


A
TRIP
TO
HAWAII



Pacific Islands
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The Pali, Island of Oahu.



Native with Surf Board. — Wikipi Beach



Oceanic Steamship Company's New Twin Screw Steamship Sierra.—6,000 Tons.



Native House, near Honolulu.

A Trip to Hawaii

By CHARLES WARREN STODDARD

WITH

Descriptive Introduction

NEW EDITION

ISSUED BY

PASSENGER DEPARTMENT

OCEANIC STEAMSHIP CO.

SAN FRANCISCO

1901

Pacific Islands

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Native Boats, Hawaii.



Leahi, or Diamond Head, from Punchbowl

ILLUSTRATIONS.



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Published by the Government of the Hawaiian Islands, Honolulu, 1880.



Pond of Lilies

A TRIP TO HAWAII.

INTRODUCTORY.

MANY things have happened in the little island country of Hawaii, set far out in the wide Pacific, since 1885, the year when Charles Warren Stoddard visited it and wrote "A Trip to Hawaii," still the best known and most admired book on these isles of the Blessed. His tender and sympathetic insight into the tropic people and all their concerns, his keen enjoyment and appreciation of all the varied phases of the delightful journey, his artist's eye to see and artist's hand to picture forth the beautiful aspects of nature where nature is most prodigal of her charms, all unite to make his writings on Hawaii dear to every one that loves the beautiful in nature and in literary art.

But American influences had grown so prominent in Island affairs that events have moved with American swiftness even in that languorous and lovely land. The native dynasty in this sweep of events has fallen, and the manner of its fall, although the matter of much heated controversy, first gave the power into the hands of the white population, and then extinguished Hawaii as a separate government altogether.

No longer does Queen Liliuokalani hold her strangely mixed court, where the ancient royal robes *aa* feathers were draped about shoulders clad in garments cut in the Parisian mode. No longer are the stately *kahilis* waved in pomp over the sovereign by attendants dressed in the conventional claw-hammer coat.

Even the Hawaiian Republic, which was in power in 1897, when the fourth edition of this book was printed, has gone its way, and now Hawaii is a Territory of the United States, doubtless so to remain, forever free from danger of revolution and

internal strife. Hawaii has passed through her first political campaign under American methods, and in spite of all attempts to make the natives align themselves with American national parties they voted solidly for a man representing their own feelings, and have sent him to represent them at Washington. President Dole is now Governor Dole, appointed by President McKinley, and the legislature is composed in large majority of native Hawaiians. How this condition will work remains to be seen, but the American Constitution, the veto of Governor Dole, and the decisions of a District Judge from the mainland will prevent a Hawaiian legislature from doing anything very radical.

So the flag raised by Admiral Miller in 1898 is never likely to be hauled down, and Hawaii will hold its place as a real part of the American Union.

So it becomes necessary to issue a fifth edition of this little volume and to alter the introduction to Stoddard's graceful chapters, so that it shall take note of these changes and testify to all the world that the charm of Hawaii is in itself, and not in its form of government, that no revolution or political change can take away from the inherent enjoyableness of a trip to the land of afternoons, and to show how by increase of facilities it is now easier than ever before to visit all the many places of interest and delight in beautiful Hawaii Nei.

To begin with, we cannot of course claim that the sea voyage is much other than it was when Mr. Stoddard so pleasantly describes it. The calm and beautiful Pacific still justifies its name on the reaches of this voyage, and the six days spent on the waters are the same restful time of *dolce far niente*, an excellent preparation for the days that are to follow. The tired business man, the weary student, the languid invalid, all find their lassitude humored while it is pleasant so to have it, but gradually leaving them of its own



Coconut Grove, Kaiulani's Home, Honolulu.

accord, under the influence of the ocean ozone and the exciting trifles that keep the mind of ocean voyagers agreeably occupied.

A whale has been seen spouting close to the ship, and we must go to look at it. A sailor has been hurt handling a boat in the fire drill, and we must find out how much of an injury it is. A poor woman in the steerage has brought into a world a little "man without a country," and we must know how the pale mother and the scarlet bit of humanity are getting on, must help to find an appropriate name for the young stranger, and perhaps add a mite to the small fund raised to buy him a silver mug, or give him a little start in life. These are the enormously important events, and there are the hundreds of little matters that pleasantly fill in every chink of time. There are fellow-passengers to observe and wonder, and possibly gossip a bit, about. There are harmless little flirtations going on that it is an infinite amusement to watch, fancying that we are the only ones that have noticed them.

And the Oceanic Steamship Company is lavish in its provision for the comfort and amusement of its guests. There are musical instruments for concerts that are none the less good for being impromptu. There is a fine selection of books in the ship's library for those who love reading. There are splendid saloons, large state-rooms, and a cuisine that with the sea air gives us an appetite that causes the three meals a day to take up no little of the time, and to assume an importance to which they were strangers ashore. The steamers are so large, the quarters so airy, and the sea so placid as a rule, that even delicate persons are not long troubled by *mal de mer*. After a day or two at most the table seats are at a large and growing premium, and persons to whom under other circumstances a Graham cracker is a considerable viand, here are in their seats at table within five seconds after the dinner gong has sounded.

But all too soon the excitement rises as to which of the passengers shall first convince himself that the sailors are right in saying that the tiny cloud on the far horizon is really land.

At last the most skeptical are conquered and gradually the blue cloud unrolls itself into a fair green island, and soon the ship has made her way through the reef and lies in the placid harbor, at a wharf covered with an interested and interesting crowd.

This crowd is far more cosmopolitan than it was a few years ago. Then the dark-eyed Kanakas were in great majority,—and now, though there are more of them than of any one nationality, they are not much more numerous than the Japanese, the Chinese, or the Portuguese. The Americans, however, are the predominant race, the people who own property, run businesses, and occupy all places of responsibility.

The transfer to the hotel is quickly made, and the traveler familiar with famous hostelries of the world will yet find a special niche in his mind to store the memory of the broad verandas, the cool, airy rooms, and the fine service and appointments, of this tropical caravansary. The view from the cupola is one that will afford him a good chance to get the "lay of the land", in these new surroundings.

On one side is the blue water over which he has lately come, with its white fringe of restless breakers; nearer, the quiet harbor with ships of several nations. On the other side is the Pali and the famous Punch Bowl, pretty good mountains, their rugged sides covered far up with the luxuriant tropical foliage, and close about him are the shaded streets of Honolulu, the pretty houses peeping out from the palms and tree ferns, the banana and lantana trees.

After a bit of planning the campaign the tourist starts out with the determination of seeing the sights. The Government House, once the Palace, but a few blocks away, first attracts him, and he



1. Prison
2. Pali Road

3. Cascade in Iao Valley
4. Coconut Island
5. Heights of Haleakala

6. Horned Cattle
7. Haleakala

looks with interest at the relics of royalty there kept on exhibit and the evidences of current sovereignty in the armory in the basement, with its rows of rifles and the shining gatlings and field pieces.

To see all the Government buildings and trace the historic localities connected with the various revolutions will take at least two days; for it is not a climate that stimulates to undue activity. Then there is the Bishop Museum to see, a fine stone building filled to overflowing with the most extensive collection in the world of South Sea and Hawaiian antiquities and curios. Many important articles that had been taken away from the Islands were sought out and brought back to make every department of this fine collection complete. Here may be studied the curious ancient customs and religious observances of the Kanakas and other island peoples, —their strange gods, their primitive but formidable clubs and war spears, their curious garments made of feathers, and all the objects that bring back this ancient life. In the yard is the famous statue of Kamehameha the Great, looking the famous warrior he is said to have been.

Then there is the drive to Waikiki Beach, the watering place annex to Honolulu. This will perhaps be your first chance to see the famous swimming of the Kanakas, men and women. They sport in the outer line of breakers, coming in over them on their surf boards in a way that looks charmingly easy until you see some enthusiastic and over-bold foreigner try it, and get rolled over and over, to his great discomfiture. They will serve you dinner in one of the beautiful flower-covered *lanais*, and you will sit there till the brilliant white moonlight, and the blazing, low-hanging stars give the night a witching glory. This will be enhanced by the sweet singing of native minstrels, whose liquid melodies voice the very spirit of the place.

Of course you will visit Kapiolani Park and wonder at the great wealth of tropical vegetation there gathered. Much of the island seems like a park full of curious forms of vegetable life, and yet when it is specially put together to please the eye and astonish the mind as in the Kapiolani Park, there is an added admiration.

By this time you have grown so interested in the natives that perhaps you are ready to go to the Hawaiian church, a fine building constructed by the Kanakas themselves of coral blocks. Here again the melodious singing of the island people is a source of keen pleasure. You like, too, to go about the streets and to watch the results of this strange mingling of races, and especially on the original proprietors. Their taro patches and little homes have a charm that does not attach to any others.

Drives to the Pali and the Punch-Bowl will give excitement enough for two days. The Pali is that historic mountain and precipice overlooking Honolulu where Kamehameha the Great is said to have overcome the last of his foes, and to have driven them in great numbers over the dizzy brink. No warlike tale is needed, however, to give the trip interest. The beauties of the tropical flora on the earlier parts of the drive and the gradually opening view as the road begins to wind up the steeper ascent are reward enough. When at last the voyager leans against the slender railing that marks the very verge and looks over the great expanse of the blue ocean, the quiet city that lies at his feet, the beautiful sweep of the beach, curving out to where Diamond Head like a silhouette of a sleeping form marks the horizon in one direction, and all the expanse of emerald hills and smiling valleys before him, he will surely declare the sight worth coming half way round the globe to see.

But grander things yet are before him; he has been promised a view of infernal splendors, a glimpse into the House of Everlast-



Royal Palm Avenue, Honolulu.

ing Fire. To gain this grand experience it is necessary to take a short trip on one of the fine inter-island steamers. At the time Mr. Stoddard took the voyage it was rather an uncomfortable one. The boats were small and ill appointed, so that many passengers preferred to spend the night on the open deck. But the Wilder Steamship Company, has changed all that, and the Kinau, for instance, is a remarkably comfortable and pleasant steamship to travel on.

Of course, our voyager by this time has on a pair of the most approved style of "sea legs," and is not troubled by the somewhat choppy seas of the island channels. Thus he can enjoy to the full the pleasure of coasting about the fertile shores of Oahu, and touching occasionally at the most seemingly impossible landings and swinging off passengers and freight into lighters as the great swell lifts the boats together. It takes a brave soul to attempt these landings, though use has robbed them of their terrors for the dwellers in these ports.

About twenty-four hours brings us to Hilo on the large island that give its name to the group. Here we disembark and spend the night, preparatory to a day which will always be memorable, that on which the traveler first takes the Volcano Drive. This remarkable piece of road-making deserves its world wide fame. A perfectly smooth and beautifully kept carriage road runs thirty miles through a wonderful tangle of tropical forest, brilliant with glowing flowers and bright-plumaged birds. The lantana, the hibiscus, the lauhala, and many only less splendid flowering trees, make up the mass of greenery amid which the road wind its way, until its gentle grade takes it up and away on to the lava-covered regions, whose barrenness is relieved by the strange rock formations left by the cooling stone.

Since Stoddard's time the Volcano House has gained its great reputation for an excellence as high as its situation. Its home-

like comfort is grateful to the traveler wearied by the wonders he has seen more than by the actual physical fatigue of the drive.

Kilauea—the “great smoking pit”—is of course the same,—if indeed that may be said of a crater subject to such incessant change. Here at least, man has not been able to modify the ineffable sublimity. This greatest living crater in the world has been described many times. Stoddard has written of it, and Mark Twain, and yet it remains and always will remain, undescribed and indescribable.

This is the culmination of the trip, and would be its culmination no matter how far you have wandered or what glories of nature you have seen. After this the return begins. You may make it as you came, or by another route that will carry you around another side of the island, very different in aspect, as one is a coasting trip on the windward side, where rain and vegetation are abundant, and the other on the leeward, where the bare volcanic cliffs show their fantastic shapes.

Back in Honolulu again, where much that is interesting has been left unseen. Even so the traveler is apt to take matters easier after the volcano trip has absolved his conscience of the most necessary thing he must do. Indeed, it is enough to live without doing anything in this enchanted air, taking in only the sights and sounds that come to him without effort on his part. He gets into the gentle philosophy of the tropics and loses the anxiety and rush and worry that wear out the nerves in the colder countries. It is a sort of practical “rest cure,” “administered in the most elegant preparation,”—as the doctors say.

One trip from Honolulu will appeal specially to Americans. It is to Pearl Harbor, the fine anchorage formerly ceded to the United States for a coaling station, and likely to be largely utilized in the defense of this new Territory. The Oahu railroad runs there, and to reach it passes by the Ewa and Waianae sugar plan-



Traveler's Tree

tations, two of the great enterprises that have developed Hawaiian commerce.

So far we have talked only about those places and things that fall in the routes of ordinary tourist travel, the itineraries that people choose who have only six weeks or so to spend on the whole trip from San Francisco and back to it again. If time serves there are many, many more little journeys that may be taken, having the special charm of being off the beaten paths and showing native life less modified by the presence of the whites. There are the trips to Mauna Loa, and the greatest crater in the world, Haleakala, the "House of the Sun." To see the great bowl, twenty miles in circuit, filled with billowy clouds at sunrise, and to watch them gradually dispersed, and rolled away as the day grows older, till the whole extent of this mighty volcano is revealed, is one of the supreme experiences of a lifetime.

Then there are the sugar plantations and the problems presented by the curiously mixed nationalities employed to work them, to be studied. A trip, say to the Kona coast of Hawaii, will show the new and growing coffee industry of the island at its best. Kauai, the Garden Island, ought to be seen; for to merit that title amid her beauteous sisterhood, she must be fair indeed. But it needs not to pile Ossa on this Pelion of evidence to show that modern happenings and modern development have not robbed Hawaii Nei of the old familiar charm.

The general features of the trip of today have thus been gone over, but perhaps a few more practical details should be added. The distance from San Francisco to Honolulu is 2,100 miles, and the voyage is done with clock-like regularity, starting at 9 p. m. on Wednesday evening and arriving at Honolulu at 5 a. m. on the following Tuesday. The fine new sister steamers of the Oceanic line, the *Sierra*, the *Sonoma* and the *Ventura*, have made

an epoch in Pacific Ocean steamship travel. Built at the Cramp yards in Philadelphia, these six thousand-ton twin screw vessels are the finest that money and skill can construct. The *Sierra's* arrival at San Francisco on November 24th, after her maiden voyage is thus described in a San Francisco paper:

"After a voyage of over 14,000 miles the Oceanic Company's new steamer *Sierra* reached port at 7:30 o'clock yesterday morning from Philadelphia and docked at Pacific-street wharf.

"The elegance of the *Sierra's* furnishings, and the modern methods which have been observed in her construction were apparent to everybody who went aboard. It was the opinion of some of the most traveled of the visitors that the new steamer far outclassed any other passenger craft operating in the Pacific, and that in many respects her accommodations were not behind those of the best Atlantic liners. Not only is commodiousness a feature of the new vessel, but in convenience of arrangement throughout the *Sierra* was a revelation to those who visited the steamer.

"There are accommodations for 238 first-class passengers on the *Sierra*, in addition to 80-second-class and 84 steerage. The dining-saloon is on the upper deck, and can accommodate 150 persons at one sitting. The dining-room for second-class passengers, situated on the main deck, will accommodate seventy-five persons, and like the second-class staterooms, shows an almost lavish expenditure in the furnishings. There are sixty-five staterooms on the upper deck, and two bridal staterooms on the hurricane deck, where also are the rooms of the deck officers, as well as the large social hall. The hall is finished in mahogany, with green plush upholstery and green carpet. The smoking-room aft on the hurricane deck is large, and furnished in buff leather. There are ten first-class bathrooms, with porcelain tubs

and marble walls, ceiling and tiling and two independent showers in marble inclosures. There are fine porcelain tubs in the second-class bathrooms, and on the upper deck is a finely appointed barber-shop. An innovation throughout the passenger quarters is the ceilings, which are finished in burlap and canvas, toned in colors to suit the furnishings. The entire ship can be ventilated by forced draught whenever necessary.

“The steaming time consumed in the trip from Philadelphia was 39 days and 16 hours, which breaks the record. The best previous time from New York or vicinity was 45 days, made by the same company’s steamer *Alameda* in 1883. The *Sierra* made over seventeen knots on her trial trip. The steamer has twin screws and triple-expansion engines.”

Alternating with these three through steamers, which go on to Sydney, are others of the Oceanic fleet, so that a ten-day service is maintained to Honolulu. Soon it is expected to add to this so that every week will see a trip begun.

The climate of Hawaii is tropical, but not in the least enervating or malarious, because of the ocean breezes. As to garments, the voyager will need good wraps for the day or two near the California coast, and the time spent at the Volcano, and light clothing the remainder of the trip. It is best, however, in this journey—as in most which do not entirely leave sources of supply—to travel with little luggage, and purchase as needed the things found wanting. A little spare trunk-room will surely be filled with curios and other mementos of the trip.

But it is high time to cease this introduction and let Mr. Stoddard’s voice be heard on the subject that has brought forth his very best work.

A TRIP TO HAWAII.



A GREAT deal has been written and published about this most picturesque and delightful land, but the most poetic, as it is by far the most enjoyable sketch of all, is from the pen of Charles Warren Stoddard, a well known litterateur and former resident of the Hawaiian Islands, published in 1885, by the Passenger Department of the Oceanic Steamship Company. His description of the sea voyage to Honolulu, what the tourists saw there, and how they spent their time on the Islands is as fresh and appropriate to-day as it was when it came from his facile pen. The following extracts from this charming brochure are reprinted for the special enjoyment of visitors to the Paradise of the Pacific. An accurate map is found in this little book which will give the tourist the geographical position of the Kingdom of Hawaii, and of the various islands in the group.

“HOW IT HAPPENED.”*

We are seven semi-invalids, frost-bitten or sun-struck, world weary, full of disgust and malaria, and we resolve to join hands and set forth in search of life and liberty in a new land.

* *A Trip to Hawaii*: by CHARLES WARREN STODDARD, 1885.



Palm Avenue, Honolulu.

Hawaii, the celebrated Sandwich Islands, being the nearest available corner of the Antipodes, we take round tickets for the Hawaiian tour, and instantly prepare to emigrate.

Hawaii, the most written about, and the least understood little kingdom in the world; the prettiest, wildest, weirdest, most unique conglomeration of Paradise and Perdition on record, within easy sail of San Francisco, and having semi-monthly steamers plying to and fro with the regularity of a weaver's shuttle; Hawaii lures us with its legend, landscape and poetry, and we embark without delay.

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II.

Extracts from the Log of the "Mariposa":

"O, had we some bright little Isle of our own,
In the blue summer Ocean, far off and alone."

Seven of us stood in bright array; brides, benedicts and bachelors; waving a fond farewell from the upper deck. We were not alone, for the cabins were full, but we were not making acquaintances at that moment, and so we stood in silhouette waving our fond farewell—in fact, seven of them, from the deck of the "Mariposa."

At 3 p. m. sharp, the gang-plank was hauled ashore, and we swung off into the stream. Never before in history did a ship leave port so promptly, but as we are warranted to arrive on time, we can easily pardon this very business-like beginning of a pleasure trip to Hawaii.

In exactly seven days from the date of our departure, we are to enter the harbo. of Honolulu, and at the witching hour of noon.

Meanwhile, music and mirth reign in the Social Hall; cards, cigarettes and droll stories in the smoking room, while symptoms of frolics and flirtations pervade the ship from stem to stern. The mists gathered with the first evening shades, but we were well away from the Coast by this time, and we felt that the voyage was prosperously begun.

For a couple of days we were reminded of the land we had left. An eager and a nipping air blew over us, the troubled sea was a measureless waste of cold suds and bluing. Sometimes a solitary sail flickered for an hour on the horizon, and was the subject of much conjecture, but most of the day was passed between the piano, the library, the smoking room and the constitutional spurts which converted the long deck of the "Mariposa" into an arena for the physical development of the go-as-you-please passengers.

Then came a gradual transition: sky and sea grew brighter and more exquisitely blue; we were hastening towards the calms of Cancer. The temperate atmosphere—it is too often intemperate in the temperate zone—was already becoming semi-tropical. The great ports of the ship stood wide open to the balmy breeze. The decks were filled with loungers. From the Social Hall at twilight, floated the half melancholy refrain of a waltz. Light feet skimmed the deck, and between the floods of moonlight and the silver sea, the joyous coteries in the saloon—where a wilderness of electric lights glowed like loops of red-gold, and made summer sunshine, bright as day—the minstrelsy and the delicious languor that was beginning to possess us, the "Mariposa" was like a floating *Casino* drifting toward Paradise on an even keel.

In the tropics at last! Such a flat, oily sea it was then; so transparent that we saw great fish swimming about 'full fathom five' beneath us. A monstrous shark swam lazily past, his dorsal fin glistening like polished steel, and now and again cutting the surface

of the sea like a knife, his brace of pilot fish darting hither and thither like little one-legged harlequins.

Flat-headed gonies sat high on the water, piping their querulous note as they tugged at something edible, a dozen of them entering into the domestic difficulty. One after another would desert the cause, run a little way over the sea to get a good start, leap heavily into the air, sail about for a few minutes, and then drop back upon the sea feet foremost and skate for a yard or two, making a white mark and a pleasant sound as they slid over the water.

The exquisite Nautilus floated past us with its gauzy sail set, looking like a thin slice cut out of a soap bubble; the weird Anemone laid its pale, sensitive petals on the tips of the waves, and panted in ecstasy. Down dropt the swarthy sun into his tent of cloud; the waves were of amber; the fervid sky was flushed; it seemed as if something splendid were about to happen up there in the heavens, and that the secret could be kept no longer. The purplest twilight followed, wherein the sky blossomed all over with the biggest, ripest, goldenest stars; such stars as hang like fruits in sun-fed orchards; such stars as lay a track of fire in the sea; such stars as rise and set over misty mountain tops and beyond low green capes, like young moons, every one of them.

The past was forgotten; Hawaii seemed the one thing needful, and we clicked glasses that night and fell upon one another's necks in mutual congratulation, for it was our last night on board, and already we were conjuring spells of barbarous enchantment of snow-white reefs baptized with silver spray, girdling the Islands of the Blessed. Already we seemed to see the broad fan-leaves of the banana droop in the motionless air, and through the tropical night the palms aspired to heaven as we lay dreaming our sea dreams in the cradle of the deep.

III.

"Hawaii nei—of many one thou art,
 Each scattered fragment an essential part.
 No jeweled setting is more fair than thee,
 O em'rald cluster in a beryl sea!
 Thy life is music—Fate, the notes prolong!
 Each isle a stanza and the whole a song."

—*Geo. H. Stewart.*

On the morning of the seventh day, an island rises like a small blue cloud out of the sea; then another, and yet another, and toward the last, we make our way. Green with a verdure that never fades; brown with the bronze tints of lava-flows that have been cold for centuries; a beach of dazzling whiteness, fringed with groves of cocoa palms; the sea like a huge emerald, with sunshine reflected upon the coral bottom, and brilliantly tinted fish sporting about us;—it is thus that we approach Honolulu at noon on the seventh day.

Looking at Diamond Head from the sea, the volcanic shore promises nothing of the beauty that is harbored in the vernal vales beyond it; but the moment our good ship rounds the point of the famous head-land, the fairy-like coast line is suddenly revealed.

It is a transformation scene. The mountains turn gloriously green. Valleys, vistas in Eden, dawn upon the eye in quick succession. The sea rises in long voluptuous waves and fawns upon the reef, while within the surf the tranquil water is like a tideless river, where only the water-lilies are lacking; but in their stead, are troops of Hawaiian swimmers—veritable water nymphs—with a profusion of glossy locks floating about their shoulders like seaweed. Of course we are all impatience, for in less than an hour we shall come to shore in the Kingdom where a century ago, (1778),



Palms, Queen's Hospital

Captain Cook, the great navigator, met his fate—"As he sailed, as he sailed."

There is hardly time to note well the picturesque features of the landscape and marine, the white sands at Waikiki, the feathery forest of algeroba trees that now overshadow the plains, the russet slopes of Old Punch Bowl—a domesticated crater just back of the town—and the roofs of the Capital, inundated with verdure; a summer city, such as the birds might build between the mountains and the sea. Then we turn abruptly towards the land, thread a narrow channel between submerged walls of coral, and are soon within speaking distance of friends who have come to the shore to give us welcome.

By this time the sea is littered with cocoanuts, but they are curly headed, most of them, and clamorous, for the dime-divers of Hawaii doff their garments at the shortest notice and disport themselves amphibiously so long as there is a prospect of raising another nickel out of the vasty deep.

Canoes dart upon the water as if they were living things, part fish, part flesh, part fowl, with one skeleton wing for an outrigger, a fin paddle, and a bare, brown Kanaka amidships. Fish baptize themselves by immersion in space, and keep leaping into the air like momentary inches of chain lightning; there is the perpetual boom of the surf, the clang of joy-bells on shore, and a possible shower in the refreshing cloud that is stealing down from the heights. "Three cheers and a tiger,"—for the voyage has come to an end.

The gang-plank is out again. There is a wild embrace all around, a brief interview with the officers of the Customs, and we divide ourselves among the numerous carriages awaiting patronage on the dock, and are at once driven to the Hawaiian Hotel, at the rate of two for a quarter of a dollar.

Here are semi-detached villas, cosy cottages for the brides and benedicts, and chambers with venetian blinds and broad verandas, vine shaded and musical birds, for the repose of the bachelors; but of course we fly at once to the cupola of the establishment to take our reckoning. It is a little glass-house above the tree tops, and out of reach. We look down upon palace and hovel, and find that the hovel is perhaps the better ventilated of the two, and that there is no end of love with the dinner of herbs therein. Indeed, the Kingdom seems to us like an island of tranquil delights, with *Repose* written in large letters all over it. Here we have no hateful game more majestic than the mosquito; here the noblest victim of the chase is the agile flea; now and again, though rarely, appears that chain of unpleasant circumstances, the centipede, or perchance, the devil-tailed scorpion, whose stroke is by no means fatal, reminds us that nothing can touch us further; and, indeed, but for these foreign invaders—they all came in with civilization—this life were almost too Edenesque.

The marvelous temperature, which is never hot and never cold—70 to 90 degrees Fah. all the year round, with a few extra showers to emphasize the winter months; the rich and variable color; the fragrance so intense after a shower, when the ginger and the Japanese lily seem to distil perfume, drop by drop; the tinkle of gay guitars; the spray-like notes dashed from shuddering lute-strings; the irreproachable languor of a race that is the incarnation of all these elements—this is quite as much as man wants here below (Lat. 21° 18' 23", Lon. 157° 4' 45"), and all this he has without the asking.

What if the impertinent Mynah perch upon the roof and fill the attic with strange noises? What if they infest the groves at twilight, and deluge the land with cascades of silvery sound? They are a pert bird that has rid the Kingdom of its caterpillars, and now they propose to luxuriate for the rest of their natural lives.



Picking Coconuts, Hawaii.

It was the war-whoop of a Mynah bird on the window-sill that called our attention to old Diamond Head, which at that moment was glowing like a live coal, the picture of a red-hot volcano with the smoke rubbed out; there was a strip of beryl sea behind it, and at its base a great plain fretted with the light green shade of the Algeroba—this was framed in the sashes on one side of the cupola.

On another side, mountain peaks buried their brows in cloud and wept copiously, so sentimental was the hour of our communion; forests of the juiciest green drank these showers of tears.

Turning again, we saw the sun-burnt hills beyond Palama, and the crisp cones of the small volcanoes, and more sea, and then the exquisite outline of the Waianae mountains, of a warm, dusty purple, and with a film of diffused rainbows floating in the middle distance.

Has not the poet sung of Waianae :

“No sound is on the shore
Save reef-bound breakers roar,
Or distant boatman’s song, or sea birds cry;
And hushed the inland bay,
In stillness far away,
Like phantoms rise the hills of Waianae.”

There was but one window left; it opened upon a sea stretching to the horizon, and mingling with the sky, a shore fringed with tapering masts, and crested, sentinel palms; and beneath us the city submerged in billowy foliage through which the wind stirred in gusts and eddies.

We wondered where we were and in what season, and then, after a diligent study of globes and calendars, we laughed to scorn the amateur geographers who vainly confound us with Tahiti, or sweep us away toward New Guinea or the uttermost parts.

The fact is, following our air line due east from the hotel cupola, we trip on the tail of Lower California, plunge through the heart of Mexico into the Caribbean Sea, dash across Cuba, and are lost in the Atlantic; westward, we plough the solitary sea crossing the track of Laputa, the "Flying Island," just escape Luggnagg, and more is the pity, for "the Luggnaggers are a polite and generous people," says Gulliver; we see Hongkong, Calcutta, Mecca, and, beyond the Red sea, the Nile waters and the measureless sands of the Sahara.

And then we hold our breath for a moment when we think how far above us and below us rolls the everlasting deep from pole to pole.

The evening and the morning were the first day, and the first experience was ended—an experience bound in green and gold, the green of the grassy hills, and the gold of the sun-lit sea. We had monopolized the cupola to the despair of those guests who fly to it as to a haven of rest; but there was no further thought of monopoly in our minds, for the afterglow was overwhelming, and already from the cool corridors of the caravansary—a caravansary that in its architecture reminds one of Singapore—sweetly and silently ascended the incense of the evening meal.

I V.

The cocoa, with its crest of spears,
Stands sentry 'round the crescent shore,
The algeroba bent with years,
Keeps watch beside the lanai door.
The cool winds fan the mango's cheek,
The mynah flits from tree to tree,
And zephyrs to the roses speak
Their sweetest words at Waikiki.



Papaya Tree

Like truant children of the deep
Escaped behind a coral wall,
The lisping wavelets laugh and leap,
Nor heed old ocean's stern recall.
All day they frolic with the sands,
Kiss pink-lipped shells in wanton glee,
Make windrows with their patting hands,
And singing, sleep at Waikiki.

O Waikiki! O scene of peace!
O home of beauty and of dreams!
No haven in the Isles of Greece
Can chord the harp to sweeter themes;
For houris haunt the broad lanais,
While scented zephyrs cool the lea,
And, looking down from sunset skies,
The angels smile on Waikiki.

—*Rollin M. Daggett.*

We take our turns in the hammock devising plans for the day; there is nothing so easy in life as to swing, thus measuring off the hours in luxurious and rhythmical vibrations. The hammock has its vicissitudes; sometimes it is a pale invalid who retires into it as into a chrysalis, and is rocked to and fro in the wind; then the sympathetic and sociable gather about it, and subject the patient to the smoke cure—of course “by special command”—or the mint-julep cure, or to bits of frivolous converse thrown in between a matinee-reception-concert at the Princess Regent's, or a band-night at Emma Square. Sometimes a bewildered guest from the Colonies, or elsewhere, rolls into it and sleeps with all his might and main; sometimes a whole row of children trail their slim legs over the side of it, which is all that saves them from being compared to peas in a pod.

The breeze blows fresh from the mountains, the health-giving trade wind; we can look right up the green glade which is the gateway to Mount Tantalus and see the clouds torn to shreds across

the wooded highlands; we can watch the mango trees where the mangoes hang like bronze plummet, and the monkey-pods in bloom, their tops resembling terraced gardens; now and again, the *Kamani* sheds a huge leaf as big as a beefsteak, and as red as a raw one; but what are these splashes of color to the *Ponciana Regia*? It is a conflagration!

The *Bugainvillæa*, a cataract of magenta blossoms that look like artificial leaves just out of a chemical bath, obtrudes itself at intervals; it is the only crude bit of color in a landscape where the majority of the trees are colossal boquets at one season or another.

The Hibiscus is aglow with flowers of flame the whole year round, and the land is overrun with brilliant creepers even to the eaves of the hotel, where the birds quarrel and call noisily from dawn to dusk.

Thus we lounge in a land where all mankind lounges a portion of the day; where it is not considered indelicate for a merchant to pose in the midst of his merchandise guiltless of coat or vest, for his respectability is established beyond question, and his bank account a patent fact; where ladies drive in morning *en deshabelle*, and shop on the curb-stone without alighting from their carriages, and where any of them may pay an evening call unbonneted and unattended.

But what should we do to be saved from shameless indolence? First ride or drive to the beach and bathe in a sea that rolls up warm from the Equator. We can go *en masse* in the 'bus,* or we can foot it if we are touched with the pedestrian craze, for three miles even in this climate are not too many for an appetizer.

One may plunge for hours in the reef-girdled lagoon at Waikiki

* The primitive 'bus is now supplanted by a street railroad.

without fear of taking a chill; there are bathing suits there, and canoes, and a long easy swell on which to undulate; and there is the Park to ride or drive in, and the beautiful highways and the more beautiful byways between the Park and the Town, where every sense is gratified at the self-same moment. It is a delicious life we lead at Waikiki; those that dwell there habitually know the range of its possibilities; they drift toward at a convenient hour pleading business engagements. The town, the business portion of it, runs like a mechanical piano, and if you will only give it time, some one or another will wind it up, and then it will play its pretty chorus of summer toil as gaily as if it were so many bars out of a light Opera; a jingle of musical coin that is kept up till 5 p. m., when all at once it shuts up or runs down, and life at the beach really begins.

It begins with a sunset across a tropic sea, and a twilight that seems longer than common in this vicinity; sometimes there are shadowy ships in this twilight, and there are always canoes enough afloat to make one wish to quote the easy lines about "autumnal leaves" and "brooks in Valombrosa."

Then comes dinner, and then moonlight and music on sea and shore, and naked fishermen bearing aloft huge torches that gild their bronze brown bodies; and bathers under the stars, and torch-light fishing with trusty retainers beyond the silvery surf.

So end the evenings and the mornings of days that are much alike; but not for worlds would we vary them, especially such nights as these, when the moon is an opal and the stars emeralds, and the whole wonderful picture of Earth, Sea and Sky is done in seventeen shades of green!

V.

“We have had enough of action, and of motion ; we
 Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge was seething free,
 Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-fountains in the sea.

Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind
 In the hollow Lotus-land to live and lie reclined,
 On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind.”

—Tennyson.

Every new arrival in Honolulu goes to the *Pali*, at the top of Nuuanu Valley, as soon as the excursion can be arranged; even the through passengers by the Australian boats, who are but six hours in port, secure carriages or horses, and at once set forth rejoicing, for the prospect from the *Pali*—the precipice—is superb, and the round trip can be made for a few dollars, and leisurely enough in three or four hours.

There are carriages for the accommodation of three people; wagonettes that seat a half dozen, and a big coach and four for larger parties, and these may be telephoned for at a moment's notice from the office of the Hotel.

Some of us went on wheels and some in saddles. Corkscrews and sandwiches were not forgotten; nor field-glasses, the most indispensable of all.

The way lies through shady avenues, between residences that stand in the midst of broad lawns and among foliage of the most brilliant description. An infinite variety of palms and tropical plants, with leaves of enormous circumference, diversify the landscape.



Garden at Moanalua

NUUANU AVENUE.

We pass the long line of villas on Nuuanu Avenue; cross the bridge where sudden freshets sometimes sweep like tidal waves from the mountains to the sea; pass trim gardens that resemble Japanese landscapes, by native artists, and neglected gardens that are like jungles of cacti and bamboo; pass the gray walled cemeteries with their clusters of funereal cypresses, and the Royal Mausoleum where the tall *Kahilis*—those emblems of savage royalty—still stand with bedraggled feathers in memory of the late Princess Keelikolani, the last of the Kamehamehas;* pass the Chinese tea-houses by the way side, and the kalo patches and plantations of bananas and the summer palace of Dowager Queen Emma with its stately white columns shining in the grove, and finally the grimy walls of a forgotten palace of an almost forgotten King.

Thus having quit the town we slowly ascend the cool, green valley where the rapid streams gurgle in the long grass by the road-side, and the valley walls grow high and steep and close; where the convolvulus tumbles a cataract of blossoms at our feet and creepers go mad and swamp a whole forest under billows of green; where there are leafy hammocks to swing in, and leafy towers to climb in, and leafy dungeons to bury one's self out of sight in. We drink copious draughts of delicious mountain water;

* The "emblems of savage royalty" spoken of above long since gave place to others in honor of the late Queen Emma, widow of Kamehameha the Fourth; and these in turn were replaced by *Kahilis* in honor of Princess Likelike, mother of the present Heir Apparent, Princess Kaiulani (whose likeness appears in our illustrated title-page), and sister of the late King Kalakaua, in whose honor the "tall *Kahilis*" now stand at the Royal Mausoleum in the beautiful and romantic Nuuanu Cemetery.

we rejoice mightily ; even a shower of shining rain doesn't dampen our ardor—no one seems to heed it here.

Under the shadow of a great rock we camp, and then climb the little rise to the brow of the precipice, and look over into the other world. For a long time we are silent. I don't believe people ever talk much here; in the first place, if you open your mouth too wide you can't shut it again without getting under the lee of something—the wind blows so hard. But who wants to talk when he is perched on the back-bone of an island with fifteen hundred feet of space beneath him, and the birds swimming about in it liked winged fish in a transparent sea?

And Oh, the silent land beyond the heights, with the long, long, winding, rocky stairway leading down into it! No sound ever comes from that beautiful land, not even from the marvelously blue sea that noiselessly piles its breakers upon the shore like swan's-down.

A great mountain wall divides this side of Oahu into about equal parts; it is half in sunshine and half in shade. On the one hand is the metropolis, on the other semi-solitude and peace. Peace! a visible, tangible peace, with winding roads in it, and patches of bright sugar cane, and wee villages and palm trees upon the distant shore; it is picturesque in form and delicious in color; something to look at in awe and wonderment and to turn from at last with a doubt of its reality.

Microscopic pilgrims toil up the long stairway—fugitives from the mysterious land down yonder; we are almost surprised to find that they are human, like ourselves. While some come back to us from the tour of this newly discovered country, others are going thither—passing down into the silence and the serenity of the enchanting distance, and becoming as ghosts in dream-land. The havenward vista is glorious. The harbor as seen from the *Pali*

reminds one of the Vesuvian bay, and the golden-crested combers play like sheet lightning upon the surf. What a pilgrimage it is and who that has made it will ever forget it ?

VI.

"Muse of the many twinkling feet, whose charms
Are now extended up from legs to arms ;
Terpsichore !—too long misdeemed a maid—
Reproachful term—bestowed but to upbraid—
Henceforth in all the bronze of brightness shine,
The least a vestal of the Virgin Nine,"

—Byron.

The most characteristic feature of Hawaiian life, commonly known as a relic of barbarism, is still to be seen in the capital of the Kingdom, though it is usually under cover.

It is the Hula-Hula, the national dance, and it may be obtained in quantities to suit within a stone's throw of the Hotel ; it is the spontaneous production of the populous and prolific soil that lies round about that extraordinary settlement known in Honolulu as the Mosquito Fleet.

The origin of the name which will long be associated with a very central, yet very secret quarter of Honolulu is this: In the beginning was the Kalo-patch—Kalo is pronounced as if it were spelled *taro* ; nothing can be prettier than a well kept Kalo-patch ; a lake full of deflowered calla-lilies might resemble it ; when seen from a little distance, and especially from a height, a disk of burnished silver, across which green enameled arrow-headed leaves in high relief are set in lozenge pattern, could not be more attractive ; but the trail of the mosquito is over them all.

There was a time when the narrow paths that ran between the Kalo-patches in the quarter of which I write, led from one grass house to another; grass houses, like mushrooms, cropped up almost anywhere, but especially beside still waters, and so it came to pass that a little village, a toy Venice, sat watching its reflection in the unruffled like waters of the Kalo-patches and the voice of the multitudinous mosquito in the vicinity was like a chorus of buzz saws; the place was known to Jack-a-shore as the Mosquito Fleet, and therein his feet went astray with alacrity.

The Kalo was long since pulled and beaten and eaten in fistsfull of succulent poi; the patches have been filled in and sodded over, and the grass houses have given place to miserable wooden shanties, but the original crookedness of the lane that led to destruction is preserved.

We made our accidental entrance on one occasion, and traversed what seemed to be a *cul-de-sac*; at the last moment we were shifted as if by magic into a passage hardly broader than our shoulders, and but twenty paces long; all at once a diminutive village sprung up about us; we felt like discoverers and wandered jubilantly about among houses with strips of gardens nestling between them, and all of these fitted together like the bits of a Chinese puzzle. Now it was quite impossible to be certain of anything, for the lane, which seemed without beginning and without end, turned unexpected corners with bewildering frequency, and, though we succeeded in threading the perilous mazes, the wonder was that we didn't stumble into windows that unexpectedly opened upon us, and through doors that aptly blocked the way. We met no one in that narrow path; had we done so, one or the other must needs have backed out, or vaulted the fence beyond which it were not seemly to penetrate.



Taro Plant



Making Poi, Suburbs of Honolulu.

There was music, as there always is music where two or three natives are gathered together ; a chant, half nasal, half guttural, such as the mud wasp makes in his cell, relieved by the boom of the agitated calabash, and the clang of the heavy feet upon the floor.

It was the Hula-Kui, the dance of the athletes, immensely popular to-day, but in reality the revival of a very ancient dance, in which the participants rival one another in vigorous posturing and graceful and expressive gesticulation.

* * * *

The veritable Hula-Hula was to follow. There was a murmur of admiration as a band of beautiful girls, covered with wreaths of flowers and vines, entered and seated themselves before us. While the musicians beat an introductory overture on the tom-toms, the dancers proceeded to bind shawls or scarfs about their waists turban-fashion. They sat in a line facing us, elbow to elbow. Their upper garments were of the airiest description ; their bosoms were scarcely hidden by the necklace of jasmine that rested upon them.

Then the master of the ceremonies, who sat, gray-headed and wrinkled, at one end of the room, threw back his head and uttered a long, wild and shrill guttural—a kind of invocation to the goddess of the dance. When this clarion cry had ended, the dance began, all joining in it with wonderful rhythm, the body swaying slowly backward and forward, to left and right ; the arms tossing, or rather waving in the air above the head ; now beckoning some spirit of light, so tender and seductive were the emotions of the dancers, so graceful and free the movements of the wrists ; and anon, with violence and fear they seemed to repulse a host of devils that hovered invisibly about them.

The spectators watched and listened breathlessly, fascinated by the terrible wildness of the song, and the monotonous thrumming of the accompaniment. Presently the excitement increased; swifter and more wildly the bare arms beat the air, embracing as it were, the airy forms that haunted the dancers who now rose to their knees and with astonishing agility, caused the clumsy draperies about their loins to quiver with an undulatory motion, increasing or decreasing in violence, according to the sentiment of the song, and the enthusiasm of the spectators.

The room whirled with the reeling dancers, who seemed each encircled with a living serpent in the act of swallowing big lumps of something from his throat clean to the tip of his tail, and these convulsions continued till the hysterical dancers staggered and fell to the floor, overcome by unutterable fatigue.

Meanwhile, windows and doors were packed full of strange, wild faces, and the frequent police gently soothed the clamoring populace without, who, having eyes saw not—which is probably the acme of aggravation.

VII.

“O hundred shores of happy clime,
 How swiftly steam'd ye by the bark !
 At times the whole sea burned, at times
 With wakes of fire we tore the dark ;
 At times a carven craft would shoot
 From havens hid in fairy bowers,
 With naked limbs and flowers and fruit,
 But we nor paused for fruit nor flowers.”

—*Tennyson.*

Every Tuesday, at 5 p. m., a steamer leaves Honolulu for the windward islands of the group, chief of which is Hawaii, with its fountain of everlasting fire.

The once famous craft, the *Like Like*, has given place to a more commodious steamer, the *Kinau*. On the *Like Like*, passengers who preferred balmy sea-breezes to the air of the cabin, were wont to camp out on deck, where the mirth and minstrelsy of the Hawaiians made night a novelty. The *Kinau* has staterooms for the accommodation of those who love privacy, and moreover, being a fast boat, she has shortened the short trip to Hawaii by some hours; it can be made easily in four and twenty.

In the twilight, after leaving Honolulu, we are in the middle sea between two islands that float like rosy clouds on the horizon.

About 9 p. m., we pass Molokai, the mysterious land whither are banished the unfortunate lepers. Then there is another channel, and beyond it three islands, Maui, Lanai and Kahoolau; at the former we touch, before midnight, dropping anchor off Lahaina. Lahaina is a little slice of civilization beached on the shore of barbarism; a charming, drowsy and dreamy village with one broad street; a street with but one side to it, for the sea laps over the sloping sands on its lower edge, and the sun sets right in the face of the citizens just as they are going to supper.

It is true that there are two or three long and narrow lanes overhung with a green roof of leaves, and there are summer houses with hammocks pitched close upon the white edge of the shore—but all this we see as through a glass, darkly, for the *Kinau* tarries but an hour in the roadstead and the moonlight, when we trip anchor and hasten on our voyage.

This souvenir of one of the prettiest and most tropical corners in the Kingdom, once the capital of the Kingdom

and the favorite of the Kamehamehas, we bring away with us :

LAHAINA.

Where the wave tumbles ;
 Where the reef rumbles ;
 Where the sea sweeps
 Under bending palm branches,
 Sliding its snow-white
 And swift avalanches :
 Where the sails pass
 O'er an ocean of glass,
 Or trail their dull anchors
 Down in the sea-grass.

Where the hills smoulder ;
 Where the plains smoke ;
 Where the peaks shoulder
 The clouds like a yoke ;
 Where the dear isle
 Has a charm to beguile,
 As she lies in the lap
 Of the seas that enfold her.
 Where shadows falter ;
 Where the mist hovers
 Like steam that covers
 Some ancient altar.

Where the sky rests
 On deep wooded crests ;
 Where the clouds lag :
 Where the sun floats
 His glittering moats,
 Swimming the rainbows
 That girdle the crag.

Where the new comer
 In deathless summer
 Dreams away troubles ;
 Where the grape blossoms
 And blows its sweet bubbles ;





Banana Plant.

Where the goats cry
From the hill side corral ;
Where the fish leaps
In the weedy canal—
In the shallow lagoon
With its waters forsaken ;
Where the dawn struggles
With night for an hour,
Then breaks like a tropical
Bird from its bower.

Where from the long leaves
The fresh dew is shaken ;
Where the wind sleeps
And where the birds waken !

An hour later we pause at Maalaea, and feel the spray and the sand blown from off the windy isthmus of Maui. At dawn, we reach Makena, the port of that paradise in mid-air, Ulupalakua,—“Ripe bread-fruit for the gods”—two-thousand feet above us; then another channel, the last, is crossed, and early in the day we hug the shores of Hawaii, running in and out, dropping passengers and freight and live stock—the latter are dropped into the sea—and so we are afforded an agreeable variety in a voyage which is too brief to be monotonous. The weather-side of the giant island is a series of magnificent precipices, that in many cases overhang the sea, and until we reach Hilo, our port of destination, we cannot withdraw from the splendid coastline our fascinated gaze.

Rich and radiant valleys are folded in between those verdant heights. Between Hilo and the valley of Waipio, a distance of less than sixty miles, there are ninety-two ravines, each with its torrent rushing downward to the sea, many of them with waterfalls, and one of these waterfalls, in the Waipio valley, makes a sheer leap of 1,700 feet from the clouds into a forest of bread-fruit trees.

Most of the seaward precipices are from 1,000 to 1,500 feet in height, and from all of these, after every shower, descend innumerable streams ; it is a veritable realization of the Lotus-eaters' dream :

“ In the afternoon they came unto a land,
In which it seemed always afternoon.
All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
Full faced above the valley stood the moon,
And like a downward smoke, the slender stream
Along the cliff to fall, and pause, and fall did seem.

A land of streams! Some like a downward smoke,
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go ;
And some through wavering lights and shadows broke,
Rolling a slumberous sheet of foam below.
They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
From the inner land ; far off, three mountain tops,
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
Stood sunset flushed ; and dewed with showery drops,
Up clomb the shadowy palm above the woven copse.”

—*Tennyson.*



W. H. W. ENG S.F.

Banana Grove

VIII.

“ See how the tall palms lift their locks
From mountain clefts—what vales,
Basking beneath the noontide sun,
That high and hotly sails !

Yet all about the breezy shore,
Unheedful of the glow,
Look how the children of the South
Are passing to and fro !

What noble forms ! What fairy place !
Cast anchor in this cove,
Push out the boat, for in this land
A little we must rove !”

—*William Howitt.*

Hilo is a cluster of summer houses hidden among palms and bread-fruit trees, where the rain is said to fall perpetually ; perhaps it is for this reason that Hilo is the most tropical in appearance, as it is certainly the most beautiful of Hawaiian hamlets.

What a shore it has ! A crescent with a row of houses facing it, where the tenants seem to have little else to do than

“ To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
The tender curving lines of creamy spray.”

We find other occupation, for there are delightful drives in the vicinity ; to Cocoa-nut Island, to the Rainbow Waterfalls, to the neighboring heights where the best view of the coast is obtained—and a marvelous view it is ; and also to the last lava-flow, a spectacle of surpassing interest.

No where else in the world are there such lava fields, so easily approached, so varied, so extensive. In 1880, a volcanic wound was opened in the flank of Mauna Loa, and for nine months a river of red-hot lava flowed steadily toward the sea. Most of the time one might have walked in front of it, its progress was so slow. About the camps of visitors the air quivered with the heat of the all-devouring flood, and the glare of burning forests through which it ploughed, made night perpetual day.

At that time, Hilo was in imminent danger, and the inhabitants were preparing for flight, when the flow ceased almost upon the edge of the town. The more superstitious natives believe that Hilo was spared through the intercession or by the command of the late Princess Keelikolani, who, with her people, made a pilgrimage to the lava stream, and, having paid a tribute of propitiatory offerings to *Pele*, the Goddess of the Volcano, the stream was suddenly stayed after having flowed a distance of nearly fifty miles; a single house was destroyed and no lives were lost, but the iron waves of that fearful flood remain to mark its course forever.

Hilo is a place of rest; there are excellent accommodations for those who wish to tarry in a spot where the inhabitants lead a kind of dream-life, and where the chief event of the week is the arrival of the steamer from Honolulu with a budget of news from the outer world.



Coconut Island, Hawaii.

IX.

“ We'll wander on through wood and field,
We'll sit beneath the vine ;
We'll drink the limpid cocoa-milk,
And pluck the native pine.

The bread-fruit and cassava-root,
And many a glowing berry,
Shall be our feast ; for here, at least,
Why should we not be merry !”

Wm. Howitt.

It is a fact, that the thirty mile horse-back ride from Hilo to the crater of Kilauea is not as comfortable as it might be under other circumstances ; that the trail is not the best in the world, nor the horses either ; and that it rains at intervals on the road ; but water-proofs are obtainable, one may lodge at a half-way house, and thus break the journey into two easy stages, and, as for the object of the pilgrimage, does it not well repay one for some little privation and fatigue?*

We stop over at the Half-way House for the sake of an experience ; it is not on every day that one finds an excuse for looking into the inner life of the gentle Hawaiian, so we order supper, and secretly take notes during the preparation thereof.

In turning over my journals, I find the record of a night spent under a grass roof, and I give it as the faithful picture of an episode I would not willingly forget.

* This was in 1885 ; there is now a well made carriage road the greater part of the way, between Hilo and Volcano House at Kilauea. There is also excellent hotel accommodation at the Volcano.

It is the close of day, and of a long day in a hard saddle ; I am literally famishing, and my mule is already up to his ears in water cress ; but I have ridden, and he has carried me—How just, O Mother Nature, are thy judgments !

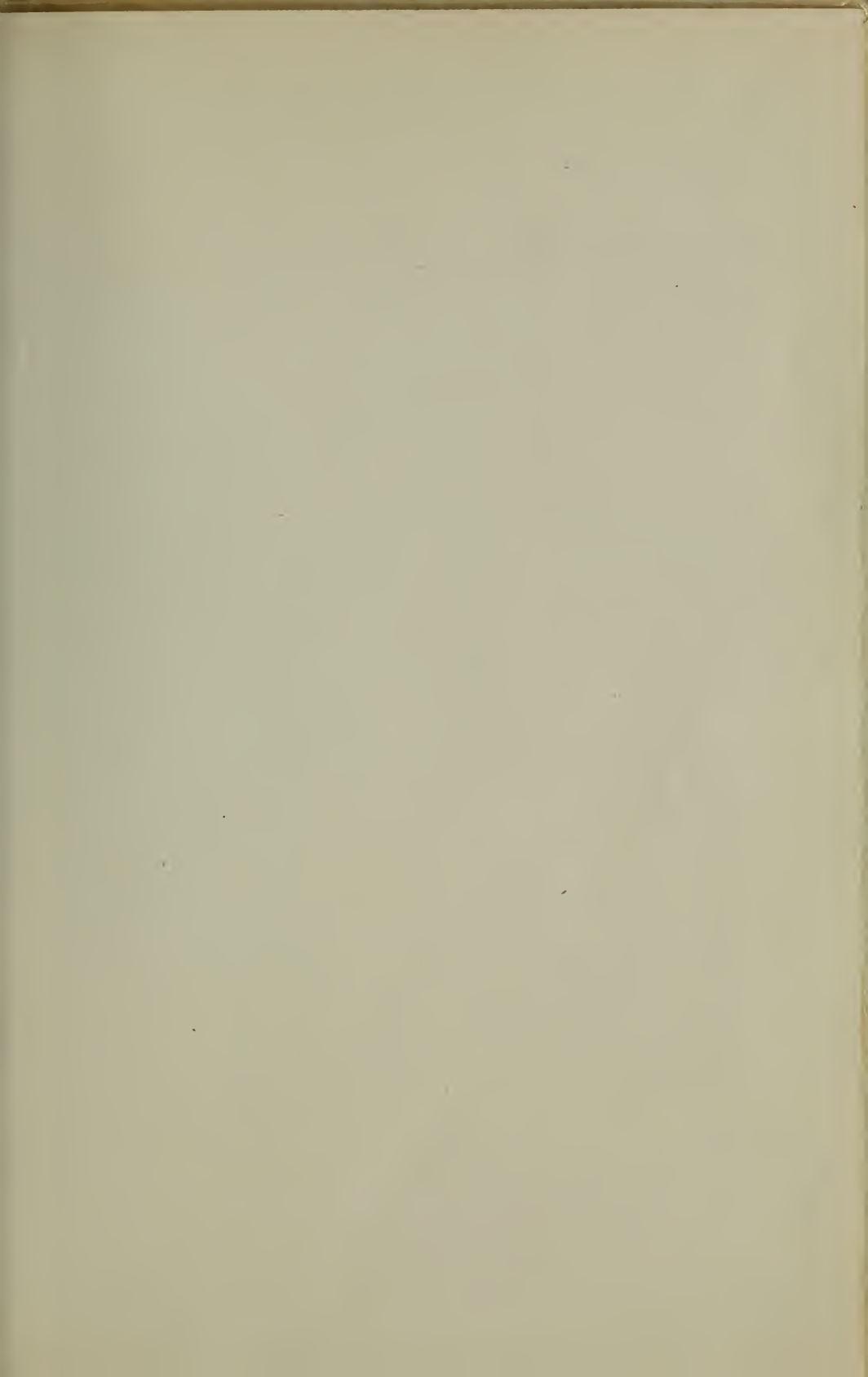
With the superb poses of a trained athlete, my native swings a fowl by the neck, and very shortly it is plucked and potted, together with certain vegetables of the proper affinities. Then he swathes a fish in succulent leaves, and buries it in hot ashes ; and then he smokes his peace-pipe. Pipe no sooner lighted, than mouths mysteriously gather—five, ten, a dozen of them, magically assemble at the smell of smoke, and take their turn at the curled shell, with a hollow stalk for a mouth-piece.

Dinner at last. O, fish, fruit, and fowl on a mat, on a floor, in a grass hut at evening ! How excellent are these—Amen.

Night ; supper over ; some one twanging upon a stringed instrument of rude native origin. Gossip lags, but darkness and silence and a cigarette are agreeable substitutes.

My native rises haughtily, and lights a lamp that looks very like a diminutive coffee pot with a great flame in the nose of it ; he hangs it against a beam, already blackened with smoke, to the peak of the roof. Again, the peace-pipe sweeps the home circle, and is passed out to the mouths of the neighborhood.

The spirit of repose descends upon us ; one by one my dusky fellows roll themselves into mummy-like bundles, and lie in a solemn row along the side of the room, sleeping. I, also, will sleep ; a great bark-cloth (kapa) that rattles as if it had received seven starchings, is all mine for a covering. I lie with my eyes to the roof, and count the beams that look like an arbor. What





Wailua Falls, Kauai.

is it I see as large as my thumb, cased in brown armor? A cockroach! a melancholy procession of cockroaches passing from one side of the hut, over the roof, with their backs downward, and descending on the other side by the beams—a hundred of them, or perhaps a thousand—"The cry is 'still they come!'" Ha! put out the coffee pot, for these sights are horrible.

Now I will sleep with my face under the kapa, and in an atmosphere of cocoa-nut oil, relieved at intervals by the sulphurous spurt of a match; I do sleep, and find it in spite of every thing highly refreshing.

X.

" An ocean planet, rounded by a glory,
The billowy glory of the great Pacific,
Withdrawn in spheres remote of rolling blue.

An island, central, with inferior groupings,
Like Jupiter, in the cerulean distance,
Magnificent among his circling moons.

* * *

The heavy mango droops, the slim palm towers,
By inter-tropical shores ; gleam silver summits
(Through wind-clouds) Arctic with eternal frost.

Crowned with the vast white dome of Mauna Loa,
Escarpments rich with the pandanus, ravines,
Cascades and rainbows, form thy globular shell.

A hollow globe ; beneath the snow, the verdure,
The ambient ocean, live, primordial fires,
Which have created, dwell—and may destroy.

* * *

Hush ! hence the theme ! 'Tis torrid noon with freshness
On lake and waterfall, soft vowels and laughter
From brown amphibious girls in Eden's guise.

And as I gaze and write, glorious Hawaii !
I see no terror in thy soaring beauty,
Thy sky of lazuli and sapphire sea."

—*William Gibson.*

The Volcano House is situated upon the brink of the crater of Kilauea, 4,440 feet above sea level. The climate at that altitude is very cool and bracing ; the accommodations all that can be expected or desired. Even if one were not to descend





ANTON ENG.S.F.

Lauhala Road to Volcano of Kilauea



Diamond Head and Native Boatman.

into the crater, 900 feet below, he would still be well repaid for the fatigue of his journey, by the glimpse of that lake of fire as seen from the Volcano House at night.

A zig-zag trail about three-quarters of a mile in length, leads from the lip of the crater to the lava beds below. A guide is with us, who, at intervals, strikes the lava with his staff, sounding it as one sounds ice to test its safety, and the lava field looks not unlike an ice field thickly powdered with coal dust.

Where we now pass was once a seething sea of fire ; it is a thick crust of congealed lava that supports us, and beneath it is imprisoned the molten mass which at times spouts forth its terrific fountains of fire ; in the eruption of 1880, lava streams were jetted hundreds of feet into the air.

All the possible dangers attending the descent into Kilauea are forgotten in the intoxicating excitement that possesses us. The crevasses we leap ; the tunnels and blow-holes, through which we look into fiery furnaces seven times heated ; the vapors that at intervals envelop us ; the hot brink of the lake of living lava, where waves of liquid fire dash upon the shore, and the thin edges of the waves are spun into threads finer than finest silk, and are then wafted away in the breeze ; the rumblings and subterranean commotions that at times seem to threaten total annihilation—all these have no terrors for us while we are in the midst of them. But at night, when the canopy of vapor, that always hangs above that *inferno*, is like a cloud on fire, and perpetual lightnings play upon the surface of the burning lake, we shudder with thinking of the dangers we have passed, and wonder that we were not consumed when we were in the midst of these merciless engines of destruction.

The great crater of Kilauea is nine miles in circumference ; in

one corner of it is *Halemaumau*—the house of everlasting fire. No where else within the knowledge of mankind is there a living crater to be compared with it. Vesuvius and *Ætna* are certainly unworthy. Moreover, there is no crater which can be entered, by reason of its peculiar conformation, and explored with ease and comparative safety save Kilauea alone. There have been a few narrow escapes, but no accidents, and it is needless to add that no description can give any one an adequate idea of the incomparable splendor of the scene.

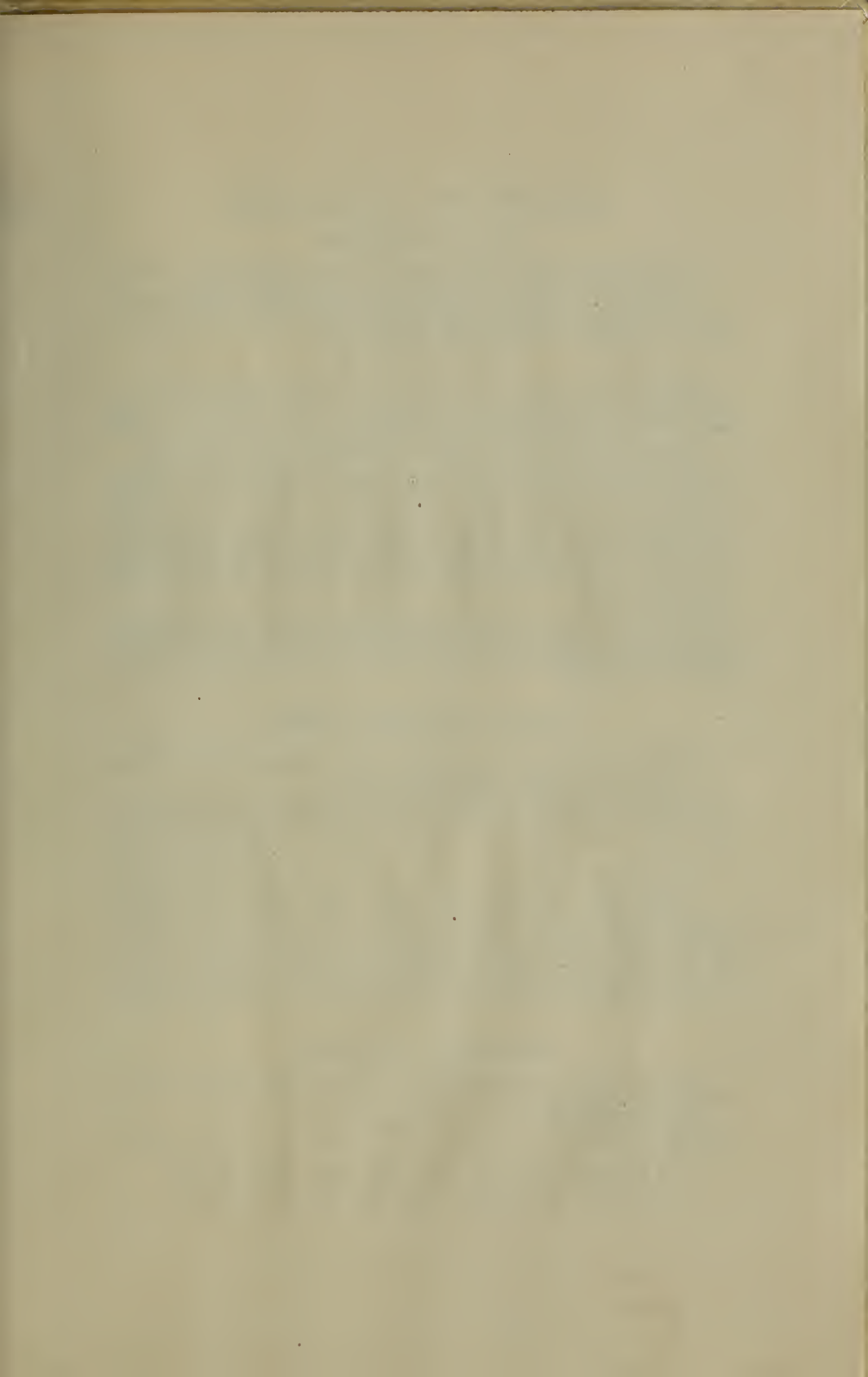
The return from Kilauea may be made through other portions of Hawaii, by the steamer *Planter* and others ; an itinerary is not practicable at this moment, but as, by reason of its infinite variety of scenery and climate, the Hawaiian Group is destined to become one of the most popular resorts of the tourist, new ways will be opened, and new prospects brought within the reach of all.

The Hawaiian Islands have been called the gems of the Pacific, and it is true, that those who have once visited them, bring away a memory as flattering as it is unfading, of the most romantic island Kingdom in the world, a solitary group in a serene sea, where the summer is fragrant and perpetual.

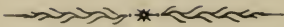
“How very fair they must have seemed,
When first they darkened on the deep !
Like all the wandering seaman dreamed,
When land rose lovely on his sleep.

How many dreams they turned to truth,
When first they met the sailor's eye ?
Green with the sweet earth's southern youth,
And azure with her southern sky.

—L. E. L.



TOURS BY WAY OF THE PACIFIC.



A few specimen tours, covering some of the most popular routes, are given below. The tours include the striking points of interest in the Pacific.

Information with regard to the places to be visited given. Itineraries and sailing dates supplied. Second cabin rates will be quoted for tours 2, 3, 4, on application. Write us if you contemplate an ocean trip.

[Rates Subject to Change.]

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This attractive excursion ticket has been placed on sale covering the following points: San Francisco, Papeete, Tahiti, Samoa, Auckland, New Zealand, Honolulu, Hawaii, allowing stop overs *en route*.....\$335.

Tahiti, "The Garden of the Pacific." The soil of this land is highly productive, along the roadsides mango trees grow, the fruit of which is common property. There is a well-paved driveway winding round the island, bringing to view an enchanting panorama; everywhere rich, luxuriant flora meets the eye. The climate is all that could be wished, no hurricanes visit the island and its harbors are safe and pleasant. The Tahitians have preserved their gentle native manners; their family ties are strong and affection for their children remarkable.

New Zealand is the Switzerland of the Southern Hemisphere. Its "Southern Alps" are snow capped the year round,—yet not many leagues distant are the ever boiling Hot Lakes, excelling the Yellowstone in abundance and natural wonder. The country is one of smiling landscapes and happy homes, its climate a marvel of perfection for the constitution of the European.

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DESCRIPTIVE PAMPHLETS.

Passengers desirous of informing themselves concerning the countries and places through which they may pass, should obtain the following publications:

"Tahiti," illustrated 10 c.

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A. & A. Line Map of San Francisco and places of interest in California, and "Round the World" folder, free.

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