little stove, and a bag of grain for the fine span of horses. Up in front were two seats where everybody could sit, and in the wagon behind was all the other ukana, cot beds and clothes. Grandmother never went, but it was great fun to get home and tell her all about it. Sometimes the horses would cover fifty miles a day, and Uncle George always seemed to know where to



EMILY RICE DE LA VERGNE
ABOUT 1905

stop for the night near some ranch where he could get milk and water and permission to camp overnight. Some days he would unharness the horses, saddle them, take his rifle and let Dora ride with him out on the prairie and hold his horse while he brought down an antelope. Some days it was trout fishing in a near-by stream and broiling them over the coals, for Aunt Emily was a good cook. What girl of fifteen would want to go to Germany when she could go

fishing and live in a prairie wagon all summer?

But go to Germany they did, and settled for a year in the city of Braunschweig to be near Tante Julia. Grandfather and Grandmother Isenberg had gone and there was no old parsonage to welcome them as there had been nine years before, but Uncle Daniel was busy in his big parish of Gifhorn and after a while Dora went to stay there and be confirmed in his church. She would rather have joined her own mother's church at home, with Grandmother, but this was Papa's wish, and it was good to be at Uncle Daniel's. They were poor, but everything was shared, and it was like being at home. Then during the vacations Uncle Hans would sometimes come. He was only seven years older and such fun that it was hardly worth while calling him Uncle, especially when they could be such good friends. At first, in Bremen, before the family moved to their own home in Braun-

schweig, there had been homesick days aplenty, for no one spoke a word of English—who would pay much attention to a girl of fifteen? And the only ray of comfort had been occasional permission to visit Tante Ehlers, Mama's sister, who had been in Honolulu. She talked English and had, oh, so many English books that one could read. But after being in Gifhorn several months the strangeness wore off and German began to seem quite natural. In the fall of 1879, however, Papa had to go back to the islands again, and, fearing that another winter might be too severe for Dora, decided to take her with him. Grandmother joined them at Cheyenne and came on out to the islands for a visit with her children here. Then there was Christmas together on Kauai and many happy days in Aunt Anna's little house on King Street in Honolulu. In April came a trip to the volcano, accompanied by her mother's girlhood friend of Koloa, Miss Mary Burbank. And shortly afterward Grandmother took Dora, greatly to her joy, back to Colorado Springs, where Grandmother had her own house and where there was Uncle George with the prairie wagon and the horses and the streams full of trout.

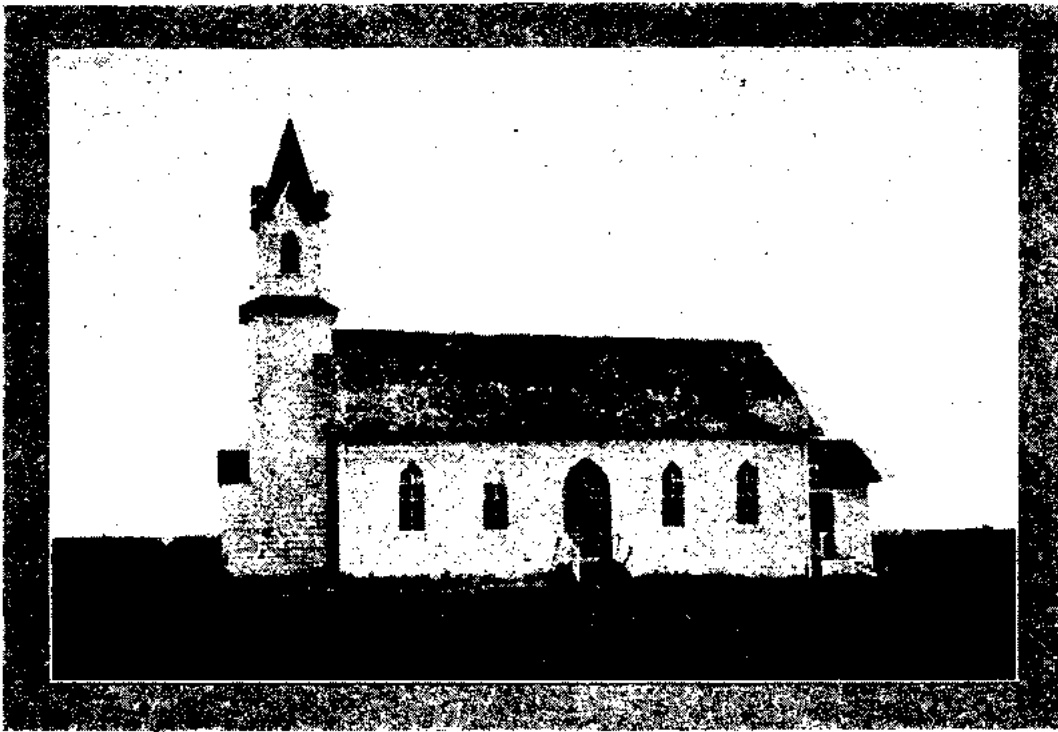
Affairs Political and Personal

As with his first visit to Germany ten years before, results in Paul Isenberg's work were soon quite marked. Increase in the number of plantations meant a growing scarcity of laborers with a proportionately greater demand. In 1878 the Hawaiians still formed more than four-fifths of the population of the islands, but they were diminishing in numbers and had never been inclined to the long days of hard labor which plantation work demanded. Chinese came readily to the islands and made excellent workmen, but even in those early days thinking men began to apprehend difficulties from a preponderance of any other race than the original one of Polynesian strain. The king was keenly interested in transplanting individuals of a kindred race from the Gilbert Islands, but the poor people from those low coral islands of the southern seas almost died of cold and homesickness here and soon returned. The various legislatures of 1880, 1882, 1884 and 1886, all of which were attended by Paul Isenberg, made generous appropriations for the aid of immigration. After considerable diplomatic negotiation the Empire of Japan, a conservative nation which had not then been opened more than a generation to the influences of the outside world, was persuaded to allow, under restrictions, the emigration of a few of its people to the Hawaiian kingdom. Portuguese in considerable numbers had been sent by Dr. Hillebrand from Madeira and the islands of the Azores, and had proven themselves desirable as laborers, but transportation was so costly that the project was abandoned.

Another possible source of labor was Germany, and Mr. H. A. P. Carter succeeded in negotiating a treaty of immigration at the court of Berlin. While in Germany during 1878 and 1879 Paul Isenberg interested a number

of families in the proposed emigration to the islands, and the next year 124 men, women and children followed him in the little bark Ceder. In 1882 the ship Iolani brought 183; the next year almost 600 came; the census of 1890 showed over 1,000, and that of 1897 over 1,400 German inhabitants in the islands. This is according to a tabulation recently made by the Rev. Arthur Hoermann, pastor of the Lutheran Church in Honolulu. Many of these first German emigrants were sent to the island of Kauai, where numerous families were located on Lihue Plantation, which employed the men as lunas in field or irrigation work and often as mechanics. They came under a four-year contract and were industrious workers. More than this, however, was their ultimate aim, for the German has always been a home-maker on his own little farm, and when it was found that there was no opportunity for them to buy their own homes in Hawaii, many migrated to Washington, Oregon and California. Even so, and notwithstanding its tropical setting, the little colony at Lihue, each family with its house surrounded by a little garden, began soon to take on quite a German aspect. The parents were unwilling to let their children grow up without training in their own language, and Friedrich Richter, a young theological student who had come out as tutor in a Honolulu family, was engaged in 1882 to teach a German school on the hill north of the mill. Mother Rice and Paul Isenberg were keenly interested in this new enterprise, and shared the added expense with the plantation. This was true also in the following year when not only an additional school building and another teacher were needed, but, to the great joy of both Mother Rice and her children, a neat little German church as well was built adjoining the school and the little German cemetery.

With the coming of his countrymen from a land trained by centuries of sharp necessity to the conservation of all her resources, Paul Isenberg saw the fulfilment of



GERMAN LUTHERAN CHURCH AT LIHUE ABOUT 1895

another of his far-sighted plans. For years he had meditated how he should renew the life of the forests which two improvident generations before him had literally devoured at Lihue, as in many other parts of the islands. This was not only with a view toward replenishing the supply of firewood, although this was in those days a paramount consideration, but also toward conserving the rapidly decreasing water supply. On the Grove Farm land G. N. Wilcox had planted in 1874 a number of ironwoods to take the place of the old grove of kukui trees which was fast dying out. Seed for this planting had been obtained from Australian ironwood trees then growing in Honolulu in front of the old Court House which in 1874 was taken over by Hackfeld and Company, the agents for Mr. Wilcox. Aside from this group of ironwoods at Grove Farm, it is not known that anything at all had been done before 1880 to aid the primitive forests

of lehua, koa, kukui and ahakea in the wooded lowlands of Lihue and Koloa. The mountain forests had long lain a prey to the depredations of wild pigs and cattle, and almost equally with the lower slopes, had suffered denudation to furnish firewood for whaleships. The natives themselves were becoming aware of the danger in changing conditions, such as the lessening volume of the streams. No white man who came to live among them ever escaped his own particular nickname and one of the old-time traders, who lived long in Lihue and Koloa, was always known as Mu-ai-laau, Worm-that-eats-wood, so insatiable were the demands of trade and so ravaging their effects on the neighboring forests.



This altarpiece in the Lihue Lutheran Church was presented by Mrs. Paul Isenberg, Sr. The carving was given by her son, Alexander.

Other causes of deforestation were likewise present, not the least of these being the impetus given by the reciprocity treaty toward clearing land for planting sugar cane, and others than Hawaiians realized the inevitable consequences of the rapidly receding forests. Among the first German immigrants, or perhaps preceding them by a few months, Paul Isenberg engaged a German forester who remained on Lihue Plantation for five or six years and then returned to the Prussian Forest Service after passing much of his knowledge on to others here. His first and principal task was to plant and tend a young forest on a tract of valley and ridge of about 300 acres on the eastward slope leading up to Kilohana crater. This is often called the German Forest and was, as far as is known, the first extensive attempt at reforestation anywhere on the islands. No seed nurseries or previous experiments existed, save the natural ones of the forests and the few gardens of old residents. The forester and his wife, with eight or nine other thrifty German families, lived in the valleys just makai of the forest, the sites of their homes marked now only by towering mango trees and wild bushes of the datura, or floribunda, with their long white bells swinging silently in the wind.

Beside housing and settling the newcomers, one pressing problem was to decide which varieties of trees best for that situation would furnish sufficient seed for the enterprise. The Pride of India was finally chosen, as a tropical tree long a denizen of the islands, and some Australian ironwoods were also propagated for the purpose, as far as seed could be obtained. The albizzia, known as the white-flowering monkeypod, was also largely planted in the valleys, and has proven a useful tree, having one characteristic of the Hawaiian hau, its branches sprouting easily when cut off and inserted in the ground as fence posts. Just as an experiment and for his own amusement, also, Forester Lange introduced into the new forest

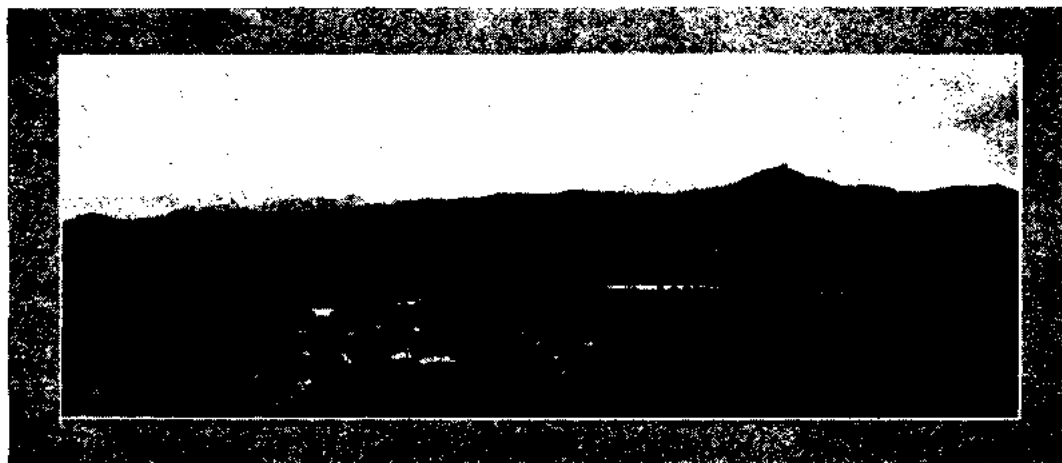
a small grove of slender red palms, which today taper high into the air, stretching through the dark growth about them toward the sunlight above.

In the course of a few years it was evident that the Pride of India was not well adapted for these wind-swept slopes, and Manager Carl Isenberg set out thousands of koa seedlings, a hard wood native to those ridges and a lusty child of Hawaiian forests. The old ditch built by Father Rice winds through a part of this planting and one may still walk along it today through the beauty of a real forest. So dense did the shade become at one time that hundreds of the koa trees were cut out for firewood. Many other such plans of reforestation were pursued later, the government itself was finally awakened to the urgency of great forest reserves to protect the watersheds of every island, and skilled scientists are now constantly employed by the plantations and other agencies. But of this later development scarcely a murmur was heard before the early experiment on Kauai, and one of the very interesting records in the archives of the Bureau of Agriculture and Forestry in Honolulu is a detailed account of all the early planting at Lihue, a study made in 1906 by Charles S. Judd, now Chief Forester. The Lihue Plantation books on forestry were not opened until October of 1884, when some ten thousand dollars had been laid out over and above considerable sums already expended personally by Paul Isenberg against the hesitancy of other owners.

In all of the agricultural projects which originated or continued to develop on the island of Kauai during the busy decade of 1880, Paul Isenberg took a keen personal interest, if not also a direct financial share. At Wahiawa on the south coast his friend, Judge McBryde, had made some beginning in 1870, or perhaps even earlier. He engaged a German by the name of Heine to plow land for him, obtained seed cane from Koloa by oxcart, and

employed George Charman to haul the cane to be ground at Koloa mill. But there was no profit in it and his own ill health retarded operations. Judge McBryde died in 1878, and his wife, left with a family of six young children, turned for help to an old friend, Judge Widemann. He interested August Dreier in the proposition, the agriculturist who had come out for Hoffschlaeger and Company in earlier days to plant cotton on east Kauai, and had finally bought out Captain Charman at Koloa. Mr. Dreier put \$20,000 into the Eleele venture, forming a partnership with Mrs. McBryde, who owned the land. Twenty years afterward, when it was reorganized by B. F. Dillingham as McBryde Plantation, Mr. Dreier sold out for half a million dollars. Today the landing at Eleele, not far from the mouth of the Hanapepe River, is called Port Allen. Although still an open roadstead, it is protected in part by a breakwater and forms the most important shipping point on west Kauai.

Other Kauai neighbors, too, became interested in sugar during the years immediately following the achievement



BRYDESWOOD TODAY

The old McBryde home, to the left among the hills, is now the home for the manager of McBryde Plantation. Reservoirs fill pockets in this lovely hill country, but most of this mauka land is given over to pineapples grown by homesteaders.

of the Reciprocity Treaty. Although the Waimea district had undoubtedly seen the first manufacture of sugar on the island, it was not one of the first places to develop modern methods. About 1880, or perhaps a little earlier, Valdemar Knudsen and Francis Sinclair began to wish that their land might be made more profitable; and Mr. Sinclair talked the matter over exhaustively with Paul Isenberg and George Wilcox, who had been so successful on the windward side of the island. The lease of the Knudsens' land at Pokii and Kekaha had still about twenty-five years to run. There was not a great supply of water in that district, but the soil was fertile. The upshot of the matter was that the Isenberg and Wilcox brothers agreed to furnish the capital and Kekaha Sugar Company was started. The Knudsens rented their land for a stipulated proportion of the crop, which was to be planted by two Germans, Messrs. Meier and Kruse, who were planters only and had no control over the mill. Mr. Isenberg arranged for sufficient loans to his brothers, Carl and Otto, and to Mr. Brady, an engineer at Lihue, for each to begin with one-fifth of the capital stock. In fact, Mr. Isenberg's chief interest in the project was to give his brothers an opportunity to get ahead. The motive of Mr. Wilcox was similar. The remaining two-fifths of the stock was taken in four equal shares of one-tenth each by the three Wilcox brothers, George, Albert and Sam, and Paul Isenberg himself. Otto Isenberg moved over to Kekaha as soon as the mill was built, and was mill manager there for many years. Difficulties there were aplenty, but perseverance matched them and made out of a doubtful experiment a little plantation which has often been called a gold mine, with particular reference to one valley which is so fertile that for twenty-five or thirty years one ratoon crop after another was taken off from it; that is, without necessity of replanting, except occasionally in small areas.

During the early years at Kekaha the planters were inexperienced and seed cane had more than once to be supplied them from Grove Farm or Lihue. For the mill owners themselves, as Mr. G. N. Wilcox states, there was the additional concern that the land was held only by leasehold and not in fee simple, but even at that the game was worth the candle and nothing venture, nothing have. The government was twice willing to renew the lease for considerable periods. At the outset the fear of drought was perhaps the greatest menace, for their only source of water, aside from infrequent rains, was that of springs in the hills and water from these required a system of pumps. After ten or fifteen years, a Honolulu experiment was tried in the form of drilling an artesian well, the first on Kauai and the first anywhere on the islands to be used for irrigation. It succeeded beyond expectations, and with these satisfactory results the Sinclairs were eager to have Paul Isenberg continue operations on the island of Niihau, but it was never felt wise to pursue the project, since the supply of underground water on so small an island is, at best, problematical.

Work at Kekaha, however, went on. More wells were dug. Some went brackish, or salt. In 1907 twelve miles of ditches were built to bring Waimea River water down and across the river to the uplands above the old Menehune Ditch found there in 1792 by Captain Vancouver. In 1923 Kekaha's great mauka ditch was superintended by Engineer George Ewart of Kauai, but both of these projects were originally planned by a nephew of Mr. Valdemar Knudsen, Hans Peter Faye, who became an outstanding figure in sugar production on West Kauai. As a young planter for Kekaha Mr. Faye had converted the sand flats of Mana into fertile fields and later he became vice-president of, and a large owner in, that corporation.



HANAPEPE VALLEY

The impromptu waterfall was caused recently by a surplus of water siphoned across the valley just above it.

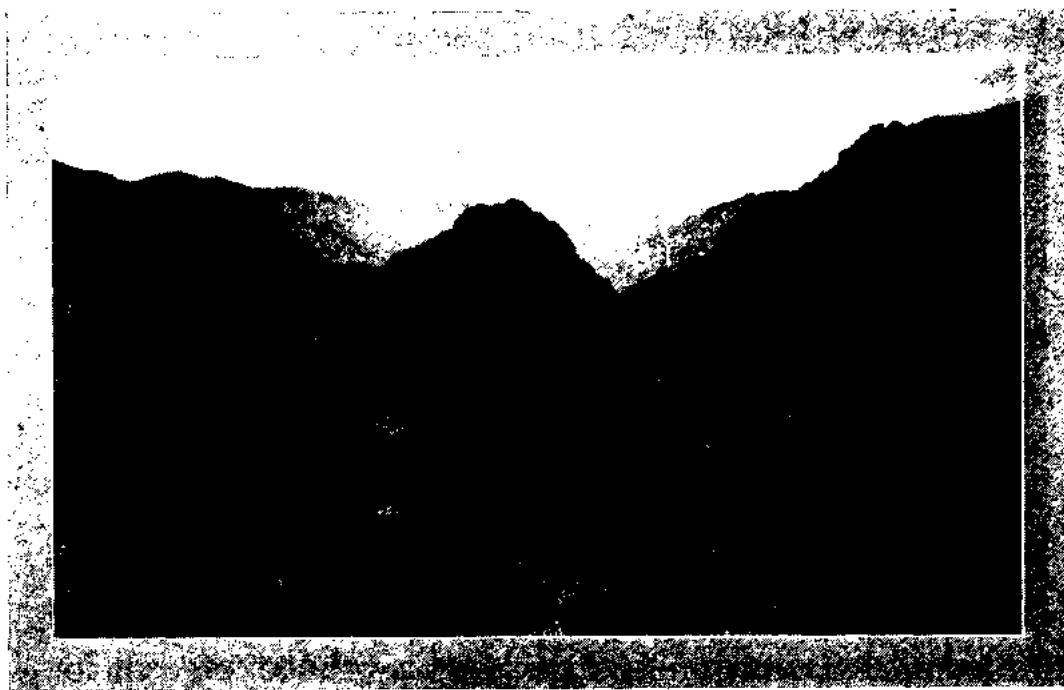
Even on the swamp flats of Waimea the stimulus of the Reciprocity Treaty began to make itself felt. A group of Norwegian planters tried growing cane there, with but indifferent success. In 1884 the Waimea Sugar Mill Company was organized with stockholders in Honolulu. The land was acquired from the Rowell family, who had attempted dairying there, and under various changes of ownership the little company struggled through years of discouragement. A young German, John Fassoth, who had come out in 1882, among the first to emigrate to Hawaii, and had been employed at Kekaha, soon realized the urgency of fresh water for Waimea, where he later held the managership for thirteen years. By dint of perseverance he had the first ditch constructed to bring river water to the Waimea fields and thus was largely instru-

mental in their steady progress. The little plantation became the holding of Mr. H. P. Faye, under whose skilful direction ultimate success was assured. Beginning with a planting area of less than 200 acres, Waimea now has, according to its office records, the expectation of laying 670 acres under cultivation in 1931.

During the years of 1880 still another venture in sugar was made on the west coast of the island, but with this, as with the Waimea Sugar Mill Company, Paul Isenberg had no direct connection. The proposition was that of Makaweli lands, or the Hawaiian Sugar Company, to which the Sinclairs, now the planters Gay and Robinson, lease some of their mauka lands, while they retain the makai fields on which they themselves superintend the planting of cane to be ground at the Makaweli mill. With Makaweli, as with so many of the island plantations, the story is a long one and of vivid interest. But for the energy and genius of H. P. Baldwin, in whose biography by his son some features of its growth are indicated, this plantation might have succumbed to the blow of the McKinley tariff in 1890. This brought free sugar, the delight of American housewives who had no interest in the fact that raising the embargo on all imported sugars virtually put the Hawaiian market out of business by dropping the price of sugar automatically "to the extent of two cents a pound." In the very teeth of this disaster, Mr. Baldwin not only took over the management of Makaweli personally, but persuaded the stockholders to stand by the new enterprise and promised them that he would not call for more than seventy per cent of their stock subscriptions. He kept his promise, as was a habit with him. And he left the plantation equipped with a new and better mill and with the celebrated Hanapepe ditch. This has in more recent years been supplemented by a copious stream of water ditched and tunneled by feats of engineering skill along the cliffs of beautiful Olo-

kele Canyon and making a green plantation garden of the dry kula lands which in former years were thought "capable of supporting but a few head of horses and cattle." Mr. Baldwin's longest stay at Makaweli was during 1893, when he took a few days' respite from work and with a four-horse team made a mission pilgrimage over the fifty-mile ride to the old Waioli mission home which Mrs. Baldwin's father had built more than half a century before.

In Kilauea Sugar Plantation on the northerly coast of Kauai Paul Isenberg had at one time some financial interest, but early in 1884 he wrote that he was glad to be freed of that additional responsibility. It was largely owned by a Scotchman, Mr. McPhee, whom Paul Isenberg visited in Edinburgh in 1882. At Kilauea the question of water supply bears far less relation to plantation difficulties than on the leeward side of the island, but the

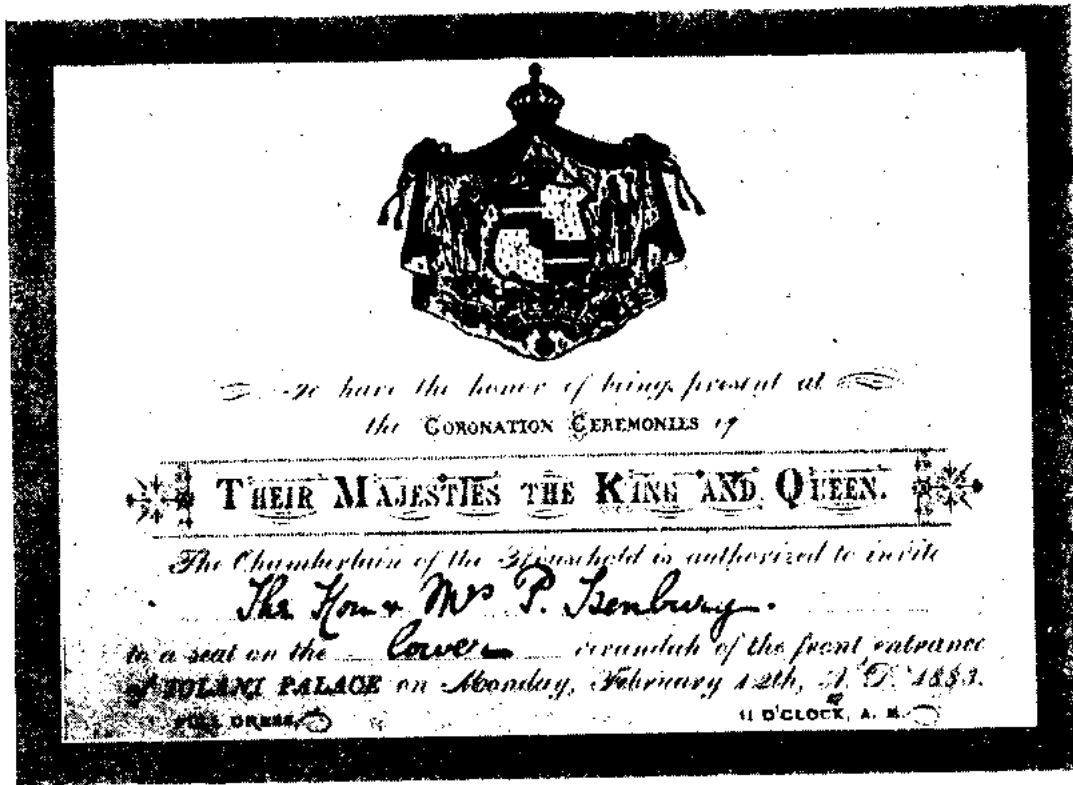


OLOKELE CANYON

Along the right-hand cliff the line of the big Makaweli ditch threads its way.

soil is thin and profits meager. One of the early employees at Kilauea was Alexander Lindsay, who had been persuaded to emigrate from Scotland with his wife and seven children. At the bright age of ninety, Mr. Lindsay spent most of his time in the home of one daughter or another on the opposite side of the island, always ready for a chat, and with more than a trace of his native Scots lingering in his speech. He would tell you that, as a young man, he was "keen for land," and soon migrated eastward from Kilauea to the upper valley of Moloaa where he bought ranch land from some of the Moloaa Hui and there brought up his children, as one of them who longed for city diversions often said, on plenty of mountain air. Another Kilauea employee was R. W. T. Purvis, an Englishman who later married one of the McBryde daughters, and was bookkeeper for many years at Grove Farm for Mr. G. N. Wilcox. Mr. Purvis' father was one of the first planters for Makee Sugar Company at Kealia.

Of 1882 and the years following, letters from Paul Isenberg, chiefly to Mother Rice, are still kept and they reveal not a little of his attitude toward the political situation of the times. After visiting Mr. McPhee in Scotland during the fall of 1882, Mr. Isenberg spent a day in London and, with characteristic energy, saw more of the sights in that old city than most travelers could take in during a week. In addition, he had time for a half-hour's visit with Mr. S. M. Damon, who supplied him with a detailed bulletin of King Kalakaua's extravagances and blind adherence to the short-sighted policies of his Prime Minister and Minister of Foreign Affairs, W. M. Gibson. One of the plans for extolling the greatness of the king had been originated perhaps by that monarch himself during his recent tour around the world, but was zealously promoted by Mr. Gibson. This was the matter



INVITATION TO KALAKAUA'S CORONATION IN 1883

of spending \$10,000 of the king's revenue on European crown jewels, looking toward the splendor of a Hawaiian coronation nine years after the king's accession. With all his loyalty to the monarchy, Paul Isenberg was moved to remark, as were many others likewise, "What a foolish thing is all this business of a coronation. I must say I was surprised to hear of all the folly." Himself born and reared within the monarchical realms of Europe, it is but natural that Paul Isenberg should adhere strongly to that form of government and should deplore the radical tendencies of many in Hawaii who even at this early date were attempting to cry down the monarchy. Yet he was too clear a thinker and too shrewd a business man to be unaware of the king's dangerous leaning toward absolute power. Writing from Germany to Mother Rice who was in Colorado, he remarked:

Bremen, October 20, 1885.

. The Gibson government holds on still. Our Bremen papers had the news that Queen Emma died in April. The last fear that Kalakaua had is now passed away. His health seems to stand wonderfully. I am glad you do not trouble yourself so much about the government. God still lives and rules, and I hope in time there will be a change for the better.

As ever your loving son,
Paul Isenberg.

With regard to plantation matters it is astonishing to find so many mentioned in great detail in Mr. Isenberg's personal letters, both in reference to ordering such new implements as steam plows while abroad, and in such matters as dividends or new contracts. In 1881 the Bremen-Honolulu firm of H. Hackfeld and Company had admitted three younger partners, Paul Isenberg, J. F. Hackfeld, a nephew of the founder, and H. F. Glade, each with stock to the amount of \$75,000, which together represented more than half of the capitalization at \$400,000. Captain Hackfeld became one of three silent partners and retired to Bremen, where he died in 1887. During 1886 the partnership contract was renewed for another five years. References to vital political questions of the day also occur in Mr. Isenberg's letters during these latter years of Kalakaua's reign.

Bremen, Oct. 13, 1886.

. I have engaged five families for Lihue Plantation, with 12 children, nice looking people.

Bremen, Nov. 3rd, 1886.

. I have written to offer Carl \$38,500 for his stock in Kekaha. Yet I hope he will keep his share, even though he is dissatisfied.

Bremen, Feb. 23, 1887.

. I am glad to hear that Lihue fields are looking well and that the mill work is satisfactory. I expect to leave for the Islands early in May. There is much business to attend to in San Fran-

cisco and Honolulu; at Lihue the matter of the Grove Farm contract and decision as to a railroad for Lihue and Hanamaulu. If a longer contract can be made with George Wilcox, we can build a railroad to Grove Farm. Then I must look into Kekaha matters thoroughly. The planters will have to work very differently, if they want to earn.



J F Hairfield

Honolulu, July 5, 1887.

. The desired changes must be made in the German school, and I will collect the money for it. The Plantation must not pay one cent towards it. In the English school I recently saw some excellent wall maps. You must get some of them, and be very particular that all the studies in English are thoroughly carried on.

The changes in the government you will read of in the papers. They have been consummated without violence, thank God. The new Constitution will be presented to the Judges of the Supreme Court and the King, and a convention of citizens is to vote on this Constitution. So after all, it will *seem* to be in accordance with the Law. Gibson and his son-in-law are to appear before the Court today. They were imprisoned in Frank Cooke's warehouse on Queen Street. Surely we may look for much improvement, and the roads on Kauai will be attended to.

July 8th.

. The new Constitution has appeared in print.

July 11th.

. Everything in Honolulu is quiet. I expect Gibson will be acquitted, shameful though that will be, and not exactly flattering to the Government.

Honolulu, Oct. 18, 1887.

. I have had quite a conversation with Kalakaua, but he would not touch on anything more serious than the most commonplace matters, and it is not etiquette to change the subject of conversation unless the suggestion comes from him.

The Lihue lease for Wailua Falls land has been signed and recorded, for 30 years. Sugar is improving. Japanese laborers to the number of 1,100 will arrive in November.

New York, Nov. 18, 1887.

. This morning I read King Kalakaua's speech in the N. Y. Herald. How he has had to retrench! I hope all will go well.

Events leading up to the revolution of 1887 covered many years and a turmoil of conflicting ideas. The king felt himself justified in asserting to the full his prerogatives as an absolute monarch who could control his cabinet by dismissing its members at will, vetoing the law which made it illegal to sell liquor at retail outside of Honolulu, extorting thousands of dollars from Chinese merchants for an opium monopoly, and increasing the national debt at a perilous rate of speed. Some members of the Hawaiian League which was organized to remedy this state of affairs were citizens of radical opinions who advocated violence, if necessary, to secure prompt abolition of the monarchy and annexation to the United States. Others, like Paul Isenberg, formed the larger group and felt that some more conservative action must be taken. But the radical wing became at last so outspoken and imperative that the king perceived his own danger and promptly agreed to certain reform measures which became operative on July 7th, 1887. William Hyde

Rice was one of the committee of thirteen citizens who presented to Kalakaua the ultimatum of twenty-four hours in which to sign this new constitution. Reflections of these harassing days, when the king owed not only his throne but also his personal safety to the quietly conservative group of business men in the Hawaiian League, appear briefly in Paul Isenberg's letters. The struggle was on, and not a full decade was to see the end of it.

The tension was sharp during those summer days of political storm. One immediate effect was to hasten the return of Queen Kapiolani from London whither she had gone in April to attend the Jubilee celebration of Queen Victoria. Hawaii's Story by Hawaii's Queen, Liliuokalani, written many years later, relates much of interest regarding this great event and gives a photograph of Queen Kapiolani in her special coronation robe of velvet overlaid with peacock feathers. Princess Liliuokalani was the sister and heir of King Kalakaua, and at the ceremonies in Buckingham Palace was seated next to His Royal Highness, Crown Prince William of Prussia. It was some years before Liliuokalani succeeded her brother on the Hawaiian throne, and since she and her husband, Governor Dominis, were childless, the King and Queen adopted during this time the two small sons of the Queen's sister on Kauai, David Kawananakoa and Jonah Kalaniana'ole. Greatgrandsons they were of Kauai's last king, Kaumualii, and many felt it more than fitting that they should grow up in the court as princes of the Kalakaua dynasty. One of them, affectionately known as Prince Cupid, or Kuhio, lived to render his native land twenty years of devoted service as Delegate to the United States Congress after annexation had finally put an end to political upheavals in Hawaii. Kuhio Park, at Koloa beach, marks his birthplace and his memorial on Kauai.

When Mr. and Mrs. Paul Isenberg moved to Germany in 1878 they remained for part of a year in Braunschweig, but the old city of Bremen soon became their permanent home. Here to their little family of two sons and a daughter were added a second daughter, Clara, a third son, Richard, and a third daughter, Paula, the last a gay, happy child with her father's name. In 1885 they moved finally into their own comfortable house, which was such a pleasure to them both and which to this day, presided over by its beautiful, gracious mistress, remains the gathering-point for all Isenberg and Glade relatives and their many friends. After buying the house and adding to it considerably, Paul Isenberg wrote to Mother Rice:



THE PAUL ISENBERG HOME IN BREMEN
1930

It stands near the old moat which formerly surrounded the city wall.

Bremen, Oct. 20, 1885.

. We have moved at last into our own house, the first we have ever owned alone. However, our thoughts have crossed over the thousands of miles which separate us and have been with you often. I wish you could come and visit us and enjoy this house a little while. Our dining room and bedroom are very large and the kitchen is so nice that a poor man asked the cook if she did not feel as if she were in heaven. We have a very fine stove and boiler. Five or six persons can take a warm bath during the

day and we enjoy the baths very much. Hans and Dora were our first visitors, also Diedrich Glade, a brother of Beta in business at Bombay.

Paul Rice Isenberg, at this time a lad of nineteen, had attended school in Germany for several years and then studied pharmacology and sugar chemistry, before serving two years of apprenticeship on a beet-sugar farm in central Germany. Sugar, however, did not interest him as keenly as the live stock on the farm,

and his elders often remarked his knowledge of it, when he was at home in Bremen for vacations, saying that Paul was beginning to talk with as much experience as an old man. While still a boy he had a light, pleasing voice which later, as baritone, developed such power and sweetness that, had he cared to toil through the years of study and preparation necessary for such an arduous profession, he might well have made a name for himself in concert or opera. But no longing had he for life in any land but the gentle one of his birth. In 1887 he returned to Lihue and became oxen-luna on the plantation, the position which his Uncle Willie Rice had held as a young man. Uncle and nephew were in some respects not unlike, being born



BETA GLADE ISENBERG
1878

horsemen and as brothers among the Hawaiians. Where Mr. Rice had a gift in the speech of Hawaii and could interpret even the figurative language of their ancient meles, Paul Rice Isenberg sang himself into their hearts with literally a flood of melody that, once heard, was never afterward forgotten. He loved the easy, genial hospitality of the islands, and, quite like the open-hearted Hawaiians, was as free of his purse as of his house.

During most of the minority of his two oldest children Paul Isenberg, Senior, had asked C. M. Cooke, their uncle, to act as their legal guardian. Mr. Cooke therefore gradually invested the dividends accruing to them from their mother's share in Lihue Plantation, and negotiated the trust funds with such wise foresight that each received a considerable sum on attaining his majority. Also for kindness, hospitality and helpful advice their debt to Charles M. Cooke was even greater, since, as with his many other wards, he never hesitated at added burdens, nor ever failed to carry the labor of his charge far beyond the confines of mere duty. By the time that Paul Rice Isenberg came of age in 1887, his preference for ranch life had become so distinct that, with boyish impetuosity, he flung a large part of his inheritance into the development of an extensive ranch property at Waialae, on Oahu, at the seacoast southeast of Honolulu. This he obtained on a long lease from the estate of Mrs. Bernice Pauahi Bishop, who had died a few years before. The land had never really been utilized to its full capacity and young Paul Isenberg went into it with high hopes, plowing extensively for alfalfa fields, installing large pumps for irrigation and purchasing valuable cattle and blooded race horses. If it could have been worked up slowly, with rigid personal supervision, on land owned in fee simple, the venture might have proved less of a speculation and more of an investment. Yet in certain ways the young proprietor had a definitely practical bent. He

was the first ranchman in the islands to demonstrate the growth and uses of alfalfa, a valuable stock feed in which he had some seventy acres yielding often fourteen crops a year. Good milk was another objective and, cooperating with other local dairies, he became the organizer and prime mover in the Honolulu Dairymen's Association, the first institution of its kind, and one of which the growing city stood in sore need. The value of his inclination for raising stock was of considerable significance in a country which was devoting most of its energies to the cultivation of sugar. The breeding of superior cattle and horses formed perhaps his chief interest for a time, and his dog kennels were an almost equal delight.



THE PAUL ISENBERG FAMILY

From the oldest son, Paul, to little daughter Paula, in Bremen in 1887.

As a connoisseur and promoter of sports D. P. R. Isenberg became a favorite figure in Honolulu, a circumstance which undoubtedly aided during later years in his frequent election to the legislature, where he was a staunch Republican. In 1898 he represented Kauai in the House; in 1902, 1903, 1904 and 1905 he sat for Oahu in the Senate, of which he was president during both regular and extra sessions of the year 1905. During 1909, 1911 and 1913 the presidency of that body was again held by Kauai men, W. O. Smith and E. A. Knudsen. D. P. R. Isenberg was more than once urged to become Mayor of Honolulu and Governor of the territory, but continued ill health precluded such duties. Nevertheless, he again sat for Oahu in the House of Representatives in 1915, making a total of eight regular and extra sessions attended by him after the annexation of Hawaii to the United States. Entrance into the political arena, even for so popular a candidate, was an arduous task, but he pursued this game, as all others, with fresh enthusiasm. Athletics likewise enlisted his support. As a young man he was foremost in stimulating interest during the early days of the baseball league, arranging for its public park and diamond, and, what is more, putting the whole sport on a paying basis.

In later years, after he had become a member of the Senate, the East Indian game of polo was introduced and at once claimed his heartiest enthusiasm. But during the latter years of the monarchy the game that lay nearest his heart had been played on the old race course at Kapiolani Park, a new park then and named for Kalakaua's queen. More than once was D. P. R. Isenberg president of the Hawaiian Jockey Club and always its ardent supporter. His birthday chanced to fall on the eleventh of June, Kamehameha Day, that most joyous of all Hawaiian holidays and preeminently the day of jockey races in Honolulu. Rarely did it pass without a luau at the Wai-

alae Ranch, a convivial Hawaiian feast which decked its guests with flowers and song. Indeed, the genius of its host was one of hospitality and music. Never was he more at home than when jovial King Kalakaua would come out to Waialae for the evening, as he not infrequently did, and the festivities could be crowned with a luau. Singing was, of course, a part of it all, and nothing made the Hawaiians happier than to hear Paulo



PAUL RICE ISENBERG
1905

Liilii, as they called him. He was always very stout, and this pleased them, too, as one of the ambitions of an ease-loving people.

Once, when the king came out to Waialae, he brought the words of a song which he had started to make in praise of his genial host. Words and music were finished by Major Kealakai, recently for several years leader of the Royal Hawaiian Band, that indispensable institution which is almost our last remaining link with the old days of the monarchy. Pua-ahi-ahi, the lyric was called, Evening Flower, or the wreath placed by a girl about her lover's neck. Major Kealakai taught the song to mem-

bers of the famous Kawaihau Glee Club of the Palace and it was first sung by them at Waialae at a luau in honor of the king, who dedicated the song to his host. It seemed so fitting to the place that it was promptly renamed Waialae, now grown to signify the pleasures of the hospitable ranch, having almost lost its original significance of Wai-alae, water frequented by the little alae, or Hawaiian mud hen. The song became a favorite and has since been revived in translation and history by the Mossman Hawaiian School with the aid of Professor Fred Beckley, at one time governor of Kauai and later instructor in Hawaiian at the University of Hawaii. So popular was the song itself and the beauty of Paul Isenberg's voice in singing it, that when campaigning for election to the senate, his Hawaiian audiences never allowed him to finish a political speech, but soon called out, "You are elected, Paulo! Give us Waialae!"

During the twenty years from 1880 to 1900 when Paul Isenberg, Senior, made his regular biennial visits to the islands from his home in Bremen, his wife came out with him at first only once, in 1882, when she left her children at home in Bremen in the kind care of her married sister, who added her own family of three to the Isenbergs' four. When the children were much older, Mrs. Isenberg again accompanied her husband to the islands, in 1896, with her two younger daughters, and once more in 1900. During the first visit to the islands in 1882 the oldest daughter, Dora, grown to be an alert, energetic young woman of twenty, also remained in the home in Bremen and with her instinctive understanding of and love for children, was the best kind of older sister to the lively household. In the matter of business difficulties which Mr. Isenberg was to face in Honolulu, Mother Rice, writing to her brother Atwood in Tennessee, remarked:

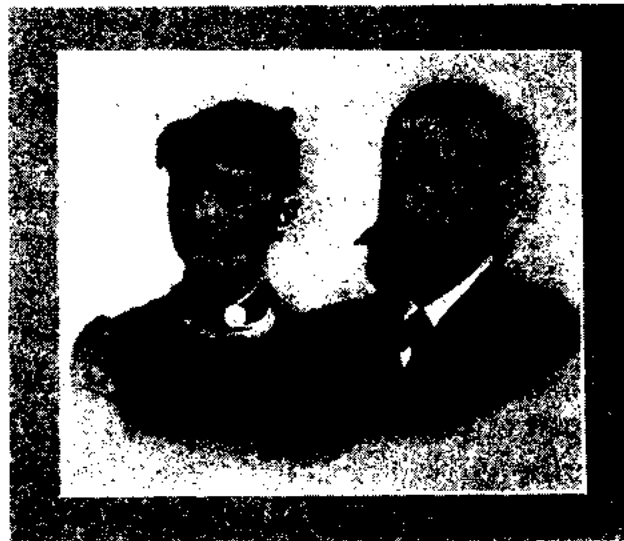
Colorado Springs, Jan. 12, 1882.

... Paul writes: "We are likely to have serious trouble in regard to a market for our sugar. A twenty-millioner, Spreckels, has the San Francisco market under his thumb & will do all he can to crush other planters, as he neither fears God nor regards man."

Paul comes on in April to take his seat in the House of Nobles & to look after business matters. We have had much prosperity & it will not be strange if a reverse comes. I have taken advantage of "high tide" & done many things, among them a W. H. Rice scholarship in Oahu College, as Punahou School is now called.

And today I send \$750 to your son Atwood to purchase a home for himself & family. I think any minister can do more good to have a home of his own, & rent is a great item for a poor minister. I have a real happiness in having him as a missionary in Texas, that part of our country which so needs the Gospel.

I expect to go on to the islands with Paul & Beta in April.



REV. AND MRS. HANS ISENBERG
*At the time of their marriage in Bremen
in 1883.*

The old circle of the Koamalu home was changing with the years, as its children again began to grow up into life. In September of 1883 Dora Rice Isenberg was married to the Rev. Hans Isenberg, after waiting five years to attain her majority and to win her father's permission. In Germany it was not thought strange for a man to wed his niece, and surely no marriage could have been happier than this was. Once the decision had been made, Paul Isenberg wrote to Mother Rice:

Bremen, August 2, 1883.

. You will receive this letter a day or two after Dora is married. We have bought furniture and linen for her and I think her house will be very nicely furnished. With your generous gift she has bought four pieces of solid silver, a tea and coffee set which will last for centuries.

Beta Isenberg's letter to Mother Rice, written just after the wedding in the cathedral in Bremen, tells of the bridal couple setting off happily for their new home in the Harz Mountains, hard though it was for the young bride to leave her father's house. Hans Isenberg was a practical young minister of twenty-eight, who might have been appointed to one of several more important parishes than that of St. Andreasberg. He had the independent and inquiring mind of a scientist, but training in that field was not as open to poor ministers' sons in those days as it is today. And his father's heart had yearned especially over this youngest son in the hope that he too, as well as his older brother Daniel, might choose the ministry as his vocation. Nor had Father Isenberg longed in vain, for the boy's early studies brought the keenest gratification and after a year at Leipzig Hans matriculated at Goettingen, his father's university. Having passed his first theological examination with honors, he received an appointment to pursue his remaining studies in a divinity school which offered young Hanoverian candidates unusual advantages.

This was, and is, an endowed institution known as Kloster Loccum in the valley of the river Weser, not far to the west of the city of Hanover and near Father Isenberg's last parish of Wunstorf. Outwardly, Kloster Loccum retains the form of an ancient Cistercian monastery, but, modern in thought, although medieval in housing, it is such a school as could have slowly evolved into modern times nowhere but in Germany. Founded



KLOSTER LOCCUM

in the middle of the twelfth century by Count Wilbrand von Hallermund, whose portrait suggests that of a crusading knight, it was carried on by monks and laymen of the Cistercian order, one of whose vows bound them to till the soil and raise animals. The simple, rustic life in the more than two thousand monasteries of this order rendered them vital factors in the agricultural as well as the religious development of Europe. Kloster Loccum, in ancient days called the *Abbatia Luccensis*, had by some good chance escaped confiscation and destruction at the hand of robber barons, and in 1593, after the Protestant Reformation, was quietly continued as a Lutheran college, its presiding officer being designated to this day by the title of Abbot. The income from its large endowment is now sufficient to cover the salaries of distinguished divines, the maintenance of the school, a small annual stipend to the candidates for degrees, and not a little philanthropic work, such as a summer home at the seashore for sick children.

In medieval times this monastery was complete in itself as a small town unit, with its abbey, its beautiful thirteenth century chapel, its valuable library and archives, its guest hall, special dwelling for sheltering pilgrims, woolen mill, brewery and refectory, all enclosed by its heavy stone wall. Most of these buildings of the Middle Ages are still used by the modern theological school. Its extensive grain fields are now leased out to peasants of the neighboring country, and the former existence of its surrounding wall is now little more than suggested by ancient gateways remaining attached to the mill or other outer structure. All these medieval buildings are of stone, the cruciform chapel, with delicate central spire surmounting an open belfry, showing not a few of the Gothic as well as of the older Romanesque features characteristic of thirteenth century architecture in Europe. The chapel is of considerable size, faithfully

restored during the middle years of the nineteenth century. Here Hans Isenberg studied for two years and a half, enduring with his colleagues the ordeal of preaching in the abbey church before the audience of peasants, who came from all the country round especially to hear the first sermons of young candidates and to form shrewd opinions as to their qualifications for the ministerial office. The Abbot and likewise an instructor at Kloster Loccum was the distinguished Dr. Gerhard Uhlhorn, who had been at one time court chaplain to the king of Hanover and was the writer of many theological treatises, which are still authorities and several of which may be found today in the spacious, book-lined study of Pastor Hans Isenberg at Lihue. Some thought Abbot Uhlhorn too orthodox even in those days, but to Hans Isenberg his influence was stimulating and valuable.

Graduated with distinction from this theological college, the young pastor, Rev. Hans Isenberg, might have chosen from a number of attractive parishes, but his wife's health was his first consideration and physicians were agreed that if she could live anywhere in safety from the little-understood scourge of tuberculosis, that place would be at a considerable altitude in a dry climate. To St. Andreasberg the young couple therefore went, at an altitude of almost two thousand feet in the upper Harz Mountains of Prussia, where they settled for the next three years with their new possessions in their end of the big parsonage. At the other end of the house was the dwelling of the older pastor, and between the two was the schoolhouse, all under one long roof, but quite separate from each other. As is customary in such appointments, part of the younger pastor's work was to teach in the ordinary parish school, a far less stimulating occupation than an incumbency connected with a higher school or perhaps a university. But young Pastor Hans buckled to with a will, like his father



PASTOR HANS ISENBURG
1910

before him in Dransfeld, and with never a complaint. And the young Frau Pastor found manifold new duties in her housekeeping. Today her memories of the next three years recall the sojourn there as if it had been but of yesterday.

St. Andreasberg was a mountain town of steep, narrow streets made up largely of steps cut in solid rock, the houses, no two of which were alike, clinging to the cliffs almost like caves. The people were a mountain people of miners, shy, but likewise impetuous and excitable, and consumed with curiosity. Not the lightest footfall could be heard descending or climbing a narrow street, but window shutters on both sides, above and below, would instantly be pushed open to see what manner of man might be passing. The people themselves were of Bohemia, brought over into Prussia many centuries before to work in the silver mines, the deepest in the world and very few of which are now operated. They are a mercurial people not easily understood by strangers, but the fact that Hans Isenberg's mother had often told of the miners in her home at Klausthal, not far to the south, stood him in good stead and gave him a ready appreciation of this mountain folk of his first parish.

They were a musical people and one of their passions, as well as very lucrative employments, is to this day the training of canary birds. "They talk canaries," the Isenbergs often say, "as we talk sugar in Hawaii." Almost every home is fitted with many tiny boxes, with a small hole in the top for air, and double doors that open outward. When a bird is being trained to warble or "roll," he is taken into a room by himself. If his singing is not satisfactory, he is clapped into one of the little wall cases, to be punished by remaining in the dark. An annual festival is held, with expert judges and purchasers from all over the world, who buy up many thousands of birds at high prices. Lead, copper and iron, as well as silver,

were formerly mined here to such value that the region was known as the Mineral Treasure Chest of the Harz, but the raising of canaries now bids fair to absorb most of the energies of the three thousand inhabitants in St. Andreasberg. Dairying has always been of importance, the people's food consisting largely of milk and cheese. Above the town is an extensive forest where everyone walks in summer and sleigh bells are often heard in winter. Each family owns a cow, beautiful brown animals, each with her bell, and when spring is far enough advanced for grass to show in the meadows within the forest, it is a quaint sight to see the cows come out of their barns into the one main street of the town and follow the cowherd up to the mountain meadows for the day. At nightfall he comes back with them, but they need no guide, each one turning off at her proper corner and finding her own stall unaided, just as surely as she came out from it in the morning and found her way to the procession forest-ward.

Of gardens near the houses there are but few, again as in Klausthal, and in only a few of these can anything but hardy, red-flowering beans be coaxed to grow. The parsonage was almost the largest house in the town and had a tiny, fenced grassplot where the linen could be bleached on the lawn. Water was of course not piped into the house, but at the door of every house was a great trough where the sparkling mountain water ran all day long. Fresh fish was one of the delicacies not to be had except by sending to Bremen, where one of the fish-mongers knew how to ship fresh-water carp by mail, wrapped up in paper like any other parcel. On its arrival the pastor's wife removed from its mouth the tiny bit of cotton soaked in alcohol which had kept it drugged, but alive, all day, and placed the fish in a tank of fresh water where it would swim about very comfortably for a week or more. When company came it was often



DORA RICE ISENBURG
1910

necessary to use many a device to keep the larder stocked with provisions. And company was frequent. Sometimes the whole family would come from Bremen, the children in great delight at the thought of "going to Dora's" to watch the cows swinging their bells and walking off to pasture. In winter vacations there would sometimes be long sleigh rides through the forest; in summer, long walks and expeditions of various kinds.

The new home which budded and blossomed in this old mountain parsonage at St. Andreasberg had wide knowledge of children, with a great love for them, and nothing gave it greater pleasure than to fling its doors wide open to any number of guests. The beautiful little son who visited that home, Harrison Paul Hans, could stay but the one fleeting day of his coming. Yet even with his resting place marked in the old churchyard, three happy years were spent in that mountain town. And at times Dora Isenberg seemed to have settled for life in the land of her German fathers. Even so, Lihue and the islands were still home to her, and no postman was more genially welcomed than the one who brought letters from her father when on his periodical visits there. Such letters spelled *home*, even though they might not chance to be written from Lihue itself.

Honolulu, Dec. 15, 1883.

. I shall go to Maui for a week and be back by the 23rd to spend Christmas here in Honolulu. The English are building their new cathedral here. The Bishop is married and back again from England.

At Lihue Herr Richter is now pastor. He has received leave from the Consistory to officiate as clergyman and was dispensed from his final examination in theology. I shall go down to Lihue soon after New Year. Grinding will not commence there until then, I fear.

I wonder if you have much snow and how you like St. Andreasberg in winter. It is good for you to walk short distances, but when the east wind blows, take care. Write to me often and I will answer your letters as soon as possible. So far I have been very busy.

Uncle Charlie says that I must have a power of attorney from you and Hans, since without this he cannot be discharged as your guardian nor I become your agent. I enclose the paper to sign. Please send it to the office in Bremen and ask them to have the Hawaiian consul there acknowledge the signature.

Honolulu, Jan. 10, 1884.

. I am glad you had so nice a visit in Bremen, also that the piano came so nicely. I dare say it was troublesome to bring it upstairs, but you can give much pleasure through having it. I am glad you could enjoy the children so much. Baby Paula will change greatly before I see her again.

Kauai looked beautifully green, but the roads were muddy and traveling hard. I saw Uncle Carl and Aunt Louise. All well and the children happy to eat the candy I brought. The trees at the old place are grown very large. At Kekaha I saw Uncle Otto's twins, Abigail and Helen, I heard that they will be called.

I write in haste. Much love to you and Hans.

The island home had always meant Grandmother Rice too, as much as any other one person, and her letters, across two oceans and a continent, brought into the St. Andreasberg mountains more than a breath of the soft, sunshiny air of the islands. With them came presently an invitation which the hardest of hearts could scarcely have resisted.

Honolulu, May 30, 1884.

My dear granddaughter,

How I wish you might see Aunt Anna's beautiful home, then you would know how I look in the best room I have ever had. Large, lofty, lovely paper on the walls & many of my family faces around me, some of yours, but I am pained to find that I had only

the little daguerreotype of your own Mother. I must bring others from Lihue, one of yours, perhaps, if you are willing.

I have just been there a month with Uncle Willie's family. The baby is very like his father at his age, so I enjoy him especially. The place is very beautiful, the small building near the cottage has been removed & the lawn beyond is very pretty. Mary & Anna are lovely little girls, & spent much of their time with me on the closed verandah. Mary is very imaginative & had church & school & visits with her family of dolls.

Two of the native girls whom I have educated at Kawaihāo are married & settled at Lihue & doing nicely. The little old church has a new fence, the lawn is cleared under the trees around it & really looks very attractive. The congregations are larger than formerly. The pastor, Hanaike, is a good preacher & an exemplary man. The German pastor you know. We all think very highly of him.

Anna's four boys are her excuse for not writing. Georgey Paul calls me Cup of Tea, is a splendid little fellow, but the



THE CHARLES M. COOKE FAMILY
*About 1887 with Grandmother Rice, Emily de la Vergne and
 Dora Rice Isenberg.*

baby bids fair to be the beauty of the family, brown eyes & very regular features & good as he is pretty.

Anna sends much love. May the blessing of God abide in your home now & ever.

Lovingly,

Grandma Rice.

Honolulu, Feb. 11, 1885.

. Spreckels came down from San Francisco two weeks since. He was in great wrath because the depreciated currency he has flooded the Islands with was not thankfully received. His language & threats were something terrible even on the public street, it is said.

At our native meeting this week we read John 14th. What a comfort that "Let not your heart be troubled" has been all these centuries. Our native women seemed to feast upon it. They often say of God's Word, "How sweet it is." Their word *momona*, rich & sweet, is often applied to God's Word. One woman remarked, The Bible says, "Oh, taste & see that the Lord is good." I have tasted, & He is good, she added.

Claus Spreckels was a shrewd, hard-headed capitalist interested in the refining and marketing of sugars, largely in California. He was naturally opposed to the Hawaiian Reciprocity Treaty, but arrived in the islands the year it was passed and began to invest large sums in sugar here. Among those versed in the history of banking in Hawaii it is often remarked that Mr. Spreckels dreamed of an empire something in the nature of the Hudson's Bay Company, to which a gigantic banking scheme would act as a feeder, but the quiet persistence of patriotic legislators like Sanford B. Dole blocked this move. It is, however, only just to observe that it was Claus Spreckels' principle of big-scale production, until then unknown in the islands, which gave the industry a very great impetus here at that time.

Before long Mr. Spreckels became known as "the power behind the throne," for the king was ready to

ensure him even large grants of land and water rights, as on central Maui, if by so doing the royal exchequer might be filled. The sugar king built himself on Punahou Street in Honolulu a palace second only to that of royalty itself. When Kalakaua wished to see the royal greatness enhanced by the circulation of Hawaiian coins bearing his own "image and superscription," Claus Spreckels was entrusted with the deal of purchasing the bullion and having it minted in California, to the amount of a million dollars. The transaction is explained with succinct brevity, in his *History of the Later Years of the Hawaiian Monarchy*, by Prof. W. D. Alexander, one of Mother Rice's "Punahou boys." The scheme was to mint silver dollars and lesser coins of the value of the current dollar in the United States, eighty-four cents to the dollar, to be exchanged for gold bonds at par. Protest was promptly made before the Supreme Court of Hawaii by S. B. Dole, W. R. Castle and W. O. Smith, but the ensuing injunction on the king's Minister of Finance was promptly overridden by his Privy Council and the coins were declared legal tender. "A profit," adds Mr. Alexander, in the quiet manner which his pupils and friends all remember, "of \$150,000 is said to have been made on this transaction." Mother Rice's comment on its reception by the Honolulu public is equally enlightening.

About this time Mother Rice purchased land for a home at Kipu-kai, the beach south of Haupu Ridge in the Lihue district. Few things had given her more pleasure. Her son already owned the Kipu land, purchased from Princess Ruth, but her own little home site included a strip of delightful bathing beach and rocky shore for fishing. The horse trail over the ridge, following in part the ancient paved way to the sacred spring, admitted no such conveyance as a carriage, but little Mother Rice was more than once carried over the pass in a chair on poles,

four Hawaiians making nothing of the slight burden. The little interisland steamers, Mikahala and James Makee, could often be prevailed upon by C. M. Cooke to anchor off the beach for the transfer of passengers and freight. And weary teachers spent many happy vacation days there as welcome guests. After making arrangements for such facilities by sea, Mr. Cooke, in reporting details to his "little Mother Rice," frequently referred to her retreat as the Hawaiian Island Teachers' Vacation Resort. Her letters to her oldest granddaughter in St. Andreasberg give expression to her delight in at last possessing this first home of her own.

Luakaha, Aug. 10th, 1885.

. I am glad to hear that more Germans are coming to the islands. I have the greatest interest in our German colony at Lihue, I know your father will be so true to them. And I am so very glad that you have been able to have Henry Ehlers in your home and to help with his recovery.

Uncle Willy & Aunt Mary are resting at Kipukai after "hordes" of company. He says he feels better there than anywhere & Dr. Stangenwald has told him that after a cold he must be very careful to avoid a congestive condition. This year I have been able to lift the mortgage from the place and secure it to the family. Our excellent Kawaihau teachers from Honolulu have been rusticated there & pronounce it the most restful place they have ever found.

Today I think of you all at St. Andreasberg. How pleasant the change will be for all from Bremen. City life can bring no pleasure to children like the country. I have been glad to give up my loved room at Aunt Anna's when I see the enjoyment of the children up here in Nuuanu valley, & the improvement in their health.

Honolulu, April 10, 1886.

. I feel now that I have a home to invite you to, Dora, at Kipukai, & as I am now 70, nearly, if you ever expect to come & spend a winter while I remain, may be this is the year. You have



ANNA CHARLOTTE RICE COOKE

1910

to decide. Grandma invites heartily. We do not keep up great style there, but are surrounded with great natural beauty, the best of sea-bathing, much of interest and amusement. I expect to go to Colorado in a few weeks to remain some months. Willy intends to come for me in the fall unless you should come along about that time to return with me.

May 5th.

A dividend today & I am truly pleased with my share, $1/4$. I have purchased Kipukai. It is excellent land, with pasturage to sustain many hundred animals. I did this for Willy who values the place. And now I have a home to offer you, if you & Hans will come to visit us this winter.

Your dear & generous letter of March 15th was handed me on April 22nd. It is already settled that in future I shall take $1/4$, not my widow's $1/3$, of the Lihue dividends. Your dear father and Uncle Charlie have tried to dissuade me, and I am sorry to act contrary to your wishes, my dear granddaughter. I have enjoyed my money thoroughly & have been able to do much for others with it. But I am now in my 70th year, a few months brings me to the boundary of threescore years and ten, & I have made every necessary provision for myself. And all my children are givers. Some of them have heavy expenses and yet I do not wish to give more to one child than to the others.

You can use what more you will have in doing good, something for the German church at Lihue or for the Seminary for Hawaiian girls in Honolulu. This is one of the objects to which I give largely, last year \$1500 for a new building greatly needed, to be named W. H. Rice Hall. As it is not completed, you may do something for that, a sort of monument for your honored grandfather.

Dear grandchild, I deeply feel all your kind words in regard to the change I make & I hope it will approve itself to you.

You do not write if you will come & spend the winter with us. I expect to have a home to offer you, not a grand one, but in the grandest spot of scenery I know of, Mountain & Sea.

Koamalu Transplanted

More than considerations of affection and personal preference were forces prompting the removal from St. Andreasberg to the islands, which did finally take place during the summer of 1886. Physicians had become convinced that Dora Isenberg could not long continue to live in a climate so severe as that of the Harz Mountains, and some radical, if only temporary, change was imperative. A complete removal was not at first contemplated, but the change proved so very beneficial that a longer stay was made, visiting with the Cookes in Honolulu, with Mother Rice in her cherished retreat across the Kipu ridge at



THE NEW HOME AT MOLOKOA

Like the old home at Koamalu, this new one has grown with the changing years.

Kipu-kai, and also with the Carl Isenberg family in the new manager's house at the old Koamalu home. Young Friedrich Richter, pastor and teacher in the German colony at Lihue, was growing eager to return to Germany and there finish his theological studies. Accordingly, Rev. Hans Isenberg was persuaded that it would be wise to accept the offer of the German pastorate at Lihue, if only for a year's trial.

The one year was extended to more. The little one-roomed parsonage on the Molokoa ridge above the German Church was augmented by a kitchen. Its little store-room for saddle and trunks was converted into a dining room. To the parsonage at St. Andreasberg Mrs. Paul Isenberg and her sister, Mrs. Ehlers, went up from Bremen for the packing and crating of furniture and linen, even also the treasured piano, all of which made the long journey out in one of Hackfeld's sailing ships around the Cape of Storms. Trees were planted at Molokoa, with grass and flowers, and gradually the spot grew to be a home. Thus Hans and Dora Isenberg finally settled in the Molokoa home among the hills and valleys, among the streams and mountains of Lihue, as Paul Isenberg had done at Koamalu a quarter of a century before.

The land now called Molokoa lies within the old ahupuaa of Kalapaki, and includes on the north, across the valley, a cane field of over one hundred and fifty acres, in addition to the land set apart for the German pastor's home. The stream, also known as Molokoa, winding between these two ridges, crosses to the



VERANDA OF THE HOME AT MOLOKOA
Where Grandmother Rice often sat looking south toward the old Koamalu home.

south lower down where it becomes tributary to the Nawiliwili Stream, which serves Lihue mill and formerly helped to fill the mill pond. The Molokoa house stands on a tongue of land among upland cane fields, the stream having cut a valley some sixty feet deep between the two fertile ridges. Mango and orange trees thirty years old filled this valley even in 1886, for it was no other than the old orchard valley of Maria Rice's childhood, where her father planted fruit trees and kept a Hawaiian to cultivate taro. Here, for many years after coming back from Germany, Dora Isenberg preserved citron for her plum puddings from the old citron tree planted there by her grandfather.

Paul Isenberg, Senior, regretted more than once that he had not bought the site of the old Koamalu home from the plantation, but, in the end, what could have been more appropriate than that the newest Koamalu home should be set within the framework of the orchard valley and fields of growing cane? And when Mother Rice made her home there, as she did frequently for many years and altogether for the last twelve years of her life, all was well. A sense of fitness and rightness and well-being came then to those who had long been a part of the Koamalu home. And the newcomer among them was, in reality, no stranger to the genial spirit of Koamalu. Seeing the Molokoa home first as husband and brother, Hans Isenberg was instantly welcomed also as a son by Mother Rice and a lifelong friendship sprang up between the two, not unlike that long and tried friendship between Mother Rice and her first German son, which had begun at Koamalu twenty-five years before. Other families might claim in many other ways any one of the three from Koamalu whose hearts had found, and made, this new center, but this at last was home. And one of Paul Isenberg's keenest joys in coming back from time to time to Lihue was to find Mother Rice again at home there.

and, in thinking back to Lihue from Germany, to picture her there. Once at least he gave characteristic expression to that feeling. The word *pala-pala* which he uses is the old Hawaiian word meaning *imprinted* or *marked*, as a kapa cloth in ancient days, hence latterly, a *writing*, or a *letter*:



MOLOKOA GARDEN

The deep valley, shadowed by tall trees, is fragrant with blossoms and ripening fruit. To the northwest upland cane fields rise to join the stately slopes of Mount Waialeale.

Dear Mother:

Bremen, Oct. 3, 1889.

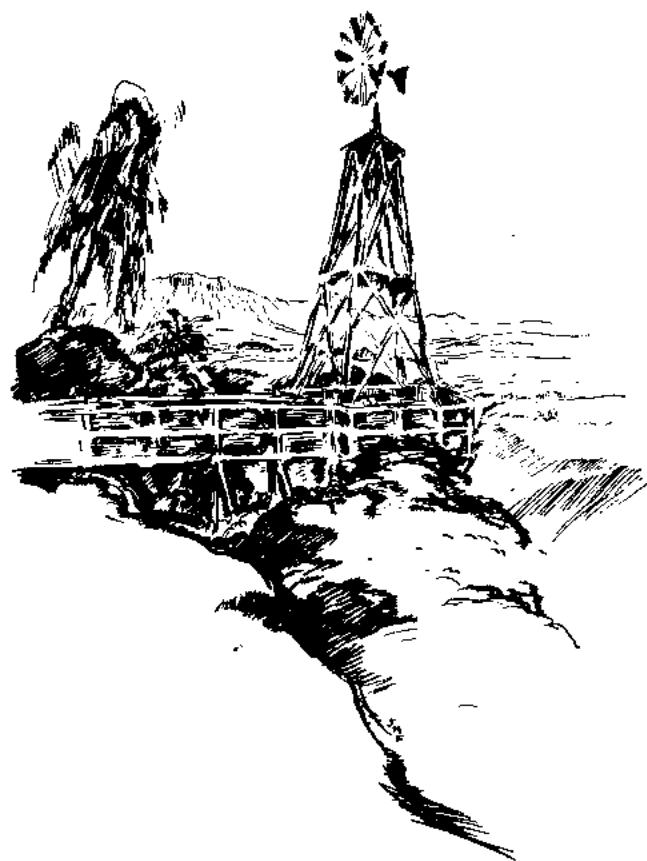
Your dear palapala of the 22nd of August reached us in due time. We are glad to know that you are still with Hans and Dora and that you are to remain some time longer at Molokoa. Yes, the little home there is quite nice and very quiet. There is another benefit at the place which I always enjoy. There is so little dust there in comparison to Lihue itself.

I am glad that Dora is helpful to so many who need help, and that Hans is satisfied. It is not agreeable for him to teach those ignorant children. His education has not been for such humble work and I am always glad that he does the work so cheerfully and well. It does Dora good to be much out of doors. And for you I think it is better to be at Dora's than at Kipukai. It is hard for you to get over the mountain, but nice that you can offer your Kipukai home to so many who require rest and change.

Old maps of Lihue still give the name of the Molokoa valley and adjoining ridges as Malo-ka-waa, Dry-the-canoe. And so well forested was it formerly with koa that it takes no very great stretch of the imagination to see canoe bodies being hewn out and dried there before being carried makai, to the accompaniment of chants and prayers, fitted with outriggers of wiliwili wood, and finally launched out into the protection of wind and wave. But even Hawaiians themselves had long since lost touch with the flavor of the original name. Strangers had arbitrarily corrupted it into a form smoother to their own tongues, though conveying no significance to their ears, and Molokoa Paul Isenberg preferred to keep it. To the ancient Hawaiians many a solitary rock was a kupua, or demigod, with his own individual name. And to many a modern kama-aina, child of the land, albeit of an alien race, old land names still serve to detain on a hillside or in a valley, for a lingering instant, the whiff of an old fragrance or the fleeting shadow of a day long gone. Save to those with the odd sense that tastes flavors in such faint and vanishing memories, the old name Malo-ka-waa has no significance and its abbreviation to

Molokoa is of little moment. That which is indeed of far greater import is the home spirit which came to make its dwelling there, moving northward across the valley from the ridge where Koamalu had been, that early home of the "little sprouts of Rice" and that new home growing up there within the old. For it soon became apparent that within the little German colony at Lihue the spirit of the old Koamalu home had again found root-hold, this time on a barren red hillside where it was to be tended by a hand destined to grow skilled in the magic of gardens, that hand prompted by a heart already finely attuned to the music of homes.

The interchange of letters now became reversed. Those at Molokoa could report on progress in the islands to Paul Isenberg in Bremen, and although their letters have not been kept, some of his still reflect the messages sent from Lihue and bear witness to his very keen attention to the minutest detail. Misunderstandings sometimes arose between directors and manager:



THE WINDMILL OVER MOLOKOA VALLEY

It was built far out over the stream, and one delight of the small Cooke boys when on a visit "at Dora's" was to run down the valley for the sake of climbing up the scaffolding. The dogs were chained out on the platform to dry after their weekly bath, and it was a sight to see them there, big and little and of all colors.

. I cannot help it, if the owners object to Carl's making improvements at Lihue without their consent, but I must say that most of them have been made at my suggestion, and in my opinion they have been valuable. Our expenses are large, but the improvements are there, besides the profits. If Mr. Widemann for example can afford to build a railroad at Waianae 7 miles long, to cost \$42,000, to acquire 150 acres of additional land, we can afford to spend \$50 or even \$100 an acre to get more land at Ahukini which we must have to ensure large crops regularly.

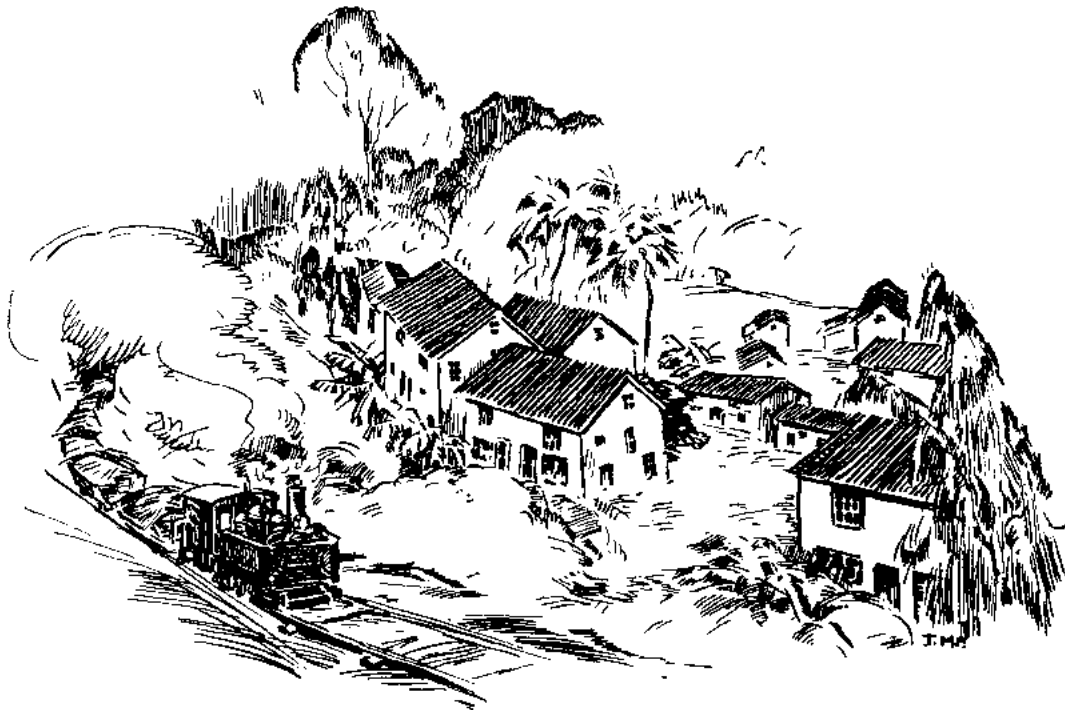
I consider that Carl has done well for us and such trifles as are now laid before the owners should in no wise be the cause of his discharge. Good managers are scarce, and my advice is *Keep him!* The owners should judge for themselves and not allow themselves to be influenced by others.

At Koloa a change of managership had taken place in 1882, when Mr. Anton Cropp had bought out Mr. Wright's fourth share and succeeded him as manager. One of the many attempts at finding suitable plantation laborers was the bringing of several hundred Gilbert Islanders from the South Pacific. Kilipaki, the Hawaiians at once called them, and to this day the little nest of laborers' houses just south of the Lihue mill across the main road and alongside the railroad track is known by old-timers as the Kilipaki Camp. The experiment proved unsatisfactory, most of the Gilbert Islanders suffering so acutely from the climatic change that many of them congregated at Lahaina, where the warm, moist air was more like that of their own low coral islands; and after the expiration of their contract a specially chartered vessel returned them to their homes. They were children of Nature and not a little difficulty was experienced at Lihue in attempting to convert them into steady, methodical laborers. To keep them as centralized as possible they were housed under the very shadow of the mill, but even there frequent quarrels occurred among them. Of powerful physique, the women were quite as able as the men even at hapai-ko, the heavy labor of loading cane onto the

carrier at the mill. They were likewise the more quarrelsome and restive under control, one woman actually biting off another woman's nose as the concluding point in a personal argument. But there is pathos about it all, for how could the impulsive brown feet of these primitive children ever tread for long within the limits of the hard, set lines laid down for them by the habits and ambitions of the white man? Mr. Isenberg's letters continue:

Bremen, Jan. 24, 1888.

. I was glad to read that the cane was doing so very well in the Molokoa section. This shows that the steam plow is a paying proposition. I am sorry about difficulties at Koloa, it is not an easy place to manage. . . . Cropp is careful about spending plantation money, is very industrious and does not spare himself. It is curious that young employees on Koloa never save money.



KILIPAKI CAMP AT LIHUE

Still called so by old-timers, it stands just across the road from the mill, where little engines and long lines of cane cars rattle past, in place of the slow-moving oxcarts of long ago.

By the ship C. R. Bishop, which is waiting at Bremerhafen for a favorable west wind, I am sending 4 families and 2 unmarried men.

Bremen, March 16, 1888.

. Koloa now has the Mahaulipu section for 4 years. If Cropp is wise and more cautious, he may be able to buy up a number of the shares. I hope that Carl makes use of the Ahukini plains, that the mahiki grass does not grow too high and that water is supplied in many places for the cattle and horses.

. As to King Kalakaua, should he become more aggressive and want his own way, he is lost. It offends my feeling for kingship that four judges should decide against his veto, but the procedure must be legal. Unfortunately, he lends his ear to those whose wisdom is not the best.

Bremen, May 11, 1888.

. It is well I laid stress on taking more Japanese laborers at Kekaha, also that I used my influence with the agents at Honolulu to send for more from Japan. Against Carl's judgment and that of others also, I engaged some South Sea Islanders for Lihue. Without labor you cannot work a plantation.

I am sorry about the consolidation of the Sugar Trust, for I am afraid Spreckels will get control of the market.

Paul will find that it is difficult to get Natives nowadays to drive plantation carts, but he must try to get some. Things have changed since he was a little boy at Lihue. It all shows how necessary a railroad is. But Carl is against it, because he has never seen one used for plantation hauling. And the owners of Lihue are against it, Mr. Bishop feeling that it would mean financial ruin. However, with the Wailua land for 24 years yet, I cannot give up the idea of a railroad. What I wanted to do was to lay it first to Hanamaulu and then add a new section every year. Some day it must be done. Without the railroad at Kekaha we could get nowhere. For one thing, Japanese can load such cane cars, but ox-carts they could never handle or load.

Bremen, July 7, 1888.

. About the cane shredder I am apprehensive. And in regard to the diffusion process at Hanalei I am astonished to hear that the juice is better. I thought it would be the opposite. If



Severin, photographer

PLOWING AT LIHUE ABOUT 1890

it should prove a success, I should like to have it installed at Lihue, Hanamaulu, Kekaha, Lahaina and Kipahulu. Good water is a necessity, and the matter of fuel is also to be considered. And of course chemists must be on hand, but those we can get from Germany.

Bremen, Aug. 24, 1888.

. Plantation work is never easy, especially at the beginning. When I started at Lihue in 1862, after Father Rice's death, Victor Prevost was manager. I had to carry books, write letters, sign orders and explain everything to Prevost. In the summer he was with me in the field, but during grinding season I had all the outdoor work and every evening had to go over plans with him for next day's work. We never had an unpleasantness, though it was often hard to get on with him.

I have just heard of the death of S. G. Wilder, a great loss to Honolulu and the Islands, although I never knew him well. He was one of the very few men who would have understood how to guide the Hawaiian Government back into the path of wisdom where its acts might have won respect.

Bremen, Nov. 1888.

. I am glad to hear that Paul has a position with Albert Wilcox at Hanamaulu. If the majority wish Carl to leave Lihue, I can do no more, but it would be a loss to the plantation.

Paul Isenberg's estimate of his brother Carl's value to the plantation is not exaggerated. His years of experience meant much. He was an efficient manager and a strong master. It is true that at times he could not easily be won over to another's viewpoint, but he was respected as a man of integrity and justice. He never lost his love for the Lutheran Church and for music. His good voice kept him company, too, and even in his eighty-seventh year he would often sit at the piano for an hour or more, singing and playing. Reference in the following letter to losses in the membership of the Lutheran Church at Lihue recalls the situation before homesteading laws became effective in the islands.

Bremen, Feb. 19, 1889.

. Your report of the German Church is of great interest. As long as emigration to the U.S. continues popular, the Church is bound to shrink in numbers.

. I am sorry you are having such a dry winter.



LIHUE MILL AND THE MILL POND ABOUT 1889

Bremen, Aug. 8, 1889.

.I see that George Dole has left Kapaa and gone to California.

. Your report of typhoid cases on the plantation is alarming. They must boil the drinking water.

Charlie Cooke thinks that Lihue alone should produce 3,000 tons. We can go as far as we have water. Fertilizing the old fields too heavily will eventually use them up. But we have increased our tonnage yearly and I have always looked upon Lihue as one that would continue indefinitely. But if once the land is exhausted, even fertilizer will be of no use. I should like to see Carl Wolters go out to field work. He is strong, likes work and is promising.

I do not know of any plantation on the Islands that does so much for its labor as Lihue and the Wilcox brothers. Yet much more can yet be done for our workmen. Sweet potatoes, potatoes, taro, tomatoes and bananas could be raised and sold very cheaply to them, for they have very little time to do it for themselves. We need cheap labor and must supply them with food cheap.



THE MILL IN 1890

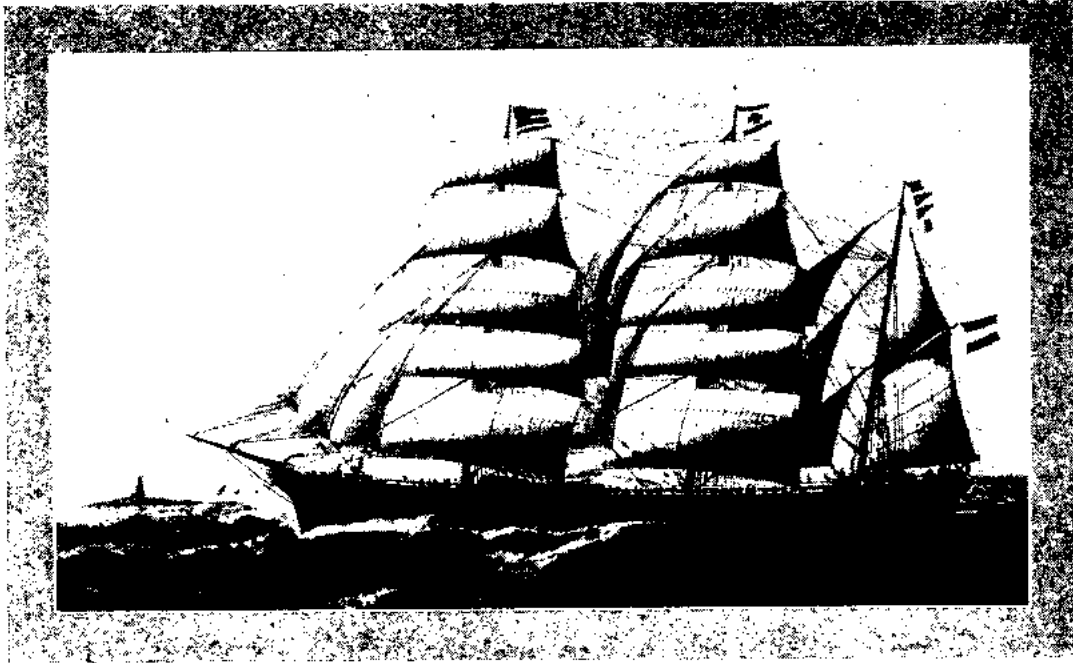
Paul Isenberg had not attended the extra session of the legislature in 1887, nor the regular one of 1888, the Kauai electorate having been represented in both by C. Bertelmann, G. H. Dole and G. N. Wilcox as Nobles, and Francis Gay, W. H. Rice and A. S. Wilcox as Representatives. Mr. Isenberg had been present, however, at the mass meeting in Honolulu in July of 1887 and had there given his advice founded on experience and deep conviction. The extra session was called in November of 1887, as soon as practicable after its election according to the new constitution, but Paul Isenberg had left for Germany and did not return for over two years. This extra session was protracted for seven months and the regular session of 1888 commenced the day after the extra session had closed, May 29th, and sat for over three months. But even from a distance of eight thousand miles Mr. Isenberg watched every event and tendency with acute interest and left no one in doubt as to his political opinions. Several months before leaving Germany for the session of 1890, he wrote Mother Rice a very lucid explanation of his position.

Bremen, Oct. 3, 1889.

. Certainly it is foolish to shout Hawaii for the Hawaiians. The Hawaiian lives only for the day. As an officeholder he cannot look ahead for the prosperity of the country and often cares little about it, since he shares but little in its profits. Still, I should always appoint a native Hawaiian to office, if he is honest and qualified for it. I think the revolution of 1887 was necessary and I strongly advised the mass meeting, but the way and means under which the new constitution was made I did not approve of at the time and do not now. The consequence is, this last revolution under Robert Wilcox. If I were at the Islands, I should stand by the government. I feel that they have done their duty and done better than I expected. In particular, I say this of Mr. Thurston, who is the real man of the ministry. It is very foolish, and much more than that, for any one to assist in trying to undo the constitution. All should accept circumstances and try

to do their duty. I should not run for any office, noble or representative. I was discharged by the people from having a seat as a noble. I feel that I have tried and always have done my duty, but if I could assist other good men to be elected, I would do so.

Political feeling ran high during these times that tried men's souls. When Mr. Widemann was elected to the legislature of 1890, which sat for more than four months, from May to November, he said he would have given a thousand dollars to be out of it. Although the king had outwardly subscribed to the new constitution of 1887, he was still determined to achieve the estate of an unlimited monarchy, and tried in various ways to circumvent conditions imposed by the existing constitution. During the summer of 1889, when Robert Wilcox, one of the young Hawaiians educated in Europe at public expense, instigated an uprising to overthrow the government and proclaim a new constitution, he was acquitted on trial for treason by claiming that he had had the consent of the king. A nation divided against itself. Political means offered wider opportunities and the Hui Kalai-aina, the Society of Land Division, hence Political Economy, came to be well known as the king's party. The Reform Party, opposed to this and favoring a constitutional monarchy or even possibly annexation to the United States, soon split into conservative and radical wings, and thus weakened was unable to make definite headway. Nevertheless, it doubtless saved the day for constitutional government and allayed the fears of Honolulu citizens who heard companies of the Hui supporters hooting at Mr. Thurston's residence and cheering at the homes of the king's supporters. Mother Rice hoped fervently that Paul Isenberg would come for the session and he was elected without opposition, as the conservative friend of both sides who had no need to enter the arena of a political campaign. For the eighth and last time he took his accustomed seat in the House of Nobles.



THE BARK PAUL ISENBERG

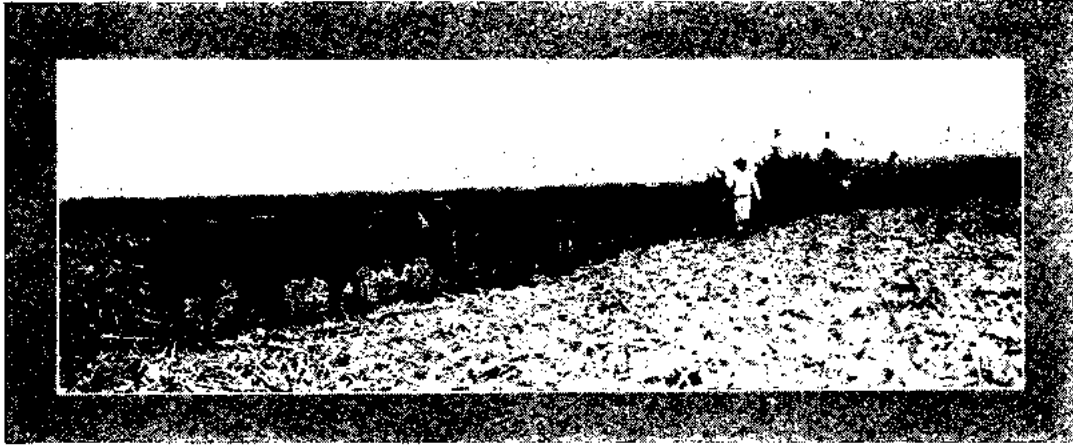
Built for Hackfeld and Company and first seen at Honolulu in 1890.

While this session was on, an occasional recess permitted a short visit to Kauai. And most of the time in Honolulu Dora Isenberg kept house for her father in the Cookes' home on Beretania Street, Aunt Anna's family having gone to California for a year. Hans Isenberg could not leave his school and parish for long, but he, too, occasionally came up to Honolulu to officiate at a baptism or to preach in the Y. M. C. A. hall, the German church being still an organization of the future. Paul Rice Isenberg lived, it will be recalled, at Waialae, southeast of Honolulu, and was at this time in something of a quandary as to indebtedness incurred on the ranch. His father had frequently told him that horses would never pay because they could not be range-fed like cattle, and people would not pay fancy sums for them. How impossible it often is for one generation to understand another!

During this summer of 1890 in Honolulu, one of the joys of Dora Isenberg and her father was to go out for

an early morning ride every day, horseback rides having not yet been precluded by the advent of hard macadamized roads. Often it was an easy canter around through the Makiki district and up Punchbowl, whence, with the whole southwestern expanse of the island spread out before them, and the ocean beyond, they often scanned the horizon for the bark *Paul Isenberg*, a new Hackfeld vessel due to arrive from Bremen late in the summer. Dora Isenberg's diary entry for August 26th records that at last the long-looked-for bark was seen as they rode out toward Waialae that morning, her brother having telephoned in to town from the ranch that it was in sight from that point.

Telephones had been in use a number of years in Honolulu, where the enterprise had been promoted by Judge Widemann, formerly of Lihue and long prominent both in government and business circles. Oddly enough, rural telephones had appeared a little earlier, Kauai having the first incorporated company in the islands, according to the statement of Mr. G. N. Wilcox. When W. O. Smith went to Maui as sheriff, in the early seventies, he reported to Kauai the experimental telephone line of C. H. Dickey from Wailuku to Kahului and Haiku. It was not long before G. N. Wilcox and W. H. Rice put up a private line to Koloa from their homes in Lihue, in order to have more direct communication with Dr. Smith, who was still the only physician on the island. In 1880, several years later, the company was formally reorganized, and its papers of incorporation are still on file in the Grove Farm Plantation office. Neighbors coming in to use the new instrument, it is said, often held a sick child up to the transmitter to prove to the doctor by the sound of the child's cough that it needed immediate attention. The line was later extended to the house of A. S. Wilcox at Hanamaulu, and to the George Doles' at Kapaa. Reference to subsequent changes in the company is made in



THE FIRST RAILROAD AT LIHUE
Oxen drawing cane cars over a portable track, about 1890.

a letter from Paul Isenberg during the summer of 1890.

Expression was also given to the dread that Congress might pass the McKinley tariff bill, which did that very year remove entrance duties on other foreign sugars, and thus dealt an almost crushing blow to that industry in these islands. One immediate result of the depression was the postponement of the plantation railroad at Lihue, a long-cherished project. Before very long, however, Mr. Isenberg's dream became a reality and on January 7, 1892, sugar cane was conveyed to the Lihue mill for the first time by railroad instead of oxcarts. To the pioneer sugar men of Hawaii, hard times, while at once indicative of economy and retrenchment, served less to discourage than to spur them on to new devices for increased production. Mr. Isenberg's letters mirror the interests of the day. The Mr. Bishop mentioned was a shrewd business man, who for several years had been sugar boiler in Lihue mill. He was a cousin of Charles R. Bishop of Honolulu.

Honolulu, August, 1890.

. . . . : C. H. Bishop is here, and wants to take over the plantation store. We are making arrangements with him.

. If there is new stock issued by the telephone company, the plantation should take some. And of course Lihue and Hanalei will take the telephone service, which I hope will be good.

Honolulu, Oct. 14, 1890.

. If Dora has already promised to help Jared and Juliette Smith with their Hawaiian school at Malumalu, she must keep her promise. But I feel that education must begin earlier, in the home, and that the nation cannot be educated through Boarding Schools. It seems to me that there are enough already at Kamehameha and elsewhere.

Bremen, Jan. 9, 1891.

. Much nonsense is published about Kalakaua's visit in California. I hope that he recovers his health and realizes how tiny the Islands are and what a splendid position he has there as the first in the land.

At last the U.S. is beginning to understand their violation of our treaty rights when they lifted the tariff on other sugars, and are beginning to make amends. I hope now that we have the plantation railroad at last we can get Chinese and Japanese in greater numbers and dispense altogether with the old ox-carts. I can clearly imagine how independent the laborers are, now that contract labor has been done away with. I had the same experience in 1863 and 1865 when there were only Hawaiians.



Severin, photographer

LIHUE'S FIRST RAILROAD ENGINE, 1895

. How splendid that we have at last reached the stage where neither wood nor coal is burned in Lihue mill and where you do not need all the trash you have, as fuel. I am not very much in favor of one central mill. We must have the railroad run to every part of both plantations.

Bremen, March, 1891.

. I am very grieved to hear of the death of Rev. Mahoe in Koloa. He was one of the best of Hawaiian pastors. How sad it is that the natives are dying out so fast. I hear that the Queen already wishes other Ministers. Poor land! When will it have peace and harmony?

. I am glad Wolters is doing so well. He will be able to succeed as manager when Carl leaves. Sugar has fallen. One should purchase only necessities and import cheap labor.

Uncle Charlie Cooke would like to see Lihue changed into a corporation including Grove Farm. Naturally he has not the same feeling for Lihue that I have. To me, personally, the pleasure in the place would be gone. However, I will give much thought to the matter.

Bremen, Aug. 21, 1891.

. Your account of the Queen's visit to Kauai was most interesting. Willy Rice should surely be recompensed by the plantation for extra expenses. He will have done much for her that money cannot repay. He deserves a royal decoration and I hope he gets it. How difficult it must have been to take care of so many. I can imagine what pleasure the Royal Band gave on the whole island.

Sugar is low, but I think that we may be able to pay a small dividend, if the crop is large.

Although Mr. Isenberg never attended sessions of the legislature after 1890, his visits to the islands after this date were not less frequent, and his interest in affairs public and private was, if possible, more active than it had ever been. After the death of the king, he waited as eagerly as every other Hawaiian citizen to see what policy King Kalakaua's sister and successor would pursue, and was not a little alarmed at the critical situation which



LIHUE PLANTATION STORE
1895

arose in less than two years. At first, however, he read with pleasure of her visit to Kauai, when she was royally entertained all over the island. At Lihue Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Rice prepared a luau at which over two thousand people were present. Water from the sacred spring at Kipukai was brought in her honor by a special runner over the ancient paved way across the mountain gap at Kipu. Owing to an accidental use of giant powder, this spring has just recently become dry and will in all probability never again reappear. A further honor shown by Mr. Rice to Queen Liliuokalani during her visit to Kauai was to drive her in his own carriage with his span of beautiful white stallions the forty miles to Haena, even through the Lumahai river, then unbridged like many other streams and without even a scow for transportation. At first there were high hopes that the new queen would desire a rational constitutional government, and Mr. Isenberg learned with pleasure that W. H. Rice and Francis Gay of Makaweli had received decorations at the hand of the new sovereign.

This was followed by Mr. Rice's appointment as governor of the island, the first such appointment for four years. John Edward Bush had been Kalakaua's first appointee as governor of Kauai after the long term of Paul Kanoa, who, it will be recalled, had served for thirty-one years, from 1846 to 1877. Mr. Bush held the office until 1880, when Frederick W. Beckley succeeded him for one year. From 1882 to 1886 Kanoa's son, Paul Puihula Kanoa, officiated ably in the governor's functions. And during 1887 the office was held by Governess Lanihau, a chiefess whose residence was at Koloa. After the lapse of four years W. H. Rice succeeded to the position which he held for the two years of the Queen's reign. It is of not a little interest to discover that the queen had slated for the next governor of Kauai Prince J. Kalaniana'ole, or Prince Kuhio, from a family name on his mother's side. He was one of the two adopted sons at Kalakaua's court and as a great-grandson of Kaumualii would have had the fitness of inheritance as governor of the island. That he possessed other aptitudes as well was shown subsequently by his long service to Hawaii as Delegate in Congress. Owing to the Queen's deposition in 1893, her new constitution was never promulgated, and W. H. Rice became the last governor of the leeward islands, since that office expired with the monarchy.

Writing of the continued depression in the sugar market during the fall of 1892, owing to the McKinley tariff of 1890, Mr. Isenberg remarked on all the difficulties to be met even by the best of royal ministers, when money was short and business bad. This had reference to the practical, conservative cabinet then in office, in which G. N. Wilcox had been relieved of his long service in the House of Nobles to become the Queen's Minister of the Interior, serving with Mark Robinson, Minister of Foreign Affairs, P. C. Jones, Minister of

Finance, and Cecil Brown, Attorney-General. All were "conservative men of high character, who possessed the confidence of the country," in the words of Prof. W. D. Alexander, and it was a national disaster when the queen's party voted them out of office and the queen set her signature to the bills to license opium and a lottery. Late in the following January, 1893, the news of the overthrow of Queen Liliuokalani moved Mr. Isenberg to regret that a Protectorate had not been planned for the young Princess Kaiulani, but he rejoiced that the Provisional Government had been established without bloodshed, and fully realized that some such change was inevitable, since "the Queen," as he wrote, "had allowed herself to be led unwisely by the wrong men."

Even after the establishment of the Provisional Government Claus Spreckels attempted to restore the queen and thought to swamp the new regime by suddenly calling for the payment of a big government loan, but again the business men of Honolulu met the emergency. This vividly recalled their very just fears of the Spreckels



HON. G. N. WILCOX
1895

sugar trust in California a number of years before, when five enterprising planters put up \$20,000 apiece to operate the little American Refinery in California for three years independently and under the very shadow of the trust. G. N. Wilcox, the prime mover in that dangerous game, tells to this day with many a chuckle how they came out of it with their money back and over eleven per cent a year profit, in addition to the knowledge that they had succeeded in refining their own sugar without asking permission of Spreckels and that he had finally been forced to knuckle under to the big refineries in the eastern states. Associated with G. N. Wilcox in this epoch-making little enterprise had been S. T. Alexander, H. P. Baldwin, Paul Isenberg and A. S. Wilcox.

On the second day of the Provisional Government, January 19, 1893, as Prof. Alexander states, the little interisland "steamer Claudine was dispatched to San Francisco with five commissioners fully empowered to negotiate a treaty of union with the United States." President Harrison received them cordially, but delays ensued and Grover Cleveland, the succeeding president, had quite other views. Meanwhile W. R. Castle, one of the five commissioners from Hawaii, wrote to Paul Isenberg, asking an expression of his opinion with regard to the situation and in particular with reference to a proposed change in the holding of land by small purchasers or homesteaders, as they would now be called. He received an unequivocal reply, which it is of value and interest to read in full. The duplicate copy of it chances to remain among Paul Isenberg's correspondence, made on the filmy, transparent paper, which when run through a hand press took a faint impression of the original letter in ink. Today it is barely legible even to one familiar for years with Mr. Isenberg's handwriting, but this complicated process of dampening and blotting off copies was in those days the only known method of duplication.

Bremen, April 18, 1893.

Mr. William R. Castle
 Honolulu
 Dear Sir:

Your valuable favor of the 17th of March dated from Washington was duly received, and I thank you for the same and regret that I could not answer sooner than by this mail. I have read the contents of your letter with much interest, but I am sorry to say that I do not agree with views expressed by you. I hope that the islands will remain independent. I feel that the action of the leaders of the mass meeting was too rash, and that a great opportunity was lost to establish good government. I should have opposed the commission to Washington and the offer to be annexed which I consider very humiliating, since the request is not even accepted. I consider that forcing the constitution of 1887 on the people has been the cause of almost all the trouble in Honolulu. It was a wrong act against the natives, it ought to have been done according to the provisions of the Kamehameha V constitution.

As regards the treaty made by you and your colleagues, I could not approve of it, if I had to vote on it. My reasons are that the conditions and circumstances of the islands are entirely different from those of the States. The islands need cheap labor, if the present sugar plantations, the backbone of the country, shall be successfully carried on, also if necessary improvements, such as good roads and railways, shall be built to develop the country. The United States are not in favor of Asiatics, that is, its people. The government in Washington changes every four years and according to the treaty stipulations an American official would have the power to veto. I consider this a very dangerous privilege. According to experience in your mission to Washington, President Cleveland does not approve the reports of the present United States minister at Honolulu or he would not send a commission to Honolulu to investigate Hawaiian affairs. I must say President Cleveland has shown good judgment and also regard for the rights of a nation, be the same ever so small a one. And I hope every native will have an opportunity to express his opinion. I am surprised that you and your friends could deny the Hawaiians the right of a vote on the question of independence.

I consider universal suffrage the great mistake of the nineteenth century, but the constitution of 1887 gave the vote to everybody excepting the Asiatics, which is now ignored. Now in case Annexation takes place, and every four years a new commissioner is sent out who is strange to customs, affairs, and industries and who has no aloha for the country, will his veto power be a judicious one?

You say in your letter, "The Planters have become Annexationists because they felt that even the blow to the labor system was not so bad as the anarchy and misgovernment they have had for many years." I am surprised at this statement. So far as I know, no Planters excepting perhaps Ross [?], who may have been at Honolulu at the time of the Revolution, could express this opinion. I believe most Planters will prefer labor and labor laws to annexation and no labor. What is even bounty worth, which you did not obtain, without reliable labor to work the canefields? If you had secured the bounty, is the latter a safe investment for the future? I believe not, as it is an injustice to tax 95% of the population of the United States for the benefit of perhaps 5%. And as for the duty on sugar being put on again, that is very difficult to bring about. Sugar is an article of food, and duty once off is not easily put on again.

The Contract laws might be done away with, if the door for the Chinese was opened and if from 8,000 to 10,000 Chinese were allowed to come into the country, not at one time, but say within a year or eighteen months so that the Chinese and Japanese had to work or be hungry. I expressed my views about this in 1890, but the opposition to Chinese was too strong, yet everybody now admits that the country has advanced through Chinese labor. Since you already have Class laws, the Asiatics have not a vote. Why not restrict the number of licenses to Chinese for trade and mechanical work? The Islands could be further advanced, if 10,000 more Chinese were working at the Islands.

Peanut and Coffee raising is a good idea if transportation was easier, also bananas in great quantities and of excellent quality, but without railways transportation is high. The idea of large and wealthy estates being changed into many small farms is very good in theory. Sugar will only pay if large crops are produced,



PAUL ISENBURG, SENIOR
1896

and so far almost all attempts at cooperative systems for raising sugar have failed. Even the Chinese have not been successful with sugar, only with rice, and the cause is that a rice crop takes but a few months, while sugar cane from fourteen to eighteen months and more, before the outlays are returned.

As regards a Protectorate, this would probably be worse than annexation. England will not interfere in either, nor the United States allow another Power to have or establish a Protectorate. If I was in Honolulu I should use my influence for Independence and the Monarchy. Have a Regent for a time until Princess Kaiulani is at least 24 years old, and if a gentleman like Judge Dole was Regent with a number of able advisors, the country would soon be prosperous again.

However, time will show. I do not believe and do not wish either that the Islands should be annexed. It is too early and I do not see why it should be done. The United States have all the advantages of trade now, and also their national vessels. Why should the United States take the Islands when they have all they can desire? They would only be adding great expenses and for what? The glory of taking the Islands against the majority of the people is not in harmony with the spirit of the United States people and I hope Independence will be kept up and a medium be found to have a good government on the Islands.

With Aloha to you,

Yours truly,

Paul Isenberg.

On business and plantation news Paul Isenberg's correspondence during these trying times continues to give the liveliest comment, nor is it by any means devoid of personal matters. His frequent letters and almost biennial visits were of the greatest comfort to his "little Mother Rice." What seems astonishing in these letters today is not only their length and frequency, but their attention to personal detail on Kauai especially, the solicitous care seldom given by one not a continued resident in the community.

Bremen, April 17, 1891.

Dear Mother,

. I wish I could make you a visit even of a few hours, or you could visit us. You would enjoy our home. We have our own little winter garden of flowers, plants and palms, on a small scale. And you would enjoy our children too. Our Paula is now eight years old. I was quite astonished the other day when I saw how independently she went off to a children's party, all by herself, not with one of the maids as formerly.

How is the school at Malumalu prospering? It will be hard to carry it on. I wish very much to hear from the boys for whom I pay at Kamehameha School. I do not even know their names. Could you find out for me? They should write me at least once a year.

. The discovery of Prof. Dr. Koch is no cure for leprosy, still I do hope that before long a cure for the lepers may be found.

Bremen, Dec. 2, 1891.

Dear Mother,

The year is almost finished, may you have much to enjoy, with good health and strength so that at the end of another year you can call out, "How great is the Lord's kindness."

We have heard nothing yet of Paul's marriage to Beatrice McBryde. I hope a new life has begun for him. If she is only economical and he will consult her, all may be better. It requires strict economy to make a living at Waialae, and Paul has not commenced right. I was so pleased when Willie Rice told me last year that he had decided that it did not pay to raise horses. I agreed with him entirely. The pastures are too poor and everything else too high, feed, labor and stables.

Low prices for sugar and high labor again prevail. The mechanics in Honolulu do not consider that if only one-third of the plantations are ruined, all the building of new houses there will have to stop. Plantations are the back bone of the Islands. Chinese labor must be admitted. There is no other help. I read with pleasure that you have your house and other property at

Colorado Springs so well arranged. We may all be even more sharply restricted as to sugar dividends.

Beta and I have both had the influenza, but the children are all well. Carl and Alexander contented in their soldiering service, although the care of their horses and equipment is laborious in both regiments. Julia is fifteen, and will be confirmed in April. She is quite tall. Clara is large for her age, also Paula. Richard is frail, though always cheerful and active. It is hard for him to learn Latin. Clara and Paula learn very easily.

I hope we shall have some dividend at Lihue, prices may improve. Am sorry to hear of Mr. Carter's untimely death. He was a good minister for us at Washington. Dr. Mott-Smith will do well, but he will be missed in the Queen's cabinet. Perhaps Sam Damon will take hold once more. He did well as Minister of Finance.

I wonder if you are now on Kauai with Hans and Dora. I must close. God bless you for all your kindness to myself and Paul. Much love from Beta and myself and the children.



MR. AND MRS. PAUL ISENBERG, SENIOR

About 1890 in the little winter garden of their home in Bremen, where Paul Isenberg loved to surround himself with palms and other tropical plants that recalled the Hawaiian Islands.

One of the oldest sugar ventures on the islands, Lihue Plantation had forged steadily ahead, even during the hard years of 1886 and 1887, when accumulated seasons of overproduction, due to the excessive enthusiasm following the Reciprocity Treaty, had automatically dropped the price of sugar to its lowest point up to that time. Josephine Sullivan's careful and scholarly history of C. Brewer and Company brings out the significant fact that even "during this period of depression, in 1887, Charles M. Cooke made his first large investment, by purchasing from C. R. Bishop two of the fourteen shares of Lihue Plantation." Three years later, in 1890, Paul Isenberg bought the same number of Lihue shares, one-seventh, from the same holder, C. R. Bishop, Honolulu's foremost banker. Mr. Bishop, it will be recalled, was one of the original owners in Lihue and meetings of the proprietors had often been held at his house in Honolulu, "the social amenities following." During the lifetime of his gracious wife, Princess Bernice Pauahi, their home, called Haleakala and built for her by her father, High Chief Pahi, was one of the beautiful old Honolulu places and stood on the spot now occupied by The Bank of Hawaii. Over a period of fifty years Mr. Bishop had bought and sold Lihue shares at various times. This final sale in 1890 closed out his holding and, for the sum of \$200,000 gave Paul Isenberg and his relatives possession of the controlling interest in the plantation. It is of considerable significance to recall that in 1862, almost thirty years before, Paul Isenberg had bought of W. H. Rice, his father-in-law, one of the fourteen shares for \$1,500.

In 1892 Lihue Plantation was incorporated as a stock company, with a charter for fifty years approved by the government. The new corporation was capitalized at \$700,000, divided into 7,000 shares with a par value of \$100 each. This was the technical division. The stock,

however, was owned by a small number of people who had held it for many years and among whom the feeling had always been that there were seven original shares which in time had become fourteen. According to this mental division, each of Father Rice's children owned one of the fourteen shares. According to the new capitalization of 7,000 shares, this amounted to 500 shares, or one-fourteenth of the whole. When Mrs. Emily de la Vergne wished to sell one half of her share, Albert Wilcox was willing to buy it, if he could purchase to the amount of a whole share, or one-fourteenth. C. M. Cooke, who had bought two shares, or one-seventh of the whole, therefore sold A. S. Wilcox one-fourth of his, which, with half of Mrs. de la Vergne's holding, amounted to one-fourteenth of the whole, or 500 shares, according to the capitalization of 1892. Aside from this holding of 500 shares by A. S. Wilcox and two similar amounts held by Mrs. W. C. Parke and Mrs. C. N. Youmans, the widows of two earlier owners, the remaining 5,500 shares were all in the hands of Rice, Isenberg and Cooke relatives, Paul Isenberg himself being by far the largest individual holder.

Step by step he had built on the foundations of the past, casting shrewd glances into the future, planning and working for the steady growth that was daily taking place under his hand. Is it any wonder that even from Bremen he watched every flicker of the market, every Atlantic boat that might bring him Lihue letters? His replies of 1892 and immediately succeeding years follow every detail, especially, but not exclusively, on Lihue. One vital interest continued to be that of reforestation, one letter expressing great satisfaction with the plan to fence off great mauka sections of land as a water and forest reserve, where wild horses and cattle could not breed and trample down the young forest growth. The planting

of koa and hau he urged also on lower stretches, the latter because, although an inferior wood, it is useful, can stand wet or drought, is not attacked by animals, and grows again after being cut. Anxiety is felt for Koloa, "a hard plantation to keep going with sugar so low." Following a brief visit to the islands in 1892 Mr. Isenberg expresses much pleasure in the appointment of Carl Wolters as manager of Lihue, Carl Isenberg having consented to remain a few months longer to give his successor the benefit of his own long years of experience. And after almost two years of satisfactory progress under the new manager, with increased salary, Paul Isenberg writes significantly of his work. Other letters fill this eventful year of 1895 during which one event of more than usual importance was the new water lead constructed up to the north fork of the Wailua River, "the water being carried across the south branch into the Lihue ditch by means of a large pipe." The ostrich farm mentioned was probably the only unsuccessful venture of C. M. Cooke who



CHINESE LABORERS CUTTING CANE

On Grove Farm about 1895. The nearer rider is F. Mahn, assistant manager of Lihue Plantation. Beyond him is R. L. Wilcox of Grove Farm.

bought a number of the African birds from Dr. Trousseau in Honolulu, thinking that they might thrive better in the wilder region about Kipu-kai on Kauai.

Bremen, 1895.

. I have always held that a Captain has the right to choose his own mates, and have never written to Wolters as to whom he should select. It is absurd to talk about Americans and Germans. I have never made any difference between the two.

I wrote to Charlie Cooke in October that we together could buy Mrs. Youman's shares in Lihue, but he did not reply. He says he has gotten much more insight into the business of agencies since owning in C. Brewer & Co. . . . But I have put Lihue on its legs. Hanamaulu would not have developed so fast, had I not made the ditch beforehand, and that at a time when labor was most scarce. I never drew a large salary. Generosity was not in vogue at that time. . . . Charlie Cooke talks of Makaweli, but never mentions the other plantations from which Brewer & Co. takes much more in interest on indebtedness, than Hackfeld & Co. takes from Lihue. Nor does he ever mention the fact that Hackfeld & Co. has actually lowered the rate of interest charged, and does all the buying for the plantation without taking any commission.

. Wolters has brought up the crops tremendously, planting so early. It cost enormously to clear the makai fields, but the results are splendid.

I am glad that George Wilcox is satisfied with the railroad to Grove Farm. I wish it could have been put in years ago.

. The ostrich farm at Kipukai will be unprofitable, I fear.

. I can well believe your report that it is difficult to take cement into the mountains. But at least you have *bad roads*, formerly we had *none*.

It is correct that most of the sons of the former missionaries are not rich, but of course there are some exceptions. Due to the decision of the American Board the missionaries took over the houses and lands given to the mission to the support of which the people of the U.S. contributed. This was a great mistake, but on the whole these lands and houses are not very valuable. I

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always uphold these good missionaries. They worked with all their strength and experience in the most self-sacrificing ways for the Hawaiians, their one object being to give the message as they had received it. I think it would have been more practical had they combined Church and State. Instead, they gave up their schools to the Government and their churches to a Hawaiian pastorate. An hour or more of Sunday School can never take the place of daily religious teaching, for all people do need moral instruction.

. I am much pleased that the new ditch has been made so quickly. It is a splendid thing for Lihue to have plenty of water. I have bought 150 of Mrs. Youman's shares in Lihue and paid an exorbitant price for them. With these, the Isenberg family holds the majority of the stock.

. I hope Wolters will be accommodating and give George Wilcox the water that he wishes. He has always been a valued neighbor of mine and the plantation, and I have always tried to reciprocate his friendliness. I do not wish to take advantage of anyone, even if we have a contract, and if I can help George Wilcox, I am thoroughly ready to do so.

Hans need not worry about the German school. If the Government does not furnish the funds, I will see to it that the school is properly financed.

The revolution of 1895, followed by the legal conviction of offenders, including the queen, on the charge of treason, served to establish the new Republic of Hawaii on a permanent basis. For the queen's trial Judge Widemann was retained as one of the lawyers in her counsel of defense, and was later recompensed by her with the deed to a valuable fishpond at Waianae on Oahu, makai of the sugar plantation which he had been interested in developing. Perpetual rights in an old fishpond can become very valuable, especially when situated not far from a good market. To this day many Hawaiians still live at Waianae for the sake of the fishing there on the lee side of the island. Like Paul Isenberg, Judge Widemann was a staunch royalist from conviction, but, also



LIHUE GERMAN SCHOOL

About 1898, when Rev. Hans Isenberg taught it with the assistance of Mr. Carl Maser.

like him, realized that annexation must be the final outcome. After a brief visit in the islands early in 1896, with his wife and younger daughters, Paul Isenberg felt that the situation was again sufficiently settled to make it worth while to add permanent improvements and comforts. There was some discussion of building a hospital at Lihue. A plantation doctor was there already, the day having passed when one doctor could even attempt to supply the needs of the entire island. Dr. Smith of Koloa had died in 1887, some years after his practice had begun to be ably carried on by his son, Dr. Jared Smith. To this day, however, there are quite a number who can boast at meetings of the Kauai Historical Society of having been brought into the world by the first Dr. Smith, and who recall the excitement in 1876 when a McBryde baby was born at Wahiawa and an Isenberg baby at Lihue on the same day. The older children of these two Kauai families still see

Dr. Smith's inevitable saddle bags flapping on the big black horse he rode. He was always on the road, branching off on trails to scattered Hawaiian villages. Even his office at Koloa was full of mystery, a veritable drug shop, but we did not often get a chance to peek in at that. And we were intensely curious about the array of tins of salve and bottles and pill boxes that came out of those saddle bags whenever he lifted them from his horse to get anything out. What a contrast to the doctor's life of today, when his grandson, Dr. Herbert Waterhouse, nobly carries on the Smith tradition of self-sacrificing service, but with a little hospital on one side and a laboratory on the other side of the old Koloa road! Ignorance and superstition were a greater obstacle then, with bad roads, few bridges, no ice, no telephones, tardy mails and little pay. Nor was medicine Dr. Smith's only calling. To burials and baptisms and marriages he was often summoned, where there was no other minister, and no rain or storm ever kept him from emergencies. He tried to make a more or less regular call every month in every village, and when this was due, Hawaiian couples often gathered in our yard to have him tie the knot of matrimony.

When the good doctor died in 1887, a severe Kona storm was blowing and the interment had to be postponed, but Carl Isenberg of Lihue managed to drive over with a stout pair of horses through the gap to Koloa and take one passenger, his brother Hans, who officiated at the services. For ten years Rev. Hans Isenberg was the only white pastor on the island, and was often summoned considerable distances for sacramental services. He was likewise the only Lutheran pastor on any of the islands and for a number of years occasionally held service at Honolulu in the Y. M. C. A. hall for the German colony there. Barely ten years after Dr. James Smith's death, Kauai suffered a sharp loss in that of his son Jared, the second sudden death on the island due to resentment among the Hawaiians whose families were being separated by the segregation of lepers. Dr. Smith was shot by a Hawaiian as he stepped to the door of his office.

thinking that someone needed medical attention. Several years earlier, Deputy Sheriff Stolz, who had married Mary Adelaide Rowell, the youngest daughter of the Waimea mission home, was shot in the mountains above Waimea when he tried to capture the leper, Koolau. In this case, however, ample warning had been given not only by Koolau himself, but by Sheriff S. W. Wilcox of Lihue. "Go slow," was the sage advice. Kama-ainas all over the island knew and respected Koolau, who was an admirable man and had been a paniola, or cowboy, for years with the planters, Meier and Kruse, at Kekaha plantation. When attacked by leprosy he had agreed to go to Molokai, if his wife might go with him. This was finally denied him, although they were a childless couple. Thereupon, Koolau and his wife went to live in the Kala-lau mountains where his disease was a menace to no one and whence he let it be known that anyone who tried to capture him would be shot. Everyone knew that he was a sure shot and old residents felt that he and his wife had every right to their life of utter seclusion.

Under President Cleveland, it was obvious that no headway could be made toward annexation, and on July 4th, 1894, a more permanent form of government was, therefore, proclaimed. This was the Republic of Hawaii, a substantial reality, yet admittedly only a temporary measure looking toward ultimate political union with her nearest continental neighbor. Of such annexation, ardently advocated by some and seen as inevitable by others, Paul Isenberg's opinion has already been made clear. But, even so, he hoped that it might be put off for many years, and remarked, with his customary shrewd judgment of men and movements, that the regent of the kingdom must of necessity be a man like C. R. Bishop or S. B. Dole, who had the confidence and respect of both the Hawaiians and the white business men. Those were not years of plain sailing for the little Hawaiian ship

of state, and much skilful piloting through political shoals was still necessary. After the inauguration of President McKinley in 1897, a new treaty of political union was negotiated in Washington. This was ratified by the Hawaiian senate in September of the same year, but not by a joint resolution of the United States Congress until almost a year later. The strenuous times of the passage of the Reciprocity Treaty twenty years before were recalled by the older planters and business men. Comments on these and many other matters fill Paul Isenberg's letters from Germany during the years immediately preceding this momentous political change.

June, 1896.

. Who would have thought a year and a half ago that the plantations would be on a good paying basis again?

I hope that giving up so much rattoons will be of avail against the enormous damage done by the cane borers. It should be helpful to plow the ground as soon as the cane is taken off. I am glad that the sheep are again pastured on the lowlands. I took great pride as a young man in my fine flock of sheep, but a severe drought killed many of them after I left in 1878.

August, 1896.

. I have had a long conference about starting Oahu plantation. Koloa has a large crop this year, but too much money is spent on it. The Smiths want to plant cane again on their land, and I am very willing that they should. The only problem is to keep the mill full when we take off their cane.

. So the Japanese have had a little strike. Such a thing often serves to clear up conditions and show them how well they are treated. That they want Japanese doctors is natural. I will take the matter up when I come out.

Feb. 1897.

. I have answered Lydgate that a Public Hall at Lihue must wait until we have a hospital.

June 1, 1897.

. It is ugly to see that Spreckels, who has made so much money by means of the Treaty, is now so actively working against it. The beet sugar experiment in California seems to show good results. It is humiliating to me to see the Honolulu regime working so hard in Washington to retain the Treaty, as if we could not exist without it. I am sure that we could. Greater economy would be necessary in the government and all along down the line would have to adopt a simpler life. Matters could have been adjusted with Liliuokalani. Why did they not leave her on the throne?

. I am glad Wolters sees that he cannot keep his people too long in the evenings. I have explained to him that while the contract calls for a ten-hour day, I count the ten hours from the time they leave home and get back again. The results of the strike have improved conditions, also the overseers are handling their subordinates more quietly.

The opposition of Claus Spreckels to annexation took a very active form. He sincerely believed that the effect on the labor situation would be so critical that sugar in Hawaii would be doomed. When he left the islands with his family in 1893, practically forced out by public opinion after the overthrow of the queen, he declared openly that if he ever returned to Honolulu, it would only be to find the main streets overgrown with grass. And for the next few years much of his tremendous energy was expended in promoting the beet sugar industry in California, even importing seed from Germany and leaving no stone unturned in his endeavor to choke the island industry in cane sugar. It is therefore of no small interest to discover that a conservative planter like Paul Isenberg also felt considerable fear for island sugar in the event of annexation and at the same time was convinced that even without that political change the major industry of Hawaii would continue to make its way. Writing from Germany, Mr. Isenberg more than once refers to both reciprocity and annexation as the Treaty:

June 28, 1897.

. Apparently the President is in favor of Annexation, but whether he will get the two-thirds vote of the Senate is doubtful. The big newspapers in the U.S. are opposed to it. Navy and Army forces would have to be increased, and the U.S. is not looking for colonies.

. Hawaii is still difficult for travel and many of the landings are bad. An exception to this is the Kona side of Hawaii. It has always been a joy to me to arrive at Kailua and see the many stalwart Hawaiians still to be found in that part of the country. I do not believe that much money will be realized by the coffee planters at Oloa. It may be cheaper to plant coffee there, but there is too much rain. I hope I am mistaken and that these coffee plantations will bring much money into Hilo.

October 23, 1897.

. It has been a great shock to hear of the murder of Dr. Jared Smith, and by a Hawaiian. Yet we must carry out the plan of segregating lepers on Molokai. I suppose the disease was brought from China. It is a great menace, and the Hawaiians can not understand that segregation may help. I note that Hans officiated with other pastors at the service.

I hope that Paul will be elected to the House of Representatives now that he has said he will run. I am even more afraid of Annexation today than formerly. I should like to see it delayed for some years. If the U.S. would guarantee our independence, all the other powers would acquiesce.

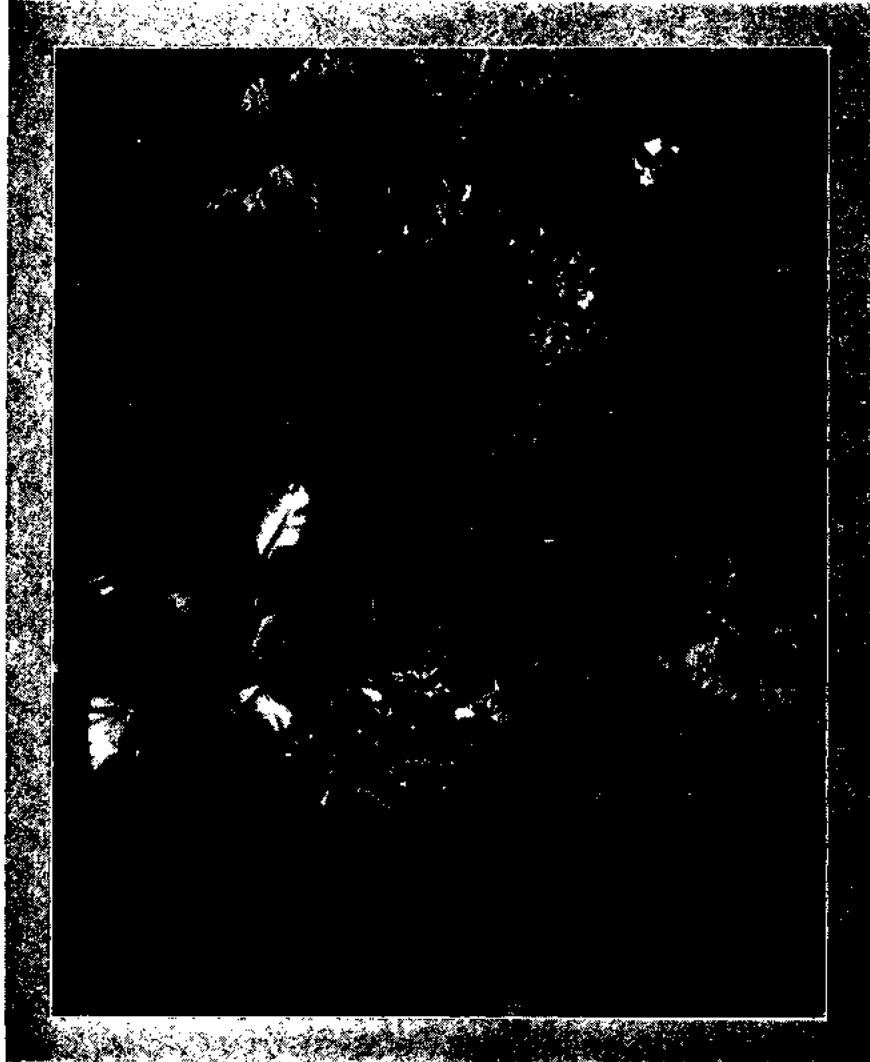
November, 1897.

I have written Hackfeld that I wish a charity fund established for Lihue, for all laborers, Chinese and Japanese also, who have grown old in the service of the plantation.

December 13, 1897.

Louis Barckhausen is doing well at Kaanapali for Lahaina Plantation and his salary has been raised. They feed the cattle there, also horses, partly with molasses. It might be a good plan to do this at Wailua, that is to have molasses in the pastures.

. It is very difficult to grind day and night. I do not see the advantage of it and have always been opposed to it. It brings



Photograph by J. Senda

SWIMMING POOL IN MOLOKOA VALLEY TODAY

about abnormal conditions and I feel it far better to have greater facilities for doing all the work during the day time.

March 21, 1898.

We have insured our sugars against war, although I doubt whether Spain would discriminate between Hawaiian sugars carried in American ships. I am not against a Republic, but I do wish a more rational policy might be pursued, and I wish the high-handed talk in the press would stop.

. Lihue should give land and water for the new hospital and it should be near the doctor's house where it is central for Lihue and Hanamaulu people. The hospital manager must of course be on the board of directors.

June 13, 1898.

. I have written Hackfeld about the hospital and I hope the plans will soon be made. The capitalization of Lihue is to be increased, a necessary measure to stop the continued cries about big dividends. Royalty is dead and Annexation seems to be surely coming.

Plantation hospital, business capital, political annexation,—the three topics of this last letter,— how clearly they epitomize the thought and the work of Paul Isenberg! Even their order is significant, in placing foremost the human, social side of life, to be followed in due course by industrial and public interests. Six months after this letter was written, the capital stock of Lihue Plantation, placed at \$700,000 on its incorporation in 1892, was doubled. In 1910, twelve years later, a second stock dividend of 100% was paid, raising the capitalization to over two million dollars. In 1916 another stock dividend, this time of 60%, was paid, and at the same time a sale of 4,800 shares of the treasury stock of the corporation, at \$200 a share, made to its Honolulu agents, H. Hackfeld and Company, brought the stock of Lihue Plantation to its present capitalization of \$3,000,000. In other words, during the thirty-eight years from its incorporation up to the year 1930, the plantation has paid its

stockholders, aside from cash disbursements, stock dividends in the proportion of 260% on its original capital stock. This is all matter of record on the corporation books.

Through all these years of stress and change Paul Isenberg never for a day lost sight of Mother Rice's welfare and happiness, the two being truly mother and son. In the Lihue home of her own son she was a frequent and welcome guest. In the Molokoa house she was always at home with her children, Dora and Hans. For a number of years after 1890 she lived in Honolulu with her daughter Emily's family, young Harry de la Vergne being then in office there as judge of the police court.



CHARLES M. COOKE

With his daughter Alice about 1890

And always was Honolulu the home of her daughter Anna, whose gifted husband was as devoted to "little Mother Rice" as to his own saintly mother still living, until 1896, next to the old Mission Home on King Street. Charles M. Cooke was likewise Mother Rice's agent in Honolulu and almost a volume of business and personal letters did she receive from him, and keep. Even on the busiest days he was never too

pressed to answer her letters, attend to her charities, or send her news, in manuscript letters, of the welfare of Anna and the children. "Mother Rice's room" had always been held in readiness in the old mission home of the Cookes on King Street, where to this day it is still remembered and called by her name. Charles M. Cooke was but carrying on the friendly tradition of close attachment between the two families. As a business man, he was not only a keen and prosperous member in the lumber and hardware firm of Lewers and Cooke, but for many years was president of C. Brewer and Company and the new Bank of Hawaii. Politically, he was a staunch and valued supporter of the Republic of Hawaii, and in 1893 had been despatched on a special mission to Washington with reference to annexation. After that change was finally consummated in 1898, he often said, "Now I shall no longer have to sleep with a gun at my side."

Other citizens of foreign parentage came to see that the new order of things was best, Francis Gay of Kauai stating to Mary H. Krout, a Chicago journalist who spent some months in the islands, collecting material for her book, *Hawaii and a Revolution*:

I was a British subject, and have a profound love for English institutions. Personally, I would have preferred the protection of the English flag, but it is not practicable.

The Hawaiian Islands, by all the laws of right and nature, are in sympathy with the United States, to whom they owe their institutions and their civilization. People of other nationalities here simply reaped the reward of American enlightenment and Christianizing. With unrestricted commerce between the United States, her markets freely open to us, our commercial and national prosperity will be assured.

Coming from one who had grown to manhood on the island of Kauai, who spoke Hawaiian as easily and as

beautifully as he did English, and who moreover had not only an affection for the Hawaiians, but also a deep understanding of their nature, this statement acquires added significance. Miss Krout, to whom it was made, returned to the islands later when she wrote the memoirs of Mother Rice and Mrs. Bernice Pauahi Bishop.

Annexation brought prosperity in the wake of a political change which the revolution and the republic had rendered far less abrupt than it would have been, had the monarchy passed directly to the United States. Many of us recall that hot day of August 12th, 1898, when during the ceremony of the transfer of sovereignty our band played Hawaii Ponoī for the last time officially, while the Hawaiian flag dropped slowly down on the flagstaff above the palace. Our president, Sanford Dole, took office as our first governor,—and the long struggle for constitutional government had come to an end after almost thirty-five years of turmoil and unrest.

The economic results of this political transfer permeated the life of the whole nation in the islands. Mainland capital was less hesitant about investments here and the plantations began to feel firmer ground under their feet. Difficulties of adjustment were of course bound to occur, as, for example, when the old system of contract labor, never accepted by Japan in sending her countrymen here, was automatically annulled by amalgamation with the United States. In like manner the immigration of Chinese stopped altogether. But, in general, business men and all in responsible positions experienced the profound relief of Charles M. Cooke who could now allow his pistol to rust, while he turned every energy to the conduct of business.

The Century Turns

It chanced that 1899, the year following annexation, marked the half-century anniversary of H. Hackfeld and Company, the Honolulu business house with which Paul Isenberg had become so closely identified. In 1891, ten years after entering the firm as junior partner with J. F. Hackfeld, Paul Isenberg's financial interest in this old German house had doubled. In 1894 it had trebled, J. F. Hackfeld and Paul Isenberg becoming the sole owners. Later Mr. Hackfeld made his home in Germany, but in 1889 he had bought a large residence block on the western slope of Punchbowl, where he lived for many years. One of the adjoining streets, now officially called Emerson, was formerly Hackfeld Street. Quite recently the entire block, with its commanding position, was bought by the Catholic Church for its future cathedral.

Expansion was the Hackfeld watchword for the years of 1890, in spite of political uncertainties. In 1894 Mr. Isenberg's third son, H. Alexander Isenberg, became a junior member of the firm. In 1895 half of Pioneer Mill Company, at Lahaina, Maui, was taken over by Hackfeld on a mortgage. The following year arrangements were completed for the organization of Oahu Sugar Company, which proved a very successful venture. And in 1897, even before annexation became assured, Hackfeld opened a branch office in Hilo, with



H. ALEXANDER ISENBERG
1903

George Rodiek as manager. This same year the firm was incorporated under the name of H. Hackfeld and Company, Limited, the special partnership being dissolved by mutual consent and a joint stock company, capitalized at one million dollars, being established, with Paul Isenberg as its first president. Barely a year later, in January, 1899, this capitalization was doubled, Paul Isenberg's interest comprising at that time more than one-fourth of the entire capital. In 1897 ten younger partners had been admitted, it being Paul Isenberg's fixed principle, and an old Hackfeld custom, to stimulate young employees to keener interest in the affairs of the firm by encouraging them to work for themselves also, as shareholders in the enterprise.

The anniversary of October 2, 1899, celebrated the arrival of Captain Hendrick Hackfeld in Honolulu in 1849 and the opening of his ship chandlery on October 1st of that year. He was a master mariner and had visited Honolulu as early as 1846 in the China trade. Observing what sorts of merchandise would find a ready sale in Honolulu, Captain Hackfeld sailed again for Germany and provided himself with a judicious selection of such stock. When he returned to Honolulu in time for the fall trade of 1849, he was accompanied by his young wife and her brother, J. C. Pflueger, also of Bremen. According to an interesting account of the firm in the Hawaiian Annual for 1902, the year when the new Hackfeld Building was formally opened, J. C. Pflueger was but a lad of sixteen in 1849 and served for some time as sole clerk in the new firm. His thrift was said to be such that

he slept in the store on an improvised cot which was hoisted out of the way during the day. With his violin he would pass the evening hours, oftentimes alone, while others were seeking excite-

ment. His frugality, aptitude for business and watchful regard for his employer's interests gained him an interest in the house within four years of its establishment.

The firm first occupied a little wooden building directly on the waterfront near the corner of Queen and Nuuanu streets, but very soon moved to larger quarters in a store built for the firm by Dr. R. W. Wood, proprietor of Koloa Sugar Company. Dr. Wood very early turned over to Captain Hackfeld the agency for his sugar ventures at Koloa and East Maui, and likewise "the commercial agency of the Russian Government which at that time was very good business." From those early days

thrift and caution, with integrity and enterprise, went hand in hand to build up one of the most prosperous and respected houses in the island business world. As consul for Russia Mr. Hackfeld often fulfilled social as well as business functions, and in March of 1862, when Honolulu was "overrun with Russians for the whole winter," Mr. and Mrs. Hackfeld gave a grand ball at the Court House for officers of various Russian ships in port. One can picture the scene and the excitement in the town, all echoed in a letter from a Honolulu hostess published in the biography of her husband, J. W. Austin, one of the early shareholders in Lihue Plantation and as a judge of the supreme court a frequent visitor to Kauai: "Five hundred invitations are issued. I understand that



Courtesy of American Factors, Ltd.

H. HACKFELD AND COMPANY

ABOUT 1860

they are to make ice by a chemical process, and have ice creams." After the accession of Kalakaua, this same useful old Court House had in turn become the business home of Hackfeld and Company and now was to be relegated to the position of a storehouse. In 1874 the firm had remodeled its one large assembly room into a two-story structure, which, with ample storage area in its cellar and warehouses, had seemed spacious indeed.

Twenty-five years later one feature of the fiftieth anniversary was the laying of the corner stone of the new building just to the north of the old one. For this modern edifice President Isenberg of the corporation had advanced in various loans almost the entire sum of its estimated cost of over \$200,000. Built of Hawaiian lava stone and handsomely appointed, its ultimate cost nearly doubled the original estimate, and it stands today as one of Honolulu's business monuments. A historical account in the Pacific Commercial Advertiser for January of 1901 gives the salient features of the growth of the firm in later years:

. They made large importations of dry goods and other merchandise in their own vessels, were also agents for the oldest sugar plantations on the Islands, and had the business of the first steamers plying between San Francisco, Honolulu and Australia.

. After the beginning of the Reciprocity Treaty Hackfeld & Co. assisted financially in the establishment of the following new sugar plantations: Waianae, Waimanalo, Kilauea, Kekaha, Kipahulu, Kukaiau and Ookala.

At the suggestion of Hon. G. N. Wilcox the firm in 1890 identified itself with the guano enterprise in Laysan Island, now known as the Pacific Guano and Fertilizer Company, which erected large fertilizer and acid works at Kalihi in 1893 and 1894. In connection with their agents in Bremen, they still run their own vessels between Bremen, Liverpool and Honolulu. They are agents for the Pacific Mail Steamship Co., the Occidental & Oriental Steamship Co., and the Toyo Kisen Kaisha. They also

represent the following sugar plantations: Lihue, Koloa, Grove Farm, Hanamaulu, Kekaha, Pioneer, Kipahulu, Kukaiau, Hilo, Portuguese Sugar Mill Co., and the Oahu Sugar Co., Ltd.

Financing the loan for Hackfeld's new building was only one of the many occasions on which Paul Isenberg came to the support of the firm at not a little sacrifice of his personal convenience. On the death of Mr. Pflueger, senior partner during earlier years, his executors were obliged by his will to withdraw every dollar of his holding from the corporation without delay, instead of gradually, as is usually done in such cases. Here again Paul Isenberg had stepped in to shoulder responsibilities which for a long time crippled him in making investments elsewhere.

With plantation connections sugar had soon superseded earlier island products. In 1872 Hackfeld already handled over 3,000 tons, in 1880 three times, in 1890 over seven times, in 1900 almost twenty times that amount. In 1918 their shipments for the forty-seven



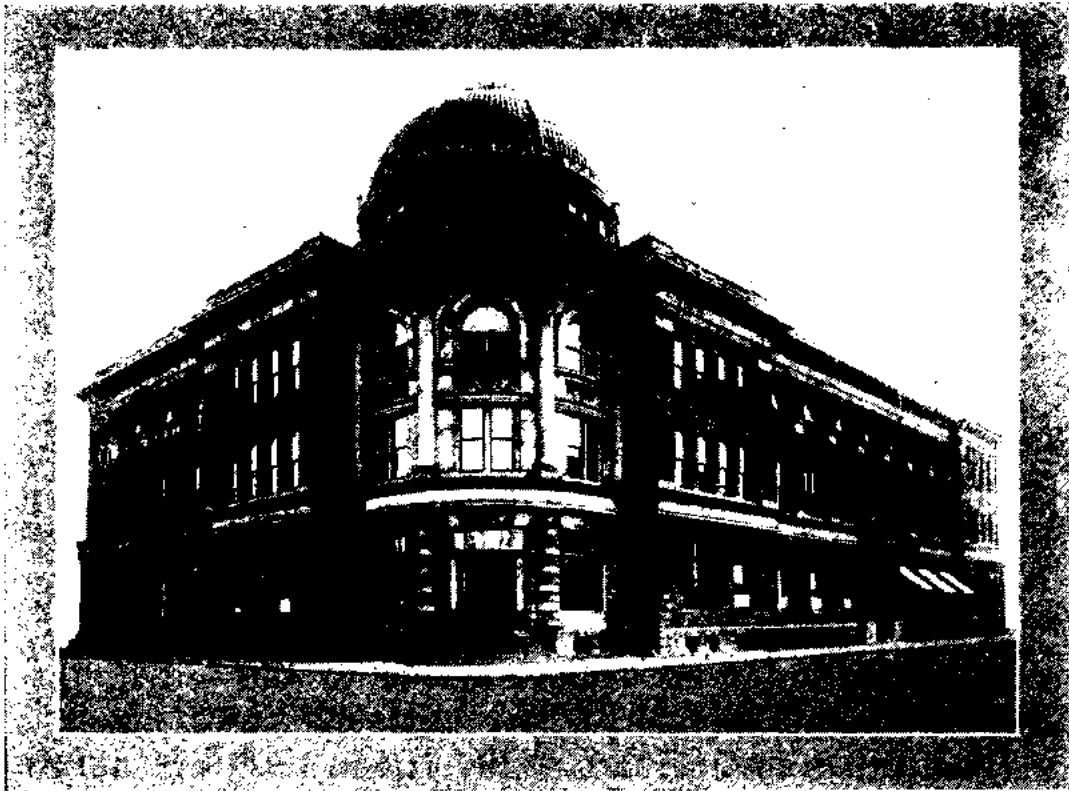
Courtesy of American Factors, Ltd.

THE HACKFELD ESTABLISHMENT ABOUT 1890

years totaled almost 2,500,000 tons, the amount for the year 1918 equalling very nearly one-fourth of the total export from the islands. Supplies were purchased and sold to plantations, and the firm gradually became interested in many issues concerned with the growth, manufacture and marketing of sugar. It is an astonishing fact that up to the year 1890 practically no fertilizing was done in the cane land of the islands except to the extent of letting fields lie fallow at times, a method as old as the Mosaic law and the Biblical injunction to give cultivated lands a sabbath, or seventh, year of rest. This situation serves all the more forcibly to emphasize the significance of the new enterprise just mentioned, with which Hackfeld and Company became identified through the suggestion of G. N. Wilcox, whose account of the enterprise covers an interesting chapter in Hawaii's industrial history.

With modern scientific methods in mind, it is likewise surprising to find that until the early years of 1890 there was only one chemist on the islands, and as an instructor at Punahou School, where he had been educated, a large part of his salary was paid by the government with a view to retaining his services in the islands. This was Dr. A. B. Lyons, the same son of the mission home at Waimea on Hawaii who as a boy had signed himself A. Brown Lion in his spirited correspondence with Hannah Maria Rice. When samples of guano were brought to Mr. Wilcox for inspection about the year 1888, he promptly took them to Punahou for laboratory tests and, on Dr. Lyons' favorable report, decided to finance a preliminary expedition to Laysan Island. When the first shipload arrived he discussed it with Paul Isenberg, Senior, and the upshot of it was that the whole cargo was shipped to Germany through Hackfeld and Company, there being no prospect of an expensive chemical estab-

lishment here in the islands. This cargo was sold in Germany. A second shipment brought a like favorable report and the advice to the island promoters to open their own fertilizer and acid works at home. Dr. Averdam, a German chemist, was thereupon engaged and the business prospered beyond expectation, particularly during later years under the expert management of J. F. C. Hagens, also of Germany, but who had come out to the islands as a young man in 1887 and had much plantation experience at Lihue and elsewhere for the first seven years. For eight years he was bookkeeper for the guano enterprise, and in 1902 was appointed its manager. His keen business eye saw vantage points even in California, where more competition existed. Here in the islands the Hackfeld plantations were at first the only ones supplied



By courtesy of the Honolulu Star-Bulletin

THE NEW HACKFELD BUILDING OF 1902

with the new chemical fertilizers, the Brewer and Company plantations dealing with the Hawaiian Fertilizer Company promoted by A. F. Cooke. In more recent times a merger of the two fertilizer companies has been effected.

Other avenues of expansion were followed up by the enterprising firm of H. Hackfeld and Company, most of them noted by T. G. Thrum in the anniversary article in his Hawaiian Annual for 1902, looking forward to the opening of the imposing new Hackfeld building on March 21, 1902. For many years the consulates of Germany and Russia, as well as of Norway, Sweden, Austria-Hungary and Belgium had been entrusted to individual members of the firm. And as early as 1852 a retail dry goods branch of Hackfeld had been opened on Fort Street in the Hale Kilika, or Silk House. Later this was known as B. F. Ehlers and Company and has since been renamed The Liberty House. Largely in the interests of coffee culture an agency was opened at Kailua on West Hawaii. Paul Isenberg's forecast for coffee on the east coast of Hawaii above Hilo proved only too well founded and many thousands of dollars were sunk in the enterprise by Hackfeld as well as by others, but again, nothing venture, nothing have. A branch store of Hackfeld was operated in connection with Pioneer Mill Company at Lahaina, Maui, and in recent years the plantation stores on Kauai at Lihue, Koloa and Kekaha have been operated largely from Honolulu as a center. During the earliest years of H. Hackfeld and Company business connections were made with lumber companies of the Puget Sound region and the firm shared largely in the perquisites and responsibilities due to the "oil fever" during whaling days.

The fiftieth anniversary of the firm in 1899 was appropriately celebrated in part by a donation of one thousand dollars to each of thirteen charitable institutions in Hono-

lulu, of all races and creeds. In addition, the senior partners, Mr. Hackfeld and Mr. Isenberg, contributed a fund of fifty thousand dollars to build and maintain a German Lutheran church in Honolulu. During the course of the next two years the lot was purchased



THE LUTHERAN CHURCH IN HONOLULU
ABOUT 1902

on Beretania Street and the tasteful church erected, which has now served its first generation of worshippers. The establishment of a church in Honolulu had long been a cherished project with Paul Isenberg. Like everything else, it was slow work. For the new church Pastor Felmy came out from Germany, and preached the dedication sermon on June 2nd, 1901. Paul Isenberg had been in the islands early in 1899 and came again during the two succeeding years, but his visits did not coincide with the Hackfeld anniversary or the dedication of the Lutheran church. The new office building of the firm was so largely a project of his own promotion that he hoped to be present for its opening in 1901, but building operations retarded that event until the following spring and his eyes never beheld the fruition of this dream. Items from his letters indicate some trends of thought and care during these latter years:

Honolulu, Jan. 23, 1899.

. Mr. Widemann is very ill and anxious for the end.
. Lihue certainly cannot take over any land in Kapaia for other stores. In our business contract with C. H. Bishop at Lihue

we agreed not to sell any land for stores except to him. Neither will Hackfeld begin any store there. I do not wish Bishop to be troubled in any way. And of course he is free to purchase goods where he pleases. I told him in the beginning that I should be glad to have him buy from Hackfeld, if he found it profitable to do so, but I encroached in no way upon his independence, nor would I now use any undue influence in the matter.

Bremen, 1899.

. I am glad to hear that the cane borer is being gathered by hand. That is a good chance for women and children to earn money. Manioc should be raised. It is a good feed, and has no insect pest, I believe. Bananas should be one of our cheapest foods and we should raise more.

. There is so much stone work to be done quickly at Wahiawa and Eleele on the new plantation that they can afford to give higher wages, and I can imagine how the Japanese laborers are streaming over there.

. I am glad that your mountain house is finished at Kukaua. Your visitor must have seen that Lihue has spent more on white labor than any other plantation. Formerly, when I advocated bringing in Chinese and Japanese women with the men, the general objection was to its expense. Now they have had to do it.

I am astonished to hear that Lihue has taken over the Lindemann lease of Wailua land. I could have gotten it before, but Wolters objected. The land is excellent and together with the rent for the rice fields, the price is not too high. Lindemann has accomplished a good deal. Why should we not raise pigs at Wailua on manioc root and supply the Honolulu market which now purchases from California?

. Sam Damon is now in Rome and working very actively with the government there to bring Italian laborers to the Islands. It is a great pity that the cane borer is doing so much damage. Still, Wolters should not take it to heart so much. He ought to have a third machinist for the locomotives and steam plows. I am glad that the Lindemann land is being cultivated. With their railroad as far as Wailua, Kealia may want to ship her sugar. It is inevitable that we shall ultimately have large warehouses and

ship direct to California. I have been willing to continue with Honolulu as long as we are treated fairly by the Inter-Island Steamship Co.

Bremen, 1900.

. I am glad to hear of the heavy rains. It will do much to clean the camps, but I hope that the shipping of sugar will not be interrupted. Wolters can burn his own lime. Years ago it was very easy to get. The Hawaiians would break off coral from the reefs and bring it to land in their canoes. But labor became so scarce later that we had to import lime.

I do not see why the Lutheran Church should have difficulties. In time, the pastor should be one from the U.S., a man of tolerant views who would fit in and get on well with the other clergy in the city. Patience he must also have in abundance, because the Germans are not overfond of going to church.

. Yes, we should have a warehouse at Ahukini to hold 100,000 bags. I am very glad to hear of the good work being done by the Lihue Hospital.

It is indeed a calamity that the March rains did not fall. I wonder how you will fare for water up at Kukaua. I hope one of the big steamers has brought flour and foodstuffs from San Francisco, and grain for the animals. It is very hard for the laborer when flour is so dear. Sweet potatoes do not grow when there is so little rain. Rice will be dear too, I am afraid.

Honolulu, June 5, 1900.

. Wolters' resignation has been accepted. He is so capable that everyone is sorry he cannot conform and remain. I have confidence in Weber as the new manager, for he knows both Lihue and Hanamaulu very well.

Hilo, June and July, 1900.

. We have been to a meeting of managers about labor and wages. The Japanese all celebrated the 14th, also the contract workmen, but the Chinese worked right along, taking no notice of the day. The free Japanese went to work on the 16th, the contract workmen would not do so under \$20 a month. We agreed to give them \$17.50.

At Kukaiau the manager and others showed me everything

very cordially. At the Horners' the old gentleman was celebrating his 79th birthday. Cane fields were looking splendid everywhere. In Hilo we looked at the coffee machinery, Hackfeld's warehouses and lumber yards. The constant rains have caused this depressing failure of the coffee enterprise in Olaa. Horner's coffee looks splendid, but there is very little profit in it.

The Japanese are giving more trouble on Kauai and Maui than here on Hawaii, but I think that in time they will fall into line. It pleased me that Weber asked for time to think over his acceptance of the position as manager. It shows he is careful. Mahn knows Lihue and should remain there. I do not understand why Christian should hesitate about being assistant manager at Hanamaulu. I will talk it over with him when I come

Some older men do not adjust themselves easily to changes in business and personnel, but Paul Isenberg seems always to have looked so far ahead that present



CHRISTMAS PICNIC AT MOLOKOA IN 1900

Mother Rice seated; Hans Isenberg beside her with the lunch basket; Paula Isenberg on horseback; Miss Grau just behind Mother Rice; Dora Isenberg at the back; on her left Paul and Beta Isenberg.

changes were already a matter of perspective the moment they came up for discussion. Mr. Friedrich Weber, the new manager at Lihue, was a young man who had almost grown up with the plantation and could be trusted to advance its interests. Eighteen years' experience as manager at Lihue justified this estimate of his capacity to further the steadily energetic progress of the plantation. Even the development of the mauka lands at Wailua, long a project of Paul Isenberg, advanced until by 1915 Mr. Weber had over a thousand acres in cane between the two Wailua river valleys. Mr. Franz Mahn, his assistant manager, was a cool-headed, hard-working man whose capabilities fitted him admirably for his new position. A brilliant antagonist at the game of skat he was also, and with Carl Wolters, the previous manager, who later married a daughter of Carl Isenberg, had spent many a jolly evening with Mr. and Mrs. Hans Isenberg at Molokoa.



PAULA ISENBERG
1900

Paul Isenberg's visit to the islands in 1900 was prolonged many months. His wife joined him late in the year and both spent Christmas for the first time in the Molokoa home. His letters during these months are particularly full of detail.

Honolulu, September and October 1900.

The plans for the Lutheran Church here have been accepted. There is a great deal of confusion over the elections. Paul is very much interested in his Republican party. We have raised \$3300 for the flood victims at Galveston.

. Talk with Weber and see if it would not be well to offer all Chinese and Japanese fifty cents extra if they worked six days in the week. Naturally Kealia and Koloa should follow suit.

. Cropp has sent in his resignation from Koloa. Yesterday and today I have done all I could to help at the planters' meeting. The principal necessity is laborers. But what suits one plantation does not help another. I wonder whether we shall get labor from Porto Rico.

I have been two full days at Lahaina where they are building two reservoirs, and three at Kaanapali, for the night water. Formerly they said reservoirs were not possible. But at Kealia they have so many reservoirs that they can hold back all their freshet water even.

Honolulu, February 1901.

. About 1500 Porto Ricans have been arranged for. At Lahaina the Porto Ricans want to strike, but Barckhausen has made them many advances and given them work in contract. They all smoke cigars, but our cheapest cigars at one cent and a half are too costly for them. They live on rice, bread, codfish,



J. CARL ISENBERG
1899



RICHARD MENNO ISENBERG
1906

beans and coffee. They like sweet potatoes, and bananas, but where to get them? Laborers will come again from Japan as soon as the Japanese Parliament convenes and agrees to have them come.

It will be an advantage if Weber takes our cane cutters to cut Grove Farm cane. George Wilcox will not have enough men to cut his cane and it is important that his cane should be taken off as quickly as ours.

. If it turns out that Grove Farm has enough men, Weber must give our cutters work in contract to keep them satisfied, since they will naturally not be willing to hoe by the day. Yes, these are serious times with the labor. I hear that Portuguese emigrants are coming again, and have told Klamp that we wish only married ones.

The steamer Hanalei takes forty Porto Ricans to Kauai today. I hope Weber has room for them. They are very dirty and a degenerate lot of people. I have ordered material to be given to every woman and child for clothing, and the men furnished with cheap working clothes. Lihue can pay for this. They are a poor looking lot, but they will be able to hoe and do light work.



JULIE ISENBERG
1894



CLARA ISENBERG
1896

Montreal, April 25, 1901.

. The analysis of the mineral found in the tunnel of the Hanamaulu range has just reached me from New York. The mineral has not sufficient value to be mined.

. The feeling against the Chinese is very strong on the mainland and undoubtedly they will prevent our having any more laborers from China.

The stress of labor troubles and other business difficulties during 1900 and 1901 was heavy. And, as for so many years during times of acute tension, the cry often went up, "Wait till Paul comes!" For forty years his had been the guiding hand and spirit at Lihue, as at other points as well, and now in his sixty-fourth year his coming was no less eagerly anticipated. On his part, it was always the greatest relief to arrive at the Molokoa house, his own island home, where gentle Mother Rice would be sitting in her chair by the window, listening closely for the sound of carriage wheels and of Paul's footstep on the lanai. Dora and Hans were always there, too, to welcome him home. There his own horses waited for him, and his own cottage, on a location which he himself had chosen, looking out over the orchard valley toward Mount Waialeale. Even a low, capacious bathtub, six feet square, had been built into that cottage, a feature of it which is still the delight of even very small guests who beg to go swimming in its green expanse.

From this cottage veranda one could see on the edge of Kilohana crater, an hour's easy horseback ride mauka beyond the German Forest, the new Kukaua house which had just been finished. And during this last visit in 1900 days of unmixed joy were spent at this mountain house, where one could take in at a single revolving glance the whole green valley of Lihue, backed with the blue of mountain range and faced with an edge of black rock and white surf, reaching into the limitless blue of the North Pacific. There on the lanai Paul Isenberg often

sat, looking from the fields of Kipu and Haiku on the south, across over the mill and the fair, green acres of Lihue itself, past the second mill and broad fields of Hanamaulu to the eastward, where the low Kalepa Ridge throws out its protecting arm along the seacoast toward the deep cut of the Wailua River valley, which narrows and divides into two winding branches as it nears the north where great mountains stand perpetual guard. It was a sight on which his gaze lingered with affection and knowledge, a picture which he carried always on his mental retina. A veritable garden lay spread out before him, as he mused on the changes wrought there during forty years. A garden of fruits as well as of flowers, for must not a true garden grow food for the body as well as for the eye? Moreover, it was the garden of his heart.

And to it his heart often returned. For it, also, he made many a personal sacrifice in the long, frequent voyages to visit it. Nor was the sacrifice all his, for his wife, rarely able to leave the family of children in Bremen, had kept back many a tear as he set out on his periodic journeys to the westward. Perhaps the teaching of life tends to set aside personal preferences. One longing that these two had had for years was to keep the town house in Bremen, but to live on a beautiful estate in the country. At last such a one was actually purchased, but, the marriage of their son Carl occurring about that time, it seemed best that he should establish himself there on the delightful estate of Travenort. In the end, this proved to be the wiser arrangement, but at the time it was no less a sacrifice of wishes long cherished.

After Paul Isenberg's return to Germany in the spring of 1901 his letters to his Lihue home were even more eagerly looked for, if possible, than before. One project for which he had long planned was the establishment of a bakery in Lihue. To this end he sent out from Germany a baker and an oven, hoping thus to save time and

expense for the little German colony at least, and perhaps for others, also. But plans fell through, owing chiefly to the fact that the Germans in Lihue were from rural communities where every housewife had always baked her own bread and prided herself not a little on its quality. It was to Dora and Hans, at Molokoa with Mother Rice, that Paul Isenberg sent the last letters, probably, which his pen ever formed.

Bremen, Dec. 29, 1902.

. Only two days and 1903, one can say, is in sight. May it be one of well-being for us all. I thank Hans for his letter and enclosures regarding Otto's funeral. I am glad, dear Hans, that you could conduct the service for him in Honolulu. May God protect his children and lead them in the path their father set.

. Please tell Weber to look into the matter of clarifying the juices. From the mill report it seems to me that it is not sufficient. I have formerly advocated using California quartz sand and I still think this a good plan.

I am glad to hear of the engagement of Ralph Wilcox and Daisy Rice.



LIHUE STORE ABOUT 1900

Bremen, January 10, 1903.

..... Thank you for your congratulations on the new grand-child. I hope that we can go next week for the christening. I have had a turn of lumbago, and Mama a light form of influenza.

..... What you write of plans for the Lihue bakery is disappointing, but it will probably come in time. It is a good thing that the gas thrown off by the lime is clearing the juice so well at the mill, also that the sand filters are working satisfactorily. I understand now the trouble you have had with the juices from the long ratoons. They must be exceedingly well cultivated, or the fertilizer is useless.

If only some locations for the reservoirs could be found. We need them for the summer months. I am still convinced that Kilo-hana crater should be investigated, for I do not think it is water collected from rain, but believe it to be a spring of considerable size, which has been trodden down by cattle. A thorough and deep opening from it should be made. I hope that the big storms are over. The ditches should be put in thorough repair to prevent leakage. Above Kapukaki on the Hanamaulu side are several hundred acres of mauka land, which, if planted, will give old lands an opportunity to lie fallow.

You do not mention George Wilcox. I hope he has returned with improved eyesight. I am pleased to hear of the improvements in the German Church, especially of the organ, and Paul's singing when it was first used. And thank you for the strong horse and span you have for me when I return. I am glad Hermann Wolters is back

It is good that the young cane stands well. You must plant close at Lihue and cannot afford to be stingy with the seed. I hope the molasses-sugar has dried better this time, with cleaner juice.

No, Dora is mistaken. Your letters cannot be too long for me. Yours of December 13th I have already. You have had torrents of rain, old times repeating themselves. Losses there may be from breaks in bridges and ditches, but the rain itself compensates any such minor pilikias. Of course the mill work is held up. I feel that we should have a macadam road from the store down to the mill, and will see about it when I come again. I certainly do not wish a central mill at Lihue, with labor as short as it is at

present. Barckhausen may be able to grind night and day at one mill in Lahaina, but conditions are very different there where laborers flock to the warm weather!

As to city and county government I am not enthusiastic. Life is already too costly at the best, and taxes will be still higher under a territorial government.

. The apparatus just made relieves my hip and helps the pain, but I am not as well as I should like to be. One can stand the rainy weather on the Islands, because the sun does come out in between. Here we do not see it for days at a time.

New Year's eve and the day itself brought a happy family reunion into the Isenberg home in Bremen, with a special serenade by the Y. M. C. A. Mrs. Beta Isenberg wrote of the 6th being a joyous festival in the house on receipt of the first message by direct cable from Honolulu. Ten days later, on January 16th, the new cable bore the sad return message that Paul Isenberg would never again make the long familiar journey to his island home. He had known the danger and faced it with customary good humor. Nothing but an earlier operation could have saved his life. When resort was finally had to surgery, it served only to disclose the presence of peritonitis beyond human help and to reveal the fact that, had his appendix been removed thirty years before, not only would he probably have lived many years longer, but he would also have been relieved of severe and recurring attacks of pain which had long mystified his physicians, and which required an operation then unknown, though today often regarded quite casually.

To his immediate family, both in Germany and the islands, the shock of his death was overwhelming. As brother, husband, father, he had so built himself into other lives that they all centered in him, and his death left them lost. It was almost as if God himself had been blotted out by sudden darkness. Hans, his youngest brother, felt it as the greatest loss of his life and came



PAUL ISENBURG, SENIOR
1900

to realize that they had all depended too much on him. To little Mother Rice, watching there at Molokoa for news of his next visit, it was as if her last stay on earth had been struck from under her. Son and more than son he had been for over forty years, and, twenty years his senior, she had thought never to lose his comforting hand. For a generation, and longer, her eyes had shed no tears, but now she wept, bewildered, and in utter abandonment of grief, nor could she be comforted by any one but Dora, who stayed quietly by her side.

Throughout the islands many plantations closed down. Practically all the business houses in Honolulu closed. Flags on government houses and on ships in the harbor hung at half-mast. To the Hawaiians it was not only the passing of an alii, a Noble of the ancient Monarchy, but the loss of what many had long called him, their makua, their father. On the day after his death the evening paper of Honolulu published strong, true words of him:

A Good Life

. Paul Isenberg was of the type of pioneer which does honor to his country. At a period when there was little restraint, he laid the foundation of a pure and honorable life.

No finer epitaph can be written. To have lived a clean and worthy life, to have won the love of family and friends, to have earned the respect of the community at large, to have amassed great wealth and done no man wrong, to have helped largely in establishing the prosperity of his adopted country, is a record that few men can have written over their last resting spot, a record alike honorable to him who has lived and to those who are left.

In something over a year's time hundreds of his Kauai friends brought together, of their own wish and initiative, half dollars, quarters, dollars, what they could, to be wrought into the bronze portrait which they placed in the center of his Lihue garden. The day was April 15,

1904, his sixty-seventh birthday, and ever since, on that day, one sees white lilies there before the monument. The words they spoke of him that day were true words. One man said, "I did not know that he was aware of my trouble, and I found him my best friend." Other words were *just, true, honest, considerate, generous, successful*. All strong words, right words. One, writing of the dedication of the bronze tablet with its simple inscription, remarked that the characterization of the great London architect might well have been added: "If you seek his monument, look about you." True, his own hands had wrought his best memorial. Long known as a Master Planter, it was undoubtedly owing in part at least to the influence of his foresight, his vigorous initiative and his thorough workmanship as a builder that many younger Germans held positions of leadership and responsibility in the islands.



MONUMENT TO PAUL ISENBERG
At its unveiling on his birthday, April 15, 1904.



Photograph by J. Senda

PAUL ISENBURG'S MONUMENT AT LIHUE TODAY

Paul Rice Isenberg, his oldest son, unveiled the tablet to his memory. Mr. Albert Wilcox made an address, also Mr. J. F. Hackfeld and Manager Weber, the latter in German. The most appealing speaker was Judge Kahele, who said, simply, that his father and Paul Isenberg had been like chums and that his people had lost one who had been a father to them in counsel and help. Since under Paul Isenberg every Lihue harvest had ended with a luau, so, very characteristically, Hawaiian women themselves prepared a real Hawaiian feast for this occasion also. Again they laughed at the deluge of rain which fell the day before, and again the day itself dawned with blue skies. One most unexpected and touching part of the hookupu was the arrival of Paul Isenberg's many Chinese friends, who came to the ceremony bearing pyramids of small cakes, strings of firecrackers and a baked pig slung on a pole. William Hyde Rice had charge of the luau preparations for over two thousand guests and took a keen interest in it all. For days the Hawaiians were busy with preparation of ti leaves and bundles of various sorts to be baked in an imu, or ground oven. Many outsiders came to watch the process of baking, sitting on piles of lumber in the lumber yard, for the feast was made ready there on the hill opposite the old plantation store. After the rain, clean beach sand was strewn everywhere over the muddy paths. Long tables were laid and more than six hundred people, of all colors and creeds, sat down at one time. How many there were in all, no one ever knew. But it was a feast to satisfy the heart of every true Hawaiian.

Of all who missed Paul Isenberg—and they were many—one's thoughts come most frequently to the figure of little Mother Rice, sitting there so patiently at her Molokoa window. Twice over, Paul Isenberg had made her home. He had sympathized at once with one of her strongest principles, which deplored the abuse of alco-



THE ISENBERG ORPHANAGE IN BREMEN
*Founded by Mrs. Paul Isenberg, Senior, in
 memory of her husband.*

holic drinks; and even though Hackfeld and Company had always been importers of liquor, Paul Isenberg had never touched one cent of dividends accruing from its sale. For forty years his love and strength had been her strength and comfort. Now that he was gone, the Molo-

koa home had grown doubly dear. For twelve years she never left it. When Hans and Dora were gone on journeys to Japan or Germany or Egypt, one of her two daughters would come to live with her. And there she sat almost all day, looking out toward the north and east, or from the lanai to the south, ever ready to welcome children and friends or to administer help to the poor of any race. The family smiled at "Grandmother's little black bag," always open and generous, unwilling to be denied this last pleasure of giving. Letters became less frequent, but for years she sent little undated messages from her bright window, especially to Dora and Hans on their journeys. Letters to "beloved Dora" are signed "Mother," the distinction in years lapsing, as it so often does, when many accumulate. During the spring and summer of 1894 Mother Rice had stayed at Molokoa with Emily de la Vergne and her husband, while Hans and Dora Isenberg made the return journey to Germany with Paul Isenberg, to celebrate his silver wedding anniversary in Bremen. Fragments of Mother Rice's letters speak of her joy in the Kauai home:

. How I did, and still do, enjoy the week in your home with your father and Paul R.—your father's pleasure in Paul's singing, & all our talks.

You are kind to think of a small carriage, but as neither Emily nor I drive, it would be useless. Uncle George takes us out when we wish to go.

. All the servants are as nice as can be in attending to our wants. I have just laid down my pen to eat sour mangoes that Nagasi brought me from our old orchard valley. I must tell you the news. After trying 50 years I have at last the crimson & gold flowers of the Pride of Barbadoes waving before my window. All the plants look well except the palms. Emily & I have adopted your nasturtiums, those on the carriage house are $\frac{2}{3}$ to the roof.

. So many enquire for you & speak of missing Sunday services at the Lutheran church. Yesterday we all went to our graveyard with flowers, so the place was made beautiful. I was so happy to place on your dear mother's grave the lilies she loved so well.

You were truly good to suggest that Hans send me his interesting letter. With that & yours I had a nice visit at Bremen. I could almost see the little steamer coming along side & the joy of meeting. Then the lovely Spring. I can never forget my enjoyment of that season.

. You should see the brilliant Pride of Barbadoes nodding in at my window. Every morning I pluck off the old flowers, so they are ever beautiful, always reminding me of the throne room in the palace at Hanover in the brilliancy of the colors. I wonder if your father remembers the day we spent long ago in those palaces.

This is August 27th, my beloved granddaughter, and you must expect me to be full of memories, as good Dr. Smith said to me so many years ago today, "You are a grandmother." Strange title it seemed to me, but a well worn one now. Not long since I went to the house which was then the home of your father and mother. It seemed very full of memories which still cling to me.

. I am luxuriating on mangoes, thanks to you all. I do enjoy them gratefully.

Dora, will you get for me 3 Japanese Testaments? I think of your papa every day with a hope that his cares may be lessened. Hans is at home again, & it is nice to hear his step. All goes on as usual.

Frank Damon has just called. Their work for the Chinese seems prosperous. For two years I have felt a responsibility about Frank's having some vacation & I hope this year to succeed,

. Your home is beautiful today, glorious sunshine over all the landscape. Aunt Emily is a great comfort to me. Miss Grau is looking well & I mean to take good care of her for you. We have begun to read Shakespeare together. You know she feels differently on politics, so we never allude to the revolution and to our satisfaction that the Queen will not have power to behead the best natives & others, as she threatened.

One of Mother Rice's greatest comforts was the beginning of English services again at Lihue in 1896. As long as Father Dole lived at Koloa, perhaps as late as



Summerhouse above the swimming pool

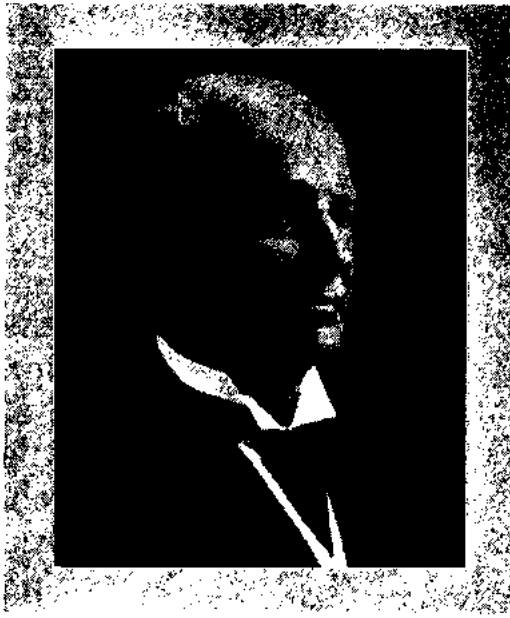
about 1876 when he went to live with his son George at Kapa'a, he had continued the Sunday afternoon services of the Foreign Church of Kauai in the little Koloa school-chapel. After his death in 1878 and Mother Rice's change of residence, regular services in English ceased. During the years of 1880 a licensed preacher was for a time resident at Lihue and

the Lutheran Church was organized during that time for the German colony there. But it was not until 1896 that definite steps were taken to assemble an English-speaking congregation at Lihue. The old Hawaiian church there was greatly in need of repair and the plan was evolved of using it for union services in Hawaiian and English until another building could be put up. Again Koloa and Lihue united in the endeavor, but not as in 1860 with the center at Koloa, nor under the old name of the Foreign Church of Kauai. Neither was a church organization at first attempted, yet it was not many years before the little congregation formed itself into the Lihue Union Church.

Rev. J. M. Lydgate had been persuaded by Dr. Jared Smith of Koloa and his sister Juliette to begin preaching services at Lihue. They were trying the experiment of a school for Hawaiian boys at Malumalu, Judge Hardy's old home, and it was from this school that Mr. Lydgate took one of the young teachers as his bride. John Mortimer Lydgate was a man of many interests and distinctions. His father, coming to the islands from Ontario during the early years of 1860 as supervising engineer for the Hilo wharf, became founder of the Hilo Iron Works and later started Laupahoehoe Plantation on the Hamakua coast. Young John Mortimer went to school at Punahou and became a surveyor, as well as a skilled and enthusiastic botanist. One of his early surveys was for the first wagon



Japanese Torii of stone at one entrance to the Molokoa garden.



REV. JOHN M. LYDGATE

Who, had he lived, was to have completed this story of the Rice and Isenberg families.

road from Hilo to the Volcano House. Later he studied theology and coming to Kauai in 1896 for a four-day visit, remained there the rest of his life.

Many were glad to have the new church formed in Lihue in 1898 with union services in Hawaiian and English. There was a little organ in the old Hawaiian church and Mr. Delacey, a clerk in the plantation store and now one of the Lihue kama-ainas, was the first organist and a charter member of the church.

Those were the days when roses bloomed in abundance, and Mr. Lydgate kept the little church fragrant with armfuls of them from friendly gardens. Great was his joy when Mr. and Mrs. Albert Wilcox offered to build the present church. Other contributions came in. Mother Rice and Dora Isenberg, in memory of Father Rice and Maria Rice Isenberg, planned the two beautiful windows of stained glass. George Wilcox gave the land and built the parsonage. And it was a happy day in 1901 when the new building was dedicated. The bell was moved to its tower from the little old Hawaiian church and the seats from that were given to the Hawaiian church at Haena. But in time it became evident that the plan for union services with the Hawaiian congregation was not feasible. The old church was therefore repaired by friends, and the two services have gone on side by side ever since. Until his death in 1922

Mr. Lydgate remained a prominent figure in the community. As well as minister, surveyor, botanist and journalist, he was a linguist and historian who did much for the preservation of Hawaiian folklore, and with his wife was foremost in starting within the walls of the new church the little circulating collection of books which has grown into the beautiful Kauai Public Library of today, the building a memorial gift to the island from Mrs. A. S. Wilcox.

In 1899 Mother Rice returned from California after a slight stroke of paralysis and never again left Lihue. Her home was at Molokoa where she loved to see her friends and her children of three generations. Some of the great-grandchildren still recall her little black bag and her never-failing thoughtfulness for others' feelings, even when those others were very tiny folk. Each family had a definite afternoon every week to come and chat with Grandmother. There was always reading, too, usually from the Bible, and until within a very few days of her death the children were learning the Beatitudes and the Twenty-third Psalm from Great-grandmother's lips. In 1908 Dora and Hans, though loath to leave her so far away, returned to Bremen to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding there, and even then, in her ninety-second year, messages from her pen followed them wherever they



ETHEL MOSELEY DAMON

The author of KOAMALU, who spent three years at Molokoa working on the manuscript.

might be. The handwriting grew uncertain and the words were often formed painfully, even with pencil, but the spirit which prompted them maintained its accustomed love and vigor.

Molokoa, April 1907.

. My eyes remind me that they are no longer young. I can only say God bless you and bring you safely home.

Oct. 31st.

. I am thankful for this nice veranda to which I can come without being lifted, and I do enjoy the beauty of the palms and Hoary Head beyond the cane fields. Anna is with me for a few days. Just now Willie's little boys are near me building sugar mills with their blocks.

. My eyes tell of 92 years of service & are dim.

Nov. 8th.

. We are so thankful that the best men were chosen in the election this week. I have made a mistake in my letter, but excuse me and remember that I am 92. Aloha nui to all the Isenbergs, especially Beta, whose kindness to me I never forget.

May 28, 1908.

. We were all so happy to see your letters from France, beloved Dora, glad for your good voyage & nice accommodations, — "Us had none such." Am so glad you are going to Egypt & hope Hans will see if anything remains of that interesting church in Alexandria.

June 5th.

. Now 2 months are gone of the 12 that you are to be away. Yesterday Mary Agnes was here with her nice boys, Hans [Richard] kept running to the door & calling out, "Dowa!" We all miss you. I do not feel young & bright, & you must excuse my letters.

Work goes on well, grinding at both mills. A nice rain just as Willy finished planting at Huleia. He has gone to Hilo to attend the general meeting of the mission.



Photograph by A. R. Gurrey, Jr.

MOTHER RICE

*The portrait was done by Yates, about 1895, at the desire of
Mrs. Charles M. Cooke.*

In 1908 more than half a century had passed since Mother Rice had first watched welcome rains fall on Lihue fields. And as she sat at her Molokoa window, looking out upon the great mango trees there, her thoughts must often have turned back to the old Koa-malu home and to Father Rice setting out young trees in this orchard valley. Fragments of her letters continue:

June, 1908.

It is mango season & you can imagine our mango war, the multitude of visitors with pails and bags to fill. I take no notice of them, people come from all over the island, but we survive.

November 11th.

. I can but feel that the climate of Germany is too severe for you & long to hear of you in Egypt. I do not grow any younger. But I rest well at night & Emily is such a comfort.

. Thank you for the beautiful lace, but, dear, do not send any more, or anything. At 92 one needs little in the way of dress. What a glad day it will be when you appear at Molokoa again. I cannot report any troubles, only you are missed. Ishii is working away getting out the bad grass in the lawn.

On May 25th, 1911, "little Grandmother" finished her long earthly journey of almost ninety-five years. How far her eyes had looked back into the past, over what changes politically and economically! She used often to tell how awkwardly she had been wont to struggle with tinder box and flint and how grateful she had been for the invention of matches. Of a naturally anxious disposition she had often, as a young woman, waked in the night, fearing that she was about to die. But when her husband quietly disagreed with her, she was comforted and went to sleep again. Now she had gone to meet him and all anxiety was at rest. Not her family alone felt the grief of her passing, nor the hundreds of people whom she had helped, but also the many who knew and loved the work of the first Christian mission to the Sandwich

Islands. For, with Mother Rice, there passed the last member of that high-minded mission band, and many a wistful look was cast upon her empty place.

In September of this year 1911 there occurred at Lihue the unveiling of the beautiful shaft of white marble which commemorates the lives of so many who had been an intimate part of the Koamalu home. Maria Rice Isenberg, Father and Mother Rice, with their daughters, Molly and Emily, the latter of whom had died barely a month after her mother; Paul Isenberg, H. Alexander Isenberg, who had died two years after his father, and Charles M. Cooke, whose death had occurred in 1909. The leading spirit in planning the monument was Paul Rice Isenberg, whose first thought had been to erect a memorial to his mother. As plans progressed with the Norwegian sculptor, Stephan Sinding, the idea of an individual tablet gave way to that of one which should gather together memories of all the beloved dead within the immediate home circle. Paul Rice Isenberg and his wife were accordingly joined by Mrs. Charles M. Cooke and Rev. and Mrs. Hans Isenberg in the erection of this memorial.

Stephan Sinding was poet and sculptor both, as perhaps every creator of a work of art must necessarily be. For years he had lived and grown with this creation of his hand. On its completion it was so obviously a great and beautiful thing that it took its place in the art exhibitions of Paris and Bremen. And following it on its long ocean journey from Bremen around Cape Horn came a letter from the sculptor. A rhapsody, rather, for his soul was still vibrating in the poetic rhythms of creative impulse. He wrote in French and only French words can convey the poetry of his meaning. To have his work carried to the ocean cradle of lonely islands, to a place called Honolulu, which in the music of its French pronunciation echoed like the cooing of wild wood doves, fascinatingly strange! His imagination personifies it all:



THE MARCH OF BLESSED SOULS TOWARD THE LIGHT

Sinding's name for his sculpture. Its conception in origin was that of Paul Rice Isenberg. At his death in 1919 his urn was brought to the monument, literally buried in flowers, and later interred beneath it.

Honolulu

Quand je fus rentré de ce voyage j'exécutai une grande oeuvre, qui m'intéressa beaucoup et qui me procura bien des joies.

Elle est partie très loin dans le monde—à Honolulu.

Honolulu! Cela résonne comme le roucoulement du ramier sauvage, d'une façon singulière, étrange, attirante.

Loin, très loin, de l'autre côté de la terre, l'Océan berce des îles solitaires. Il y a des milliers et des milliers années, la mer sommeillait sous la lumière du soleil. Tout à coup une petite île leva la tête audessus de l'eau sans fin, regarda autour d'elle et disparût, puis revint à la surface entourée de ses petites soeurs. Elles pensèrent qu'il faisait bon de rester là et elles s'y fixèrent.

Belles, ornées des plus jolies fleurs du sud, elles sont demeurées là depuis, rêvant dans la paix éternelle et dans la joie de la solitude.

Dans bien des heures d'inquiétude, mon âme a éprouvé un sentiment de repos en pensant à ces îles éloignées, toujours belles, jouissant d'un éternel été.



Sketch by S. Sinding

THE SOLITARY ISLES OF THE SEA
*The Vision of Stephan Sinding accompanying
 his sculpture on its journey to those
 far islands.*

Accompanying this poem in prose came a rough pencil sketch of the solitary islands raising their heads one by one above and among the waves of the endless ocean. To its resting place on one of those distant islands had come the artist's painting in marble, the sculptured relief which he names in such happy phrase, *The March of Blessed Souls toward the Light*.

The work of Paul Isenberg at Lihue did not close with his death in 1903. Many years before that time Pastor Hans Isenberg had begun to carry out his older brother's plans at Lihue, Hanamaulu and Koloa. After 1903 he became president of the Lihue and Koloa corporations, also director in other companies, and in this way added labors in great variety and quantity to his many-sided functions as pastor of the German colonies on Kauai. He acquired American citizenship in 1905. For many years he conducted the German school in Lihue, assisted first by Mr. Joergens and later by Mr. Carl Maser. Teaching duties were afterward surrendered to Fritz Rutsch, later to his brother, Paul Rutsch, and in 1917, the final year of the school, to Minna Maria Heuer. Although this little school was conducted in German until 1915, the study of English, it will be recalled, had been insisted upon by Paul Isenberg from the very start, and strangers often remarked how well grounded the children were in English. During the last two years of the school it was conducted entirely in English and its textbooks were those in use in the public schools.

With Mr. Hans Isenberg it was ever a cardinal principle that "intense application to industry is one of the highest tests of character and religion." One of the projects nearest his heart, for he was rightly called "friend, philanthropist and philosopher," was the building of the Lihue Plantation hospital in 1898. Daily he mounted his horse and rode down to inspect its progress. Daily he longed to have it at last in working order. It

was the first modern hospital on the island and came none too soon. At Koloa, which for half a century had been the residence of Kauai's only physician, two small hospitals had existed for some years. Manager Cropp maintained a little twenty-bed ward near the plantation office, and during the last eight or nine years of Dr. Jared Smith's life he had a little government hospital near his home. This had room for six patients and was presided over by Mrs. James K. Kula, as nurse, and her husband as kokua, or orderly. To this day a call on Mr. Kula, who was for some time county supervisor for Koloa district, will elicit the most animated description of their work in the little Koloa hospital of forty years ago.

Lihue had long felt the need of a hospital, especially for plantation cases, and many private patients as well as government cases for the east side of the island were treated there from the day of its opening, early in 1899. The initial building with equipment for some thirty patients was the gift of owners in the plantations of Lihue, Kipu and Grove Farm. Over one hundred cases were treated during the first year, one-third of these being for typhoid, one-sixth for beriberi. Tuberculosis later demanded the addition of an open-air ward, but these cases were afterward centralized in the new tuberculosis sanitarium, the Samuel Mahelona Hospital, built in 1917 on the Kapaa hill. In 1918 the sisters of William C. Parke, Junior, founded in the Lihue Hospital the Parke Ward for children in their brother's memory. Near the hospital site, chosen as midway between the two plantation communities of Lihue and Hanamaulu, had long stood the doctor's house, built many years before the hospital. Two great banyan trees in time almost hid this low house with its long roof and lanai suggesting the structure of the old mission church at Waioli, a model which remained more or less unconsciously in the mind



LIHUE HOSPITAL IN 1899
With its windmill, and barren of trees.

of Mr. G. N. Wilcox when drawing plans for this doctor's residence at Lihue.

The first physician at Lihue was Dr. G. St. D. Walters, who had come during the early years of 1880. His successor, Dr. H. C. Watt, often said that it was almost useless for him to go into the camps to such cases as typhoid, when his visits could not be followed by good nursing and hospital care. The pride of his successor, Dr. F. L. Putman, was the new operating room, but nothing ever quite equalled the joy over the little hospital itself, as it rose during the year 1898 makai of the doctor's house, equipped with the necessary scaffolding of a windmill and a rain-water cistern.

Many were touched by the sight and the significance of Lihue's first hospital, and Judge Hardy, who had known Lihue from almost its earliest days and was moved by the spirit which created Abou ben Adhem, drew a sketch of it in memorable lines. The manuscript verses he gave to Mrs. Hans Isenberg:

Lihue Hospital

A monument fair hath Lihue,
 Upbuilt to its lasting renown,
 In aid of its suffering brothers,
 Whom sickness has claimed for its own.

No niggardly hand it extendeth,
 To heal all their languor and pain;
 But a home with kindly attendance
 To win them to new life again.

There the good physician and nurses
 Exert all their skill to restore
 The courage and hope that are needful,
 To make life worth living once more.

There it stands with its quaint three gables,
 With windmill and cistern complete,
 The cane fields a wide-spreading background,—
 But this—is their product most sweet.

When Sugar-lords come to their reck'ning,
 And wealth with their good deeds is weighed,
 More weight will have love of their brethren,
 Than all the great fortunes they made.

The little plantation town of Lihue was rapidly taking modern shape. Its center stood on the site of Governor Kaikioewa's home and church of seventy years before. Its name was of his adoption, though possibly also, Mr. G. N. Wilcox thinks, from some obscure place name of the Nawiliwili region itself. The mill grew with changing times, its square chimney of red brick giving place to a slender smokestack of sheet iron, like the old one still at Hanamaulu today. Both would now look odd beside the present chimney of brick-lined concrete, towering 180 feet into the air, and requiring masons from Chicago



WILLIAM HYDE RICE AND HIS FRIEND KOLOHAIOLÉ
*For many years Mr. Rice kept a beautifully
 thatched house on the grounds of his Lihue
 home, Halenani.*

to erect it in 1926. Early on the morning of January 22nd, 1890, heavy freshets broke away the dam of the big mill pond adjoining the Lihue mill on the north. Strangely enough, General Marshall arrived that morning on a visit and was promptly taken down in a carriage to watch the old landmark being

swept downstream, the mill dam which he himself had built there just forty years before. When friends drove General Marshall on farther to see the freshet at Wailua Falls, the bridge at Kapaia stream was also gone, but workmen picked up his carriage and carried it across the stream that he might go on to the Falls. Another event of this year was the opening of the Lihue Hotel by C. W. Spitz on the Nawiliwili road. Perhaps only Mother Rice and her sons' families could fully appreciate what this meant. In earlier days the Rice and Isenberg children had once started to keep count of extra meals prepared for wayfarers, since guests were wont to appear at any moment and from any quarter. When the toll mounted into the hundreds, the attempt was given up. In 1894 W. H. Rice III, the oldest son of William Hyde Rice, took over this Lihue Hotel, which he still conducts, modernized as it is now and wreathed in the tropical garden which has grown under his wife's hand to be the special delight of kama-ainas as well as strangers.

During the years of 1890 Lihue possessed no public hall of any kind except the little Y. M. C. A. building put by the Rices on the grounds of their Hale Nani home, a little makai of the house. In 1890 Mr. William Hyde Rice superintended Lihue's first big fair in and around this Y. M. C. A. hall. Funds were to be raised for the Hawaiian Sunday Schools of Lihue and Kalaupapa, the leper settlement on Molokai. And to the amazement of all, over \$1200 was realized. King Kalakaua sent Captain Berger and the Royal Hawaiian Band from Honolulu. Mrs. Rice was assisted by many Hawaiian women from Nawiliwili, Niumalu, Huleia, Hanamaulu and all over the Lihue district. And not even torrents of rain daunted their preparations. They made nothing of the



LIHUE HAWAIIAN CHURCH TODAY

Added to by Father and Mother Rice, it is now kept in repair by their descendants, the congregation, and other friends. Near it stands a long pavilion where all gather for periodic paina, or feasts.

muddy roads, declaring it was a good sign, and sure enough, the day itself dawned clear and bright. Huts and booths of all descriptions were erected. To one, admission was charged to see an old woman pounding tapa. Another showed Rebekah at the Well, dispensing lemonade. A Hawaiian luau was served and course diners of "haole kaukau," many of the Hawaiians patronizing the American meals with great gusto. An unusually abundant crop of watermelons from the Rices' farm made a most timely addition. Finally the band boys had their dinner and left on the steamer at ten in the evening. It was a great event for the whole island, and almost the last in which so many Hawaiians took part.

At Lihue center the frame building of the old store, moved over from its Koamalu site about 1876, had served its time. For years it had been presided over by Oswald Scholz, a person of individuality who rarely let a customer out of the store with cash change in his hand, so fertile was he in suggesting merchandise which that change would purchase. This admirable principle brought disaster upon the head of small Willy Rice III, when he returned to his mother one day with change in the form of candy. At the time that the first Germans arrived in Lihue their ideas of thrift had been quite confused when they discovered that no purchasing coin less than twenty-five cents was accepted by Mr. Scholz as commercial tender. During the years of 1890 C. H. Bishop presided over the store and he was succeeded by another shrewd business man, William Fisher, brother-in-law of Dr. Watt. Mr. Bishop had added just north of the old store a large warehouse later used as the store itself, the old building being finally torn down to make way for a coffee shop and a tailor shop on the corner.

Up to about this time the functions of the post office had continued to be handed down as a legacy to successive storekeepers, but after annexation this government

office acquired a separate entity and was transferred to the premises of the coffee shop. In 1903 the tailor shop in turn made way for Lihue's first bank. Both of these public utilities expanded, and in 1912 The Bank of Hawaii erected its present home, Lihue's first concrete building, across the road to the south, to house both bank and post-office. Mr. Frank Crawford came from Indiana in 1901 as Lihue's first United States postmaster and has often related that, in his bewilderment at the babel of tongues which he found to exist in this youngest outpost of the American republic, Mrs. Hoopii was for some time his right-hand man. Charlotte Hoopii lived across the road from the store at the plantation mule stables, where her husband had long been "stable boss," and her house-keeping duties were never so arduous that she could not spare time to interpret for the puzzled young malihini postmaster. From 1903 Mr. Crawford served also as cashier of the Lihue branch of The Bank of Hawaii, Limited. The new county building, erected in 1914, and the Lihue manager's house the following year, proved that reinforced concrete was taking the place of thatch, frame and native stone. So that today the site of the old Koa-malu home, except for a wandering stone wall and its guest book lodged in the bark of an old kukui tree, tells little of its honored fourscore years. But progress is progress, and Lihue center was keeping step with the times.

Meanwhile, the enterprising young manager of Lihue Plantation store was working hard to convince his directors that concrete was the only permanent building material. This manager was Hermann Rohrig, a cousin of the Isenberg family by way of the Strauch branch, who had come from Germany as assistant bookkeeper in the plantation office. The veteran bookkeeper of these later years was H. D. Wishard, who had arrived in Lihue as a school-teacher in 1889 and after working a year or two for



GUESTS AT MOLOKOA

Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Rohrig at the left. Rev. and Mrs. Hans Isenberg at the right, the latter holding small Leilani Rohrig.

W. H. Rice had taken over the Lihue books. As soon as the United States county government was established in 1905, Mr. Wishard became chairman of the board of county supervisors, an elective position which he held with distinction for twenty-five years. In 1907 his assistant, Hermann Rohrig, after returning from a trip to Germany with his

bride, left the plantation books to become manager of the store. Mother Rice, delighted as always at the arrival of a new German cousin, enjoyed young Mrs. Rohrig even more when the bride, who was often not a little puzzled by the atmosphere of American-English which suddenly enveloped her, promised to come to Molokoa every week to read English aloud. To Mother Rice these frequent visits renewed the enjoyment of those years so long before when she had helped Paul Isenberg to smooth away the difficulties of acquiring English.

The wooden store building was moved directly across the road to the westward to continue as store during the erection of the new one and to serve as hall for moving pictures later. It was a proud day when the spacious new concrete building with its two broad entrance-ways, its electric ice plant and refrigerating rooms, was opened in 1913. Needs were growing. As the busy manager

looked over at the old temporary store, plans again began to simmer, and this time for the practical dream of a theatre and rental offices. Some ridiculed a two-story building. Others added the suggestion that it might house a Masonic lodge room as well as the coffee shop of the original scheme, with rooms for barber and tailor and other offices. At last the project of a bakery for Lihue became a reality, the coffee shop moving across the street to the new building and becoming a restaurant and bakery, which have been long and successfully presided over by Mr. D. Ota, a favorite cook of former years and now one of Lihue's most substantial citizens. A young photographer, also from Japan, Mr. W. J. Senda, was offered the use of a studio as an experiment, no rent for it to be paid, if business did not materialize. How well the new studio has succeeded, with its north light stipulated



Photograph by J. Senda

LIHUE PLANTATION STORE IN 1930

Still presided over by its little old mascot on the corner above the awning.

as a condition, marks another of the long strides in Lihue's progress. The new concrete building called The Tip Top by its energetic promoter, was opened in 1915. And not long afterward its north end on the ground floor was leased by the United States government to house the Lihue post office which had been promoted to the rate of second class. Mr. Rohrig's initiative had aided in putting the modern stamp on the plantation center and county seat of Lihue. Mr. Hans Isenberg, who did not always agree with his plans at first, came to rely on him more and more, often saying that he was one of the few subordinates who would carry out instructions to the letter and without question.

Pastor Hans Isenberg was one of the few people who, during the rush of the early twentieth century, found time to jot down daily items. Diary entries even in outline follow the steady march of events, but give almost no conception of the all-day expeditions to ditches and tunnels, sermons composed on horseback and written down during brief hours snatched from entertaining numerous guests, and frequent trips to town for preaching and plantation business. A bare mention is made in 1905 of the fair for the Lihue public hall, of which Mrs. Hans Isenberg was chairman, and which gave birth to the ladies' Mokihana Club, now a local asset of great value and affiliated with the national organization. Almost the entire number of Kauai's young newspaper, The Garden Island, published at Lihue on June 24, 1905, is taken up with descriptions of the fair on the preceding Saturday. A copy of this paper was recently presented by Mrs. William Hyde Rice to the archives of the Mokihana Club, in celebration of its twenty-fifth anniversary.

A few items from Hans Isenberg's journal cover some of the varied work during ten or twelve years. One of the events of 1903 was the arrival of Richard Isenberg, youngest son of Paul and Beta Isenberg. Recovering

from a severe illness while at Molokoa, Richard often looked out on to the bare slopes of Mount Kalepa, said later by Chief Forester C. S. Judd to have been covered formerly with a growth of sandalwood. On his departure Richard Isenberg left funds for the planting of ten acres on Kalepa hill to young ironwood trees, recalling his father's pioneer work of reforestation thirty years before. Today a roadway up this hill has been constructed for Kauai's first wireless telephone station, Ka Lepa, The Signal Hill, thus resuming what is said to have been its ancient importance as a peak for signalling messages.

The journal items of Pastor Hans Isenberg read:

1902. Jan. 3: Construction of new wharf at Hanamaulu advancing. Went with G. N. Wilcox to watch new chute sending sugar bags into hold of steamer. New organ in Lutheran church.

1903. Jan. 19: Memorial service for Paul Isenberg in Lihue public hall. Feb: Marsh at Koloa converted into reservoir. Alexander Isenberg, W. C. Parke & engineer arrive to go over plantation. Alexander thinks Lihue should yield 20,000 tons ultimately, even without Grove Farm and Kipu. Sept: Forester Hall arrived. I showed him



The family of H. Alexander Isenberg in 1899

the German Forest. Nov: Richard Isenberg came from Germany with tomtits [chickadees] which he hopes will devour cane borers.

1904. Lihue Plantation deeded a lot for light house to Territory of Hawaii.

1905. Feb. 15: Leaf hopper enemy released in Hanamaulu. Paul brought his auto to Kauai. Nov. 6: Alexander Isenberg died in New York. Eleven years in Hackfeld & Co. made him of great value to the firm and won his heart to the land of his birth. His death is an inestimable loss to the firm as well as to the family. Nov. 20: Judge Kahele died. Kauai can ill spare him.

1906. Rode with mgr. Weinzheimer & Knudsen bros. to ascertain boundaries at Koloa plantation. Foresters Hosmer & C. Judd to see German Forest.

1907. Emigration of Germans to U. S. mainland in last 3 years: 1904—165 adults, 161 children attending Lutheran Church, Lihue.

1907—116 adults, 114 children, with only 68 children in German school.

Feb: Schooner first brings lumber & coal direct to Ahukini from N. W. coast, a great saving. Richard Isenberg leaves Hackfeld & the islands, a loss to us all.

1908. Miss Krout spends 9 weeks with us during summer, working on memoir of Grandmother Rice. Seven autos on Kauai.

1909. Lihue sells 5 acres to territory for county seat at Lihue center. Macadam roads increasing on the island.

1910. Feb: Conference with Wilcox bros. re new harbor. Nawiliwili & Hanamaulu harbors surveyed.

1911. Jan. 10: Paul Rice Isenberg came. We all went over our private cemetery & Hawaiian burying ground outside with committee of Rice & Wilcox families. Dora had already planted some trees & had outer graves fenced to keep out horses. Paul wanted new cemetery assn. to include German grave yard at Lutheran church, but that will take years probably. May 6: 1st meeting of Lihue Public Cemetery Assn.



Photograph by J. Senda

THE NEW HARBOR AT NAWILIWILI

The Inter-Island Steamship Hualalai docking on the morning of July 22, 1930, formally opening the harbor.

1912. Mch. 29 & 30: Conference with G. N. Wilcox & U.S. naval authorities re development of large harbor at Nawiliwili. Apr. 12: Saw Clarence Cooke re land for new bank in Lihue business block. Apr. 17: 25 years since Dora & I settled at Lihue. May 4: Arthur Rice & family move to Honolulu. June 12: Decision made to build new Koloa mill. Sept. 12: Aunt Mary Rice felt first intimation of approaching blindness.

1913. Feb. 1: Lihue Plantation cocoanut grove, which I asked to have planted at Hanamaulu bay, leased to A. D. Hills. Apr. 14: Pfothenauer dies. A great loss to Hackfeld and all our plantations. April 25: talked with G. N. Wilcox re school & church for Japanese. July 4: Picnic for adults changed to children's picnic at Lihue Park makai of the store. Refreshments financed by G. N. Wilcox, Dora & myself. Punch & Judy show great event, given for first time in Lihue. New mill at Koloa being built by Engineer Koepke. I go over every week. July 13: At Kukaua news was brought us early this morning

that Ralph Wilcox was drowned yesterday at Haena. So young, only 37, yet so public spirited that his going is a very great loss to the whole island.

1914. Mch: Hornfly parasites freed. May: Buddhist priest & wife discussed land for church at Kapaia. July: Went to Koloa with Messchaert. He has invented a grooved roller & receives a royalty on each one sold.

1915. Jan. 1st: Made usual New Year's calls at Grove Farm on Mrs. Sam Wilcox & in Lihue on Aunt Mary Rice. Jan. 18: two airplanes flying, no wonder we had very few people at church. In P.M. rode to Koloa to see airplanes. Great excitement all over the island. March: Addition to Lihue Hospital. Watched new caterpillar engines at work in field. Apr: Conference with governor, etc. re land for Wailua homesteads. May 13: Congressional party arrived, 7 as our guests at Moloa. May 20: To Honolulu, on the boat discussed purchase of Makee Sugar Co. with Col. Spalding & Capt. Gregory. Dec: Talked with G. N. Wilcox re Korean boarding school near Korean church above Kapaia.

Enormous strides were being made in Lihue's contribution to the sugar industry. Details as to the land controlled by the plantation indicate some part of this expansion. In fee simple the corporation owns about 24,000 acres, of which a little over two-tenths is cane land, one-tenth pasture land, and more than six-tenths under forest. About 7,000 additional acres are held under government lease, of which barely one-half is under cane cultivation. Land, as in the old days, implies water and water rights. It is conservatively stated that Lihue is of all Hawaiian plantations the one most plentifully supplied with water, and with its present elaborate irrigation system need never suffer for want of it, except in the most unprecedented drought. Under its succession of capable managers, of whom the present one, R. D. Moler, took charge in 1918, the entire estate has been administered to such advantage that when the renewal of the Wailua lease

came up for consideration recently, the government decided that no other means could derive more, or probably as much, revenue from the land, and so renewed the lease for fifteen years to ensure resources for its homesteading plans on the island of Molokai. Government lands at Kekaha Plantation were re-leased on the same grounds, furnishing not a little satisfaction to cane growers from the fact that Kauai brains and enterprise, coupled with her ample rainfall, were forwarding government projects on an island less favored by trade wind showers.

During 1916 Lihue Plantation made two purchases in which Hans Isenberg had a lively interest. One was the controlling share in the holdings of Makee Sugar Company at Kealia, adjoining Wailua lands on the north. The price of settlement was \$1,500,000, and the final arrangements for the big deal were put through by Mr. George Rodiek of Hackfeld and Company in his usual competent manner. The same year Lihue Plantation purchased for a quarter of a million the Princeville Plantation at Hanalei from Mr. A. S. Wilcox who had previously converted it into a stock ranch. But for its major consideration this latter expansion of Lihue might seem far afield, since the Princeville lands are not anywhere contiguous to Lihue and are situated almost on the opposite side of the island. The main object, how-



R. D. MOLER
*The present manager of Lihue.
 In office since 1918.*

ever, was less the lands than the very valuable water rights which accompany them and to which seven miles of open ditches and tunnelling under the mountains have given free access. This taps the upper sources of the Hanalei River, the largest stream on any of the islands, and was not begun until 1923. Koloa Plantation contributed financially to the extensive tunnelling operations and for this receives over a million gallons daily from the Lihue ditch mauka of Kilohana crater. The main tunnel to Hanalei crosses government land and will revert after fifteen years to the government, from whom the plantation counts on leasing it. Sufficient water for Lihue purposes is turned from it into the north fork of the Wailua River which carries it to its destination. Surplus water, by arrangement with the government, is sold to the East Kauai Water Company for the benefit of homesteaders in the upper Kapaa region.

These developments are all of very recent times, but form a part of the vision of Hans Isenberg and the other Lihue directors years before. Allied to this was the pos-



J. F. B. MARSHALL
1849-1854

W. H. RICE
1854-1862

PAUL ISENBERG
1862-1878

Managers of Lihue Plantation

sible use of lands belonging formerly to the Moloaa Hui on the northerly shore of Kauai. Looking toward eventual cane culture there, Lihue Plantation acquired a considerable share in this Hui. And Mr. Hans Isenberg had plans made for the necessary water-leads from Kalihiwai stream which at some future time may be put to use. At present these fields are planted to pineapples, which require no irrigation.

The abundant supply of water on Kauai has brought it about that as early as 1916 electric power was a greater commercial factor on this island than on any other in the group. The Kauai Electric Company obtained motor power for Eleele and large sections of southern Kauai by establishing a power station in Wainiha Valley, that deep gorge beyond Hanalei, which drops a sheer four thousand feet at its head near the opposite sources of the Olokele and Hanapepe streams, and thence cuts its way northward for fifteen miles to the sea. But even this power supply, with its pole line halfway around the island, was insufficient for all demands, and in 1913 Hans



CARL ISENBERG
1878-1893

CARL WOLTERS
1893-1900

FRIEDRICH WEBER
1900-1918

Managers of Lihue Plantation

Isenberg carried to fruition his long-cherished plan of furnishing Lihue with its own electric power. This was accomplished by two years' work in tunnels and dams in the upper Waiahi region mauka of Kilohana crater, using water from this far-reaching south fork of the Wailua River. Surplus water from this upper section was then turned into a new ditch leading to Koloa, thus fulfilling another dream of Hans Isenberg, who had long felt that sufficient water would solve the principal difficulties of that old plantation.

The Lihue power station, Manager Weber's report states, is built near the dam of the old Waiahi ditch and so constructed that water discharged from its water wheels is at once taken up by the irrigation ditch. It is of concrete and steel, and furnishes liberal power for machinery in the mill and at the wharf, also for a number of pumps formerly operated by steam, and for lighting purposes in every house on the plantation. In reporting on the electrification of a two-million-gallon pump in 1914 for irrigating Field No. 10 at Hanamaulu, the statement is made that the saving of coal alone, on one crop, will more than pay for the entire installation of this electric plant.

Modern improvements have brought many new workers to the island of Kauai, among them Construction Engineer James L. Robertson, who has just completed his supervision of Kauai's first modern wharf within the new breakwater at Nawiliwili. By the process of inspecting Kauai bridges for the new Republic of Hawaii in 1899, installing the Wainiha power station and pole line, superintending the Kekaha ditch from Waimea River, constructing reservoirs for McBryde Plantation, as well as the new Koloa ditch and tunnel from the Waiahi water surplus and the Koloa hydroelectric plant, Mr. Robertson has built much of himself into Kauai's progress. Through all these wanderings Mrs. Robertson has been



Courtesy of Bernice P. Bishop Museum and Lihue Plantation Office

LIHUE DISTRICT AND PLANTATION IN 1930

The beginnings of the two main ditches are shown, also the present railroad leading to Wailua on the north and to Grove Farm and Kipu Plantations on the south. At Nawiliwili Bay the new harbor and breakwater are indicated.

her husband's companion, and one cannot but hope that some day she will write down the human side of these thirty years, from the isolation of dismal winter rains in the mountains and the terrors of the old haunted house at Hanalei to modern sand storms at Nawiliwili. Mr. Robertson built, also, the first mile of macadam road on the island, but the paving of Kauai's belt road of practically one hundred miles is the achievement of Engineer J. H. Moragne, who worked with Mr. Robertson on the Wainiha power plant and later served as Kauai county engineer for many years. So eager was Mr. Hans Isenberg to have a proper survey of the projected Waiahi power plant in 1911 that he pressed Mr. Moragne into service as surveyor there in his free time. In 1923 Mr. Moragne superintended the building of the big Hanalei tunnel and in addition to serving as a county supervisor he is now consulting engineer for all the Kauai interests of the American Factors, Limited, formerly H. Hackfeld and Company, Limited.

With increase of land and water the production of sugar at Lihue was not long in reaching the goal set by young Alexander Isenberg, although to many older heads such growth seemed preposterous. A twenty-thousand-ton plantation? That was to put Lihue into the class of the largest corporations on Maui and Oahu. One is reminded of Paul Isenberg's dream of 1,000 tons from Lihue at the time of the Reciprocity Treaty. When that was exceeded within a few years, C. M. Cooke asserted that the output should soon reach 3,000 tons.

Steps marking the progress of the fifty years from 1877 to 1927 challenge attention even in the long list of individual years. Leaping by decades startles one with its rapid gain. The figures are from the books of H. Hackfeld and Company, now the American Factors, Limited, for commercial sugar marketed, and include

with Lihue sugar the milling share in the sugars manufactured during those years for Grove Farm and Kipu Plantations:

1877.....	1,127 tons
1887.....	4,204 tons
1897.....	12,192 tons
1907.....	14,127 tons
1917.....	20,174 tons
1927.....	30,210 tons

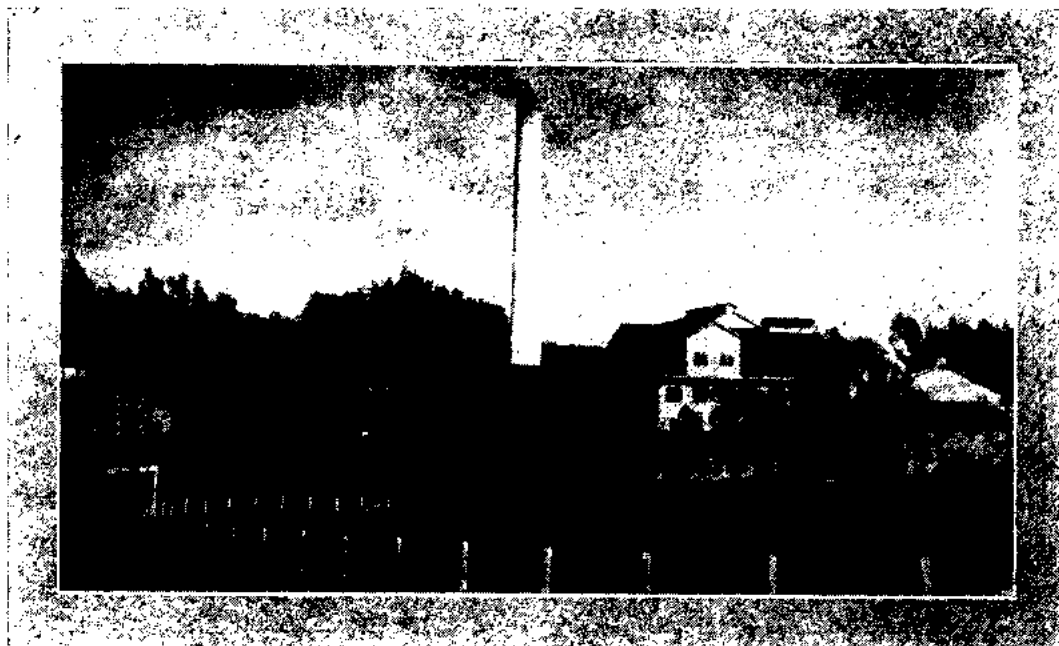
During this same period of fifty years the net cash earnings have made an average of \$622,973 per year. Of this the following annual averages have been expended: over \$288,500 in permanent improvements, over \$84,000 for income taxes, and over \$307,000 returned in dividends to the shareholders. Many lean years are thrown into the balance with fat years of high prices. And in contemplating this rapid gain in tonnage, due allowance



LIHUE RAILROAD IN 1930

must be made for increased acreage and water supply, as well as for improvements in implements and the application of fertilizers. Chemical study of soils has also developed, but the feature which, perhaps more than any other one element, now aids in the constant struggle with the high cost of labor, is intensive scientific research with regard to varieties of cane and the pests which attack its growth, a study which is said to be carried further by the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association than by any other group of cane growers in the world.

Economy and efficiency are the watchwords of the hour. Within the mill itself a minute chemical study of cane juices is conducted and improvements in machinery are frequently made. In the Lihue mill the only fuel still used, except in grave emergencies, is the bagasse, or trash from the cane stalks. Earnings, it is said, would dwindle into insignificance were it necessary to purchase fuel oil. Today, however, no laborious hauling and handling of the bagasse is necessary, for the great rollers

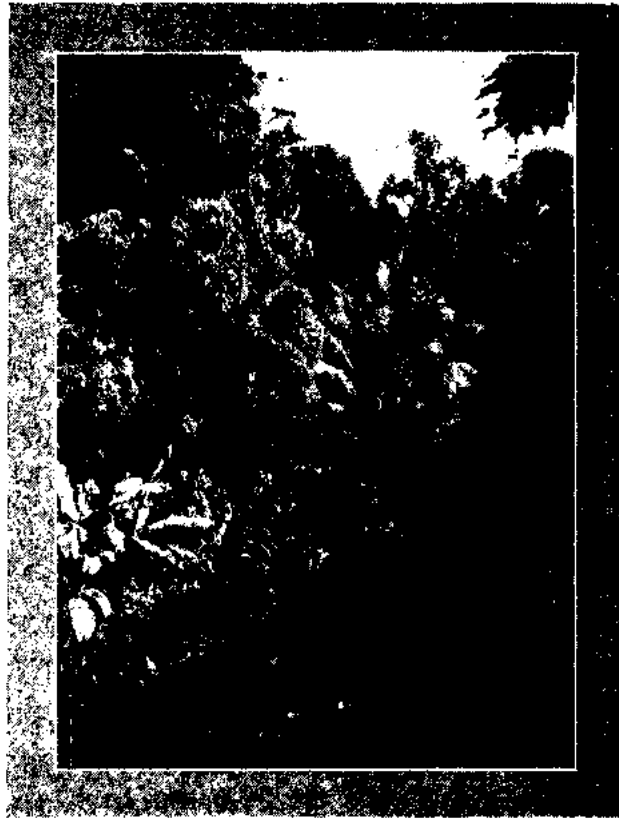


LIHUE MILL IN 1930

turn off trash dry enough to be fed directly into the modern system of furnaces. The process of speeding up keeps two twelve-hour shifts of men at work in the mill, which now operates twenty-four hours out of every working day during grinding season. Turning up old fields with caterpillar-tractor plows and hauling cane by rail are now carried on almost as much during the night as by day. And, pitting their wits against nature herself, men have contrived to divert into constructive channels the action of two elements usually found destructive in character. The trick of working against the wind for a quick fire and adroitly setting a match to the masses of dry, sharp-edged leaves on a standing crop is now accomplished with such everyday skill as to obviate much of the labor formerly involved in cane cutting; and contractors will not, as a rule, agree to cut a field except on condition that it may first be burned off. In ratoon fields the hana-wai men, or irrigators, often stand at their water gates alert for the signal to let water into last year's furrow before the cane from it has reached the mill or the sections of portable track have been taken from the field. Bags of nitrate of soda lie ready to hand for fertilizing the moistened furrows the next day, and in a week's time the harvested field is green again with the slender, waving blades of a second growth. Mill work and field work have always gone hand in hand, and the development in either one, during the eighty years since plows first broke ground at Lihue, would fill a treatise of many pages.

Yet, notwithstanding these marked industrial gains, it may well be that future days will judge the fairest influence of these fourscore years at Lihue to have lain in the domestic and social sphere even more than in the domain of industry or agriculture. One feels it often today in the successful replanting which the old Koamalu home has undergone on the Molokoa hillside. One who perceived

this keenly was old Judge Hardy, that veteran of the bench in the Lihue Circuit Court. Having already served there eight years as a young man, he returned from California in 1877 not long before the death of Judge McBryde, who had held the office of Circuit Court magistrate for twelve years. During the next thirty-five years Judge Hardy filled the position without intermission, and left a long, clean record of two terms amounting to forty-three years' service. Always was he welcomed in the Molokoa home, as he had been during earlier days at Koamalu. Even on excursions of fifty or a hundred people, Judge Hardy was always of the number, sitting quietly puffing at his pipe and watching the younger fry. The jolly picnics of Koamalu days were continued from Molokoa, especially the Fourth of July celebration, until in recent years the white population of East Kauai has grown too numerous and too scattered to be gathered together in one day. When the Lihue Union Church was opened in 1901 its dedicatory hymn was written by Judge Hardy. More than once was he an honored guest also at the Kukua mountain house where, like many another, he loved to sit and look abroad at



THE OLD ORCHARD VALLEY
Now part of the home at Molokoa



Photograph by J. Senda

DORA JANE ISENBERG

At Molokoa in 1923. She is the only living grandchild of Maria Rice Isenberg.

Lihue spread out before him. One of his favorite stories was of the early missionary father, a man short in stature, who, on a tour around one of the islands, was carried through a deep stream by a stalwart Hawaiian. He paid the native ten cents, supposing that quite sufficient. The Hawaiian objected and insisted on twenty-five cents. The missionary refused, whereupon the Hawaiian, to clinch the argument, picked him up and

carried him back again to his original starting point.

Even with the inauguration of county government in 1905, Judge Jacob Hardy continued to serve on the bench until 1912. He died in 1915. His successor was Lyle Alexander Dickey, grandson of the mission father who built the old home and church at Waioli. In 1914 the old courthouse, on the site of the present High School and built long ago for Governor Kanoa's residence, gave place to the modern concrete county building at Lihue center. Judge Dickey served as circuit magistrate for seven years and, as lawyer and student in Hawaiian folklore, now brings much of value to the Lihue community which has become his home. His successor in 1919 was

Judge William C. Achi, who contributes beyond the routine of his official duties an enthusiastic support of rowing and other athletic sports. Under county government, but by popular election, the sheriff's duties have been fulfilled since 1905 by W. H. Rice III, who bears the initials of his father, William Hyde, and of his grandfather, William Harrison, but is himself William Henry Rice. His brother, Charles Atwood, has for many years been a member of the territorial legislature and since 1918 has served as resident director for Lihue Plantation.

On January 5th, 1918, Rev. Hans Isenberg died in Honolulu. At the end of the graveyard adjoining the Lutheran church in Lihue he lies buried, where in lifetime his heart had most often returned. Rev. Arthur Hoermann, of the Lutheran Church of Honolulu, a pastor eloquent in the walk of everyday life and not less so in his Sabbath pulpit of two languages, spoke brave, true words to the congregation assembled in honor of him who had spent over thirty years of his life among them. Mr. Isenberg's Lihue colleague, Rev. John M. Lydgate, writing of him in Kauai's local paper, *The Garden Island*, characterized him well as frank, outspoken, honest, unswervingly loyal to the truth as he saw it, yet of tender sympathies, kind, though firm.

Other outstanding traits distinguish Pastor Hans Isenberg still further. As an art lover he was likewise a connoisseur; he was a student of many sciences, with a definite interest in all branches of forestry; as a worker he was gifted with the apparently tireless energy and endurance which often appear as Isenberg characteristics; and as a theologian he rejoiced that his isolated country parish set him free to think and speak for himself. To have been forced to mould his thoughts and sermons in forms prescribed by a consistorial board would have been to Hans Isenberg so irksome that many, recalling him now, think of vigor and independence of



Photograph by J. Senda

THE LUTHERAN CHURCH AT LIHUE

At the end of the church garden stands a stone arch designed by Manager Weber and Carl Maser of Lihue to the memory of Rev. Hans Isenberg. Against the dark lava stone is a portrait medallion executed by the sculptor, Stephan Sinding. The congregation had this arch erected in the little churchyard which they all love.

mind as foremost among his personal attributes. Outsiders were surprised when he once entertained a Catholic priest at his table, but all who sat together at that dinner were touched by the spirit of brotherhood in a common cause which was its outspoken theme.

With the passing of Hans Isenberg it may be said that Paul Isenberg's work was drawn to a close. In a larger sense, however, it can never be ended as long as Lihue Plantation exists, for just so long will the successors of Paul Isenberg continue to develop the structure which he reared on the foundations laid by his predecessors. And although his work may appear to be defined only by lines industrial, agricultural and political, he developed too logically from the pastor's home in Germany and fitted too closely into the circle of the Koamalu home at Lihue ever to have let his life and thought become preoccupied with the stress of things material.

Moreover, the new home, now an old one, at Molokoa has blossomed too directly from seeds planted long ago at Koamalu ever to deny its island heritage, springing, as this does, from some of the highest sources of material and spiritual culture on two continents.

THE END

Genealogies

The Rice Family

Edmund, known in England as The Pilgrim and in America as Deacon Rice, removed from Buckinghamshire early in the 17th century and is known to have been settled in Sudbury, Massachusetts, in 1638. He was descended of an interesting Welsh family, many members of which spelled the name Rhys, or often ap-Rhys, son of Rice. Tradition follows the family tree beyond a coat of arms granted by Queen Mary in 1555 and one Rice ap-Thomas, who fought with a valiant crew at the battle of Bosworth, to a progenitor named Coel Codevog, King Cole, who ruled the Britons in the 3rd century A. D.

More definite, however, are the branchings of the family in the United States. Oliver Cromwell Rice, great-great-grandson of Deacon Rice, The Pilgrim, married Anna Barrett, who in 1816, her ninetieth year, wrote to her beloved son Asa the oldest letter now in possession of the Rice family of Lihue, Kauai. This Asa Rice was the grandfather of another pilgrim, William Harrison Rice, who voyaged to the Sandwich Islands in 1841.

Asa Rice,

b. 1748 at Sharon, Ellsworth County, Connecticut.

m. Lucy —. Their son

Joseph Rice,

b. at Hannibal, New York; m. Sarah —. He died at Elida, Ohio, July 20, 1871, said to be well over 90 years of age. Of their 13 children, only one son, Richard, survived them. Another son was

William Harrison Rice,

b. Oswego, N. Y., Oct. 12, 1813, at the time of the battle of Tippecanoe and named for Gen. William Henry Harrison, later president of the U. S. William Harrison Rice

d. Lihue, Kauai, May 27, 1862. He had m. Mary Sophia Hyde at Eden, N. Y., her father performing the ceremony, Sept. 28, 1840. 5 children:

1. Hannah Maria,
 b. Hana, Maui, Feb. 17, 1842,
 m. Paul Isenberg, Oct. 16, 1861,
 d. Apr. 7, 1867. For their children see
 Paul Isenberg, b. 1837.
2. Emily Dole Harrison,
 b. Lahainaluna, May 10, 1844, d. June 13, 1911.
 m. George de la Vergne, 2 children.
3. William Hyde,
 b. Punahou, July 23, 1846, d. June 15, 1924.
 m. Mary Waterhouse, 8 children.
4. Mary Sophia Hyde,
 b. Punahou, Jan. 7, 1849,
 d. Sept. 5, 1870.
5. Anna Charlotte,
 b. Punahou, Sept. 5, 1853,
 m. Charles M. Cooke, 8 children.

The Hyde Family

William Hyde, of England, arrived in America probably in 1633 and settled finally at Norwich, Connecticut. He died in 1681. His son Samuel m. Jane Lee, and had 8 children. John, their 2nd son, m. Experience Abel and had 9 children. Of these, the 4th child was Matthew Hyde, b. Apr. 28, 1711, m. Elizabeth Huntington, Apr. 19, 1733, and had 5 children. James Hyde, the 4th child, b. Apr., 1741, m. Eunice Backus, May 14, 1767. This James Hyde, a ship's captain, was captured by the British during the Revolutionary War, and died

at sea. He had 4 children, of whom Jabez Backus Hyde, the second son, was the father of Mary Sophia Hyde Rice.

Lieutenant Thomas Tracy, the first in the American branch of the family, settled in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1636. Of his 7 children, the eldest daughter, Elizabeth, m. Nathaniel Backus of Norwich, Connecticut. Their son, Jabez Backus, m. Eunice Kingsbury, Feb. 17, 1741. Their daughter, Eunice, b. May 28, 1745, m. Capt. James Hyde (see preceding paragraph), May 14, 1767. She died March 9, 1778. Their second son, Rev. Jabez Backus Hyde, b. Aug. 17, 1774, m. (1st) Lucy Harts-horn, Apr. 16, 1801, and settled in Richfield, N. Y., where they had 2 daughters, Anna, who died in infancy, and Eunice, b. Aug. 23, 1803, d. Apr. 30, 1844. Mrs. Lucy Hyde d. Jan. 28, 1806.

Rev. Jabez Backus Hyde m. (2nd) Jerusha Aiken, of Richfield, N. Y., June 28, 1810. She died May 1, 1824. Their 5 children were:

1. Lucy,
b. Dec. 25, 1812,
m. William Reeves in Tennessee, June 19, 1856.
2. Hannah Willis,
b. Nov. 20, 1814, m. May 25, 1843, to Elias Weed,
d. Feb. 19, 1844.
3. Mary Sophia,
b. Oct. 11, 1816, d. May 25, 1911, having m. William Harrison Rice of Hannibal, N. Y., Sept. 28, 1840.
For their children see *Rice Genealogy*.
4. Atwood Aiken,
b. Aug. 11, 1819,
m. Martha Reeves, Nov. 29, 1849, 4 sons.
5. Francis Mills,
b. Sept. 17, 1821, d. Jan. 12, 1825.

The Isenberg Family

Johannes Isenberg,

b. 1772, boatman and river merchant, d. 1812;

m. 1798 Joh. Christiane Bauermeister.

6 children, of whom the 5th was:

Daniel Isenberg,

b. Nov. 4, 1807, Supervising Pastor of Lutheran Diocese,
d. Nov. 29, 1875.

m. (1st) Dorothea Strauch, Oct. 1, 1834.

m. (2nd) Berta Hugenberg. Of the 1st marriage were born
8 children:

1. Anna,

b. Nov. 2, 1835, m. Karl Strauch,
no children, d. 1904.

2. Heinrich Paul Friedrich Carl,

b. Apr. 15, 1837 m. (1st) Oct. 16, 1861, Hannah Maria
Rice, who d. Apr. 7, 1867. 2 children:

1. Mary Dorothea Rice,

b. Aug. 27, 1862, m. Rev. Hans Isenberg, Sept. 1, 1883,
1 son:

1. Harrison Paul Hans,

b. Feb. 19, 1884, d. Feb. 20, 1884.

2. Daniel Paul Rice,

b. June 11, 1866, m. (1st) Annie Beatrice McBryde,
Oct. 28, 1891, no children.

Marriage dissolved, July, 1916.

m. (2nd) Bertha Koepke, Aug. 9, 1916. 1 child:

1. Dora Jane,

b. May 15, 1917.

(2. Heinrich Paul Friedrich Carl,)

d. Bremen, Jan. 16, 1903, having m. (2nd) Beta Margarete
Glade, b. May 12, 1846, m. Oct. 7, 1869; 7 children:

1. Johannes Carl,
b. Sept. 12, 1870, m. Martha Barckhausen,
3 children.
2. Heinrich Alexander,
b. Jan. 17, 1872, m. Virginia Duisenberg,
2 children.
3. A son,
b. Sept. 3, 1875, d. Sept. 6, 1875.
4. Julie Marie Pauline,
b. Nov. 15, 1876, m. (1st)
Oskar Barckhausen, 4 children;
m. (2nd) Hermann Reschke.
5. Clara Margaret Kaleimaiole,
b. June 21, 1879, m. (1st)
Adolf Wendroth, 2 children;
m. (2nd) Hermann Sielcken.
6. Richard Menno,
b. June 25, 1880.
m. Hanna Smidt.
7. Paula Hertha Johanna,
b. April 7, 1883,
m. Friedrich Volkmann,
4 children.
3. Julie Elise Friederike Bertha,
b. Oct. 31, 1838, d. May 29, 1929.
m. Georg Heinrich August Berkenbusch,
6 children.
4. Carl,
b. May 11, 1840, d. 1925.
m. Luise Wiegmann, 9 children.
5. Bertha,
b. Oct. 27, 1842, unmarried, d. July 7, 1931.
6. Otto Ernst,
b. May 16, 1844, d. 1902.
m. Helen Mary Lewis, 9 children.

7. Daniel,
 b. Jan. 23, 1847, d. May 24, 1915.
 m. Margarethe Zorn, 7 children.
8. Johannes Friedrich Wilhelm,
 b. Oct. 5, 1855,
 m. Dorothea Rice Isenberg, Sept. 1, 1883;
 d. Jan. 5, 1918. 1 child:
1. Harrison Paul Hans,
 b. at St. Andreasberg, Feb. 19, 1884;
 d. Feb. 20, 1884.

The Strauch Family

Johann Friedrich Strauch, m. Elisabeth Wolfgang, d. 1826. Honest worker in silver mines of Klausthal, Hanover. Their son, a government mining official in Osterode, m. Caroline Doerel and had 10 children, of whom the fifth, Dorothea, or Doris, b. Oct. 1, 1808, m. Daniel Isenberg, Oct. 1, 1834. For their 8 children, see *Daniel Isenberg*, b. 1807. His wife, Dorothea Strauch, d. Sept. 30, 1871. Dorothea's oldest sister, Auguste, m. Carl Friedrich Roehrig, whence the Hermann Roehrig, now Rohrig, family of Honolulu.

NOTE ON THE TITLE

The name KOAMALU, Shade-of-Koa-Trees, originated in ancient days when forests of koa grew on that land. In later years it was used by Maria Rice and others living there, and so it has now become the name of her book telling of the old plantation home there. The cover paper of the book was made by hand in Tokio, its color similar to that of koa leaves, its texture not unlike that of old Hawaiian kapa.

FURTHER ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The design for the back of the cover and most of the drawings for illustrations are by J. May Fraser. Koa leaves themselves were used on the end papers within the cover, the plan being one of many contributions made by Emily V. Warinner of *The Friend*, and the design having been worked out by John M. Kelly and F. G. Chadwick of the Honolulu Star-Bulletin Press. Grateful acknowledgment is made also to many other members of the publishing staff, in particular to Mr. Carter of the composition, Mr. Slaten of the proof reading, Mr. Cuthbertson of the art reproduction, and Mr. Ryan of the bindery departments for the ready coöperation of themselves and all their assistants.

Through the kindness of Mr. Perry Walton of Boston we were permitted by Mr. Francis B. Crowninshield and the Peabody Museum of Salem to reproduce an old painting of The Cleopatra's Barge.

Most of the German views and the excellent picture of Napali Coast were made by Friedrich and Paula (Isenberg) Volkmann of Germany. A number of the Kauai views were taken by the author. Three of the family daguerreotypes were photographed by Norman D. Hill of Honolulu. Due to an oversight, illustrations on pages 271, 461 and 910 are only now acknowledged as the work of the Honolulu photographer, Ray J. Baker. Over thirty of the Kauai views, as also a great part of the copying of old pictures, were done by W. J. Senda of

Lihue. Owing to an error, we have omitted to acknowledge as Mr. Senda's work the illustrations on pages 777, 779, 892, 893, 917 and 927.

To Dr. H. E. Gregory and Mr. E. H. Bryan, Jr., of the Bernice P. Bishop Museum we make most grateful acknowledgment for their care and accuracy in regard to the three maps of Kauai and Lihue District.

ETHEL M. DAMON.

Honolulu,
February 1, 1932.

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