

THE VICTORIAN VISITORS

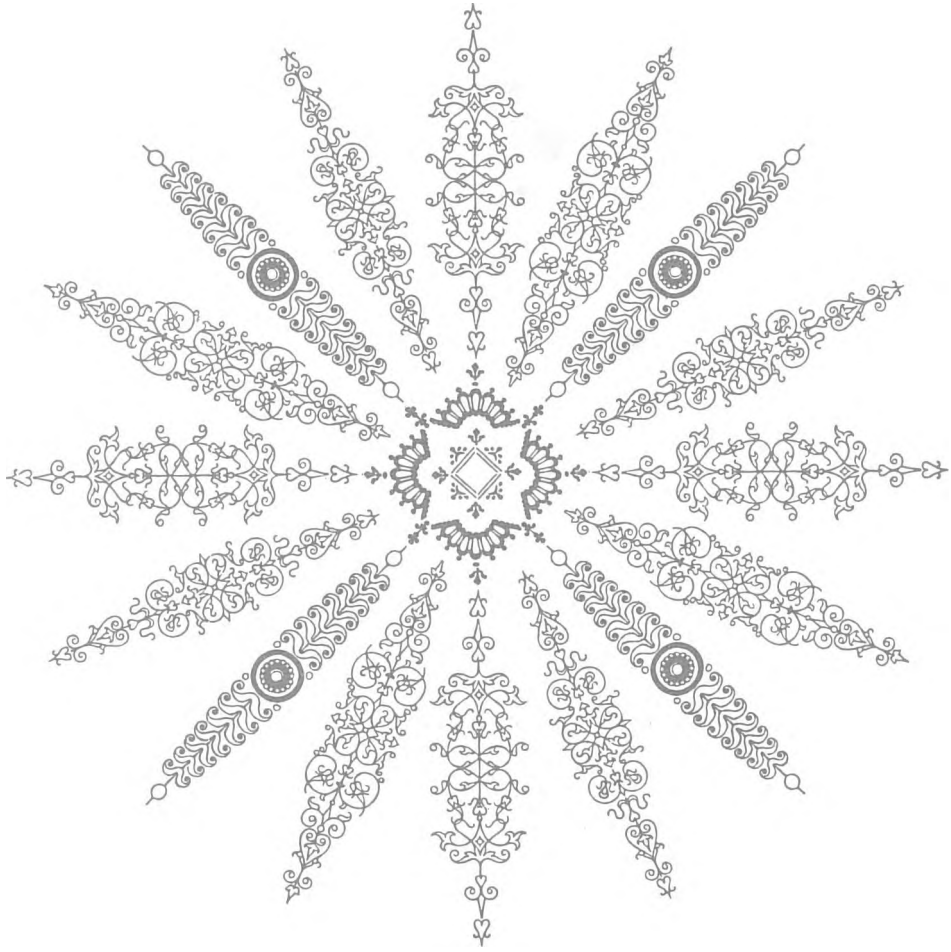
ALFONS L. KORN

 THE VICTORIAN VISITORS 

*An Account of the Hawaiian Kingdom, 1861-1866,
Including the Journal Letters of Sophia Cracroft,
Extracts from the Journals of Lady Franklin,
and Diaries and Letters of Queen Emma of Hawaii*

THE UNIVERSITY OF HAWAII PRESS

Honolulu 1958



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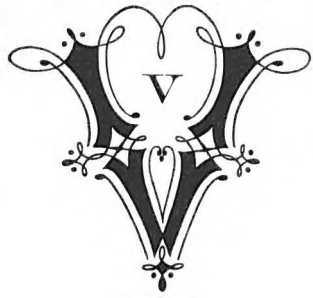
Manufactured in the United States of America

Designed by Kenneth Kingrey

First printing, 1958

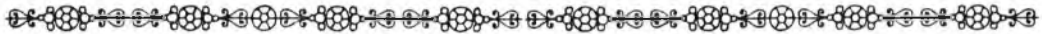
Second printing, December 1969

Library of Congress Catalog Card Number 58-11691



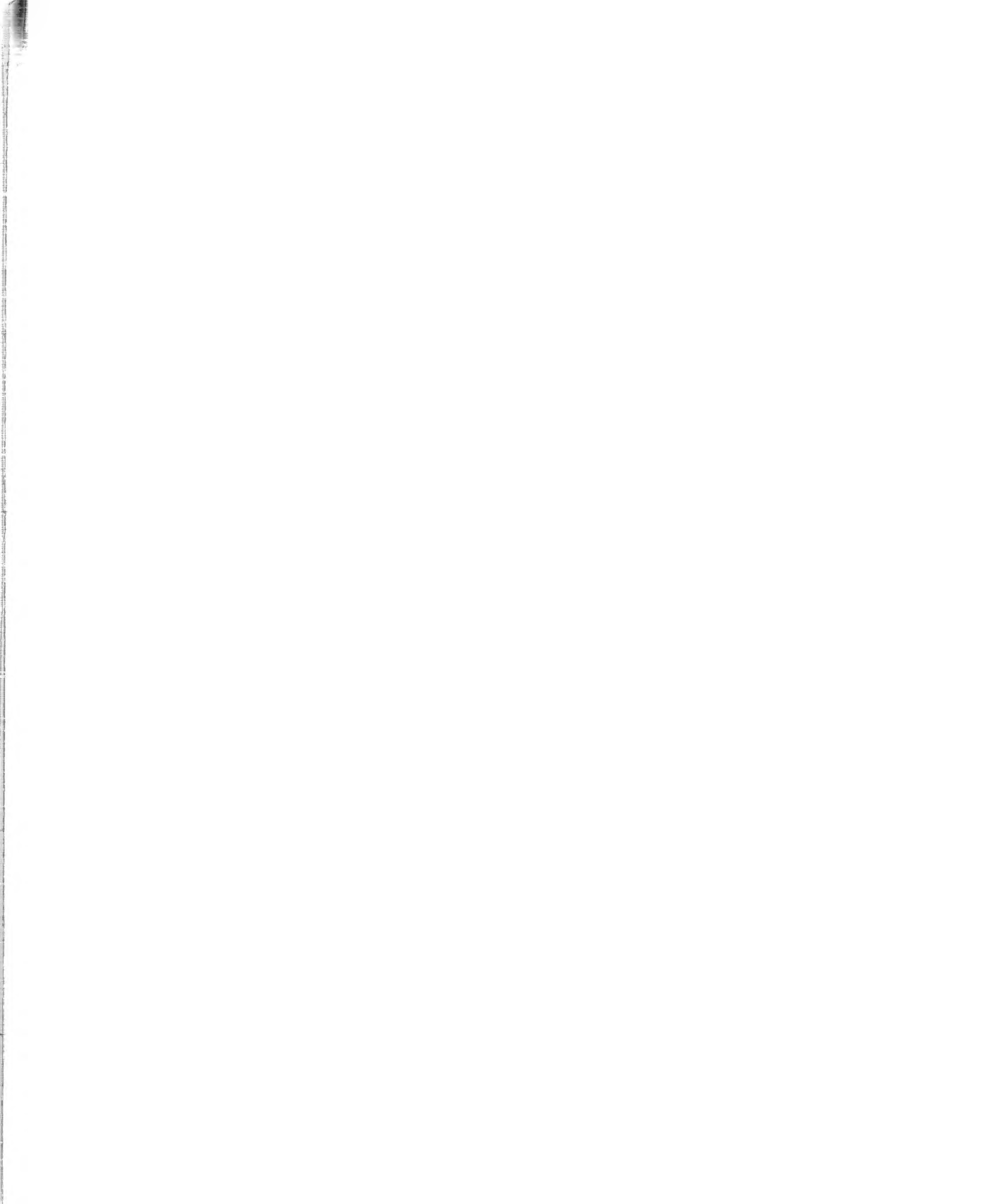


*Elua 'oi o ke ao nei,
O Wikolia ko Lakana,
O Kuini Ema ko Hawaii,
Kohukohu i ka lei kalaunu.
Ha'ina ia mai ka puana
Kaleleonalani he inoa.*



*There are two great women in the world,
Victoria of London
And Queen Emma of Hawaii,
Worthy of wearing crowns.
This concludes my praise
Of the name of Kaleleonalani.*

From *The Song of the Rebel (Lei o ke Kipi)*



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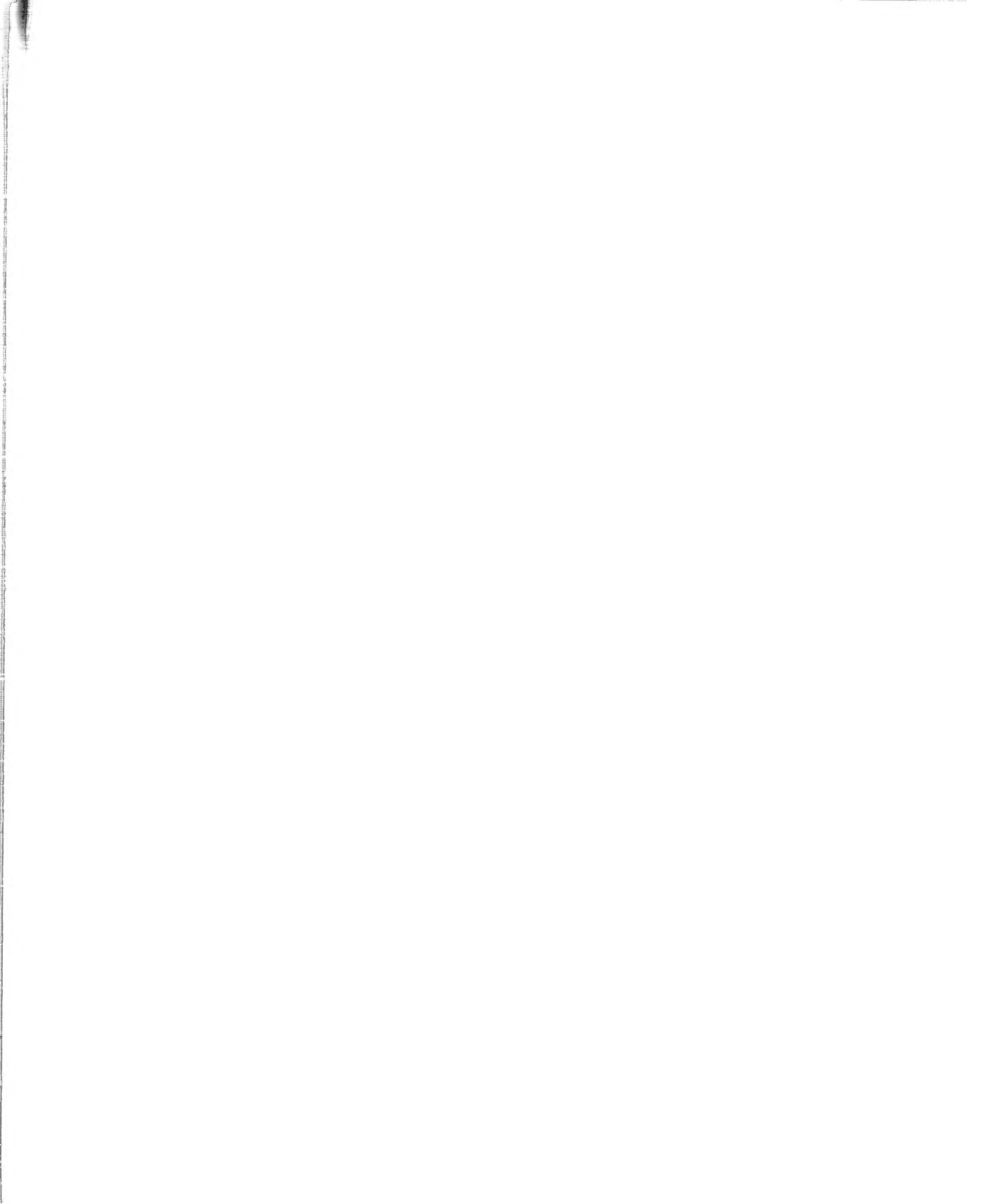
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INTRODUCTION

THE VISITORS

PROMPTLY AT 12:30 O'CLOCK ON THE AFTERNOON OF APRIL 9, 1861, THE CLIPPER bark *Yankee*, carrying cargo, nine passengers, and the first American newspapers announcing the evacuation of Fort Sumter, sailed from San Francisco bound for Honolulu. Among the passengers, most of whom were Americans, were three Englishwomen—Lady Franklin, the elderly widow of Admiral Sir John Franklin; her devoted middle-aged companion, Sophia Cracroft, a niece of the famous Arctic explorer; and Buckland, Lady Franklin's maid, whose other name was Sarah—three visitors to Hawaii from the England of Queen Victoria. On April 20, having been speeded by favorable trade winds, the *Yankee* lay off Oahu. "We made an excellent passage," wrote Miss Cracroft in her first letter from the Sandwich Islands, "reaching the anchorage outside Honolulu on the tenth day, late at night, in splendid moonlight." It had been, on the whole, an uneventful voyage.

At first Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft had planned to remain in Hawaii for no more than a fortnight. But obviously they had not allowed for emergencies and possible delays. Neither had they much considered the insidious effect of Hawaiian hospitality. In any event, their tour through the Hawaiian Kingdom of a hundred years ago stretched to more than two full months—to a total of sixty-six days. Almost half that period the ladies spent in the capital city, Honolulu. Thanks to the native sovereign, King Kamehameha IV, they also enjoyed four weeks as guests of the nation, with all expenses paid, during a sight-seeing trip to Hilo, the volcanic region of Mauna Loa, and the Kona Coast of the Island of Hawaii. Later, as guests of Robert Crichton Wyllie, the chivalrous Scotsman who was Kamehameha IV's minister of foreign relations, they made a second excursion, this time to Wyllie's Princeville Plantation in Hanalei Valley on Kauai.

When Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft sailed on the *Comet* for San Francisco on June 25, 1861, it was therefore with feelings of satisfaction mixed with regret that they waved their farewells to "a country which has taken a firm hold upon our affections as well as our interest." At the moment of parting, they fully believed that they would never forget the group of small subtropical islands in the middle of the Pacific where they had spent two of the most delightful months of their lives. And, in fact, for the next five years, from 1861 to 1866, their enthusiasm persisted. In conversation no less than in letters and journals they often spoke fondly of Hawaii, its scenery and people—"the exquisite sunsets, cocoanut trees and natives' houses . . . the intense blue of the sea, the black coastline with the ever-changing fountains of snowy spray": that gentle land, with its peculiarly civilized "repose" (Miss Cracroft's own word), where native Hawaiians

and foreign settlers alike, including even Yankee missionaries, had welcomed the world travelers with almost royal honors.

Fortunately, Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft each kept records of their Hawaiian experiences. "The Island Kingdom," the first part of this book, is largely made up of the journal letters of Sophia Cracroft written in Hawaii between April and July, 1861, to her family in England. However, in the several introductory sections interspersed among the letters, I have also drawn liberally from the useful but rather disorganized and scrappy Sandwich Islands Journal of Lady Franklin.

In "The Flight of the Chiefs," the second and concluding part, the narrative continues with some of the same persons but in another hemisphere. The Prince of Hawaii, the small son of Kamehameha IV and Queen Emma, is dead; so is his father the King, at the age of twenty-nine, Emma's "dearest Alex," in whom Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft believed they had found "one of the most gifted and remarkable men to be met with anywhere." These, then, were some of the changed circumstances when the widowed Queen Emma, in 1865 and 1866, made a widely publicized tour of England, France, Northern Italy, and Southern Germany. During Emma's London sojourn she visited Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft for a period of about four months at Upper Gore Lodge, Lady Franklin's house in Kensington Gore, a district which in 1865 adjoined the open fields of Hyde Park and still bore traces of its eighteenth-century *rus in urbe* air.

Thus the two parts and their interrelated worlds, the Hawaiian episodes and their English and European aftermath, complement one another. The letters of Sophia Cracroft contain an account of the Hawaiian Islands in 1861 as seen through the eyes of an observant, traveled, sometimes satirical but by no means unromantic and wholly detached English spinster of forty-five. In the later sections, where I have used materials from numerous Hawaiian sources, including recently discovered letters written by Emma in Europe, the English and French scenes are presented at least a part of the time from the point of view of the young Dowager Queen of the Sandwich Islands. In thus juxtaposing the impressions and attitudes of the English gentlewoman in Hawaii and the Hawaiian Queen in England and on the Continent, I did not intend simply to display in obvious relief certain national and racial differences. Sophia Cracroft and Queen Emma were both individuals, and their differences were stronger than race and wider than social background. Indeed, it may well be that their unlikeness lay in some mysterious depth of the feminine character not easily to be explored in a book which is purely historical.

The problem of Lady Franklin is another matter. Her fame as one of the numerous "representative" women of her time seems reasonably secure. By necessity she has figured prominently, as his second wife and devoted widow, in the biographies of her husband; and her own life as revealed in her voluminous journals has been depicted by Frances J. Woodward in a full-scale modern study, *Portrait of Jane*.¹ If the reader is looking for a comprehensive, balanced account of Lady Franklin's larger experience of her century in its entire panoramic scope, and not just the scherzo of the Sandwich Islands visit, he should know Miss Woodward's book. For the important and difficult years when Sir John served as Governor of Van Diemen's Land, with his wife a powerful but complicating influence never very far in the background, the indispensable source is Kathleen Fitzpatrick's *Sir John Franklin in Tasmania, 1837-1843*.² If what is required is a quick capsule of essential information, *The Annual Register* for the year 1875 has special interest inasmuch as its facts were supplied the obituarist by Miss Cracroft herself, who for thirty-five years had never been far from Lady Franklin's side:

Lady Franklin, the widow of the renowned Arctic explorer, died at her house in Phillimore Gardens on July 18, at the age of 83. Jane Franklin was the second daughter of John Griffin and his wife Mary, née Guillemard, whose family took refuge in England after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Her father was by habit a traveller, and this passion for travel descended to his daughter, who accompanied him in his yearly journeys through England and the Continent.

In November 1828 she married Capt. Franklin, and between that date and 1844 she travelled with him in the East, in Van Diemen's Land, to which her husband was appointed governor, and in New Zealand, and was the first lady who travelled overland from Melbourne to Sydney. A few months after their return Sir John was offered the command of the expedition to be sent to the Northwest Passage, and with Her Majesty's ships *Erebus* and *Terror* he left England for the last time on May 18, 1845.

In 1848 the anxiety which prevailed with regard to the expedition led to the formation of the search expeditions conducted by Sir John Richardson and Sir J. C. Ross. After the search by the Government had closed with the return of Sir Edward Belcher's expedition in 1854, the communications made in the same year by the Esquimaux to Dr. Rae, and the relics obtained by him, invested the fate of the expedition with a new character. The Admiralty could not be induced to resume the search, and Lady Franklin fitted out the *Fox* under Capt. (now Admiral Sir Leopold) M'Clintock.

How fully his mission was accomplished is known to all. The early

proceedings of her husband's expedition, the date of his own death, deaths of nine officers and fifteen men, were ascertained on the authority of the record found in King William's Land by Lieut. Hobson, of the *Fox*; and further evidence was obtained of the desperate efforts at escape in which all perished. The *Fox* returned from her Arctic voyage in the autumn of 1859. Lady Franklin was the first and, with one exception, the only woman upon whom the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society was conferred.

Subsequently to 1848, Lady Franklin visited Algeria, Athens, Constantinople, the Crimea, New York, Canada, South America, Vancouver Island, British Columbia, the Sandwich Islands, California, Nevada, Japan, China, Calcutta and Egypt. In her eightieth year she travelled from San Francisco to New York, and visited Chicago and many other places. Her later journeys have been limited to Spain and the South of France, and, in 1871, to Ober Ammergau.

Throughout her long life Lady Franklin never ceased in her efforts to bring to light the deeds and sufferings of her husband's expedition, and during her last illness her interest was chiefly absorbed in the equipment of the *Pandora* yacht, belonging to her friend, Mr. Allen Young. The latest act of her life was the completion of her husband's monument in Westminster Abbey; her failing powers drooped at last over the endeavour to finish his epitaph, and this duty passed into the friendly hands of a new kinsman by marriage, the Poet Laureate.

The connection with the Laureate leads back to Sophia Cracroft. Miss Cracroft's mother, Isabella Franklin Cracroft (1791-1883), was a sister of Sir John Franklin. Another sister, Sarah, married Henry Sellwood of Horncastle, and their daughter Emily in 1850 married Alfred Tennyson. Thus Sophia Cracroft and Mrs. Tennyson were first cousins. However, as one Franklin descendant has remarked, Lincolnshire in the middle of the nineteenth century seems to have been full of cousins descended from Franklins.

Sophia Cracroft was born at or near Hackthorn in Lincolnshire in 1816. Her father, Thomas Cracroft (d. 1824), a nephew of John Cracroft, who was then squire of Hackthorn, lived at West Keal, a village a few miles south of Spilsby, on the road to Horncastle. Spilsby, the birthplace of John Franklin, and its neighbor Horncastle, celebrated for its great August horse fair (long the largest in the land), were at that time flourishing market towns, the nearest to the Cracrofts at West Keal, for shopping excursions and visiting friends and relations. Miss Cracroft's grandparents were Thomas Cracroft (1749-1813) and Elizabeth Bennet (d. 1807), daughter of Bentley Bennet and Martha Ayscough. One of the most ancient of

Lincolnshire families, the Cracrofts could trace their lineage back continuously for five centuries, to a Walter Cracroft and a Stephen de Cracroft of the time of Henry III.

Running across Lincolnshire is a line of low hills which ends at West Keal. For many centuries travelers on the road from Horncastle to Spilsby used to halt at a certain spot along the Wolds, to rest and look down for a moment and admire the view. Facing south, on a good day, one could see in the distance "the Stump," Boston Church with its great medieval tower. About ten or fifteen miles from Horncastle, to the east of its surrounding cluster of hamlets, beyond Somersby, for example, where Dr. George Clayton Tennyson was rector for more than twenty years, stretched the level Lincolnshire coast of the North Sea, where "the great waters break and thin themselves far over sand marbled with moon and cloud." The quotation is from Alfred Tennyson, whose imagination was haunted by memories of this countryside.

Unwatched, the garden bough shall sway,
The tender blossom flutter down,
Unloved, that beech will gather brown,
This maple burn itself away.

The family background of Sophia Cracroft, though not the Lincolnshire setting, suggests the world of Jane Austen even more than that of the young Tennyson. The life around Spilsby about 1800 seems to have been very like the life described in *Pride and Prejudice*, where Mr. Bennet has a farm (for which the horses are needed) and is a "principal inhabitant" of Longbourne and has relatives in trade in the neighboring town. Thomas Cracroft at West Keal and John Booth at Ingoldmells, who had married Franklin daughters, were likewise principal inhabitants of their villages; while Mr. Sellwood, the father of Emily Tennyson, was a solicitor at Horncastle. Before they moved to Mavis Enderby, the Franklins themselves at one time had gone into trade in Spilsby (they had owned a grocer's shop), having lost all their land through the extravagance of a grandfather.

A glimpse of some of these worthy Lincolnshire families and their numerous interconnections appears in a letter from Captain John Franklin to Eleanor Porden, a London bluestocking, who was soon to become Franklin's first wife.

My other sisters are married [Franklin wrote on May 16, 1823] and have each some charming little girls and boys who are playfellows and who will be delighted to receive a new aunt into their society. Of the oc-

cupations which my brothers-in-law follow, Mr. Booth and Mr. Cracroft each farms a large portion of land. Mr. Wright is a Clergyman. I have also two other brothers-in-law but my sisters are dead, the one Mr. Selwood is a solicitor and lives near here, the other lives in London.³

On September 17, 1823, writing to her sister Mrs. Kay from Keal, near Bolingbroke, Eleanor Porden Franklin as a bride gives her own impressions of her husband's relations.

As to Brothers and Sisters Booth, Cracroft, and Wright, and brother Sellwood, and all the descendants and relatives of all there, it is in vain for me to attempt an enumeration of them. Mr. Booth I have yet seen but once, but the Captain's two younger married sisters are both very pretty and very pleasant women, particularly I think Mrs. Cracroft with whom we now are. The four children she has are very pretty, well taught, intelligent animals, the second girl is so like my husband as to be generally called Johnny. Mr. Cracroft I thought vulgar at first from his shooting dress and Lincolnshire dialect, but I have since corrected my opinion and find him intelligent and well informed. He is a farmer on a large scale, and a great sportsman.⁴

A few weeks later, Eleanor Porden Franklin mentions the Cracrofts as moving from West Keal to Harrington Hall, near Spilsby: "Indeed I fear our return here [to the Cracrofts] has been somewhat inconvenient for the family are in the act of moving to another house." In 1824, about a year after the removal to Harrington, Mr. Cracroft died. In other letters Eleanor Porden Franklin expresses her fear that Mrs. Cracroft in her grief might turn Methodistical: "To such a consequence the abstraction of a country residence would of course be likely to conduce." There is not, however, anything to indicate that Mrs. Cracroft's sorrow ever carried her to such an extremity. As for her eldest daughter, as her letters from the Sandwich Islands sufficiently reveal, there could never have been the slightest danger that Sophia Cracroft would find herself tempted to wander into Methodist or Presbyterian error or in any other direction than along the broad Anglican way of her Lincolnshire ancestors.

Besides Sophia and Catherine, who so much resembled her uncle the Captain, Thomas and Isabella Cracroft had four children, two boys and two other girls. Henry died when quite young. Thomas, of whom Sophy was very fond, died at the outset of his career in Van Diemen's Land, when in his twenties. Isabella married a Captain Saumarez de Lacy, about whom little is known, except that Saumarez is an old Channel Islands name.

Emma married G. B. Austen Lefroy, a grandnephew of Jane Austen, who became a civil servant in the Admiralty and went to live near Greenwich. Sophy, of course, never married.

Not that she had lacked her share of suitors during her earliest years with the Franklins. In August, 1836, Sophy had accompanied Sir John and Lady Franklin (he had married Jane Griffin in 1828) when they had sailed from the old world to that heart-shaped island in the new, Van Diemen's Land, today known as Tasmania. In addition to Franklin and his wife and Sophy, his immediate domestic circle included his schoolgirl daughter Eleanor (the only child of his marriage to Eleanor Porden) and a second niece, Mary Franklin, who like her cousin Sophy was a girl in her twenties. Among Franklin's official staff were Captain Alexander McConachie, R.N., assigned to the post of private secretary, with Mrs. McConachie and six children, and Henry Elliot, a son of Lord Minto, taken along as A.D.C., with whom Sophy for the next several years conducted a pleasant but perfectly casual flirtation. Elliot, who later became a diplomatist in his own right, was at this time "a nice boy from Oxford."

When the *Fairlie* arrived at Hobart, Tasmania, on January 5, 1837, the colonists gave Franklin an enthusiastic welcome. They were not only heartily glad to see the last of the preceding Governor, Colonel Arthur, but also well pleased that so eminent a man as Sir John Franklin had been named as Arthur's successor. Life at Government House soon proved as exciting for the young people as it became for Lady Franklin. Under the new management the rambling weatherboard official residence immediately became the setting for a constant procession of notable visitors, many of whom found themselves lodged overnight, while others stayed on for weeks and months at a time, as guests of the Governor and his lady. In *Sir John Franklin in Tasmania*, Mrs. Fitzpatrick gives a full account of the role of the younger generation in the social life of Government House:

On one day, which she did not seem to think an unusual one, Lady Franklin noted in her diary that there had been seventy callers at Government House. There were nearly always visitors staying in the house and the number of permanent inmates was large. There were three young women in the family and suitors abounded. Mary Franklin left the shelter of Government House to marry an officer of the convict establishment named Price, who subsequently became the Second Police Magistrate, and settled permanently in Tasmania. Franklin's only child, Eleanor, fell in love with J. P. Gell and married him after the family returned to England. Tom Cracroft came from England to join his sister Sophy, took up his

residence at Government House and was provided with some clerical work there. As for Sophy herself, to be known in time to come as the self-sacrificing life-long companion of Lady Franklin, she was at this time a gay young woman and a sad flirt. A good-natured but rather commonplace young officer, Captain Ainsworth (of whom Lady Franklin once said that he 'eats, drinks, sleeps, and can do everything but read'), sighed for Sophy and even proposed to her, but she would not have him. She appeared to be attached to young Henry Elliot, the A.D.C., but as she also flirted with Count Strzelecki at the same time Lady Franklin did not think that this affair was very serious. The young people at Government House had plenty of social life, both in the family and in the official entertainments.⁵

Count Paul de Strzelecki was a Polish geologist who spent four years in the Australian colonies, studying the physical geography of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land. That his private income was only £300 a year cannot have been a very great incentive to really serious courtship on either side. On the other hand, Sophy's rejection of the suit of one of the most faithful of her admirers, Captain Francis Rawdon Moira Crozier, is a more involved story. She apparently regarded Crozier as a sort of Dobbin of a man, not impressive or exciting enough, though doubtless no one could find fault with his professional skill and courage. Captain Crozier was the second in command of the Ross-Crozier Magnetical Observation Expedition, stationed in Tasmanian waters at various times between 1840 and 1842. The visit of the Expedition and its two young officers coincided with the happiest months of Sir John Franklin's term as Governor of Van Diemen's Land.

It was a season of great gaiety at Government House [writes Mrs. Fitzpatrick of this pleasant interlude] and indeed in Hobart at large. Captain Crozier fell in love with Sophy Cracroft and proposed to her, but she would not have . . . honest Francis Crozier, who was an Irishman, a horrid Radical and an indifferent speller, who never had a chance of success. In any case, as Lady Franklin rather crossly noted, Sophy showed a preference for Captain Ross which a child might have commented on. Captain Ross was already engaged to a girl in England so Sophy was left to sigh for Ross and Crozier to sigh for Sophy.⁶

A strange epilogue was enacted during the eventful years that followed. Before sailing on his last expedition, Captain Crozier again proposed to Sophy and again was refused. So the situation stood in 1845, when Crozier sailed to the Arctic in command of the *Terror*, while Sir John Franklin commanded the *Erebus*. Five years later Lady Franklin and Sophy still

clung to a hope that the two explorers and their men might yet emerge from the frozen deep alive. It was 1850 and the year when the Penny Expedition, consisting of two little ships called the *Lady Franklin* and the *Sophia*, were about to set forth from Aberdeen to the North, bearing the letters of their namesakes to Sir John:

I desire nothing but to cherish the remainder of your days [wrote Jane] however injured & broken your health may be—but in every case, I will strive to bow to the Almighty Will, and trust thro' His mercy for a blessed reunion in a better world! . . . I live in you my own dearest—I pray for you at all hours.⁷

For her part Sophy wrote:

You may wonder at my saying that even you do not know your own wife, but inasmuch as her devotedness, courage, fortitude, and extraordinary mental endowments have never been tested as of late, so you have never known the full extent of her rare qualities. I cannot express to you how entirely I honor as well as love her. . . . Throughout the length & breadth of the land is she honored and respected. . . . Pray remember me kindly to Captain Crozier. . . .⁸

Beginning about 1844 evidently, after the recall of Sir John Franklin from his post as Governor of Van Diemen's Land, Lady Franklin had come to lean more and more on faithful Sophy Cracroft. In fact, just as Sir John had drawn strength from his resourceful wife, so Lady Franklin regularly turned to Sophy for suggestions, corroborative facts, and steady moral backing of the most practical kind. Thus when Franklin set about writing a vindication of his recent management of affairs in Tasmania—"Narrative of some passages of history in Van Diemen's Land"—Lady Franklin insisted that Sophy take a hand in the project, for her exceptional "acuteness and memory," in Lady Franklin's own phrase, were among her most invaluable attributes. And so from 1845 on, Sophy continued to act as her aunt's fellow-publicist and zealous consultant on strategy. Indeed, during the dozen or more years of the Franklin Search, in her role as niece of the lost explorer and companion to his heroine wife, Sophy sometimes found herself venturing forth into the strangest of all uncharted waters. "I accompanied my Aunt & Mr. Majendie," wrote Sophy in May, 1849, "to the house of Mr. Hands, Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, by appointment at eight o'clock in the evening to see and consult the clairvoyante Ellen Dawson." After Mr. Hands had succeeded in hypnotizing Miss Dawson, a tiny rather Dickensian creature subject to fits and heart

trouble, the clairvoyante chose Sophy to act as her interlocutor. When the interview had ended and while the details were still fresh in her mind, Sophy wrote down for Lady Franklin a minute record of Ellen Dawson's remarkable powers.

. . . After talking with my Aunt and me for some time, he [Mr. Hands] again went to see Ellen and returned shortly to desire that I would go in to her.

I found her talking, and she got up when I went in, & asked me to sit by her on the sofa, which I did. I said, "Where have you been this evening?" "A long way," she replied, "on the sea and into the ice." I said, "That is where I want to go, and we will travel together—What do you see there?"

ELLEN: A ship in the ice,—and the sky is deep purple.

I: What do you see in the ship?

ELLEN: Several people—no ladies, only men. Several gentlemen—some old—and some young gentlemen.

I: Tell me just about the old gentlemen—what are they like?

ELLEN: One of them is rather short & stout, rather dark, with such a nice face.

I: What hair has he got?

ELLEN: It is dark, but he has very little—he is bald. There are several others with him and he is giving them directions.

I: Is he quite well, or does he look ill or unhappy?

ELLEN: Oh no! he is quite well, and looks happy and comfortable. . . .

I: Are there two ships together,—or far off from each other?

ELLEN: They are not together. I cannot see how far off from each other. . . .

I: Do they seem as if they had enough to eat?

ELLEN: There is plenty—beef—salt beef, & there are plenty of biscuits—I wish I could see them at dinner, but it is not dinner time. They have been drinking something. It is not wine, it must be brandy, because it smells very strong. They have got fur about them.

She promised that if she could see more, the gentleman present should write it down for me. I asked her to see the other lady—she said she had better not.

I: Why? She would like very much to hear what you say.

ELLEN: I had better not. You must tell her all I have told you—but if she heard me telling it, it would upset her—poor thing—she is very anxious.

I again pressed her to see you [Lady Franklin], saying, "Would it do *you* any harm?"

The two gentlemen said she ought not to be pressed. . . .

I got up to go away, again asking her to speak to you, & received the same reply. She said she would like to see me again, and I took her hand to say "good-bye." She said in a very animated tone, "Make your mind easy, all is well, all is quite right."⁹

But all was not right, as everyone now knows, all was not well at all with Sir John Franklin, Captain Crozier, and the other brave officers and men of the *Erebus* and the *Terror* who had perished in achieving their great discovery: that Point Victory on King William Land, being bounded on the west by Victoria Strait, constitutes a Northwest Passage. In 1845, just before the departure of the Expedition for the Arctic, Sophy Cracroft had given her uncle her word that she would stay with his wife until he came back. How well she kept that promise is the story of her life for the next thirty years. First, there was the period up to 1859, when Lady Franklin poured all her energies into the task of organizing and sometimes helping to outfit the ships of the successive search expeditions. So absolute was her devotion that she seriously depleted both her health and her private fortune in this exhausting enterprise; but the total number of vessels she launched would have formed a sizable flotilla. Then, after the return of the *Fox*, came a redirection of forces. It was almost as if Lady Franklin, having been brought face to face with the fact of Sir John's last ghostly voyage, now wished to embark on a series of flesh-and-blood journeys of her own—as many as possible. These were the years of relief, the years spent in almost continuous travel, and a high point among them was the delightful stay of two months in the Sandwich Islands. Last came a brief interval of fading faculties, from about 1872 or 1873 to 1875, a not unkind ending to the long Indian summer of Lady Franklin's remarkable old age.

When Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft sailed for New York on August 2, 1860, they were traveling largely for enjoyment. Later, as occasion offered during that era, as when they inspected schools of the Anglican Mission in British Columbia, they missed no opportunity to acquire useful, or at any rate curious, information. But, in the main, enjoyment continued to be their most constant goal—it was profit *and* delight they were after; and they felt all the better when, as in Hawaii, the second satisfaction preponderated.

In her first letter from Hawaii Miss Cracroft makes it quite clear that she and her aunt had an immediate object in sailing to the Sandwich Islands: they wanted to get away from rain in San Francisco and bad

floods in the California valleys. Once they had arrived in Hawaii, the English travelers knew instantly that on the score of climate at least they could hardly have done better. The weather in Nuuanu Valley near Honolulu, where Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft lived as guests of the Hawaiian Foreign Minister, R. C. Wyllie, compared favorably with the best models, and with good reason Miss Cracroft might have echoed Ulysses: "It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles."

The sunset was magnificent at the time, and was succeeded at a much later hour by a glorious moonlight. How I used to revel in those bright nights [she wrote in June on the eve of her departure from Hawaii] and sit upon the threshold of my window door, unable to shut it out and go to bed—I could see to read the small print of my Bible without any difficulty—not a sound to be heard except the rustle of leaves when the trade winds were blowing strongly down the valley, and swayed backwards and forwards the fronds of a date tree a few yards from me. I was quite glad that this last night was so glorious: I have never seen the charm of it equalled, even in Tunis, though the scenes were different enough to prevent any desire to compare them.

When Miss Cracroft occasionally rhapsodized over the Hawaiian landscape or the matchless weather, she was sticking fairly close to the truth. There is a poetic counterpart to the mood which overtook her in a few descriptive patches; it is a mood become familiar through certain poems of her cousin, the Laureate.

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 slumbrous sheet of foam below.
They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
From the inner land . . .

However, in manner of expression at least, Miss Cracroft's romanticism belongs rather to the preceding century. She was much less concerned with what she could but dimly feel than with what she had "plainly seen."

On the opposite side to us [she writes of Hanalei, on the Island of Kauai] there stretched from the sea, where it terminated in a bold headland, a lofty range of deep purple mountains, the highest part immediately before us. Fronting this were two lower ranges, the nearest of which rose abruptly from the flat, through which the river wound like a snake. A

waterfall of immense height streaked like a broad ribbon the huge purple mass behind: beginning at about 1,000 feet from the summit, its course was visibly unbroken for 2,000 feet at least, when it was lost to view. From other points, smaller cascades of equal height but more slender in width were plainly seen, and we were told by a person who had explored the mountain that no less than nineteen streams cast themselves down the huge front presented to us.

But it was not only the trade winds and the rustling palm and the sun-steeped shore which won the approval of the visitors. It was pleasant sometimes to let the mind drift back to the old days at Government House in Tasmania, for the colonial society of Van Diemen's Land during the late 1830s and the early 1840s was in some respects very like that of the port of Honolulu during the 1860s. But there were differences, too. In Hawaii a crucial difference, and a most hopeful one, was that the natives had managed thus far to preserve their social and political predominance as a people. In 1861 the Hawaiian population still numbered about 65,000 (there had been 300,000 in Cook's time), compared with a mere 4,000 foreign settlers—Hawaiian subjects mostly, of assorted American and European extraction, together with a sprinkling of Chinese and other exotics. Among the indigenous races below the equator, in any event, none had reached the civilized refinement of the better class of Hawaiians, many of whom were "highly educated and accomplished men." Even in "our private concerts" at Hobart Town, Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft agreed, it would have been difficult (especially west of the Rocky Mountains) to match the taste and artistry displayed at the High Chiefess Pauahi Bishop's musical soiree in Honolulu. "Who would have thought of hearing first-rate music in the very heart of the Pacific, some of the most attractive performers being Hawaiians—of a race which fifty years ago was in the very lowest depth of savage life!"

Miss Cracroft's glimpses of mid-nineteenth-century Hawaiians and especially her impressions of the young King and Queen, Alexander Liholiho and Emma, deserve thoughtful consideration. Having read Kippis on Cook, and Jarves on later Hawaii, and dipped a little into Cheever and one or two of the lesser authorities, both ladies when they arrived in Hawaii were by no means ill-informed about the past and present affairs of the Kingdom. They knew that Congregational missionaries (but Miss Cracroft persisted in thinking of them as Presbyterians) had first brought Christianity to the Islands in the 1820s. They had undoubtedly also learned

that the late Kauikeaouli, Kamehameha III, in council with American missionaries, had supplied his people with a Hawaiian constitution based on advanced egalitarian principles. As for the twenty-seven-year-old Alexander Liholiho himself, Kamehameha IV, whatever his faults arising from the natural exuberance of youth, everyone spoke of him as a most exceptional member of his race. Though educated by American missionaries, he had visited England as a boy of sixteen. There he had met Lord and Lady Palmerston, danced at Almack's, inspected the royal stables at Windsor Castle, and at least once had attended divine services at Westminster Abbey—according to report, it was thus he had imbibed his first knowledge of the Anglican Rite. A great reader of English newspapers and periodicals and a devotee of cricket, he had acquired a liking for all things British.

The modern reader may be tempted to smile ironically when Miss Cracroft speaks of the Hawaiian monarchy as "a most interesting country, of which the King is perhaps one of the most remarkable objects." But Miss Cracroft has some sound facts on her side. Alexander Liholiho did, just as she says, regularly receive the *Times*, the *Illustrated News*, the *Quarterly*, the *Edinburgh Review*, *Blackwood's Magazine*, the *Westminster Review*, and *Punch*, and there cannot be the slightest doubt that he read a good deal in their solid as well as in their more entertaining pages; and it is equally certain that the American papers "disgusted him so much" that "before the King had read them half through . . . he threw them out of the window." When Miss Cracroft informed her mother and sisters in England that Kamehameha IV compared very favorably with specimens of his class in Europe, we may make of her judgment whatever we wish; but the remark should not be ignored or passed over lightly. An impartial expert in such matters, which Miss Cracroft certainly was not, might easily have discerned in King Kamehameha IV conspicuous virtues—a growing capacity for hard work, a guiding courage, a promise of eventual sagacity: virtues such as were at that period still the exception rather than the rule among the remaining monarchs of Europe. Walter Bagehot, that acute political philosopher who was also a distinguished contemporary of Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft, offers some pertinent observations on the character and function of royalty in the modern world. Bagehot was writing from the point of view of 1867, of course, and his thoughts were on his own England, but they may be readily extended to Hawaii.

The occupations of a constitutional monarch are grave, formal, important, but never exciting; they have nothing to stir eager blood, awaken high

imagination, work off wild thoughts. On men like George III, with a predominant taste for business occupations, the routine duties of constitutional royalty have doubtless a calm and chastening effect. The insanity with which he struggled, and in many cases struggled very successfully, during many years, would probably have burst out much oftener but for the sedative effect of sedulous employment. But how few princes have ever felt the anomalous impulse for real work; how uncommon is that impulse anywhere; how little are the circumstances of princes calculated to foster it; how little can it be relied on as an ordinary breakwater to their habitual temptations! Grave and careful men may have domestic virtues on a constitutional throne, but even these fail sometimes, and to imagine that men of more eager temperaments will commonly produce them, is to expect grapes from thorns and figs from thistles.¹⁰

With equal realism Bagehot directs his analysis to the role of the Crown as "the head of our *morality*."

The virtues of Queen Victoria . . . have sunk deep in the popular heart. We have come to believe that it is natural to have a virtuous sovereign, and that the domestic virtues are as likely to be found on thrones as they are eminent when there. But a little experience and less thought show that royalty cannot take credit for domestic excellence. Neither George I, nor George II, nor William IV were patterns of family merit; George IV was a model of family demerit. The plain fact is, that to the disposition of all others most likely to go wrong, to an excitable disposition, the place of a constitutional king has greater temptations than almost any other, and fewer suitable occupations than almost any other. . . . It is not rational to expect the best virtue where temptation is applied in the most trying form at the frailest time of human life.¹¹

Rather late in their visit to Hawaii, certain frailties and sad recent misadventures of Kamehameha IV were brought to the attention of Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft. But the bright impression of him they carried away with them from Hawaii, an image which remained virtually unimpaired in their memory of the Hawaiian ruler, was that of a young royal paragon. In Kamehameha IV they believed they had found the very model of a Hawaiian statesman-king, who was at the same time an exemplary English gentleman—in fact, an English scholar as well as a gentleman, for "his entire conversation convinced us of his great ability . . . and he has given us a copy of some speeches he made in the House of Nobles." Above all, Alexander Liholiho was a Christian gentleman, garbed

in some ancient aristocratic splendor rather surprisingly descended from his "savage" ancestors.

One further point of Bagehot's helps to account for the friendly concern Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft came to feel for everything relating to King Kamehameha IV, Queen Emma, the little Prince of Hawaii, and the welfare of their Island Kingdom. "A *family* on the throne is an interesting idea also," Bagehot notes in his chapter "The Monarchy." "It brings down the pride of sovereignty to the level of petty life."¹² At the time of President Lincoln's assassination, for example, when British-American relations were by no means ideal, Queen Victoria's message of condolence to Mrs. Lincoln pleased the Americans more than any act of the British Government: "It was a spontaneous act of intelligible feeling in the midst of confused and tiresome business. Just so a royal family sweetens politics by the seasonable addition of nice and pretty events."

A signal merit of Lady Franklin's and Miss Cracroft's record of their friendship with a royal Hawaiian family is that it humanizes, and thus renders intelligible to the feelings and imagination, certain harsh facts of Hawaiian history. Frequently a petty episode from these journals and letters gently illuminates the larger verities, the conditions of power and politics in the Pacific, that shaped the fortunes of the Hawaiian monarchy during the four score years and more of its existence. There is the occasion, for example, at Iolani Palace when Lady Franklin urged Kamehameha IV to adopt "a tone of greater equality" in a letter he had drafted to send to Queen Victoria, a letter expressing his great desire that Her Britannic Majesty should consent to sponsor the baptism of the Prince of Hawaii. "The King listened to me very attentively," wrote Lady Franklin after the interview, "and said that theoretically all monarchs are equal, but this was only a fiction—a truth I could by no means deny."

Of course, there is also much in this account of the Hawaiian nation of the 1860s which must strike the reader of today as dated and even quaintly absurd. Wherever it may have been located on the map, the Hawaii of Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft remains a period piece, and very much their own private discovery. It is the singular creation of the point of view, at once innocent and informed, of the two eager, enquiring, well-intentioned, self-confident, strongly opinionated English visitors. Nevertheless, allowing for the entertaining distortion and lively prejudice (qualities one not only takes for granted but has a right to expect in the best travelers), one may sometimes discern in these unique records a golden vein of truth. This valuable substratum should not be missed.

THE ISLAND KINGDOM



Honolulu 1861 • April 20—April 22

W E L C O M E

*Arrival at Honolulu • A Sunday Morning • Guests of
Mr. Wyllie at Rosebank • A Brief History of the Hawaiian
Kingdom • To the Palace • King Kamehameha IV and
Queen Emma • The Royal Feather Cloaks • An Excur-
sion Planned • Departure on the Inter-island Steamer*

THE VISIT OF LADY FRANKLIN AND SOPHIA CRACROFT TO THE SANDWICH ISLANDS early in 1861 was the result of a variety of circumstances, including some very bad weather in Northern California. Of the highest importance, however, were two occurrences of 1859. In the summer of that year the *Fox* expedition had found records and relics in King William Land—a few spoons and forks, some buttons and some knives—establishing beyond all doubt the fact of Sir John Franklin's death on June 11, 1847. In the autumn of 1859 the Royal Geographical Society had acclaimed Franklin as the discoverer of a Northwest Passage. These two events, the one following swiftly upon the other, came as a well-earned deliverance to Franklin's widow. Her ten-year ordeal, her devoted campaign in behalf of her husband's reputation and memory, had achieved its reward, and she was now free—dispossessed of her best hopes no doubt, but no longer encumbered by suspense and the dreadful burden of anxiety. Aged sixty-eight and almost incredibly vigorous, Jane Franklin felt that at last she could return in good conscience to a passion she had discovered in her girlhood: the delights of foreign travel.

On August 2, 1860, Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft, who shared her aunt's passion, sailed from Southampton on the *S. S. Adriatic* to visit Mr. Henry Grinnell, of New York City, an American merchant prince who had financed and fitted out one of the early Arctic searches. After New York, they traveled up and down the coasts of both Americas and from the Atlantic to the Pacific: to eastern Canada, to Brazil and the plazas of Rio de Janeiro, to the wilder shores of Patagonia and around the Horn to Chile. Then, during the period just preceding the Sandwich Islands junket, they continued in February northward to Vancouver, where they inspected missions and mission schools in British Columbia. On April 3, 1861, they arrived in San Francisco, hoping to proceed by steamer at once to Sacramento; but unusually high floods in the flats and valleys of the interior had rendered such an excursion all but impossible. San Francisco itself held no enchantments. "I suppose no one lives here from choice," reflected Miss Cracroft, "though we find people who have come to like it very much—ladies I mean, who at first detested it. But to our taste it is not to be compared with Victoria in any respect. There is plenty of shew here, but less of real refinement both in the men and women, notwithstanding that too many of the latter have to perform the most menial offices."¹

Displeased with their hotel, the International (it was noisy and "surrounded by bad smells"), the two ladies were quite ready to fall in with

the suggestion of California friends, especially Mr. Booker, the British Consul.² Why not pay a fortnight's visit to Hawaii?

But that was not the name by which either Lady Franklin or her niece thought of their elected destination. For them the islands discovered by Captain James Cook must always celebrate the Englishman and Earl, the First Lord of the Admiralty, whom Cook had honored at the time of the discovery in 1778. Thus, faced with a decision in heading the next section of her Journal, Lady Franklin did not hesitate. Only one heading was thinkable: "Visit to the Sandwich Islands."

From Lady Franklin's Journal it is possible to piece out certain of the small attendant circumstances of this impromptu adventure. The passage one way from San Francisco to Honolulu for the party of three, counting Buckland, Lady Franklin's maid, was just \$200. By 12:00 noon on April 9, 1861, the three passengers found themselves installed in their quarters aboard the *Yankee*, a 347-ton clipper bark, awaiting the little steam tug which would accompany them past North Beach through the Golden Gate as far as Point Bonita. New friends in San Francisco had brought gifts of parting and remembrance; the *Yankee's* agents had sent aboard a special supply of "English breakfast, the name by which pure black tea is known in America"; and, above all, to pass the time profitably during so many hours on open water, Kippis's *Life of Cook* and James Jackson Jarves's *History of the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands* provided the two ladies with what they most desired in the way of reading matter.

On the afternoon of April 9 the weather was not only fine but "likely to last" as well, Lady Franklin was glad to learn, when the crew of the *Yankee* first hoisted sail off Point Bonita. The sea, however, was by no means smooth in the brisk coastal winds, and with each hour grew more and more choppy.

The expert skipper of the *Yankee* was Captain John Paty of Honolulu. His present voyage on the Sandwich Islands run was his 104th, and it proceeded entirely according to schedule. But Lady Franklin, a convert to the comforts of steam navigation, was not impressed by the amenities of the *Yankee*.

Off Point Bonita when we had hoisted our sails, the steamer cast us off with much waving of handkerchiefs, a single gun salute on our side and a whistle on hers in return. I remained on deck till the swinging motion of the ship prevented my holding on any longer and when down in the cabin suffered much from headache and inert sickness. The motion was

violent, things flew about incessantly, and several times I was thrown out of a deep heavy armchair . . . and saved only from a sharp fall by the nearness of the walls of the berths. Through one of the open doors looking forward I saw the waves surging in heavily, completely flooding the deck and some stores that were upon it, striking also against our skylight. Sophy and Buckland had taken to their berths, so I sat up alone in dismal contemplation, but not without hope that we should soon get through this adverse weather and enter the trade winds, which is usually accomplished in three or four or five days. . . . Still the motion was dreadful. It is long since I felt anything like it—long indeed since I have been in a sailing vessel at all, not, I believe, since our winter voyage to Madeira in 1845. I now feel by comparison the infinite superiority of the steamboat.

There is some comfort in our accommodations—we have the ladies' cabin or parlor to ourselves, containing three berths or staterooms, the superfluous bed places being removed, a large table with a roomy (too roomy in this weather) horsehair chair on each side of it, a horsehair sofa, not of the most comfortable, and two lamps, one of which is put out at the latest at ten o'clock; the other is allowed to burn all night, but does not give sufficient light to read by. In the same room as our sleeping cabins are no less than three store closets besides other conveniences appertaining to the stewardess' department. The store closets are frequently visited by the steward, who also descends occasionally with or without a lamp by a trap door in the floor whence he returns with a bag of rice, pieces of salted or pickled salmon &c. All these items let out a fusty cockroachy smell peculiar to small sailing vessels and from which this is not wholly exempt—neither is it from cockroaches, but they are not numerous.³

In addition to Lady Franklin, her niece, and maid, the passenger list of the *Yankee* included but two other feminine travelers, both American. One was the "gigantic" bride of the first mate Claxton (it was the couple's honeymoon), and the other was a certain Mrs. Harvey who could not get over the fact that the entire ladies' saloon of the *Yankee* had been assigned as private quarters to Lady Franklin and party. Though Lady Franklin managed to steer clear of the dispute, a clash between Mrs. Harvey and Sophy proved unavoidable. The trouble began on Sunday the 14th and about midway on the voyage, when at an early hour Lady Franklin was awakened by Mrs. Harvey and the stewardess talking just outside the cabin door.

I rang my little bell to notice it and after a little more subdued talk the annoyance ceased. Some little time after, the stewardess came and told me that she had informed the lady this was our private apartment,

to which the lady replied nothing. She has frequently seated herself in Sophy's armchair before we were up, which was not doing us any great harm, but that it obliged us to put away from our writing tables all that we did not desire to come under the inspection of a curious American lady. I was sorry, however, for what the stewardess had said to the lady, though she was justified in doing so from what had fallen from us and especially from Sophy, and I was still more sorry when after breakfast the lady entered the room and seating herself on the sofa opposite to me and calling me by name observed that I had sent her a message this morning by the stewardess which she did not understand, as this was the ladies' cabin and as she had paid for her passage like ourselves she considered she had a right to make use of it. I begged to assure her that I had not sent her any message to that effect, but had begged the stewardess to refrain from talking as it destroyed my rest. She did not know, she replied, that her voice was so loud—it was not usually considered so—and then insisted on her having received the message before described. Then Sophy took up the contest, declaring the fact that we had been expressly and distinctly and repeatedly promised the private and exclusive use of this cabin except as a passage room, and that it was the chief inducement for our coming.

I left the lady and Sophy to carry on the altercation together, feeling that I was not only innocent of the message but very sorry for it, whereas Sophy had approved it and told the stewardess so, believing that I should be greatly disturbed by the loud talking which had also disturbed her. At last the lady rose, saying she should refer the matter to the Commodore. Whether she did this or not I have no means of knowing, but I felt sure I should never hear of the matter from himself. The lady's name is Mrs. Harvey, as I learn by the list of passengers appended to the instructive tabular sheet that I have already described—and in which my name appears at the head in characters two or three times bigger than any of the others.⁴

Though its social atmosphere was perhaps less than ideal, the *Yankee* was not without its compensating virtues. Lady Franklin approved especially of an innovation of Captain Paty's, his "very agreeable plan of affixing a tabular sheet on the wall between the two forward doors of the saloon," whereby the interested passenger might inform himself miscellaneously about such matters as the daily progress of the ship, the direction of winds, and the number of miles from Honolulu: "This plan," adds Lady Franklin, who apparently had never encountered a similar information service elsewhere during her many travels, "saves a vast number of questions and answers."

During the closing portion of the voyage, Lady Franklin and her niece spent the greater part of their waking hours in the open air. The deck was always clean, there were "plenty of deep-seated bamboo armchairs easily moved," and, while the *Yankee* proceeded at her regular speed of eleven knots, Lady Franklin presumably made steady progress through the pages of Kippis's *Life* and Jarves's *History*. "I went on deck with my book," she writes on Wednesday, April 17, "and sat snugly in the larboard quarter looking out upon the sea on a level with the man at the wheel. Nothing living is to be seen but the sea gulls, which are sailing and wheeling about the ship."⁵

At last, on the evening of April 20, after an unusually short voyage of ten days, the expanse of blue ocean was lost in the moonlit darkness as the *Yankee* approached the Island of Oahu and anchored in the roadstead at Honolulu Harbor. On April 22, when the two visitors were guests of Robert Crichton Wyllie at his house in Nuuanu Valley, Sophia Cracroft takes up the story.



H O N O L U L U
Sandwich Islands
April 22, 1861

My dearest ones,

You will be a little surprised—I think *not* a little—at the above words. We came down here at only a few hours' notice from San Francisco, under the following circumstances. I believe I mentioned in my last that owing to unusual spring floods *all* the roads in the interior were impassable; so there we were in San Francisco, at a noisy hotel surrounded by bad smells.

We had settled to take the steamer to Sacramento, but the waters had risen there and were rising so alarmingly that it was feared the town would be under water. So this last resource was closed. Meanwhile, a friend mentioned that one of the regular packet ships between San Francisco and the Sandwich Islands was going off immediately, commanded by the best Cap-

tain,⁶ who had made more than 100 voyages there and back and was called the Commodore of the mercantile sailing fleet in the Pacific—American, of course: *we* don't confer dignities so easily. He was to stop there a fortnight and we could return with him; *then* all the floods would be over in California. Moreover, this plan dovetailed into that of taking the largest steamer on leaving California, the Captain of which (also called "Commodore") has offered us his own cabins on the deck. So instead of going to Sacramento, we embarked on board the *Yankee* for Honolulu, every one of our friends expressing their belief that we had done the wisest thing possible under the circumstances. The agents kindly set apart the entire ladies' cabin (out of which were three separate little sleeping cabins) for our exclusive use, so we had freedom and privacy—two of the most valuable privileges at sea.

We rushed out of San Francisco harbour in a strong N.E. wind, which carried us into the regular trade wind in a very few days, the only drawback to which was that it was so entirely fair that we rolled about continually and sometimes terribly. Luckily, we had stout easy chairs screwed to the deck, in which we were both safe and comfortable.

We made an excellent passage, reaching the anchorage outside Honolulu on the tenth day, late at night, in splendid moonlight. The harbour lies within a coral reef which has but a very narrow opening, so that ships never enter at night, but wait for the assistance of a steam tug which comes out to them. Late as it was, we were seen and boats came off, by one of which the Captain sent our letters of introduction to Mr. Wyllie, Mr. Green (the English Consul, acting for General Miller, now on leave of absence), Dr. Hillebrand,⁷ and the agents of the *Yankee*.

SUNDAY, *April 21*

Our Captain's family live at Honolulu, or rather two miles out of town, and Mr. Wyllie's place, called "Rosebank," joins theirs. Thus we were not much surprised that Captain Paty's son came on board by 6:30 next morning and delivered a note and message from Mr. Wyllie, inviting us at once to his house, an invitation which we gladly accepted. I shall have much more to say of Mr. Wyllie, who has been Minister for Foreign Affairs here for sixteen years.

While waiting for a carriage, we had a visit (by 8:00 A.M.) from Dr. McKibbin⁸ and his daughter, who seem rather nice people: his son is the Court Physician and came here from Belfast about six years ago. They pressed us to go and breakfast with them, but as Mr. Wyllie expected us

we declined and drove off in a small carriage of a pattern very familiar to us in America. The coachman⁹ was in a kind of livery, looking and speaking like an Englishman, with most respectful manners of the very best style, all of which was explained by hearing that the Queen's carriage had been sent down to us.

We drove through the town, which, as it was Sunday, had a look of complete repose—only a few men and women about—the women in clean dresses—a sort of ugly nightgown shape—a tight piece from the shoulders upwards to the throat, from which fell a tolerably full skirt without any band at the waist, and gigot sleeves!—the material, some very gay print—red and yellow mixed was very frequent. This was the early missionary taste for native costume and it has never changed during some forty years. It was partly redeemed in some cases by charming wreaths of flowers round the head. The taste with which they arrange these wreaths is very remarkable: some were of alternate red and white flowers, red and yellow, or of one colour only. The men were often in white, after the European fashion, or common blue linen. The houses are very good, generally of only one story, with trees here and there—the streets well laid out—and we quickly came upon pleasant suburban cottages and excellent houses standing in gardens shady with clumps of bamboo, banana, palm tree, and beautiful flowering shrubs—the road running up the valley of Nuuanu, between two ridges of unclothed hills, in which lava rocks and grass were mingled. Mr. Wyllie's cottage is almost the farthest on this road, a low white one, with an odd-looking wooden tower rising behind and above.

We were most kindly received by him and introduced to our rooms—my Aunt's in the tower, a delightfully breezy apartment occupying the whole of the first floor and reached by outside steps: this was once occupied by the Queen and is very prettily furnished. My room was on the ground floor with the rest—two sitting-rooms in the middle, and bedrooms opening out of them and out of the deep verandah, by which the sitting-rooms were entered on both sides. All was shady and breezy and we fully enjoyed it after our voyage.

Mr. Wyllie is an old bachelor of some sixty summers or more, a Lowland Laird (of small estate I imagine) with a strong brogue. The history of his being here is curious. He went over to America some twenty years ago as agent for obtaining (if possible) the settlement of the repudiated debts, and remained more than a year in the States. Thence he went to Mexico upon the vexed question of the Mexican bond-holding interests and met there his friend General Miller, then going out again as Consul General

to the Sandwich Islands. He gave so glowing a report of the Islands that Mr. Wyllie was induced to accept his invitation to return with him on a visit, and when here to remain for three months as his deputy in the Consulate, during General Miller's absence on duty at Tahiti.

The deputyship lasted above six months, within which interval Mr. Wyllie had become well known to the King of the time, and so much esteemed that he was offered the post of Secretary for Foreign Affairs. So much had he become interested in the upward struggles to civilisation of this young Kingdom that on the return of General Miller the offer was accepted, and he has never quitted his post. He seems a very able and independent man, and he has notoriously been the means of maintaining the independence of the Islands: especially against the endeavours of the Americans here to bring about their annexation to the United States. I shall have a great deal to say about the local politics, which are very interesting.

I had better at once explain that when Cook visited and died in these Islands, they were ruled by independent chiefs who fought terribly with one another. This struggle ended some forty or fifty years after, by their subjugation under one, a great warrior and very able man, who became the first of the present line of kings over the whole of the Islands, King Kamehameha I.¹⁰ His successor Liholiho¹¹ went over to England with the Queen (my Aunt saw them at the British Museum), where they both died of measles or smallpox; and we are now at the fourth Kamehameha, grandson of the first on his mother's side, who was adopted by the childless late King his uncle, and brought up as the future Sovereign.

All agree in stating him to be a most remarkable man: exceedingly clever, and far in advance of the rest of his people. He was educated at a school established by the Missionaries¹² in Honolulu for the sons of the Chiefs, and he does them infinite credit, though he owes at least as much to his own ability as to their teaching. He and his brother at the ages of sixteen and seventeen were taken to Europe and America by Dr. Judd,¹³ a very prominent member of the American Mission, and remained some little time in London, with which he was delighted; and this probably laid the foundation of his decided bias towards England and the English, in preference to any other nation, notwithstanding that the rescue of his nation from barbarism mainly belongs to the Americans through the Mission established here by the Presbyterian Board of Missions¹⁴ some forty years ago. None can dispute the benefits they have conferred through their Mission, which was for many years the sole Christianising agency, and is to this day shared only by the Roman Catholics, who were literally *forced*

upon the nation by the French. This intrusion was going on when we were in Tasmania, and Captain Laplace in the *Artémise*¹⁵ (of whom we saw a good deal, and particularly disliked) was a willing and chief agent in the shameful work of carrying it into effect, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the King of the time. The latter went so far as on one occasion to send away (peaceably) the French priests, who, however, were brought back again by the French; and a treaty permitting their residence upon the Islands was forced from the King, under penalty of utter destruction of Honolulu from the broadsides of a ship of war.

The American Missionaries were good men and obtained great influence over the Sovereign, who in fact owed to them his mode of government and the chief machinery in conducting it. They framed and presented to him a constitution, and were his advisers in all that changed the pure despotism of savage rule into a milder and civilised system. Unhappily, the national (American) love of dominion and aggrandisement overcame all higher law, and at one (not very distant) period the late King¹⁶ was strongly worked upon to resign his independence and add his Kingdom to the great Republic as one of its states!

The pretext for this was, I believe, the great danger that France would take the Kingdom for her own property, notwithstanding that by the most formal treaties she, as well as England, had recognised the independence of the Kingdom of the Sandwich Islands—Hawaii as it is called—America having moreover done the very same thing! Even if such a recognition were not simply just towards a people who exist and desire to remain as a separate people, *our* policy is to maintain their independence and nationality, on account of their immense importance in the centre of the Pacific, which makes the Islands the continual resort of our ships of every kind—and this argument ought to be shared by all other nations. But the Americans, filling the high offices in the King's government, were not proof against temptation; and to Mr. Wyllie alone is it owing that the King refused to sign the deed of annexation.¹⁷ They had gone so far as to have the very deed prepared for his signature (as they hoped) on a certain evening. American ladies residing here had prepared an American flag of silk for the triumphant occasion, a fête had been arranged with bands of music, and this actually took place in the evening, in the confident assurance that the cession was actually being made by the simple signature of King Kamehameha III!

But this was not to be. The King's perplexities had at a late moment resolved themselves into consulting Mr. Wyllie (the only English member

of the cabinet, or constitutional adviser, for want of Englishmen to put into the high government offices), who extricated him from his difficulty by calling upon the English and French consuls to do their duty by officially protesting against the step; and by recommending the present King as heir apparent to do the same. The intentions of the Americans had been a secret, so that the important act had very nearly been consummated without the knowledge of those who now effectually protested against it, the poor King being influenced by his personal regard for and habit of submission to Dr. Judd and his fears of not being able to maintain his independence against French aggression. The above attempt appears to have weakened American influence in the government. Dr. Judd was required to leave the cabinet, and the present King's predilections are avowedly English—he did not like America, which he also visited when they went to Europe.

He well may not, for on one occasion when getting into an omnibus in New York, it was attempted to make him leave it under the impression that he was a Negro: "We don't have niggers in here."¹⁸ Dr. Judd, who was, as I have said, the companion of the Princes in their travels, had always taken care to announce and explain their rank wherever they went in America; but on this occasion the Prince had sprung hastily into the omnibus before Dr. Judd and received the above insult. Dr. Judd's explanation produced an apology; but how could the Prince be expected to like America after it?

As you will infer from what I have said above, the American element is enormously preponderating here—in fact, there are comparatively few English. Their whaling trade in the Pacific is far greater than ours (they have hardly any other whalers) and these *all* visit the Islands once or twice in the year, as do the now very numerous traders with China and Japan. The chief commerce is therefore in Yankee hands. The whole conduct of education is also American: and if you add to this religion and politics what is there left? As soon and as fast as the government was established, the Missionaries sent for their own people to fill the offices, and there is no doubt that the Americans hope for and expect the day when annexation will yet be effected by the supersession or absorption of the Hawaiian community into their own. This, however, will certainly not take place under the present King, who is quite a young man—only twenty-seven.

I suppose that by this time you have come to the conclusion that this is no longer a nation of barbarians, any more than of cannibals; though you can hardly be any more prepared than we were to find them as advanced

as they really are. In particular, the King and his brother, who is Minister for the Interior,¹⁹ are most polished and gentlemanlike men; and the Queen²⁰ is a thoroughly well-educated and even accomplished person. She even has English blood in her veins, being the granddaughter on the mother's side of an English sailor, John Young, of excellent character, who came to this Kingdom in the reign of the first King Kamehameha (by whom he was most highly esteemed) and who was of much assistance in the work of civilisation. The King gave him in marriage to the daughter of one of the highest Chiefs, and their son married the daughter of another of the highest Chiefs, of whom the present Queen is the child. She was when an infant adopted and taken from her parents (a not uncommon practice in these lands) by a Dr. and Mrs. Rooke—he was English—and brought up by them with great care, and as a member of the Church of England.

She was, therefore, in every way a fit bride for the young King, and fortunately they have a son, their only child, three years old. So decided is the preference of both the King and Queen for the Episcopalian form of religion that they required the marriage service to be performed from the English Prayer Book, and are, moreover, supremely desirous that their child should be received into the church. They have therefore not yet had him baptised, and wait for the arrival of an English clergyman to perform the office. What they would *like* would be that our Queen would be his godmother, and my Aunt heartily encourages the idea. She has begged Mr. Wyllie to assure the King of her conviction that the Queen would willingly accept the office, if only he will write and ask her. The King has already written to her of his desire to receive an English clergyman, expressing his hope that she will send one out to him. I think the Queen will be pleased by the simplicity and confidence shewn by such an application to herself. Mr. Wyllie as Foreign Minister has also written officially to Lord John Russell to the same effect.

Here is another proof of civilisation: a Choral and Musical Society²¹ has been formed at Honolulu among the chief people. They have now and then concerts (the audience being only *invited* guests) at which the best music is performed. The choir amounts to thirty, and they sing first-rate choruses. All this is directly patronised and even shared in by the King and Queen. This year they have gone a step forward and actually produced an operatic evening: a part of the *Trovatore* and of *Martha* (the English version). Mr. Wyllie, who is well acquainted with the opera elsewhere, says the performance was admirable. The Queen took a slight part

and the King was stage manager! They propose repeating this yearly. The cards of invitation are exceedingly elegant, printed in gold and colours. The prima donna was Mrs. Brewer, an American lady who is said to sing exceedingly well.

I have already said that we arrived on Sunday. We landed too late for morning service and, to our great regret, were unable to go to church in the evening on account of the distance; but we most thoroughly enjoyed the repose of the entire day, which was hardly broken in upon. We decided, however, to take the steamer of the following day, going to the largest Island of Hawaii, which gives its name to the group and has a twofold interest of world-wide notoriety: as the spot where poor Captain Cook was killed and as having the largest active volcano in the world. All travellers (amongst them Count Strzelecki²²) describe it as the wonder of wonders. The steamer, which runs between all the Islands alternately, was most fortunately for us going to Hilo (the place of starting to see the volcano) on this week; so of course we decided to go by her at once.

The King and Queen were out of town a few miles, but the news of my Aunt's arrival soon reached them, and in the afternoon there walked up to the verandah a young man whom Mr. Wyllie introduced as the King's Aide-de-Camp, Mr. Kalakaua.²³ He was a pure Hawaiian, excessively stout, but of most gentlemanlike manners and appearance, dressed exactly after the morning fashion of Englishmen in light grey. He is *very* dark brown (not black) with an aquiline nose and thick lips—whiskers and moustache and hair much more woolly in its crisp curliness than is usually seen among this people. Queen Victoria's Aide-de-Camp could not have acquitted himself better. He had been commanded by the King to present his respects to my Aunt: to express his great pleasure and that of the Queen at her visit to his Kingdom and his desire to make it as agreeable as possible, and say that the Queen desired to place her carriage at my Aunt's disposal during her stay at Honolulu.

This was given in excellent English and with the accent and intonation of a perfect gentleman, which he evidently is. He would not sit down, but made his farewell bow after receiving my Aunt's reply and message of thanks. We certainly received a most favourable impression of the style of court manners in the Sandwich Islands from this visit—he is styled "Colonel." The Honble. David Kalakaua is a member of one of the highest families on his mother's side, his father being a Chief of somewhat less degree. The King has six A.D.C.'s.

Mr. Wyllie expected the King and Queen would be in town again the

next day, and it was settled that we should in such case be presented to them before our departure in the steamer for Hawaii. Some near neighbours of Mr. Wyllie came in in the evening—all Americans, of course. We were much pleased with Mr. and Mrs. Allen:²⁴ he is the Chancellor, the highest law officer, of course, in the Kingdom—a very gentlemanlike man, and his wife very pleasing.

MONDAY *April 22*

We drove into town early in a very pretty open carriage sent by the Queen (she has just got a new one out from England, not yet unpacked) and went straight to Mr. Wyllie's office, where we learned that the King and Queen had arrived in town and expected us. So Mr. Wyllie joined us in order to present us.

The Palace²⁵ is a good house standing within an enclosure covered with turf and large shadowy trees. A deep verandah runs round it, under which were some women seated (doors all open, of course), and we were conducted by Mr. Wyllie into a large entrance hall, with a billiard table, and large portraits on the walls. On the left was the reception room, very well furnished after the European fashion. Here we were left, and Mr. Wyllie returned with Mrs. Gregg, wife of the Minister of Finance,²⁶ who generally acts as a sort of lady-in-waiting when required. She is, of course, American, and probably not of the highest class.

After a few more minutes Mr. Wyllie returned again with the Queen, to whom he presented us. She was evidently a little shy and nervous, but her manner was perfectly simple and she shook hands with us and welcomed us in a pleasant way. There is little etiquette observed, as might be supposed when Americans are the only people to observe it—few, if any, English ladies have been here before—and I suspect the little Queen had never before had a low curtsey made to her. She talked very pleasantly, and my Aunt warmly encouraged the great wish she expressed to go to England, advising that her visit should take place next year, on account of the great Exhibition. She is rather good-looking and has fine eyes—brown complexion (a sort of chestnut colour), plenty of good hair, slightly wavy, a pretty nose and generally good features, with a stout and not very good figure. She wore a coloured muslin gown—she gets her clothes from England—and coral ornaments.

The King came in alone, *looking* the perfect gentleman, his manner very cordial and unaffected. He is about the same shade of colour as the Queen, with fine wavy hair and good features, rather tall and not stout;

his conversation was most agreeable. Both speak English perfectly, but with him it is more than fluency—he has evidently complete command of the language—and surrounded as he is by Americans, educated also as he has been by them, it is truly marvelous that he should have totally avoided their odious intonation, which, however, I must admit does not appear to be rampant in this land. Mr. Wyllie begged permission to fetch in the little Prince²⁷ (who is a great pet of his) from the verandah, where his voice was heard. He is a sweet little boy, with his mother's pretty eyes, but fairer in complexion than either parent, and dark silky curls. He obeyed the order to shake hands with us with some shyness, but soon began to talk—English and Hawaiian are alike to him.

The King spoke of his love for England and the obligation he felt for the kindness and attention he and his brother received there: he wished he could go again, the more so as he wished his son to be educated at Eton or Rugby. We were thoroughly surprised at this announcement. He mentioned our visit to Hawaii, where, he said, were the only two things worth visiting in the Kingdom—the spot of Captain Cook's death and the volcano—and that in order to secure for us every possible facility, he was going to send one of his A.D.C.'s with us, whom he presented as our attendant—Mr. Peter Young,²⁸ a grandson of old John Young and cousin to the Queen—who would accompany us everywhere and provide all we required.

He spoke charmingly of the pleasure he had in receiving a visit from my Aunt, so well known to him by name. His entire conversation convinced us of his great ability (Mr. Wyllie says he is most eloquent, equally in English and Hawaiian), and he has given us a copy of some speeches he made in the House of Nobles upon some public question, which were printed for circulation on account of their value in respect to the question at issue. He mentioned his great desire for an English clergyman, and that he had written to the Queen on the subject.

As we were taking leave, the King very kindly asked if we would like to see the celebrated feather cloaks,²⁹ worn *only* by the King and the High Chiefs. It takes generations to make one, as the feathers are found only under the wing of a certain bird, two under each wing, at one period of the year—they are snared, the feathers pulled out, and the bird set at liberty. These feathers are in very small tufts, about an inch long and of the richest gold colour: they are woven into a sort of network, row after row, one lying under the other, extending in size from the neck. One cloak only, of the largest size, is worn by the King on the highest occasions.

As he shewed this, my Aunt asked if he would do her the favour to put

it on, which he did most readily, saying, "This is the first time since my coronation." He is tall and the cloak fell considerably below his knees—a most magnificent garment it was.

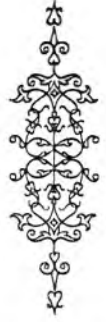
We saw also other cloaks to which he was entitled as Chief, mixed with black and scarlet feathers; but the plain gold colour was gorgeous apparel. He shewed us also some fine specimens of *tapa* (or native cloth, now rarely made) and promised my Aunt a piece to carry home, which she will probably send to the Exhibition, with other things we have collected. He then pointed out in the entrance hall a handsome kind of cabinet made of the *koa* wood, a native of this country, and described one which he is having made for Queen Victoria, adding with infinite simplicity: "To tell you the truth, I expect the Queen will act very handsomely and kindly about the English clergyman, and I shall do all I can to shew my gratitude to her."

I may as well say here that we understand the Bishop of Oxford³⁰ wishes to have a bishop established here—an admirable plan, of course. But knowing the time it takes to effect such great objects, we do hope that the clergyman will be sent out in the meantime. We think we know exactly the kind of person who should be selected, considering the elements he will have to deal with: independently of zeal and earnestness of purpose, he should be a *gentleman* and thoroughly well educated—of liberal views—certainly not a very Low-Churchman—nor in the opposite extreme. The *right man* would have great influence and would certainly be much with the King and Queen, and I should say would fill a somewhat enviable position: there would certainly be no hardship of any kind whatever. All this however is parenthetical.

Our pleasant visit proved a long one and is to be repeated on our return from Hawaii. The little Prince became quite friendly with us before we left and seems a sweet little boy.

We drove back to Mr. Wyllie's house, dined, and went on board the steamer *Kilauea*, owned by Englishmen, and commanded by one Captain Berrill.³¹ We had just gone down into the cabin when to our surprise the King followed us and explained that he had come to introduce another A.D.C. to us in place of Mr. Young, and he accordingly presented our old acquaintance Mr. Kalakaua, to whose charge we were committed. The King also explained that he had put his own boat and its crew on board the steamer, so that whenever we stopped we might land—that it was, in fact, entirely at my Aunt's disposal.

Was not this very kind and handsome?



Maui and Hawaii • April 23—May 19

SCENES OF TWO ISLANDS

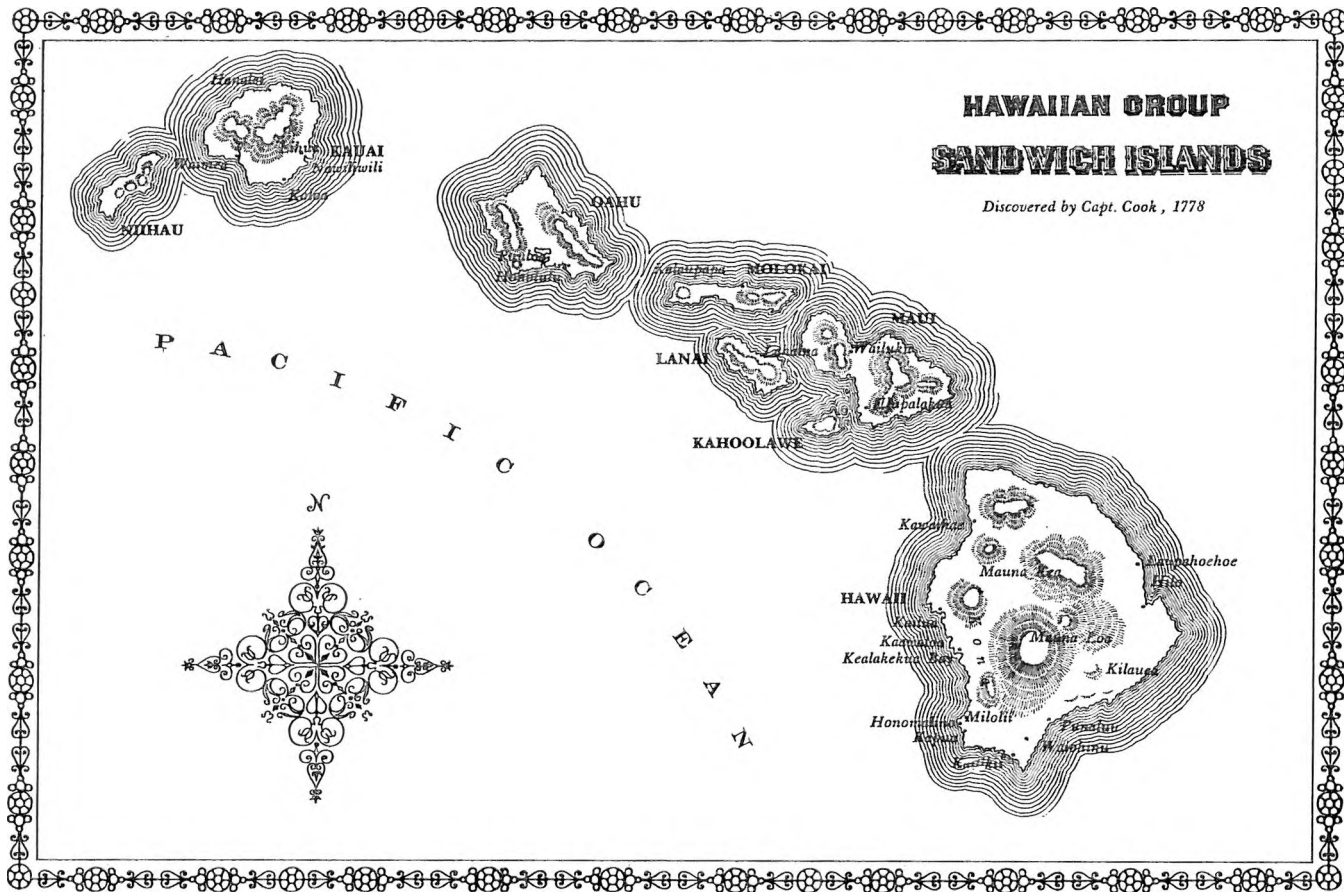
To Lahaina on the Steamer • First Glimpses of Native Life • Arrival at Byron's Bay, Hilo, Hawaii • American Missionaries and Others • Colonel Kalakaua as Aide-de-Camp • Ascent of Kilauea • Descent into the Crater • From Kilauea to the Sea • Stranded at South Point • By Canoe and Starlight to Kealahou • To Kailua, Kona • Guests of the Princess Ruth Keelikolani, Governess of Hawaii • Native Sports • A Heavy Surf at Kailua • On to Kawaihae • Waiting for the Steamer • The Descendants of Isaac Davis • Return to Oahu

HIS KINGDOM, SAID KAMEHAMEHA IV, POSSESSED BUT TWO ATTRACTIONS WORTHY of his English visitors. The first was Kilauea, an active volcano, one of the natural wonders of the world. The second was a spot called Kaawaloa, on Kealakekua Bay, where Cook, struck down by a native club and stabbed in the back with a dagger, had met his death in 1779.

According to their original plan, Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft had intended to pay no more than the briefest of visits to the Island of Hawaii. They imagined that if they arrived at Hilo on April 24, within one week—by Thursday, May 2—they would have sufficient time to complete the excursion to the volcano, journey through the Kau district down the southwestern slopes of Mauna Loa to Kealakekua Bay or thereabouts, view the shore where Cook had perished, and then be picked up by the inter-island steamer on its homeward route from Hilo to Honolulu. But, as luck would have it, the projected tour of one week grew into an eventful journey of twenty-four full days. No reader of Miss Cracroft's letters will regret the series of complications, confusions, and delays which caused so unforeseen a change in an over-optimistic itinerary.

Accompanied by Kalakaua and the King's boatmen, the two ladies and Buckland boarded the inter-island steamer, the *Kilauea*, on the evening of April 22. Early the next morning the vessel reached Lahaina, Maui, the second largest port in the Kingdom and the regular halfway point for travelers from Honolulu to Hilo. The rest of Tuesday and Tuesday night and almost the whole of Wednesday were spent aboard the *Kilauea*, cruising along the shores of Maui and Hawaii and pausing at various small ports of call—Ulupalakua, Kawaihae, Laupahoehoe—to discharge and take on cargo. It was late Wednesday night, April 24, when the *Kilauea* finally arrived at Byron's Bay.

In Hilo, as overnight guests of the Reverend Titus M. Coan and Mrs. Coan, Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft got their first taste of American hospitality, missionary style. It was a critical moment, however, when Mrs. Gerit P. Judd, wife of the former cabinet minister, and their fellow passenger on the *Kilauea*, volunteered to accompany the visitors on their tour of the Island. As Miss Cracroft saw it, this offer of Mrs. Judd's was no simple gesture of kindness, but rather some Machiavellian maneuver prompted by "missionary influence"—i.e., Dr. Judd—working silently behind the scenes. Miss Cracroft remains somewhat reticent about whatever backstage proceedings may have complicated the short stay in Hilo. Perhaps all that can be said is that Lady Franklin and her niece encountered in



that city what seemed at the moment to be some deep-laid political design but what may have been no more than social awkwardness.

While the two ladies were meeting new situations and new American faces, Kalakaua was busying himself in town with sundry citizens, both white and native, about arrangements for the excursion. He was able in about twenty-four hours, though he had given no advance notice, to assemble sufficient men, animals, and supplies, including litter bearers, saddle horses, mules, pack bullocks, and one tent, to transport his three female charges from one end of the Island of Hawaii to the other. Only one *manele*, Lady Franklin's, proved really indispensable; Miss Cracroft's litter was used by the younger woman only intermittently and chiefly at nighttime in lieu of a bed. Indeed, during the next week Miss Cracroft, like Buckland, showed herself a competent horsewoman on difficult and sometimes treacherous terrain.

Not until nine o'clock on the morning of Friday, April 26, did "a pretty cavalcade" slowly set forth from Hilo in the direction of Mauna Loa. In charge was Mr. Kalakaua, resplendent in his red shirt and wearing a *lei* round his hat, assisted by two young servants whom Lady Franklin in her Journal designated as Kalakaua's "scarlet boys." The cortege was also under the temporary escort of Stafford Austin, the Acting Governor of Hawaii. Evening and darkness had already fallen before the party finally approached the vicinity of Oloa and the halfway house, with the result that the ladies spent their first night not at that customary goal, but in a casual grass hut commandeered by Kalakaua along the wayside.

On Saturday, April 27, after a journey of sixteen miles, the travelers found themselves on a lofty plateau affording a panoramic view of the crater of Kilauea. Again the quarters for the night proved to be primitive and not in the least inviting. But on Sunday, after religious services in the native tongue, Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft were rewarded for their exertions. They clambered (or were carried by *manele*) down to a lower elevation closer to the interior floor of the volcano, where before them lay the burning pit of Halema'uma'u, the "House of Ferns," and where they were accompanied all the while by a lone persistent native, an avowed priest of the volcano goddess, Pele.

The return from the interior of the volcano looked as if it might be a slow and precarious operation. Nevertheless, the ladies scorned riding pickaback, apparently an emergency mode of locomotion employed at times by other feminine visitors to the crater. "Mr. A. advised our going on man's back," Lady Franklin wrote in her Journal, "and made boy go on

back of another to shew [the way]. The boy clung round neck and the man held a stick . . . behind him to make a seat . . . thus having no use of his own arms. We declined this, though we had put on bloomer drawers lent us by Mrs. Pitman of Hilo, in case of necessity."¹

Next morning the party began its gradual descent of Mauna Loa, first making a circuit of the western rim of Kilauea, then moving slowly down the central slopes through wastes of lava in the general direction of the southwestern Kona Coast. Their first stop overnight was spent in the company of young ranchers, Frederick and Bella Lyman, newlyweds, both children of missionaries. In a small memorandum book Bella Lyman wrote in neat pencil a record of the sudden arrival of the English guests:

Received word at one o'clock that Lady Franklin, Miss Cracroft & a maid were coming to Keaiwa to stop over night. F. & I flew round & put the house in order & I made biscuit & cake & pies. We invited them here. They arrived at half past 5. Mr. Austin & D K are with them. The ladies occupied our room & we slept on the floor. We were up by half past four. Had breakfast at half past six & they left by seven o'clock. Lady Franklin was carried in a *manele*.²

Early on this same morning, April 30, Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft were informed by Kalakaua of an important change of plan. Their original intention, as they had all agreed in Hilo, had been to meet the King's boatmen at Kealakekua Bay, or at some other spot in that vicinity. Now, however, instead of continuing overland by pack train and *manele* to Kealakekua, Kalakaua had determined to aim directly for a closer landing along the shore. In fact, he had already dispatched a messenger ahead to the King's boatmen stationed at Milolii, a landing just south of Kealakekua, ordering the men to proceed immediately to Kailikii, a diminutive cove situated near the southernmost tip of the Island. There was doubtless good reason for this change of plan. For only by making more rapid progress could Kalakaua be sure that the ladies would arrive at Kealakekua, or one of the regular ports of call, in time to catch the steamer on her homeward run to Honolulu.

Though he had acted with the best of intentions, Kalakaua's sudden dispatch to the boatmen at Milolii vexed the widow of Sir John Franklin greatly. Not a soul had been consulted in this matter—not herself, not Sophy, not Mr. Austin—Mr. Kalakaua alone had "taken the responsibility on himself." And besides, as if one ill-considered action were not enough, that very afternoon he had called an early halt to the day's journey: "It

was part of this new scheme that we lingered longer . . . at Mr. Martin's thatched house for dinner—that we stopped short at four o'clock in the evening, performing a very short journey."

There was clearly nothing to do but to follow the new plan. However, on Wednesday, May 1, when the party reached the *pali* overhanging Kailikii, they could find no trace of royal boatmen: nothing but cliff and water and parched sand, along an almost totally desolate shore. On this hot and intermittently windswept strand, they were fortunately not in want of shelter, for Kailikii offered one or two thatched houses, a hut for cooking operations, and a special shed for canoes. Lady Franklin, Miss Cracroft, and Buckland were provided with quarters in the main house, a sturdy affair standing on a platform of lava blocks at the water's very edge. The family who normally occupied this pleasant dwelling were people appropriately named Kahalewai—or, as Lady Franklin explained in her Journal, Waterhouse.

For the next four days the travelers thus found themselves stranded at Kailikii. The worst of it was that they were running short of provisions and had been abandoned (so they felt) by their American guide, Mr. Austin, the Acting Governor of Hawaii, who had resolved to return to Hilo to spend the Sabbath with his family. Because of the delay at Kailikii, the ladies gave up all hope of making contact with the *Kilauea* on her present voyage: their only course now was to try to establish connections with some small passing schooner, or else wait for the *Kilauea* when she would next arrive at a later date in May.

During the involuntary stay at Kailikii, as tempers grew frayed and time was hanging heavy, Lady Franklin profited from her unwelcome idleness by catching up on her Journal. In that record it is possible to uncover, among much that is jumbled and in some parts almost illegible, numerous little circumstances which Miss Cracroft in writing to her family preferred to obscure or suppress. But her aunt, whose habit of mind was markedly statistical, descends to rude particulars: "no meat, no sardines, and no wine or brandy."

It was lucky, therefore, that Kalakaua was able to lay hands on a "roasted chicken in morning for breakfast." It was Kalakaua also who probably commanded the natives to prepare a *hukilau*: "Some men were employed to fish for our dinner—some took nets in the sea and others floundered about in waves amongst the rocks to drive them in"—delightful pretty-looking fish they were, with spotted backs. But alas, with Kalakaua everything ended in either a famine or a feast. In the morning his provident

improvidence produced, not only the roasted chicken, but an entire menu: a "preserved can of stew or a la mode beef soup, and besides them a fresh tin can, the last of sardines, which none of us touched but as it was cut open and could not travel, of course went to the men—the bread also was gone." Dinner at noontime was thin fare indeed: "the fish full of bones, cocoanut water, and watermelon, and got a cup of bad coffee—in evening some tea made of brackish water and bits of our Victoria biscuit."

So it is easy to understand why Lady Franklin, during four days of beach-combing at Kailikii, kept a lamp burning all night as a signal for the missing royal boatmen. Fortunately, there were compensations. Liaison was established with the storekeeper at Waiohinu, and eatables and drinkables began to arrive, including several bottles of porter. On Saturday, May 4, a gentle Yankee, Mr. Gower of Waiohinu—Merritt Melville Gower with the "elegant gray eyes . . . and fine flexible profile"—sent down two or three recent novels. "One was *The Three Clerks* of Trollope, which I set upon immediately thinking that this day and Monday would enable me to finish it, without encroaching on Sunday, and in fact got through more than half in course of day."³

As for the Hon. David Kalakaua, once the commissary arrangements had been improved, Lady Franklin concluded that the King's aide-de-camp was doing his best:

. . . induced Mr. K. to take a little breakfast with us [as he] has kept aloof brooding and perhaps half starving himself. Consoled myself however on this point by considering the natives on the spot . . . must procure their daily food, and he could not starve with plenty of *poi*. He took an opportunity last evening of saying he hoped I would pardon him for the disappointment he had caused me. "Don't say so," I said, "we are all trying to do for the best and dare say it will all end well."⁴

As usual, Lady Franklin was right. At dawn on Sunday, while she slept in her collapsible iron bedstead and Miss Cracroft reposed in her *manele*, the younger woman was suddenly aroused by the sound of native voices: by dint of some hard rowing, the long-awaited boatmen had at last reached Kailikii. Sunday evening found the conjoined parties in vastly improved spirits. For a while the King's boatmen blended their voices in the singing of hymns; but a ruder note was struck when Naki, a scarlet boy, began "a dancing or drinking song addressed to or sung by one of their old gods," and, surrounded by his grinning companions, "squatted on ground with drinking calabash, which he patted and dandled like a baby, stretched out

arms and other antics. I was rather vexed and told Mr. K. thought it best come to an end.”⁵

Next morning, Monday the 6th, when Miss Cracroft took her last look at the house on the lava blocks at Kailikii, she felt a surge of regret. But not for long. Embarking before daybreak, the three women and Kalakaua continued their journey, now by boat and outrigger canoe: first to the village of Kapua, then to Honomalino, and finally to Kealakekua Bay. For the present Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft occupied the noble double canoe especially dispatched for their use by the Princess Ruth Keelikolani, the Governess of Hawaii. During the afternoon of May 7, the ladies stepped ashore from this excellent craft to pay their respects at Kaawaloa to the memory of Captain Cook. But, oddly enough, Miss Cracroft found little to say of that historic spot once she and her aunt had arrived there. Lady Franklin, however, was assiduous in taking down the names of various British seamen who had recently visited Kaawaloa, and the following memento of Captain George Frederick Meham, R.N., held for her a special interest. Meham had been a noted sledger at the time of the Franklin Search ten years before. “Parties from H.M.S. *Vixen* visited this spot Jan. 25, 1858. This was from Meham’s ship—Mr. K. says he was taken ill at this place and died at Honolulu.”⁶

On Wednesday, May 8, while the morning was still new, the King’s gig deposited three feminine passengers, two of them undoubtedly very weary by now, at Kailua. On that unstreuous shore, where Kamehameha I had settled down in his old age, they were at once welcomed by a lady with an umbrella: Her Excellency, the Governess of Hawaii, the Princess Ruth Keelikolani, a half-sister of the King and a spectacular personage, whose hospitality like her formidable appearance exceeded the ordinary measure:

. . . as [we] neared shore & landing, saw the Governess moving from the King’s house along shore carrying umbrella against sun & many attendants—they stopped at one place, & we approached but I did not like landing without K[alakaua] who was in canoe, so waited for his coming up—as I expected he had been asleep—[he] motioned us to another spot & the great lady & attendants followed—were presented to monstrous woman in figured chintz of rich colours—nothing on head but double collar of yellow & crimson feathers round neck—followed her to house immediat[ely] adjoining with gable and toward water & a verandah extending along side—outside of this on grass was placed matting & a large rocking chair or chair of state, smaller armchair opposite. . . . I sat down in great chair—she motioned

me to biggest, but I declined motioning it for herself, upon which she gave a toss of head & little laugh, not displeased & sat down. . . .⁷

As guests of this fantastic-looking but kindly chiefess, the Englishwomen enjoyed a week of "perfect repose" at Kailua. They were all the more contented because they confidently believed that they would be picked up by the *Kilauea* on Tuesday, May 14.

But this was not to be. Somehow the *Kilauea* had proceeded to Hilo without calling at the Kona Coast for Kalakaua's party. Lady Franklin resolved therefore to make "another (and the last) stage of our journey" to a port of call farther north, Kawaihae. The decision reached, this last lap required a full day's further paddling by native boatmen under the direction of Joseph, the King's favorite coxswain. The canoe arrived at Kawaihae on the afternoon of the 16th.

The brief stay at Kawaihae was on the whole uneventful. Yet it was not uninteresting. For not only did the visitors inspect the remains of a *heiau*, or native temple, reputed to be the scene of the last human sacrifice in the Hawaiian Archipelago. At Kawaihae they also met a most handsome figure of an English-Hawaiian, the husband of their recent hostess, the Princess Ruth. He was more than six feet tall, wore "a buff-coloured shirt with a pretty pattern on it," and exhibited great shyness because of his scant command of the English language. But he possessed a memorable English name. Isaac Davis II, aged about thirty-four, was a grandson of that Isaac Davis, an English sailor, who by force of circumstance had settled in the Hawaiian Islands—in fact he had been virtually kidnapped by Kamehameha I—in the late eighteenth century. Along with another marooned Englishman, John Young, the original Davis had served as a confidential adviser of Kamehameha I and as his companion-in-arms; and they had both, these two first-known white men to remain in the Hawaiian Islands, taken chiefesses as wives.

Lady Franklin's account of the Davises, father and son, contains details not recorded by Miss Cracroft.

Met Isaac Davis, husband of Governess, riding . . . fine handsome man [of] 6 ft. Shy in speaking the little English he knows—his father George Davis, son of the original Englishman or Welshman who came to islands—has thatched house here on beach. Has three sons of which Isaac the eldest. Begged Mr. K. to get him to come in and dine with us, which he did. On the beach stopped to see the father, George—good-looking stout man of 61 with English features, but grown sallow or olive-coloured. Was dressed in

pretty gray and white shirt and blue trousers—naked feet. Seemed shy—could not make him speak more English than good-bye. Told K. to tell him that being son of an Englishman, though born in Hawaii, he was as good an Englishman as if born in London—eligible for anything. I believe K. repeated it for the people laughed, while he acted rather shamed, looking at us shy—and I bowed to him going away and he took off [his hat] . . . His son and K. rode home holding each other's hands.⁸

The *Kilauea*, having arrived at last, sailed from Kawaihae for East Maui about 9:30 P.M. on Friday, May 17. On the homeward voyage Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft found themselves once again surrounded by Americans, some of them missionaries or their wives. Among such fellow passengers on the return route to Honolulu was Mrs. Judd, full of the harvest of a lifetime of observing Hawaii and Hawaiian ways, who talked at length of "the inexpediency of teaching the natives English." With this view of their American acquaintance neither Lady Franklin nor Miss Cracroft could agree. The *Kilauea* arrived at Honolulu early on Sunday morning, May 19.



T U E S D A Y, *April 23*

We got under weigh immediately, and early next morning were off the pretty village of Lahaina,⁹ where we landed in the King's boat amidst a large assembly of the population, some of whom were under the impression that Queen Victoria had come to visit them! A great many wanted to shake hands with us, and one grey-headed old woman was especially warm in her greeting—she was very voluble and earnest.

The trees are very fine in this place, not only the palm and banana, but some fine spreading ones which gave abundance of shade. We were taken by the agent of the steamer, Mr. Gilman,¹⁰ to his house, a native grass one of the best class—a fine lofty centre room with a door at each end and rooms opening out on the sides: the whole of grass, except of course the framework of slender logs of wood—these are perpendicular to the height of about eight feet, the lofty roof falling inwards springing from it, beams

intersecting as in a church. The floor was covered with matting, and the furniture American, like the owner. Here we were joined by the Governor of the District,¹¹ a native of course, who came to pay his respects—quite European in his dress, but unable to speak English. The general public remained outside, lounging, or squatted on the turf under the shade of the thick trees. We observed several wearing necklaces of very large beads of the richest scarlet, the effect of which was charming. A young man gave me his at the suggestion of Mr. Kalakaua, and we found it to be of a pulpy berry, with a close-grained, tough skin. It would not of course keep, so I shall not have the pleasure of shewing it to you.

We walked to a stone building¹² within which were the coffins of several members of the Royal Family, encased in crimson velvet, studded with gilt nails and other ornaments, and from there passed, on our way, over a small island surrounded by a mountain streamlet, on which the earlier Kings had a residence. The vegetation was luxuriant, and we saw several shrubs bearing a silky cotton bursting out of its pods.

In our walk we came to a native house of the best class (not built of grass) and shaded by magnificent trees. A native lady was seated in an armchair under the deep verandah, who we were told was the Queen's mother.¹³ She came down the steps to meet us and shook hands with us, desiring that my Aunt should be told that she apologised for not accompanying her in our walk, on account of having hurt her foot. She was a half-caste native, dressed after the usual fashion, but in better material than the common people.

After leaving the place of sepulture, we were met by an open carriage of true Yankee build in its form and lightness, belonging to the American Dr. White,¹⁴ who drove us from one end to the other of this extensive village along a road running parallel with that on the seashore, both of which are lined more or less closely with houses and gardens. Those gardens lying at the back often consisted of little more than a patch of taro bordered by palm trees and bananas. Taro is the staple food of the country. It is a root which requires as much water for its sustenance as rice, and you see its bunches of rich green leaves, in form something like rhubarb but rather smaller, rising out of a pool of water or a swamp, the patches being enclosed within an embankment of earth. The root is cooked by boiling, when it looks like a very large potato of blueish-white, slightly mealy at the outer edge, but its texture is more glutinous than mealy in eating.

It is eaten in this form and baked too; but the almost universal food made from it is called *poi*—the root is pounded and beaten into a pulp

of the consistence of hasty pudding. Nature has provided the means of conveying it into the mouth by fingers: one, two, and sometimes (but not often) *three fingers* are dipped in, the threadlike stream is cut short by a twist, and the fingers are sucked clean in a moment, ready for another dip. It is amusing to see a party of natives squatted round a calabash of *poi*—they seem so thoroughly to enjoy it. We had a large number of native passengers on the deck of our steamer, and they were the first to make us personally acquainted with its peculiarities. It was exactly to their taste, having been kept long enough to be a little sour. *All classes eat poi*, but the higher prefer (as we should) to eat it while fresh.

Lahaina lies on a narrow flat, backed by a range of lofty hills: it is therefore hot and the climate evidently relaxing. About two miles from the town, up the hills, is a Mission Seminary¹⁵ for boys, which has been established many years. We had not time to visit it, though our Captain (an Englishman and a very worthy man) kindly waited rather longer than usual here to give us as much time as possible. We found a still larger crowd than before at the landing place and had to shake hands with a great many before we could get into the boat.

We had on board with us Mrs. Judd, wife of Dr. Judd,¹⁶ the physician attached to the Mission, of whom I have before made mention as having nearly caused the annexation of this country to America and who in consequence was obliged to quit the Cabinet. Her presence occasioned us no little perplexity, as she invited herself to join our party; whereas *we* were in fact the guests of the King and certainly felt neither the power nor the inclination to encrease our numbers in a case where accommodation was at best scanty, and where the special facilities ensured to us by favour of the King could not be extended. She is rather a clever woman, with, of course, the greatest knowledge of the country in its progress to civilisation, though I believe she has not travelled much.

There was also a young lady, half-Hawaiian, returning from school, with the shrillest of American twangs, whose chief amusement on deck seemed to be eating sugar cane! She held the cane (as thick as my arm) in her hands and bit off mouthfuls which she crunched with visible satisfaction, talking through her nose all the time. She had been at the Convent School, which started about two years ago with a taking programme and has attracted many pupils. *Of course* the pledge given not to proselytise is not kept, and the children are plainly told by the individual teachers (nuns) that unless they are baptised and become R. Catholics they will go to hell!

W E D N E S D A Y , *April 24*—T H U R S D A Y , *April 25*

The two following days were passed on board the steamer, which touched at many places to discharge and take in cargo. On the morning of the third day we landed at Hilo,¹⁷ in Byron's Bay, as you will see it on the map in the Island of Hawaii: a pretty town, quite tropical in its characteristics, backed (at a considerable distance) by the great mountains of Hawaii—Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea, each above 13,000 feet high, with snowy summits. We went to the house of the resident Missionary, Mr. Coan,¹⁸ a most comfortable and orderly one, of wood, with rooms above those on the ground. We had a most hearty welcome, Mrs. Judd having preceded us; and we were installed in two *clean* upper rooms shaded by a verandah so wide that a sofa and chairs were placed there, with plenty of room besides, in which we were fanned by the plumelike leaves of the palms and the rich foliage of the breadfruit tree, the air being perfumed by flowers—it was charming after the steamer.

Meanwhile, the natives had crowded around the house to see the strangers. We were assured by Mr. Coan that they were acquainted with my Aunt's history. They peeped into the sitting-room at every door, a wall of round black heads rising from the floor (whereon the front row were squatted) upwards. At last Mr. and Mrs. Coan asked my Aunt if they might come a little nearer; and on a signal given, they all rushed forward and again put themselves on the floor. At last one put out his (or her) hand, and this was followed by a general shaking from the entire assembly. Some evidently thought this was enough for them, for they ran off as soon as it was accomplished! Some wore wreaths round the head and neck, made with admirable taste both as to colour and arrangement. One young woman gave us hers, of red and white for the head and of green and lilac for the neck, the last no thicker than my finger.

Several times, as fresh gazers arrived, the same ceremony had to be gone through; after which they retired, satisfied apparently, some of the more patient and inquisitive squatting on the grass, or clustering like bees to the verandah, gazing upon the strangers and making observations, generally in low tones to each other.

These were only a part of our visitors. The white people, foreigners as they are called, and almost entirely American, dropped in by installments—it was surprising how many there were. Mrs. Spencer and Mrs. Pitman are the wives of the principal people, not forgetting Mrs. Austin,¹⁹ wife of the Circuit Judge and Deputy Governor (in the absence of the Governess): the two first, especially, are ladylike women. These people came in detach-

ments throughout the entire day up to nine in the evening, when we were released from company.

Mr. and Mrs. Coan have been here some twenty-four years and are much esteemed, especially I think Mrs. Coan, to whom I took a great fancy, as being so sensible and unpretending. The Missionaries do not appear to be of a class calculated to command respect, except for their piety; and considering that the upper class of Hawaiians are essentially polished gentlemen, it seems a pity the Missionaries are not of a higher stamp.

We had some difficulty in framing our plan of action so as to combine the visit to the volcano and that to the scene of Captain Cook's death with returning to Honolulu by the next trip of the steamer. After much consultation, it was decided that the steamer should meet us on the following Thursday (a week hence) in Kealakekua Bay, the scene of the Cook tragedy, on the opposite side of the Island to Hilo. Meanwhile, we were to travel round (by the south part) from the volcano to a place called Milolii, where the King's boat was to meet us and carry us up to Kealakekua Bay.

Col. Kalakaua, the A.D.C., had of course full powers from the King as to preparations, and he was hard at work all day arranging for our departure on the following day, Friday: it being our particular desire to spend Sunday at the volcano, rather than anywhere else on the road. My Aunt and I were to have litters, and a horse besides for me (I need hardly say that anything like a carriage, or even cart, was wholly out of the question), with another for Buckland, who was to ride the whole way. We also carried a tent, though we were to depend upon the native houses on the road.

It was intended that we should stop at Hilo in the house of the Governess of Hawaii,²⁰ who resides here, this being the capital of the Island. She is the King's half-sister, older than himself, and succeeded on the death of her husband—who was like herself of the highest rank—to the Government. She has great power and is entitled to a seat in the House of Nobles. She is just now away and Mr. Austin performs her functions; but we *may* see her during our journey.

We were however not unwillingly prevailed upon to stop for the night in Mr. Coan's house, and after dinner went down to the Governess's house to explain to Mr. Kalakaua; our only cause of compunction being that he had taken great pains to arrange the house comfortably. Having to cross a very little stream at its mouth, we for the first time found ourselves in the canoe common to the islands of the Pacific, with the invariable outrigger which balances the frail bark. It is wide enough only for one person to sit, and the seats are placed almost on a level with the gunwale. This was

a very small one, but my Aunt, Mr. Pitman, and myself managed to get in and we were pushed across the tiny stream.

We found a small group of native houses upon a sort of grassy platform on the shore, one of which had been appropriated to us. It was small but very clean-looking, the floor covered with matting, and divided in two by a curtain, behind which we were to have slept on piles of mats. I need hardly say that we thought with comfort that we were to be lodged after a more civilised fashion. The outer room was furnished with a handsome round table and chairs and looked quite European: one felt certain that great pains had been taken to make it look so well as it really did. Here we were joined by Mr. Kalakaua, who came down full gallop from the village on seeing us pass. He took us into the adjoining house where the Governess lives—a very large one, also of grass, with a sleeping partition. We saw, of course, little or nothing beyond the bare walls in her absence. The roof was of great height and the proportions altogether on a very large scale. There were several other habitations within the enclosure which were occupied by her attendants, now mostly absent.

This visit over, we returned to the village and Mr. Coan's house. I ought to have said that we went (in daylight) into the church, a very spacious one built of stone and whitewashed, with neat open seats and the usual Presbyterian platform at the upper end. Having dined at three o'clock (very scantily, by reason of tough food), we were longing for tea, or what the Americans call supper, but no such good luck awaited us! We had prayers, then more visitors, but nothing to comfort our parched throats; and our last party of visitors having said their say and asked their last question with true Yankee inquisitiveness, we retired for the night—having happily the means of making our own tea privately.

We found that the Missionaries breakfast at eight, dine (usually) at one, and eat nothing more until breakfast time comes round—they ought to be strong folks. Moreover, they are teetotallers and drink tea or coffee at dinner.

FRIDAY, *April 26*

It had been settled over night that if possible we should be off at eight o'clock in order to reach the house halfway to the volcano in good time, but our start was not to be so easily accomplished. There was some doubt as to whether anyone besides Col. Kalakaua could go with us: a point of anxiety to us, as we felt that he could not be everywhere, and from our ignorance of the language we required someone to be always at hand. It

was at last settled that Mr. Austin would go, he having received special orders from the King to render all possible assistance. Mrs. Judd found that it would be impossible to join us, as of course the King's arrangements for us had no reference to her; and thus, as we hoped and expected, it was *practically* out of the question.

We fancied that the Missionaries were a little jealous that the King should thus have taken us into his own hands, instead of leaving us to them. I was told that Mr. Kalakaua was experiencing difficulties as to men &c, these observations being followed by "Now if my husband could have gone with you, all would have been easy." I cannot say that I admired the tone of all this: it was evidently the missionary influence versus that of the King, and I was to understand that the first was the highest.

About nine o'clock our litters arrived with the bearers, the saddle horses, and bullocks for the baggage. The litters were most comfortable affairs—a long seat or couch with a high back, from which a slip of wood ran down the side to the low footboard, the seat and back stuffed with *pulu*²¹ (a brown silky cotton much used here and in California for mattresses) and covered with the American waterproof cloth. On this we reclined—it was slung on a pole by ropes at the head and foot, a man at each end. There were extra men who of course relieved each other in the carrying.

Our A.D.C. was a little late and—as we afterwards found—*had* experienced difficulties, which cordiality on the part of the Missionaries and others of their party would have removed. He had been hard at work all night and, as we learned later, almost singlehanded. You cannot think how well he looked in his A.D.C. travelling costume—a scarlet woollen shirt over the usual white one, black trousers, large black waterproof hat round which was a wreath of natural flowers of the Hawaiian colours (rich crimson and yellow, each in separate masses), white buckskin gauntlet gloves, Mexican spurs, and a very handsome Mexican saddle of stamped leather. He rides beautifully as do all of his race, women included. He had two servants, also in red shirts, with white straw hats.

We formed really quite a pretty cavalcade, and of course the whole town were out to see us pass. Two or three gentlemen set off with us and rode a little way out.

Our road wound through tropical verdure, a very slight ascending path only occasionally shaded, as we passed into a jungle of fine trees, with brushwood sometimes so thick that our litters were with difficulty carried through. The flowers were not many, but some were most beautiful. Occasionally we had a view and were surprised to find how much we had

ascended, though we seemed to go as often down hill as up. At two o'clock we stopped in a cocoanut grove to rest and have luncheon, and then pursued our journey through a country in which the ferns were astonishingly numerous, some of immense size.

Evening drew in before we reached the halfway house;²² but as there were some native houses three miles short of it, we decided to stop, as the pack bullocks were behind and in this land there is hardly any twilight. The principal house was a pretty large one, with a raised platform on one half of the floor for sleeping—all was covered with mats and on the sleeping place they were quite thick. It was lighted only by doors at the opposite ends, against each of which an open shed was placed and appeared to be a receptacle for odds and ends—calabashes, bits of wood, scraps of matting—it was not inviting by way of a first experience of a native house; but we had no choice. My Aunt's iron bedstead was put up, the litters serving as excellent beds, a fire was lighted outside, supper cooked of food brought with us, and we managed to get a very tolerable night. The fleas and mosquitoes which are the pest of the country let us alone, but the rain which had threatened all day in the opinion of the weatherwise came on in torrents and pattered through certain holes in the thatch.

You will take for granted that we had the house to ourselves—my Aunt, Buckland, and myself; but this was not accomplished without some difficulty. The native owner with her children lingered to the very last, and it required Mr. Kalakaua's authority to get rid of her when we retired for the night. She had been squatted in a corner watching us with great curiosity. Of course she was not houseless: there were several other cottages near at hand, in one of which the gentlemen passed the night.

SATURDAY, *April 27*

The weather bad, with heavy showers, but a fine day was predicted, and we started soon after seven. Our bearers being much tired with the first day, I mounted a horse. From this point we rode for several miles over an unmistakable lava stream, with scanty vegetation, chiefly ferns—the wonder was that any grew at all. Hitherto, the lava had been in a crumbled state, pieces of all sizes down to dust, but black of course. Now the country was a mass of lava crust, which had cooled as it flowed in eddies and in such other forms as a molten mass could assume. This was *my* first sight of pure lava.

Vegetation was however never wholly wanting during the day, and at

times it became even dense low scrub, with scarcely anything worthy to be called a tree. One shrub was particularly abundant and bore a singular flower²³—slender, threadlike petals of bright crimson. The young shoots of a bush were of the same colour, stalk as much as the leaves. I asked Mr. Kalakaua to desire one of the men to pick me one of the flowers—he hesitated, laughed a little, and explained it was one of the many superstitions still associated with the volcano, that Pele (the Goddess supposed to reside within its depths) did not like anyone to pluck flowers by the way: something was sure to happen if this was done. *He* picked one for me, however, and turned to one of his own men, bidding him remark it and see if any misfortune happened in consequence.

It was very curious that our ascent should be so really imperceptible, as the volcano lies 4,000 feet above the sea—we might sooner have guessed 400. The latter part of our journey of sixteen miles was over thick coarse grass from which only here and there a block of lava projected; we were not upon a lava stream. Turning the corner of a slight elevation about two o'clock, we overlooked the crater and were at the end of our ride for the week.

We were, however, not upon the edge of the crater but upon the highest of three narrow ridges or plateaus to be descended into one after the other by nearly perpendicular rocky paths: the last (leading down upon the crater) an enormous area of lava enclosed in a wall of rock, which is interrupted only in the part where the path is formed over a perfect saddle. At the lower side (opposite to where we stood) of the crater, there rose clouds of smoke from the burning lake of lava which is always more or less in activity, and from which issue the floods of molten stuff which forms the bed of the crater.

Smoke was also issuing from a new place, but on the whole Pele was very quiet, more so than we at all desired she should be. It was evident that the *visible* fire was confined to the lake. In every direction, however, both the bed of the crater and even on a part of the ridge above, clouds of steam arose from the fissures which rent it in all directions. And on the level of the plateau next below us was a great bank of sulphur smoking away with all its might. We could see a similar bank rising out of the crater some four miles off, on the lower side.

Our quarters for the next two nights did not promise much comfort, and the tent, being of simple cotton without lining, was pronounced by the gentlemen to be too cold for us. The former house of reception for travellers was no more, from old age or some other cause, and the frame-

work only of the new one was completed; so we were reduced to making the best of by far the worst native hut we had seen anywhere, standing on the brink of the topmost ridge. It was, in fact, a mere shed in which we could not stand upright even under the centre ridge pole. It was made of the coarsest grass and leaves—one half had no front wall—the other (which was in some sort enclosed) was given up to us ladies, the gentlemen screening themselves off with a waterproof sheet; and *their* share served as dining- and drawing-room, in which we one and all reclined to eat our food, the servants squatting themselves in front. Our floor was strewn with fresh ferns and had a bit of matting over part of it, on which were placed the iron bed and the litters, alongside of which there was just room for the water calabashes for washing and our carpet bags. In the evening heavy mist and even rain swept round our exposed position, and it is wonderful we did not suffer seriously from cold; but we certainly did not—of course we were free from mosquitoes.

After a glance at our habitation, we set off for the sulphur bed close at hand, the wind fortunately favouring our approach. It was a dangerous path, owing to the fissures which lay everywhere, half concealed by rank grass, but which are of immense depth—some said to be bottomless! And as we approached the bank we *crunched* over a mixture of fine lava and sulphur, which was warm and felt like a thin crust. The crystals of sulphur were beautiful, and we scrambled a few steps up the bank with our handkerchiefs to our noses, in order to break some off. I brought away those which overhung a tiny cavern and nothing could be more exquisite than these specimens; but we were without the means of packing these delicate objects and I very much fear they will be crumbled to dust before you see them. I ought to have said of the above-mentioned fissures that steam issues from many of them, so hot that you could hardly bear it on your hand.

Returning to our hut, we witnessed a characteristic proceeding. You will infer that, what with litter bearers, horse keepers, bullock drivers, and servants, our party required a good deal of food. So a pig was bought and being killed was cooked native fashion. For this, due preparation had been made by lighting a fire in which great lava stones were heated. The body was then drawn backwards and forwards through the ashes until all the hair was singed off; its now vacant stomach was crammed with the hot stones, which were stuffed into every corner. It was wrapped in many folds of huge fresh leaves called (I think) the *ti* plant—a pail of water poured over and into every cranny, more hot stones piled around and above the body, with a layer of fern leaves above all—thus was piggy cooked!

I must say that *we* had our misgivings of the result and were not surprised when after two hours' stewing, the little square lumps of pork (cut from the best parts though they doubtless were) put upon our tin platters were wholly uneatable—so, while others feasted daintily after their own fashion, we made but a sorry meal.

Our party of hangers-on was increased this evening by a few stragglers, one of whom was an old man with grey hair and a peculiar countenance who is one of the very few *professed* heathens left, and a priest of the Goddess Pele.²⁴ I believe he had many stories about her and said that she was angry with men nowadays and therefore seldom shewed herself—a sort of confusion appearing to exist on this point—i.e., whether Pele shews approval or rage by an eruption. It is many years since this crater of Kilauea has overflowed.

And now, as the brief twilight left us, we realised the vicinity of the fiery caldron by the lurid glow which flamed where we had seen smoke in the daylight. Presently the clouds of mist which rushed past us hid all from us, and there appeared in its place the reflection of the flaming abyss upon the clouds above. It was a very singular effect and was seen only when the mist shut out the lake. The brightest spot of light from the flowing lava changed its place and gave us the idea that the fire spouted up in various spots. You can imagine how my speculations and anxiety were excited by such a sight: there it was all night long—I had only to raise myself in my litter and it was in sight!

SUNDAY, *April 28*

We spent a quiet morning, and a short service (in Hawaiian of course) was held in and around the other portion of our hut. After this, we set off to the crater and found less difficulty than we had been led to expect in getting down the steep rocks. Wherever flat ground occurred we got into the litters, which saved us a great deal.

At last we were on the bed of the crater, and here the men fastened on sandals made of wisps of grass—the lava being uncomfortably warm during a part of the road to the lake, which lay over a rather recent overflow. It lay so black and shiny that you could fancy it had rolled itself sluggishly along within the last hour. Then we got upon an older formation in which were rents in the crust which was in some places not more than six inches thick: some movement beneath had made it crack when one part would sink—perhaps only a few inches, perhaps several feet. Looking beneath, you saw only chaos—in other spots the surging mass had been convulsed

and tossed about—then you came to a seemingly fathomless chasm over which our bearers sprung without difficulty or danger. But there were two at which we preferred to trust only to ourselves.

Clouds of steam puffed out in every direction. And on coming to a somewhat higher mass, our guide made us stuff our handkerchiefs to our noses and look for a moment over the side of a furnace steaming with sulphur and glowing intensely with fire from a narrow chasm. Near here we left our litters and scrambled over masses of broken lava and stones of every size, with no little fatigue. But this led us up to the mighty scene of the lake, which I certainly can never fail to remember in all its vividness.

Walking up a ridge of broken piled-up lava, we came upon the edge of a vast surging caldron of molten lava looking like lead in colour, except when an unclouded sun turned the mass to silver. Out of this spouted fountains of blood-red lava which cast itself in fiery spray upon the black rocks enclosing it like a wall. As we gazed, the heavy centre began to change—a fiery streak extended along the shore beneath where we stood, which gurgled and bubbled and seemed to struggle to burst upwards; but instead of this, other spots became intensely brilliant, and fresh fountains arose and tossed themselves on high. The heat was awful and we were compelled to turn away our faces every minute, notwithstanding the fascination which kept us watching where the fiery mass would next break forth—more especially as Mr. Austin told us that we might expect to see (as he had) the entire lake glowing and spouting as one sheet of fire! We were however less fortunate, having but little time to stay.

As our party sat around, we observed a remarkable-looking man seated on the very edge of the cliff, who began a sort of monotonous recitation, and we were told that he was another of Pele's priests who had followed us down. Like a cunning man as he was, he watched the signs in order to begin. And presently, just as our time was expiring, a splendid fountain rose from the very centre of the lake—with others playing also at the edge beneath the cliffs—which, after spouting for a few seconds, sunk down, and the entire mass became of the hue of lead.

With this—the finest display we had witnessed—we closed our visit to the grandest volcano in the world. It was an awful sight—without any sense of personal danger, so that the impression of its solemnity was unmingled with other sensations.

We have, of course, picked up some specimens of lava, which varies exceedingly. Some is brown as if stained with iron, some—cellular and

very fragile—iridescent, spangled with gold. The thicker layers of crust have regular strata of different shades—brown, grey, black—and, strange to see amidst all this desolation, there had sprung up here and there in the cracks a lovely delicate fern of brilliant green.

Altogether, the difficulties of getting down the crater have been much magnified, and we were home again by 5:30. (It is rather a good joke to have written of our grass shed as "home," but I shall let it stand.) Of course, we had great assistance, especially in our litters, which spared us so much of the walk of some three miles over the lava; but then most people can walk much better than we can. We were, of course, greatly fatigued (but not as much as we feared to be) notwithstanding all our facilities. After dinner we had evening service, with some very nice singing in two hymns—and then to bed (?) for an early start and a long ride on the morrow.

I have not yet read over what I have said about the volcano, but the fact is I am disgusted at the idea of trying to describe such a scene. All writers I have seen have failed entirely, and in fact they admit it is indescribable. How then can I succeed? Still, you must hear something about this wonder among the many which God presents to us in Nature.

MONDAY, April 29

We left our shelter in early morning without any regrets, rejoicing to think we could never be *worse* off. Our road lay close to the edge of the crater, of which we skirted one half nearly, having on our right the great mountain of Mauna Loa—a vast deceptive mass above 13,000 feet above the sea, with a narrow covering of snow on the summit. Leaving the ridge of the crater, we descended into a valley of mixed sand and lava, a blackish sand with lava stones of all sizes up to a mass of rock. Few trees were to be seen and of these many were dead.

I was riding a mule which gave me infinite trouble from its sluggishness. And at last, tired of using my whip, I had given it to Mr. Kalakaua, begging him to try what he could do, as we were dropping a good way behind my Aunt's litter. He managed to get me into a canter two or three times, and we were at last doing such wonders that he was calling out, "Famous! we are getting on now," when lo! my saddle turned and I was in the sand—most fortunately without a stone to hit myself against. My mule had no idea of cantering a moment longer than was necessary, and accordingly he stopped short until I was picked up, unhurt of course.

We soon after stopped for rest and luncheon, in a low scrub. On the whole, the day's ride was somewhat dreary and uninteresting. Early in the afternoon, we were met by a man on horseback, a Mr. Richardson, an American²⁵ who has a lease from the King of land to the amount of (at the lowest estimate) 70,000 acres, at a rental of only \$300 (about £80). His limits are not very well defined, and *he* considers that he has much more than that number of acres for his rent. He is keeping stock and goats, which last are very valuable. He asked us to have some coffee at his house which we were to pass, and we stopped there a few minutes on our way to Mr. Lyman's where we were to pass the night. This was an instance of the way in which Americans gain advantages: he has a source of almost unlimited wealth at the paltry price of £80 a year!

We were most kindly welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Lyman,²⁶ the son and daughter of Missionaries, very lately married and come to their new house, which is not half finished; but they would take no refusal of their bedroom, and we were very thankful for it, especially valuing the comfort of being once more able to stand upright! Mr. Lyman is another instance of successful arrangement, not to say bargaining: he has some thousand or two of acres, which he bought of the government at half a dollar (2s. 2d.) an acre! There is, however, some scandal attached to this transaction, as Mr. Lyman was formerly a government surveyor and surveyed this land. Moreover, serious mistakes with regard to private property were made by him (how he has ever learned surveying is a mystery—or, rather, it is believed that he never did, or could have learned it). And though in one instance restitution on a large scale has had to be made, he retains land which could not rightfully be sold. We hear with regret that most of the Missionaries are landholders on their own account and cultivate their property. This necessarily occupies much of their time, which should be given to the care of their people, who after all have made but little progress (as a nation) in practical Christianity I fear, though the professed heathens are few, and it is disadvantageous in a worldly sense to be anything but a Christian.

The situation of Mr. Lyman's house and property is very pretty—it lies on open grassy downs running down to the sea. She is a pretty young woman with exceedingly cordial nice manners. The comforts of our night here were marred by fleas. We were startled to hear that only yesterday a severe shock of earthquake had been felt—the plates and dishes rattled and the chairs rocked, but no harm was done. They are not often more severe than this.

TUESDAY, April 30

We heard this morning that Mr. Kalakaua had altered the plan of our journey to meet the King's boat, and had ordered it to come farther down the coast to Kailikii, where we were to get down upon the shore—thus (as he thought it best to do) avoiding a long ride on Wednesday over very bad road. A messenger had been sent off in the night to meet the boat at Milolii and order it to come on fifteen miles to the south.

We were sorry for this, as *all* depended upon the boat being able to do what was required within a given time, failing which we were sure to miss the steamer and the Captain would conclude we had gone back to Hilo. Moreover, we could not receive notice whether the boat had even reached Milolii, much less had achieved the last step of her voyage. However, the intermediate arrangements had all been made to suit, and we had nothing to do but to perform our journeys of today and tomorrow.

After a few miles of the grassy open country on which Mr. Lyman's place was situated, we came upon a district of pure black lava—the bed of a stream which had issued not many years ago from the huge Mauna Loa. Here and there only was there a patch of vegetation, with now and then a palm tree bending to the sea, as they always do. A few huts were scattered by the way, with little enclosures walled in by lava blocks. Then came an oasis in the black dreary waste—a considerable village with a church, numerous trees and fish ponds within lava blocks, in a tiny cove—the village was called Punaluu.²⁷ Here Mr. Kalakaua kindly changed my mule for a horse with better paces; he had one quite peculiar, between an amble and a trot, which carried one pretty fast over ground without the fatigue of a jolt. While the change was being made, my Aunt was carried on in her litter and I sat down on the lava fence, and the population (which seemed to have turned out en masse) gathered up—chiefly women and children, the men being busy about the horses, either actively or as lookers-on.

Some of the little girls had books, and taking one from a pretty little girl I found as I expected that it was the New Testament—they had evidently just come out of school. I made them tell me how to pronounce the names of the Gospels—i.e., I read them, and they set me right. It was easy enough and they were delighted. As I mounted, I saw an old woman seated before a house repeating something to herself with much energy and action: sometimes she addressed me, sometimes pointed after my Aunt who had gone on—the recitation was without the slightest intermission, varying only in the amount of energy she put into it. Mr. Kalakaua ex-

plained that it was a sort of invocation to the strangers—it was of course extempore. The effect was very singular, and you might have thought the woman mad.

A few miles on and we came to another village, where we stopped at a native house to take luncheon and rest the men. The house belonged to a Mr. Martin,²⁸ son of a West Indian and Hawaiian, married to a Hawaiian of some rank, distantly related to Mr. Kalakaua. He is a magistrate and was absent on his duties; but his wife was there and spread fine mats for us to lie upon. We preferred, however, being outside to see the people, who assembled from every part of the village and were of every age—decrepit and grey-headed as well as the babies. The gay colours of the women's dresses brightened the scene wonderfully, and we thought some of the children very pretty—they have such fine teeth and hair.

Here we had fresh cocoanut, quite young and very different from the hard kernel we have known elsewhere. Owing to the change in our plans, we were taking things easily and so stopped again for the night at 4:30, instead of going on seven miles farther according to the original intention. Our house was a two-storied one built of lava blocks and coral limestone, the farming residence of someone who had died lately. Mrs. Martin rode on ahead of us and made such preparation as was possible. In one room was a bed with mosquito curtain; in another mats were spread for us to sleep upon. We soon found that we should have little peace from mosquitoes, fleas, and even huge cockroaches and spiders! Moreover, there were no outhouses for the men, who therefore lay under the verandah all round the house, as did the servants of the house, both men and women, with a few children. The fleas were more venomous than any I ever felt before, so we had but a wretched night.

W E D N E S D A Y, *May 1*

A very hot day. Even at our early starting hour we felt it to be so. After two miles of riding, we reached the very pretty village of Waiohinu,²⁹ shady with fine trees, amongst which were conspicuous the *kukui*, which bears a fruit with a kernel used for a candle. The kernels are strung along a wire, one touching the other, and thus the whole string goes on burning. There were palms, bananas, papayas, besides other tropical riches almost crowding the little valley and rising up the steep hills behind the houses, which were not all of grass. Most conspicuous were the church of stone or lava blocks and the house of the Missionary, Mr. Shipman,³⁰ who had

just started for Honolulu to take passage by the steamer which we hoped to catch—if the boat had reached the newly fixed point on the south side of the Island in time. But for Mr. Shipman's departure we should have gone on last night to his house.

We stopped a few minutes to gather up the fag end of our train, which had started after a somewhat straggling fashion, and were joined by an American living here, Mr. Mitchell,³¹ who had been unsuccessful in business in Honolulu. He told us that his health had materially suffered there, but that it had been wholly restored by a few months' residence at Waiohinu. As he rode beside me he explained that the village and surrounding land belonged to the King, who had let it to a native. This man sublets it in small quantities, and for the annual rent of a dollar and a half (about 6s. 6d.) you may have land enough for a house and garden and feed for horse and cattle. Food is very cheap, though there is little variety except by taking trouble to procure it—fowls are always to be had, at 12½ cents (about 6d.) each—eggs the same for a dozen—fruit ad libitum and vegetables for the trouble of producing them. The climate seems to be perfection and there are no mosquitoes!

During our subsequent ride of some ten miles, we passed a small sugarcane patch, the first we had seen; and in the same village a Roman Catholic chapel, not to be distinguished from the native houses around—there was not even a cross over it. At length we came upon the edge of the cliff overhanging Kailikii,³² the appointed meeting place for the boat: the shore was before us some few hundred feet below, with a native house at the edge of the water—but no boat! However, there was nothing to be done but to descend the rocky cliff to the lava plain some two miles wide which intervened between the foot of it and the sandy rock-strewn beach.

A very painful undertaking this was under a burning sun, and with a worse road by far than that into the crater. It was fortunate that we had Mr. Mitchell to help us, in addition to Mr. Austin and Mr. Kalakaua. One of the litters had been lifted down; the second (as I had been riding) was behind with the luggage. So I mounted a horse with Mr. Kalakaua's Mexican saddle (our own horses and side saddles having been left at the top, to be sent back to Hilo) and thus, my Aunt being on her litter, we reached the solitary house on the shore.

It proved to be a very excellent native one, of grass as usual, belonging to one of the lower Chiefs, by whom it was as a matter of course given up to one of Mr. Kalakaua's rank—the family of the owner moving into a small one usually occupied by the servants, adjoining which was the cook-

ing place—a mere sloping thatch upon poles. Besides these buildings, all of grass, there was a large canoe house. This made up the little homestead, distant from the nearest village by about two miles. There was nothing to do but to wait for our release by boat, as the very means of retreat by land was taken from us.

In the afternoon, Mr. Austin and Mr. Mitchell returned to Waiohinu, the former professing to expect the boat this evening or the next morning. We were vexed at his departure at so critical a moment; but he “did not wish to be another Sabbath from home,” and thought much of spending a day and a half en route with the Lymans. He is an easy-going man—very provokingly so to me—and took *our* dilemma with less concern than it deserved, seeing that he had come so far in obedience to the spirit of the King's orders that we should receive every possible facility.

Unfortunately, Mr. Kalakaua had so relied upon the arrival of the boat that he had not provided the necessary supplies of food. The wine was all gone, and we had hardly any meat for dinner, fresh caught fish supplying its place.

THURSDAY, *May 2*—SUNDAY, *May 5*

To make a rather long story short, no boat came for several days. We arrived on Wednesday—on Thursday we were without bread or meat—fish and potatoes were our only food, there being no fruit of any kind. So on Friday morning Mr. Kalakaua sent a messenger to Waiohinu for supplies, which were brought down immediately by Mr. Gower, an American³³ who keeps *the* store there. A calf was killed and we dined sumptuously, Mr. Gower's provision having included two or three bottles of porter, neither wine or brandy being procurable—henceforth we were well off.

Meanwhile, though in idea you may think that to live as we did in a perfectly lonely hut on a naked beach, looking out like Sister Anne for the means of escape which day after day was withheld, was not very charming, yet I can assure you we entirely enjoyed the five days we passed at Kailikii. The repose was perfectly delightful—the weather lovely as usual—the house was *really* clean—no mosquitoes—we had a very few books—writing—so that we had plenty to do. Our litters made excellent beds, so that we slept on them by night and rested on them by day, to our great comfort. We shall always look back with pleasure to these quiet days.

When once the sun was up, the heat was too great for exposure to it, as there was not a morsel of shade; but towards evening we generally rambled a little way on the shore, picking up shells and sometimes cooling

our feet in the little pools left by the tide in the lava masses which strewed the beach. There was not much time for our little walk, as the twilight is excessively short and the moon rose very late. During the two first days a good many natives from the nearest village came over to look at us and seated themselves in the doorway (we never let them come inside) watching us for hours together. And when once it was known at Waiohinu that we were detained, we had repeated visitors from thence—Mr. Gower on Friday, on Saturday the Mr. Martin I have mentioned, and on Sunday again Mr. Gower, in order to settle finally as to our plans.

We had sent off a canoe to try and catch the steamer and give notice of our plight; also a messenger to Milolii for the boat, in *case* the first should have miscarried. But we felt that the lingering here must come to an end, so we had arranged that Mr. Martin should procure horses and pack bullocks on Monday, with which very early on Tuesday we were to start for Milolii. But at dawn of day on Sunday I was roused by the unusual sound of voices and beheld the long-wished-for boat just pushing in to the tiny cove which formed the only landing place!

They had pulled all night against the prevailing sea breeze from Kapua, a little below Milolii, in company with the returning canoe which we had sent to meet the steamer—fruitlessly, as it turned out, for after twice looking for us in Kealakekua Bay where we were to have met her she (the steamer) had gone back to Honolulu. The boatmen had shewn considerable stupidity, for they had been continually endeavouring to *sail* from Milolii to Kailikii, were repeatedly baffled, and at last only profited by the example of the return canoe, which was paddling and making good way against the wind. Mr. Gower therefore carried back the news that we were released at last.

Mr. Gower is a perfect specimen, in externals, of the Yankee—tall, lanky, with long sloping shoulders, sallow complexion and a face which must be seen to be conceived—the predominant character being that of perfect self-satisfaction. His tones are ultra Yankee and his expression no less so. But he has been *most kind* to us and absolutely refused payment for the stores (many of them imported and therefore costly) with which he supplied our needs. Nevertheless, he is a Yankee to the backbone, as was evidenced by the way in which he spoke of the annexation of these Islands to America.

We were protesting against it and said we could not conceive it would be done except by force, in which case England would interfere.

He argued, "Wall, I guess it would be the wisest thing the King could do."

"How so? How can you expect a sovereign to resign his power and kingdom voluntarily?"

"Wall, I suppose we look at it from different points of view. But I should say that he would be better off with a few hundred thousand dollars to live upon than he is now as King."

The Almighty Dollar!

MONDAY, *May 6*—TUESDAY, *May 7*

It was settled that we should start before daybreak on our voyage, and I assure you we bid adieu with regret to our hut on its platform of lava blocks, which was almost washed by every tide—a solitary object. But we were leaving it greatly refreshed and perhaps we should have become impatient of longer detention.

A few hours sailing along the lava-girt coast brought us to Kapua, where we landed and took some food. But the sea breeze afterward set in, and we were obliged to give up the attempt to proceed. After three and a half hours struggling against wind and current we put in to another village, named Honomalino, where a house was immediately given up to us. The entire village assembled to gaze upon us—a motley group of all ages—and we had an infinite quantity of handshaking to go through. My Aunt enchanted them by feeding the children with gooseberry jam made with molasses, and it was dusk before we could be quiet, though we were to start at midnight in order to gain as many hours as possible of fair wind.

The boat, though a very large one, did not give us the means of lying back; so Mr. Kalakaua arranged for us a platform upon the double canoe—have I said that the Governess had sent one down with the boat to meet us?—i.e., upon the poles which lashed the two canoes together. Cushions were placed under our heads at opposite ends of the platform, which was just wide enough for our bodies, and we were kept from rolling off by a pole on each side. It was a hard bed, but we found considerable relief from sitting up in the boat, and the motion was not unpleasant when we lay flat.

So by starlight we once more embarked, aided by a fire of dried leaves of the palm tree, the flaring up of which enabled us to find our way into our new bed. Buckland was put into one of the benches of the canoe, wide enough only for one person; the men shoved us into the water, sprang in, and paddled off until the sail was got up and we cut swiftly through the water.

By six in the morning we were in the well-known Kealakekua Bay,

running into Kaawaloa, the village where Cook was killed. Here a clean little house was given up to us, and we were able to rest as well as breakfast, after which we went to the spot on the beach where he fell and died. And then up the hill to the place where his body was burned and partly eaten,³⁴ and where a sort of monument was set up by Lord Byron in the *Blonde*³⁵ in 1825.

On a mound of lava stones stands a pole with a flat piece of wood at the top on which is fastened a copper plate recording the event. A rough wall of lava blocks surrounds the mound, and within this wall is inscribed in large white letters the name of "B. Boyd, 1856."³⁶ (He passed many years in the Pacific cruising in his delightful yacht the *Wanderer*, and came to Van Diemen's Land before we left—we went on board and had luncheon.) The poor man had a wretched life for some time, an unknown fate: at last it was ascertained beyond a doubt that he was murdered by the natives on one of the Navigator Islands.

It is proposed to erect a worthy monument to Cook, and even some steps have been in progress for some time among the English in this country. On descending, we went to the stump of a cocoanut tree connected with the above tragedy, which is covered with copper sheathing inscribed with the names of different ships of war which have visited this spot, so deeply interesting to Englishmen.

This over, we crossed the bay in the canoe to the village of Kealakekua, the largest except Hilo we had seen on Hawaii. The whole population were assembled at the landing place, and a great number assisted in running the canoe high and dry on the shore that we might spring out on dry land. We were received by Captain Cummings,³⁷ an American of course, formerly Captain of a whaling ship, and now Deputy Sheriff of the province, keeping a store here and married to a Hawaiian. We were quite pleased with her, though our communication could be little enough, as she does not speak a word of English. Her manner was very pretty and she was unceasingly kind in making us as comfortable as possible for the night. Before dinner we took a walk to the church, a clean, airy building. Unfortunately (as we thought) for his people, Mr. Paris, the clergyman,³⁸ lives two or three miles up the mountain upon some land he possesses, and rarely comes down except on Sunday.

Captain Cummings has been here several years and has planted a garden very successfully with vines and pines, besides the usual fruits of the country. He has two Chinese servants who had been sent for from China and engaged for a term of years (five) at \$4.00 a month, their passage having

been paid. One has been staying voluntarily two years beyond the five, and now receives \$7.00 a month wages.

Our next stage was Kailua, where we were to find the Governess of the Island and should be well housed until the steamer, or one of the coast schooners, fetched us away. We therefore felt no difficulty in making another early start and were ready by 3:30 A.M.; but unfortunately Mr. Kalakaua and the boat people overslept themselves, and we were not off until 5:30 on:

W E D N E S D A Y , *May 8*

Our voyage, however, proved shorter than we expected, and we were off Kailua soon after eight—a village of considerable pretensions within a rather deep bay. Before landing us, however, I ought to say a word of the coast we had been passing during the last three days or nights.

It is a mass of lava piled up in every imaginable form, sometimes quite precipitous. Often there were huge caves and repeatedly blow holes, the sea rushing in under the front wall and spouting up to a great height behind. Once we saw an arch forming a bridge—in fact, the forms are manifold—the colour black, wholly unrelieved, except when there occurred a little sandy cove round which clustered some graceful palms with the native village—these were pretty numerous. Behind, at some distance, rose the volcanic heights of Hawaii, of which one only (the lowest) has a striking outline. Mauna Loa is ever the same, a huge round mass.

Upon the whole of this coast the surf beats frightfully, and landing is utterly impossible except in one of the little coves. The foam and spray are in beautiful contrast to the black lava and the deep blue of the water. You can almost realise the meeting of the terrific lava stream with the ocean, which stayed its downward course. Those who have seen it describe the scene as terrific: the spouting and hissing caused by the first encounter and the raising up of the mighty wall, which gives the coast its utterly desolate appearance.

And now to Kailua. As we neared the beach, we saw two very good stone houses of two stories, and from the larger one we observed several people issue and walk along the beach to the landing place—the foremost a lady with an umbrella. This was the Governess,³⁰ who had come to meet my Aunt. She was dressed Hawaiian-fashion so far as the *shape* of her dress went, but it was of some handsome texture. She wore shoes and stockings but nothing on her head, her dark wavy hair being gathered up behind. She was of the usual dark brown complexion, but certainly the ugliest as

well as the fattest woman we have seen in the land. In general they have good noses, but hers was quite an exception: it looks as if the bridge and upper part of the nostrils must have been broken in, as all that part is literally even with her face. (Since writing the above, we learn that she has had an operation for disease in the nose, which is the cause of deformity.)

As to size, she is perfectly enormous with fat and her gait is a mixture of waddle and stately swing quite remarkable to behold. She *is* a very great lady and looks (or walks at least) as if fully conscious of it. She was attended by six or eight women, of whom one appeared to be of higher position than the rest, all dressed exactly alike in lilac cotton.

Her own residence was close to the landing place, a tiny cove, and we rested under the awning before going on to the other house, also her own property, which the King occupies when here, and which was given up entirely to us and where she accompanied us. It is a huge house⁴⁰ with excellent rooms, standing within a grassy enclosure close upon the shore and faced to the sea by a wall of lava blocks. Above this wall there is a sort of open shed thatched lightly with the great palm leaves, under which were chairs and a sofa—a shady resort at all hours of the day. (In describing her dress, I ought to have mentioned a double necklace of the feathers I have already described in the cloaks—yellow, crimson, and green: this, of course, shewed her high rank, none but the “High Chiefs” having the right to wear these feathers.) Having shewed us the room we were expected to use, she left us for the shady bower I have mentioned, where she spent the rest of the day with her maidens.

Having refreshed ourselves a little, we enjoyed that greatest of Hawaiian luxuries: a *lomi lomi*, or shampooing, which I cannot but declare to be the most wonderful restorative possible. You are thumped and pinched and pulled and rubbed until every sensation of strain is removed. Two of the Governess’s women are expressly devoted to this service, and they certainly shine in their vocation.

In the afternoon there arrived from Honolulu a small schooner which visits all the principal villages down this side of the Island. As this might prove the earliest means of getting back, we sent for the Captain, an American named Marchant,⁴¹ who promised that he would do all he could to make the accommodation tolerable. There is but one cabin and that, he said, should be given up to us; and he would get back as quickly as possible, in which case he might be here again on Tuesday the 14th. Of course, if we can get the steamer to come here and pick us up in the mean-

time, we shall do so—as the schooner is a very small vessel, though we liked the look of the Captain. The vessel rejoices in the name of *Kekauluohi*, of which as we find the whole quite unpronounceable in conversation, we adopt only the first letter, to Mr. Kalakaua's amusement. But he is so indulgent as even to fall into our way and to call it "the K" as we do!

We had a letter today from the King—such a pretty one—in English, and not in any point to be distinguished from one from an English gentleman of the highest education, except by the signature—"Liholiho," his family name. The tone of the letter is one of perfect familiarity with his young A.D.C., who is in fact by *birth* entirely his equal in rank. The Missionaries in their love for Scripture names gave that of *David* to our A.D.C., and the King begins his letter "My dear Taaffy"—his last words are to present his "devoirs to Lady Franklin and her niece." The subject is wholly that of our journey, and he fears difficulties "owing to the jealousy which has been shewn even here" (Honolulu). *We* have seen this feeling very plainly: the Missionaries evidently think that the doing the honours of the country should have been left to them. Many unpleasant remarks have been made to me of the impossibility of the arrangements for our journey being made as comfortably and completely as if the Missionaries had had charge of us. Mrs. Judd tried especially to convince me (for my Aunt's information of course) how much we had lost by being, as it were, in the hands of the King. Altogether the state of feeling is not creditable to them.

There is here with the Governess, who has adopted him, Col. Kalakaua's little brother⁴² of seven years old, a little shy brown boy with silky black hair, dressed, of course, exactly as an English child would be in a hot climate. Mr. Kalakaua is so anxious to have him brought up as an Englishman that he is thinking of persuading his parents to have him sent to school at Vancouver's Island.

After dinner a good many people came into the enclosure and squatted on the grass waiting to see my Aunt, of whom they have all heard. On our going into the portico with the Governess, the usual handshaking began, but with this difference from remote places—that most of them made likewise a bow or curtsy. We then walked about a hundred yards along the beach to a shop kept by an American, who gave us some newspapers, Hawaiian and American, in the former of which was a very pretty notice of our doings, so far as they were known, and of the King's attentions to my Aunt. Here my Aunt bought some specimens of the cotton dresses worn by the natives, which come from Manchester and must certainly be manufactured for this market in particular.

THURSDAY, *May 9*

This morning rather early when I only and Buckland were up and dressed, the portly Governess sailed into our bedroom after duly knocking at the door and looked somewhat perplexed to see my Aunt still asleep in her little iron bed under the mosquito curtain. It was no joke to carry herself up the staircase to the second floor, so she had to rest on the sofa—and then waddled out again. She was all in white, her dress being made of beautifully fine English cambric muslin, her under dress or chemise trimmed with very handsome work.

After breakfast my Aunt decided she would buy cotton for a gown—to be made exactly after the *universal* native pattern—and we set off again to the shop to make the purchase. One of the Governess's women was to make it; and the great lady herself superintended the taking of the pattern and fitted it on, being highly pleased at my Aunt's plan. She sent her early in the morning a wreath for the throat of full-blown sweet roses, and wore one herself of half-opened ones. My Aunt of course put hers on, to the great delight of all the people about. Mr. Kalakaua promises us each a necklace of the rare feathers which are worn only by Chiefesses of the highest rank.

At the Governess's second visit she wore a little straw hat, such as are universal among the Hawaiian ladies and we find are the product of the country. As we admired it, she sent for another—a black one—and the result was that we each have one; I giving her my black brooch and my Aunt a pocket handkerchief trimmed with lace, which happened by accident to be among the things we have here. She was much pleased with both.

At twelve, we started in our litters to a bay a little way below this, to see some surf riding. Seeing the R. Catholic Church open we looked in—the priest invited us in but we declined, stopping only long enough to observe that it was large, very well kept, and without any of the usual nonsense and frippery—only one picture was over the altar. There were several natives there praying—i.e., on their knees—and this made us regret that this act of outward homage does not prevail in the Presbyterian Church. We were quite a cavalcade of horsemen and walkers—men, women, and children, some of whom accompanied us the whole way, some three miles—our bearers often running along merrily.

We alighted at a very nice native house belonging to a Chief of the lower grade, a very good-looking man whom Mr. Kalakaua had introduced to us yesterday. He is an excellent surf rider and joined in the succeeding

sport, which was also witnessed by a great number of people belonging to the village, who clustered all round the house. I fear I can hardly give you a correct idea of surf riding but I must try.

A man or woman swims out to the line of breakers, having before him a thin board from 4 to 6 feet long and about 15 inches wide; this in swimming he carries before him with one arm, swimming with the other. The curling waves are nothing to these wonderful swimmers—they either dive under them or ride up the face of the liquid wall and appear on the top of or behind it. They choose their wave according to its height and the direction it will take in reaching the shore, and then instead of facing it they turn about, place the surfboard immediately in front, rise to the crest of the wave, and literally *ride* upon it with extended limbs until it has spent itself upon the beach. But if they perceive that it will cast itself against the rocks, then they turn round again and stop short. It is a really wonderful sight, and some are so expert that during their flying progress they can spring upright on the surfboard and come in erect! We saw one man do this.

All here living on the coast are as much at home in the water as on the land and seem to enjoy it thoroughly. The children begin from tender youth, three or four years old. You see them run in to the edge of the water and out again—a little older and they go farther and dance in the outer edge of the spent waves, throwing themselves down that the water may pass over them—older still and they have their tiny surfboards, being already good swimmers. Morning and noontime you see them here by the dozen in the water, shouting, playing, jumping in from the rocks head foremost or straight upright, diving, standing on their heads, and dashing their legs in the air—in fact, their antics are innumerable.

As we were watching the sport, who should come up with a goodly train all on horseback but the Governess, with eight female attendants and probably at least as many men. She wore a bright yellow petticoat⁴³ after their fashion, of which I intend to learn the mysteries, but cannot describe at present, farther than to say that being astride, it falls in front on each side in sweeping folds and is kept down by going over the foot into the stirrup. All the ladies wore black cloth capes; the petticoats were either yellow or bright red, and the hats black or straw colour. Unfortunately, we did not see them dismount, nor would they mount until after we started to return. We would have given a good deal to see that enormous woman get into the saddle!

We saw something of the secret of her fat today—she is very fond of

English bottled ale and absolutely drank three tumblers quite full without eating anything solid. No wonder that soon after we had set off, the riding party (headed of course by herself) swept by us at a hard canter with all the red and yellow petticoats fluttering behind. The whole population seem to take to riding as much as to swimming: they ride admirably well and are not particular about their horses. It was a funny sight. Until now, when all her attendants remained outside the house, we had no idea she had such a train of them.

At this place we had another instance of the powers of the native *improvisatori* (on the day of reaching this spot one immediately after we landed made a very long address to Mr. Kalakaua, he being of high rank), who made a very long address to the Governess in her honour. And on going away, another and a remarkable-looking woman apostrophised my Aunt with infinite volubility, gesticulation, change of countenance, and modulation—we wished we could have understood her. As the litter was borne off she was still hard at work in my Aunt's honour.

We returned at high-pressure speed. Our bearers started with "Hip, hip, hurrah!" English fashion, and persisted in trying which set could go the fastest. Whenever one succeeded in passing the other there was another round of cheers, and the race ended only at our own door.

This little excursion over, we walked a few paces to the Old Fort⁴⁴ commanding the entrance to the bay, constructed of blocks of lava on which guns are mounted, seven large and six small ones. But all are gone to ruin and useless. They bear our own mark "G. R."; but we cannot learn how and when they came here.

We are thoroughly enjoying the fruit: I never tasted such oranges in my life, so perfectly ripe and teeming with juice. The bananas are of the finest kind and of the most delicate pink colour—watermelons daily, among the most grateful and harmless of fruits—cocoanuts—breadfruit—the last we have seen for the first time and can imagine it to be some sort of substitute for bread. The tree and fruit are beautiful to behold.

FRIDAY, *May 10*—WEDNESDAY, *May 15*

I shall put the succeeding days into a lump, as they were not varied by any incident. We simply enjoyed the repose—the exquisite sunsets—cocoanut trees and natives' houses thrown out from a flaming background—the intense blue of the sea—the black coastline with the ever-changing fountains of snowy spray. Of a truth, if we *have* worked hard we are now

idle: yet never *idle*—only in perfect rest. We have a great house all to ourselves—every door and window open, scanty furniture (only one bed, a sofa, tables and chairs) but our litters still make the best of beds. Our food comes without asking—kid, veal, chicken, fish, and fruit—with but one trouble, now without remedy: namely, that we cannot get away by the *Yankee*, but must wait for the next of the regular packets to San Francisco.

Mr. Kalakaua breakfasts and dines with us and we have much talk about England, which he longs to see, and about all our ways. We also ask him questions about his own land. He does the honours charmingly and is in all things a perfect gentleman.

On Saturday we had a visit from the Missionary of this part, who has been here from the very first establishment of the Mission forty years ago! Mr. Thurston⁴⁵ is seventy-three and wears a long white beard with moustache. He seems a good old man, but we feel that there needs some change for the good of the people. He lives two miles and more up in the mountain and only comes down once in the week besides Sunday, so that his personal influence can hardly be felt. He, too, owns land and lives upon it.

On Sunday we intended to go to church for a part of the service, in Hawaiian of course, but Mr. Kalakaua, who sleeps at the Governess's house, failed us, and we arrived only at the conclusion. We remained, however, for the school, which followed the service and is held in the church. The teaching seemed to us exceedingly superficial: they were questioned upon a chapter in St. Luke, one individual only in each class (as far as we could understand) giving an answer. There were eight or ten classes (about 120 scholars) and as many questions and answers (as one imagined) given in the words of the chapter. The school began with a prayer and hymn and ended with another hymn, all conducted by the schoolmaster—Mr. Thurston being present. There was no other public service, but prayer meetings were held by the deacons in various houses in the evening. But the day was fully observed: there was no bathing, though I suspect (from what we saw) a great deal of sleeping.

The Governess came to see us and was very well dressed in a rich dark green and black brocade, her attendants all in pale grey muslin. She was infinitely surprised at my Aunt's little bedstead, which was taken to pieces (a five minutes' job) and put up again.

Certain steps were taken to make known to the steamer on her arrival at a certain port to the northward that we wanted picking up; so we expect her on Tuesday. Meanwhile, as I have said, we repose—amidst books,

writing, watching the surf riders and anything else of interest. In the evening we go out on the litters, as it is not a climate for much walking, though most delightful when one need make no exertion.

We have had a most extraordinary surf. For two days it has been terrific and the waves have dashed up this sheltered bay in a manner never seen before and very alarming to the people. It was fine fun for the boys but their mothers were alarmed, and every now and then we saw them screaming out and beckoning to their children to come in from the surf into which they had dashed with their boards at high romps. Two men were actually thrown down under the surf, for want of expertness, and nearly killed. At the outer point of the bay (where I have put a cross, our house being opposite, in the centre) the waves broke with tremendous fury, shooting up great mountains of spray. At night these spray-masses turned from snowy white to black and gave one the idea of a volcano flinging forth its dense clouds of smoke. Nothing could be more magnificent than to watch the huge wall of pale translucent green as it advanced towards the shore ever encreasing in height and volume, and then the breaking over with a voice of thunder.

We could hardly hear each other speak for several hours; and certainly could never have realised it without seeing.

And now, while we linger here waiting to be released, I may say a few more words about the Missionaries: they have had temptations and have not always withstood them. But perhaps some mistakes were the result only of their nationality. Of all people, the Americans must be the very worst for entering among and civilising a savage people, since they at once fall foul of the fundamental institution of such a people—viz., that of the Chiefs. The American theory being that all men are equal—niggers excepted!—and the Presbyterians being especially wedded to this principle, the Missionaries have ever held it as a rule to weaken the power of the Chiefs—in fact, to destroy the Aristocracy of the Land.

The ancient landmarks of authority being thus cast down, there was nothing to take its place: they aimed at absolute spiritual dominion, but that could not be universally obtained even in the earliest days, and is now less than a shadow. Their political influence has all had the same tendency. In the last reign, the missionary influence as represented in the Cabinet by Dr. Judd was paramount, and produced the mischievous results of universal suffrage and other enormities of democracy. Among these is the absence of any property qualification, even in the House of Representatives, who moreover are paid \$3.00 a day during the session—of course,

an ample premium to the neediest and most unfit, who may be elected by a parcel of people without a whole shirt or other garment, whose vote is at the service of anyone who will give them a glass of beer—more or less—these free and independent electors having equal privilege with Chiefs of the highest rank: nay, even with the Royal Family.

A bill was introduced last session into the Legislature for requiring a property qualification in the Representatives, but it was thrown out by the American members, who of course represent the missionary influence. Another highly mischievous measure was introduced by Dr. Judd (who everyone tells us was literally the Sovereign during the late King's reign, and tyrannised completely over him, as did Mrs. Judd over the Queen)—namely, the giving to every native a small plot of ground. They can just (if they choose it) raise enough to support life in this climate, and may be as idle as they please; whereas the only way to produce and encourage habits of industry was to make work a necessity—as much so as submission to authority. This, we are assured by intelligent men here, has been the worst thing ever done for the native, and explains the (to us) intolerable laziness which pervades the Hawaiian nation. I mean the lower class. The foreigners are the only really active portion of the community—of course, there are exceptions; but I am alluding to the bulk of the population, especially in the country, of whom we have now seen a good deal.

Unfortunately, too, the Missionaries have mingled secularity—*simple money getting*—with their high functions, and these last have sat lightly upon many of them. They have been keeping shops, engaging in mercantile pursuits, and even extensively lend money to the natives at interest which we should consider enormous—25% *per month*, 25¢ upon every dollar lent for a month. Mr. Thurston, the oldest Missionary in the country, who is much respected on the whole and has never engaged in mercantile pursuits, lends out money in this way. All seem to acquire land, and they obtain the gratuitous labour of the people to work it. All this makes us feel the enormous advantage it would be to this land at the present crisis (for *it is* one) could our own people be introduced. It seems hardly possible to overestimate the benefit which a truly zealous clergyman of the stamp of our best missionary and colonial clergy would confer. At this moment the aristocratic party, headed of course by the King, is antagonistic to the missionary party. And they, the Missionaries, are entirely deprived of political power, except indirectly through the American members of the House of Representatives.

We have also learned another fact, altogether consistent with the level-

ling principles introduced. The Hawaiian language has two distinct forms:⁴⁶ the vulgar and purely colloquial, which is exceedingly poor, sufficient only for the wants of the common people and the expression of ordinary ideas; the other, of higher composition and structure, so different as to be quite incomprehensible to the lower classes, and used exclusively by the Chiefs in communication with each other. Of course, until the advent of the Missionaries all language was unwritten, and they committed the blunder of ignoring the higher form and confining themselves to the study and development of the lowest. In fact, they know nothing of the "Chief" dialect, if it can be so called, the very existence of which is not known to many persons; and it is actually dying out, even in the class to which it is confined.

THURSDAY, *May 16*

Finding that the steamer must have gone on to Hilo without picking us up first (this was, as we afterwards found, owing to the imperfect explanation in Col. Kalakaua's note to the Captain), we thought it would not do to risk anything in the way of farther detention. So it was settled that we should perform another (and the last) stage of our journey, to Kawaihae⁴⁷ (pronounced "Quihi"), where she would touch again on her way back to Honolulu. Heavy rain fell during the night, which prevented our starting at 4:00 A.M. as was intended, and we did not get off until 6:00, my Aunt and I on the double canoe as before, having with us Joseph, the coxswain of the King's boat,⁴⁸ who is now our constant attendant, as he is that of the King and Queen when they travel. We had, besides him and a boy, six men to paddle and two in the stern of each canoe to steer—so that we expected to go very fast, as in truth we did, though not at the rate we might have done.

Our six paddles would work all together for perhaps twelve strokes, and the canoe (helped by sail) would go a tremendous pace. But within a minute four or five were certain to stop, and so they relieved each other—one or two at a time only working—for the next twenty minutes or more. It was very hot and no umbrella was sufficient to keep off the sun as we lay on the platform of the canoe fully exposed to it. About midday we stopped at a very small village, lying on a sandy cove with a few cocoanuts, named Kapulehu. Here we rested for an hour and a half while the men sucked up their poi, under the stimulus of which they pulled or paddled more vigorously.

We reached Kawaihae about 4:00 P.M., where we were kindly welcomed

by Mr. Allen, son of the Chancellor⁴⁹ of the Kingdom, who keeps a store (Anglice "shop"), where any and everything wanted in these parts may be bought. He is a gentlemanlike young man and very kindly gave us up the whole of his rooms over the store, and we quite enjoyed the cool and quiet of the remaining afternoon and evening, surrounded by newspapers (American only of course) brought by a mail arrived during our absence from Honolulu. The items of European news were as usual very meagre, but amongst them was an outline of the abominable case of Major Yelverton,⁵⁰ with portraits in two papers of Mrs. Yelverton.

In addition to Mr. Allen was his clerk, Mr. Low,⁵¹ an intelligent young man who described to us the wonderful and awful circumstances of the last eruption, only two years ago, which he witnessed continually from a distance and visited repeatedly. This fearful outburst did not proceed from the crater we visited, Kilauea, but from a new one on the side of Mauna Loa. Out of this issued a stupendous column of fire and lava, which spouted up continually during a month and then ceased—only, however, to break forth again with fresh fury and strength. The lava poured out and down the side of the mountain a molten stream which at night gave out such intense light that at Kawaihae, fifteen miles distant, you could see to read the smallest print with the same ease as in daylight!

This outpouring of the inner life of Mother Earth lasted *continually* for a whole year! During that time the stream was flowing red hot into the sea, hissing and spouting, keeping the water at boiling point to a distance of 300 yards from the shore, with numbers of fish floating about—not only dead, but ready-cooked for eating! Mr. Low approached as near as possible to the junction of the molten stream with the sea, but the heat was so intense that it was unendurable, even at 300 yards, beyond a few minutes. The heat of the water loosened the seams of the boat or canoe, and safety compelled him to move off. The stream was forty miles in length from the crater to the sea, and it was a fortnight in getting to the sea. (But I have all these data in print from a sure source, so that I can refer to them if I want to be exact.) The eruption destroyed only one village and not much property, but it filled up a bay and made a new promontory.

As we were listening to the details given us by Mr. Low, we could not help longing that if another eruption was ever to visit the land, it might come quickly—while we are here. And we heard, quite hopefully, that some of the surest signs are occurring, chiefly in the matter of earthquakes, which have been very frequent of late; also the weather has been singularly sultry. We were certainly *not* fortunate at the volcano, which has been

seen in far greater activity by many we have met with. It seems that within the last few months a huge rock which stood in the middle of the burning caldron has disappeared—we certainly saw no sign of it. An English traveller was here during the eruption and repeatedly went towards the stream, which however he could never approach nearer than one third of a mile on account of the heat. He computed that it sometimes spouted up to the height of 1,000 feet, but said he should not be believed if he stated that.

FRIDAY, May 17

The steamer arrived this morning and as it was to stop all day, we visited a *heiau*, or temple, built by the first Kamehameha,⁵² and the last on which human sacrifice was offered: it stands on a steep hill rising from the beach. We were on our litters, Col. Kalakaua riding. On the beach we met a small party of natives on horseback, one of whom greeted Kalakaua with extreme cordiality and was at once presented by him as Mr. Isaac Davis, grandson of the Isaac Davis⁵³ who with John Young was the first white man who settled on the Islands.

He is an exceedingly handsome, gentlemanlike-looking man of thirty-four (or thirty-six) he says—6 feet 2 inches in height, with well-cut features, wavy hair, and dark complexion, very becomingly dressed in a buff-coloured shirt with a pretty pattern on it. He speaks English, but no raillery or encouragement from Col. Kalakaua would induce him to keep up any conversation in English, though he joined us in our visit to the *heiau*. Now and then he was betrayed into answering us in English, and he was mightily ashamed of his undress costume—becoming though *we* considered it. This young-looking man is the second husband of the Governess of Hawaii, and he is actually older than she is, for she is only thirty-two!—a thing almost incomprehensible to us.

His manners are shy but gentlemanlike, and my Aunt was so pleased with him that she begged he would return with us and dine at Mr. Allen's, overruling all his scruples on the score of undress. The Governess wished us much to see her husband, who is here on business. His father, George Davis, lives here and came out of his house to be introduced, as we returned along the beach. He is fairer than his son, with very English features and appearance. He seemed half shy when my Aunt assured him he was an Englishman and possessed of every national privilege. The father, Isaac Davis, was (like John Young) made a Chief and married one of the highest Chiefesses. It is always pleasant to see the affectionate manners of the

Hawaiians towards each other. Today, after Isaac Davis had been presented to us and rode along with us, he and Col. Kalakaua rode hand in hand for several minutes, evidently delighted to meet and talk with each other.

The *heiau*, standing upon a lofty point running down into the sea, consists of a semicircular wall of rough stones about twenty feet high. The area is roughly paved and within it are the places used for sacrifice: that in the middle, a cavity filled in with loose stones, was for the human sacrifices; in front of it, that for beasts; to the left, for fruits. Immediately in front and a little below the level of this sacrificing area was a more closely paved terrace on which the highest Chiefs placed themselves; lower still was another for the inferior Chiefs; and lowest of all, the common people assembled.

The last sacrifice was brought about by treachery, in which the grandfather of Col. Kalakaua was the chief agent. The first Kamehameha had conquered the whole of this Island except the territory of a single Chief, the Lord of Kau. This brave man could be vanquished only by stratagem, by which he was induced to trust himself on a visit to Kamehameha. On approaching the great Chief, he found himself in the hands of an army—he was seized and carried up the *heiau*, and so was the last human victim ever offered. This is one of the few *heiaus* still left on any of the Islands, and we were fortunate in having an opportunity to examine it.

On our return to Mr. Allen's house we found an Englishman named Sparkes,⁵⁴ who was anxious to be introduced. He went out to Sydney in 1824, a young man, with his parents, brothers, sisters, and two servants—married in Australia—has one child only, a daughter, whom on the death of her mother he sent home to be educated. She has married a farmer near Totnes, and we have promised to see her if anywhere in her neighborhood. The father has been some years in these Islands and has some property in the Waimea district not far inland from this place; but his speculations as a grazier have failed and we have since heard that he is bankrupt. His creditors have behaved very kindly to him and in taking possession of his property have given him \$1,000 to begin the world. He is from South Devon and thoroughly English in look and in speech: it did one good to see his ruddy countenance and rounded features, after having had only angular Americans to set off against the dark-hued natives.

Mrs. Judd was on her return to Honolulu by the steamer and landed with Miss Mary Pitman, daughter of Mr. Pitman of Hilo⁵⁵ by his first wife, who was a Hawaiian. Mr. Pitman and his family (he now has a third wife with a baby) are going to San Francisco in the *Comet* and will therefore

be our fellow passengers. Miss Pitman is very dark—i.e., her Hawaiian descent is perfectly evident, though she has much of the American character in feature.

We had also the clergyman of the district, Mr. Lyons,⁵⁶ a very odd-looking little man, without a tooth in his head: they were all dragged out some months ago in order to be replaced, and now he hopes to have his poor mouth filled once more. He is said to be more liberal in his views than are many of his brethren, and we saw signs of this in talking with him this evening on deck. We embarked before dark and sailed about 9:30. We reached our intended stopping place off East Maui during the night.

SATURDAY, *May 18*

We left our anchorage about 10:00 A.M., with additional lady passengers, and reached Lahaina about 2:00 P.M. The King had given orders that the means should be provided for taking us up to the Seminary at Lahainaluna, on the hill above Lahaina, and we were driven thither by Mr. Bartow,⁵⁷ who is the Postmaster &c. This is a missionary institution for the training of young men, chiefly for the ministry. The vacation had commenced so the pupils were gone, but we drove to the house of the Rev. Pogue,⁵⁸ principal master of the establishment. All the buildings (several are detached from the main one) are beautifully situated at a considerable elevation and command an extensive view of the town of Lahaina, the seashore, and adjacent islands. Close to the buildings is a ravine widening into a basin through which runs a mountain stream, and this is devoted to the cultivation of *taro* which with fish (occasionally, not always) constitutes the food of the pupils and is raised by themselves. So far, the institution is entirely self-supporting. We visited one of the detached buildings in which was a dormitory—it was neither clean nor tidy. In the main building is the chapel, dining hall, class and lecture rooms. We looked in at the windows, all being locked up. The number of pupils is, I think, 120.

On our way back we stopped at Mr. Bartow's charming little house, with its gay garden kept in perpetual freshness by streamlets between the borders. Then we drove to the house of Dr. Hutchison, an Englishman⁵⁹ whom the King has lately made District Judge here. He is a medical man and went out to Van Diemen's Land as doctor to an emigrant ship, the *Henry*—while we were there, he says. He has married an Englishwoman, on which ground we were anxious to meet their wish that my Aunt should call on her: she comes from near Gillingham in Kent and knows something

of Mrs. Osmer, widow of the purser of the *Erebus*.⁶⁰ Many of the crew having lived in that part, she has been in the habit of hearing of the expedition and of feeling unusual interest in it. She is the daughter of Lt. Sturgis and as a child lived with him on board the guard ship at Sheerness. Her two brothers also are in the Navy.

On our way, we had also looked into the R. Catholic Church, which is without any of the nonsense one usually sees. The hushed reverence of the two or three natives within was in strong and favourable contrast to the want of common decorum permitted in the mission churches. Altogether we were much pleased with Lahaina—its shaded, bowery look, from the abundance of trees in and out of the gardens belonging to every house.

Our visit to Mrs. Hutchison (who gave us some tea) at an end, we hurried off to the beach, where our boatmen quickly assembled. It was nervous work getting off to the steamer, for the surf was high and was with difficulty avoided. However, we got off with no more than an occasional shower of spray, and clambered over boats and lighters to the steamer's ladder, by which we reached the deck for the last time on this voyage.

We had a good deal of talk this morning with Mrs. Judd, who is about to publish her own experiences in this country. She read us a letter addressed to herself by Mrs. Coan (to be published) on the inexpediency of teaching the natives English.⁶¹ There was but one good argument against it: that was that the main object of the Missionary being to impart a knowledge of the Gospel, this ought to be conveyed to them as quickly and readily as possible in their own language, rather than in one to be acquired by them and with which they are but little familiar. This difficulty, however, diminishes every year, as English is—inevitably from intercourse with foreigners—better understood, and as the population becomes more entirely imbued with the spirit and habits of Christianity. The work is, in fact, now regularly ministerial rather than missionary, since there is no avowed heathenism to enlighten and instruct. There were secular arguments elaborately discussed and enforced, which did not appear to us of any great value—some false altogether. The impression was produced on our minds that, whether expedient or not, the people earnestly desire to learn English, for Mrs. Coan mentions as one of the evils that the parents will wear rags in order to be able to send their children to schools where they may learn it. Mrs. Coan in one part of her communication argues as if English were a dead language (!) and spins out long arguments in flowery clothing with illustrations from parallel cases (?) in history.

Speaking at breakfast of the want of industrial application in the people, we freely expressed regret that the power of the Chiefs was wholly broken down: that they had no longer the power, as formerly, to enforce labour on certain days by way of tribute. Under the present state of things, each man possesses a little plot of ground sufficient for the supply of his wants, with hardly the semblance even of cultivation—there is no longer any incentive to labour. Captain Berrill agreed in our view and brought forward the fact that the Hawaiians do well as sailors, owing to the systematic discipline of a ship: precisely the compulsion which is required by the native character. Mrs. Judd would not, of course, allow that our views were right as to the cause; since it is the Missionaries who have produced the democratic measures alluded to—and destroyed, not modified only (as should have been done), the power of the Chiefs. Republican principles are the very last to introduce into a savage community—even theoretically, they are suited only to advanced civilisation.

A yearly convention of Missionaries is about to meet in Honolulu, and our already large number of passengers was farther increased by Mr. Pogue, from the Lahainaluna Seminary, Mr. Bishop, son of the minister at Honolulu, Mr. Baldwin,⁶² resident minister at Lahaina, with the families of some.

SUNDAY, May 19

We arrived early at Honolulu and found the Queen's carriage waiting to take us back to Mr. Wyllie's house. Fortunately, there was time to breakfast and return into the town for church. We went to the Bethel Chapel, where Mr. Wyllie always attends. It is specially intended for seamen, but many besides go there, as the minister, Mr. Damon,⁶³ is much liked: he is not one of the regular staff of Missionaries, but wholly distinct from them. He is the editor of a very interesting newspaper, the *Friend*. Mr. Damon, however, has just sailed on a missionary tour of inspection in Micronesia. His place was taken by Mr. Corwin, minister of the Fort Street Church,⁶⁴ the largest English one here—a *very* interesting and excellent sermon on the Resurrection.

I shall here close this letter at the end of what may be called the first episode in our deeply interesting visit to this Kingdom. My next will tell of Honolulu and the people.

Ever, my dearest ones, your very affectionate,

SOPHIA CRACROFT



Kailua and Honolulu • May 14, May 18, May 25

LETTERS BY THE WAY

*Guests of the Kingdom • Hawaii's Royal Family • The
American Missionaries and Their Influence • A Thorough
Gentleman • R. C. Wyllie's Dinner Party • English
Influences • The Views of Lord Russell • Calvinists and
Roman Catholics • The King's Reading • Future Plans*

ONE DAY ON THE ISLAND OF HAWAII, WHILE LADY FRANKLIN AND HER NIECE were enjoying their repose as guests of the Princess Ruth, Miss Cracroft caught sight of a sailing vessel plying along the shore off Kailua. What luck if this small coasting schooner should make for the landing and take mail aboard before proceeding to Honolulu. Writing, as she said, "on a venture," Miss Cracroft sat down and dashed off a letter to her family in England. Her hope was that this hasty message, dated May 14, might precede her and her aunt back to Honolulu, so that from there it could be forwarded (probably by Mr. Wyllie) to San Francisco, and so eventually make its way to England.

In her journal for the Kailua interlude, Miss Cracroft is altogether silent about the fate of this letter. However, that it somehow reached Honolulu cannot be doubted, for when she had herself returned to that port on May 19, Miss Cracroft appended a hurried postscript: "I add a few more words to say that we have overtaken my former sheet." Her object in these two communications, as in a longer letter written in Honolulu on May 25, was the simple one of keeping her "dearest ones" posted—so far as oceanic mail services allowed in 1861—and letting them know that all was well: "We have had many ups and downs, which I have recorded fully [elsewhere] for your amusement. . . . It all *sounds* strange enough, and yet we have fallen into it very easily."

In these three letters we are reminded that Miss Cracroft was not only the companion of a world traveler: she was also a daughter, a sister, and a fond maiden aunt. But domestic small talk, an inquiry about her mother's severe cold or concern about "dearest E." being "laid up again," does not long divert her from her true topic: "this country . . . so very far in advance of anything we, at least, had anticipated." In these letters Miss Cracroft proves herself a friend and a zealous one to the King's plan to introduce Anglicanism—"whether bishop or priest"—into the Hawaiian Islands. Among her other remarks on the religious outlook in Hawaii, she has occasion to mention two important documents of state. The first is a letter from Kamehameha IV to Queen Victoria, composed by himself, begging her to give her approval to the establishment of the Anglican Church in Hawaii. Mr. Wyllie kindly presented Lady Franklin with a copy of the letter, written in the King's own hand, which Lady Franklin preserved among her journals and papers.

Palace of Honolulu
26th November 1860

Copy for Mr. Wyllie

To Her Most Excellent Majesty
Queen Victoria

Madam

I approach Your Majesty with this letter for the purpose of requesting Your Majesty's approval of the establishment of the Anglican Episcopal Church within my Dominions.

The Lord Primate of all England has already been addressed upon the subject by my Minister for Foreign Affairs.

I therefore presume upon the well known graciousness which Your Majesty has always extended to me, my Predecessor and my people, and for which we have always been thankful, to ask for such countenance to this pious undertaking as may seem most meet to Your Majesty, and to whatever degree that may be extended, I and my people will ever be thankful.

Your Majesty's Good and Grateful friend
KAMEHAMEHA¹

The second document is the reply of Lord John Russell, Victoria's foreign secretary in 1861, explaining why it would be impossible for his Sovereign to oblige Kamehameha IV in exactly the manner he had requested: to do so would have been "to interfere within a foreign nation," or indeed, as Russell indicated, to exceed the Queen's limited constitutional powers. "However, the thing will no doubt be done," declared Miss Cracroft prophetically, "only not in the form dictated by the King's anxiety." Her confidence in her fellow countrymen and their influence in the Kingdom was not misplaced; meanwhile, the policy of the Foreign Office remained cautious.

I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 24th of November [Russell wrote to Wyllie on February 12, 1861] inclosing a letter which King Kamehameha has addressed to the Queen, my Sovereign, requesting that Her Majesty would approve of the establishment of the Anglican Episcopal Church in His Majesty's Dominions.

The Queen has learnt with great satisfaction the sentiments entertained by King Kamehameha on this important subject, and Her Majesty will watch with the greatest interest the development of a scheme which promises to be productive of so much benefit to His Majesty's subjects.

But the Queen has no means of extending any direct assistance to any pious enterprise of this nature, except such as are placed at Her disposal

by the Parliament of this Country; and she is restricted from contributing in any other way but by Her good wishes, to such an undertaking on the part of a Foreign Sovereign as that shadowed forth in the King's letter.

The Queen may indeed, through the Secretary of State, assist the efforts of Her own subjects residing in or resorting to foreign countries to maintain British chapels in such countries, but Her assistance is limited by the Law to the extent of the contributions made for that object exclusively by British subjects.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Yr most obt humble servt
J RUSSELL²

Because she was writing for her uninstructed family, sketching in simple outline the history as she saw it of Christian missions in the Kingdom, Miss Cracroft's account of these matters requires a minimum of introduction. Though no neutral observer of the Hawaii of her time, she may be recommended for what she was: a forthright recorder of her own thoughts and the Anglican and "royalist" point of view.



H A W A I I
Sandwich Islands
May 14, 1861

My dearest ones,

This short letter is written on a venture, so it will not tell you more than a few facts: the first of which is that being (as I think I told you in my last from San Francisco) precluded by the swelling of all the rivers and shocking state of the roads from visiting any place of interest in California, we determined suddenly upon coming to these Islands, to which there is a fortnightly packet from San Francisco, one of which was immediately about to sail.

We arrived at Honolulu in ten days and were instantly received into the country house of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Mr. Wyllie. Within a few hours the King had heard of my Aunt's arrival (he was in the country for the moment) and sent to congratulate her and pay his respects

through one of his Aides-de-Camp. This was followed by the kindest possible attentions: we were presented to him and the Queen the next day. Having heard that we intended to take the steamer then starting to this Island, in order to visit the world-renowned volcano and the spot where poor Capt. Cook was killed, he at once undertook all our arrangements at his own cost, and sent with us one of his A.D.C.'s, Col. Kalakaua, of one of the highest families, to take charge of us and carry them out.

Most vexatiously, a change by Mr. Kalakaua of one day's journey in doing all this prevented our meeting the steamer on her return to Honolulu, and *thereby* we have probably missed the opportunity of returning to San Francisco in the vessel which brought us, and are therefore detained another fortnight until the next packet sails. I write this therefore to tell you how it is, and that we are not only well but surrounded with care and attention. I have written a long journal letter, but prefer to keep it complete and send it from San Francisco through the Foreign Office, as my last huge packet went.

Short though this letter must be, I yet must take time to say that we are in a most interesting country, of which the King is perhaps one of the most remarkable objects. You must drop all ideas of savage life in the remotest degree—it has vanished. The King and many of his people are highly educated and accomplished men, not merely European but English in their habits of feeling and tastes. The Queen is English in the third degree and was brought up a member of our church, to which the King also gives so decided a preference that he is doing all he can to procure an English clergyman, and has even written to our Queen begging her to send one. We are most anxious to forward his wishes in any way we can, as he has spoken of them freely already. He has one little son, whom he so desires to be a member of our church that he has not yet had him baptised, hoping for the arrival of a resident clergyman.

I should think Mr. Ernest Hawkins³ must know this, in part at least, as we hear that the Bishop of Oxford wishes to have a bishop here. All we hope is that, whether bishop or priest, he may be the right sort of man: he ought to be a *gentleman*, and refined as well as highly educated, for he will meet with refinement here.

As yet, the religious teaching is in the hands of the American Presbyterians, to whom belongs the privilege of having Christianised the land; but the good Missionaries are not equal to the present requirements. They have most contracted notions and have not the necessary education to inspire the respect of the higher classes. Moreover, they are Americans

and have been (naturally) the means of introducing Americans into nearly all the offices. And there is but one mind among them: viz., that this Kingdom ought to be annexed to the United States.

A plan—the right word is *plot*—was laid in the late reign for annexation, against which the present King, as heir, protested and successfully; but the design (as *we* know) only slumbers. Politically, there are many reasons of the strongest kind against this being anything but an independent Kingdom. In point of fact, its independence has been formally acknowledged by England, France, America, and, I believe, Russia—so that it would be a breach of faith to appropriate it, as the French have done Tahiti. Nevertheless, the Americans look forward to the day of annexation, but regard it as possible only in the event of this King's death. He is twenty-seven—and strong and hearty!—with a great dislike to Americans and as strong a love for the English.

I do not think this visit will much retard our return. We have been offered by the Commodore of the Panama line of steamers his own cabins—and his is the finest ship on the line. To take this offer, we must have waited until June in California; and probably we shall yet catch her, as it is our present intention to return by way of New York.

We have visited the great volcano, said to be the largest and most active in the world; and we have done homage to the memory of Cook on the spot where he was sacrificed: we have had many ups and downs, which I have recorded fully for your amusement. The climate is exquisite, and we are in a land of palm trees, of fruit, of lava everywhere, of coral reefs and surf. And we are under the care of a gentleman of deep brown hue who speaks English (not American) and is as thorough a gentleman (in the conventional sense, too) as one of Queen Victoria's equerries. It all *sounds* strange enough, and yet we have fallen into it very easily.

There is but one drawback: that we cannot have any letters until our return to San Francisco, and I feel much for my Aunt in Mrs. Majendie's silence.⁴ She has not received one line, since we left New York in November last; but we feel persuaded there must be a letter *somewhere*.

I am writing in much haste because a coasting schooner is in sight, which may take this to Honolulu and thence to San Francisco. All I feel—and I hope you my dearest ones all will feel the same—is that it is better than no letter at all. We are very well.

Ever your most affectionate,
SOPHIA CRACROFT

H O N O L U L U

May 18, 1861

I add a few more words to say that we have overtaken my former sheet, though we have missed the San Francisco packet, so must wait until the next. We are again the guests of Mr. Wyllie, and nothing can exceed the kindness of the King and Queen as well as of Mr. Wyllie. The former have been dining here *en famille*, and it is difficult to make you understand how totally different they are from anything approaching to the savage. They would grace any society—the very highest, in England or elsewhere.

We are both very well—and I hope are not going to be spoiled by all the kindness shewn here as everywhere else. I am adding these few words for a very early mail, and Mr. Wyllie will carry it down to the town at six tomorrow morning. His pretty house is two miles out of Honolulu.

I shall send you my huge journal letter on our return to San Francisco, through the Foreign Office. Meanwhile would you write to Mrs. Majendie. My Aunt wrote to her from San Francisco.

Ever, my dearest ones, your affectionate,
S. C.

H O N O L U L U

Sandwich Islands

May 25, 1861

My dearest ones,

We have just heard that a mail is going to San Francisco in a small vessel leaving directly, and you must therefore have another short letter (in anticipation of my huge packet) just to assure you of our being well and something besides. I wrote a few lines to you for the mail carried by the *Yankee*, in which we had come from San Francisco, and fully intended to return. But, as I explained, the change unfortunately made by Colonel Kalakaua in one day's work during our most interesting journey on the Island of Hawaii threw everything out, because by the non-arrival of the King's boat at a given point (owing to strong head winds) we missed the steamer and had to wait a fortnight longer until her next trip, in order to get back to Honolulu.

Supposing that you have received this short letter of mine, I shall go on from where it left off—first explaining that we are waiting here for the arrival of the next regular packet ship from San Francisco, by which we

return there. She is due any day now, and no doubt we shall carry the mail after this to California. Having made all our plans for going back in the *Yankee*, our letters are of course kept for us in San Francisco, so that we can receive none here—a grievous drawback—for I am very anxious to hear of you—my dearest mother and all—but especially on account of the severe cold from which you were only recovering at the latest date I received. All else, I thank God, was going on well, and indeed the general report was particularly satisfactory. I shall be very thankful to know when dearest E.⁵ is to be laid up again—none of you tell me the time; but I imagine it will be before we get back, so that I shall have to kiss another sweet baby.

What would you all say to this tropical climate, which yet however is not really very hot—and the nights are always cool. In fact we, in Mr. Wyllie's house two miles from Honolulu, or at least from the seashore, can never *suffer* from heat, since we are high up in a valley down which the cool trade wind rushes during a part of the day with great strength.

I feel that I shall quite fail in giving you any true idea of this country: it is so very far in advance of anything we, at least, had anticipated. We are loaded with kindness and attention from all—chiefly from the King and Queen, to whom I can assure you we are becoming sincerely attached as friends, especially to the Queen, who is most anxious to visit England chiefly with the object (dear to both their hearts) of having the young prince baptised there. In such case, the King would probably follow her and bring her back. How they will astonish people by their perfect refinement and cultivation! The Queen is a sweet-mannered person, beloved by everyone, with excellent sense and charming simplicity, along with the ease which is natural to a person higher than all around her. She has taken the greatest liking and admiration for my Aunt. And after the first visit of presentation, before we went to the Island of Hawaii, when my Aunt encouraged her strongly to visit England, she said to Mr. Wyllie, alluding to the much-wished-for visit: "I would go anywhere with Lady Franklin, even as a servant."

She is as kind to me also as possible, and my Aunt has promised that if she goes to England, I shall be in attendance upon her when required. She is quite young, with a pleasant voice, brown skin, rather stout, with sweet eyes, smooth black hair, and good features generally. She is a descendant on one side from one of the two Englishmen (John Young and Isaac Davis) who were the first to settle in this Kingdom many years ago and married Chiefesses of the highest rank; and she was brought up by an Eng-

lishman—Dr. Rooke, married to her aunt (the daughter of John Young) — very carefully educated, and strictly as an Episcopalian. Nothing would so fully secure the dearest object they have—viz., to have Episcopal *English* clergymen here—as the King and Queen going to England. Men of first-rate qualifications would then see that their gifts would be appreciated and well bestowed.

As for the King, who is of pure Hawaiian descent, he is certainly one of the most gifted and remarkable men to be met with anywhere, being perfectly fit to take his place among the Sovereigns of Europe. He is a perfect gentleman, singularly clever and accomplished in all manly exercises, besides being most eloquent. His early education was of course received from the American Missionaries, two of whom (Mr. and Mrs. Cooke) received into their house the children only of the High Chiefs, who are very few in number. These pupils shew that true aristocracy is to be found in all nations; the number was not more than twelve, I think, and the school now ceases to exist. Strange to say, they have one and all avoided the odious American twang, having taken great pains to do it; their intonation is not only English but refined English, and you can only now and then detect even an American form of expression.

I hope if you see Mr. Hawkins you will tell him of the deep feeling with which the King and Queen seek to have our church established here. We see in the *Examiner* that it is proposed to establish a bishopric here: an English bishop, with *American* clergyman under him. Such an arrangement would do away with many of the advantages, political and social, sought to be obtained. Independent of the King's attachment to Episcopacy, he desires to introduce *English* influence and interests here,^o in order to counteract the overweening American influence, which he not only dislikes for its own sake, but also in that it endangers the independence of his Kingdom. *We* know perhaps more on this point than he does, because we have met and talked with Americans everywhere, and many of them do not even conceal that they still look forward to annexation to the United States, considering it only put off a little—that is, however, as they are obliged to add, during the life of the present King, whose preference for everything English is well known to them.

Since I last wrote, the reply of Lord John Russell has been received on the subject of establishing the English Church here. Mr. Wyllie, as Foreign Minister here, wrote to Lord John and sent through him the King's letter to the Queen, to which Lord John replies on behalf of the Queen. The answer is kind as well as courteous; but now that we have

read the whole correspondence, it is evident that compliance with the King's request was impossible. For he directly asked the Queen to countenance the establishment of the Church of England in his Kingdom—*that*, of course, would be interference within a foreign nation. However, the thing will no doubt be done, only not in the form dictated by the King's anxiety and his confidence in our perfect good faith, without any political reservation.

But what I hope you will, if possible, explain to Mr. Hawkins is that the right man, and *none other*, must be sent. The American Missionaries are of the class of our most ordinary dissenting ministers: therefore, as you may suppose, not acceptable to persons of education and refinement. Their manner to the King and Queen is not respectful: as Americans they would not care to exhibit any deference to them: indeed, they appear to us rather to "shew off" their disregard of etiquette.

But from all of them we hear an admission of the King's wonderful ability. He is of course far ahead of all his former instructors and has learned far more than *they* could ever teach him, so that the trammels in which they would have held him have long ago been flung away. Unfortunately, they have failed to inspire the respect of the higher classes as religious teachers, on account partly of their money-making habits; and they are on this point very unfavourably contrasted with the Romish priests, who are a humble, devoted set of men, living consistently in the midst of the people and serving them whenever occasion presents, especially in time of sickness. The medical men have told us of the untiring devotion shewn to the sick by the Romish priests; they refrain from extracting money from the people, as do the Missionaries. I am not, of course, applying this observation to contributions for the support of the church or its pastors; but religion is not honoured by applications to the congregations for money to supply their minister with a new set of teeth, or for the means of sending a son to the United States. Such cases actually occur, and the applications have been listened to by our informants, who also witnessed the response in hard cash, and the reproaches made in cases where the contribution was thought shabby: "You give only fifty cents! You ought to be ashamed of giving less than a dollar!" You can imagine the bad effect excited by the contrast when the Romish priest says, "We want you, not yours," and acts in strict accordance with this. We have looked into two of the Romish churches in different places and saw remarkable simplicity and no nonsense.

The Bishop⁷ is an uncommonly interesting man and is spoken of with

much respect: he is exceedingly gentlemanlike, simple, and unostentatious, with a sweet countenance. Romanism is not favoured here, but there is no doubt that opposition to it is disarmed by all the above circumstances, added to the King's and Queen's preference for Episcopacy. We have had the opportunity of seeing that greater respect is paid them by the Romanists than by the Protestants; and that without servility, but simply the honour due to their Sovereigns.

Since I wrote my first sheet, Mr. Wyllie has shewn us a copy of the letter which the King wrote to the Queen, asking for the establishment of the English Church here, and I will trust you with a copy *on condition* that you do not allow it to leave your hands, nor to be copied. Should you see Mr. Hawkins you may shew it to him. Being a letter to the Queen, it would be a breach of all etiquette that it should be shewn about, and I must therefore require of you not to let it leave your hands. It is lying before me now, in the King's own writing, a copy made by himself for Mr. Wyllie, that it might be sent in his (Mr. W.'s) despatch to Lord John Russell. It is most likely that the Queen imagined the letter to have been written for him, the fact being that it is entirely his own and was placed in Mr. Wyllie's hand, ready sealed for transmission to the Queen. Mr. W., who could not have written a better letter himself, saw only the copy now before me. No one who has seen the King would doubt his capacity to write a far more difficult communication. His knowledge on almost every subject connected with government is perfectly astonishing to his ministers, though he is only just twenty-seven and of course without the ordinary means of acquiring such knowledge. For instance, today the Chancellor told us that lately they had some very difficult work in the framing of a treaty to be entered into with the leading powers of Europe, about which the French Commissioner is (as usual) giving them a great deal of trouble. In the discussion of this question, the King shewed a wonderful knowledge of international law and argued the points with the ability of a first-rate lawyer.

He is constantly making observations which shew that he is perfectly *au fait* with English habits of thought and of expression, as well as with politics and general facts. He receives regularly the *Times*, *Illustrated News*, *Punch*, the *Quarterly*, *Edinburgh*, *Blackwood*, and *Westminster Review*, and he reads them all. Col. Kalakaua added (in telling us the above) that the American papers were also sent to him, but that before the King had read them half through they generally disgusted him so much that he threw them out of the window. I hope you will not be tired of

these details on a subject deeply interesting to us—the fact is, we are thoroughly surprised also. . . .

I see that I have confined myself too much to one side of the missionary question. Far be it from me to depreciate them unduly, since they have under God been the means of much good; but they are shrewd Yankees, and that is a class with peculiarities readily perceived by the natives. An English clergyman should be qualified to meet and cope with them, though not of course in a spirit of opposition. They may have been calculated for the early part of their work, but they are not up to it *now*; though, as I have already said, they occupy all the ground which the Romanists have not obtained. Some of them are no doubt most excellent men, and we like them; but we cannot be blind either to the fact that their influence is not what it was, or to the causes of this. Romanism wears a more plausible guise than usual here, because the priests pursue an exactly opposite course to the Missionaries on the points I have mentioned.

My Aunt is wonderfully well—the climate seems to suit her perfectly. The mosquitoes are a great drawback, but *notwithstanding* she is really well and I am also. As I said in my last, the Queen's carriage is always at our disposal and we drive out daily. We are going to make an excursion to the next Island with Mr. Wyllie, to a beautiful estate he has where the King and Queen visited him. And on our return a "reception" is to be given by the British residents here, in honour of my Aunt. Also a meeting of the Musical Society, when they will sing some excellent music—some of the Hawaiian voices are very fine.

And now I must finish, my dearest ones, of whom I long to hear—daily, as I think of you all.

Ever your most affectionate,
SOPHIA CRACROFT



Honolulu • May 19—May 28

THE SOCIAL WHIRL

A Dinner at Rosebank • Prince Kamehameha • Visits and Calls • The Town Free School • The Punahou College • Dr. Bushell and Some Phenomena • Queen's Hospital • The Royal School • Some Chiefs and Chiefesses • A Dinner Party at the Palace • Princess Victoria Kamamalu • The High Chiefess Pauahi Bishop • Miss Lydia Paki • Nuns of the Sacred Hearts • A Meeting of the "Cousins" • A Service at Kawaiahao Church • The Royal Cemetery • Shopping and Visits

AFTER THEIR RETURN TO HONOLULU FROM THE ISLAND OF HAWAII, LADY Franklin and Miss Cracroft found themselves once again in the world of convention. "You must drop all idea of savage life in the slightest degree," Miss Cracroft had notified her family in her letter of May 14 written on Hawaii; "it has vanished—the King and many of his people are highly educated and accomplished men." Now, in a leisurely journal letter begun in Honolulu on May 19, Miss Cracroft makes it clear that by the year 1861 Victorianism had arrived in the Islands and settled down.

For the next ten days she has much to say about receiving and paying calls, meeting the higher clergy, attending school exercises, and inspecting various civic institutions, among them the new Queen's Hospital. The personal interest of the young King and Queen in church and school and hospital is very evidently a sign of the social atmosphere of this period. Indeed, it is as if Alexander Liholiho and Emma wished (though for reasons neither Englishwoman at the time was wholly aware of) to reseal their marriage vows in a program of good works sustained by their Anglican piety.

In this sequence of her journal Miss Cracroft mentions a number of prominent personalities in the Honolulu of the time. But the familiar town streets and pleasant village lanes named after them are sometimes the solitary claim of these old-time inhabitants upon the notice of this century. Three or four of the high Hawaiian *ali'i* known to Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft—especially Prince Kamehameha, Kalakaua, and Miss Pahi—stand out among the indistinct *haole* shadows. All three as youngsters, Lot and David and Lydia, had been pupils at the Chiefs' Children's School; and each in turn was to rule for a while over the Hawaiian nation. Lot Kapuaiwa, the King's elder brother, whose given name means "his *kapu* is mysterious and incomprehensible," reigned in Hawaii from 1863 to 1872; he was the fifth and last sovereign of the line of the Kamehamehas. "Our old friend Kalakaua," who in 1861 had been merely the A.D.C. of Kamehameha IV and served under Kamehameha V as a rather ineffective post-master general, was elected to the throne in 1874 by vote of the Hawaiian Legislature. His flamboyant reign as Kalakaua Rex was brought to an end by his death in 1891. He was succeeded by his musical sister, Mrs. Dominis, formerly the Honorable Lydia Pahi, better remembered as Queen Liliuokalani, who outlasted the native monarchy and lived for many years after its downfall as a dignified relic of the vanished Hawaiian Kingdom.

An acquaintance with the dynastic history of the Hawaiian monarchy

lends curious overtones to this section of Miss Cracroft's narrative, and certain facts about the Kamehamehas and their line are worth recalling.

On Thursday, May 23, Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft attended at the Palace a royal dinner party given in their honor by the King and Queen. There for the first time they met the King's father, Mataio Kekuanaoa, the Governor of Oahu, who resembled—so remarked his son to Lady Franklin, in an “apposite comparison”—an “old half-pay officer in the Indian Army.” Though Kekuanaoa was a chief he was not of the highest rank of *ali'i*. But his second wife, Kinau, the high chiefess and famous Christian convert, by whom he had several children, had been a daughter of Kamehameha I. From their maternal connection and as heirs of the late Kinau, the three children of this union who survived to adulthood—Lot Kamehameha, Alexander Liholiho, and Victoria Kamamalu—each had royal status and held a claim (though not an equal claim) to the Kamehameha succession. When he was still a very little boy, Alexander Liholiho had been adopted by Kauikeaouli, Kamehameha III; later he had been officially designated by that monarch as heir apparent to the throne. Upon the death of Kamehameha III in 1854, Alexander Liholiho thus became the fourth ruler of the Kamehameha Dynasty.

In 1861, at the time of Lady Franklin's visit, the King's elder brother, Prince Lot Kamehameha, held the cabinet post of minister of the interior. At the dinner party at Rosebank on the evening of Sunday, May 19, Miss Cracroft found the Prince “different from the King and less brilliant, but hardly less able.” Other observers of the period, comparing Prince Kamehameha with the King, sometimes spoke of the elder brother as “more *kanaka*”; but Miss Cracroft no doubt was echoing what Mr. Wyllie had said to her.

In 1861 Miss Cracroft could not know how soon Lot's ability would meet its test. Kamehameha IV died suddenly on November 30, 1863, and his brother succeeded him to the throne under the title of Kamehameha V. Lot never married. His own death in 1872, at the age of forty-two, thus marked the end of the Kamehameha Dynasty, his sister Victoria having died in 1866 in her twenty-seventh year. His successors to the Hawaiian throne, Lunalilo, Kalakaua, and Liliuokalani, likewise left no sons or daughters. Surely the decline of the monarchic system in Hawaii may be partly explained (though never more than partly) on glaring biological grounds: the failure of royal bloodlines to perpetuate themselves in healthy issue.

The death of the young Alexander Liholiho at the age of twenty-nine

is unconsciously foreshadowed by Miss Cracroft in her account of the royal dinner party on the evening of May 23. Miss Cracroft explains, though without further comment, that "the King was suffering greatly from asthma (to which he is liable) and did not come into the drawing room until dinner was announced." It is known from other sources that the King's asthma was of a severe spasmodic kind of which one symptom is the sense of suffocation, together with the intense fear or anxiety which may accompany it. Furthermore, so far as may be gathered from allusions in various official documents, the King's asthmatic condition may also have been complicated by other physical disorders. What is beyond doubt is that the King's good looks and his liking for vigorous activity—a contemporary authority described him as "an admirable rider, a good whip" and as a man who "thoroughly enjoyed a game of cricket"—belied the real state of his health.

A French historian of Hawaii, Charles de Varigny, who knew Kamehameha IV personally, has written more searchingly than Miss Cracroft of the young King's temperament. According to Varigny, although Alexander Liholiho possessed undoubted gifts of intellect, he permitted his intellect to be dominated by his lively imagination: "*L'imagination dominait chez lui; il concevait rapidement mais il se rebutait facilement, et la mobilité de son imagination nuisait à la fixité de ses plans.*"¹ The struggle between the King's rational faculties and his emotional nature is peculiarly visible during the last three or four years of his reign.

The beginning of the King's decline, the chain of events preceding his final breakdown, may be traced back to August 27, 1862, and to the sudden death, after a brief illness, of Albert Edward Kauikeaouli Leiopapa a Kamehameha, the Prince of Hawaii. At the funeral ceremony on September 7, before the coffin lid was attached, "the King tore from his breast the star of diamonds he wore, and laid it on the bosom of his son. It descended with the corpse into the tomb."² In his grief, the King's imagination found expression in phrases snatched from the store of native poetry. Manley Hopkins, the Hawaiian Consul in London, was well informed about these events:

The King, on the death of their first-born and only child, bestowed on his Queen the name of *Kaleleokalani* . . . it is necessary to explain that nearly all the names of the superior chiefs terminate in the dissyllable "lani." The word means both "a chief" and "the heaven," its radical notion being that of height or elevation. *Kaleleokalani* may consequently be rendered either the "flight or evanishment of the chief" or the "re-

moval or disappearance of the heaven": and each version expressed . . . in poetic language the loss sustained by the mother who received and the father who inscribed this epitaph of the heart.³

The King survived the death of the boy by only fifteen months. An old friend, who had known him when he was the unregenerate Prince Alexander, afterwards wrote: "It cannot be wrong to say that the death of the son hastened the death of the father. God grant that we may never again see so heartbroken a man."

During the months of his sorrow, the King consoled himself in an engrossing task: he resumed a work he had begun before the death of the Prince, the translation of the English Book of Common Prayer into the Hawaiian tongue. Manley Hopkins, who was active in London in promoting the Anglican Mission in Hawaii, has left a critique of the King's translation:

The execution of the book is . . . remarkable. The King took extreme pains in the translation; and persons well acquainted with the Hawaiian language and competent to judge, inform us that the work has a right to be entitled a good translation, and that they are satisfied with the general truth and beauty of it. As an instance of the good taste with which Kamehameha proceeded, it may be mentioned that no foreign words are employed, except a few Latin titles to psalms. Not the least curious parts of the work are the calendars, tables for finding Easter, &c., presented in Polynesian garb.

The book is remarkable also for what it omits. The name of "Halelu Davida" appears on its title page, but the King's hand was cold in death before this part of his task was completed. The other omission to notice is that of the Athanasian Creed. . . . The King knew his people well, and what the native mind was capable of apprehending. . . . So the King, with thoughtful regard to the present condition of those who were to use the prayer-book, left the Athanasian Creed untouched.⁴

Manley Hopkins tells also of an incident in March of 1863, when the King was rusticated at Kailua on the Kona Coast of Hawaii, the Queen having remained in Honolulu. Alexander was alone, except for a private secretary and a few attendants. One Sunday, when the King appeared at the old mission-built meetinghouse, the native preacher delivered a sermon on the eternal punishment of the damned, and Kamehameha IV was not pleased. On the afternoon of the same day, he donned a linen surplice and proceeded to hold a service of his own, choosing for his text the Gospel of John: "Jesus wept." "Deep," writes Manley Hopkins, "was the silence

and attention of that auditory"; and then, as the sermon ended, the King himself became strangely agitated. "When the sermon was over a numbness seized one of his hands and presented symptoms of incipient paralysis. A messenger was sent to the bishop at Kona, who despatched one of his clergy travelling with him, Mr. Ibbotson, and the resident doctor, and they reached Kailua at midnight. The attack appeared to pass away; but it seemed to the King himself sufficiently serious to lead him to send to his devoted Queen and beg her to come to him from Honolulu."⁵

During his remaining months the King's condition disturbed those who were close to him. However, the end when it came was as sudden as it was unexpected. On November 28, 1863, there was to be a levee at the Palace, with musicians playing at Pelekane in the royal enclosure, not unlike that earlier entertainment attended by Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft in May of 1861. The festivities of 1863 were to be in celebration of the twentieth anniversary of the recognition of the independence of the Hawaiian Kingdom by England and France, and simultaneous rejoicings were being observed throughout the Islands. At eight o'clock in the evening, after the guests had assembled, it was noted that no member of the royal family was present. The Queen finally put in an appearance, but she was not accompanied to the reception chamber by the King. She remained for only about one hour, during the presentation of various official and private persons, and then left to return to the bedside of the King.

For two days the King remained much the same. He died on the morning of November 30, attended by no one except Emma and Mr. Wyllie. A letter from Mr. Wyllie to Lady Franklin informed her of the circumstances.

Honolulu
5 December 1863

My dear Lady Franklin,

I write to your Ladyship in a grief in which I know you and Miss Cracroft will participate. By the printed slip which I enclose you will see that the Almighty has called to another and I hope a better world, your warm friend and my late Sovereign King Kamehameha IV.

The fatal event having come on suddenly and unexpectedly, the Bishop was not present; but *I was*, and when I whispered to your equally warm friend, the poor distracted Queen, that only the Almighty could save Her Husband, she told me to "run to the bedroom, where I would find Lady Franklin's Prayer Book, and to make haste to read the proper prayers."

I read from your beautiful little Liturgy the prayer for a sick person in great peril, and the commendatory prayer for a person dying. Shortly after, the late King expired, His features relaxing into a most pleasing, contented, and even smiling expression.

His Lordship the Bishop, who lives nearly two miles up the valley, speedily arrived, and was very much affected, as every one present was. He told me that I had read the very prayers that he himself would have read.

With Your Ladyship's tender sensibilities it would have been dangerous for you to have witnessed the intense distress of Queen Emma, during the half hour that the King lay expiring, and to see Her after all hope had fled, applying Her warm lips to His cold lips, and frantically (I can think of no better word) inflating His lungs with Her own breath, as if by doing so, She could recall him to life. To see this would have melted the tender and benevolent heart of Queen Victoria, to whom, in many *moral* and *sentimental* respects, Queen Emma bears a very striking resemblance.

I myself completely broke down, as I had done before, when by order of the late King, I similarly read prayers over His expiring son, our beautiful little pet, the late Prince Albert of Hawaii.⁹

Though he himself had never set foot within the Kingdom he represented in London, Manley Hopkins allowed his imagination to play upon the scene of the King's lying-in-state.

On the morning after his death the body of the King was removed into the throne-room of the palace. How changed was that apartment in the three days since the reception. The hall that had been so brilliant with artificial light, was now partially dimmed by the partial exclusion of the natural day. The then subdued sound of many voices, of salutations, not unmixed with anxiety, the whisper of rustling silk, the clink of peaceful swords on the floor, and the faint pauses of music from without, now hushed into such silence, that a breath was heard. . . . Only from the circle of mourners who surrounded the palace there reached that apartment the pathetic monotonous chant of wailing, now low, now rising higher, as if by new accessions of grief; just as from the encircling reefs the island hears the murmur of the surf varying in force with the varying winds. The throne with its crimson hangings was no longer the point to which all eyes turned; but a bier in the centre of the room, draped with black cloth, on which lay extended the stalwart form of the late King arrayed in his Field-marshal's uniform, and elongated by death into a giant's length. At his head was a small table or altar, on which stood the emblem of his faith. The officers

of state formed a silent group beyond the catafalque, and at each extremity were native chiefs, bearing in their hands the tall *kahilis* or feathered wands of office, with that patient immobility attained only by the unsophisticated races of men.⁷

Miss Cracroft was essentially correct when she wrote: "You must drop all idea of savage life in the slightest degree; it has vanished." She had never, of course, attended a Hawaiian funeral of state. If she had done so, she might have discovered in the native character archaic currents of feeling and strands of imaginative awareness the existence of which she scarcely suspected.



H O N O L U L U

May 19, 1861

My dearest ones,

I ended my last letter at the above date, that of our return to Honolulu from Hawaii, and I am now starting afresh with a change of subject. We started to see the wonders of the volcano &c so immediately upon arriving that we had no time to see any of the people or things of special interest in the Capital.

The *Yankee* could not delay her departure beyond the following day after our return. So it took little time to decide upon waiting for the next packet to San Francisco. Not being able positively to foresee our plans, however, Mr. Wyllie had invited the King and Queen and Prince Kamehameha (the King's brother and Minister of the Interior) to dine at his house *en famille*, that we might at least see something of them, if compelled to go away instantly. I am sure we have given real pleasure by consenting to be persuaded into stopping a little longer, instead of hurrying off with only an incomplete acquaintance with the country.

We had a very interesting afternoon (or evening rather). Mr. Wyllie's royal guests are his intimate friends—he has known them from early child-

hood—so there was no restraint and the only sign of etiquette was that he made the King and Queen his hosts. It is certain that a blind man would never have guessed the colour and antecedents of the royal people, thorough refinement and intellectual polish pervading all they did and said. They are delighted at the interest we take in everything—and a little surprised also, I think, at the information we have gathered up.

The Prince is a remarkably interesting person,⁸ different from the King and less brilliant, but hardly less able. When boys, he was generally considered the cleverest, because he had more application than his brother. He is two years older than the King, and unmarried—rather bulky in form, with pure Hawaiian features. I believe I have mentioned before that he, as well as the King, went to Europe ten years ago when quite boys. Like most other Hawaiians, they have a quick sense of humour and were greatly entertained at some of our adventures as related by my Aunt.

There was a good deal of serious talk as to the baptism of the young Prince, which they are most anxious should be in England, as a first step in his English education. The King has also been long anxious that the Queen should be induced to be his godmother. He says he wrote a letter to her asking this favour long ago, but that he has not courage to send it and it is still lying in his desk. My Aunt greatly encouraged all their hopes and wishes, and especially that they should take the Prince to England for his baptism.

We also talked a good deal about politics and the evils entailed by giving universal suffrage to a people wholly unable to appreciate it, or use it for their own benefit. The King would gladly alter this if he could; but unfortunately the American influence is strong in the House of Representatives, without whose concurrence no change can be made in the Constitution. However, we have seen several Americans during our travels who would gladly see a small property qualification introduced even among the voters. A bill was brought in last session to enact a property qualification among the Representatives (a beggar may be a Representative according to the present law) of \$300 income, or \$1,000 (I think) absolute property. But the Americans threw it out. It will be brought forward again next session we hear.

The little Prince is three years old tomorrow, and my Aunt has asked leave to make him a present she has with her: a ground glass drinking mug mounted in silver with silver handle—very elegant and suitable. She brought it out from England, for the chance of being laid under obligations for which it might be a suitable acknowledgement, little thinking where it

would be bestowed. She shewed it to the King and Queen, who admired it exceedingly and seem much pleased at such a present for their child. We are to go to see him tomorrow.

MONDAY, May 20

The Queen's carriage came for us soon after eleven and we drove to the Palace, where some of the diplomatic people and other high officers were offering their congratulations. It was a general holiday and a royal salute was fired at twelve. The little fellow was quite unconscious that it had any reference to himself and asked the King before us "what they were shooting off those guns for."

He came in holding the hand of Mr. Green (our Acting Consul, who had been with the King in the library), dressed so prettily in white. The Queen shews much taste in the very simple and becoming way she dresses him. My Aunt asked him if he would like to have what was inside the box she held, which he unfastened very cleverly and eagerly. He was too much in earnest to hear the King's reminder that he was to thank my Aunt for the cup. "What do you say to Lady Franklin?" was thrown away upon him; but he carried the cup to his father, who whispered a word to him, and he came back so prettily and said, "Thank *you*, Lady Franklin," most obediently. He is a sweet little fellow and not in the least spoiled. He bears the title of "Prince of Hawaii."

More talk about going to England. The Queen said, "If Lady Franklin were going to England in the same ship, that would be delightful." The King could only go by appointing his brother Regent. They both exceedingly desire it, but the difficulties are many.

It was settled that we should go with the Queen tomorrow to visit some of the schools—the Chancellor, Mr. Allen, who is also a member of the Board of Public Instruction, to go with us.

In everything, the King and Queen are determined to shew respect to my Aunt. The sentinels at the Palace always salute her, and I ought to have said before that the whole of our expenses on our journey in Hawaii were paid by the King—everything was provided for us: this was the reason that my Aunt gave her birthday present to the little Prince.

On leaving the Palace, we went to see some boxes of a native wood⁹ called *koa*, which we had ordered to be made, and which Mr. Wyllie now tells us he is going to present to us. We had given our own dimensions—my Aunt's for a large box, mine smaller (can be put on a table), both

to be lined with sandalwood, for which these Islands are famous, though the supply is now nearly worked out, as it is only the *old* wood which gives the perfume. We found two beautifully made boxes—highly polished, inlaid with other native woods, with plates on which our names are engraved. They have been described in the local newspapers, and numbers of people have been to see them. We are likely to have a good many things from this place to put into them, so they will be quite precious boxes. The King is going to give my Aunt some of the finest matting and *tapa*, the native cloth now rarely made. We have also lava specimens and shells collected on our journey.

We drove on to some other shops, especially a grocer's named Savidge,¹⁰ the best here, who turns out to be from Lincolnshire and of course knew our names well. He came out from Grantham seven years ago and was at first in partnership; but is now alone and doing very well—so well that he is going to embark in a sugar speculation and work a plantation with Dr. Judd.

We returned two or three visits on our way home to meet the Roman Catholic Bishop,¹¹ who had appointed with Mr. Wyllie to call with M. Perrin, the French Chargé d'Affaires.¹² A rather inopportune meeting was the consequence, as there arrived also Mr. and Mrs. Corwin (the preacher of yesterday) and the Bishop quickly followed. He is a most gentlemanlike, interesting old man: it is a grievous pity that a better class of Protestant ministers is not here to give our own religion similar external recommendation to the educated class of natives, whose inborn refinement makes them peculiarly sensitive to such points. As it is, Protestantism is sorely at a disadvantage on matters, too, of primary as well as of secondary importance.

We dine early—from three to four o'clock—and get a little quiet before dinner, but visitors drop in every evening, that being a proper time for paying visits, as well as very early before the sun becomes hot. This morning Mr. Wyllie spoke seriously of the anxiety of the Queen and King about going to England. They have talked much to him, and while we were away (after only once seeing my Aunt) so strongly have they been attracted by her that the Queen said to Mr. Wyllie, in reference to going to England: "With Lady Franklin I would go anywhere—even as a servant."

Mr. Wyllie is most anxious they should go, believing that great good will come of it.

TUESDAY, *May 21*

We set off at ten o'clock to see the schools, and drove at once to the Palace, round the front, to a separate wing behind, in which are the private apartments. The Queen is so modest and respectful that it is difficult to make her accept the position due to her; but my Aunt refused to enter the carriage first, and insists that she shall walk first.

Mr. Allen, the Chancellor, accompanied us. The King saw us off and has a council today upon questions of finance, his great trouble, as the revenue is diminishing year by year, owing to the falling off of the whaling trade. It is expected, however, that this will be for the ultimate good of the community even in a commercial sense, as the people will adopt other means of support than the furnishing whale ships with supplies. The King, however, looked anxious and preoccupied, as well he might be.

We drove first to a little school¹³ of about forty children—girls and boys, all or mostly orphans, white or of mixed blood, in age from eight or nine to perhaps fifteen; some of the boys may have been as old. They are taught in English; the Hawaiian language is not allowed within the walls of the enclosure. Mr. Ingraham is, of course, an American, with the usual bad pronunciation of his race—for instance, a boy pronouncing "promontory" rightly was corrected and enjoined to say "promontory." It is a primary school and payment is altogether voluntary. The children answered questions in geography and arithmetic and recited in poetry and prose, but I must say it was not easy to understand what they were repeating. Mr. Ingraham is assisted with the girls in sewing &c by a half-caste Hawaiian, Miss Chapman, who teaches them to sing in a childlike way.

From this primary school we drove to the Punahou College,¹⁴ a missionary school of the highest class, in which the children of the Missionaries and other foreigners receive their education. They have as principals Mr. and Mrs. Mills, who have had charge for some years of a similar institution in Ceylon, and are highly esteemed, having it is said much improved upon the training formerly given. They have assistants, but chiefly Mr. Alexander, son of a former Missionary, who is considered an excellent classic and mathematician.

We were received at the door by Mr. and Mrs. Mills, and my Aunt having insisted that once and for all the Queen and not she should have precedence, we followed her to a large room in which the pupils were arranged on benches—girls on one side, boys on the other—in front of a raised platform on which were chairs for us. Many of the pupils were grown up and there were only two or three little girls. We were received

with singing, all standing up, after which they fluttered down into their seats, the young ladies looking rather like a parterre (not closely packed, however: there is generally plenty of room given in these hot countries) as they were evidently in their best—short sleeves being not uncommon even in the morning here, with young people.

The boys were first brought forward in algebra, mathematics, Latin, and Greek, we must suppose to their own credit; but that is a point I do not feel able to give you any opinion upon! Then we were asked what the young ladies should be called upon to shew off in—but the selection was quickly made for us: botany—which we have since learned to be a strong point in their training as amended from old times, under Mrs. Mills's rule. There were but few who did not stand up in this class. The questions were put by Mrs. Mills, and the young ladies answered in turn with perfect glibness as to the natural and Linnean systems, the structure of plants (with minute details), in the very words of a book—proving the excellence of their memories and the interest they took in the subject (from which exercise I drew the conclusion, not for the first time, that the study of botany would suit me less than most other subjects).

Having already paid a pretty long visit, we were going away when we were requested with much earnestness to let them shew their calisthenic exercises. All but two or three girls walked out of the room by the door we had entered, set up singing in the passage and came in again in file, marched about here and there and separated into figures—a chain—joining hands and leaving off. Each change of figure was set to music and accompanied by themselves, with a different song to each change. We had "I'd be a Butterfly," "We're a-Noddin'," with other hackneyed tunes of questionable taste, with words to suit—sometimes they set forth the "beauty and grace" of the performers, others had a pastoral turn, some trilled of garlands as typified by the fair Presbyterians before us! They did not jig, nor waltz, nor was the polka indulged in, but if ever the —— was cheated, it was here!

Mr. Mills remarked to me how prettily they went through the exercise, and I really could not help answering: "Very much so indeed, but it is *dancing*." He did not look angry, which he really might have been excused for doing, but answered: "We like to give the children ease and grace of movement, and they enjoy these exercises very much!" Since then, in a newspaper report of the yearly examinations at this college, the afore-described "calisthenics" are (with complete commendation) dubbed "Presbyterian dancing."

I ought to have said that the young men and boys did part of the looking on. There were also several ladies present; and after this they were all introduced—Mrs. Cooke in particular,¹⁵ who with her husband had kept the school for Chiefs' children, where the King was educated as well as others (girls as well as boys) of the same rank. We did not perceive anything remarkable about her; but she is much respected by her former pupils, more so than her husband is. The Queen was very cordial to her (she used to receive some lessons at the establishment, though she never lived there I think) and her manner to all the ladies was charming in its perfect simplicity and kindness. All were delighted to see her and begged she would come again, which she promised to do with great readiness and spoke of the great pleasure she had in coming. We were introduced to some more of the Missionaries' wives, of whom there is a great gathering in Honolulu just now with their husbands, for the conference.

We afterwards went to Mr. and Mrs. Mills's private residence and saw some curiosities they brought from Ceylon. They seem sensible people and have done much good here in the college we hear. The college lies about a mile and a half beyond the town, nearly under the hills and back from the seashore. Amongst the pupils was Mrs. Judd's youngest daughter, a girl of fifteen or sixteen with a heavy, large figure, whose "grace and beauty" certainly did *not* shine in the mazy turns and airy movements of the "calisthenics."

Here ended our first day's labours of inspection. On our return we received a message from the King, who had decided during our absence upon attending an exhibition in biology to be given this evening in the theatre, and desired Mr. Wyllie to invite us to go down to the Palace and join their party. The operator is a passenger by a ship going from Australia to California, and a professional biologist, Professor Bushell.¹⁶

We accepted the invitation and went down again to the Palace in the evening and thence to the theatre with the King and Queen, attended by several gentlemen and ladies. Our friend Col. Kalakaua was the A.D.C. on duty—his sister (as pure Hawaiian as himself, in reality as well as in appearance) being next to the Queen—my Aunt and I next to the King, in front of the stage, of which we had therefore an excellent view. Mr. Bushell had already held three exhibitions, and it was the fame of these which made the King desirous of seeing what could be done.

He began by inviting people to come on the stage to be experimented upon, and from the front row below, which was filled with medical men, Dr. Judd started up and ascended the stage amidst great applause. The

whole number was about twenty and all were more or less known to the audience—some were natives, but the great majority white, and very respectable-looking persons. After going through the usual process, certain individuals on whom it had no effect were dismissed while others were retained, among them a young man on whom it had extraordinary power—the higher phenomena being developed.

This over, Mr. Bushell selected Dr. Judd as his next subject and proceeded to shew off his power over him. We heard whispered speculations whether “the Doctor” were acting or *really* under influence. At last he stopped short and said he did not feel anything; that he had never been under any influence and, farther, that he did not believe that any could be exerted unless the subject participated with the operator. He did not *say*, but he implied, that on his part it was participation with what Mr. Bushell wished to shew rather than an exhibition of real sensations. You can imagine the effect of such a proceeding. All around us seemed to feel, as we did, that Dr. Judd acted a very unworthy and undignified part in pretending to shew phenomena, and we sympathized with the Professor, who fairly complained that he had not called for *deception*, but on the contrary wished for nothing but the truth, having come alone among perfect strangers to exhibit facts of frequent and common occurrence in Europe. He did not wish anyone to feign symptoms which in most cases he knew to be real, though he was well aware that there were many persons not susceptible of mesmeric influence.

He behaved really very well under great provocation, and his remonstrances and reflections upon Dr. Judd were perfectly justifiable and made in good taste. You can imagine the effect of such an episode upon the assembly, every one of whom knew Dr. Judd intimately. Many said to us that it was “just like the Doctor—he never cared or wished to do a thing openly and never minded being found out!”

We were not surprised after having heard so many instances of his secret working in the politics of this country, in the crisis of the annexation so very nearly effected by him, in the settlement of the basis of the representation of the people, and other public questions of vital importance. He did not seem disturbed by what had taken place, but remained in his seat on the stage during the remainder of the proceedings (which, I may add, could not *possibly fail* to convince him that some persons may be extraordinarily influenced). But as he came down to go away, we heard a slight (and well-deserved) hiss. We passed him riding home on our way back to Mr. Wyllie’s in the Queen’s open carriage—but he did not speak.

WEDNESDAY, May 22

We set off again rather early to visit more schools and the Hospital, with the Queen and Mr. Allen. The first thing we heard was that Mr. Bushell had been sent for by the King and had spent some hours at the Palace very early this morning. He was to sail this morning for San Francisco, but the Captain waited two hours for him. The King wished to be operated upon, but of course was no subject for any such operations—his great mental and physical powers would put that out of the question. Mr. Bushell acted, however, very powerfully upon some of the attendants, producing indisputable phenomena.

We drove first to the "Queen's Hospital,"¹⁷ as it is called, on account of her great interest in its erection and welfare. It has been in operation only four months and is the first institution of the kind in the Kingdom, beyond small buildings to receive foreign sailors who fall sick and require removal on shore. There was nothing whatever for the natives, and so strong were their prejudices against a hospital that very many were persuaded they could never be overcome. The King and Queen felt differently, and the King's speech at the opening is one of the most beautiful ones I ever read in my life.

The building lies just out of town (in the same direction as the Punahou College) under the remarkable hill called the Punchbowl. It is constructed of coral blocks, covered with stucco, and is surrounded on the lower floor by a deep verandah, above which is another upon which the rooms on the upper story all open—most charming, but absolutely necessary adjuncts in a hot climate. It has a flat roof, *gravelled*, and guarded by a high parapet. It cost \$16,000 (about £5,500) and will accommodate 60 patients, the space being of course very ample and the ventilation complete throughout.

There are about 40 persons now here—several for internal abscesses and tumours (a very common complaint), two for blindness having been already couched. All were Hawaiians, pure or half-caste—apparently equal numbers of men and women. It is under charge of Dr. Hillebrand, a clever and interesting person (by birth a German, whom we have seen two or three times, having brought a letter to him from California), who has but *four* assistants for the conduct of the establishment: namely, a dispenser (the only European: he is a Portuguese), a cook, and two other native attendants. The furniture and appointments are of the very simplest kind and smallest quantity; and in this climate the fewer articles beyond the bed and its mosquito curtains you have the better. All was perfectly clean,

well ventilated, and orderly, without the machinery by which such institutions are worked in more civilised communities.

I suppose you will say I must be getting a fondness for savage life; but I can assure you that there is no little fascination in the absence of many of the artificial wants of civilised existence—especially when the cause of this is partly to be found in a climate which in itself constitutes one of the luxuries of existence.

The Queen's manner was excessively pleasing. She recognised two or three of the patients and spoke to them (as she did also to some whom she did not know) with so much simple cordiality that it did one good to see her, though we did not know what she said. On going away we saw ample proof that the former prejudices against a hospital were fading away, in the large number of out-patients waiting to see Dr. Hillebrand.

We were thoroughly pleased and satisfied, and the Queen was much gratified by my Aunt's giving some money to its support. Independently of personal interest in a new and good work, she wishes to render some acknowledgement of the great kindness received from the King and Queen by helping an undertaking in which they take very deep interest.

From the Hospital we went to what is called the "Royal School."¹⁸ We found one room filled by boys and young men under a master, Mr. Beckwith, who seemed qualified to give a solid education. They were questioned on mental arithmetic and answered hard questions very well. The chief difficulty with many appeared to be the English, with which they were not thoroughly familiar. We did not derange the routine of school exercise and were very pleased that it included singing. They sang in parts—from music without accompaniment—exceedingly well, and some of the bass voices were exceedingly fine; they were taught and led by the master.

From this room we visited three others in the same establishment, with a separate school in each, taught by a lady. One struck us particularly, Miss Damon, niece of the Minister of the Bethel Chapel, a very pretty and pleasant-looking person. The teaching in all was of course much the same, but one school was for very little children, quite an infant school, in which the first lesson learned was discipline. The children in all the schools were of native or mixed race and taught in English only. Here, as elsewhere, the presence of the Queen delighted everyone; but you can imagine how little observance they thought it necessary to pay to her rank by the following. As we entered the last room, for the infant school, Mr. Beckwith said aloud to the young woman in charge, who had previously

been presented with the other, "These people are in a hurry, so you had better," &c &c.

We had had enough of school-seeing for one day, but on our return to Mr. Wyllie's found a succession of visitors who kept us a long time without being able to rest.

We have heard for two days past that the King gives a State dinner tomorrow in honour of my Aunt; but it is today only that we are invited, verbally, by the Queen—so simply: "Would you give us the pleasure of seeing you at dinner tomorrow?"

THURSDAY, May 23

We did not drive out today, on account of the Royal dinner party this evening.

Mr. Wyllie joined us at the Palace and came down to the carriage with the King's father,¹⁹ introducing him to us as being also the Chamberlain (he is likewise Governor of this Island of Oahu, a gentlemanlike-looking old man with white hair) sent by the King to receive us. At the door of the entrance hall we found the Aides-de-Camp in very handsome uniforms (our friend Kalakaua looked mightily well in his), and the Queen came forward to meet us and went with us into the library, where we put off our cloaks.

On returning to the company, we were taken round and introduced to some whom we now met for the first time: the Princess Victoria,²⁰ sister to the King, who is besides a most important personage in being "*Kuhinani*," which means "Premier"—without whose signature no public document is valid. This singular office has been held by women since the days of the wife of the first King Kamehameha, and all succeeding her have been called by her name, Kaahumanu. The Princess is Kaahumanu IV—I mean that this is her official signature. She is tall and large and will no doubt be very much bigger, her age being only twenty-two (or twenty-four). She is more like her father and her half-sister, the Governess of Hawaii, than like the King. She was very handsomely dressed in rose-coloured silk, with flowers in her hair, which was dressed quite in the fashion, thrown back from her face. In everything but colour she was like a European, and there is a good deal of stateliness about her.

Next was the sister of Col. Kalakaua, a very ladylike and pleasing person, younger than himself and exceedingly like him, but perhaps plainer. She is styled the Honble. Lydia Paki.²¹ She was adopted by a Chief named Paki (father of Mrs. Bishop, and therefore bears his name), and she is

styled "Honble." because she is always in attendance upon the Queen as the highest unmarried woman in the Kingdom, when any State occasion requires such attendance. She was the Queen's principal bridesmaid.

Next was Mrs. Bishop,²² whom we had often heard of but not yet met on account of our absence. She is of the highest rank, being *by birth* at least equal to the King, to whom she is related. Her father, old Paki, did not like white people and for a long time refused to let her marry Mr. Bishop, an American, and a very rich banker here. She is a very pretty and charming woman, a *little* lighter in colour than the King and Queen, with the same wavy hair. She must be admired anywhere and is fit for any society—in fact, the higher classes have a refinement which is truly aristocratic.

Besides the above ladies whom we had not met before, there were others whom we knew: all the highest officers of State being there, and by special command, in full dress—i.e., a certain uniform with a broad ribbon (worn across as with us) and a star, implying office of the highest rank; Mr. and Mrs. Gregg, of course (he is Minister of Finance); the Chancellor and Mrs. Allen; also the King's Physician, Dr. and Mrs. McKibbin.

It rained tremendously just at dinner time and (this is characteristic enough) Prince Kamehameha did not join the party in consequence—his Aide-de-Camp was there, however. We were twenty in all. The King was suffering greatly from asthma (to which he is liable) and did not come into the drawing-room until dinner was announced. He took out my Aunt—the Chancellor leading the Queen. In special compliment to England, our Acting Consul Mr. Green was appointed to take out the Princess Victoria and to sit on the left of the Queen, who sat on the side opposite to the King—the A.D.C.'s at the bottom. There were no other foreigners.

The dining-room is very large, being used also as a throne room on occasions of reception, and to our surprise the dinner was as well appointed as it would have been in London—the table covered with candelabra, epergnes, vases of flowers, fruit (no meat to be seen), the glass and minor appointments in good taste. The place of each guest was marked by a card with his name, and upon every plate was a printed bill of fare²³ of the "Dinner Given by King Kamehameha IV in Commemoration of the Visit of Lady Franklin." Those of the King and Queen and my Aunt's and mine were printed in gold on royal blue silk—the others on paper. Of course you will see mine some day and judge for yourselves as to the provision made for us. The King was very unwell and was obliged to

BILL OF FARE



THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1861.

DINNER

GIVEN IN COMMEMORATION OF THE VISIT OF
LADY FRANKLIN
TO THE SANDWICH ISLANDS, BY HIS MAJESTY
KAMEHAMEHA IV.

MOCK TURTLE. VERMICELLI.

Mullets au gratin.
Sea Trout, a la Maitre d'Hotel.
Shad.

Roast Beef. Saddle Mutton.

Compote de Pigeons.
Bœuf a la Flamande. Poulets au blanc.
Tongue, tomato sauce.
Canard aux arrango. Ham ordinaire.

PEASE. POTATOES. ARTICHOKEES.
Asparagus.
Beets. Carrots.
Pommes de terre "Carolina." Beans en variets.

PLUM PUDDING.

Œufs a neige. Œufs au Vanille
Poudin Cabinet. Tartelettes, &c., &c.

DESSERT, &c., &c.

retire as soon as we left the table. The Queen did the honours most agreeably, as any English lady would do.

They have lately had an English butler²⁴ out, but the selection (made by the Hawaiian Consul in London²⁵) appears to us a very indifferent one, though he gets exceedingly high wages. A first-class servant was what they wanted, of sufficient education and knowledge to take charge of everything connected with the table. He seems sharp enough, but certainly not in the way of a well-behaved servant, and we are told that he has been connected with the eating department in the Crystal Palace—a very indifferent school, I should think. It is suspected that he drinks, and the King is not pleased with him; but of course they wish to keep him if possible, after all the expense he has caused in getting him out. We opine that he is paying court to Buckland, who is nothing loth to receive attentions wherever offered.

I need hardly say that English only was spoken—except to the Governor by Mrs. Bishop (who was next to him), as he speaks but little. My Aunt was speaking of him at dinner to the King, and made some observation upon his appearance, to which the King replied that he looked like an old half-pay officer in the Indian Army—a most apposite comparison (but how could he make it except by intuition?).

In the evening I talked a little with Miss Paki, who speaks English very nicely, without a particle of American twang. We hear that she wishes to marry an Englishman, which does not surprise us. She is an instance of the Scripture names given by the Missionaries, which really make us very angry, as they do the people themselves. The King's brother was named by them *Lot*, and they choose to call him always by that name, instead of Kamehameha. We hear of Deborah, Ruth, Lydia, among women of the highest rank, and they are disliked (as we should dislike them) so much that it is usual to call them "their missionary names"—instead of their *Christian* names—and to avoid using them as much as possible. It is the habit of the Missionaries to call them *only* by these names—Lot, Lydia, Ruth (the Governess of Hawaii)—in accordance with the principle of making all equal, and this practice in itself injures them in the eyes of the upper classes.

We went away rather early and were sorry to hear that after we left there was music and singing (which however would probably not have taken place so long as we remained), the Queen accompanying Kalakaua and his sister, who has a beautiful voice. However, we are not without

hope of hearing them yet, as there is a whisper of getting up a concert by the Choral and Musical Society expressly for us.

It is settled that we shall pay a visit to the Island of Kauai (*Atui* it is set down on some maps) to the westward, where Mr. Wyllie has a beautiful estate on which are coffee plantations, with an excellent house where he last year received the King and Queen with some lady attendants. It lies in the Valley of Hanalei, on the north side of the Island, and everyone says that we shall now see some of the real beauty of the Islands. Mr. Wyllie has some business to transact and will take us there, so that we continue his guests all the same.

He has called his estate "Princeville" after the little Prince, who was there of course with his parents, and many are the stories we hear of his spirit and strength and everything wonderful in a child of his age—Mr. Wyllie being exceedingly fond of him. We are to start one day early in next week and make the most of our time therefore beforehand. The King and Queen are to leave for Kailua during our absence, so we shall not see them after our own departure for Kauai.

It was settled this evening in driving home that we ought to pay our respects to the Princess Victoria, and Mr. Wyllie engaged to ascertain if she can receive us tomorrow.

FRIDAY, *May 24*

On going into town this morning, Mr. Wyllie told us that the Princess would receive us at once, so we drove to her father's house, where we were met by the old gentleman and received by the Princess in the verandah, in full-blown attire—pink silk and black lace, with silver flowers in her hair, which seemed to call for an apology from us for being in ordinary attire. She was very good-natured to us but has not a pleasant countenance, and a good deal might be written about her.

Mr. Wyllie reminded her that it was the birthday of our Queen, after whom she was named, and requested she would play "God Save the Queen" for us, which after a good deal of natural hesitation she was persuaded to do. The piano is a fair one but out of tune. She used to be much with the Missionaries, who exercised a very inconvenient influence over her acts as *Kuhina-nui*. Her father's house is a handsome one, with the spacious, lofty rooms well furnished, but wanting the inhabited look there is even in the public reception rooms of the Palace. It stands within an enclosed area near the sea.

From this, we drove to the house of Prince Kamehameha²⁶ and left our cards with him. As Mr. Wyllie was with us, we got out and saw the verandah and rooms opening upon it, all very nice, and furnished in good taste. In one corner of the verandah was a table evidently used for work, with writing materials (no finery) and books. I have already mentioned that the Prince is a most able man, English in all his feelings and tastes.

Our next visit was to Mrs. Bishop, who has a beautiful house, spacious and handsomely furnished, with plenty of modern books on the tables, and a general look of refinement. It is two stories high and like the Hospital has wide balconies above and below (the lower verandah is a matter of course in every house). She took us upstairs and into her own sitting-room (which has all the signs of being used just as we should do) and we went into her charming bedroom to see the portraits of the late King, of her father and mother, and others. She is certainly a most attractive person—what a sensation she would make in London society. She is full of liveliness and repartee, without the American sauciness, which is in such bad taste.

Next we drove to the Palace to enquire after the King, who is better but not recovered from his asthmatic attack, and then to the room where the missionary body is holding conference, to which we have been especially invited. The proceedings were immediately stopped, and we got into chairs placed for us (we had sent word we were coming), after which everyone was presented to us by Mr. Wyllie, who explained also where they lived. This was rather a long affair, though the room (not a large one) was not above half full. There were, of course, ladies as well as the missionary people, lay and clerical. This was followed by a viva voce lecture by Mr. Gulick, a Missionary just returned from some mission station established from this country in the Micronesian Islands.²⁷ It was tolerably interesting and his report is the great event of the Conference; but it was certainly not encouraging. It is chiefly Hawaiians who act as teachers there, under the authority and guidance of a white Missionary; but apparently little or no influence can be perceived from their labours. We remained until the meeting closed, and on reaching Rosebank found Mr. and Mrs. Gregg, who remained for our dinner.

We got a little bit of quiet in the afternoon, but in the evening plenty of people called, amongst them Mr. Davies,²⁸ a very nice young man, English, son of a dissenting minister in one of the inland counties (I forget which). He came out here four years ago, engaged as a clerk in the house of Janion and Green.

Also Mr. Coan of Hilo, with another Missionary and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Smith,²⁹ to invite us to "the Cousins" meeting tomorrow evening. We were not very willing, preferring a quiet evening at home, but could not well get off. "The Cousins" are the children of the Missionaries, who have so named themselves on the ground that their parents call each other "Brother" and "Sister." They have established a Missionary Society of their own, independent of their parents, which they manage and conduct by themselves, and they hold an annual meeting after the fashion set them in older institutions.

SATURDAY, May 25

We received a message from the Queen by the coachman, begging we would drive fast to the Palace, as she had engaged to take us to the school kept by the Nuns of the Sacred Hearts.³⁰ There are various reports concerning this school, but Mr. Wyllie and others tell us that it is the best in Honolulu for girls. At any rate, many (not the daughters of Missionaries) have left the Punahou College for the convent, both as boarders and day pupils. Of course, the pledge is given that religion is with the Protestants a sealed subject; but we have little faith in its being kept even to the letter—in *spirit* it cannot be, I am certain, in any company of nuns.

We were received at the gate by the whole company of nuns, headed by the Bishop, and I must say the contrast between *their* manner to the Queen and that of the Americans was most remarkable and pleasant to see. She shook hands with the Superior, who immediately kissed it: she was treated with the respect a Queen *ought* to receive from her own subjects. There are ten sisters including the Superior; their dress is white, with the two hearts joined, embroidered in front—with the ugliest caps I ever saw, consisting mainly of a huge border next to the face of very thick muslin, if not calico.

We were then conducted to an upper room in which were the pupils and nuns employed in teaching. They are Flemish and French. A young lady was set to play the piano, but it was not music that she gave us; I do not recollect ever hearing so many wrong notes crammed into any piece of music before. This was followed by other performances by very little girls, and these were wound up by a very long song—or rather hymn in verses—warbled in true French style by a little nun, without accompaniment. Mr. Wyllie asked the Bishop what the subject was and was told it was in honour of the Queen—to *our* ears it sounded like a Hymn to the Virgin. I suppose there was something of both.

We went into the separate building for the boarders, who have no communication with the day pupils. Every part was in exquisite order and well adapted for the object. In another building is a native school for little children. Each division of the establishment is in a separate building, all standing in a garden court, on one side of which is the church. There are only twelve boarders; the day pupils are thirty-five.

This visit over, my Aunt proposed to the Queen to call on her adopted mother, Mrs. Rooke, which gratified the Queen very much. Mrs. Rooke is the daughter of old John Young, the Englishman, and his native wife (a High Chiefess), and she is also sister to the Queen's own mother. As I have already told, she was adopted from her birth by Dr. Rooke and literally did not know her own mother until she was ten years old. This habit of adopting children is exceedingly common in this country and meets us perpetually.

Mrs. Rooke has a very good house,³¹ furnished in European fashion, and we were interested in seeing the external marks of civilisation in which the Queen had passed her early life. She took us into the drawing-room and then left us to find her mother, explaining that she was exceedingly shy and nervous and never went out anywhere. She shewed us an indifferent photograph of Mr. John Young, her uncle,³² of whom we hear from everyone that he was the handsomest man you could see anywhere; and Mrs. Rooke certainly resembles her handsome brother. She has very fine features and a good expression and still wears deep mourning for her husband. Her manner was excessively shy, but she was evidently much pleased at our visit. We left the Queen here and went to Mrs. Bishop, who had kindly promised to go with us to some shops, as Buckland could not find some little matters wanted. We also saw some Chinese and Japanese silks, crapes, and transparent dresses, but they were so expensive that I was obliged to resist buying them.

We had a note from Mrs. Judd proposing that Dr. Judd should call for and take us to the "Cousins" meeting³³ this evening, and this was accordingly arranged. We were accompanied by his youngest daughter (who is a "Cousin"), and the meeting was held in the same room in which we attended the Conference, and which was pretty full this evening of "Cousins" of all ages and a few (comparatively) of their elders, the "Brethren." This generation of "Cousins" has however middle-aged men belonging to it, so the mixture of ages was of wide extent. They were mostly in evening dress (that is the "Cousins"), and the chair was filled by Mr. Alexander, the Professor of Greek &c at Punahou College.

The proceedings were after the usual form. The Treasurer was a young man, the Corresponding Secretary a young lady, each reading their reports to the meeting. It is the peculiar feature of this society, upon which they seem especially to pride themselves, that they are entirely independent of their parents and of any control whatever. This truly American principle was especially set forth in congratulatory terms, as if the outer world ought to be reminded of it. They meet once a month at each other's houses, and I believe have quarterly meetings besides. It is not therefore very surprising that a little business of other kinds goes on (without hindering the missionary object of the association) and that the "Cousins" are apt to marry each other. The result to Missions is that the "Cousins" pay the salary of a Missionary, Mr. Gulick (one of the "Cousins"), to Micronesia—the same who gave his report to the Conference.

I ought to have said that the proceedings of the evening were enlivened by music—some six or eight of the "Cousins" gave us some part-songs, and we concluded with Heber's Missionary Hymn, sung to an American tune, not the usual English one. Sundry speeches were made by the "Brethren," or "Fathers," as I believe the "Cousins" as such occasionally call them, and one very fiery "Cousin" besought their "Fathers" not to stand in the way of their going forth as Missionaries. Whether this had any covert allusion to the preference of the Missionaries for establishing their sons upon land and in mercantile pursuits, I cannot of course say.

Nothing could be more *nationally* characteristic than this young man's vehement address. He alluded to the death of Mr. Armstrong³⁴ (who came out as a Missionary, but put aside his clerical functions and became a government officer), which had taken place within the last year (not from old age but disease of the heart)—thus: "Father Armstrong has left us, and Father Coan will soon follow him"—said Coan being present, in excellent health and vigour, and certainly a long way from decrepitude. No doubt he has lost his teeth, but *that* is an American fashion of even early life as compared to what befalls Englishmen. Evidently, it was implied that if he did not soon follow Mr. Armstrong it was not that the time had not come to do so! It is possible that Mr. Coan may have seen sixty years.

Our drive home was truly exquisite, so bright was the moon—indeed I can give you no idea of the luxurious beauty of the climate, neither too dry nor too hot, except in midday sun if exposed to it, walking. People *cannot* gallop through life as they do in cold countries. Even Americans do not "make haste to be rich." What they might do if someone of a salamander kind of constitution managed to get far ahead I cannot tell; but

as things now are, all alike are content with the general speed of progress.

SUNDAY, May 26

We went with the Queen to the native service in the large and oldest church,³⁵ built of stone. They go to this church when they go at all, but so strong are their preferences for our service that they prefer reading it at home. The Queen *always* does this with her little son, to whom she explains it. One cannot wonder at some distaste for the services in the churches, as we are told the Missionaries have the habit of preaching as if to a set of children; and their prayers, of course, being extempore, have precisely the same character.

On the contrary, the *native* preachers suit themselves to the minds of the people by addressing them as reasonable, grown-up beings. Mr. Wyllie and Governor Kekuanaoa walked there and met us at the door. Unfortunately, we were late (not *our* fault) and the sermon, which forms by far the longest portion of the service, had just begun. The preacher, Mr. Coan, accordingly stopped until we had got into our seat at the upper end of the church, when he kindly gave out the text again, *in English*, addressing himself to us. It was a very long sermon, and we observed continual instances of the repetition of certain words, as when addressing children. For instance, instead of saying "good men, women, and children," it was as if he said "good men, good women, good children." At another moment, he took out his watch and swung it round his head by way of illustrating his meaning (also he produced a general laugh throughout the assembly). There was also an allusion to my Aunt, which we perceived partly because he turned round towards us and looked at her. A very short prayer concluded the service, and the congregation waited for our party to go out first. We now observed that all the seats on each side of the centre aisle were filled by soldiers, who as they passed us afterwards in file had a very creditable appearance.

On our return to the Palace, the King kindly proposed we should visit the Royal Cemetery,³⁶ an enclosure next to that of the Palace, in which the Chiefs only are buried, and within which is a building used as a repository for the coffins of the highest personages. This cemetery is in charge of a High Chief who unlocked the building for us—his wife's coffin was among those shewn us. There are perhaps twenty in all, including those of the King and Queen who died in England in 1824 and that of the late King,

all of which are covered with crimson velvet—the rest are generally of polished *koa* wood.

Here lies also Dr. Rooke, the Queen's uncle and adopted father—a mark of respect shewing the love and gratitude she had for him. Also the parents of Mrs. Bishop—her (reputed) father, Paki, being a man of enormous size. In the centre lies the coffin of the late King, and on a table in front rests a crimson velvet cushion bearing a crown. The last coffin placed here was that of the son of the Governess of Hawaii,³⁷ who died only last year, a *very* handsome young man and one of the King's A.D.C.'s. On this occasion were planted the four *kahilis* we observed at the door, two small and two large. These *kahilis* are always borne on state occasions and are made of black feathers fastened to a tall pole. They are the feathers of the bird which produces the yellow ones made (in the lapse of years) into the magnificent cloaks I have described. The *kahilis* were planted on each side of the door and will remain there until the feathers all fall off.

The Queen pointed out to us the tombstone of old John Young, described as the friend and companion-in-arms of King Kamehameha I. It lies flat on the ground outside the building, amidst the unmarked graves of Chiefs. The present King would fain see a better monumental covering to the remains of his ancestors and relations, but the Chiefs strongly object to any change or removal, no matter how slight; and the only plan would be to raise a mausoleum over the present building. Our visiting it was an especial favour, and there was a seriousness and even solemnity of deportment in the very few who were present which was very different from mere savage instinct.

The King talked a good deal today about the Queen's visit to England. He says the Chiefs much object to her leaving the Kingdom, but he will reason with them and hopes that and other difficulties may be got over. The Chancellor and Mrs. Allen have heard (we do not know how) of the plan and most warmly second it. The Chancellor spoke of the wonderful ability of the King, of which a strong proof lately occurred in the making of a treaty with the chief European powers. The French Commissioner giving much trouble as he always does, long discussions ensued in the course of which the King shewed astonishing knowledge of international law, and argued the points at issue with all the skill and ability of a first-rate lawyer.

Talking this evening with Mr. Wyllie of the way in which the Missionaries treated the former Kings as if they were children, he told us that when Dr. Judd was in England with the present King and his brother, he actually bought a crown of mosaic gold with false stones for the then King.

This so disgusted the young Prince (now King) that he persuaded the King never to put it on. A stronger proof of the undisguised contempt in which the Sovereign was held could hardly have been shewn. The King has no crown and does not need one.

MONDAY, May 27

We went to pay our farewell visit (as we believed) to the King and Queen, as we are probably to start tomorrow with Mr. Wyllie for his estate in the Island of Kauai, and the King and Queen will have started for Hawaii before we get back. My Aunt gave the Queen for the little Prince the engraving of the Prince of Wales and a case for photographs bound in crimson and very handsome, with little portraits of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishops of London and Oxford. She was greatly pleased with this present, and the King also with the photographed groups of the Prince of Wales and his party at Montreal. He shewed my Aunt some *tapa* cloth and fine matting he has got for her and says he has some more things, including his and the Queen's portraits. They would not say good-bye, feeling sure we should not sail tomorrow.

Our old friend the Governess of Hawaii has arrived and we proposed going to pay her a visit, as well as one to the Queen Dowager,³⁸ who has also just come into town. The little Prince was very happy with his companion, Col. Kalakaua's little brother (the adopted child of the Governess), who was as shy as ever and would not be pulled forward to speak to us by the Prince, who translated to him our invitation that he would come and say "good-bye." We then went to ask Mrs. Bishop if she would go with us to the Queen Dowager and Governess and be our interpreter, which she readily agreed to. She explained in reply to our enquiries that the Queen Dowager was not of high rank, but was married for love. She is about forty-five, a very amiable-looking woman with simple manners, but very shy—too shy to speak English, which she understands. She expressed herself most kindly to my Aunt through Mrs. Bishop, and presented us each with a feather necklace, which I have already described as worn only by High Chiefesses. (She sent them up to Rosebank, enclosed in the usual way within bamboo, by one of her female attendants on horseback, in full Hawaiian-Amazonian costume—and very good-looking, Mr. Wyllie says.) The Queen was dressed in white muslin, cut after the European fashion, fastened down the front with buttons made of bright yellow shells set in gold. Mrs. Bishop promises to give us some of these last national curiosities.

The Queen is stopping at the residence of Prince Kamehameha, which is her property, and we walked a few steps to the house occupied by the Governess, who received us quite warmly, not to say affectionately. She was much pleased that we had seen her husband and asked through Mrs. Bishop what my Aunt thought of him! You will remember that he was Isaac Davis, whom we thought so handsome—she was greatly pleased at my Aunt's reply. She was very handsomely dressed in a sort of *barège* with broad satin stripes, covered with a rich pattern of flowers, and a double necklace of beads which we were told were berries—bright yellow.

We got home at the usual dinner hour of three and in the evening had continual visitors.

T U E S D A Y , *May 28*

Spent the morning in shopping and returning uninteresting visits, and learned that we should not sail for Kauai until tomorrow.

Mr. Wyllie told us today of a plot on the death of the late King³⁰ to place the Princess Victoria (then quite a young girl) on the throne instead of the declared heir, the present King, her brother. She was much under the influence of the Missionaries, who were anxious to have her in the supreme authority. Mr. Wyllie took strong and successful measures on seeing that the late King was actually dying, had the present King *instantly* proclaimed, and ordered the troops engaged in the proclamation to have their arms loaded. The rapidity and decision of his movements *in* the Cabinet and, as Minister of War, *out of it* also, took the opposing party so completely by surprise that no resistance was offered by the partisans of the Princess. She would have been a very unfit Sovereign, even without comparing her with her wonderfully clever brother, who is moreover several years older than herself and had been always brought up and educated as the future Sovereign; so that there was not even a shew of pretension in her favour.



Kauai • May 29—June 15

IN PERENNIAL SPRING

*Departure for Hanalei • Arrival at Princeville • Days
of Repose • The Interesting Wundenbergs • Private
Affairs of the Royal Family • Journey Round Kauai •
A Bachelor's Estate • Glimpses of Native Life • The
Hawaiian Legislature • At the Widemanns • Governor
Kanoa and Miss Deborah • A Striking Contrast • Lihue
Plantation • Wailua Falls • At Koloa • Disappoint-
ment at Waimea • To Nawiliwili • Return to Honolulu*

ORIGINALLY, LADY FRANKLIN AND MISS CRACROFT HAD HOPED TO SAIL BACK TO San Francisco aboard Commodore Paty's *Yankee*. But this plan had been abruptly set aside when they were informed upon their return to Honolulu from the trip to Hawaii that the *Yankee* could delay the departure for California only one day more. To rush away so soon—"with only an incomplete acquaintance with the country"—would be a pity. . . . And would it not look like ingratitude when a concert of new friends, including King Kamehameha IV, Queen Emma, and His Excellency Mr. Wyllie, were so cordially inviting the visitors to stay? "I am sure," concluded Miss Cracroft, choosing her words with care, "we have given real pleasure by consenting to be persuaded into stopping a little longer."

The visit to the Island of Kauai was Mr. Wyllie's idea. During the summer of 1860 he had entertained the King, the Queen, the Prince of Hawaii, and a small royal party at his estate, Princeville, in the Valley of Hanalei. Now, in the summer of 1861, he wished to play once more the baronial host for the benefit of Lady Franklin and her niece, but this time none of the guests would be royal. In proposing the visit to Kauai, Mr. Wyllie was not simply indulging himself in his usual chivalry when among ladies. He had serious business on Kauai: his boundaries were in dispute, and he needed to see them properly surveyed. Indeed, in more ways than one the plantation was in trouble, and the complicated affairs of Princeville might well occupy whatever portion of Mr. Wyllie's enterprise was not dedicated to the welfare of the Kingdom.

Mr. Wyllie's investments on Kauai had begun about seven or eight years earlier, in 1853, when he had purchased certain choice lands lying along the lower Hanalei River, near Hanalei Bay. In a literal sense, the holdings were princely: they had been lands of the Hawaiian Crown, before they had passed during the 1830s and 1840s into the hands of successive lessees, owners, and part owners—all of them foreigners. The estate owed its first extensive improvement to an earlier promoter and part owner, an English sea captain named Godfrey Rhodes; perhaps it owed even more to Rhodes's brother-in-law, Thomas Brown, who won a reputation in Hawaii as an expert horticulturist. Together, the sea captain and the gardener transformed the estate into a substantial coffee plantation, extending over at least 900 or 1,000 acres. At Kikiula, a plantation house was erected on a bluff overlooking a bend in the Hanalei River, where Mr. Brown developed an exquisite garden spot. Every later visitor, as he rested on Wyllie's verandah and allowed his gaze to drift along the shores of the winding river, was informed that the *Magnolia grandiflora* had

been imported from Kew Gardens and that the weeping willows at the landing were descended from those of Longwood, on St. Helena, where Napoleon had spent his last years of exile.

"Hanalei" means "bay shaped like a *lei*." "Wai'oli," the name of the neighboring region, means "joyous water," or, by an extension of the fancy, "chanting water." Nineteen waterfalls sometimes plunged down the precipitous slopes and gorges of the nearby range of mountains, which formed a stupendous backdrop to Mr. Wyllie's noble acres. The beauty of this valley was exotic, subtly blended, at once lush and serene. It is easy to believe with Miss Cracroft that Hanalei in the summer of 1861 afforded a vision of "perennial spring."

In 1855, when Mr. Wyllie bought out Captain Rhodes's remaining interest in the Hanalei estate, the venture had seemed to be working out beautifully. There was even some talk at the time of raising the annual product to 300,000 pounds. But then came disaster: a destructive blight, a "white hairy louse," descended upon the coffee trees in the Islands and did not spare Kauai. Mr. Titcomb, the pioneer of agriculture in the valley and Mr. Wyllie's close neighbor and fellow victim, acted with foresight. Having already experimented with sugar cane, Titcomb began rooting up his ruined coffee trees for the purpose of using them as fuel for the boiling of sugar. The Reverend Samuel C. Damon, editor of the *Friend*, who visited the Hanalei plantations both before and during the years of the blight, wrote an account of the ravages for his newspaper.

The coffee blight has already covered the two Hanalei plantations which in the spring of 1857 we saw in full and successful culture, yielding 200,000 pounds of excellent coffee. The scores of women and children were busy picking the ripe berries and depositing their gathering at night at the overseer's office, but now all is silent. Not a gatherer was abroad and we saw laborers bringing in coffee trees upon their shoulders, to heat the sugar boilers of Mr. Titcomb.¹

Thus, by an insect "sent by the Almighty," Mr. Wyllie wrote in 1860 in a moment of uncharacteristic melancholy, the Hanalei venture had suffered a severe setback. But since that insect "makes no impression upon the sugar cane," Mr. Wyllie quickly added, why not follow Titcomb's example and convert to sugar? In line with these reflections, Mr. Wyllie proposed to his old friends Matheson and Co. a possible loan of \$70,000; but the London brokers declined on various grounds to entertain the suggestion. Mr. Wyllie's optimism was never easily shaken. In the summer

of 1860, amidst his dead or dying coffee trees, he changed the name of the estate to Princeville, in honor of his small friend the Prince of Hawaii.

And under its new title Princeville must live up to its name. Machinery must be installed so as to begin the production of sugar with the minimum loss and delay. Mr. Wyllie's up-to-date equipment imported from the banks of the Clyde (he called it his "beautiful machinery") was expected to arrive by the autumn of 1862 so as to begin the grinding of Tahitian cane by the summer of 1863. "He says he will have a mill," reported the Reverend Abner Wilcox, Mr. Wyllie's near neighbor at the Waioli Mission, "so large as to grind all the cane that can be raised in Waioli and Hanalei."

Such were some of Mr. Wyllie's weightier concerns, of the present moment and the immediate future, when he escorted his two guests, attended by Sarah Buckland, aboard the schooner *Odd Fellow* at 5:30 on the afternoon of May 29, 1861, bound for Kauai. On the afternoon of the following day, when the vessel had arrived at Hanalei Bay and lowered anchor, the party was met by Mr. Wundenberg, Mr. Wyllie's Hanoverian agent, who conducted them by whaleboat along the lower reaches of the Hanalei River to the landing place among the willows below Kikiula. The view from Mr. Wyllie's verandah did not disappoint expectations. "How I longed to be able to sketch!" lamented Miss Cracroft. "At last the longing became active and I accomplished something (in outline of course) which will serve to remind us of a scene to which no pencil can do justice any more than such feeble words as I can write."

From the beginning of her visit to the Islands a favorite word of Miss Cracroft's seems to have been "repose." As a guest of the Princess Ruth at Kailua, she had written: "I shall put the succeeding days into a lump, as they were not varied by any incident. We simply enjoyed the repose." Now, from May 30 to June 11, as she basked in the hospitality of Mr. Wyllie at Hanalei, in a setting marred only by the excessive humidity and swarms of mosquitoes, Miss Cracroft continues in a similar strain: "We passed here twelve delightful days of unbroken repose—free from bustle, interruption, and fatigue."

These twelve restful days were by no means days of indolence. While Mr. Wyllie was busy dealing with the affairs of the plantation, his guests spent their hours in reading, writing, drawing, and sewing. Gossiping Miss Cracroft might have added to her list, for that is undoubtedly what she means when she says: "We heard much, too, of public matters and of the private history of the Royal Family, which I have written down

elsewhere, being very curious. All tends to place the King on an intellectual pinnacle and to prove that he possesses very many high qualities, combined with the passionate action of his race."

This reference to private as distinct from public history is arresting, and the reader may well wonder what some of those matters of gossip were which now for the first time reached Miss Cracroft's ears. However, her notes of what she had learned, whether from Mr. Pease the surveyor or the talkative plantation manager and his wife, have unluckily disappeared. It is particularly fortunate, therefore, that Lady Franklin kept a record of some of these mysteries, even though conversation was by no means always easy.

Monday, June 10th We had again some interesting talk with Mr. Pease in the evening, but I find it so difficult to make out what he says that much is lost to me—this proceeds partly perhaps from a want of some teeth in front of his mouth, but chiefly from his holding and chewing tobacco which not only thickens his speech, but causes him to be constantly spitting. I am unfortunate at Princeville in a social point of view, since Mr. Wundenberg I can with difficulty understand on account of his insufferable German accent, the worst I ever heard; and with Mrs. W. I do not succeed much better, owing to her speaking very low and not opening her mouth.²

In hinting at certain dark chapters in the history of the royal family, Miss Cracroft and her aunt undoubtedly had in mind two recent court scandals. One of them, the earlier and less consequential, involved the Princess Victoria Kamamalu, the King's sister. Lady Franklin unfolds some of the chief circumstances of the affair, adding nothing of importance to accounts of the same episode in other contemporary sources. The evening's conversation had begun innocently enough on the subject of the King's courtship of Emma Rooke.

The King was a long time courting Emma. He had shewn great signs of admiring her but had not made any proposals, when one of the officers of a British man-of-war paid attentions to her which she willingly received. It is said she was ready to accept him when the King, stimulated by his perception of what was going on, offered his hand and carried her off. He is said to be fond of her and very kind to her, particularly of late years when his private character appears to be improving. They are very fond of their child, particularly the Queen, and very anxious that he should not be spoiled, nor learn to think much of himself—on this account they

begged the children when he was here not to call him "Prince" but "Baby," as they call him themselves and will continue to do till he gets a Christian name in baptism. Mrs. Wundenberg seemed well aware that they wished him to be educated in England. "Fanny," the Queen's mother, was here at the same time as herself.

I enquired about the Princess Victoria and learnt more clearly what Mr. Pease had hinted at—that the fall alluded to was with a handsome Englishman named Monsarrat, an auctioneer, who had some small place about the Palace. It was discovered by Prince Kamehameha, who communicated it to the King. The latter was greatly enraged and instantly banished him the Kingdom. . . . The Queen when here at Hanalei spoke of her as not wishing to associate with her on account of her conduct (alluding perhaps particularly to her intemperance), but it is said they are now anxious to bring her forward again and encourage her in improved habits.³

A second scandal, now for the first time brought to Miss Cracroft's attention, concerns that episode in Hawaiian history usually referred to as "the Neilson affair." In the autumn of 1859 the young King, in a fit of jealousy and after several days of hard drinking, had shot and severely wounded his private secretary and long-time friend, H. A. Neilson. In a letter of confession and apology to Neilson, Kamehameha IV later called this event the "great false act of my life." So significant is the Neilson affair for the light it sheds on the King's temperament, and especially on his later years of repentance, that Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft must be forgiven for their desire to learn all about it. Unfortunately, Lady Franklin was misinformed about several details, and for that reason it seems appropriate to review what is known of the case.

Henry A. Neilson (1824–1862) was the youngest son of Dr. John Neilson, a surgeon of the War of 1812, a prominent New York physician during the 1840s, and the family medical man of John Jacob Astor. His paternal grandfather was Brigadier General John Neilson, who fought in the Revolutionary War. At the time of the gold rush, young Neilson and a chum went out to San Francisco. A few years later, in 1853, the name of Henry A. Neilson begins to appear in the pages of the *Polynesian*, first as a representative in Hawaii of the New York Board of Underwriters. Because of his genial manners the New Yorker soon won the friendship of Alexander Liholiho, then heir apparent to the Hawaiian throne. Later, after the Prince's accession as Kamehameha IV, Neilson became a member of the King's personal staff; he was usually referred to as the King's private

secretary. The diary of David L. Gregg, the American Commissioner, provides a glimpse of H. A. Neilson and his reputation as it stood in the community in the summer of 1857. It seems that Mother Crabbe, a shining light in the Methodist Church, who was much given to reproving sinners in public—"picking them up on the street or wherever she can find them"—had turned her attention to Mr. Neilson. "She told him she hoped he would go home very soon. He said he had no thought of it—was well contented here, and presumed he should stay. She repeated that she hoped he would go home—this was a bad place for young men, especially those who had no wives, for they were apt to fall into practices destructive of body and soul."⁴

The climax of the King's friendship with Mr. Neilson, in the form in which it reached the Journal of Lady Franklin, is described under the date of Friday, June 7.

The conversation tonight turned again upon the natives and the King, and I learnt for the first time of a most tragic event in the King's life, from which he is said to suffer bitter pains of conscience and which Mr. Wundenberg considers to be the main cause of the restlessness which characterises him. The first sad thing to hear was that the King, in spite of his excellent wife, was giving himself up to bad living and that a native woman with whom he was connected instilled into him suspicions of the fidelity of his wife, pointing out as her paramour the King's private secretary, an American of the name of Neilson. . . . The gentleman was more of a hanger-on of the King than a secretary; Mr. Wundenberg called him a "genteel loafer"—he lived in a separate dwelling of the King's court. When the King heard this news he was at Lahaina on their way to Hawaii, and Mr. N. was with them. Maddened by the information which had he not been intoxicated he would scarcely have believed and which it was shameful of him to believe, he ordered the steamer suddenly to take him back to Honolulu; but in the dark, having proceeded but a little way, he landed (horses being in waiting for him at his orders) and made furiously back to Lahaina, entered the Queen's apartment, overwhelmed her with the most disgraceful epithets, and then sent for Neilson, used similar language to him, and drawing his pistol shot him through the lungs. Strange to say, the ball passed through the back without killing him, though the wound was long considered to be mortal, and its effects are such that the victim can never recover, though he has lived now a year and a half since the time of his receiving the wound. It would appear that the King soon recovered from his insane and unjust passion and was self convicted of the gross injustices he had committed. . . . His repentance and self con-

demnation were as vehement as his senseless passion had been. It was expected he would make way with himself.⁵

Like other accounts of the shooting of Neilson, Lady Franklin's version fails to provide certain important information. In none of the accounts do we discover, for example, the name or identity of the native woman who it is charged poured the poison of suspicion into the King's ear. What is certain is that Lady Franklin's version of the episode is in numerous respects erroneous and confused. She says that the King, after upbraiding the Queen, "then sent for Neilson, used similar language to him, and drawing his pistol shot him through the lungs." This detail is incorrect: the King never sent for Neilson but later followed him to his cottage, where Neilson had just changed into his pajamas and was making ready for bed. Likewise, Lady Franklin is mistaken when she seems to suggest that the King's attack on Neilson was on the whole unpremeditated. This cannot be so, for we have the word not only of Neilson but of the King himself that his suspicions had been "long harrowed up" and that the act "committed by me was premeditated."

Shortly after the King's attempt on his life, and before he had recovered from the first shock of his wound, H. A. Neilson wrote a letter to his brother, Bleecker Neilson, giving his family in New York his own version of the unhappy turn of events. It is hardly to be expected that Neilson in a letter home would tell the entire truth about his Hawaiian experiences; but there is no reason to doubt the minute circumstances of most of his recital.

Lahaina
Oct. 25th, 1859

My dear Bleecker,

I eagerly seize this opportunity to communicate with you, the more so as the last mail escaped without a line from me, and by it you must have seen articles in some of the papers relating to the late lamentable occurrence between the King and myself. I was however in a pitiable state at the time the last mail left, and I being in Lahaina, and the vessel leaving Honolulu as I before said, it escaped me. I deem this short explanation necessary, as you must have all thought it exceedingly remiss on my part not to have sent at least a line.

I must even now be necessarily brief, as I am writing in pencil lying on my back, a friend having offered to transcribe for me. The facts in the case then are briefly these. You are well aware of the intimacy which

has for the past six or seven years existed between the King and myself. I was his private secretary and considered myself his friend, as I believed him to be mine (indeed he professes to be so now, as you will see per enclosure) but with a most lamentable, and for me nearly fatal, interruption. On the 3d of August last, the King and Queen, with the little Prince and usual suit, of which I of course was one, started to make the tour of Maui and Hawaii. (The incidents of the trip with other remarks I reserve for future letters, as soon as I am able to sit up, to other members of the family.) Everything went on well until the early part of September, when having returned to Lahaina from East Maui, some of the ladies of the party, wishing to return to Honolulu, the King determined to accompany them, taking me with him, the Queen and all the rest remaining at Lahaina. He saw the ladies safely to Honolulu, and returned to Maui.

It was then a change seemed to come over the King. He was irritable and drank more spirits than usual for him—in fact, he took little if any at Honolulu, but for three or four days after our return to Lahaina, he indulged freely. I mention this fact inasmuch as it proves that he required a large amount of stimulus before he could nerve himself to commit the crime he meditated, no less a crime than that of taking my life in cold blood: the cause, totally unfounded jealous suspicions of his Queen.

The enclosed copy of his letter, addressed to me some time after the attempt was made, will explain better than I can this part of the affair. He will not say how his suspicions arose, only that they had been accumulating for a length of time. How he dissembled and hid his real feelings is wonderful. It was always, to the last, in all his notes he frequently sent me "Dear Nielson" (he always would spell my name wrong, putting the -i- before the -e-). Only the day before the act we all dined together, and I never saw him more lively or in better spirits.

That night he went off among a native portion of his company, and kept it up, until near morning, when he started off alone for the beach, declaring his intention of going immediately to Hawaii. In fact, the Captain of the schooner in which he always sails was brought down, and with only one attendant, away they went. The Captain thought he was in a state of false excitement and would probably return in the morning. As far as the excitement goes, he was correct, but two more of his natives went after him in a sail boat with a fresh case of liquor, and overtaking the King's vessel, they remained out all the next day (Sunday) coming ashore about eleven at night. The houses inhabited by the party are scattered very pleasantly in a grove of trees, a large frame building being inhabited by the King and Queen, a small one near it by the King's physician, the Editor of the Government paper, and myself, and on the other side of that there is what the natives call a grass house, occupied by the Governor of

the Island, smaller places for servants in plenty of course. The Governor's house stands a little nearer the beach than the one occupied by we three foreigners.

The King, as I have said, came ashore about eleven, and established himself on the Governor's verandah, in an apparently half delirious state. His people and physician were with him of course. I also went out near him for a short time, and then went over to our house. I had already prepared myself for bed, before he came (you probably know that here as in China many wear at night a loose white cotton jacket and trousers, like a Chinaman). Before retiring to bed, however, I went out on the steps of our house, on the side facing the mountain, and while there saw one of the King's best men being taken to prison for refusing to get him his pistols (they were kept in our house).

Presently another servant came for them, but still I had not, of course, the remotest idea they had any reference to me (else I should not have been there), and still I stood on the low steps enjoying the bright moonlight, when I suddenly saw the King come round the corner of the house, and seeing me there he advanced quickly, and as I faced round to meet him, not seeing his pistols, and when within three or four feet of me, without speaking, he fired from a duelling pistol straight at my body. The ball struck me fair on the lower part of the chest, just where the short ribs join the breastbone, and where there is a good deal of cartilage. It then passed towards the right side, struck a rib about midway, which it followed, and just managed to drop out a few inches below the right armpit, passing, as the physicians tell me, in a most miraculous manner, through the only portion of that part of the body where a fraction on either side could have hardly failed to prove fatal (a part called diaphragm).

To return to the King. I made some exclamation, and turned into the hall, as I knew the doctor was on the seaward side of the house. I felt myself bleeding rapidly, but found the doctor, who immediately assisted me to a small house nearby, and called another physician. They did the best they could that night for me. Since then I have been well taken care of, and providentially am slowly recovering. I have been and still am very much reduced, and consequently the exertion of writing exhausts me. I hope that soon I may be able to get down to Honolulu and make sure of the mails, when I will write again. At present it will be satisfactory for you to see that my character is clear in the matter.

You perceive also that the King hints at pecuniary recompense to replace my lost position, which of course I cannot resume. All that will be settled in Honolulu, I can scarcely guide my pen now, my dear Bleecker, so must make an abrupt close. Anything in the papers clashing with the foregoing is fabrication; his threatening the Queen's life and other wild doings at

that time I will write about hereafter. Of course the King's letter is only for family perusal. It is sent by me only to satisfy you all of my entire character in the matter, any further publicity would be, of course, unacceptable. Excuse my rambling style, but my brains are still a little loose.

Your affectionate brother,

HENRY

Very much love to our dear Mother and all at home.⁶

Lady Franklin notes that friends of the King feared at first that he might take his own life, and indeed these fears were not unfounded. The King's passionate self-reproach, his sudden remorse, struck very deep. However, when he threatened to abdicate his throne in favor of the Prince of Hawaii, the more sober counsel of his ministers prevailed. "Let Richard be himself again," wrote Mr. Wyllie, who made out a strong case against so rash a step. By October 12, when the King addressed to Neilson his letter of contrition, offering suitable amends, he had managed to pull himself together.

H. A. Neilson Esqr

Dear Sir,

I hasten to avail myself of the permission granted by your physician to discharge a duty which your serious illness alone has prevented me from performing sooner. It is to express my thankfulness to an overruling Power that you have been spared from an end which none would have regretted as much as myself.

My feelings upon the whole affair, in which you and myself are the principal actors, can better be imagined than expressed, and I am indeed grateful that an opportunity is afforded me by which I can, at least, make an attempt at some small amends for the great injury which you have suffered at my hands. I shall commence by an honest statement to you that the act committed by me was premeditated, founded upon suspicions long harrowed up and extending through a length of time. Though facts could not sustain me in my suspicions, I felt they were well founded, and consequently acted in the manner I did. How wisely, how justly I, of all parties interested, need not now be told. I therefore have cause to consider it of the greatest importance as a duty to myself and for my own satisfaction, to render to you the necessary explanations and to offer such reparation as may be in my power to make.

To say that I regret the sad occurrence were too little, that I sorrow sincerely for the injuries I have unrighteously conferred, would hardly be justice even; but believe, Sir, I would be thankful indeed if anything I

may say in this letter could fully convey to your mind the feelings of self-reproach and sorrow which I assure you I feel night and day. These expressions, I know, are of no avail, as the injury is done, the act committed, but it would be some satisfaction, however, for me to know that you are aware of my feelings with reference to the whole affair and my sentiments towards one whom I have seriously injured. I know of no other mode of explanation more satisfactory in this matter than the voluntary unqualified acknowledgment to you of the wrong committed, a full exoneration from everything that suspicions may have connected you with, which I do most heartily and, to repeat what I have already said, that words cannot express my own feelings of sorrow and regret at this great false act of my life.

I am aware that there are other means resorted to, in cases like the present one, with the view of completing any amend that may be offered, but as they are, to my mind, only of secondary importance, it is with some delicacy that I have alluded to them. Nothing, however, it seems to me, can exist in this world, that can indemnify the man who had been on the verge of the grave, through an act founded on unjustifiable suspicion, to say nothing of his character as a man and his reputation as a gentleman, which may have been in danger of being compromised.

My duty to you, as well as to myself, I should consider to be imperfectly discharged did I not here express my deep conviction of the great importance of this affair especially as bearing upon our future relations and the consequent complete separation which the unfortunate circumstances have rendered inevitable.

If I have disappointed you by any want of force in my language, attribute it rather to a want of capability of expressing my thoughts truly than to a want of sincerity or a lassitude of inclination.

If I have detained you too long with my views of our relations to each other and with self-reproaches, it is, at least, with the hope that my attempt to do what is just and right for an unjust and unrighteous act will be, in a measure, appreciated. I forbear to touch here of what I have considered to be my duty to others who are more or less interested; to them, I trust, I have done my duty as conscientiously as I am now doing to you. The public and the members of my own family, assure that my performance of that duty is satisfactory. My mind, therefore, with reference to them, is relieved. Hoping to be favored with an opportunity of being more explicit, if necessary as regards a subject already attended to, and that your health will be rapidly improving towards a speedy and complete recovery,

I remain very respectfully,
Yours &c,

Lahaina
12 October 1859

LIHOLIHO⁷

The lapse of the Princess Victoria Kamamalu and her flawed reputation and temporary disgrace are of minor importance in the history of her brother's reign. The very reverse is true of the King's false act at Lahaina in September of 1859. Those sordid hours culminating in that deed of violence which proved so costly to his sense of himself as a Christian and a gentleman cast their transforming shadow over all his later life. There is good reason to look upon the Neilson affair as a pivotal turning point in the King's career.

To Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft, when they first met Alexander Liholiho at the Palace in Honolulu, he had seemed a happy-minded, hopeful young monarch, in whose disposition the serious strain was delightfully mingled with the gay. Now, after the sessions on the verandah at Hanalei, the visitors were able to see a little more deeply into the King's character, and they were not at all disappointed by what they found. On the contrary, they were if anything rather more fascinated by the new Kamehameha IV than they had been by the old. His restlessness, his melancholy, his ardent Anglican piety acquired in their view a special romantic allure: one could think of the grandson of Kamehameha I as a sort of copper-hued Byronic hero who had latterly reformed. In his boundless sorrow, as he brooded alone upon his "intellectual pinnacle," the King had discovered his conscience; and thus a new chapter in the story of his race had strangely begun.



W E D N E S D A Y , *May 29*

Early this morning, Mr. Green, the Acting Consul General, sent up a letter by Mr. Davies, a young Englishman who is employed in his firm, inviting us to a ball on the 20th of June—the anniversary of our Queen's accession—to be given by the British residents in honour of my Aunt. She declined attending a ball, but the possibility of such objection had been

anticipated, and it was changed to a "reception" (as the Americans call it), the object being to give all the most respectable people an opportunity of paying their respects, instead of limiting the number (as was at first intended), as must have been the case with a dinner. Mr. Davies was empowered to make any arrangement most agreeable to my Aunt.

We then drove to the Palace, really to take leave; but when the King heard of the entertainment to be given to my Aunt, to which he and the Queen are to be invited, he said they would put off going to Kailua (Hawaii) and wait until after the 20th. Was not this a pretty compliment?

He has asked my Aunt to write to Captain Richards to beg he will learn from the Admiral (Sir Thomas Maitland)⁸ if it be possible to give a passage to the Queen and ourselves in a returning ship of war.

We sailed at 5:30 in the schooner *Odd Fellow*⁹ for Hanalei Bay in the Island of Kauai. The steamer visits this Island only once a month, and we time our visit so as to be able to return by her in the next trip. The voyage to the Island is easily performed, the wind (the strong trade) being perfectly fair; but the beating back against it is to be avoided if possible in a sailing vessel. Our schooner had but one tiny cabin, surrounded by berths, for everyone; so we determined to pass as much of the night as possible on deck, as we hoped to arrive early on the following day. The weather happily favoured this plan, and we reached our destination about one o'clock on:

T H U R S D A Y , May 30

We were met on anchoring (in consequence of a preconcerted signal) by Mr. Wundenberg,¹⁰ a Hanoverian agent of Mr. Wyllie, who with his wife and seven children reside at Princeville, the name (after the young Prince) given by Mr. Wyllie to his Estate. He steered us through a heavy surf into a placid river, the snakelike windings of which carried us through a rich flat between lofty hills and a perpendicular bank called a *pali*.

Near the shore of the bay is the village, with its church, school, and mission houses—farther on, a sugar plantation and mill for preparing the sugar—fine grass and trees of many kinds, including oranges—then the whitewashed, red-roofed buildings on Mr. Wyllie's Estate—and at two miles from the mouth of the stream stands the little flat promontory jutting out from the *pali* at about half its elevation, on which stands the house and garden of Princeville. We landed under the sweeping shade of weeping willows (descended from those of Longwood) and had a rather toilsome

walk up to the house, white and red-roofed like the rest, where we were welcomed by Mrs. Wundenberg and her well-behaved handsome family (all girls save one) between the ages of fourteen and four. She is the daughter of a former English Missionary at Tahiti and has lived much there, in Chile, in Sydney and, lastly, sixteen years in this country—a sedate, fine-looking woman.

Most lovely was the view from the verandah, which commands the entire Valley of Hanalei from the bay up to where it is closed in by the lofty mountains forming the background of our front view, the chain extending from the sea into the far interior, the highest peak measuring very near 6,000 feet. We stood about half way up the valley, which lay like a map spread out at our feet, the river above Princeville being only now and then visible between low banks fringed with shrubs or tall reeds, with occasional groves of the beautiful *kukui* trees, and some isolated native huts scattered here and there.

On the opposite side to us there stretched from the sea, where it terminated in a bold headland, a lofty range of deep purple mountains, the highest part immediately before us. Fronting this were two lower ranges, the nearest of which rose abruptly from the flat, through which the river wound like a snake. A waterfall of immense height streaked like a broad ribbon the huge purple mass behind: beginning at about 1,000 feet from the summit, its course was visibly unbroken for 2,000 feet at least, when it was lost to view. From other points, smaller cascades of equal height but more slender in width were plainly seen, and we were told by a person who had explored the mountain that no less than nineteen streams cast themselves down the huge front presented to us.

The valley was rich with verdure—coffee trees, sugar cane, meadowland (such grass!—a fine texture, long, thick, and soft as the thickest moss), taro of brilliant green, peach trees, oranges, bananas in such enormous profusion that the fruit cannot be consumed, the beautiful palma Christi, with the *pohalla*,¹¹ a tree (growing in profusion in certain districts only) of purely tropical appearance. How I longed to be able to sketch! At last the longing became active and I accomplished something, in outline only of course, which will serve to remind us of a scene to which no pencil can do justice any more than such feeble words as I can write. It was a scene never to tire of; and we never enjoyed its loveliness more than when we left it.

Of course the house is surrounded by a verandah into which all the lower rooms open. Our bedrooms communicated with the drawing-room

(commanding the above view), which was kindly given up to us exclusively in the morning. So we enjoyed complete freedom as well as quiet until our dinner hour, two o'clock, after which we of course joined the rest of the party. We had also the luxury of a bathroom, which I confess became one of the *necessaries* of existence at Hanalei, which is *exceedingly* hot, exposed to the constant rays of the sun, with very frequent showers. It is the quantity of rain attracted by the mountains which makes this lovely valley a garden, but we were very sensible that the climate was relaxing from the same cause.

We passed here twelve delightful days of unbroken repose, free from bustle, interruption, and fatigue—pray don't imagine that this means in indolence: the very reverse is the fact—we read, wrote, drew, sewed, while drinking in the perfume of flowers such as are cherished in conservatories at home, revelling in beauty which could never satiate, because ever changing.

We had one visit: from the wife and daughter of the Missionary in the valley, Mrs. Johnson—I think the most exaggerated specimen of a Yankee ever turned out of New England. Oh, if you could have heard her high-pitched nasality, which she shouted at us as if we were all deaf!

We did not go to church the first Sunday, on account of the great heat and being without any other inducement than to set an example of church-going (in the letter, not the spirit, as of course the service was in Hawaiian). But the second Sunday we accomplished it by boat and on horseback, and were the innocent cause of renewed strife between high contending parties, the Missionary and wife and the Schoolmaster and wife,¹² whose contentions are fierce and of old standing. It would really have been entertaining—if it had not been rather shocking—to witness the struggle carried on between the two ladies *in the church*, the instant after the service was over, as to which of two persons (who did not speak to each other if it could be avoided) should succeed in getting my Aunt first to her house. Mr. Wylie effected a compromise, and we visited both for ten minutes. Here of course is a sad subject of scandal among the natives.

Another day we went up the river and rode up a hill some 400 or 500 feet high, rising abruptly from the plain (seeming from the verandah like a mere knoll in front of the dark ranges behind) and called by Mr. Wylie "Mount Rooke," after the Queen's adopted father. From this we had a very fine view and here my Aunt planted a tree, to be named after her, this mount being the spot whereon bonfires are lighted on fête days—such as the little Prince's last birthday, on account of his having performed the

really remarkable feat of walking up to the top, entirely unassisted, at the age of two and a half years on his visit here of last year. Mr. Wyllie's pride in this feat (at which he assisted) is insatiable and he is constantly talking of it. Of course I had to run the gauntlet of comparison, when I decided in favour of riding up and down instead of walking.

I could write pages of our enjoyment of this visit. But it had one drawback—the mosquitoes, which were unbearable as soon as ever daylight waned, which is early enough in these tropical countries. It was next to impossible to sit *quiet* after the lights came, and woe to sleep if even one got under the mosquito net. The full enjoyment of the beauty of night was impossible, and *they* were not the only pests. Enormous spiders crawled about and—worst of all—nobody minded them!

Still there was indescribable charm in a climate in which no covering was needed for *warmth*, in which you slept with every door and window wide open, and drew up the sheet only now and then if a heavier shower than usual had lowered the temperature, which, by the way, was never very high—scarcely I believe ever above 80. How the gardens would have enchanted you, as they did me—magnolia, pomegranate, datura, gardenia, roses, lilies of many colours, heliotrope, in richest profusion. There was a screen of creepers just before my window which was perfection: the heavy drapery of deep green—a mass of foliage—with three kinds of flowers, deep blue, orange, and white, the perfume at night being almost *too* rich and heavy. As for the fruits, they were without limit in quantity—pines, bananas, peaches, oranges, some of enormous size.

Mr. Wyllie set his heart upon making my Aunt a landholder in the Sandwich Islands, and one of our occupations in this visit was the selection of a piece of land on the *pali* overhanging the house, which he intends to have made over to her by deed and calls "Lady Franklin's Crow's Nest," in association with the crow's-nest of Arctic ships. So she really *has* a piece of land on a point immediately overhanging Princeville; the side of the *pali* being covered with *pohalla* trees, from the midst of which issues a spring which is conveyed by a bamboo aqueduct down to the house, some hundred yards below. We went up the *pali* three or four times in the evening in order to select the spot, and always enjoyed the fresh breeze *when there*, though the walk was not a little toilsome. Mrs. Wundenberg's children¹³ go up and down often twice a day, before sunrise and in the evening, and thus keep themselves fresh and rosy and (wonderful to say) fair also, though they wear no hats except when exposed to the sun. They are singularly fine children, quite English in their beauty as well as in the

modesty and repose of their manners. Their mother has a deep gentle voice which is in delightful contrast to the Americans we meet at every turn.

I do not write any journal of this time because it is quite barren of incident and therefore the more enjoyable.

We were accompanied from Honolulu by Mr. Pease,¹⁴ American, a surveyor whom Mr. Wyllie had engaged to make a survey of his Estate, and from him we obtained a great deal of information and had much talk upon all matters connected with the Kingdom, as he has lived here many years. We like him extremely and are much interested in finding that he has well-known scientific correspondents in England, so we have much in common. He is chiefly a conchologist but has dipped into other branches of science. He is a strong Episcopalian and very anxious for an English clergyman, though he has lately married a half-caste R. Catholic, brought up in the strictest way by the nuns.

He explained that on the separation of some of the Missionaries (who had declared themselves able to dispense with assistance) from the American Board which had sent them out, the Board presented to them their houses and the land on which they stood, as their own property!—that is, not in the form of an endowment to the Mission Station, but as private property. Moreover, some years ago the Hawaiian Government gave them each leave to select 560 acres of land wherever they pleased and to buy it at \$1.00 an acre. In many cases this was afterwards re-sold at \$5.00. One Missionary only, Mr. Rowell of Waimea¹⁵ in this Island (Kauai), declined the advantageous purchase offered him, saying he had “come for other purposes.” Mr. Pease says the general tone of morality has greatly improved within the last few years, and that the Missionaries ought to have more courage and confidence than they now feel. The loss of it arises from conscious loss of influence, which they are unfitted to regain from the present and rising race of Hawaiians.

We heard much, too, of public matters and of the private history of the Royal Family, which I have written down elsewhere, being very curious. All tends to place the King on an intellectual pinnacle and to prove that he possesses very many high qualities, combined with the passionate action of his race—or rather of the higher section of his race, as it is generally believed that the Hawaiian Chiefs (whose genealogy runs very far back) are of a distinct and higher order than the common natives. The private

history involves all sorts of curious events, well known but not talked of even by the natives. For instance (and this will serve as a type to many other stories), the King is known to be the son of his *adopted* father the late King, and not of his reputed father, who is a man of no rank whatever, that of the King and his brother and sister being derived from their mother. Hence the fact that the late King named him as his successor, though the youngest brother; hence his remarkable likeness to the late King, and the affection and respect shewn him by the people.

The King and Queen are excessively attached to each other, and she acts the true Christian mother to their little son, whom she hears say his prayers night and morning (in English) and reads a few verses of the Bible to him.

We have been everywhere surprised at the number of horses and to see how universal is the practise of riding. *Here*, the very labourers on Mr. Wyllie's Estate go to and return from their work on horseback. Some, it is true, live seven miles off, but even those close at hand do the same—no wonder, when a horse can be bought for \$3.00 (twelve days wages)—i.e., 13s. We used to see them going home after working hours at a tearing gallop over the plain at the top of the *pali*, and the women have just the same passion, greatly to their own injury and that of their families. This love of riding pervades all ranks from the highest to the lowest, and *nothing* can exceed their skill and grace on horseback.

My record of these few days at Hanalei will seem disjointed because we were daily hearing new and curious facts upon matters of public or personal interest; but at any rate they may have some little interest—and to me, in future, very great.

We have heard a striking proof that moral training is even yet in infancy. It is that legal punishment does not degrade a man in the eyes of his fellows, even though its justice be not in the least impugned. A man let out of prison returns to his original status in the opinion of others and is treated exactly as before. This is a bad sign.

We were told some time ago (I do not think I wrote it down at the time in my letter) a most absurd illustration of the little value and use to the natives of some religious practices. It is a custom with some Missionaries to have the people assemble in the church on Sunday afternoons for the purpose of discussing the sermon of the morning with a view, of course, to edification. The meeting is presided over and “conducted” by a Deacon (a native) who opens the discussion with prayer. A gentleman (Mr. Gower of Waiohinu) attended one of these meetings. The conversa-

tion intended to be confined to the subject of the sermon slipped away from it by degrees and ended, by the expression of the universal feeling of those assembled, that the two greatest living men were Heenan and Sayers!¹⁶ *Mr. Gower heard this.*

On the last of the twelve days we spent in this lovely valley, my Aunt put in the seeds of a magnificent tree, the *kamani* of Tahiti. Mine were of an immense and finely flavoured orange. Vegetation is so rapid in this country that they will soon appear above ground and flourish in perennial spring.

TUESDAY, June 11

We were obliged to forego the early start which was decided on last night, on account of heavy showers, and we did not begin our journey until 10:30, when we ascended the *pali* for the last time, my Aunt in the litter, the rest of us on horseback. We had about eight miles to go before we reached a carriage kindly brought so far to meet us by Mr. Widemann,¹⁷ the Sheriff of the Island—a Hanoverian of good family who has lived here some years and married a native wife. The deep ravines and streams we had to cross prevented the carriage from getting nearer than this to Hanalei, and we were distant two days journey from Nawiliwili, at which point we were to take the steamer. We had very lovely scenery, and as I had a particularly nice horse I enjoyed the ride, notwithstanding heavy showers, from which we were fain to shelter ourselves under the thick and singular trees which exclusively clothe this region—i.e., for about seven miles of our journey, when they almost cease to be seen at all. This is the *pohalla*, of which I think I have already written.

We came upon more than one lovely little valley with a stream at the bottom, beside which were the native huts and taro patches. Of course the whole population turned out to behold us; especially at one place where we had to cross the little stream, just at its mouth, in a punt which would only carry two or three horses at a trip—and so had to return several times, as we were a large party.

We stopped to take our luncheon at the house of a Roman Catholic priest, M. Maudet,¹⁸ who has been here twenty-one years, labouring quietly and earnestly during all that time, and who is spoken of with respect by all classes. We took our food with us or we should have fared badly, as M. Maudet lives in the simplest manner possible and, of course, alone. We are told that not a word has ever been heard against him. His countenance and manner pleased us much by its absence of all pretension. His

dress was exactly the same as it would have been in France, except that the stuff was rather brown from the sun. His little church close by was a model of neatness, without *anything* to offend.

The latter part of our journey was through most exquisite scenery—grassy land, sprinkled with fine trees, shelving down into a narrow valley, rich with the bright green taro and dotted with here and there a hut. From the opposite side of the valley rose a lofty range terminating on the seashore (from which we had just ascended) with a bluff, whose pointed summit was split in two, one pinnacle having a huge hole through it, which shewed larger or smaller as we moved round on the opposite plateau.

The beauty of the scenery generally today had been heightened by the colour of the earth, a bright rich red, contrasted with the fresh green. Red ochre abounds, and you could see it lying in veins and patches wherever the earth had been cut away, as was frequent by the side of the road, which is in various stages of improvement.

After reaching the carriage, my Aunt and I kept to it, driven by Mr. Widemann. Our single horse was assisted by two others, ridden à la postillion by natives on Mexican saddle (commonly used here), which have a very high pommel flattened at the top. Round this was fastened a stout rope, the other end being secured to the carriage, which they thus very materially help to drag. They were much more useful in this way than if harnessed after the usual fashion, and it was surprising to see how well the "postillions" understood when to spur on ahead and drag with all the strength their horses could put forth. But for this assistance we should have failed to get up some of the steep hills or through the wider streams, one especially on the seashore, with the tide coming in. However, after much riding backwards and forwards by our attendant horsemen, we dashed in and were soon on the opposite bank.

We stopped for the night at the residence of Mr. Krull,¹⁰ who had returned from Honolulu on purpose to receive us, he being a bachelor. We were enchanted with his place, which exactly reminds one in the features of scenery immediately around it of an English park: swelling hills covered with rich grass and dotted with magnificent trees, growing in clumps as if they had been planted. He has followed a very charming plan in the arrangement of his house—or rather houses—for instead of one large one there are several, all of the native grass, beautifully made, lofty, and airy: there must be at least six within his enclosure. One contains the sitting room, pantry, and I *think* two small bedrooms; then there is one for cooking, others for servants, and others for guests.

We occupied one quite apart and turned away from the others, with its own special flower border opposite, and *such* a view beyond. Our house consisted of two bedrooms entered from a verandah, simply and charmingly furnished, the walls paneled with matting, and as clean as an English housemaid could have made it.

Mr. Krull is a man of great taste and has laid out the ground near his house with great judgment. After dinner we were taken by a well-kept walk to a point on which he has made a pavilion, commanding a most singular and lovely view. Immediately below was a valley surrounded by broken hills, richly watered and timbered; the hills on one side sheltering from the sea, the shore beyond stretching away into the distance, which terminated in a fine, rugged line of mountains. Here, almost for the first time, we heard the singing of birds, calling to one another before they settled for the night. It was all most lovely and peaceful, and the climate less enervating than that of Hanalei.

The *koa* trees were most luxuriant in this part, as well as the spreading *kukui*, contrasting with the others by the whitish green of its foliage. Our house was close to a group of *koa* trees, and some heavy showers in the night caused us to perceive a disagreeable smell which it gives out in rain—I *believe* from the bark.

Bachelors' houses are always pleasant places to stop at, and we felt sorry to leave Mr. Krull's the next day, starting at 11 A.M. on:

WEDNESDAY, *June 12*

Mr. Krull has an extensive dairy establishment and milks 100 cows daily! His butter is very good and brings him in large profits.

Our road wound round the valley we saw last night, which we looked down into from the hill tops. Then we descended to the shore, alternately labouring through the heavy sand or upon an alluvial flat washed down from the mountains. As yesterday, we crossed ravines and streams and passed native villages which poured out their inhabitants to gaze upon us, my Aunt being known to be a great English Chiefess, if *not* the Queen herself! Many rode beside us for miles, in all kinds of habiliments, the distinctions being in the matter of *quantity* as much as of quality. Sometimes children sat behind their parents, as firm on the horse's back as the best of riders. One I saw was *standing up* behind his father, looking at us with the same serious earnest look as the others. They care little or nothing for saddle or bridle or stirrups—a halter round the neck is enough.

They are as much at home on a horse as in the sea; and that is saying much, for they are known to swim from fifteen to twenty miles. (How they would laugh at Leander and Lord Byron!) Mr. Pease witnessed an extraordinary thing—a schooner was wrecked on this coast, eight miles from land—a native woman swam on shore to the spot where he was, encumbered only by a girdle of dried fish. She explained to Mr. Pease that she had taken this precaution not knowing how long she might be out! So she carried food to last some days.

Mr. Widemann, who drove us as yesterday, is a member of the House of Representatives, who are elected every two years, during which interval there is but one session, unless emergency or public business urgently requires they should meet oftener. I have before written of the democratic system of representation: Universal Suffrage—no property qualification, even for the Representatives, who are (as in America) paid \$3.00 a day during the session. The number of the Representatives is proportioned to that of the electors; Kauai and Niihau (a very small neighbouring Island) send three; the other two are a Norwegian by birth²⁰ and a Hawaiian. The discussions are, we hear, highly creditable to the understandings and business capacities of the members. They are carried on in the Hawaiian language, which all understand, such foreigners only being elected by the people (naturally enough) as have acquired their language in some degree. In fact, all who live in the *country* are forced to learn it as a necessary means of communication. At the last meeting of the Houses there was but one member who did not speak Hawaiian. The proceedings were of course translated to him.

The Upper House, called the House of Nobles, consists partly of nominees by the King (the foreign members of his Cabinet who are not ex-officio members of the Upper House, for instance, with a few others of rank, foreigners and natives—Col. Kalakaua is one of these last); partly of the highest Chiefs and Governors of the Islands, or *Governesses*, as in the case of our friend the Governess of Hawaii; the whole number amounting to eighteen or twenty, I forget which. This is the conservative element in the Constitution as with us. The King would give much to alter the Constitution on some points—that of Universal Suffrage and the no-property qualification of Representatives; but the American members threw out a bill to remedy these points last session; and the changes could only be made by the independent exertion of his prerogative. The changes would be *well* received by the native population, but his conscience stands in

the way of altering a Constitution which he has sworn to preserve—he being *not* a Napoleon.

Our day's drive was very pleasant, through charming country with all the variety of our yesterday's journey. Shortly before approaching Mr. Widemann's estate, we passed a very extensive sugar plantation which has passed through many hands without benefitting any as yet, owing to mismanagement—otherwise the gains must have been great. It is called the Lihue Plantation and has now passed from the hands of a company into the possession of two persons, Mr. Rice and M. Prevost,²¹ a Frenchman. There is ample machinery for crushing the cane, in substantial buildings, and an excellent house in which Mr. Rice as manager for the company has lived for several years.

Mr. Widemann's Estate is beautifully situated on the edge next the sea on a fine plain or series of wavy flats, running up to the ridge of mountains we had seen from Mr. Krull's Prospect Mount. He, too, has a number of small buildings (grass houses) within an enclosure bounded by a low wall of lava blocks; but the family house was a tolerably large one, with two sitting and several bedrooms, the roof open from end to end, the different rooms being merely partitioned off to a certain height by substantial wooden framework, paneled in matting. But as the house was rather old and not particularly clean, the effect was very different from that of Mr. Krull's pretty houses.

Mr. Widemann is a gentlemanlike man, so we were not surprised to find his native wife a very pretty, attractive woman, dressed quite in the European style. To my taste the brown skin is no drawback—it is so soft and fine—of course I allude to the young people, in whom are no wrinkles. Mrs. Widemann, who must be twenty-six or twenty-seven, is still quite youthful, round, and smooth, with a pretty blush mantling beneath the olive surface. She has five children, all of her own complexion, and shewing unmistakably their descent on *one* side; their father is the fairest of Saxons. We are told that she required firm training into the ways of civilisation on the part of her husband, who would not let her run away from his friends in the early days of shyness. The result is that she does the honours with native grace as well as simplicity, and is altogether a very sweet creature. Their children will never be as attractive as she is.

Directly after dinner, the Governor of the Island²² (who lives close by) called to pay his respects to my Aunt, with his daughter—both pure Hawaiians. She rejoices in the "missionary name" (as the people call Bible names) of Deborah! Her father is called Kanoa. (Have I ever said

that as yet *family* names have not been introduced among the Hawaiians?—it is one of the King's plans for the immediate future to introduce the distinction of family names: it will remedy much confusion.) The Governor is a very gentlemanlike-looking old man, dressed like any of our gentlemen, short, rather stout, with grey hair. He is suffering much from cough, and as he does not speak English there was not much conversation with him. Miss Deborah, however, was educated in Honolulu, partly with the Princess Victoria, and speaks English very well. She is a fat, stumpy little thing, able and willing to laugh at everything. They were of course on horseback, and she wore a black stuff habit which looked as if it enclosed a feather pillow rather than a young lady. Her fat little brown hands were gloveless, but she held as pretty a little whip as even a Rotten Row equestrian could desire.

By way of contrast, a young girl, Miss Rice,²³ arrived on a message of enquiry and respect from her mother—a sweet, pretty creature, tall, slim, fair, with short curls clustering over her forehead beneath her brown hat—she was exactly like an old picture. She was shy and serious (thus completing the contrast to the giggling Deborah) and when my Aunt suggested, after enquiring if she was born here, "I suppose you are about sixteen?" the reply was: "I am just twelve."

Her visit over, she got on her horse and darted off at a hard gallop, which she kept up as I watched her across the plain, lit up by a glowing sunset from behind the sharp mountain ridge. Of a truth, there is a charm in anti-civilisation, or anti-conventionalism, which stay-at-homes in England never know—though why I say this just now is more than I can explain.

We had also a visit from Mr. Isenberg,²⁴ a fat, red-faced, and red-whiskered German of twenty-four, who is the agent in charge of a beautiful estate at Wailua Falls, which as we have a day to spare before the arrival of the steamer, we are to go and see tomorrow.

THURSDAY, *June 13*

We started this morning at ten, and retracing our steps of yesterday to the little village just beyond the Lihue Plantation, we turned off the road to the left and ascended to a lovely grassy plain, bounded on the right by a line of hills of no great height but exquisitely picturesque in form and dotted with clumps of trees. These hills rise directly from the flat, and terminate in one much higher than the rest of a conical form, which was a conspicuous feature from several points in the landscapes of yesterday, and was remarked, too, from Mr. Krull's Prospect Point. Round this

larger hill the river Wailua passes, and on reaching it at a point opposite the hill, we left the carriage—my Aunt for the litter and I for a horse, by means of which we crossed a ford of considerable width, and so rapid that I begged to have my horse led. The water came above his knees, and the bottom was so unequal that I watched the passage of my Aunt's litter with considerable anxiety. However, we all passed safely, as might have been expected considering that it was an event of every day occurrence, as being (I believe) the only way of access to the houses on the Wailua Estate, which was owned for several years by an Englishman who lived here with his family. We had seen them—Mr. and Mrs. Brown²⁵—in Honolulu, where he has some office under Government, the Estate having failed to pay its expenses, owing (it is said) to mismanagement.

On the other side of the ford, we found our friend the Governor and his fat, jolly daughter waiting to ride with us to the falls, one of which lay a good way higher up the river—a very lovely cascade rushing down a rocky chasm at a bend of the river, the banks being perfectly precipitous and thickly wooded. The fall is in two divisions, the lower being the largest—in all about 180 feet in height. The surroundings were those of an English park, undulating, grassy country dotted with clumps of trees—*kukui*, *koa*, *pohalla*, and the tree we saw so much of between Hilo and the volcano, with its singular red flowers. We turned back to visit the other fall and the Wailua Estate house, passing very closely to a queer-looking hill shaped like a monstrous toad ready to jump forward.

The second fall lies below the ford we had crossed and is quite different from the other. The stream runs smoothly to the edge of the cliff, sharp and perpendicular like the side of a table, over which it falls without interruption of any kind. The water was low so that the fall had the appearance rather of a cascade of feathery spray than of a body of water, and at the bottom it wandered off—a narrow stream between lofty banks clothed with grass and trees. A little farther and we came to the house, a very good one, standing but a few yards from the brink of what had evidently once been a crater, now lined with verdure and dotted with native huts and taro patches, through which the river wound along to a narrow chasm by which it escaped. A more singular and beautiful site could hardly be imagined.

There is a fine garden close to the house, originally laid out as a nursery garden; and it was this speculation, I believe, which ruined Mr. Brown. The house is now empty and desolate, Mr. Isenberg, the agent of the present proprietor being its only tenant, so that its many charms (and few earthly spots *can* possess more) are all but wasted. It is now a dairy farm

and is likely to pay well as such. There is a sort of rivalry in the reputation for beauty of Hanalei and Wailua, but they are so different that comparison is hardly possible. On the whole, I think Hanalei must still bear the palm, climate apart, in which Wailua has certainly the advantage of being less relaxing.

In driving back, we had a beautiful view of the sea and of the lofty range to the west, with the fine mountain nearly opposite Mr. Widemann's house, called Hoary Head.

FRIDAY, June 14

The steamer arrived very early off Nawiliwili, and we were quickly on board. Reached Koloa in two hours and there deposited Mrs. Smith,²⁶ wife of Dr. Smith, lately ordained a Missionary here, whom (Mrs. S.) we had seen in Honolulu. Also Dr. and Mrs. Wood,²⁷ with their two adopted children, at whose house Mr. Wyllie had engaged we should sleep tonight on our return from Waimea, where we proceeded after landing the above with a large number of native passengers. We had been very anxious to visit Waimea, because it was the spot where Cook first landed. On his discovery of the Islands in 1778, he sighted this Island of Kauai, spent a few days off Waimea, and then went off to Bering Strait, whence he returned in December of the same year and sighted the Island of Maui, whence he sailed round Hawaii and eventually, in the following February, met his death.

Waimea is a considerable village and missionary station lying on the beach under a range of hills. The place of Cook's resort was by a conspicuous, because isolated, clump of cocoanut palms, about a mile to the east of the village. We were of course anxious to land, but the Captain and Mr. Wyllie (the latter especially) were terribly fidgety as to getting back to Koloa, so they made a great fuss about the *possibility* of heavy surf, and would not let us even accompany the family of the Missionary when they were put ashore in the ship's boat. I mean of course that they argued so much against our landing that we felt obliged to yield the point, though *we* shall never see the place again and they may do so many times. Waimea is no more than an open roadstead facing the south. The village stretches along the shore and has a large church, evidently adapted to a larger population than now remains.

A head wind (the usual N.E. trade) made us long in getting back to Koloa, which we reached only just as the daylight was fading. We landed immediately among a crowd of natives clustering upon the high banks

near the landing place and upon a little jetty. Dr. Wood's carriage was in waiting, in which we drove rapidly with a large escort of men and women on horseback to his house two miles up the valley and surrounded by the sugar plantation. We found charming bedrooms opening upon an upper balcony—all so cool and quiet after the odious steamer.

In the absence of children of their own, Dr. and Mrs. Wood have adopted a little nephew and niece, who are spoiled even beyond the usual point of indulgence of American children by their parents. For instance, at meals they have *whatever* they wish for, however unsuitable. And there is (to English ears) a strange practice: instead of telling a child to do this or that, it is common to hear a mother say to her child, "Won't you do this or that?" No wonder that in other cases than these children, the persuasively uttered request was not attended to, or was denied altogether—the young gentleman, in particular, had his own pleasure and carried it out. Something or another he wanted to eat, which Dr. Wood refused as being mildly injurious (pickled salmon), so he tried perseverance, subdued and loud, whereupon Mrs. Wood said to her husband, "My dear, do give him some of the salmon, for if you don't he'll want it—you had better let him have it." And so the salmon was put on his plate.

SATURDAY, *June 15*

Mrs. Smith, the Missionary's wife, came very early and insisted on our calling at her house to take "some refreshment" on our way to the steamer at twelve, though we had only just breakfasted. She was vexed that we had not stayed at their house, instead of accepting Dr. Wood's invitation, but we were thankful not to have done so, for a more fussy lady I never had anything to do with. However, to satisfy her, we stopped at her house after a little drive up the valley, whence we had a good view of the extensive sugar plantation. We were forced to make a shew of eating again at 11:30 and then got off to the steamer, which after touching again at Nawiliwili made the rest of its way to Honolulu, with the strong trade wind ahead. So we did not arrive until 11:00 A.M. on Sunday, June 16.



Honolulu • June 16--June 25

F A R E W E L L

*Return to Honolulu • An Important Interview at the
Palace • The High Chiefess Pauahi's Musical Party •
Buckland and the Butler • The Grand Reception at the
Court House • Quadrille with the King • To Wai-
hiki and Nuuanu Pali • Further Follies of Buckland •
A Visit to the Royal Stables • Last Goodbyes • The
Feather Cape • At the Wharf • Voyage to San Francisco*

NOW IT WAS THE MIDDLE OF JUNE AND ALMOST TWO FULL MONTHS SINCE THAT April night when the *Yankee* had arrived at Honolulu. At one point the visitors had talked of returning to San Francisco aboard the U. S. flagship *Lancaster*; but when Commodore Montgomery, who would have been delighted to extend such a courtesy, received sudden orders to proceed at once back to Panamanian waters, necessity compelled Lady Franklin to settle upon some other plan of departure. Drawing upon her own private resources, she booked passage for her party of three aboard the *Comet*, scheduled to leave for San Francisco on Monday, June 24. A last-minute change in the date of sailing, to June 25, must be blamed solely upon the sentimental folly of Sarah Buckland.

It is plain that Buckland, in between the excursions which had taken her to the volcano and to Mr. Wyllie's plantation, had managed on various occasions to see a good deal of Ruddle. Indeed, she had gone so far as to accept the royal butler's offer; she thought she would like very much to become Mrs. Ruddle and remain by his side in the Islands. For Lady Franklin the situation in which she now found herself became excessively awkward. If Buckland should desert, there was only one remedy for it—a substitute must be found. In 1861 most elderly English gentlewomen did not travel long ocean distances (the voyage from Honolulu to San Francisco sometimes took almost a month) without the services of a personal maid. But suitable ladies' maids appear to have been a scarce commodity in the Honolulu of 1861, and before the alliance of Buckland and the butler was successfully foiled, the affair had enlisted the attention of Lady Franklin, Miss Cracroft, Mr. Wyllie, Mrs. Damon (the wife of Chaplain Damon of the Seamen's Bethel), and King Kamehameha IV himself. At last Buckland consented to do her duty as far as San Francisco, though she would make no promise not to return to the arms of Ruddle by some later Honolulu-bound ship. While the lovers were recovering their senses and their betters were deliberating on the problems of strategy, the sailing of the *Comet* was thus delayed twenty-four hours.

Meanwhile, these nine or ten last days in the Kingdom were crowded with assorted activities. Visits, last-minute interviews, errands and shopping, short excursions to out-of-town sights not to be missed, including a jaunt to the cocoanut grove of Waikiki and a more ambitious expedition to the great Nuuanu *pali*, succeeded one another in a mounting climax of festivity—a grand finale. Two gala social events concluded the Sandwich Islands visit of Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft. The first was a party at the house of Mrs. Bishop, the High Chiefess Pauahi, where the

musical elite of Honolulu proved itself at least as brilliant as that which Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft remembered from years ago at Hobart Town. The second was the anniversary "reception" at the Court House, where Miss Cracroft was somewhat surprised to find herself dancing again, in celebration of Queen Victoria's accession. Miss Cracroft took part in the opening quadrille only, on the arm of the King and by his express wish and command.

But it would be misleading to suggest that these last few days in the Kingdom were devoted solely to social gaieties. Miss Cracroft herself, under the date of June 17, mentions a most serious exchange of views at the Palace on the subject of the baptism of the Prince of Hawaii. In her Journal for June 16, Lady Franklin gives her own exhaustive account of this interview, the particular topic of discussion being the King's hope of persuading Queen Victoria to become the godmother of his son.

After we had talked about Hanalei and our visits to different places, I came to the subject I was most anxious to discuss, and observed that I believed Mr. Wyllie had told H. M. of my suggestion respecting the letter to the Queen. The King replied rapidly in the affirmative, adding: "If you will allow me, Lady Franklin, I should like to read to you a letter I wrote after the birth of the Prince to the Queen (Victoria), requesting her to be sponsor, but which I never had the pluck to send!"

And he went and fetched it and read it to me: it was very like that which, at his request, Mr. Wyllie had given him a sketch of; but it was better worded and had some very pretty and graceful turns in it. The main features of resemblance were the recalling to the Queen of England's memory the various instances in which the Hawaiian Islands had claimed and obtained the protection of England as grounds for the present request.¹

While the King read his letter, Lady Franklin listened with close attention.

Madam

The kind congratulations which Your Majesty was graciously pleased to tender to the Queen and Myself, through Your Majesty's Representative at these Islands, upon the occasion of the birth of our son, the Prince of Hawaii, were received with much gratification, and a deep sense of the honor conferred.

Your Majesty may remember that the Hawaiian Islands were ceded to His Britannic Majesty, King George the III, through Captain George Vancouver by Kamehameha I, who confirmed the act by his letter declaring

himself and his people subjects to the British Crown. This was followed by a declaration made in Windsor Castle to His Majesty King George IV, by the Chiefs who survived Kamehameha II, and in compliance with my uncle's dying commands. Your Majesty may further recollect, that there was a Provisional Cession of these Islands to Great Britain, through Captain Lord George Paulet; and that overtures were made by my immediate Predecessor to Your Majesty's Consul General William Miller Esquire, when danger threatened us in 1851. I trust that so many instances of the unquestioning confidence of this Nation and its Rulers may suggest to Your Majesty how dearly we cherish every one of the numerous indulgencies which the Throne of England has conferred upon us.

Proud as I am, of the Signs of improvement which mark the condition of the Country over which I rule, and thankful to that great nation which has more than once restored to us our independence, it is the warmest wish of my heart, that my son destined in God's good providence, to succeed me, should be taught from his earliest years to hold Your Majesty's name in especial regard, and that by bearing the name of one of Your Majesty's Illustrious family, by constantly looking to the quarter from which he derived it, he might be induced to imitate those private and public virtues, to which the whole world tries in vain to do honor.

It is with earnestness and diffidence united that I pray of Your Majesty another boon. If Your Majesty would condescend to be Sponsor by Proxy—a course which, I believe, is not in contravention of the rules of the Episcopal Church—to the future Ruler of this Country, it would be such an honor as would gladden the hearts of all this people, and make those who gave him birth believe that a life commenced under such auspices must be actuated throughout by a high sense of self respect, and be conducive to the happiness of a people.²

When the King had finished, Lady Franklin spoke with tact as well as complete candor, as it was her nature to do, and as it befitted her to speak in her position as a King's counselor. Her shrewd advice, especially her suggestion that the King base his appeal on private and national friendship, avoiding terms and distinctions such as stodgy officials in the Foreign Office might boggle at, seems excellent advice indeed; for, thanks to Lady Franklin's suggestions and more directly to the intervention of Sir Roderick Murchison, in the spring of 1862 Queen Victoria consented to become the sponsor of Alexander's and Emma's child.

I ventured to tell the King [Lady Franklin recorded] that I thought these arguments superfluous; and that, perfect as the letter was, in the point of view in which he regarded it, I should have preferred a tone of

greater equality, and have given no other apology or argument for my request than my sincere recognition and regard for the great Sovereign he addressed, and the friendship and interest which the Government of Great Britain had always taken in these Islands.

The King listened to me very attentively and said that theoretically all monarchs are equal, but this was only a fiction—a truth I could by no means deny. Having understood that Mr. Manley Hopkins had made some application to the Foreign Office on this subject and received a rather discouraging reply, as if they did not wish to meddle into it, I observed that this was just what I should expect from stiff and cautious officials who are alarmed at anything unusual or out of order; but it appeared to me that this was a question not for the Foreign Office, but for the Queen herself, or some one of her court; and I asked H. M. if he would desire me to ascertain by private means what the Queen's feelings might be, as I thought I knew of a channel in which it could be securely obtained. On my mentioning my dear friend Sir Roderick Murchison and his intimacy with Lord and Lady Palmerston, the King said he knew Lord P. (who had been very kind to him in England) and should not mind writing to Lord P. himself. I encouraged him in this as much as possible, and said that it need not, if he wished it, prevent my writing in a more private and confidential way to Sir Roderick. The King seemed gratified at my proposal and heartily to agree to it.³

During the closing days of their visit it is thus clear that Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft devoted a portion of their busy hours to some of those same matters of Church and State which so much occupied Kamehameha IV during the remaining two and a half years of his brief life. But none of these graver issues, at least nothing touching on the subject of Anglicanism, an English episcopate in Hawaii, the baptism of the Prince of Hawaii, and the right sort of a clergyman, figured prominently in the contemporary reports of the ladies' sojourn when these were published in the Kingdom's two chief newspapers. On the other hand, the splendid reception at the Court House was described, in language of marked exuberance, in the *Pacific Commercial Advertiser* for June 27, 1861. The *Advertiser*, as its name might suggest, was as a rule strongly in favor of republican institutions.

SOIREE DANSANTE.—On Thursday evening last, William L. Green, Esq., H.B.M.'s Acting Commissioner and Consul General, gave an entertainment at the Court House, in honor of Lady Franklin, which came off with great eclat. Mr. Green belonging to the most noble order of Coelebs, Mrs. McKibbin officiated as Matron, and received with grace and dignity the nu-

merous guests and friends of the worthy Commissioner. Royalty honored the occasion with its presence, His Majesty Kamehameha IV and Queen Emma and H. R. H. Prince Kamehameha, with their numerous suites, being present *en grande tenue*. Among the distinguished persons assembled were the Commissioners of France and the United States, and Mrs. Dryer; the late Commissioner of the latter power, Judge Borden, and Mrs. Borden; their Excellencies R. C. Wyllie, D. L. Gregg; Judges Robertson and Ii, of the Supreme Court, and Consuls thick as "the leaves in Vallombrosa." We noticed a striking and characteristic feature of our polyglot society, and one which must have been apparent, we think, to her Ladyship and her accomplished niece, Miss Cracroft, namely, the presence of our leading Chinese merchants, than whom His Majesty does not possess more faithful and devoted subjects, as honored guests. Among the most distinguished and well known of these gentlemen were Messrs. Ahee, Chunghoon, Asing, and Atak.

Nothing could exceed the chaste and tasteful manner in which the room was decorated. At the side opposite the entrance from the hall was the dais, surmounted with a crown, on each side of which were silk pennons, one of which bore the entwined cypher of V[ictoria]—A[lbert] and the other K[amehameha]—E[mma]. Around the room along the architrave, there ran a band of evergreens, relieved with camellias, japonicas and roses. The draped flags of the high and puissant powers, at present at peace with His Majesty, reclined on spear-headed staffs at each corner. . . . Lady Franklin appeared to be a delighted spectator at the entertainment given in her honor, on the anniversary of the accession to the throne of Great Britain of the Royal Lady who adorns it, by her Representative, he having as his guest the monarch of a Kingdom, whose history is imperishably connected with the memory of a man as illustrious in British naval annals as that of her lamented husband, Sir John Franklin.

At a little private ceremony at the Palace on Monday, June 24, Kamehameha IV conferred upon Lady Franklin the highest honor within his gift. While Queen Emma and Miss Cracroft looked on in delight, the King placed upon the shoulders of Lady Franklin one of his splendid feather capes. Of no more than elbow length, with the front panels meeting closely under the chin, it rather resembled a cardinal's cape, if a cardinal's cape were ever made of feathers, and was in every respect well suited to the bearing and dignity of its new owner. Though not the largest nor the oldest nor the most valuable of such treasures in the King's possession, it was surely one of the most interesting, for it combined the feathers of the 'o'o and the 'apapane in a singular design of yellow, crimson, and

black. This relic of the ancient life of the Hawaiians, and of their heroic traditions preceding and extending down into the reign of the five Kamehamehas, is today known as the Franklin Cape. In 1862 it was displayed in London at the Exhibition, along with the *koa* boxes, the fine-woven mats (also gifts of the King) from the tiny Island of Niihau, the *kahilis*, feather tippets, lava specimens from Kilauea, and other curious souvenirs of their visit to the Sandwich Islands which Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft took with them back to England. Today the Franklin Cape may be seen among the permanent exhibits at the Bernice Pauahi Bishop Museum in Honolulu, having passed from Lady Franklin into the hands of her heirs, and in 1909 from the possession of Mr. G. B. Austen Lefroy into that of the Bishop Museum. The crescent pattern of the Franklin Cape is handsome, as even a technical description may suggest:

Length 16.5"; front 11.5"; width 36."

Of 'o'o, large central crescent, the upper half of which is black 'o'o, the lower, crimson 'apapane; a pair of crimson half crescents of yellow 'o'o; a pair of black 'o'o half crescents which would meet lower on the front, enclosing yellow 'o'o half crescents; fronts bordered with 'o'o, the neck with squares of red 'apapane, yellow and black 'o'o, in rotation. Excellent condition.

As with feather cloaks in general, nothing much is known of the particular history and provenance of the Franklin Cape: "*a'ole i 'olelo 'ia ma na ka'ao kahiko o ko o ne'i po'e kanaka*"—"it is not told in the ancient legends of this people."



SUNDAY, June 16

We landed immediately, as the King's carriage was waiting, a really handsome turnout of four bay horses driven in hand by the new English coachman, who has trained them perfectly since his arrival from England (with the butler I have already mentioned) only two or three days before we reached Honolulu from San Francisco.

The King had the more pleasure in shewing my Aunt all possible honour, on account of the presence in harbour of the American flagship *Lancaster*,⁴ which you may remember we visited at Panama. They have received orders to sail tomorrow for Panama again. They must have been surprised at the good taste and high civilisation of Royal arrangements. The coachman is highly approved by the King and all who have anything to do with him—he is a most respectable-looking man, as well as an admirable driver.

We were glad to recruit by perfect quiet from our disagreeable voyage; but in the evening we had a visit from the American Commodore's son (and secretary), conveying very kind messages of respect to my Aunt, whom he was sorry not to see, as they sail early tomorrow and he did not wish to pay a Sunday visit. He desired Mr. Montgomery to say that if the *Lancaster* had been going to San Francisco (as was originally intended until the receipt of dispatches here changed her destination) he should have offered us a passage in her. Of course *we* can only return to San Francisco, where our letters are waiting on which depend all our future plans. Mr. Montgomery said his father was astonished and delighted with the King, and thought him one of the most remarkable men he had ever met with.

M O N D A Y , June 17

Our first visit was to the Palace, where we paid a very long and interesting visit. The question of the Prince's baptism in England was thoroughly and *practically* discussed, and the King kindly read us the letter he wrote about two years back to the Queen, asking her to be sponsor to the Prince, which letter has lain ever since in his desk for want of courage to send it. Even *we* were astonished at the beauty of the letter, so charmingly expressed, with mingled modesty and dignity. My Aunt was for sending it (with necessary alterations) even now. But the King dreads (and of course would rather not risk) a personal refusal. So it is settled that he will write a private letter to Lord Palmerston,⁵ who was personally kind to him when in England as a boy of sixteen, begging that he will ascertain the Queen's mind on the point and write to the King about it.

There was a great deal of talk too about the intended English Church here, and the King read us the papers on the subject and some letters he has had during our absence from the Hawaiian Consul in London, to whom already two clergymen have applied for appointment. We stopped I think two hours and were happily not interrupted. The King has read in the late *Times* of a meeting at the Geographical Society about cotton, and

asked my Aunt to write to Sir Roderick Murchison,⁶ asking for all information upon the subject. She advised and begged him to apply direct to Sir Roderick, which he did not at first think of doing from real modesty, but he will now write to him, as he wants to introduce the culture of cotton into the Kingdom.

We received today an invitation from Mrs. Bishop to a concert to be given expressly for us at her house by the Amateur Musical Society which I have mentioned before. This is a treat I have very much wished for. Among our visitors was one of the most prominent singers, as we are told, Mrs. Coady, a Hawaiian lady, widow of an American. We hear her voice is a very lovely one.

After the first set of visitors, we had gone to be quiet in our rooms for a while before tea (at which time and during the rest of the evening we had always people coming in) when, as we afterwards learned, the King came up to have some more talk with my Aunt. But finding from Mr. Wyllie that we were resting (really very necessary to us in general) he would not suffer her to be told of his being there. Mr. Wyllie was obliged to yield to his positive order, though he knew my Aunt would be sorry, and he had ridden away before we emerged for tea and the usual evening visits, which not even the drive from Honolulu seems to check. What should we have done *in* Honolulu?

T U E S D A Y , *June 18*

We drove to Waikiki, a village and cocoanut grove upon the beach to the eastward of Honolulu two or three miles out, where several people have summer residences where they can spend the hottest months for sea bathing. It was on this beach through which a small river winds to the sea that Vancouver landed.

We paid a visit to Mrs. Holdsworth, who is there with her children for bathing. They are English, and Mr. Holdsworth's sister (Miss Holdsworth) is the intimate of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice.⁷ They had had a letter from her by the last mail when staying in their house, and she mentioned one of the applicants for the English chaplaincy here, whom (though unknown to him) Mr. Maurice had invited to meet Miss Holdsworth at his own house. So the next letters will bring some report of him. We feel so anxious as to the selection of the clergyman: so *very much* will depend upon it—much more than can be fully explained in a letter like this, made up out of the personal events of the day.

In the evening, at 7:30, we again drove into town, for Mrs. Bishop's

musical party. I think I have before mentioned that she has a very handsome house, with two or three sitting-rooms on the ground floor all opening into one another and upon the verandah. We had been too much accustomed to the refined civilisation of the Sandwich Islands to be surprised at the appearance of this large party in evening dress—pretty women and good-looking men, among whom were sprinkled some of the native race, Mrs. Bishop as you will remember being one of the highest rank. We were greatly disappointed that a severe cold prevented her from singing, as well as Miss Paki, who is said to have a lovely voice. They joined only in the choruses.

The King and Queen were there, and we had a specimen of American bad manners, in the absence of even the common observance of respect from many *Americans* there. The Queen was seated on a sofa facing the performers, and we were placed on it with her, so that we had full opportunity of observing. The newly arrived American Commissioner,⁸ or Chargé d'Affaires, passed close before her without the smallest sign and planted himself upon a chair close at hand with his back turned, and his wife did the same. But they are not people of any pretension to even American high life—he having been the editor of a newspaper in Oregon, and lived at Portland. If you look at the list of appointments by a new President you will see that the great majority are described as having been editors of newspapers. This is their reward for having “written up” the successful candidate, who has no less than 60,000 places to give away! We are never so inclined to shew the usual marks of outward respect to the King and Queen as when in presence of the badly behaved Americans.

Mrs. Judd (of whom you have already heard) provoked me immensely this evening by coming up to the Queen with “And how do *you* do this evening?” in a tone of sweet condescension. So I thought I would take a decidedly opposite course and not take leave as we are accustomed to do (for the King and Queen always shake hands, instead of allowing us only to curtsy). So after my Aunt had moved away from the Queen I made my curtsy very low and followed her, considerably satisfied that Mrs. Judd was close by and that she and others looked on wonderingly. Don't laugh too hardly at this. We know and see the Americans so studiously refrain from treating the King and Queen as such that it sets my back up and I long to teach them manners. The Queen has such simple sweet manners that they are never reminded of the want of it by *her*.

And now to the business of the evening—the music—which as a whole was certainly wonderful: equal to almost anything you would hear from

nonprofessionals at a private party in England. (I mean of course the solos and duets.) Mrs. Brewer,⁹ an American, has a highly cultivated voice and sings well—so far as execution and command of voice goes, the best of all. She sang alone and also with Mrs. Coady,¹⁰ the Hawaiian lady I have mentioned, whose voice is lovely in its sweetness and flexibility. They sang the *Scena* in *Norma* which includes "Mira, O Norma" and "Si fino all' ore" very charmingly, but with English words. All the music, though Italian with scarcely an exception, was sung in English, foreign European languages being generally little cultivated by Americans. The choruses were four in number—about thirty voices, an equal number of ladies and gentlemen, who went excellently well together, shewing diligent practise. They were accompanied on the piano and led by Mr. Hasslocher,¹¹ a German teacher of music and singing, who also accompanied a concertina and a violin solo, the latter very finely played by Mr. Barnard,¹² an Englishman who was in Australia and Tasmania when we were there, and reminded me of *our* private concerts there as being so very good—I mean the singing. I never heard the violin so well played except by first-rate professional performers.

But as respects *voice*, the palm was entirely carried off in my judgment by Miss Damon, the very handsome niece of the Seamen's Chaplain, who teaches in one of the native schools under the Missionaries. It was a perfectly beautiful soprano, clear, soft, full, and of great compass. On expressing my admiration to Mrs. Bishop, she told me that Miss Damon knew nothing of music, had only just begun to cultivate her voice, and as yet sang only by ear! (She sang an English ballad and a duet.) It was a voice to dream about, and not being able to reach herself I sent her a message by her aunt, entreating her to cultivate diligently her wonderful gift, for there was nothing she might not do with such a voice.

We enjoyed the evening exceedingly, and large as the party was there was none of the heat of a crowded room as with us, every door and window being, of course, wide open into the verandahs. Who would have thought of hearing first-rate music in the very heart of the Pacific, some of the most attractive performers being Hawaiians—of a race which fifty years ago was in the very lowest depths of savage life!

WEDNESDAY, June 19

Today was spent chiefly in paying visits. We also went on board the *Comet*, in which ship we have taken our passage to San Francisco. After dinner and during the evening an incessant stream of people, including the new American Commissioner and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Dryer, whose

daughter Mrs. Ogden as it turns out came to see us at Portland. Everyone was talking of the "reception" in my Aunt's honour to be given by the British residents tomorrow (the anniversary of the Queen's accession) in the Court House. There will be no dancing until after the business of the evening is over. But it is expected and hoped that we will not go away until after it has begun, and I heard with considerable dismay that the King intends to dance the first dance with me: an honour which of course may not be declined—the more so, that ladies of all ages in this country dance when they can.

A still greater trouble is that there is no longer any doubt that the King's English butler intends to press Buckland to remain behind and marry him. It is nevertheless our hope and expectation that she will have too much sense to do that, for the man has notoriously drunken habits, and this she knows from us. He has spoken to Mr. Wyllie about it, but Buckland has said nothing since the earliest days of our being in Honolulu, after she had first seen him, when he told her that he was engaged to some young woman in England. Since then, we know that he has been a constant visitor to her (she has a flirting, easy manner with everyone of her own class, and even with gentlemen when there is a chance), and this could not have been without her encouraging his attentions, though she knows he is engaged. The King is not satisfied with him and may any day send him off, and this we told her some time since, as well as of his having been taken to the station house for drunkenness more than once, thinking to check any possible thought she might have of marrying him his engagement notwithstanding.

THURSDAY, *June 20*

Everyone was too busy today to pay visits. So we were left quiet until the evening. It was settled with Mr. Wyllie that we were to be at the Court House at eight and be taken to a room private to the Royal party and ourselves—that we should wait here for the King and go in to the large room all together. Everyone was to be in uniform who could be, and Mr. Wyllie was in his fullest dress and star. It was altogether beautifully arranged. Mr. Green (our representative in the absence of General Miller) met us at the door, and after the arrival of the King and Queen conducted my Aunt into the great room, where a large assembly of people were gathered.

Opposite the great door was a canopy of crimson velvet and gold, with the Royal Arms and Standard behind. The floor beneath was covered with

a rich carpet, and raised upon a step were two armchairs covered with crimson for the King and Queen, and on each side on the floor (still within the canopy) were smaller ones of the same crimson velvet, in which my Aunt and I were placed. The room was beautifully decorated with flowers and flags, and there were a great many uniforms which added to the gay appearance. The King was in uniform with a broad sash of crimson and gold worn only by the Royal Family. The dress was blue, with a rich gold embroidery of the taro leaf on collar and cuffs—also rich cords from the shoulder. He looked admirably and so did the Queen in rich white silk, with a trimming of black lace and crimson. Prince Kamehameha was in the same dress as the King, and there were some half dozen A.D.C.'s in full costume.

Part of the programme was that all the people should pass before the dais—a sort of nominal presentation to my Aunt (as with Royal people). The King had not understood this and had given me his arm for the quadrille, which he supposed was about to begin; but finding his mistake he walked up to my Aunt and in the most charming way said that he found everyone was to pass before her and that he begged to be the first to pay his respects to her, making his bow to her at the same time. He afterwards insisted that she should take the armchair beside the Queen and he stood near to her. I was half amused, half vexed, to see many of the people make my Aunt quite respectful bows and curtsies, passing over the King and Queen with something much slighter than they bestowed even upon me, in the third place—such wonderful bad manners as they have!

This long ceremony over, I had to go through my quadrille with the King, the Queen opposite with Mr. Green, as in duty bound her partner. Here ended *my* dancing. Prince Kamehameha asked me, but I was at liberty to decline any but the request of the King, which, as I told him, was of course a command. I certainly never expected that I should begin dancing again in the Sandwich Islands, and with the King thereof.

The King was suffering from asthma and, fond as he is of dancing, remained still for the rest of the evening, except once. A polka followed, and I was watching Col. Kalakaua's beautiful dancing and remarking upon it to the Queen, who pointed him out to my Aunt as the best dancer in the Kingdom, adding: "Except the King." We were regretting to her that he was not well enough to dance, and presently as he approached her she spoke to him a little in the Hawaiian language, after which he went up to Col. Kalakaua and his partner (who danced very well) and, after a few words, set off and took two or three turns with her, and then resigned her

to her rightful partner. He certainly does dance most beautifully, with so much grace and ease. The Queen is very proud of everything he does, so that I am persuaded she asked him to take a turn or two that we might see him. He did not dance again, the effort being too great with his asthma.

Several people whom we have known (all the respectable folks in Honolulu being present) came up and spoke to us, but after the polka we left the room, the King and Queen with Mr. Green with us, and we had supper (which was laid out for our party alone) in the private room I have mentioned. A very elegant little supper it was, after which we returned home. Many of the dresses were very pretty and shewed much taste, and there was nothing to remind us where we were except when a dark skin appeared among the preponderating white ones.

Tonight, as my Aunt was undressing, Buckland told her that she had promised to marry the King's butler and to stay behind, instead of going away with us! Can you imagine greater want of feeling?—for, as she has known for some time, the *Comet* is to sail on Monday next, leaving us only three days of interval, one of which is Sunday. She says he admits (as if he could help doing so!) that he has been taken up to the station drunk. But she considers this excused by the temptations which he tells her he is exposed to. She expressed no concern whatever at the dilemma in which she places us, though she knows there is no stewardess on board the *Comet*, and that nothing is more improbable than that we get her place supplied in any way even as far as San Francisco.

FRIDAY, June 21

Notwithstanding the urgency of seeking for some substitute for Buckland, we were obliged to devote the morning to a previously arranged excursion to the *pali* at the head of Nuuanu Valley, one of the finest views in the Kingdom. Col. Kalakaua was to be our escort, and the Queen wished to go also but sent word this morning that the unfavourable weather prevented her—there were frequent and very heavy showers rushing down the valley. The road was exceedingly rough, and the King sent his break with four horses, which took us safely over some very bad places, until we came to an unsafe bridge, when my Aunt got into the litter and I mounted a horse. We had also with us another of the King's A.D.C.'s, a cousin of the Queen, partly descended like herself from old John Young, and who goes only by his European name, Mr. Peter Young¹³ (I forget his native name). We did not particularly admire him and were very glad to have

had Col. Kalakaua with us in Hawaii, instead of Mr. Young, who was at first fixed on by the King and introduced to us as our future escort.

The Nuuanu Valley is bounded on each side by a range of hills which become higher as they recede from the sea and approach each other. The road becomes steep as you ascend to the point of junction, and passes through a narrow opening, on reaching which a wonderful view presents itself in front. The hill you stand on shelves abruptly into a plain at your feet, beyond which (at no great distance) is the sea bounding the northern shore of the Island. The hillside is rough and more or less clothed with trees and shrubs, through which the road descends into the plain, hidden of course all the way.

On either hand of the spot on which you stand, the mountains which have defined the valley on either hand present a perpendicular front to the plain—precipices of about 1,500 feet in height, black and unbroken. Over these cliffs the first Kamehameha flung the last of his opponents and so achieved the sole supremacy of the Islands. The last battle¹⁴ was fought about halfway up the Nuuanu Valley, and the defeated were pursued as they fled to the mountains, only to meet with a fearful death from which all escape was cut off. The road through the gorge is cut in the side of the central depression between the two ranges. At all times the trade wind rushes furiously through it, and it was with great difficulty that we were held safely for a very few minutes, in order that we might take in the various features of this remarkable view. A few yards placed us in shelter behind a projecting rock, round which the road winds.

After our return, my Aunt went with Col. Kalakaua to the Punchbowl Hill overlooking Honolulu, of which there is a very good view, while I went into the details of packing arrangements hitherto within Buckland's ken only, and tried in vain to move her from her desperate undertaking. But she is self-confident under all circumstances, and though she knows nothing *whatever* in favour of this man except what he tells her himself, she is determined to marry him. Not the least bad part of her conduct is that she knows of his engagement. When Mr. Wyllie taxed him with it, he said that it was conditional upon receiving letters which had not arrived though other people had had letters, and that therefore he considered himself free! She told me that she was to be married on Sunday next, as she had nowhere to go after we had sailed. Not one word of concern or even allusion to the *excessive* inconvenience and vexation she is causing us. Mr. Wyllie has spoken to her, but all in vain.

SATURDAY, June 22

We went this morning to see the Captain and agents of the *Comet* to beg that under the circumstances of Buckland's stopping behind, they would detain the ship one day, so as to give us Monday clear. This was consented to after reference to some of the passengers who had been waiting some time. They were all perfectly willing, and the utmost sympathy is felt for us—and disgust at Buckland: the more so as the character of Ruddle is well known in the community. Even the people in the shops we went to spoke of the fact in the same way. It is known everywhere, in all classes. Several people are searching for a substitute, at least to San Francisco.

We went to tell all to the Queen. The King would do anything in his power, but he has no right to interfere with his servant on a point not interfering with his duties—the more so, as Ruddle does not live in the Palace. His engagement is for one year only, and the Queen intimated that much as they wished to be able to keep him after all the money spent in getting him out, they were not satisfied with him.

Visitors as usual in the afternoon—amongst them Mrs. Damon,¹⁵ wife of the very excellent Seamen's Chaplain (her husband is on a tour of inspection of the Missions in the Micronesian Islands). She is trying to find a substitute for Buckland, and had a good deal to talk with her upon the utter folly and unkindness of her conduct. She has said no more about getting married tomorrow, so we are in ignorance; but Mrs. Damon feels sure that no clergyman would be induced to marry them in that hurried way. All that she thinks *may* be conceded is that Buckland will go to San Francisco to avoid the discreditable notoriety which would otherwise attach to her conduct. And this she did say she would do, as she undressed my Aunt tonight.

About five o'clock the King arrived and remained until quite late. He is much vexed about Buckland, and begged my Aunt to inform her from himself that he had given no encouragement whatever to Ruddle. He actually asked the King to increase his salary on account of his marriage, which of course was very positively declined, and he withholds his *approval* of a step involving so much inconvenience and vexation to my Aunt.

We shewed him a beautiful little *kahili* given to her by Mrs. Bishop. It is one of the privileged possessions of the highest rank, and he placed it in her hand in the manner in which it is carried. He was much amused by a wonderfully gay print I have bought and shall have made into a dress-

ing gown, to remind me of the Hawaiian fashion. The ground is bright yellow, with a very large zigzag pattern of black. The other day when I bought it there were (as usual when we stop at any shop) a number of natives clustered round the door and in the shop. The mistress told me as I paid for it that one of them instantly wanted to buy one like mine, but she could not gratify herself as I had taken the last of the piece. The King quite approved my selection of a specimen of native taste. His conversation with my Aunt was exceedingly interesting, and very open upon political and other subjects. Unfortunately, as usual, we had other visitors.

Before the King arrived we had Mrs. Cooke, late mistress of the Royal School, in which the young Chiefs and Chiefesses received their early education. She is rather superior in appearance and manner to the missionary wives in general, and was much more liked and respected than her husband by their pupils.

SUNDAY, June 23

We went to the principal foreign church, Mr. Corwin's. He is a sort of demigod in the estimation of some of his congregation, but the service did not justify this in our opinion. In *no* church did we ever hear so little prayer.

The King expressed his vexation last night that he had not before thought of shewing us his new stables, which have been arranged and fitted up under the superintendence of the new coachman, with whom they are thoroughly satisfied. So he begged we would drive to the Palace before going home today. The Queen went with us and took the dear little Prince, to whom a visit to the stables is the highest possible treat.

The buildings lie quite away from the Palace itself, within a wall and in three divisions, the coachhouse in the centre. We saw the very pretty carriage the King received from London, when the coachman and butler arrived. But it is suited *only* to be driven from the *inside* (it is an open one, with a hood of course), and as he does not wish to be *obliged* always to drive himself, he has sent for a coachman's seat to be fastened on in front, and has not yet used it. Everything was in first-rate *English* order, harness rooms and all. The stables were the same, the stalls faced with a border of thick matting which the Queen said had been ridiculed beforehand, when the coachman asked to have it. She was much pleased with our praises and admiration, as was the coachman. She asked him if we could go upstairs to his rooms, and accordingly we found three or four

nice airy little rooms over the carriage house, occupied by John (the Queen's coachman) and himself—very nicely but plainly furnished, and shewing that they cared to be comfortable. The King had already told him that if he stays after his year is out, he will help him to get his wife out. We have promised to see her (Mrs. Selfe) if possible. She lives at Southampton, and he has a brother in the London Joint Stock Bank.

As we were driving away from the Palace, the little Prince begged hard to go with us (to return in the carriage), which we seconded; but the Queen feared he would be troublesome. This caused some quiet tears which he tried to hide in the fold of Mama's gown. At last she yielded, but sent for his nurse,¹⁶ whom we had not before seen—only heard of. She is the widow of a petty Chief and fulfills her duties exceedingly well. She is rather young and very nice-looking—dressed like us, and in mourning. She went with us, but the dear little child wanted no keeping in order—he was perfectly good.

We stopped a few minutes at the cemetery to visit the tomb of poor Captain Mecham, who died here in command of H.M.S. *Vixen*, after a very short illness. He was amongst the best of the Arctic officers, and made the longest journey in the shortest time of any traveller. He was greatly liked here, and the King spoke of him with much admiration.

MONDAY, June 24

Our last day in Honolulu. We went to the Palace to say goodbye, and felt that it was parting from *friends*. The Queen kissed us with her eyes full of tears, evidently trying to shew them as little as possible. The King said he should see us again tomorrow and would not therefore take leave now. He paid my Aunt the high compliment of giving her one of the feather capes he had shewn us the first day. He placed it on her shoulders as an insignia of the highest rank: it was really investing her with the rank of Chiefess. So my Aunt, as in duty bound, rose and curtsied to him, as the fountain of honour—the Queen laughed and was evidently much pleased at the little ceremonial.

We paid a few of our last visits today, and people seemed really sorry we were going—their farewells were quite affectionate. Mr. Wyllie tells us that the King has greatly pleased the native population by his attentions to my Aunt, which have as far as possible made her the guest of the nation. It is well known that she feels very strongly against the Islands being annexed either to America or to any other country (France being

the only other power likely to aim at this), and that their independence should be maintained as a measure of policy as well as of justice.

We have expressed this everywhere—just as openly to Americans as to others. The natives also are well pleased that their Sovereigns should be appreciated, as they are known to be, by anyone so highly and universally esteemed as my Aunt. Their tendency is aristocratic instead of democratic, and this is one reason why the Americans are less acceptable to the native population than the English. They would not care if their right of voting (universal suffrage) were taken away tomorrow (I am speaking of the masses), but are always pleased to see honour paid to their Chiefs. And yet there is no very great *outward* respect shewn to those of highest rank by the lower classes. This is because of the fixed and positive distinction between them, which can neither be enhanced or diminished by outward circumstances. There is not the smallest approach to a sense of equality, and all the essentials of supremacy lie behind a familiarity of manner, which is very remarkable.

Here is an instance which just comes into my mind. At Kawaihae, in the Island of Hawaii, a great many natives came in from the neighbouring country, and as usual lounged around the house we were in, choking up the doorways. Buckland saw Col. Kalakaua (who is greatly loved by the natives for his amiable character and because he is of one of the highest families and of pure descent) seated by an old woman with his hands on her shoulders. She had drawn them forward and was kissing first one and then the other with every sign of affection.

I feel quite inclined to linger over the little incidents of this most interesting visit, which will ever stand apart in our memory and connect itself with the future. The King has begged my Aunt to write to them both direct, and not to let them hear of us only through Mr. Wyllie, for there is so much of common ground of interest that correspondence will be interesting in the extreme. Of course, the main foundation of interest to us is their attachment to everything English, and their desire for church union with us.

We had heavy work packing up the many things we have collected, which more than fill our beautiful *koa* boxes. Among the latest contributions are some very fine specimens of lava, some of which are intended for Sir Roderick Murchison. Mrs. Bishop and Mrs. Allen have also given us some lovely shells (cowries), such as are set in gold and worn as buttons—white and yellow. The Queen Dowager wore a set of yellow ones

in her white dress. They are rare and very highly prized. We shall probably send some of our things to the Exhibition of next year.

In the evening, my Aunt and I each planted a mango in the garden, as a memento of our visit. The sunset was magnificent at the time, and was succeeded at a much later hour by glorious moonlight. How I used to revel in those bright nights and sit upon the threshold of my window door, unable to shut it out and go to bed—I could see to read the small print of my Bible without any difficulty—not a sound to be heard except the rustle of leaves when the trade winds were blowing strongly down the valley, and swayed backwards and forwards the fronds of a date tree a few yards from me. I was quite glad that this last night was so glorious: I have never seen the charm of it equalled, even in Tunis, though the scenes were different enough to prevent any desire to compare them.

TUESDAY, *June 25*

I was up very early in order to finish copying a sketch made on the spot of the last eruption of Mauna Loa, which I have already written about—the fountain spouting up from the crater and the stream of lava being traced in red chalk. I was working on it, with Buckland packing beside me under the balcony (a continuation of the roof of the house, which has no second story), when I saw a woman on horseback—in hat and habit—ride up to the gate a few yards off.

She called out in the shrillest of Yankee tones, "Good morning, ladies! Can I see Mr. Wyllie?"

I explained that he had already gone to his office.

"Well, Mrs. Franklin is here I guess, and my business is with her." On my begging her to explain, she went on in all the fullness of nasality: "Well, I hear her girl is going to stop here and she wants someone to go with her, and as I'm willing to go to San Francisco, I came to say so."

I explained that Buckland was going with us, adding that her application was rather late, as we were to sail at noon.

"Oh! that's no matter. I should be quite ready, and I want to go to San Francisco."

Never was there a more thorough Yankee, and I thought as she rode off again how intensely amused you would all be if we took such a woman to England with us.

We had sundry presents of magnificent bouquets from Mr. Barnard,

who has supplied us with them for every party we have been at—also of fine fruit. And thus laden, we started at 11:30 in the King's carriage, with four horses, after taking leave of Mrs. Paty, the wife of our former excellent Captain, and Mrs. Allen (wife of the Chancellor, a *very* sweet person of whom we have seen a great deal), the gardens of each communicating with Mr. Wyllie's.

We found a large concourse of people on the wharf off which the *Comet* was lying, and a band struck up "God Save the Queen." The carriage was quickly surrounded by friends to say goodbye. The King came up almost directly after we got out, and went on board with us. He was most kind and gave my Aunt a Hawaiian flag, which he had been told she wanted—it is a small silk one. We started very quickly, and he left us just before the last moment, Mr. Wyllie soon following him. It was really parting with a crowd of friends, and all spoke with hope that we might return one day, as the climate so evidently suits and has benefited my Aunt.

Prince Kamehameha was on board too, as well as our old friend Col. Kalakaua—Mr. Green, our Consul—the French Consul, M. Perrin—and heaps of others. We glided out of the harbour and along the land to the westward, gradually losing sight of a country which has taken a firm hold upon our affections as well as our interest: its welfare will always be dear to us, and I trust we may contribute something to it. Both the King and Mr. Wyllie have shewn us the greatest confidence: I am sure we shall always be in communication with them upon public affairs (as well as private ones) for they—the King especially—have many plans for the development of his Kingdom, which we shall be much interested in seeing carried out—especially the establishment of our own church there.

We already knew several of our fellow passengers—Mr. and Mrs. Borden,¹⁷ lately the American Commissioner (displaced, of course, with the late President)—he is clever, and she is very ladylike, considering—Mrs. White and her little girl from Lahaina—and the whole of the Pitman family from Hilo,¹⁸ where Mr. Pitman was a merchant and kept a "store" for many years, whereby he has become very rich and is going to settle nearer home, at first in San Francisco. His first wife was a native, first cousin to the Queen Dowager—neither of them of high rank. (As I explained, the late King married for love a person of inferior, though not *low*, birth.) Mr. Pitman had three children by her, and has married twice since (children by each marriage).

We had sundry gentlemen whom I need not particularly describe, and Mr. and Mrs. Waterhouse,¹⁹ who lived in Hobarton when we were there

—had a shop. He was son of a respectable Methodist Missionary. Of course we had talk with them of old times.

But we kept very much to the ladies' cabin, within which were our separate cabins, in order to be quiet and read and write in peace. This we could do, for we had a wonderfully quiet passage, and thus made the unusually long one of *twenty-seven days*—a week more than the average, even at this season when the winds are always light and often contrary. But it was a great compensation to be so quiet as to be able to occupy myself. And I even wrote, which is the most trying occupation of all. Three-fourths of this huge letter was written at sea while (with the aid of a few pencilled notes written daily) I had all the events of our visit full in my memory.

We rarely went on deck until the evening. One night we discovered the immense comet which has appeared on this side of the world. The nucleus was not far from the horizon, and the tail streamed up nearly to the zenith. For several nights we had cloudy weather, and when it next appeared the diminution was very great indeed, owing to increased distance—but it was visible to the last.

We entered the harbour of San Francisco early on the 22nd of July, and were soon visited by our friends Mr. Booker, the English Consul, and Col. Johnston,²⁰ who brought us letters which we had been so longing for, and then went off to engage rooms for us at a first-rate boarding house. The only *public* news of great interest they told us was the death of Count Cavour; but we have very many details to learn.

I shall begin another letter from California, and leave my two huge letters upon the Sandwich Islands intact.

Ever, my dearest ones, your most affectionate,

SOPHIA CRACROFT



THE FLIGHT OF THE CHIEFS



Honolulu and London • 1861—1865

K A L E L E O N A L A N I

*The Laird of Rosebank • A Flying Visit • Upper Gore
Lodge I • A Colonial Scheme • A Christening and Two
Funerals • The Mountain that Braves the Cold • Pre-
parations for a Voyage • "Welcome, welcome to England"*

THE GREAT COMET OF 1861—"THE IMMENSE COMET WHICH HAS APPEARED ON this side of the world"—was first discovered by a Mr. J. Tebbett in New South Wales. Having traversed the Southern Hemisphere and entered the Northern, it was caught sight of by someone in England on June 29, but was not widely observed by people everywhere until June 30, when the earth itself passed through the Great Comet's tail. Sir John Herschel, who watched the spectacle from his house at Hawkhurst in Kent, was especially interested in the comet's peculiar auroral glow: "It . . . far exceeded in brightness any comet I have before observed," wrote Sir John, "those of 1811 and the recent splendid one of 1858 not excepted. Its total light certainly surpassed that of any fixed star or planet, except perhaps Venus at its maximum."

The advent of Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft in the Sandwich Islands in the spring of 1861 can hardly be compared with that uncommon apparition which so much impressed observers all over the globe in midsummer of the same year. Yet for Mr. Wyllie the departure of the English visitors was as if some unexpected star had sparkled for a month or two and then vanished from view, but never from Mr. Wyllie's mind.

I found everything upstairs and downstairs in as much order as if you and she had never been at Rosebank. If you and she intended by that careful packing up and restoration of everything to its usual place in Bachelor Hall to make me forget that you had been there, you were disappointed, for I must confess I felt very lonely after you were gone, and scarcely a night has passed since that I have not been dreaming about Princeville and our tour on Kauai.¹

During the summer and early autumn Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft wrote only a few letters to Mr. Wyllie. Indirectly, however, through communications from the British Consul in San Francisco, he was kept informed about his friends and their doings in California, now that the April floods had long ago disappeared and travel was again possible. Almost every vessel leaving Honolulu carried a letter from Mr. Wyllie to Lady Franklin, often in a humorously doting vein—indeed there were sometimes *two* letters leaving on the same ship, together with a third for Miss Cracroft: "It appears that you and that romantic niece of yours have been roaming about in the interior, examining grizzly bears, big trees, deep mines, gulches and ravines, where I hope neither you nor she will find such a pleasing spot as the 'Crow's Nest,' or as beautiful and healthful a valley as that which it overlooks."²

“You and she”—the phrase became a kind of garrulous theme with variations.

I am very sorry that the changeable climate of California did not agree with you so well as this of the Hawaiian Islands. That of England, I fear, will still less suit you: and therefore (though I would rather that your own free choice than the compulsion of sickness should bring about the desired result) I begin to fortify myself in the belief that your occupancy of the Crow's Nest will become more of a reality than of a romantic speculation.

The young trees planted there by you and Miss Cracroft are growing up to welcome you on your return; and I hope the same of those planted on Mount Rooke, though in regard to them I have no certain information. At Rosebank the orange trees planted by you and Miss Cracroft are doing well. The rose bush planted by your Ladyship produced a little red rose on the 31st of July, and has produced another since; but the slip planted by Miss Cracroft is more backward. . . .

The theory of dreams has long been a matter of dispute—I do not pretend to understand it—but this I know, that since our trip to Kauai, whatever my occupations may have been during the day, I have dreamed at night on the incidents of that trip with extraordinary frequency. What I most regretted was our not landing at Waimea; but the alternative was either not to land or subject Miss Cracroft to the misery of a night at sea—and seeing how much she suffered, I preferred the former. But there is nothing to be seen at Waimea—the King told me so when we returned. . . .

But when you come back to occupy the Crow's Nest, I hope we shall visit Waimea and perhaps follow up the ancient road which leads across the mountains to Hanalei Valley, which really is the only thing worth seeing. We shall also minutely inspect Mr. Krull's Dairy, visit the Spouting Horn, the Singing Sands, the native Fire Works, and all other wonderful and interesting things on that most beautiful and romantic Island.

I intend, if I can procure it, acquiring the fine upland plains on the northern side touching the sea, so that your Ladyship may extend your carriage drives and enjoy your sea bathing without trespassing on the domain of our neighbours. Besides, I require the land for the pasture of the oxen, mules, and horses that I must keep and for the firewood that I shall want of in [operating] my steam machinery.

Be pleased to receive this hasty note merely as a first instalment: I purpose writing to you much more in detail, after hearing from the King and perhaps from the Queen—and I beg you to believe that I am ever,

With simple respect and esteem,

Yours sincerely,

R. C. WYLLIE³

In accord with his temperament, for he liked to think of himself as a great joker, Mr. Wyllie's reminiscences of the spring of 1861 usually recall the less sedate moments of his guests' stay at Rosebank. Though never indiscreet, he sometimes mentions episodes not even so much as hinted at by Miss Cracroft in her long journal letters to her family. Writing to Lady Franklin on July 14, Mr. Wyllie took occasion to speak facetiously of his birth in Ayrshire and to pay a pretty compliment:

. . . but the day, month, and year I shall not tell to your Ladyship, and far less to that Lincolnshire niece of yours, who is ever ready to do your bidding in the way of ticketing my sofas and chairs and writing fictitious letters in the name of my neighbour's, the King's Chancellor, all about the confused heaps of papers and cobwebs in my office &c &c &c!! By the bye, I find the handle of my tea-pot deeply indented with the firm grasp of her little fingers—which shews how my nose would have fared if she had seized it with the good will of my little neighbour Freddie Allen, who insists on giving it a good pull every time I meet him. What a lucky man was I in having been able to keep the King's *peace* with Miss Cracroft for nearly two months; and as for the fictitious letter, I must pardon all about the cobwebs &c, in admiration of its beautiful style and the ingenuity of its composition.⁴

In a postscript of August 31, the old man's memory—he was then only sixty-three, but he felt a good deal older than he was—revived, not for the first time, a favorite scene. It seems that once at Rosebank he had addressed Lady Franklin as “the first of English ladies.” But when he had ventured to request her photograph, his reward had been a flurry of pretended blows.

P.S. By last mail I received letters from Miss Miller dated 20th June and from the General dated 27th June, in which they both express their regret that they were not here to help me to receive you and Miss Cracroft with proper respect. Little did they know the tricks that you and she played me, ticketing my chairs, feigning letters in the name of Mr. Allen &c, or that you boxed me round the table with those mischievous little hands of yours for no other offense than that I said, *in many moral respects you are the first of English ladies and owe it to them to leave your portrait to posterity and that I was desirous of having a copy for myself.*

I think I have fair ground for instituting before the King's Chancellor an action against your Ladyship for *assault and battery*—and against that naughty niece of yours for forging the said little Chancellor's *nomen et cognomen*.

As you ticketed one of my chairs "*Nemo me impune lacessit*," I think I must act up to the character, merely to prove your own consistency.

R. C. W.⁵

And along with tags of boyish Latin from his Scottish school days, Mr. Wyllie sometimes thought of that brilliant meteor whose path across the sky of two hemispheres had made 1861 so memorable and ominous a year. "I wonder if the comet had not a piece of my cobwebs in its magnificent tail!" he wrote to Miss Cracroft. "But a *truce* till we meet again, at Rosebank, or in the Crow's Nest, and then '*Bella horrida bella*,' as old Virgil says, and as Beauregard plays the game in Old Virginia."

In alluding to the War between the States, Mr. Wyllie was not indulging entirely in mock-heroics. In the summer of 1861 he was disturbed (needlessly to be sure) over the possibility of Southern privateers lurking in the Pacific and interfering with traffic to and from Hawaii. One suspects that his forebodings of public disorders concealed other more private worries. For at least the past ten years Mr. Wyllie had been much occupied from time to time with anticipations of his death. But no such reflections were allowed to cast their gloomy shadow over his letters to Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft. In these all is sunshine, practical jokes, roses at Rosebank, and visions of endless prosperity at Princeville thanks to the wonders of steam machinery.

What Mr. Wyllie scarcely suspected in the autumn of 1861 was the full truth of some of his darker premonitions. For the end was approaching not only for this old servant of the Hawaiian Crown. On August 27, 1862, within a few hours after his christening, died the young Prince of Hawaii. Then the nation and its ruling dynasty suffered a second blow when, on November 30, 1863, Kamehameha IV joined the son from whose loss he had never recovered. It is impossible here to suggest more than a few of the results of these events during the next several years of Hawaiian history. What remains to be told is the effect of these happenings, together with the passing of Robert Crichton Wyllie, upon the later Hawaiian interests of Lady Franklin and Sophia Cracroft. The full story of their visit to Hawaii may be said to extend over a period of five years at least, with the first part of the chronicle ending with the death of Kamehameha IV. The second and concluding sequence covers the early years of Queen Emma's widowhood and her visit to England in 1865-1866.



Late in the summer of 1861 the travelers determined to pay Honolulu a return visit—a mere flying call, as the ladies themselves thought of it. They arrived off port on the U.S.S. *Carrington* on the evening of December 17, but did not go ashore until the following morning. After paying their respects to the Princess Victoria Kamamalu and leaving a few cards in town, they went up to Rosebank in Nuuanu and remained overnight as guests of Mr. Wyllie. This time, however, they brought with them no Buckland. The new maid—"only 18, she is very reserved, modest and sedate, and thus avoids being noticed"—was a tall Irish lass named Lindsay. Whether Sarah Buckland ever returned on her own from San Francisco to Honolulu and Ruddle remains a mystery.

Though almost every minute was packed with activity, Miss Cracroft found leisure during her second visit to Honolulu to get a letter off to England.

We reached this lovely land early yesterday morning [she wrote from Rosebank on December 19], and sail again [for Japan] this afternoon. We have time for no lengthened writing, so occupied is almost every moment in seeing the kind people who wish to welcome us. The King and Queen are unfortunately still absent owing to our having taken passage in the *Carrington* instead of by the *Eldridge*, which would not so quickly have left California. Mr. Wyllie says they will be deeply disappointed—that they thought from our last letters that their return might be safely deferred and yet be in time to welcome us. My Aunt has therefore to write to the King, in spite of clouds of mosquitoes and an unpleasant kind of atmosphere owing to the s.w. wind which blows *sometimes*, during the winter—it is not very hot, but on the contrary a most delightful temperature. And the loveliness of all is greater than ever now that rains which fell in November have clothed the hills in emerald green, the brown rocks cropping out in rough masses. We *love* this country and people.⁶

Probably the absence of the King and Queen was a greater disappointment to Lady Franklin and herself than Miss Cracroft admits. Finding the climate of the Kona Coast helpful to his asthma, and having turned quite the farmer, the King was at this period deep in his experiments with the growing of cotton and coffee. Month followed after month and still he prolonged his sojourn on the Island of Hawaii, where he was staying at his mountainside ranch above Kailua, devoting himself to his crops ("I believe in Cotton, but I am also a firm believer in Coffee") and to Emma and the boy.

Meanwhile, in California, when planning her homeward voyage, Lady Franklin had hoped to enjoy at least three or four days in Honolulu. It had been at that time one of her dearest desires that the King, Queen Emma, and the young Prince should accompany her and Miss Cracroft back to England. However, if circumstances should prove unfavorable to so large a plan, Lady Franklin wished to submit to His Majesty a less ambitious proposal: that the Prince be baptized in Honolulu during her second visit. She had been quite certain she could enlist the interest and aid of her friend Bishop Hills, the first Bishop of British Columbia.

I hope you will consider it possible and proper to consult with the King [she had suggested to Mr. Wyllie]. It is easier for you to do that in person than for me to write about it to him. Indeed, I have too selfish an interest (love is often selfish, and I so love that Hawaiian family, and long to make them known to—and honoured by—the world as they ought to be) to be able to advocate my own views, feeling that the young heir to the Hawaiian Throne could well be baptised after we are gone, and is sure to be so, sooner or later. But, then, I wish with my own eyes to see our excellent and dignified-looking Bishop making the Sign of the Cross on the dear child's forehead (I wish there was a little Westminster Abbey for the occasion) and to recognise in that act the establishment of Anglican Episcopacy in the personal religion of the reigning dynasty.⁷

In a letter of September 3, 1861, to Kamehameha IV, Mr. Wyllie supported Lady Franklin's proposal with expressions of enthusiasm:

. . . in God's name and for young Hawaii's sake and the Queen's, let the Bishop of Columbia come to baptise them; and let the presence of the benevolent and illustrious ladies, Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft, add lustre and celebrity to the religious occasion. . . . You see that with all our jokes, Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft and I can be serious and solemn when occasion requires. Of all the ladies that I have ever met with, they are just the ladies that suit me: they are of high mettle and breeding—not prudes, hum-drum, and pernickety-nackety!⁸

By late December, however, when Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft paused at Honolulu en route to Japan, these earlier plans and projects had been abandoned entirely. Whaling was much on the wane, and the sugar business was scarcely established: a drain on the hard-pressed Hawaiian treasury sufficient to defray the costs of a royal journey to England was quite out of the question. But the objections were not solely on the score of dollars and cents. So important an event as the christening of the

young Prince must depend on weighty developments in England: for one thing, there was Lord Palmerston still to be heard from. Above all, nothing could be settled in this delicate matter until it was learned whether Queen Victoria would or would not condescend to become the Prince's sponsor.

In December, during the weeks immediately preceding Lady Franklin's and Miss Cracroft's second visit, Mr. Wyllie's diplomatic maneuvers had taken a sudden Oriental turn. He had become very much wrapped up in the idea of a treaty between Hawaii and Japan, duplicating the agreement Japan had recently entered into with the United States. True, the Japanese authorities, having thought over the matter, had once rejected such a proposal. Nevertheless, Mr. Wyllie was more firmly convinced than ever that "a little courteous negotiation at the Japanese Court" would persuade the Shogun to reconsider the scheme and grant the Hawaiian Government what it wanted. And who better than Lady Franklin, with her years of steering her course through all sorts of difficult official channels, could be entrusted with the mission of sailing across the Pacific to negotiate with the Shogun in person?

That there was ample precedent for his plan Mr. Wyllie had not the slightest doubt. In the year 1519 Louise of Savoy and Margaret of Austria, representing respectively their son and nephew, had negotiated the Treaty of Cambrai in behalf of the Emperor Charles V and King Francis I of France. Despite the distinguished example of the Ladies' Peace, Kamehameha IV and certain of his councillors were not swept along by Mr. Wyllie's arguments. In a letter to his land agent, William Webster, the King rested his objection to Mr. Wyllie's scheme on grounds of common sense and diplomatic decency: "Mr. Wyllie has got that crotchet in his head, which I hope will be successfully knocked up upon the arrival of the mail. . . . I have written to him saying that I thought it would be undignified on our part, and uncourteous to Lady Franklin, to send a mission to Japan in the face of a direct prohibition. . . . I would consider it as an attempt to make me a laughing stock, if it was offered to me—but *nous verrons*." ⁹

For the world at large, as for the Kingdom of Hawaii, it was plainly a time of troubles. This was the period of the Trent Affair, and a British declaration of war upon the United States seemed very likely; both the King and Mr. Wyllie, though not exactly in the same manner, grew quite concerned about the situation. "I have had the blues ever since you left," wrote Alexander Liholiho to Emma early in July, when the Queen was out of town, "Mr. Wyllie assisting it somewhat in different ways—for in-

stance, he wants the government to acknowledge the *Independence of the Southern Confederacy*. What an old woman he is to be sure." In all the confusions of the time the sympathy of the young King (though not that of Mr. Wyllie, whose feudal predisposition supported the South) declared itself on the side of the Republic. It was thus with a sense of private triumph that Kamehameha IV noted the arrival in July of several ships, including "last of all the *Yankee*. The latter's appearance around the point very much disgusted Mr. Wyllie, because he was just starting a rumor that she was captured by Southern Privateers." But perhaps the most eloquent record of the King's antislavery position and his firm pro-Northern sentiments is a sheet of scrap stationery on which he was apparently practicing his elegant penmanship: "Bloody Seceshers, You Bloody Britishers, Bloody Seceshers, You Bloody Britishers."¹⁰

And so the world's news grew fat on the ravages of war and death's regular harvest. On December 14, though the word did not reach Honolulu until several weeks after, the British nation learned of the loss of the Prince Consort, that studious and responsible statesman whose moderate views had helped avert the outbreak of Anglo-American hostilities. During their long months of doldrums on the *Carrington*, Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft were spared knowledge of these troubles, and indeed it was not until after their arrival at Yeddo that they quite realized the full gravity of the crisis. "Early on Sunday morning," wrote Miss Cracroft from Japan on February 25, "the American Consul and others arrived, and we received intelligence that though war had not been actually declared with America, yet that such a calamity was almost certain to be announced by the next mail. *We* of course were not surprised, and from various causes were on the contrary rather glad, or at least not sorry, that Americans will see that we will not bear whatever insult they may choose to offer us . . . but our feelings, strong as they are on this subject, were absorbed by the really terrible news of the death of Prince Albert. The thought of our poor Queen in her sorrow quite haunts us."¹¹

In its slow-paced transit of the Pacific, following a hazardous southern route, Lady Franklin's voyage from Hawaii to Japan in the U.S.S. *Carrington* had taken almost three full months. Only seven years earlier, in 1854, Commodore Perry had persuaded the Tokugawa Shogunate to open up the Japanese nation to the Western world. However, travel in 1862 remained sharply restricted. Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft had reason therefore to feel especially favored when Rutherford Alcock, Britain's representative, was able to win permission for the tourists to visit the capital city of Yeddo

and later to remain for a short stay at Nagasaki. After Nagasaki, they went on to Hong Kong, Shanghai, Penang, and Calcutta, arriving in England in July, 1862, a full year and one month after their sojourn in Hawaii.



In London, one of Lady Franklin's first occupations was to secure a suitable house. By the end of 1862 she felt she had been rewarded, for she found herself mistress of a modest gem—a "*bijou recherche*"—in Kensington Gore. From the windows of Upper Gore Lodge, as Lady Franklin called her house, one looked out upon no crowded thoroughfare, no dull wall of brick and stone, but into a private garden and the fields of "leafy Kensington," if the weather happened to be fine. Indeed, reports suggest that Upper Gore Lodge and its quiet purview must have been like a scene in an old print, a spot where still lingered the atmosphere of another century, and where the Royal Albert Hall had not yet reared its head.

Nor was there anything ordinary about Upper Gore Lodge within doors after its new lessees had settled in. "All the Arctic portraits" lined the walls of the dining-room; a series of Tasmanian pictures hung in the best bedroom; in the hallway stood two busts of Australian aborigines. In fact, the abundance of Lady Franklin's possessions, the accumulated souvenirs of all her years in various parts of the world, made the business of moving to Upper Gore Lodge no simple procedure. But at last the four Egyptian mummy jars were installed in the "conservatory lobby"; even the "Australian trophy" found its niche under the pear and the chestnut in the open air. Meanwhile, for the elaborate Japan room upstairs, workmen were called in, carpenters as well as painters. The result was a small but veritable museum, including porcelain and lacquer from the shops of Nagasaki, a paper lantern, embroideries and "straw pictures" framed (according to Lady Franklin's design) in Japanese brocade with gilt molding. Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft deserve historical credit for their part in introducing to London society of the period the fashionable cult of things Japanese, and it is hardly surprising that their friend, Lady Tyrconnel, comparing the showing at Upper Gore Lodge with the Japanese Court at the Exhibition, awarded the palm to Lady Franklin.

After her return to London, Lady Franklin did not neglect the affairs of the Hawaiian Kingdom. Thanks partly to Sir Roderick Murchison, Queen Victoria had consented to sponsor the christening of the Prince of

Hawaii. In preparation for the long-awaited ceremony, Lady Franklin purchased two baptismal fonts to send to Hawaii as her personal gifts to the church to be established there. The first font, the larger one costing £50 (the work of Slater, the architect of the Ecclesiological Society), was carved of Caen stone in an exceptionally chaste and graceful design; this was to be used for the christening of the Prince. A smaller font, of alabaster, was to be reserved for the private baptism of Queen Emma. More than once Lady Franklin conferred with Thomas Nettleship Staley,¹² an alumnus of Cambridge, who was soon to be consecrated as the first Bishop of Honolulu. Dr. Staley had already declared that the baptism of Queen Emma should come first; and this service, he felt at the time, "could not be too private—indeed he wished it to be kept a secret and should never make it known to anyone she had ever been baptized," lest needless talk be aroused over the fact that the Queen had never been baptized before. As for the ceremony for the child, this auspicious and even symbolic event might well be put off until Christmas, "by which time the cathedral font," Lady Franklin wrote in her Journal, "would have arrived and which would be a very appropriate season for it."

Early in August, before the Staleys departed for Honolulu, Lady Franklin had a chat with Mrs. Staley about etiquette in the Kingdom. Afterwards she wrote to Mr. Wyllie concerning the new bishop and his wife and "their position in the colony." Her frequent references to Hawaii as "the colony" reveal one of the main directions of her thoughts during the later months of 1862. She had no wish that the Hawaiian Kingdom should cease to be an independent monarchy, none whatsoever. On the other hand, Lady Franklin believed that the Hawaiian people could best improve themselves and their position in the civilized world by modeling their institutions, their political and social arrangements, on those of Great Britain. In order to assist the Hawaiians in such an effort, Lady Franklin devoted much thought toward encouraging various worthy Englishmen, several being not a little hesitant about the idea, to emigrate: to settle in the Islands and in that way add their very much needed numbers to the British influence in the Kingdom.

One of the more likely candidates among these potential emigrants was a clergyman, a Mr. Robins, who insisted however that he would go only on the condition that he would not be separated from his congregation "and that employment could be found for them all," a difficult proviso, Lady Franklin admitted. "This view of things became exciting. The idea came into my head of writing to the King myself and making the necessary

enquiries. We made notes of the different classes of individuals of whom his people were composed. . . . I thought of Kailua and of the King's cotton plantations there, but it would be difficult perhaps to dispose of four clerks in such a spot."¹³

Another problematic prospect was a certain Mr. Sedding, a gentleman, who was also a window stainer, architect, and organist, and who arrived one day from Penzance for lunch and impressed Sophy as a rather interesting young man, though obviously in delicate health. Lady Franklin advised the caller to get off a letter as soon as possible to Dr. Staley and to mention the possibility of taking some temporary commercial employment in Honolulu, so as to be on hand ready to devote his varied artistic talents to the new cathedral—depending, of course, on the cathedral's being built. "He has read Mr. Manley Hopkins's book," wrote Lady Franklin, touched by young Mr. Sedding's eager enthusiasm, "and is delighted with the prospect of going. So probably the poor consumptive young man will go, though the Bishop I presume has given him no encouragement."

What was very certain was that unless the foreign community in Hawaii were strengthened with a rapid infusion of new settlers from the British Isles, the American faction would sooner or later take over everything. Luckily, by becoming a resident of the Kingdom and swearing an oath of allegiance, one need not lose one's status and rights as a British citizen. So far as Lady Franklin was concerned, whether the settler were Isaac Davis I or Isaac Davis II or Isaac Davis XX, the same rule applied—always an Englishman, at least in Hawaii. So she marshaled her arguments in a letter to a Dr. Walker, a surgeon in one of the early Arctic expeditions and later a medical officer in the United States Army, who was seeking a pleasant corner of the world in which to settle down.

I hope my note may answer your purpose [Lady Franklin wrote to Dr. Walker on Dec. 12, 1862], and if one part of it startle you a little, you must recollect that I do not mean you to renounce your allegiance to the British Crown (no one who serves the King of Hawaii is ever asked to do so) but am only dealing with imaginary contingencies, knowing how interesting and pleasant the Islands are, and how much they are in want of good Englishmen—or Irishmen if you please—in places of trust and honour there, in order to counteract American influence, and gratify the King and Queen's thorough English predilections. You will be surprised when you become acquainted with their Hawaiian Majesties, at their tact, their accomplishments, and their refinement, not to mention superior qualities.¹⁴

In one of her letters to Mr. Wyllie, Lady Franklin speaks of the "leveling spirit" of the missionary-inspired constitution as the chief threat to the monarchy. The problem in Hawaii, she felt, was a very delicate one requiring the gift of tact and the art of political compromise. Her own sympathies all inclined toward the side of aristocracy; yet she would be one of the first to agree that the monarchy in Hawaii was a peculiar institution and that its chances of survival might require a concession here and there to more democratic views.

In my letter to Mr. Wyllie I spoke of her [Mrs. Staley] and the Bishop; of their position in the colony; what were, and what I thought were not, their claims to precedence; the rules followed in England and in the colonies (with which, however, the King had nothing to do unless he pleased); and then discussed the question that might arise between him and the French Bishop.

While wishing that all things might be done with decency and in order, I deprecated vain attempts to imitate the show and state of European courts, assuring my good friend Mr. Wyllie that I had no democratic tendencies though I wrote this—and earnestly wished to see the monarchical and aristocratic principle in the Islands much strengthened: that for this purpose I favoured his (Mr. Wyllie's) idea of the creation of an order of titled nobility possessed of certain qualifications, as tending to counteract the leveling spirit of the American-bestowed Constitution, and thought that if any Americans were included in it, being otherwise worthy, it would tend to attach them to the soil and make them opposed to the aggressive and annexing disposition of their country; and I added that to be the "fountain of honour" was the most indisputed prerogative of a King, and that it was desirable to exercise it on worthy objects.

I suggested that if the King really entertained these views, the great Ceremony which was about to take place seemed a fitting occasion for the creation of such an order; or, as there would not be time to mature the scheme for the christening, to *date* the foundation of it from that event and delay the creation till the anniversary.¹⁵



The momentous day drew near. On August 17, 1862, Bishop Staley and his family sailed from Southampton, accompanied by two clergymen, the Reverend George Mason and the Reverend Edmund Ibbotson. The Foreign Office had meanwhile appointed a new British commissioner, Mr. William Webb Follett Synge,¹⁶ who was expected to arrive in Honolulu

in time to play a leading role in the approaching ceremony. Indeed, if all had gone according to plan the christening of the young Prince would have heralded the inauguration of the Church in the Hawaiian Kingdom: the first sacred act of the new bishop was to be the baptism of the royal child. At this ceremony Queen Victoria would be represented by her proxy, Mrs. Synge, the wife of the new commissioner. Furthermore, as the Prince's godmother, the Queen of England was sending in the care of Mr. Synge a most rich gift: a silver christening cup of striking dimensions, in the neo-rococo style so much admired in London at the recent exhibitions.

Synge's vessel, the *Termagant*, arrived at Honolulu on August 22, 1862; Bishop Staley and his party would not reach Hawaii until October 11. Meanwhile, just when the *Termagant* was approaching the archipelago, on August 19 the Prince of Hawaii was seized by a severe illness, described as "an inflammation and pressure on the brain." By August 23 the symptoms proved so alarming that a baptism could no longer be delayed, bishop or no bishop. Haste became the watchword. In the absence of a clergyman of the Church of England, a substitute was procured, and the sacrament was administered by the Reverend Ephraim W. Clark, an American. Upon the arrival of the *Termagant*, Mr. and Mrs. Synge hurried ashore and were ushered at once to the Palace and into the presence of the King and Queen. An account of the impromptu baptism was included by Mr. Synge in his first official dispatch to the Foreign Office.

The King asked me whom the Queen had appointed to be her Co-sponsors for the child. I told him that my Sovereign had not, I believed, understood that it was His Majesty's wish that the Godfather should be chosen by Her. He then said, "Do you think the Prince of Wales would consent to be Godfather, and will you act as proxy?" At such a moment I thought I could not answer otherwise than I did, namely that I had little doubt that His Royal Highness would be glad to be associated with His Mother in the Sponsorship of a Prince in whom Her Majesty took so lively an interest, and that I would venture to act as His proxy, subject to His future approval. The King then asked His brother Prince Kamehameha to be the other Godfather; and the Baptismal Service was at once proceeded with in the antechamber—the King and Queen, the officiating Clergyman, the sponsors and the proxies only entering the Prince's apartment for a few seconds while the water was poured, and the sign of the Cross made, on his forehead, as he lay in bed. It was a most affecting Ceremony. . . .

The little Prince lingered on for a few days in an almost hopeless state and died in the morning of the 27th.¹⁷

"Thus with haste was the heir of the throne gathered into the outer court of the Christian temple," wrote Manley Hopkins in 1865, when he was adding several supplementary chapters to his *History* in an effort to keep it up to date. The same authority reminds us that on Wednesday, August 27, 1862, the minute guns on Punchbowl Hill sounded out, as they had done for Kamehameha III and would do again for Kamehameha IV and Kamehameha V, a "sad intelligence" to the Hawaiian people. Early on the morning of the 28th, Follett Synge conveyed the heavy "silver vase from Garrard" to the King's Guard, who carried Queen Victoria's gift to the Palace. On the same day Mr. and Mrs. Synge attended the official lying-in-state, when "the Cup was borne into the room by six Chiefs of the highest rank and placed on a table at the head of the young Prince. Out of respect to the Queen whose gift it was, arms were presented to it by all the officers by whom the room was lined."

The funeral took place on September 7, after almost two weeks of mourning. On September 8, at a Court held to receive the new British commissioner in the regular style, Mr. Synge assured Kamehameha IV of the continued interest of Queen Victoria and her government in the Kingdom and its rulers.

I was further commanded by Her Majesty to inform you, Sire [said Commissioner Synge, adopting a mode of address urged upon him by Mr. Wyllie], that it is with very sincere gratification that she accepted the office of godmother to His Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Hawaii; inasmuch as she was thereby enabled to evince to you the very cordial friendship which she entertains for your Majesty, for your gracious Consort, and for your royal house. . . . It was Her Majesty's earnest desire that the christening cup which she sent to the Prince, and which I had the honour to present in the Queen's name to your Majesty, should have been preserved by him as a testimonial and memento of his royal godmother's friendship and regard. . . . Queen Victoria, who herself has drunk so deeply of the cup of sorrow, will heartily feel for your Majesty and for your Royal Consort in this the terrible bereavement which has befallen you, and will greatly deplore the untimely death of a prince in whose welfare she was so especially and so nearly interested.¹⁸



Then followed the somber interval of fifteen months between the death of the Prince and that of his father, on November 30, 1863. Early during

the Queen's widowhood (she was but twenty-seven when the King died) the Hawaiian people changed her name once more.

The adjective particle *na* [wrote Manley Hopkins in his chapter "The Wild Olive Tree"] meaning 'all' or 'the entire,' was substituted for that of *ka*, which is genitive singular. So instead of the name 'Ka-lele-o-ka-lani,' 'the flight of the chief, or heaven,' the desolation of the wife as well as the mother was thenceforward expressed by 'Ka-lele-o-na-lani'—'the flight of ALL the chiefs, or the entire heaven': for it seemed to the people that to their Queen, now, *all* joy was darkened and that her earth was utterly empty and void.¹⁹

And at this time certain native poets began to compose the *meles* sung in praise of Kaleleonalani.

*No Wai'aleale ke aloha
Kela kuahiwi 'alo anu.
Mea 'ole no ia ia Ema
Ka pua kau i ka hanohano.
Ui a'e nei no o Emalani
Auhea 'oukou a pau.
Mahea ke ala kupono
A hiki i ka lehua makanoē,
Noe wale mai no ke aloha,
O kona ko'olua ua hala
Me ka lei ali'i a laua,
Mai loko o Kaleleonalani.
Ha'ina ka puana i lohe 'ia
Nalanielua he inoa.*

Aloha to Waialeale,
The mountain that braves the cold.
Emma has no fear of it,
This blossom high and regal.
Chiefess Emma turns to question:
"O where are all of you?
Where is the suitable trail
To go where the stunted lehua grow?"
Grief darkens round like a fog
For her mate who is gone
And their beloved royal child
Born from Kaleleonalani.
This ends our praise: may all hear
The name of Nalanielua.²⁰

Waialeale, "rippling water," whose name conveys to Hawaiians the sense of water moving and dividing, as a wave moves and breaks into many parts, and whose topmost peak is called Kawaikini, "water in multitudes," is that great mountain usually wreathed with vapor and cloud which lifts its crest above the Island of Kauai. The formulary with which the *mele* ends invokes an exact idea. The Hawaiian word *elua* means "two"; hence, "Nalanielua" is an allusive reference to Alexander Liholiho and the Prince of Hawaii. Manley Hopkins's translation of "Kaleleonalani" as "the flight of ALL the chiefs" is grammatically possible; but his interpretation must be accounted an erroneous overstatement (chosen no doubt for the sake of its added pathos) and not the thought Queen Emma desired to suggest when she elected to use the name. She was Nalanielua, as all should hear: she grieved for the *two* who had fled.

In his letters to Lady Franklin, Mr. Wyllie includes some glimpses of Emma in her profound mourning. But it must be noted first that "the funeral obsequies . . . were on a scale unprecedented in that country," as Manley Hopkins informed his English readers. A new mausoleum had been commenced on ground in Nuuanu Valley only a few hundred yards from the Rookery at Mr. Wyllie's Rosebank, on a spot looking down in the direction of the town of Honolulu and the harbor and open sea. A writer for the *Polynesian*, the official newspaper of the government, described the settling of the new mausoleum (to which it was planned to remove the coffins of the old Kings and High Chiefs in the Palace grounds) in language which mingles elements of fact with strains of elegy: "The situation was well-chosen; and while the fanlike landscape spreads out its unspeakable softness and beauty to the west, and the setting sun seems to linger over the ocean's rim, as if loth to part from a scene so lovely, sunrise and resurrection stand close behind the mountain curtain which fringes the valley on the east, and which prolongs the freshness and sweetness of the morning hours."²¹

Such was the scene where Emma spent weeks of vigil beside the two bodies.

The remains of Queen Emma's only child [reported Mr. Wyllie to Lady Franklin] now lie with those of her husband in a new mausoleum of stone and lime, in Gothic style, on the brow of the elevated levels on which Rosebank stands, on the right hand side going up the valley. The situation is singularly beautiful. The plan is to add a little chapel or oratory to it, in the form of a cross and all in the same style.

You will be distressed to hear that the tender-hearted and inconsolable Queen Emma sleeps in the vault along with the bodies of her husband and child, although it is quite damp and badly ventilated. During the day she occupies a tent which she had erected near the door of the vault. The King, the Bishop, and the father of the King (Kekuanaoa) have urged her to accept my invitation to sleep in the "Rookery" at Rosebank and to take her meals there, visiting the cemetery, which is close to Rosebank, as often as she may wish. She has not positively declined, but says she must remain night and day near the tomb for at least a fortnight.

After that I am in hopes that she and "Fanny Young"—her mother—will go up to the Rookery for a short time, for the late King's father, Kekuanaoa, told her, as he told me, that his late Majesty had said to him, that if anything should happen to him, the Queen was to look upon Mr. Wyllie as her father. In all other respects, the late King died intestate, and being in debt to the extent they say of \$42,000, the poor Queen may be left in

circumstances of great poverty. If so, she will require protection, and the poorer she may be the more gladly will I grant it.²²

In the same letter Mr. Wyllie sends copies of two letters of condolence recently received from the highest quarters in England. One was a letter from Queen Victoria and the other was from the Prince of Wales: from the royal sponsors of Albert Edward, *Ka Haku o Hawaii*. Mr. Wyllie seems to hint to Lady Franklin that letters of such exceptional interest might be made to serve some purpose useful to the Kingdom, perhaps in the form of newspaper publicity or more subtly by dropping well-placed references among one's circle of acquaintance.

I owe to your Ladyship this confidence, knowing the sincerity of your attachment to the late King, to the amiable and modest Queen Emma, and to the late Prince Albert of Hawaii, and also knowing that not even the highest diplomatist can surpass you in discretion, as to the use of such documents of State. Therefore, upon this head I presume to make to your Ladyship no suggestions. On all such matters you are more competent to counsel me than I am to counsel you.²³

In March, 1864, Mr. Wyllie informed Lady Franklin that Queen Emma was showing evidences of improved spirits.

I think she intends to write to you herself, although to recount her griefs revives her affliction, for she asked me a few days ago if you were still in London or had gone to Spain.

She inquired if the Bishop had read to me a letter from his Commissary naming Lady Franklin as the best friend of the Mission in all London. I said he had. She was greatly pleased with that intelligence, for she is heart and soul in all the good the Bishop is doing, upon which she believes that the salvation of the Hawaiian people depends. And it is my belief that if she could only persuade herself that her presence in London would induce the nobility to subscribe, so as to raise a fund adequate to the wants of the Mission, she would undertake the voyage perhaps under the Bishop's care. But this step I could not advise, until it be ascertained what pecuniary provision is to be made for her.²⁴

The several stages of Queen Emma's recovery from "a dejection deep and dangerous," the first stirrings of her reawakened desire to voyage across the seas and live for a time among the English people, may be traced in later correspondence of the year 1864, both official and private. Unfortunately, one letter missing from this sheaf of correspondence (it has never been discovered) is the letter Lady Franklin wrote on February 15, 1864,

urging Queen Emma to visit England for the sake of assisting the Anglican Mission. Aside from this loss, the documents are unusually full and complete. One fact in particular stands out in the correspondence of Lord John Russell and R. C. Wyllie. Having consulted Queen Victoria in the matter, Russell reported to Wyllie on July 22, 1864, that Her Majesty was not eager to encourage plans for Emma's journey to England: "She cannot but bear in mind the great risk which the Queen [Emma] would run from exposure to the Climate of this country, which has been proved to be fatally injurious to natives of the Sandwich Islands." Nevertheless, once the visit had been officially approved by Kamehameha V, it is equally clear that the Foreign Office took every step within its power to make Emma's voyage a pleasant one and her stay in England a success.

The first letter presented below belongs outside the series, since it was written by Mr. Wyllie in August of 1863, four months before the death of King Kamehameha IV. It is included here because few letters in Mr. Wyllie's practiced hand better reveal his bachelor heart and his chivalrous attachment to the young Hawaiian Queen and the elderly English lady.

R. C. Wyllie to Queen Emma

Lanihuli [Kauai]
2 August 1863

Madam:

While sitting in my verandah along with Monsieur de Varigny and M. Bourgoyne on the evening of the 31st and while talking about Titcomb's Estate, I said to him that it was no longer to be so called, but to be known by the name of

EMMAVILLE

The word was scarcely out of my mouth when up blazed a high bright light, seemingly in the very centre of the houses. M. de Varigny thought that as I had ordered the old sugar houses on the brink of the river to be illuminated with lamps, that they had taken fire; but I replied that I believed it to be a Bonfire volunteered by Captain Morse; and so it turned out to be. . . .

I hope Your Majesty will graciously pardon the liberty I have presumed to take with your name, without your permission, if not on the grounds before mentioned, at least for the reason that part of the estate renamed belongs to Your Majesty.

I have not heard from Lady Franklin since the few lines of 30th December [1862] promising to write me at length by the following mail, which

you saw. Always before I had one, two, or sometimes three letters from her Ladyship by every mail. The sudden suspension makes me fear that I have unwittingly given her offence by something that I have written; or that she believed me as having originated or favoured a report which was current in London and other parts of England before her return from the East—that there was to be a *match* between her Ladyship and me—and considered my offer to her of the choicest spot on all my lands of Kalihikai and Kalihiwai, with as much garden and pleasure grounds as she might wish, *gratis*, if she and Miss Cracroft would return to the Islands, as a proof that I really had the ambition of making an alliance.

That foolish report was started in Lima, as a joke by General Miller, when he heard that Lady Franklin was my guest at Rosebank; he wrote to Mrs. (now Lady) Hammond about it not as a joke but as a *fact*; she talked of it at her own table as a thing about to happen, in the presence of Mr. Tennyson and others; it spread like wildfire among the relations and friends of Lady Franklin, who made so many enquiries about it of Mrs. Hammond that she wrote to me on the subject; and I replied that the very idea of aspiring so high as to the hand of Lady Franklin had never entered my head; but that knowing her to be an enlightened, benevolent, and energetic Lady, attached to the Hawaiian Sovereigns, I much wished her Ladyship to return and remain in the Kingdom as a public blessing.

When I made the above offer of land to her, free of all *price, cost, or charge*, I took care to explain to her that such were my motives—and that it would be folly for her to give \$5,000 asked for the Wailua Estate, when she could have from me for nothing a better site for a mansion, with a view of the sea &c &c &c. Yet, with all her good sense, under the prevalence of the above report, she may have suspected that the said offers, though generous in appearance, had really their origin in a selfish interest.

I know by Miss Miller's letters that she keeps up the joke about the "match" to this day.

I make these explanations to you because you were always a great pet with Lady Franklin; and I believe it is so still.

As for me, I am proud of the correspondence of Lady Franklin; I derive instruction as well as pleasure from it, and I would consider it quite a misfortune to lose it and incur her displeasure.

I assure you of my constant respect, duty, and devotion, and am ever,
Madam,

Your Majesty's loyal and faithful servant,

R. C. WYLLIE²⁵

Queen Emma to Lady Franklin

Iolani Palace
April 30th, 1864

My dear and good friend Lady Franklin,

I thank you from the bottom of my soul for your kind letter of Feb. 15th which I received ten days ago. I cannot say enough for your many kindness to me. Having great respect to your opinion, that my visit to England would benefit the Episcopal Mission, the King and I are concerting together seriously in what way to accomplish it; but as yet nothing has been finally decided.

Mr. Wyllie would gladly accompany me, but at present the King cannot spare him. Perhaps his Lordship Bishop Staley would go with me, I look upon him as the best conductor that I could have. My motives in visiting London are not for display or enjoyment; they are with your kind assistance and the blessing of God to save if possible my dying people. From the great good already done by the Episcopal Mission, I believe that to support that mission is one of the best means to save and render virtuous the Hawaiian people. It would be cruel and ungenerous in me to accept your kind and romantic offer to come out from England with Miss Cracroft merely to accompany me to England—for that offer words cannot express the gratitude of my heart.

This is all I can say to you at present, for there are many points connected with my visit that requires serious consultations and the King and I have not yet fully made up our own minds, but whenever my voyage is fully determined upon I shall take care to apprise you, repeating my warmest gratitude to you and with my love to Miss Cracroft.

I remain, my dear Lady Franklin, yours ever affectionately,
EMMA²⁶

R. C. Wyllie to Lady Franklin

Honolulu
25 May 1864

My dear Lady Franklin,

I am off with the King for Princeville this evening at 5:00 P.M. The King begins his Royal Progress there. I wished the Queen to go with us, but she cannot yet be weaned from the morbid desire of being always near to the mausoleum so as to make frequent visits to it.

I think Your Ladyship will like the letter of Queen Victoria in the slip, which I enclose.

With kind compliments to Miss Cracroft, I am ever,

My dear Lady Franklin, yours truly,
R. C. WYLLIE²⁷

H.M. Queen Victoria to H.M. the Queen of the Sandwich Islands

Windsor Castle
June 17, 1864

My dear Friend,

Your kind letter has deeply affected me, and I thank you much for the volume which accompanied it.

My bleeding heart can truly sympathize with you in your terrible desolation.

A dear & promising *only* Child and a beloved Husband have been taken from you within two Years! Time does not heal the really stricken heart! The only consolation I have found in a sorrow which seems only to encrease is in living in spirit with the beloved ones whom God has taken in love to a better World, and in the certainty of an everlasting Union hereafter!

Till then we can but bow & submit & strive to fit ourselves for that blessed future, by following the example of our beloved Ones.—

May God give you strength to bear up under your heavy affliction.

I remain,

Your Majesty's affectionate & unhappy friend,
VICTORIA R.²⁸

Lord John Russell to R. C. Wyllie

Foreign Office
22 July 1864

Sir,

I have laid before the Queen the letter which you addressed to me on the 2nd of May respecting the intention of the King that the Widowed Queen of the late King should visit England.

Her Majesty commands me to say that whatever gratification it may afford Her to receive the Queen in this country, She cannot but bear in mind the great risk which the Queen would run from exposure to the Climate of this country, which has been proved to be fatally injurious to natives of the Sandwich Islands; and Her Majesty will not allow any feelings of the pleasure a visit of the Queen would afford her personally to prevent her from pointing out to the King the serious consequences which might result from the execution of the plan intimated in your letter.

If, notwithstanding what I have said, the King should still desire that She should visit this country, Mr. Synge will be authorized to accompany her to England, and when I hear from you that the King abides by his original intention, I will apply to the Lords Commissioners of the Ad-

miralty to provide, if possible, for the conveyance of the Queen from Honolulu to Panama in one of Her Majesty's Ships of War.

I have the honor to be with the highest consideration, Sir,
Your Excellency's most obedient humble Servant,
RUSSELL²⁹

Lady Franklin to Queen Emma

Upper Gore Lodge
Kensington Gore
August 1, 1864

My very dear Madam,

Your Majesty's kind acceptance of my invitation has deeply gratified me, and I fervently trust that all our anticipations may be realised, and that you will find in England a hearty response to the noble object which dictates your visit.

The escort of Mr. Synge will be of the greatest advantage to your Majesty and I shall rejoice to see him. It is hardly possible for me to judge whether (independently of the comfort to you and the great pleasure to myself) the interest of the Mission would be better served by the presence in England of the Bishop than by his remaining at his post. But I am sure at this critical juncture of its existence the Bishop will decide wisely, as alone being capable of forming an opinion.

I have fully explained to Mr. Wyllie the various reasons for delaying your visit until the end of April or beginning of May in next year, when I shall be once more in my own house and ready to offer your Majesty a most respectful and most affectionate welcome. It is gratifying to me to know that my wish the visit should be deferred till the spring meets our Queen's decided and expressed approbation. Her Majesty no doubt feels anxious as we all do that your health should not suffer as it would scarcely fail to do by the change from a tropical climate to a northern one at the most unfavorable season of the year, but in the spring, with the tender cares and precautions with which it will be our pleasure as well as duty to surround you, I think there will be nothing to fear. From April to the end of July, we can best promote I think the interests your Majesty has at heart by remaining in London, and after that, if you do not object, we can visit some other places in England, with the same great object in view—I feel persuaded that from one end of England to the other you will be received with respect and interest and I shall be greatly disappointed indeed if much permanent good to the Church in Hawaii be not the happy result. Next to the visit of your late beloved and royal husband nothing will touch people's hearts so much as your coming in person to plead the cause He had so much at heart.

May I request the favor of your conveying to the King my most respectful remembrance. It delights me to receive testimonies on all sides to his wise and able administration and I trust his best wishes for his people may be realised and in particular that efforts to amend the Constitution may be crowned with success.

My niece desires me to offer to you her affectionate respects, and believe me dearest Madam,

Your Majesty's most faithful and affectionate friend and servant,
JANE FRANKLIN³⁰

R. C. Wyllie to Lady Franklin

Honolulu
2 November 1864

By *Yankee*

My dear Lady Franklin,

Deeply impressed with an idea of what is my duty to your Ladyship, under your and Miss Cracroft's letters to me of the 1st July and 1st August, I enclose to you, in strict confidence, a copy of Earl Russell's letter of 22 July, written by order of Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

The King and Queen are much affected with the tender regard of Queen Victoria to the life of Queen Emma, and they are much flattered by Her condescension in saying that Queen Emma's visit to England would afford a pleasure to Her Majesty personally. But they are far from fearing any danger whatever to Queen Emma from Her visit to London even in winter; and, therefore, the King abides by His former resolution to allow and to favour that visit.

Queen Emma considers it to be a duty incumbent upon Her, in respect to Queen Victoria, though now alone, to thank Her Majesty in person for conferring upon Her last and only child the great honour of condescending to become His Godmother: as was the firm intention of Her late Husband's to do, accompanied by Her; and the idea of the good that She might do for the Hawaiian people in many respects (held out by your Ladyship in your letter of invitation) has inspired Her with a belief that She has a mission to perform, the accomplishment of which is dearer to Her than life itself.

The King, greatly admiring that self-devotion, and knowing that the hope of being yet useful to Her race has had a salutary effect in raising Her spirits from a dejection deep and dangerous, cannot discourage an impulse so holy and so generous.

Therefore, I am commanded by His Majesty, by this mail, to write to Earl Russell, that it is His desire that the Queen gratify Her strong wish to visit England. His Lordship will receive my letter probably in January; and then he will act as he promises to do in the enclosed copy. But I have some idea of making the King's wish known to Earl Russell by telegraph from San Francisco to the British Minister at Washington, by doing which we might perhaps have a vessel of war here in late February, so as to enable the Queen to arrive in London early in April. The Queen anxiously desires to be in London at the commencement of the "Season"—and she thinks that that time might suit your Ladyship.

I hope I have thus fulfilled your wishes to receive early information of the Queen's intended movements: I shall take care to apprise you of any change that may occur, not expecting that you will have time to reply to all my letters, but only to state the dates of those you do receive. This letter will, of course, be shewn to Miss Cracroft. Give her my compliments and believe me ever,

My dear Lady Franklin,
Yours truly and respectfully,
R. C. WYLLIE³¹

Lady Franklin to Queen Emma

Upper Gore Lodge
June 10, 1865

My very dear Queen Emma,

Welcome, most welcome to England! How rejoiced we shall be to see your Majesty I can scarcely express, and I wish to explain that it is nothing but the uncertainty of your arrival by the present mail which prevents my niece being on the spot to receive you and accompany you to London.

We have taken measures that a telegram should be sent up to us immediately on your arrival at Southampton in order that my carriage may meet you at the station, and I hope, if you are not too much fatigued that you will not delay your departure from Southampton but will come up immediately, since time is very precious, and the season for useful operations as respects the Mission is fast passing away. On this account I have no doubt your Majesty will feel how important it is that you should enter into no engagements for the future if proposed to you on the way, until you have seen your friends in Council in London. They will lose no time in paying their respects to you, and ascertaining your pleasure as to various steps which are in contemplation for the immediate prosecution of the great object you and we have so much at heart.

You will find my house very small as I have already explained to Mr. Wyllie and I wish I could expand it for your sake, but everything that I can do for your Majesty's comfort and accommodation shall be done, and I can assure you that I feel most honored and rejoiced in your having accepted my residence as your home.

Believe me, dear and respected Friend,
Most devotedly yours,
JANE FRANKLIN³²



London 1865 • July--December

EMMA IN ENGLAND

*Upper Gore Lodge II • The History of Hopekini •
"Good Old Syngé" • Problems of Protocol • The Bronze
Statue • Saint and No Saint • London Fog • Emma's
Diary • Two Queens at Windsor Castle • Jane and Ger-
aldine • The Tennysons at Farringford • Removal to
Claridge's • Winter • The Bishop of Oxford Advises*

QUEEN EMMA SAILED FROM HONOLULU ON MAY 6, 1865, ON H. B. M.'S SHIP THE *Clio*, which took her and her small suite as far as Panama. After crossing the Isthmus on the railway, the royal party boarded a second vessel, the *Tasmanian*, and landed at Southampton on July 13. Mr. Synge, having been appointed by the Foreign Office to act as Emma's escort, at once sent off a telegram to Lady Franklin notifying her of the safe conclusion of the Queen's voyage: "We will come up by 11:35 train tomorrow, Friday. Queen's suite consists of Major Hopkins, Mr. Synge, Rev. W. Hoapili and Mrs. Hoapili and one manservant."¹ Of Major Hopkins—Charles Gordon Hopkins, as he preferred to be known—something needs to be said later. The Reverend William Hoapili and his wife, Kiliwehi, were prominent members of the new Anglican communion in Honolulu—in fact, Bishop Staley had singled out Mr. Hoapili for special favor and ordained him as a deacon, the only representative of his race thus to be distinguished.² The manservant was John Welsh, Canadian. In Honolulu Welsh had lived above the new royal stables with Robert Selfe, the coachman imported from England with the Palace butler.

The arrival of the Hoapilis was a surprise to us [wrote Lady Franklin on July 14, after the advent of the Hawaiians in Kensington Gore], as was also the absence of a maid. The blue room however at the top of the house would do for two as well as one, and as there was no maid the little front bedroom below, intended for her, was now destined for the manservant, and might serve also as a dressing-room for Mr. Hoapili.³

Perhaps it was inevitable that after a separation of four years the renewal of friendship between Emma and the Englishwomen should lack the simplicity of the swift welcome at the Palace in Honolulu. From the moment of reunion a certain air of constraint descended upon the household.

It was Captain Richards alone who escorted Queen Emma to our house [continued Lady Franklin], accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Hoapili. Sophy and I received them in the hall and embraced the poor Queen, who was in tears but not warm or cordial in her manner, for this is not her habit. I took her up almost immediately to her room and apologised for the smallness of my home and the scantness of the accommodation I could offer her. I was answered by a very little tiny laugh but not a single word: I believe she does not know exactly what to say, so says nothing. After a short time she came downstairs to luncheon, and then went back to her room to lie down, attended by Mrs. Hoapili. The latter is a very tall stout woman, probably under thirty, with a very pleasant open countenance, which

would be really handsome were it not for something very like a black moustache (the colour of her hair) on her upper lip, and the flatness and breadth of the lower one; but this is lost when she opens her mouth and shews her two rows of white teeth.⁴

Evidently it was not easy for Lady Franklin to imagine how tired Emma would feel after the voyage, for she was a bit disappointed to find the Queen unequal on this first afternoon to a drive in the carriage and a prompt round of calls. Though it was well past three, Lady Franklin and Hoapili set off at once by themselves, managing to stop at Mr. Gell's,⁵ leave a card at Miss Burdett-Coutts's on the way, and return to Upper Gore Lodge with only a few minutes left over in which to dress for dinner,

. . . had the dinner come upon table when it was ordered, but we had to wait a full hour before Queen Emma came down in spite of repeated applications to know her pleasure as to its being put upon table. Mr. Synge had called to receive her commands, bringing with him his fair Carthusian boy, but he had an appointment at the Foreign Office, which he might still have kept and got some dinner first, had it been in time. The poor man had had nothing to eat, it was said, all day. So that he might not go away empty I ordered some soup, salmon, and roast beef to be taken up to him and his boy in the library, our fashion of having the dishes on the sideboard enabling the mutilation of fish and joint to be perpetrated without much chance of detection.⁶

In a letter of jottings to "My dearest ones" (headed "odds and ends of all dates," though it seems to deal mainly with the events of the first few days after Emma's arrival), Miss Cracroft announced that she found the Queen distinctly altered. Indeed, she writes almost as if the young woman who had so much delighted her and her aunt in Honolulu, that creature "of excellent sense and charming simplicity," who had once told Mr. Wyllie that she would follow Lady Franklin anywhere—"even as a servant"—had never existed or had suddenly vanished into the London air.

Here are a few facts for you all. The Queen arrived at 3:30, escorted from the station by Captain Richards, the two Hoapilis with her. We received her in the inner hall, wearing a hat and crape veil over her face. Of course we kissed her, and as I led her to the sofa she trembled sadly and was glad to be taken to her room. The Hoapilis are pure Hawaiians, very tall and stout—she is an immense woman—he is 6 feet 2, she 5 feet 11—quite dark but not black—the colour set off by a white body to her black gown. Today she is in a white gown with black band; he is dressed

in black. They have *very* nice countenances. The Queen is now quite thin instead of stout, with a very sweet face; but she is disfigured by blotches of pimples which the voyage has produced. . . .

Mr. Synge came before dinner; so did Mr. Cutts; and there was great consultation upon some points of etiquette &c which I cannot enter into. The Queen was tired and evidently has the habit of making no reply when she is uncertain what to say.

On Saturday they were all very late, having been exceedingly tired. The Queen said to me afterwards how very vexed and ashamed she was, adding: "I must ask you to come and awake me at the right time."

I mean to make Hoapili read prayers in the morning, but I shall never wait for them, as the servants must know that they are wanted at a *fixed* hour and set free for their work.

At 11:30 Gell came, with Eleanor and Mary, and engaged Hoapili to assist him in the early communion. Hoapili remarked that he was sure the Queen would wish to go, so I sent to her through Mrs. Hoapili (she was not dressed) and got the answer that she was very sorry but could not go and that she wished to see me presently and explain the reason. This proved to be simply that she has no bonnet! And she told me that they must have a complete outfit. I put a few questions to her and the chief answer I got was: "I want advice." . . .

Immediately after luncheon we went into the garden, all bright in sunshine. By the way, they keep expressing their astonishment at our quiet—they expected to find London frightfully noisy and full of smoke, and they will shortly understand better than is now possible what an exceptional house this is. As it is, they think it lovely, and *everyone* says they will not see any other like it in London.—Well, the Queen saw our mowing machine at work and made the gardener shew it to her and use before her. She is determined to take one back with her. Then she picked up a daisy and asked its name, delighted to see a daisy at last; but it was a very small one and we hunted for a larger. . . .

You can imagine how the day was crammed, filling in the chinks with household details. Vile [the cook] is breaking down and I have had to get a kitchen maid. Just fancy Anne leaving her dustpan and brush by the Queen's chair in library. So I wrapped it in paper and put it on her bed, marked "For Anne," and where it was found. . . .

Mr. Synge again in evening with Richards. . . . The Queen not well with headache and dining in her room. To give you an idea of details: in the morning there were three separate breakfasts at different hours to prepare—dining-room, my Aunt, and Queen Emma's.

Lord Russell has ordered Mr. Synge to provide Queen Emma with a

handsome carriage, horses, coachman, and footman in her own livery (green and gold) to be always at her orders. He has *carte blanche* for cost. This is done to save my Aunt's pocket.

Queen Emma has the portraits of her husband and child at the foot of her bed. *We* think Edward [Lefroy] like that of the child.

I find that her plans and requirements as to dress include widows' caps (which she has always worn)—but the box containing them was left behind by mistake! *We* fancied that she could never have worn them in so hot a climate. She wears widows' collars and cuffs—no lace, only crape. I am going to make a list of all she wants—gowns, bonnet, mantle, gloves, shoes, stockings—she says "everything you can think of." Naturally, she sends to me in any dilemma. Just now a note from a lady wanting to see her and with whom I have made an appointment. I have to keep a book of all plans and engagements.

There is one great charm about the Queen, viz. a sweet voice. They have all low, musical voices, which is a great comfort indeed.⁷

No, it was not a good beginning. "Of a truth, there is a charm in anti-civilisation, or anti-conventionalism," Miss Cracroft had written on the Island of Kauai, "which stay-at-homes in England can never know—though why I say this now is more than I can explain." But now the traveler herself was the stay-at-home, Sophy Cracroft, who must keep cook in good humor and remind Anne to pick up the dustpan in the library. Perhaps a little too conscious of the charms of Upper Gore Lodge, Miss Cracroft began to feel that the Dowager Queen of the Sandwich Islands did not properly appreciate her aunt's hospitality. Almost on the very day of the Queen's arrival, Miss Cracroft had suffered an attack of neuralgia; because she had not been feeling well she had been unable to go down to Southampton. Then, on top of everything else, the arrival of Emma had brought the pair of enormous Hoapilis, but no maid to run up and down stairs and draw the curtains in the morning. No wonder it got to be a problem how to manage an understaffed household and keep expenses down.

No rains shall fresh the flats of sea
Nor close the clayfields' sharded sores,
And every heart think loathingly
Its dearest changed to bores. . . .

Everyone said that the summer of 1865, like the summer of 1864, was one of the driest in years.



Miss Cracroft's "odds and ends" are sometimes more interesting for what they hint than for what they explain. Thus she notes that "Mr. Syngé came before dinner; so did Mr. Cutts; and there was great consultation about some points of etiquette &c which I cannot enter into." To form an idea of some of these perplexities one could hardly do better than turn to Queen Emma's relations with her two advisers, W. W. Follett Syngé, the British commissioner, and Charles Hopkins, the Queen's aide-de-camp and private secretary. Follett Syngé was a very good friend of Trollope and Thackeray. Charles Hopkins was a younger brother of Manley Hopkins, the historian of Hawaii. He was therefore an uncle (the "Uncle Charles" mentioned in *The Note-Books and Papers of Gerard Manley Hopkins*) of Manley's eldest son, the gifted Oxonian and pupil of Jowett and Pater, who in 1866 was received by Dr. Newman into the Roman Catholic Church. Though posterity has shown little interest in Syngé, and somewhat less in Charles Hopkins, their interconnected careers cannot be ignored in an account of Queen Emma's visit to England.

The distrust with which these two members of the Queen's suite now regarded one another had not always existed. When they had first met in London in 1861 and 1862, when Charles was visiting his family in England, they had been on the best of terms. But later, when their paths crossed again in 1863, after Syngé had arrived in Hawaii as British commissioner, good fellowship turned to suspicion and disdain. Their jealousies increased when Mr. Wyllie took a leave of absence because of illness and turned over his portfolio to Charles Hopkins, who served briefly in Wyllie's place as acting minister of foreign affairs. Now, within forty-eight hours after Queen Emma had landed in England, the Hopkins-Syngé rivalry flared up again. The difficulty began when Mr. Syngé, attempting to force an issue, tried to persuade Queen Emma to dispense with Mr. Hopkins and elect himself as her impresario during her English tour.

With good reason Queen Emma turned a deaf ear to Mr. Syngé's proposal. At her personal request Kamehameha V had appointed Charles Gordon Hopkins (1822-1886) to be her secretary and aide during her travels. It was in several respects a very good choice. Although a naturalized citizen of the Hawaiian Kingdom, Charles Hopkins was by birth and background a thorough Englishman. His father, Martin Edward Hopkins, had been a London broker and India merchant. His widowed mother, Ann Manley Hopkins, was descended from an ancient Devonshire family, yeomen farmers originally, the Manleys of East and West Manley, who had owned and farmed their small freehold near Tiverton since the thirteenth

century. For several generations, as far back as Charles's great-grandfather, the Hopkinses had followed commercial occupations connected with the sea—fishing, shipping, marine brokerage. Having prospered and risen in the world during the expansive Napoleonic decades, they had also acquired a motto and crest: "*Esse quam videri*"—"To be, rather than seem to be."

Upon the death of Martin Edward Hopkins in 1836, his eldest son, though only fifteen, left school to become head of the family. Within ten years Manley Hopkins had established a business, married, and acquired some reputation as a successful average adjuster and expert in marine insurance. In addition to his commercial activities which he conducted in his office at 59 Cornhill Street near the Royal Exchange, he made occasional forays into the world of London journalism—in fact, he had published in *The Times* one or two unsigned, and not entirely favorable, reviews of the poetry of Tennyson. In 1856 Kamehameha IV appointed this talented businessman, with his useful connections in Fleet Street, to the post of consul general of the Hawaiian Kingdom. Meanwhile, a second brother, Edward Martin, Charles's senior by a year or two, had embarked on his career as private secretary to George Simpson, Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company in Canada. By the 1860s Edward had risen in the ranks of the Company from the post of clerk to that of chief factor in the station at Montreal. Marsland, the last and youngest of the brothers Hopkins, had taken his degree at Cambridge and entered holy orders; at the time of his early death in 1862 he was perpetual curate of St. Saviour's Church, Paddington.

The career of Charles Hopkins as an official of the Hawaiian Government began in February, 1845, with his arrival at Oahu on the Hudson's Bay Company packet the *Nepaul*. He was then twenty-two. Along with an imperfect knowledge of shorthand (the skill, born of necessity, came later), he brought with him indefinite literary urges and a youthful hope of serving humanity. In London he had listened while his brother, Simpson's secretary, told tales of the life in the Islands and the new-style native government just getting under way there with the help of foreign councillors. For in 1842, when he himself had been twenty-two, Edward Martin Hopkins had accompanied his chief as far as the Sandwich Islands on the first lap of Simpson's notable journey round the world. Indeed, it was Sir George Simpson (he had been knighted on his return from the whirlwind journey) who had originally recommended his secretary's younger brother for a post in the government of Kamehameha III.

The principal object of my now writing [Simpson had informed William Richards, Kamehameha III's special diplomatic envoy in London] is to recommend to your particular notice Mr. Charles Hopkins of London, a very fine young man, brother of Mr. Hopkins my Secretary with whom you are acquainted. The latter has painted everything connected with the Sandwich Islands in such glowing colors that his younger brother has for a length of time been anxious to proceed thither in any capacity in which he may be useful to the Royal Family or Government. He is well educated and writes with great facility, indeed qualified to write for the press, and is altogether a young man of very excellent abilities, exceedingly amiable, well disposed and steady and correct in his habits. His connections are highly respectable, he has been well brought up, and is altogether such a man as I think would become a valuable acquisition to your staff. The matter of salary would in the first instance be of secondary consideration; but both himself and brother are exceedingly anxious that you should take him under your wing, and in so doing and rendering him your kind offices, I shall feel deeply and personally obliged.⁸

On February 28, 1844, after he had duly considered Simpson's recommendation, William Richards wrote to his colleague in Honolulu, Dr. Judd.

I have received a letter from Sir George Simpson which I enclose herewith. I have formed considerable acquaintance with Mr. Hopkins who is the subject of the letter. I am much pleased with the man, and charmed with the family. He is amiable and incapable of guile. I have told him that I can offer him no encouragement of anything more than a mere support, and told him how much I have for myself and family. Considering that Sir George recommended him, I could not do less than receive him on the terms I have. He will either accompany me or go out in the company's ship next fall. He can be of immense aid to you or me in times of press of business, for he writes shorthand with facility and can act as *official reporter* on public occasions—take down dictation in shorthand, copy it out at leisure, etc. etc. He can be trained to any kind of government business but it must not be a mere clerkship—Master of Customs & Finance *paha* [perhaps] eventually.⁹

Considering his excellent connections and other advantages, no one in Honolulu was altogether surprised when young Mr. Hopkins of London arrived on the Hudson's Bay Company packet, together with the usual variety of British imports, the adzes and clay pipes and Wellington boots and bleached huckabuck and striped regatta. Within a few months of his arrival, Charles Hopkins had become a familiar fixture of the town's small

foreign community. Because of his undeniable youth and lack of experience, his first assignment was a sort of clerkship, though it was never spoken of as such, in the office of Governor Kekuanaoa.

"I do not think any employment could so entirely please me as that which I hope through your influence to obtain," Charles Hopkins had written in London, thanking Sir George Simpson for his letter. "Indeed if I should be so fortunate as to procure it, it will seem very much like the realisation of a day-dream."¹⁰ During the next two decades Charles Hopkins's Hawaiian fortunes fluctuated now up and now down. That he became over the years a good deal of an expert in matters Hawaiian there can be no slightest doubt. Within a few months of his arrival he had achieved a rudimentary knowledge of the language; after two or three years his mastery of the native tongue was complete. By 1849, when he had served a term or two as police magistrate for civil causes under \$100, his familiarity with the everyday life of the Hawaiian people, their pleasures and passions and many sorrows, was both extensive and minute. For the first six months of 1849, he served as editor pro tem of the *Polynesian*, the official newspaper of the government, established originally by James Jackson Jarves. "We like good nature or what the French better express by the term *bon-homie*, even in a newspaper, so long as the thing is possible," Charles Gordon Hopkins wrote in one of his early blithe articles. On another occasion, in his philanthropic vein, he tried to persuade his readers to raise a fund for the establishment of a free public hospital for natives: "Hath not a native eyes? Hath not a native hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, *subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means*, warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter, as a foreigner is? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? . . . We are not in a position to do all we could wish, but, to make a beginning, we will subscribe, in the first place, for \$100.—Who will follow the lead?"¹¹ But despite all its eloquence the proposal fell absolutely flat. It would take ten years to lay the groundwork for a Hawaiian hospital.

On February 3 Charles Hopkins set forth his views on how to restore the stamina of the Hawaiian race. The general idea was by no means original, but his words seem to carry a ring of private conviction.

There is nothing utterly repulsive to us in the idea of the pure-blooded natives becoming few as compared with the half-whites, and the half-whites in their turn being ultimately exceeded in number by the quarter-whites,

and so tapering on to that point where the distinction between the races would eventually cease; but it is repugnant to every feeling of ours to imagine that the Hawaiians are to be seen in numbers for one or two generations and then missed suddenly and entirely. . . . And we fancy we discover a still more decided preference in favor of those who have married daughters of the soil, helped into existence sundry sturdy little half-whites, destined inheritors of their honesty, their propensity to labor. . . . These are the men to encourage.

On May 12 he published his farewell article, "perhaps the last opportunity we may have of aspiring in print," setting forth his belief that under a system of constitutional monarchy the exercise of the royal prerogative should be cautious and seldom: ". . . that the idea might be forever discharged from the mind of his councillors and advisers of its being necessary on almost every occasion to exhibit the full powers our King possesses of his own prerogative and by treaty stipulations. These matters are pretty well understood."

Many years after Charles Hopkins wrote this declaration of principle, his friend Kamehameha V in 1864 handed down to his people a new constitution by royal fiat. Instead of resigning from the cabinet, as perhaps he ought to have done, since he disapproved of the King's highhanded procedure, Charles Hopkins absented himself from the constitutional debates and retired to his ranch at Kahuku—to recover, according to the newspapers, from nervous prostration. His conduct on this occasion cannot be described as courageous, but he does not appear to have compromised easily his old views concerning the wisdom of restraint in the King's exercise of his power.

In 1851, as his next post after his temporary association with the *Polynesian*, Charles Hopkins became Kamehameha III's "Agent for the disposition of His Majesty's lands." During the early 1850s he lived virtually as a member of the royal household. Meanwhile, he had been named by the King as an "honorary member" of his privy council; in the columns of the *Polynesian* he was sometimes referred to as the King's private secretary. In 1851 he joined a group of his fellow countrymen to organize "The Mess," a dining and drinking club which later changed its name to the British Club. During the same convivial period he began to play a very active part in the affairs of the Royal Hawaiian Agricultural Society, for in 1850 and 1851 he first acquired extensive tracts of grazing land along the coastal plain of windward Oahu. His very beautiful but heavily mortgaged stock

and sheep ranch at Kahuku was formed of the ancient Crown lands and *ahupua'as* (wedge-shaped divisions of land extending from the shore inland to the valleys and mountains) of Malaekahana, Kahuku, and Kawela.

As agent for the rental and sale of the Crown lands, he could sometimes be found in his office in the Palace. However, his duties as the King's secretary and as collector of the private revenues of the Crown required him frequently to travel, from island to island and district to district, until he must have covered most of the habitable portions of the realm. There is an old story (preserved by members of the Hopkins family in England) that Kauikeaouli preferred to call him Charles, instead of addressing him by his Hawaiian name of "Hopekini"; but whether as Charles or Mr. Hopkins or Hopekini, he plainly preferred the company of his Hawaiian friends and of Hawaiian *ali'i* to that of most *haoles*—especially *haoles* who were Americans and of the missionary connection. Robert Elwes, a lighthearted Englishman who visited Hawaii during the summer of 1849, later published a book of reminiscences, *A Sketcher's Tour Round the World*, in which he tells of an evening he spent at Kailua on the Kona Coast with two young companions, who shared his excellent Spanish cigars and drank the rum he had brought with him from South America on Captain Rodney Eden's frigate the *Amphitrite*. "Whilst we were there one evening the King [Kamehameha III] came in, sat down with us, took a cigar and glass of grog, and conversed with us for some time. He told us of the way the people used to work formerly, the prowess of the warriors, and their skill in swimming, fighting, and killing the shark in the surf, and seemed rather to lament good old times."¹² The two other listeners on this hazy elegiac occasion were Charles Hopkins and Prince Alexander Liholiho, then a youth of fifteen.

Charles Hopkins's taste for the native society did his reputation no good in a community where life was dull and gossip flourished like the pandanus tree. Certainly it did not escape notice that he lived in semi-Hawaiian style, usually at one of the various old royal establishments near the Palace. At Huehue ("growing-thickly-like-luxuriant-vines"), a house adjacent to the Palace grounds but closer to the harbor and the shore, he lived for a while during the 1860s in what must have been a kind of combined beach cottage and museum of Hawaiian antiquities; for at Huehue were stored some of the abandoned old-style or simply played-out possessions of the Kamehamehas—conch shells, whalebone shark hooks, a bundle of carved tabu sticks, spitboxes ornamented with human teeth, and two dilapidated accordions—all in a room "*mauka* the verandah," so runs an official inven-

tory. Disapproval of the manner in which Charles Hopkins managed his private life was not confined to Americans and the brethren only. Varigny, the French consul in Hawaii during the early 1860s and foreign minister after the death of Wyllie, reflected the prevalent view of Charles Hopkins: "*Orateur à ses heures, populaire parmi les indigènes dont il parlait admirablement la langue et dont il avait adopté les moeurs et le mode de vie, tenu en assez médiocre estime comme homme politique par la population blanche . . .*"¹³

Did Charles Hopkins ever think of himself as a successor and heir of old John Young and Isaac Davis? Did he perhaps picture himself as the counterpart, sixty years after, of those two primordial Englishmen who became chiefs and ended their days as advisers to a Kamehameha? Just how he conceived of himself we shall never entirely know, for he kept no journal and long ago his private correspondence with his brother Manley and his family in England was lost or destroyed. Yet it is possible to piece together a few shards of his forgotten story.

In 1855 he was appointed for the second time to the editorship of the *Polynesian*. This was after the accession to the throne of Alexander Liholiho, and he continued in this office for the next five years. Though the *Polynesian* editorship was partly a sinecure, for the duties were neither heavy nor confining, the position was not without its special hazards. Inevitably the editor of the *Polynesian*, as Jarves had learned, became a whipping boy for anyone with a grudge against the government. Furthermore, Charles Hopkins's style of writing, full of the locutions of his London upbringing and various un-Yankee turns and graces, was bound to irritate Jonathan, especially when the editor's tone became satirical. An account of the British Club is a specimen of Charles Hopkins's easy offensive manner.

The British Club is then the old original club, its members belonging to, though making a small part only of, the Englishmen in town. Having a natural antipathy to dinners eaten as the Israelites scrambled through their passover, without loosing their girdles, taking off their shoes, or perhaps even brushing their hair, but hastily picking their lamb to the very bone, they started an establishment of their own. Here in the cool of the day they dine together at such speed as pleases them, and interchange freely, sometimes provokingly, their opinions of one another, and of outsiders and books and things in general. The use of the unassorted words that pass current among them sometimes leads to a misunderstanding, and report says that angry looks have been seen to fly across the table. They are hos-

pitiable withal, and glad to entertain their friends, whatever country they belong to. The bulldog propensity is unsubdued in them, and we, who belong to no club, have been informed that it is appalling to see and hear the pack fall foul of some pretending puppy or rend a would-be lady of her veil. Their instinctive dish is roast beef underdone.¹⁴

During Charles Hopkins's tenure as editor of the *Polynesian*, scarcely a week passed without its skirmish with the Israelites. Thus, when the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions canceled its subscriptions to the *Polynesian*, the agents of the Board in Honolulu appeared in the government newspaper as "sizzars at Cambridge and servitors at Oxford," because of their craven submission to instructions from Boston. The withdrawal of the subscriptions preceded by a few months the establishment of a rival newspaper, the *Pacific Commercial Advertiser*, whose editor was the scion of an old missionary family and whose views and policies ordinarily clashed with those advocated in the *Polynesian*. "Had their fold not been so high," Charles Hopkins wrote, bidding adieu to his recent subscribers, "it is possible that now and then a stray sheep browsing on the outer plain would have mingled with their flock, and, going out with them, have learned and remembered how pleasant it is to lie down in their green pastures, and stand beside their still waters. We would not willingly have missed them, but being gone, we hope they may find a paper more worthy of them."¹⁵

Sometimes the editor of the *Polynesian* turned his attention to the tribal views on "morality," which he believed to be inappropriate to what he called the "natural history" of Hawaii: "A similar miscalculation has prevailed for the greater part of half a century. Dwelling houses have all along been erected for families to steam in, in the twenty-first degree latitude, because the proprietors, accustomed to such in New England, did not remember that the aged and departing year on Oahu is never crowned with snows; that a yule log in Honolulu would be unendurable. From an error which affects us commercially, legislatively, and physically we could hardly expect the moral world to be exempt. But no more of that."¹⁶

In 1857 he returned to the old idea of the hospital. But now the campaign was proceeding more promisingly under the earnest sponsorship of Kamehameha IV and Queen Emma, while several prominent medical men had also stepped forward to lend their scientific support. Whether or not Charles Hopkins hastened the establishment of the Queen's Hospital by his repeated pricking of the conscience of the community would be hard

to say. Nevertheless, as the companion of Alexander and Emma, he may well have helped to bend their thinking along humanitarian lines.

Discarding all ideas of making long, kangaroo leaps towards the immaculate state of society which has been the dream of the moralist and the legislator's Utopia [he verbosely began, in one of his reflective articles] let us look at our community as it actually is. That it is behind-hand, we all know, and therefore it is that social customs which might in countries more elevated than our own be below the standard of morals and manners may here be to a singular extent above it. Our moralists are too oligarchical; themselves must rule, and for themselves and those immediately dependent upon them. We are too apt to consider that Honolulu is Hawaii, and a section of the foreign population Honolulu. Who ever heard of a community that legislated only for its model members, and looked upon all who fell short of the standard as helpless cases, fit only to be driven out into dark corners like wolves and wild Indians? Let us have sanitary regulations—a hospital to begin with, and let us pray God for bowels of compassion. If we chase out these unfortunates, or if you will, these vicious and degraded women, and pen them up in lairs, we must not at all events let them die there for want of medical aid. . . . As a small nation with a sparse population, we cannot afford this. . . . This is no time to be flirting with theories, or shielding ourselves behind a text or two of scripture. The people are ignorant, and they are dying.¹⁷

In the spring of 1858 Charles Hopkins accompanied Kamehameha IV and a small party, including the King's physician, Dr. Robert McKibbin, on a royal progress to Maui and Hawaii. During his absence from Honolulu, the editor kept in touch with his newspaper by contributing a half dozen sketches of life on the outer islands.

A party of us walking about saw at the door of a house [he wrote from Hilo] a victim of syphilis in the shape of a girl, who the Doctor said would die before long if not attended to, adding at the same time that she was just one of those cases that with proper care would recover in a very short time, for, as I said before, he considers the Hawaiians easiest of all people to cure of diseases of that class. It was proposed to her to take foreign medicine, and she said she would if her mother approved of it, but her mother did not approve of it. She was given till next morning to reconsider her decision, but she remained firm, and for anything I know her daughter is buried among the coffee trees before this. I have only space to remark that we can't afford to have young people dying off like this.¹⁸

In the year 1860, after the opening of the Queen's Hospital, the *Polynesian* strongly supported a law regulating prostitution and providing free treatment for venereal disease. Charles Hopkins, being a member of the House of Nobles as well as editor of the *Polynesian*, was commonly believed to have guided the so-called "Act to Mitigate" through the Legislature. Whatever may have been his part in the drafting or passage of the measure, he was held directly responsible and attacked by anonymous letter writers in the columns of the *Pacific Commercial Advertiser*. Clearly his term as editor of the *Polynesian* was drawing to its close.

The Editor of the Government Prostitution Organ [wrote one of his enemies in the *Pacific Commercial Advertiser*], intoxicated with his success in lobbying through the Lower House a bill patronising lust and insuring a class for whom he seems to have a particular affection, fairly bursts with exultation while overflowing with bitterness against all who have had the manliness to oppose this act. . . . The inevitable tendency of the law, if not its avowed purpose, is to make open prostitution *safe* and *lawful*. . . . Instead of driving the guilty perpetrators of such shameless deeds into the dark and making it a base and disreputable thing to live by their vices, it organises them into a sisterhood, establishes them as a public institution, gives them a free charter to violate the laws of common decency. . . . Is this man so far behind the age as not to have discovered that there is a moral tone in this community too powerful to be despised, too steadfast to be tampered with, and too respectable to be insulted by anything that that paper can say about it? . . . We cannot expect, then, that *any man* of family, that any respecter of Bible morality, that any avowed friend of public virtue, should hesitate as to which side in this controversy he will take. We have a firm hope that the influence of the Roman Catholic Church, which has ever been on the side of virtue, and which holds marriage to be a sacrament, and any violation of the law of chastity to be a crime, will be held in favor of a Bible morality, as the only safe standard of public virtue. . . . The only sect that will be pleased by the success of this measure is the *sect of the Sodomites*. *Heaven help us when their creed becomes the state religion*. . . .

What Burke once said of a corrupt official, we can say of this avowed champion of vice—"I feel bound in common with every good citizen to honour the King, but I do not feel bound and I cannot be bound to honour his man-servant and his maid-servant, his ox and his *ass*." Were we the bitter enemies of the Hawaiian Government and of the Hawaiian people, no part of our taxes should we pay so unwillingly as that portion which

is expended in sustaining a paper so damaging to the fair name of the one and so damning to the perpetuity of the other.

Yours, for public virtue,
(?)¹⁹

Not long after the anonymous moralist's attack—and there were other letters not less upsetting, one or two alluding to the bachelor editor of the *Polynesian* as a "family man"—Charles Gordon Hopkins resigned as director of the government press. In 1861, while Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft were touring the Hawaiian Islands, he spent some months at home in England, on his first visit to his family after an absence of sixteen years. Upon his return to Hawaii, he served for a short period in the summer and autumn of 1863 in place of Wyllie as minister of foreign affairs. Still later, after the accession of Kamehameha V, he held office briefly and rather ineffectually as minister of finance and minister of the interior, before he resigned in order to serve as Queen Emma's aide during her travels. Whatever his faults as a politician and bureaucrat (Varigny could find nothing really good to say except that his fluency in the native language was admirable), there can be little doubt that he was completely informed on all matters relating to the Kingdom.

Of course, what counted most in his favor with Queen Emma was that for many years Charles Hopkins had been an intimate of Alexander Liholiho. In the summer of 1849, when the Prince was fifteen but grown to man's estate and Charles was twenty-seven, the friends shared a long-remembered vacation on the Island of Hawaii, where they explored the volcanic region of Mauna Kea, slept at night wrapped in their ponchos, found shelter from wind and rain in the caves that abound in that beautiful but desolate locality. When Alexander and Lot visited London later in the same and the following year, they had been taken by Dr. Judd to meet all the Hopkinses at Stratford in Essex. There the Hawaiian youths were presented to Charles's mother, and there they had met Manley Hopkins and Mrs. Manley and Charles's sister Ann and young Marsland and Marsland's fiancée—Miss Beechey, a daughter of Admiral Beechey—and there "we dined at a very sumptuous dinner, a la Angleterre," Alexander Liholiho wrote in his London journal. "After the ladies had retired we spent some time in conversation and sipping coffee. We then joined the ladies in the Drawing Room. The conversation turned alternately on the Islands, and on Hopkins not writing &c."²⁰

But Charles did write, once at least, to "Messrs. Lot and Alexander,

London," while the princes were on their grand tour. His letter, full of Honolulu gossip and such jokes and bits of news as would appeal to young bachelors, has survived. A reference to the Royal Hawaiian Theatre recalls the fact that Charles Hopkins was one of the founders of that pioneer institution, in which he once appeared in a production of *She Stoops to Conquer*, in a leading feminine role under the stage name of "Mrs. Bland." The "Ruth" of the letter was the Princess Ruth Keelikolani. John Ii was at this period a native steward in the Chiefs' Children's School. "Poor old Pitt" was Billy Pitt, or Kalanimoku, who had been chief councillor and prime minister of Kamehameha the Great. "The Bishop" was C. R. Bishop, who married the rich young chiefess Bernice Pauahi; he was not, therefore, Louis Désiré Maigret, who became Vicar Apostolic of the Sandwich Islands in 1846, under the title of Bishop of Arathia. "Buff," who like Hopkins had hoped to profit from the Maui potato crop, was possibly young William Lunalilo, who in 1872 became King Lunalilo. Most of the other persons mentioned in the letter are forgotten nonentities.

Honolulu 13th January 1850

E na aikane aloha, e! [Beloved friends!]

Thank you my boys for your kind letters which you know must interest your old friend. I wonder where you are by this time and how you like travelling.

Things here are 'all same—like *pa*,' only I'm more lonely, and don't ride half so much as I used to do when you were here. Things go on very smoothly, however; sometimes the Old Man breakfasts with us and sometimes he doesn't. *Comprenez-vous?* The Queen has been troubled with asthma now and then, and John Young is sick at present. Ruth and John Ii are gone to Hawaii to do something with the property of poor old Pitt—God help his memory!

In the school I am told everything goes on as usual. The Bishop (not of Arathia) is a constant visitor and finds much favor from a certain young lady and still more from her guardians. The little gentleman appears to have fallen in with an English translation of Ovid's *Art of Love* and to retail it out in small doses to the most favored and favorite pupil. Her father and mother and adopted father, however, are death on the match, and withhold their consent in toto. Should she marry I think she would not come in for a shilling at their death, and although her husband would no doubt think her very nice even without horses and lands, I imagine he would think her nicer with them. *Ka kou wa le no* ["Keep it between ourselves"], remember?

The potato business would have paid well, if there had been any potatoes. I immediately consulted Buff on the subject but it was no go. Too many people on the lookout for the potato fleet as it came round Diamond Head. The people of Kula in Maui are all in a fever—buying lands—planting them—and while waiting for their potatoes to ripen they are ready to eat off one another's heads.

I have sent Hoopii into Manoa to pick up flesh. We have got a first-rate breaker here—an Irishman called Crowe. All the world's agog to get colts for him to train. I expect the Spanish fashion of breaking will be out of date before you come back. Buff and all your boys are right as trivets. Lucia ditto; married life seems to agree with her. When we spent the last night at Koi's we little thought how soon the worms would have him. Kahouu and Capt Makee (Nakee ["Crooked"]) are gone too—that makes three out of the party that went to Hawaii.

Plenty of people in town from California and elsewhere, no house room for them. Sometimes the theatre is so full we are obliged to turn people back—can't help it. Young Whiting's as deaf as a post. Peacock who was made foreman for a time decamped from the Poly. Office with a little more than belonged to him. Baker the Sheriff amused himself one evening by firing pistols at his own constables and then put an end to his own official life by resigning his commission.

Nothing new—plenty of coughing—ditto rain—want to see you back—look upon my friends as yours—write often.

Give my very kind remembrance to Mr. Judd who I hope is quite well and likely to be successful.

Goodbye old friends till I write again. *'Oia mau no ke aloha.*

So says,

CHARLES G. HOPKINS²¹

'Oia mau no ke aloha: Affection still abides. During the first years after the young King's marriage Charles continued as of old to be his boon companion. In the aftermath of the shooting of Neilson, Kamehameha IV turned for counsel to his *aikane*; of Charles's feelings at the time we know exactly nothing. When all circumstances are considered, Queen Emma's regard for Charles Hopkins seems understandable. He was not a devout man and possessed none of the unction of his brother Manley; but in a strict enough sense he had served the life of the land.



William Webb Follett Synge (1826–1891) was a son of the Reverend Robert Synge, a member of the distinguished Anglo-Irish family whose history runs to two and one-half columns in *Burke's Peerage and Baronetage*. On his mother's side he was a Follett, and his given name suggests that his parents may have wished to strengthen his claims upon his eminent uncle, William Webb Follett, a very rich Tory lawyer who became Attorney General and left a fortune in excess of £150,000. *The Dictionary of National Biography* notes that Follett Synge, having been educated "almost entirely abroad," entered the Foreign Service when only twenty; he was attached to the British Legation in Washington from 1851 to 1853. In Washington he married Henrietta Wrainwright, the daughter of Robert Dewar Wrainwright, a colonel in the United States Marine Corps. "My English acquaintance Mr. Synge has married a charming young creature a great deal too good for him," wrote Thackeray from the United States on February 24, 1853, to his friend Mrs. Baxter. "I pity her for the life she is going to lead in our country, her husband away from home all day, and she with scarce enough money to buy enough mutton chops."²²

Later letters show that Thackeray took a continuing and very practical interest in the young couple, particularly in Mrs. Synge, whom at the time of her engagement Thackeray declared he had fondly loved for fifteen years. In London, during the later 1850s, he generously lent the Synges his house and staff when he went abroad, and on occasion he placed his two daughters in Mrs. Synge's care. One of the five Synge children was Thackeray's namesake and godson; but the eldest, Robert Follett, very probably had already established a claim on Thackeray's affections. In 1860, when Robert was seven years old, Thackeray wrote to an unidentified "My Lord" asking for his assistance in getting the boy admitted as a Foundation Scholar at Charterhouse. A little later, in "Round About the Christmas Tree," young Robert makes his appearance in one of Thackeray's annual sketches. Rechristened "Bobby Miseltow," the boy and his towering middle-aged companion complete to their mutual satisfaction a dizzying week-long round of festivities—two pantomimes, the usual pudding and pie, a superior punch (bottle of rum, bottle of Madeira, half bottle of brandy, two and a half bottles of water, a concoction which Bobby was allowed to partake of and heartily approved), and a brisk drive into the country past the ice skating on the ponds near Dulwich and to the Palace of Delights.

One glorious, one delightful, one most unlucky and pleasant day we drove in a brougham, with a famous horse, which carried us more quickly

and briskly than any of your vulgar railways, over Battersea Bridge, on which the horse's hoofs ran as if it had been iron; through suburban villages, plum-caked with snow; under a leaden sky, in which the sun hung like a red-hot warming pan; by pond after pond, where not only men and boys, but scores after scores of women and girls, were sliding and roaring, and clapping their lean old sides with laughter, as they tumbled down, and their hob-nailed shoes flew up in the air; the air frosty, with a lilac haze, through which villas, and commons, and churches, and plantations glimmered. We drive up the hill, Bob and I; we make the last two miles in eleven minutes . . .

Finally, on the eleventh day after Christmas, the gala week drew to its end.

The tree yet sparkles, I say. I am writing on the day before Twelfth Day, if you must know; but already ever so many of the fruits have been pulled, and the Christmas lights have gone out. Bobby Miseltow, who has been staying with us for a week (and who has been sleeping mysteriously in the bathroom), comes to say he is going away to spend the rest of his holidays with his grandmother—and I brush away the manly tear of regret as I part with the dear child. “Well, Bob, good-bye, since you *will* go. Compliments to grandmama. Thank her for the turkey. Here's——” (*A slight pecuniary transaction takes place at this juncture, and Bob nods and winks, and puts his hand in his waistcoat pocket.*) “You have had a pleasant week?”

BOB. “Haven't I?” (*And exit, anxious to know the amount of coin which has just changed hands.*)

As it turned out, the young Christmas visitor did not enter Charterhouse until 1865. Instead, he spent the year 1863–1864 with his family in Honolulu. Then, in September 1864, he was dispatched back to England on the barque *Eldridge*, carrying in his pocket a letter from Mr. Wyllie, recommending Bobby Miseltow to the attention of Lady Franklin. In a separate communication to Lady Franklin, Mr. Wyllie set down some seasoned reflections.

In the same vessel in which you and Miss Cracroft first thought of taking your passages to Honolulu and Japan—now one of our regular packets—embarks my young friend Master Robert Syngé on his way to San Francisco and London. Yesterday I gave him an open letter to your Ladyship, believing that a little notice from you will have that encouraging and wholesome effect, in a moral sense, which kind notice of superiors always has upon the impressible hearts of young people.

I well remember when I was of baby age (about 11 years) how proud I was of the notice of the Rev. Thomas Brisbane of my native parish, of that of other clergymen and persons of distinction the friends of my father, and what effect such notices had in stimulating my exertions to hard study and otherwise to deserve them. Hitherto not one bad principle or propensity has discovered itself in my young friend: but the susceptibility of youth is very great—his temptations as he grows up will not be the fewer or the less that he promises to be singularly good looking; and in the absence of his parents, I know of no one whose mild counsels would have a more counteracting and restraining influence than those of your Ladyship.

If Earl Russell should grant leave of absence to Mr. Synge, and all opposition to a proper provision for the Queen's intended visit to your Ladyship should be overcome, it is likely that Mr. Synge will soon follow his son to London.²³

In Thackeray's letters, William Webb Follett Synge is "good old Synge." While Synge was traveling as a member of Sir William Gore Ouseley's mission to South America in 1858, to which he had been assigned as an assistant clerk, he also met and became friendly with Anthony Trollope, who was then on a visit of inspection to "cleanse the Augean stables" of the British postal system in the West Indies and Central America. Both of Synge's distinguished friends assisted him in obtaining literary employments in London to supplement his income. They also rendered him direct financial aid in the form of large and small loans. Trollope writes in January, 1864, after the death of Thackeray: "Synge, who is now consul at Honolulu, borrowed before he went in May, 1862, £900 from Thackeray and £900 from me." Arrangements had been made by Synge for repayment in alternate quarters to each friend, but after the first two quarters payments apparently ceased until after the death of Synge's father. Though the elder Synge left a substantial legacy, Thackeray and Trollope received only £400 each; there is no public record of any final settlement. Clearly, like Charles Hopkins, Synge had his own financial troubles.

One further anecdote reveals a curious unpredictable streak in Follett Synge. Charles Lever, the Irish novelist, tells of a dinner at Thackeray's house, "probably in 1856 or 1857," at which Synge left the table to send Thackeray a challenge—"the most absurd incident I ever witnessed," as Lever remembered it.

Earl Russell had instructed Follett Synge as a representative of the Foreign Office to accompany Queen Emma on her voyage from Hawaii to England. For this reason he was able to return to his native land and

there look into the progress of his eldest son; and for the same reason he now found himself compelled to see more of Charles Hopkins than he would have chosen. In Honolulu, so the gossip ran, a youngster of Charles Hopkins's—or was it two?—just about Bobby's age, but born out of wedlock, was learning to accustom himself to the prospects and promises offered to natives and “half-castes” in the common schools of Honolulu and Lahaina. On arriving in England Follett Synge had no reason to think that the world was treating him badly. It is certain that Charles Hopkins, plagued by old memories and his acres of mortgaged *ahupua'as* (a writer in the *Pacific Commercial Advertiser* once dubbed him “the Duke of Kahuku”), spent many a sleepless night during this summer of painful homecoming.



No sooner had the Foreign Office ordered Mr. Synge to serve as the Queen's escort during her voyage than the technical question arose in Honolulu as to the character of Synge's duties once he had deposited the Queen at Southampton. This problem certainly had not been ignored by Mr. Wyllie. In a “Book of Instructions to Queen Emma,” prepared by Mr. Wyllie as a handy reference and diplomatic *vade mecum* for the use of Emma during her travels, he set forth his own views concerning the scope of Mr. Synge's responsibilities.

Mr. Synge, as H. B. M.'s representative under the order of Earl Russell, will conduct you to Southampton with the greatest care and respect. But when you land at Southampton, his responsibility as I understand it will end.²⁴

When Mr. Wyllie wrote these words he apparently hoped that on her arrival in England Emma might find herself welcomed, not merely as the friend of Lady Franklin, but as the guest of Queen Victoria. Indeed, if Emma's return to the land of her English forebears should lead to that happy outcome, then all earlier plans and arrangements would be canceled automatically, or so Mr. Wyllie fondly imagined: the Queen could depend on the good sense of Mr. Hopkins and the *savoir faire* of Lady Franklin.

No. 5. It is possible that in consequence of my telegram of 29th April to Earl Russell and to Lady Franklin, when you arrive at Southampton, Queen Victoria may have arranged for your reception by some Lady and

Officer of her own Court, out of respect to Your Majesty and under a sense of her own duty as the Godmother of the late young Prince Albert Edward, it may be her pleasure that while in London Your Majesty should be her guest, and not the guest of Lady Franklin. If so Lady Franklin will at once acquiesce, for she knows well that to be the guest of the Queen of England is a higher Honour than to be her own guest.

No. 6. . . . It would be a high offense to Queen Victoria for you to disregard any arrangements she, in her benevolence, may have ordered for Your Majesty. Mr. Hopkins, who goes with you, in this matter I have no doubt will advise you right, and so will Lady Franklin if there to receive you.²⁵

In drawing up his "Book of Instructions," Mr. Wyllie must have failed to get in touch with Mr. Synge about important details. A succession of episodes during the first few days after Emma's arrival (those "points of etiquette" which Miss Cracroft had avoided in her letter) show how wrong Mr. Wyllie had been in assuming that Mr. Synge would step aside and quietly withdraw as the Queen's escort once the *Tasmanian* had reached port. Lady Franklin's role in this early embroilment is described in her Journal under the date of Saturday, July 15. The occasion was a crowded tea party at Upper Gore Lodge, and the scene shifts back and forth between the drawing-room and the dining-room.

It was while the drawing-room was pretty well filled with people that Mr. Synge intimated to me that he wished to speak to me apart, and I walked with him into the dining-room. What he had to say was the unpleasant and embarrassing position in which he was placed by the Queen's conduct towards him. If he was of no use to the Queen, and she preferred placing her confidence in Mr. Hopkins, whom she had made her aide-de-camp and appeared to regard as her agent and protector, he had nothing to do but to take his leave of Queen Emma and might return whenever he pleased to the Islands: he has escorted Queen Emma to England by command of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, but if Queen Emma desired that there his functions should end, she had nothing to do but say so, and then he would know what answer to give; but he must know at once what position he was in, for he was going to the Foreign Office and would have the question put to him.

He insisted that he must see the Queen directly; so I had to go back into the drawing-room, where I found her seated by the side of Mrs. Cutts, having graciously crossed the room of her own accord to place herself in this position. As soon as she was seated, he placed himself in a chair opposite to her and began saying almost the same words he had said to me: that

he was going to the Foreign Office and must have an answer to the questions that would be put to him. Did she wish him to remain near her to serve her or not?

Queen Emma frowned and looked angry. Mr. Synge got more and more excited, walked up and down the room, his voice (when he told her how he would do anything and go through anything to serve her) trembling with emotion; but it was the passionate manner of a boy rather than of a man approaching to middle age. Yet one could not help liking the generous impetuosity of his feelings, and sympathizing with his excitement—the more so as the Queen remained silent. At last, when the question had been urged upon her in all sorts of forms, she said: “What am I to do with Mr. Hopkins?”

Here was at once a confession that she had committed herself with Mr. Hopkins, and led him to believe that in inviting him to accompany her and appointing him her aide-de-camp, she had virtually conferred on him those functions which Mr. Synge had reason to believe he, as her escort, was privileged to fulfil. I had already put in a few words to temper Mr. Synge's brusque and rough manner, and now observed that no one thought of her offending and putting aside Mr. Hopkins; but that he was not a man whose character stood as high in England as to do credit to Her Majesty as her adviser and attendant; and, indeed, that he was not a person who could be intruded upon the notice of Queen Victoria, or could be employed as a medium of communication with the Foreign Office.

This was going rather far perhaps, but as we could get nothing out of Queen Emma, it seemed necessary to speak strongly. I had to do it all alone, for Mr. Synge, as soon as Hopkins was mentioned, declared that he would not utter a word on that subject. The Queen, I well know, had not heard these objections to Mr. H. for the first time: it is said that Mr. Wyllie almost went on his knees to her to dissuade her from taking him. The King also was averse to it, but she persuaded him to yield, and he gave his orders to Mr. Hopkins accordingly. Indeed, Mr. H.'s private character cannot be unknown to her, as the Hoapilis assure us, and it shewed far too great an indulgence to the vices which Mr. H. is said to share with her own royal ancestors and with the Hawaiian race, when she, the widow of a King, appointed a loose unmarried man addicted to drunkenness as her acting A.D.C.

I thought that he had also been guilty of some dishonorable transactions in trade or in office; but Mr. Synge told me he knew nothing against his integrity, and that there was one good property which he was bound to give Mr. Hopkins credit for: and that was unbounded and faithful attachment to the King and Queen.

I asked Mr. Synge if he was sure that Lord Russell would ask him any questions today as to Queen Emma's wishes respecting himself, and whether, if so, a direct answer might be evaded or deferred, so that Queen Emma might have a little time to reflect on the subject; and this led Queen Emma to say that she desired to have a little time to think the matter over.²⁶

Emma's conduct during this early interview at Upper Gore Lodge presents an important facet of her character. Whether it was a queenly attribute or not, Emma could be stubborn. She could hide her thoughts: when not ready to speak she could sit and say nothing. Observers in England were thus sometimes disappointed by what struck them as reserve, extreme impassivity, even a dullness in the royal countenance. Such was the impression of Mr. Synge, when he at last realized how idle was his hope of supplanting Mr. Hopkins as Emma's chief aide. Six weeks after Synge's outburst Queen Emma remained her immovable self, and Mr. Synge and Mr. Hopkins had resigned themselves to an uneasy *modus operandi*.

Mr. Synge has had lately a much quieter and more cautious manner than before [noted Lady Franklin on September 6]. He no longer abuses Hopkins and listened today without reply to Sophy's animadversions on him. It is clear that his policy is to endure Hopkins since he cannot get rid of him. The only freedom of speech in which he indulged was in speaking of Queen Emma, whom he characterized as the most phlegmatic person he had ever met with. This was apropos of her nil admirari faculties and of the imperturbable manner in which she listens to the very touching allusions to her own losses and sorrows.²⁷

What puzzled some of Emma's observers was that she could not always be relied upon to play the role of Anglican saint her public had assigned to her: the Polynesian Rizpah, as Manley Hopkins later would picture her in his *Hawaii*, mourning over the bodies of her dead. Indeed, a truth which some of her friends forgot is that her Hawaiian grief had done its work well. After the death of the child, for four days and nights the Queen "never stirred from the little grave beneath the tamarind tree." A similar stupor had helped her survive the death of her husband: "Bowed down, silent, and fasting—for in eight days nothing but a few grapes and a little water passed her lips—she remained unconscious to the whole outer world." Old instinct supported by surviving customs of her people had enabled the Queen to endure the first days and nights of her desolation; that she had drawn an added strength from her Christian faith, from what was both most mysterious and primitive in that faith, is equally certain, for

"in the very flood of her distress" there was always one influence which could reach her. "One soft footstep was heard by an ear inattentive to louder sounds," Manley Hopkins was careful to remind his readers, "—it was that of the bishop, as he came at the Queen's desire to administer to her at seven o'clock, the morning after her bereavement, the sacramental bread and wine, the instrument to which she looked for consolation if not for comfort."²⁸ But in England in the summer of 1865 neither the Hawaiian grief nor the Christian consolation could be counted on to transform the face of Kaleleonalani into the image her observers seemed to be seeking. What they sometimes found instead, as one disappointed critic reported, was but an uninteresting "bronze statue."

Especially when surrounded by strangers the Queen could hide her feelings (if indeed it could be said that she was feeling anything at all) and assume an expression masklike and noncommittal. On occasion this could prove perplexing, as at the Bishop's and Mrs. Tait's garden party at Fulham, the first affair of its sort attended by Queen Emma after her arrival in England. Tait was at that time Bishop of London, and his historic palace at Fulham was one of the great antiquities of the metropolis.

About 3:30 we set off for Mrs. Tait's garden party at Fulham [wrote Lady Franklin on July 22]. Several other carriages on the road seemed destined to the same place, and the little boys as we neared it began to cheer and shout, accustomed to and expecting this Saturday afternoon's amusement. As we arrived at the inner gate of the court where you begin to pass through the house, the Bishop was seen hastening to the carriage and was in time to hand out Queen Emma, followed by Mrs. Tait and the little girls. The Bishop gave his arm to the Queen, and after taking her down to the edge of the Thames, where he expected to see the volunteers pass by, brought her back to the lawn and placed her on a crimson sofa where by degrees most of the party who had already arrived and those who followed were successively presented to her.²⁹

As Lady Franklin took up her station near the tea tables, where she could view the company and admire a row of hollyhocks forming a multi-coloured background, she made a mental note of some of the luminaries whom Mrs. Tait had gathered together: Sir Roderick and Lady Murchison; Lady Charlotte Bruce and her husband, Frederick Locker—"his poetry is characteristic of his features and expression: keen, satirical, and rather given to buffoonery"; and Derwent Coleridge, who spoke learnedly and at length on the intricacies of the Hawaiian language, of which the pronouns

as he pointed out contain "extraordinary and delicate shades of meaning," such as distinct forms to differentiate certain relations of subordination from relations of equality—but, alas, "Queen Emma seems to know nothing of these niceties." When the singing began, Sophy was able to watch the Queen's expression closely.

Towards the close of the afternoon, Queen Emma was asked if she would like some singing, and a little semicircle was formed in front of her, who began to sing so very plaintive and touching a song of times that will return no more that I was quite upset by it, which Sophy perceiving, she tried to stand before and hide me. Nothing could be more injudicious than this choice of songs for a widowed and childless queen, but she did not seem to feel. Sophy thought she perceived however some emotion in her when the second song, also very melancholy, was sung—the third was "Auld Lang Syne," sung also very slowly and painfully, and lastly came "God Save the Queen."³⁰



Though Emma may have sometimes appeared phlegmatic, no one could describe her as unobservant. Even Lady Franklin conceded as much, after hearing the Queen tell of her first impressions on landing on English shores. At dinner on the evening of her arrival, when she finally came downstairs and joined the company, Emma made a number of gratifying comments—"spontaneous observations"—such as reflected credit on so inexperienced a sightseer: "She found the Needles smaller than she had expected, was disappointed not to see Hurst Castle at all, and to find Netley Abbey concealed from view by the trees surrounding it." Likewise, on coming up to London from Southampton and catching a glimpse of the Houses of Parliament, she had felt she had seen them before—so exactly did they fit their description: "These are all indications of ready perception and retentive memory," Lady Franklin reflected. "How little should we have been able to recognize the headlands, bays, or mountains of the Hawaiian Islands from any descriptions we may have read of them."³¹

During their first days in London, not only Emma but the two Hoapilis were now seeing with their own eyes what they had hitherto known only through books or in imagination, if at all. On July 17 Mr. Cutts invited Hoapili to join him in a ramble about the metropolis, and at dinner on the same evening the tall Hawaiian grew even voluble on the topic of his adventures.

Hoapili had already been out [Lady Franklin noted of the events of the morning]—he wanted to bathe in the Serpentine but was too late for that and took house bath instead, which he enjoyed very much. Mr. Cutts trotted him off to St. Paul's, which was just like what he expected, and to the Royal Exchange and to Guildhall, where he was surprised with the sight of Gog and Magog, which excited in him the more astonishment as he could not learn who they were—I suspect he thought they were the ancient idols we used to worship. Mr. Hoapili had a lift or two in an omnibus, and a trip in a Thames steamer which took him to Whitehall, where he saw the window through which our poor Charles stepped out upon the scaffold—and saw two soldiers on horseback standing still at a barrack (meaning Whitehall). Mr. Hoapili was more than usually excited with the many things he had seen, while talking of them afterwards at dinner. I advised him to write a journal, which I thought would be pleasant to his countrymen, and which we should value much also in England.³²

One of the most persistent interests of Queen Emma, her desire to encounter in person each of the several varieties of forbidding English weather, rather baffled Lady Franklin and her niece. Why was the Queen so fascinated by these severe beauties? Had it not been universally agreed that the Hawaiian constitution was peculiarly susceptible to the rigorous climate of the British Isles? "So far from being deterred," Lady Franklin reported in a letter she was drafting to send to Earl Russell, "by the warnings which on all sides are given to her against wintering in England, she is not only desirous of doing so but firmly determined upon it, the frost, the snow, ice, thaw, & fog, and especially the latter being, she declares, the things of all others she wishes to become acquainted with."³³

It was quite true. The Queen sometimes stood at her window at Upper Gore Lodge looking out upon the faint outline of the chestnut tree at the end of the garden, and what she saw there seemed to enchant her. One of the earliest entries in Queen Emma's London diary reads: "There has been a . . . *noe* very very fine & drizzling through a fog which was not very thick, but enough to make the building misty in the mist." (The Hawaiian language distinguishes between several varieties of fine mist or spray, including a mist of the medium grade.) Through a *noe* therefore, not heavy nor light but something in between, for it was midsummer, rolled the carriage of Queen Emma, as she returned to Upper Gore Lodge from the Chapel Royal at St. James's Palace, where she had attended morning services: "The clouds were dark . . . there seemed nothing, but a curved leaden cover thrown over. . . ."

After her arrival in England, Emma began to make occasional entries in a common ledger-sized volume of blank pages she had brought with her to London expressly for such a purpose.³⁴ On the first lap of her voyage to Panama, and then on the second to Southampton, there had often been little enough to set down—days aboard ship at sea are after all pretty much the same. London was a very different matter. Here there was so much to record that the Queen frequently found neither the time nor the energy to write a word.

Monday, July 17

This morning Mr C. Hopkins called to get his orders for the day, and I told him of Mr Synge's arrangements about the dress or livery for my servants, & I told him also that I did not like this place, from various causes, some of which were the previous engagements made for me by our hostess & maiden (old) niece, without one's knowing of it. . . . Miss Crawcroft has the neuralgia in her face today. John [Welsh] has been out to see Mr Ruddle's Mother & friends in 106 Hereford Road, Westbourne Grove, Bayswater (apartments). . . . I have seen many visitors, three or four of whom were Arctic officers, who went out in search of Franklin, one was Mr —— who was at the Islands as midshipman in the *Imogene* 30 years ago & remembers very vividly their visit to Cooke's burial place in Kaawaloa, & was very minute in telling of their landing on the identicle spot where he fell, of their having taken away pieces of rocks where he died, of seeing the cocoanut stump which the cannon ball fired [through], & of having the *very* spear (as he thought) given to their Capt —— by Kinau, which is now in the British Museum. . . .

Tuesday, July 18

This morning got up earlier, at 9, to be in readiness for the dressmaker, shoemaker, milliner, glover, hatters, &c &c. . . . I saw first Mr Hopkins in the library where I took a snatch of breakfast, & Hopkins told me of his brother having received a letter from our Bishop telling him of the expectation of the people in Honolulu that Mr Synge would have nothing to do with me after I got here. . . . [Mr Hopkins] asked permission to confide to his brother for advise, what I told him about yesterday—I told him yes—he said it has made him very nervous & sleepless at night, & he believes that Mr Synge has been stuffing & spreading scandles & tales of him to the foreign office people. . . .

Wednesday, July 19

This noon the carriage was ordered to take us to the Photographers at 3, which it did, & after waiting for my dress till nearly 3 it came just in

time for me to jump into it with cap on and drive to the place, with Lady Franklin, Kiliwehi, & Miss Crawcroft—much to the annoyance of the latter, on starting, at William the footman, for throwing open the carriage top, & leaving exposed me, to the passing omnibuses, cabs, & pedestrians, who gazed with wonder upon us. . . .

Saturday, July 22

[Emma is irked by her lady-in-waiting, Mrs. Hoapili] . . . her stupidity & arrogance & ignorant management of listening to anyone's conversation when they are speaking to her is most disgusting, & it mortifies me not a little—she never does her duty as lady in waiting, never opens the door for one, never going out of her way to get one a chair—& all her abrupt, ungracious (uncouth sometimes) answers are really too bad, it tries me very much & then her vulgar, low talk—most uncomfortable—& not trying or even studying others' pleasures or comforts by understand[ing] their frame of mind & framing her conduct towards them accordingly—but in the most uncouth, unladylike manner thrust home the subject most painful to them—horrible, horrible. . . .

Monday, July 24

I was up early this morning again & looking out into the garden could not see beyond the large horse chesnut tree, the lower end of the garden, from the fog, which was like white thick smog. . . . I saw the Lyalls also [old friends of R. C. Wyllie] who are also *very* nice warm-hearted people, & on going out he shook my hand and said that if there was anything he could do for me in any way, I have only to let him know & it shall be so—she is a very nice person, & tears stood in her eyes almost all the time she was here. . . . Mr Hopkins & his sister in law Kate (Marsland's wife) called also—nothing very remarkable . . . we joked together a great deal about our being used very queerly by the old ladies of this house. . . .

Wednesday, July 26

The occurrences of the day has been these—first receiving visitors. . . . Drove off to the Charterhouse School—returned home about 6—at 7 dressed for our dinner party at home—& at 10 drove to the Royal Academy of Paintings in Trafalgar Square—returning only just a few minutes ago at ¼ to one o'clock, so I feel thoroughly tired and shall hurriedly note down the incidences of the day.

While at the breakfast table this morning Miss Crawcroft asked me to answer the Bishop's letters to me as soon as possible today—either through herself or Aunt, or do it myself. I told her that I had made a rough draught of one but will copy it soon—she was exceedingly fidgetty & I, divining her intentions, prolonged as long as possible the completion of the copying

out. Last night the last thing I did was to write to C. Hopkins asking him to frame me replies to the Bishop of Oxford's notes which was inclosed, & this morning early they were sent me, which was very nice, & being copied in my own hand I sent them as I wished by Mr C. Hopkins, but Miss Crawcroft snatched them from Mrs Hoapili's hand & rushed up to tell me she would send them by post right off—but they first had to be shewen to *My Aunt*. I suspect they want to fish for an invitation, & want to have a look at my note first, so as to frame theirs to correspond—and that was the reason I wished to send them through Hopkins, so as they might not see it or have anything to do with the Bishop but they have been so pertinacious & impudent about [it] they actually have gained their point, and consequently we were later than we ought to have been, for Lady Franklin was only in her nightdress, busy writing these mysterious dispatches of theirs, so when I found it so, I thought they could well afford to wait half an hour for me, so laying aside my bonnet laid on the sofa for a while till Miss Crawcroft rushed up to tell me her Aunt had been half an hour waiting, & was most hurried & annoyed about it, which pleased me exceedingly not thinking at all of the annoyance & mortification she caused me yesterday by leaving me in the street to wait an hour & half while she was having a tooth pulled. . . .

Friday, July 28

Received Earl Russell, who was presented by Mr Synge, who was present the whole interview—nice plane old man he is. At 3 we drove off to . . . a meeting . . . returned in time to dress & was off for Mrs Tait's dinner at Fulham. Lady Franklin, MY AUNT, Hoapili, & myself only went. When we returned I went up into Mrs Hoapili's room where she was asleep—we came down & she told me all Miss Crawcroft's conversation to her in my absence. . . .

Saturday, July 29

Mr. Synge brought his cousins Sir —— Synge & his Lady, very little couple they were, to see me this noon—then Mr Gell, Lady F's son in law brought his children to shewen me, Mary, Henry & Philip. Mr Synge also brought the Miss Thackery's & very nice girls they are too. At 3 drove off to Manley Hopkins's Oak Hill to lunch & it was excellen lunch & very sociable, left there & went to Miss Coutts's, & then after stopping at many doors in the city got home, time enough for Mrs Williams's tea party, where the odious Miss Crawcroft persisted to shew her dislike of the sett of people we were in by trying hard to sleep at supper table. Hoapili could not go with us, from being too expensive for him to hire a cabb. . . .

Monday, August 7

This morning we sallied out incognito with Mrs Dixon in her carriage for a 2 hours sightseeing in the chief shops of London, & a delightful time we had—the very fact of loosing sight of *My Aunt & My Niece* & going from them was a very great pleasure—one felt as if a load had quite been taken from our back—there was no restraint, but instantly felt merry. Mrs Dixon added much to our merriment by her emphatic twangy voice being put to use in the funniest manner possible—we passed three or four herds of sheep & she exclaimed oh! those wretched creatures they are all going to be killed and hung out in the butcher shops. . . .

Tuesday, August 8

. . . I received Mrs and Miss Sophia Blackburn of the Isle of Wight, connections of the Staleys, the old man's second son having married Mrs Staley's sister (one of them) & is now out in New Zealand, as one of Bishop Selwyn's clergy. The young daughter is very sweet looking (Hopkins's old intended) and dressed in pale strawcolored silk alpacca dress, trimmed with blue, the skirt ornamented with narrow box pleating. . . .

Wednesday, August 9

Mrs Hoapili got a note from Hoapili from Isle of Wight, & which Miss Crawcroft was most anxious to hear, so insisted on having the letter fetched down & I read it at the breakfast table. Mrs Hoapili received an invitation from the Bishop of Oxford to go to Cuddesdon with me, which thing excited great vent of anger on Miss Crawcroft's part. Says she—the Bishop has acted most strangely in the matter—instead of writting to my Aunt, like Sir Chas. Harvey [Hervey] & all the sensible people do to aske her to arrange matters so the Queen may not be trouble about it, he never says anything about it—and never asks Hoapili to go. . . .

The delightful Mrs. Dixon, whose contagious merriment gave Emma such very great pleasure on August 7, was Lady Franklin's niece, Louisa Dixon (née Simpkinson), whose husband was Dr. James Dixon, F. R. C. S., a noted ophthalmic surgeon. However, it would be far from the facts to suggest that Emma's diary serves as a faithful record of all the various visitors who came out of respect or curiosity to call at Upper Gore Lodge. Certainly no one would easily gather from Emma's diary that her "next door neighbours" at Eden Lodge were the Hon. Emily Eden, who gave Emma some sound advice about the ways of London physicians, and her niece Eleanor (or Lena), who was most helpful in the business of finding a dealer in mowing machines. Nor is the diary a very trustworthy guide to the Queen's own daily program of activities. Thus the best account of

Emma's visit to Westminster Abbey is to be found in the reminiscences of Augustus J. C. Hare, one of the Queen's most unreserved admirers.

During this visit to London [Hare wrote in his recollections of 1865, "English Pleasures and Roman Trials"], I frequently saw, at the house of Lady Franklin (widow of the Arctic voyager), the gentle and pleasing Queen Dowager (Emma) of the Sandwich Islands. Her complexion was copper-coloured, but she was very good-looking, and simply but handsomely attired in the dress of an English widow lady. She had greatly looked forward to the fogs of England, having been used to nothing but the blue or copper-coloured sky of the Pacific, and was dreadfully disappointed when she saw the resplendent blue sky of the glorious day on which she arrived at Southampton. "Why, I might just as well have been in the Sandwich Islands." She went over Westminster Abbey with far more knowledge of the tombs and persons they commemorate than I have seen in European royalties with whom I have visited the Abbey in later years. In stepping back to allow the Queen to inspect the Coronation Chair, my mother had a bad fall on the pavement of Edward the Confessor's Chapel, and the concern and amiability [the Queen] showed made her very attractive.³⁵



In mid-July Lady Franklin had been pleased with her guests' faculties of observation, but "our Hawaiian friends have no descriptive powers," she had decided by late August, "and what we learn from them has to be gained by many questions and not a little difficulty." The visit of Queen Emma to the elderly Kebles, at Hursley in Hampshire, not far from Winchester, was only too perfect an example. On the evening of August 22, shortly after eight o'clock, while Emma and her party were returning from Hursley, two visitors sat waiting expectantly in the drawing-room at Upper Gore Lodge. They were Mrs. Kendall and her son Edward, a clergyman, old friends of Lady Franklin, who had invited the Kendalls to drop in about eight o'clock on the chance of meeting the Hawaiians.

I had told M. A. K. [Mary Ann Kendall] in the morning on inviting her that it was very doubtful whether the Queen would come into the drawing-room. She might choose to go at once into the library with Major Hopkins, who went to the station to fetch them, or she might go at once to bed. The event proved I was too right: she could not be persuaded to come into

the lighted drawing-room, though we detained her for two or three minutes in the open doorway, which enabled M. A. K. and her son to get a glimpse, and then she went up in the library, where she was closetted with Major Hopkins all the rest of the evening, having her tea sent up to her. Mr. and Mrs. Hoapili, however, came down to tea, and we gained from them some slight notice of the visit to the Kebles. They were neither of them at Winchester to meet the Queen, Mrs. Keble having been very ill all day, but they were received by Archdeacon Allerton, rector of Farnham, who took them over the Cathedral, which they found full of people wishing to see the Queen, the service being over. On arriving at Hursley, Mr. and Mrs. Hoapili went to Captain Simeon's according to previous arrangement, and Queen Emma alone was the guest of the Kebles, with her man John alone to attend on her. She retired very soon to her room, owing to the indisposition of Mrs. Keble. This morning they were at the service at church and again in the afternoon, and in the interval I suppose took a drive to "some castle," as Mr. Hoapili said, both Mr. and Mrs. Keble being of the party. This is all I could learn of what passed at Hursley.³⁶

From other tidings, though not from Queen Emma, who sometimes wore her silence like a cloak, Lady Franklin gathered that the visit had been a thorough success. Nor was this a surprise, for Mr. Keble had known of the Queen's history for some little while and had come to regard her, as he remarked to Manley Hopkins, "more as a saint than a queen." But this exalted conception of the Queen's character Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft had now privately modified. "You can understand that something different from the reality is looked for," Miss Cracroft wrote to Louisa Dixon on August 29. "People are startled and a little shocked by the appetite for *all sorts* of novelty and that the Mission is not at the surface."³⁷ Lady Franklin agreed with the new estimate, especially as to the Queen's delight in trivialities. "She wishes to see everything and know everything," wrote Lady Franklin in a little burst of candor to a clerical friend she was inviting for dinner, "and is by no means, though I say it without disrespect, the 'saint' which Mr. Keble expected to find."³⁸

Perhaps it was only because Lady Franklin's inclinations were more Broad than High that she now came to feel so consuming a curiosity about the visit to the Kebles and how everything had turned out. Fortunately, by word of mouth or by post all through the rest of August and into September, shadowy reports of the dim overnight stay at the rectory at Hursley, a shrine of the purer Anglicanism, continued by roundabout ways to reach the pages of the Journal: "Fanny Lefroy writes to Sophy that Miss Yonge (the Authoress) who saw Queen Emma at the Kebles says that

Queen Emma's visit there was perfect, but that both Mr. and Mrs. Keble suffered from it."³⁹

By the time summer had turned into autumn the change was almost complete. In Honolulu Queen Emma had impressed Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft as "thoroughly English." But now in Kensington Gore, in a retrograde sort of way, she seemed to become more and more Hawaiian: "Major Hopkins was closetted with her all morning in the library, and the Hoapilis were also there and bills and accounts seemed flashing about. I looked in but thought I had better retire again." On September 1, when Miss Cracroft ventured to propose a drive to the shops and a visit to the Horticultural Gardens, Emma showed not the slightest interest but preferred, after a late breakfast of cold roast beef, "lying down on the floor of the library where, with a cushion under her head and cloak thrown over," according to Lady Franklin, who got it from Sophy, "she received Major Hopkins, who remained some time with her and Mrs. Hoapili in merry confabulation, if we may judge from the peals of laughter that were heard through the doors."⁴⁰

A little habit of Emma's which at first puzzled and later rather irritated Lady Franklin was the way the Queen would abruptly vanish to her room after dinner or sometimes leave the table even before dinner had properly ended. If low spirits or the vagaries of poor health had been the cause, Lady Franklin might have forgiven the Queen for her oddities; but really there was such a thing as mere self-indulgence, as when "in spite of her reclinings" the Queen "seemed tired and exhausted. More often than otherwise when we are alone, she goes up to her room the moment we have left the table and does not return. Today she went away in the middle of dinner, saying she would be on the sofa in the next room, where the remainder of her dinner was taken to her. Mrs. Hoapili says she does exactly the same in Hawaii and does not attribute it therefore either to the effect of climate or to her different modes of life and greater fatigue."⁴¹



Among Queen Emma's experiences in England none was more gratifying to the visitor herself than her presentation to Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle. There could be but one possible exception: the Queen's visit to Farringford, to the house of the Tennysons in the Isle of Wight:

Where, far from noise and smoke of town,
I watch the twilight falling brown,
All round a careless-order'd garden
Close to the ridge of a noble down. . . .

On at least two occasions Emma was moved, overtly and explicitly no less than inwardly, by the kindness of persons of the very highest distinction. To have tea with the Queen of England proved that the ruler of the most powerful nation in the world recognized the never-to-be-forgotten virtues of the monarch of one of the least, her own dearest Alex. The visit to Farringford late in September was as consoling in its way. At Farringford, Emma found herself in a house which was friendly, picturesque, at times unconventional, as in the amount of tobacco consumed by the host—in fact, Farringford was fun. Visitors usually remembered that spot along the cliff edge, upon the High Down, where the poet would take his guests to admire the view, his bard's cloak flapping in the wind as the gulls came sweeping in sideways, while the waves beat against the rocks below. We do not know what Emma made of all this wild music; but we do know that on the day Mr. Tennyson took the Queen to the top of the Down "she raced about like a child in delight at the view and her hour of freedom from visits of courtesy."⁴² So runs a bit of Farringford tradition, included by Sir Charles Tennyson in his life of his grandfather.

During her visit to Windsor Queen Emma maintained a dignity sufficiently regal. This was but fitting since the encounter of the two widows possessed for their contemporaries an element of drama like a recognition scene in an old play. What Mr. Wyllie had discerned as a "moral and sentimental" resemblance between Emma and Victoria was seized upon by others as a true mark of their sisterhood. This official, almost emblematic, view of the Queen's character had been proclaimed by the editor of the *Hawaiian Gazette* (the successor to the *Polynesian*), in a farewell article on May 6, the sailing date of the *Clio*.

Yet still those who are acquainted with the past of Hawaiian history, and are given to reflection, may perhaps find some new food for thought in the circumstances connected with the visit of the Royal lady who is about to leave our little islands to see the wonders of that far-off land, and enjoy the hospitality of its renowned Sovereign. . . . The gentle dove flutters away from her scene of sorrows to utter her plaint in another land, and soothe—it may be—the wounded spirit of a widowed sister who broods in melancholy solitude over the memory of her princely mate.

The inescapable parallel occurred not only to observers in Emma's

native land but to writers in England as well. Her sojourn happened to coincide with the early years of that dismal interim in the reign of Queen Victoria when she was so widely criticized for her stubborn absorption in sorrow and her refusal to interest herself in public affairs.

For months, for years, she continued in settled gloom [an eminent biographer of Queen Victoria has written]. . . . Arrayed in thickest crêpe, she passed dolefully from Windsor to Osborne, from Osborne to Balmoral. Rarely visiting the capital, refusing to take any part in the ceremonies of state, shutting herself off from the slightest intercourse with society, she became almost as unknown to her subjects as some potentate of the East.⁴³

Though she lived far removed from the day-to-day life of her people, yet in the very heart of Victoria's seclusion she seems to have discovered a cord binding her to humanity: "These many sad and striking events," she wrote in her Diary at the time of the assassination of President Lincoln, convinced her "more and more of the uncertainty of all earthly greatness," and of the truth that "sorrow leveled all distinctions."

Certainly she had no cause to complain of want of advice as to how to reconcile herself to her share in mortality. *John Bull*, for example, took the occasion of Victoria's absence from England—she had gone to Saxe-Coburg to unveil a memorial to the late Prince Consort—to administer a mild reprimand. Not only did this loyal critic recommend to the Queen "an active resumption of her former habits." "We would respectfully propose," he continued, as "a pattern not unworthy of imitation" the Dowager Queen of the Sandwich Islands.

Let us hope that when these Royal widows meet, different as their respective earthly positions so far as wealth and influence is concerned, the Queen of this great country may learn of the visitant from another hemisphere that in active labours of love the greatest consolation is to be attained and the wishes of the beloved one most fully carried out.

So *John Bull* on September 2. It was a timely thought. But what the anonymous writer was hardly in a position to realize, of course, was that from the day of Emma's arrival in England Queen Victoria had been eager to meet the newcomer to her realm.

The Queen desires me to say with respect to the Queen of the Sandwich Islands [the Lord Chamberlain wrote to Russell on July 18] that H.M. is most anxious to show her every attention & civility, & will be much interested in seeing her before she again leaves England.

But there would be some difficulty about seeing her at Osborne. H.M. has already declined a visit from the Queen of the Netherlands on the ground that she is come to Osborne to be quite quiet before undertaking her German travels, & it would hardly do after that, to ask the Queen of the Sandwich Islands down here.

H.M. hopes, however, that she may still be in England when she returns from Coburg, in which case it will be easy for H.M. to see her at Windsor.⁴⁴

Because of these complications of protocol, the official presentation of Queen Emma of Hawaii to Queen Victoria did not take place until the afternoon of September 9, almost two full months after Emma's arrival in England, but with reasonable celerity—in fact within two or three days—after the return of Victoria from her pilgrimage to Saxe-Coburg. An item from the Court Circular for that date reads:

Her Majesty received the Queen of the Sandwich Islands this afternoon at Windsor Castle. The Queen arrived attended by her suite. Her Majesty was accompanied by the princesses and Prince Leopold and attended by the Duchess of Wellington, the Hon. Horatia Stopford, and the gentlemen in waiting.

Unfortunately, Queen Emma's London diary affords no further gleams of fact concerning this occasion. At the top of a page dated September 9 she wrote, in a somewhat more flourishing fashion than was her habit, "Windsor Castle"; but the rest she left a perfect blank. That her satisfaction with the day's events was great is nevertheless proved by a short note she wrote to Kamehameha V on her return from Windsor:

I have this moment returned from Windsor Castle where the Queen received me *most* affectionately, most sisterly. Now that I have given you the greatest news I beg your forgiveness before I go on any further for being so negligent and ungrateful for not before letting you hear from me. It was not at all from forgetfulness that such has happened but absolutely from want of time.⁴⁵

For further knowledge of the meeting at Windsor one must thank, above all, Queen Victoria herself, Lady Franklin, and finally Charles Hopkins, who wrote to the British commissioner on September 1:

My dear Mr. Synge,

I have received the orders of Her Majesty Queen Emma to request that you will ascertain from Earl Russell when and where it will be agreeable to Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain to receive her after her return from Germany.

Her Majesty Queen Emma would wish, if Queen Victoria sees no objection, to be attended by her Aide-de-Camp and Private Secretary, formerly Minister of the Interior, who has the honor to address you; by her Chaplain the Revd. W. Hoapili; her lady in waiting, Mrs. W. Hoapili; and by yourself whom her Majesty kindly allowed to accompany Queen Emma to England.⁴⁶

Though it is all too plain that neither Lady Franklin nor Miss Cracroft had been invited to accompany the Queen and her suite to Windsor, it was Lady Franklin nevertheless who recorded some of the more memorable moments of the meeting. Whatever she was able to find out, whether from Emma herself or from Mr. and Mrs. Hoapili, Lady Franklin noted on the back of an old envelope; and it is this document which records that one of Victoria's first remarks was a compliment to Queen Emma on her management of the English language. "

Lady Franklin's memorandum suggests that the affair went off remarkably well. When Emma and her suite arrived at Windsor Castle, Victoria was attending a meeting of the Privy Council. The presentation took place, not in a royal audience chamber, but far less formally, in a corridor of Windsor Castle. Mr. Synge, Mr. Hopkins, and the Hoapilis had remained in an anteroom in the company of an equerry. Only a few minutes earlier, Victoria had dismissed the Privy Council. Then, when Queen Emma and the Duchess of Wellington were advancing along the corridor, Her Majesty appeared moving in their direction: there was a meeting of hands and lips and cheeks and the sudden opening of a door.

Queen Victoria came to meet them, meeting half way—Queen took Emma's 2 hands & kissed her, turned back & desired some door to be opened, put her beside her, kissed her—the three princesses & brother there shook hands. Q. very cheerful—in midst of Emma speaking, Q. laid hand on her: "How beautifully you speak English! does not she?" (to her daughters).⁴⁷

After the tender preliminaries, the conversational pattern for several moments continued one-sided. "I hope you like your apartments—you've been staying with Lady Franklin"; but before Emma could frame an appropriate reply, the Queen "turned off to something else as she did repeatedly—asking questions, not waiting for answers, but off to something else." In affecting terms Queen Victoria spoke of Kamehameha IV and of her godson. For an instant Emma was quite "overcome"—and, in Emma's words, "behaved badly." Victoria inquired "how long she thought of staying," and when Emma said that she hoped to remain through the winter,

Victoria's admonition was brief and sensible: "She had better go to the western counties." When tea was brought in, Victoria mentioned that she was preparing to leave for Balmoral; she intimated that she would invite Queen Emma to Windsor again. There was one moment when Emma rose anxiously as if to go, but Victoria insisted that she sit down again. The conversation veered about in the direction of the Sandwich Islands, touching on certain customs of the Hawaiian race.

"How do your people dress?"

"Like common people in England."

"But before that?"

"Very little dress indeed—cloth round body and neck covered with leaves and flowers."

Upon the completion of this demotic exchange, according to Lady Franklin's notations, "Q. laughed."

These jottings of Lady Franklin may be compared with the account of Queen Victoria, in whose Diary Emma appears in severe mourning relieved, so it might seem, by certain "fine feathers." For her presentation at Windsor did Emma wear that emblem of Hawaiian royalty, a feather *lei*? Or, as is possible, did Victoria (whose writing is not free from occasional slips of the pen) intend to write "fine *features*"?

September 9 1865

. . . After Luncheon I received Queen Emma, the widowed Queen of the Sandwich Islands or Hawaii, met her in the Corridor & nothing could be nicer or more dignified than her manner. She is dark, but not more so than an Indian, with fine feathers & splendid soft eyes. She was dressed in just the same widow's weeds as I wear. I took her into the White Drawing room, where I asked her to sit down next to me on the sofa. She was much moved when I spoke to her of her great misfortune in losing her only child. She was very discreet & would only remain a few minutes. She presented her lady, whose husband is her Chaplain, both being Hawaiians. . . .⁴⁸

The official presentation on September 9 was not the only time Queen Emma conversed with Queen Victoria. The circumstances of the second meeting are obscure, for the occasion was kept carefully private: certainly it did not become a topic of newspaper publicity either in London or Honolulu. Our knowledge of this inconspicuous return visit is drawn almost entirely from the private papers of Queen Emma. In a letter to Basil Wilberforce, who had invited her to attend his wedding, Emma sends her

regrets: "Before your invitation arrived Lord Clarendon had awaited on me with a message from the Queen to spend the 27 & 28 at Windsor with her, which I accepted."⁴⁹ From other shadowy references it is clear that Emma arrived at Windsor on November 27, remained for the night, and left at the customary hour shortly after lunch on the following day. A memorandum in Emma's hand, under the heading "Things Received," reads as follows: "Nov 28 from Her Majestys . . . own hand, a bracelet of gold & onix with her portrait & hair in it and a writing of 'Victoria R—November 27 1865'."⁵⁰ Queen Emma notes that she also received "from the Princess Helena a roll of pictures of herself & Prince & a small one of him, & autographs of the Queen, the Princess & Prince of Prussia & Princess Helena, Louise, and Beatrice." This little shower of kindnesses was not, however, confined to autographs and souvenirs. There is reason to believe that English tears fell and mingled with Hawaiian, and that Victoria found her young friend in every respect *sympatisch*. That at their second meeting Emma and Victoria arrived at a plane of sisterly confidence is suggested in several contemporary letters. In the autumn of 1865 the Countess of Devon, having met the Hawaiian Queen, was deeply affected by the story of Emma's sorrows: this lady of lofty birth and pronounced High Church views had herself once lost a beloved son. In late February, 1866, Lady Devon wrote to Queen Emma from her sickbed at 23 Lower Brook Street:

I must tell Your Majesty that the cause of my illness was my loyalty to my own honoured Queen by attending with the other Peeresses in the House of Lords the day of Her opening Parliament, and a most touching sight it was. She was much cheered by the crowds in the streets, and she did shrink from being seen but bowed from both windows all the way and seemed pleased at being so well received but the utter silence through the House when we all rose up and she and her procession came in was most overpowering. She had told the Chancellor that she hoped to be able to utter the words "My Lords I pray You be seated," but when the moment came she found she could not, and the Chancellor said, "Her Majesty begs You my Lords to be seated." We happened to be quite near Her and she never once lifted Her eyes from the ground but we saw the nervous twitching of Her poor fingers and the throbbing of Her neck against her diamond necklace—which shewed the amount of inward struggle. . . .⁵¹

In a letter replying to Lady Devon's painful account, Emma recalled that during her second visit to Windsor Castle Queen Victoria had spoken of how greatly she suffered during her appearances in public: "What you say

of the Queen upon the opening of Parliament," wrote Emma to Lady Devon, "coincides exactly with what I had been led to expect from what she said herself."⁵²

Queen Victoria's record of the second meeting with "good Queen Emma" appears in successive entries in her Diary.

November 27 1865

Went with Vicky & Fritz [the future Emperor Frederick III of Germany, and his wife, the Princess Royal of England] to see Queen Emma, who has come for the night. She is not looking well, & coughs, poor thing, for which reason she is ordered to go to the South of France, to Hyères. She, her lady, Mrs. Hoopile [*sic*], L[ad]y Waterpark & L[or]d Methuen dined. The Queen sat between Vicky & me. She was amiable, clever & nice, in all she said, speaking of her own country, which she said had originally been very mountainous. There were no animals, but small dogs & pigs, & these only since they had been imported in the time of Van Couvers [*sic*], the same with flowers. The people were now always dressed like Europeans & were all *nominally* Christians, but not very fervently so. The lady *looks* rather like an uncivilised savage, but is, on the contrary, peculiarly civilised & well mannered, very pleasing & clever. Took the Queen to her room, remaining a little while with her.

November 28 1865

A wet morning.—Directly after breakfast, we went to wish good Queen Emma goodbye, & I gave her a bracelet with my miniature & hair. She thanked me much for my kindness, & for consenting to be godmother to her poor little child. . . .⁵³

After both meetings at Windsor Queen Victoria set off almost at once for Balmoral. There in the quiet glens and amid the familiar cairns of her highland retreat she resumed that life of willful retirement which some of her critics, among whom the writer for *John Bull* was surely one of the more courteous, so keenly deplored. It should be no cause for astonishment that for many years more, up to Emma's death in 1885, these friends each wedded to the memory of a well-loved spouse maintained a steadfast if occasional correspondence, especially at times of domestic calamity.

Long ago I ought to have thanked you for your very kind and sympathising letter brought me by Col Fielding [wrote Victoria from Balmoral on November 20, 1872] in which you speak so feelingly of the dreadful illness of my dear Son the Prince of Wales. Thank God he was spared tho' he was one may truly say as *near* death as almost any body cld be & recover.—

It was surely sent in mercy for our good & may we all never forget it. It came when I was barely recovered from my long illness. This autumn has alas! brought me a great and deep sorrow—in the irreparable loss of my dearly beloved & most admirable sister Prcess Hohenlohe. . . .⁵⁴

In 1879 Emma received from Queen Victoria an up-to-date steel engraving of the Royal Family. In 1882, during the reign of King Kalakaua, Emma writes to a friend in the Islands of “my dance at Waikiki,” where “to our surprise, the King was announced, but I was very glad as I had a message to deliver to him from Queen Victoria [who wished] to be remembered to him; he was rather a little merry with wine . . . he kept quiet in the verandah.”⁵⁵

Thus a bond of lasting affection linked these two sovereigns, and it is no exaggeration to suggest (as tradition has long claimed in Hawaii) that their friendship drew upon ready wells of emotion and discovered a style at once easy and ceremonious.



Plans for the visit to Farringford and the Isle of Wight were ripening rapidly in mid-September. Arrangements for the excursion grew complicated, however, when Mr. Hopkins and Mr. Cutts⁵⁶ showed little willingness to move as a team in the same direction. Earlier, it had been the representative of the Foreign Office, Mr. Synge, with whom Mr. Hopkins had found himself at odds. Now, because of a similar rivalry, relations between Mr. Hopkins and the ecclesiastical branch grew equally strained.

Mr. Cutts was again summoned by Queen Emma [Lady Franklin wrote on September 15]. We are glad to see that he is necessary to her but wish she understood better at what a sacrifice he must needs make these repeated journeys from Highgate. On arriving here he found Major Hopkins, who with characteristic rudeness informed him that he had been desired not to come at the hour he presented, as that hour had been fixed for his own interview with the Queen. Nevertheless, Mr. Cutts said he was going to speak to the Queen at once. Finding she was seated (or rather squatting) upon an Hawaiian matting in the garden, he walked out to her, looking at his watch at the same time and finding it was half an hour later than the time which Major Hopkins had fixed on for himself.⁵⁷

This *rencontre* on September 15 was by no means the first occasion when Mr. Hopkins and Mr. Cutts had collided at their interviews. A

month earlier, on August 16, sharp words had been spoken and the seed of bitterness had been sown when Mr. Cutts, invariably prompt for his appointments, found the Queen in conference with Mr. Hopkins, going over her orders for the day. Nor was Lady Franklin entirely aloof from some of these peevish exchanges.

Mr. Cutts went up to the Queen to discuss the future engagements, which Major Hopkins had the impertinence to characterise as being extremely [inconsiderate of] the Queen, who was thus deprived of all liberty of travelling about the country and seeing what she liked. He was most dogmatic in insisting that the days should at once be fixed for all the visits, and further expressed himself most disagreeably about the injury which was being done by representing the Queen as having come to England to advocate the Mission: that he was answerable for the consequences and that it must be stopped. Mr. Cutts shewed him apart a passage in Queen Emma's letter to me, in which such a pious motive is distinctly avowed. "That might be said then, but it was not so now." Mr. Cutts said it was already too late, and he pointed to the *Illustrated News*, which goes all over the world and made the same statement: "However," he added, "that view of the Queen's motive which had hitherto given such a charm and interest to her visit might be omitted for the future," but he, Mr. Cutts, must decline contradicting anything he had already said.⁵⁸

It is only fair to add that the first stage of the dispute ended in favor of Mr. Cutts. Certainly the Queen continued to attend meetings organized to rally aid for the Hawaiian Mission. Furthermore, a goodly portion of the newspaper-reading public of Great Britain (to say nothing of the United States and the Hawaiian Islands, where the fuss had begun in the columns of the *Pacific Commercial Advertiser*) remained under the impression that the primary purpose of the Queen's visit to England was to solicit support for Bishop Staley and his little band of Anglican missionaries. In any event the Queen continued to work for the cause, and Mr. Cutts and Mr. Hopkins were obliged to put up with one another; but there were times, as with Mr. Synge, when a show of deference on either side became almost impossible.

In sending for Mr. Cutts on September 15, the Queen hoped to find out what engagements that gentleman had been projecting in connection with her journey to the Isle of Wight. Mr. Cutts reported that the vicar of the fine old church of Arreton, a Mr. Burland, was very keen on getting up a round of meetings. In an interview with Lady Franklin, Mr. Cutts expressed his hearty approval of Mr. Burland's ideas, and for her part Lady Franklin recommended "that after the meeting at Ryde we should

go on at once to Farringford where, whether the Tennysons are there or not (they being now abroad) we should at least find Anne Weld [a sister of Emily Tennyson and cousin of Sophia Cracroft], who will be well pleased to play the hostess on the occasion, if necessary."⁵⁹

On this almost miraculous September afternoon, the warmest within anyone's memory, while the plans for Farringford were assuming so promising a shape, Queen Emma and Mrs. Hoapili had disposed themselves on their mat in the garden under the pear tree. The elbow of the Queen was resting on a small white satin pillow; for her writing desk she was using a pretty little *koa* stool, a gift to Lady Franklin from the soft-voiced Mrs. Wundenberg of Hanalei. The piquancy of the scene, of which the mistress of Upper Gore Lodge was fully aware, by no means evaporated when two callers were announced, Jane Carlyle and her friend Miss Geraldine Jewsbury.

Mrs. Carlisle was announced [wrote Lady Franklin, so preoccupied with the ceremonial peculiarities of the occasion that she ignored niceties of spelling]. The latter is the wife of *the* Carlisle the author, an elderly pale-faced woman who came, of course, to see Queen Emma, and we took them down to the garden to the reclining party, whom I had prepared to receive them, throwing myself down by the Queen for the purpose. Beckoning to Miss Jewsbury to come forwards, she advanced to the carpet, and when I said, "This is Queen Emma," I thought I perceived a little hesitation in her manner—she started, and her countenance changed, as if awe-struck, and she dropped down to the ground. I mean such was her curtsy. Mrs. Carlisle seated herself on a chair frankly acknowledging she could not easily get up from the ground. Mrs. Hoapili, in the meantime, advanced from her pear-tree and came and squatted on the *kapa*. Both she and Queen Emma had little hats on their heads; it must have been a charming scene for Miss Jewsbury, and will furnish no doubt a pleasant report for Mrs. Carlisle to give to her husband. Mrs. Carlisle carried a feather fan with her which Queen Emma noticed, as not having seen such an one since she left Hawaii. She was immediately requested to accept it, and did so with as little notice as possible of the compliment. Knowing that they had no objection to such little exhibitions, I asked Queen Emma and Mrs. Hoapili to let Miss Jewsbury hear the sound of their native language, and induced Mrs. Hoapili to sing a few words. Miss Jewsbury compared it to the breathings of the Eolian harp, and she was much interested when I told her the Queen's native name, Kaleleokalani, and its meaning—the odd way in which names descriptive of some event are given to those who have no concern in it, if they be but living at the time.⁶⁰

If Queen Emma formed any particular impressions of her notable callers she did not record them in her London diary. Neither did she attempt, in late September after her arrival in the Isle of Wight, to put down in words her experiences at Farringford. It is especially fortunate, therefore, that family records of the Tennysons have preserved one or two vignettes of the Queen in that island of a northern sea so far removed from her own subtropical shores.

During the summer of 1865 the Tennysons had gone abroad; it was the boys' first holiday, a "grand tour" of Belgium and Germany. They returned to Farringford by September 22, in time for Hallam and Lionel to get back to their school in Dorsetshire for the beginning of their second term. According to a notation of Lady Franklin, the arrival of the Queen at Farringford one week later, on September 28, brought the boys home posthaste to share in the welcome to royalty. Meanwhile, Queen Emma was progressing southward from London with Lady Franklin and the two Hoapilis, bearing somewhere in her wake Mr. Hopkins, her manservant John Welsh, and also a maid, Chevalier. It is certain that Queen Emma found Farringford a coign of refuge from her circuit of official duties in the Isle of Wight. The chief record of the Queen's visit to Farringford is an entry or two in the diary of Emily Tennyson.

Sept. 28th. Farringford. Queen Emma of the Sandwich Islands, arrived, Major Hopkins and a huge native, Mr. Hoapili, in attendance. Aunt Franklin came. The Queen's maid and her luggage lost on the road: they arrived at midnight. We had a throne chair made out of our Ilex wood. It was first used by the Queen. She, poor lady, wanted to stay quietly here, but she had to go to banquets, etc. about the Island. I collected money for the projected cathedral in Honolulu.

A. went with the Queen up the Down. John Welsh, the Queen's servant, said nothing would induce him to leave her, she was so good. There was a wailing thro' the seven Sandwich Islands for the Queen when she left, because the natives thought she never would return. Endless guests came in to tea. A. took her out that she might read her letters; and hid her from the guests in the summer-house in the kitchen garden ("among the cabbages" she said). A. and I were pleased with her sweet dignity of manner, and a calmness that made one think of an Egyptian statue; her voice was musical. Mr. and Mrs. Hoapili sang Hawaiian songs. They sat on the ground and acted the song while they sang. They then chanted an ode to the young Prince, a wild monotonous chant. All great people's children in Hawaii have odes made to them on the day of their birth, a kind of foreshadowing of their lives. When a bard meets the hero of any

ode so made he has to sing it to him. *Oct. 2nd.* A. gave her two large magnolia blossoms on her leaving. She has a sweet nature; something very pathetic about her.⁶¹

In *Alfred Tennyson*, by Sir Charles Tennyson, we are told that "in the evenings Mr. and Mrs. Hoapili would sing Hawaiian songs, sitting on the ground, their hair wreathed with briony berries, and the Queen would tell stories and legends of her native land." From these exotic entertainments Mr. Hopkins was kept excluded (so it appears from Lady Franklin's Journal) by being temporarily banished to the nearby Freshwater Gate Hotel. In London again, resuming her Journal on October 5, Lady Franklin could find no fault with the Queen's farewells to Farringford. Emily Tennyson, who was greatly worried about what to do with all the letters which kept on arriving for the Queen, wrote to say that "the boys have a very chivalrous devotion to Queen Emma and that Ally (Alfred) is glad to have had the Queen and the Hoapilis too."

I also gave her [Emily Tennyson] an account of the Queen's tears on leaving Farringford [wrote Lady Franklin on October 5], and of her naive observation as to her unworthiness to have been in intimate intercourse with him at his own house, observations so unlike her general reserve, also of her affectionate parting from the boys.⁶²

After her visit to the Tennysons, Queen Emma sent them a copy of Kamehameha IV's Prayer Book and Preface, together with a recent photograph of herself. On December 2, when the Queen was staying in apartments at Claridge's Hotel shortly before her journey to the South of France, Tennyson called twice on the same day to pay his respects and express his thanks for the gifts.

It is a great satisfaction and pride to me [Emma confided in one of her last letters to Lady Franklin] to send my Husband's translation and productions to the greatest men of the age, that they may see and know him to have been their equals in talent and genius—how much Mr. Tennyson would have appreciated him! I was glad indeed to have seen Mr. Tennyson again.⁶³

"Tennyson had been Laureate since 1850," wrote Mr. E. F. Benson in *As We Were: A Victorian Peepshow*. "He was a peak much shrouded in mist, and the clouds were thick round that Parnassus." But Queen Emma, confronted by those mysterious uplands, saw only the sunny eminence.



Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, was regarded by many persons both in Hawaii and in England as the Queen's chief sponsor in ecclesiastical circles. Hailed by Manley Hopkins as "our chief *missionary* Bishop," Wilberforce had followed with utmost interest the efforts of Kamehameha IV, R. C. Wyllie, and Manley Hopkins to establish a "Reformed Catholic Church" on Hawaiian soil. By contributing a preface to the first edition of Manley Hopkins's *Hawaii: The Past, Present, and Future of Its Island-Kingdom*, the Bishop of Oxford had lent to that volume the imprimatur of his episcopal authority.

The Royal Family of those Islands [wrote Bishop Wilberforce] have long sought to cultivate an English alliance; but it has been reserved for the present enlightened king to seek it in the way in which it can be most certainly secured—by planting among his people, with all the advantages which can be derived from his own adhesion to it, a branch of our Reformed Church.

The rich ambiguity of the Bishop of Oxford's language—the references to an "alliance" and a "branch" are examples—sometimes gave rise to unfriendly interpretations in American quarters. That Manley Hopkins's book had been rather ostentatiously dedicated ("with his Lordship's permission") to the Right Honorable John Earl Russell, K. G., only increased the suspicion that while North and South were occupied with troubles at home, sinister forces in Britain were busy fomenting a plot in the Sandwich Islands. At any rate, American opponents of Wyllie and his royalist ideas thought they could detect a strong imperial ground swell in Bishop Wilberforce's rolling periods.

May it please God greatly to bless and prosper this new undertaking of our Sovereign and her nation's church. In venturing on it we are but paying the debt which in virtue of our own Christianity and our own national prosperity we owe to less favoured tribes of men. It is surely specially appropriate that such gifts as these,—the high gifts of the doctrine and perfect organization of the Church of Christ, which have built up her own liberties and greatness, should be imparted by the Ocean Queen to her sister Islands.

Now, after Emma's arrival in England, it might have seemed no more than fitting if the Bishop of Oxford and Lady Franklin, the Queen's sacred and secular patrons, had agreed to divide between them the national honors. But this they found themselves unable or unwilling to do. As early as August 29, in a letter to Louisa Dixon, Miss Cracroft revealed that over the past month relations between Cuddesdon Palace at Oxford and Upper

Gore Lodge had grown less and less cordial. The rumor that the reputation of the Queen's A.D.C. had further deteriorated as he renewed old associations in the city of his boyhood only made the situation more ironical; for at least in their estimate of Mr. Hopkins the ladies and Bishop Wilberforce were unanimous.

August 29

My dear Louisa,

I knew that as soon as you got out of town it would be impossible to keep you au courant with what was going on. The letters encrease continually—yesterday's *first* post brought twelve, all but one relating to Q. Emma and wanting answers, and plenty more came during the day. She is away just now—went down with the Bishop of Oxford last Wednesday to Lavington, whence she has paid visits with him to Mr. Goring of Wiston, and now to the Beresford-Hopes—and in the interval there have been public meetings at Brighton on 25th and St. Leonard's today, with a private one at Wiston. We were invited to go down today to the Wagners, but my Aunt declined. . . . We really do want rest, or rather to be at home, to answer letters settling Q. Emma's plans and making arrangements for her, a work which encreases continually.

The very first time she was separated and had her engagement book in her own hands she lost it. However, we have nothing to do with her present doings, the Bishop of Oxford having scrupulously and successfully avoided making my Aunt even in the most indirect way a party to them. It is not the first of his ungentlemanlike actions and will not be the last—I mean to others. Mr. Gell has told us of one to himself.

I do not think we shall tell Q. Emma that you will be delighted to see her this winter, because it is more and more apparent upon every account that she ought not to be stopping in an hotel after she leaves my Aunt's house. Of course, what I say to you must not be repeated—but we know that the man Hopkins is already known among the "fast" set in London and is by them spoken of as being "of no account." His vulgarity is notorious, and he behaved very ill indeed here once, domineering over Q. Emma, and to my Aunt in a way which the latter felt quite intolerable.⁶⁴

Queen Emma's decision to move from Upper Gore Lodge to Claridge's Hotel was the result of no sudden royal whim. Both the Foreign Office and Lady Franklin were naturally concerned in the matter, and the advantages and disadvantages of the change had long been the subject of formal consideration. Originally, at the time of Emma's arrival in England the Foreign Office had seemed ready enough to support Lady Franklin in her role as semi-official hostess to the distinguished visitor. "The best arrange-

ment," Russell had noted in a memorandum of July 14, "will be to make a bargain with L[ad]y Franklin—the next best to send her [the Queen] to Claridge, who will find carriages, etc."⁶⁵ But before many weeks had passed it was fairly evident that this "best arrangement" was hardly feasible. Early in August Russell sent to Queen Emma an important proposal. Transmitted by Mr. Syngé, the message stated that apartments would be reserved at Claridge's Hotel and that, beginning at whatever time the Queen should so desire, she and her party might reside there as guests of Her Majesty's Government. Within a few days Emma communicated her wishes to the Foreign Office. For the present she agreed to stay at Lady Franklin's; but she could not deny that she would be happier when her visit to Upper Gore Lodge came to an end. Mr. James Murray, assistant undersecretary of state, notified Earl Russell of the Queen's unenthusiastic decision.

I have seen Syngé and find from him that Queen Emma has reluctantly been obliged to agree to Lady Franklin's proposal to remain her guest to the end of October. Your Lordship will however see by the annexed letter to Syngé that the Queen thinks your offer "very agreeable" and will "avail of it very cheerfully" at "the end of October."

She tells Syngé she wishes it distinctly understood that she is not to be held in bondage by Lady Franklin beyond then, and if you approve we can at once make a provisional arrangement for her reception at Claridge's at the time named.⁶⁶

Meanwhile, having been permitted to read Russell's letter to Mr. Syngé, both Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft were at first much puzzled by its purport. "I waited longer than I expected for your notice of Lord Russell's letter," Miss Cracroft reminded Louisa Dixon, "as even now you do not say much; but I suppose it has both surprised and pleased you. But are you not astonished that neither Q. Emma nor Mr. Syngé would have, except under pressure, ever shewn it to my Aunt? We were obliged to explain to her that it was no *royal* invitation, but I think she must have perceived the terms were not flattering to *her*, only to my Aunt."⁶⁷

Of this singularly ambiguous document Lady Franklin remarked that Fanny Lefroy regarded the letter as "an authoritative order to withdraw Queen Emma from my care, whereas Louisa [Dixon] regards it on the contrary as a most kind and courteous mark of consideration prompted by a desire to consult my wishes."⁶⁸

Other references in her Journal indicate that as early as August 12 Lady Franklin had drafted a letter to Russell giving her own view of the

whole vexed matter. Beginning at the beginning, Lady Franklin explained that the chief object of her hospitality was only to repay, so far as possible, the gracious courtesies she had received from the King and Queen during her visit to Hawaii.

I had no other expectation & wish than that she should make my house her home during her stay. The period then contemplated by me embraced at least 6 or 7 months of our warmest weather, for I had done my best supported by the approval of Her Majesty the Queen [Victoria] to prevent her coming during the winter, & urging her arrival not later than the beginning of May.

But Queen Emma had been heedless of all such weather warnings, Lady Franklin continued, being positively enamored of the idea of braving "the frost, the snow, ice, thaw & fog, & especially the latter being, she declares, the things of all others she wishes to become acquainted with." As a consequence of this strange nonchalance in the face of impending inclemencies, Lady Franklin concluded,

I cannot but acquiesce in the change you have proposed, if it be deferred till the commencement of winter, that is, till the end of Oct[ober] or beginning of Nov[ember] when, according to my habit unfortunately rendered necessary by the state of my health & that of my niece, I must repair to one of the most southern climates of Europe for the winter.—But I venture to request that up to that time, Queen Emma may be allowed to make use of my quiet home. Having urged this hope on H.H.M. I am happy to say that she assents to my wishes, being anxious only that while doing so she should not appear to fail in due appreciation of the attention of H.M.'s government in the proposal that has been communicated to her.⁶⁰

In her Journal for August 23, Lady Franklin alludes to her letter to Russell and records as an afterthought that his Lordship "might not altogether like the burthen of responsibility he has taken on himself."⁷⁰ In any event, the Foreign Office was never in the dark concerning either Lady Franklin's or Queen Emma's view of the situation. Though at the moment he was at Balmoral with Queen Victoria, Russell was in very close touch with day-to-day developments at Upper Gore Lodge. "The Bishop of Oxford has written to me twice in behalf of Queen Emma," wrote Russell to Sir Edmund Hammond, the permanent undersecretary. "It appears that the Queen is not only oppressively protected by Lady Franklin, but has some [distrust?] of Mr Synge, & wishes to have a Mr Hopkins attached to her service on the part of the foreign office."⁷¹ The Foreign Minister could

see no need, however, to assign any special officer to Queen Emma, not "as things stand." As for Synge, he would have no objections to sending the British commissioner back to his post in Honolulu.

On September 19 Hammond submitted to Earl Russell a full résumé of the understanding with Claridge's.

I find from Murray that all the arrangements for the reception of Queen Emma at Claridge's were made long since. She was to have the same rooms as the Queen of the Netherlands,—a drawing, dining room, bedroom and Maid's room en suite, for herself:—a sitting room, bedroom and dressing room for Mr and Mrs Hoapili:—and accommodations for Mr Charles Hopkins. . . .

There has never been a question of *thrusting* Mr C. Hopkins on her. He came with her to this country, and it is a matter of indifference whether he or Mr Hoapili makes known to the office any wishes the Queen may have from time to time.

I think it much better that Synge should return to his post at Honolulu at once: he can be of no use here, and indeed he is now away in Ireland.

When once the Queen has established herself in Claridge's, the F.O. will take charge of her comforts, and attend to any wishes she may signify through Mr Hoapili or Mr C. Hopkins or any one else she may have attached to her suite. But it would be much better that her wants should be made known directly by herself, through her Secretary, to the Foreign Office, than through the circuitous channel [the Bishop of Oxford?] which has hitherto been had recourse to.

We can only release her by writ of Habeus Corpus from the state of durance in which it seems she is held by Lady Franklin.⁷²

From these and other instances, both in Lady Franklin's Journal and in various Foreign Office records, it is evident that the question of Claridge's had been ventilated early and late and finally settled to the satisfaction of Lady Franklin as well as Queen Emma. Ill-natured gossip in Honolulu insinuating that Her Majesty's Government were remiss or slow in displaying concern about the Queen's comfort appears to have been without foundation.

But it was the Bishop of Oxford who now voiced his alarms when word reached him of the Queen's most recent change of plan. For in late November Emma resolved to leave Claridge's and spend the rest of the winter in the South of France. From August through September, with one or both of the Hoapilis and Mr. Cutts usually along handling arrangements, the Queen of the Sandwich Islands had been exhibited on dozens of platforms

scattered over England from Yorkshire to Southampton and the Isle of Wight. In between the public meetings, on her sight-seeing expeditions in and outside the metropolis, Emma had visited the Fleet, Chelsea Hospital, the Guildhall, the colleges of Cambridge and Oxford, and Marston Moor; she had dined in London at the Mansion House and accepted a luncheon invitation of the mayor of Saffron Walden. Finding herself freed of responsibilities one fine day in mid-autumn, after attending a church benefit in Buckinghamshire, she had prolonged an afternoon visit to Chalfont St. Giles by mingling among the villagers, joining in their harvest-home festivities. Small wonder that such exertions however agreeable, combined with the growing chill in the weather, eventually told on her health and that toward the end of October, just as Lady Franklin had predicted, she contracted "a severe sore throat which is being treated with flannels." When the sore throat developed into the persistent cough of bronchitis, it became more and more certain that she could not thrive if she remained in England throughout the rest of the winter. But what most disturbed the Bishop of Oxford when he first heard of it was not so much the delicate state of the Queen's health. Rather it was the prospect of her touring about the Continent with the two Hoapilis and with no other guardian than the appalling Mr. Hopkins. If the imprudent Queen had heeded the adjurations of Bishop Wilberforce, she would have done one thing: she would have purchased an immediate passage from Southampton to her native Hawaii and have abandoned once and for all her scheme of proceeding via Folkestone and Boulogne on a journey to Hyères and the restorative sunshine of the Mediterranean. No record has been found of the Queen's reply to the following letter of the Bishop of Oxford. It is possible that silence was Emma's only answer.

Oxford

Dec 2 1865

Madam

I have no right to plague you with my advice, except the right which may be got from your kindness and from my deep interest in Your Majesty and Your work. I do believe that I may say no one in England can exceed me in this deep interest. The more I reflect upon it the more convinced I am the return home for this winter is your true course.

Even if you should not return to us I feel convinced of this.

I. Your health and the safety of Your return would humanly speaking be secured: and indeed this is beyond price, but

II. You ought not Madam to go and live for three or four months with no other attendance on yourselves than Major Hopkins. Your eminence and Your goodness does not allow you to see this as others see it. Major Hopkins as a single man is not a sufficient guard—

III. But why, Madam, should You not return? Your report of Your welcome in England would surely rouse in Your people's heart a resolution once more to send You to us early in the Summer to begin again the work You have so nobly commenced.

You will I know pardon my plain speaking which is the proof of my affectionate regard for Your Majesty: from whom believe me and from whose high and noble interests neither difference of opinion nor worldwide distance can ever estrange me.

I am Madam
Most Sincerely Yours
OXON

Her Majesty Queen Emma

Letter would reach me Monday and Tuesday
Nuneham Park Oxford Wednesday 26 Pall Mall⁷³



France 1865—1866 • December to July

EMMA IN FRANCE

*Journey to Hyères • Letters from Home • Paris: Macon:
Lyon: Marseilles • Hyères and the Victorian Riviera •
Picnic on a Small Island • Nice to Genoa • Sudden De-
parture of the Hoapilis • The Tuileries: Their Imperial
Majesties • Return to London • Homeward Bound*

"I AM THIS DAY THIRTY YEARS OLD," WROTE QUEEN EMMA IN HER DIARY ON January 2, 1866.¹ It was the first day after New Year's, and she had already spent three weeks at Hyères, the charming, sleepy, and then out-of-the-way seacoast resort on the French Riviera. Accompanied by the Hoapilis, a Swiss maid acquired in England, her manservant John Welsh, and Charles Gordon Hopkins, the Queen had arrived at Hyères on December 9, 1865. "The town is in the *kuaaina* [back-country] parts of France," Emma wrote to a friend in Hawaii, "but is beginning to become fashionable." And to friends both in Hawaii and in England she reported that Hyères, with its various cliques and colonies and their liking for "the spreading of storys" about each other, was not altogether different from Honolulu: "This seems a queer little town, small & rather interesting from tales & historical associations. . . . The surrounding views are very diversified & strikes me [as] being much like scenery in my own land. The beautiful climate is doing wonders for us all, already we are almost ourselves again."²

From the day of her arrival on the Riviera Queen Emma found herself reminded time and time again of her own country. "Like people who have never left their homes we saw likenesses in every bluff, hillock, palm grove," Emma had written in Acapulco in Mexico in June of 1865, when she had first set forth on her travels.³ And now in France she had no difficulty discovering in the geography of the Midi or Provence a Gallic counterpart to regions of Hawaii or Oahu. "We looked down on the downward course of the largest river in France, the Rhone," Emma wrote of her railway journey south, "which wound its way at the foot of these hills, while we kept its company in the same winding progress on the sides of them."⁴ When the rails ran along stretches of dun hillside or dropped down to a plain, level as a table and dry as an old leaf, a stream of familiar images glided along the channels of her memory.

The country we passed on our journey hither [Emma wrote in her rapid draft] is like our Island scenery along the South of Hawaii and Oahu, and the soil and rocks [are] like the nature of that of *Leahi* [Diamond Head] in Waikiki, yellow and brown color, wild in some spots. . . . The sights all along is extremely beautiful and varied, and . . . every ten or five minutes whisked us pass quiet rustic little towns on an open plane, with its pretty little old looking church raising its head above the other houses from its midst, or passing immediately under frowning ruins of old Castles, whose battlemented walls brought to mind old songs such as "Gaily the Troubadore," "The Minstrells return from the war," and the distant high hills on whose sides were pretty villages with grape & olive plantations and

on whose tops stood out prominently some towering tower in the clear atmosphere of "La France."

I could not help thanking inwardly *Him* who orders our goings out and our comings in, that he should have given me such opportunity to see these parts of the world. Most picturesque are the old buildings, houses, and dress of the people of this land, just precisely what one sees in prints and pictures of them. . . .⁵



During her stay of more than three months in Hyères, Queen Emma devoted many hours to her private correspondence. There had been a long lapse in London, especially at Lady Franklin's, when she had been far too busy most of the time to be writing letters to people off in Hawaii. Besides, when she had not been involved with her church work and a weighty list of engagements, she had usually felt too tired, very much too tired, to apply herself to the arduous task of composition. But in the restful atmosphere of the Riviera all that was changed: as soon as she arrived in Hyères she set about catching up on her letters home. The following catena of miscellaneous letters from the winter of 1865-1866 includes several the Queen wrote while staying in Hyères, before she and her party migrated southward in March to Genoa. However, instead of opening with the letters from Provence, the record may well begin a few months earlier when Queen Emma was still in England. Two are letters from home, translated from the Hawaiian. The first is from Emma's adoptive mother, Mrs. Rooke, written only a few weeks after the sailing of the *Clio*; the affectionate name "Kiawai" means "a concentration of water" or "a pillar of the source of water"—for example, the cloud—and appropriately suggests the idea of prosperity.

Greetings to you Kaleleonalani and your traveling companions on that sea and in those lands you have already seen. Love to you all who go to those unknown lands you are now seeing. We are well.

Your mother,
KIAWAI,
With love.⁶

In the next letter, Hiram Kahanawai relates the recent doings of himself and some of Emma's retainers. Kahanawai was a *kahu* of Emma's—

that is, a kinsman of a junior line of descent, and therefore no mere household servant to be casually hired or dismissed. Now one of the leading members of Bishop Staley's little flock, Hiram had long acted as a steward in the royal household. The late King had been amused, when he had not been a bit vexed, by Hiram. He wrote to Emma from Lahaina in 1859, "Nahaolelua's Chinaman does our cooking for us, and in a manner worthy of his country too. Hiram acts as steward and chief bottle washer, and what with his left-handedness, and the consequent putting the forks where the knives ought to be, and vice versa, and serving the dishes on the right side instead of the left, and doing many other curious things, such as bringing the melon before the custard (we had custard one day) we get along very well in the culinary department."⁷

Clearly, as a waiter Hiram was not up to the standard established in 1861 by that graduate of the Crystal Palace, Frederick Mark Ruddle. Of Hiram's loyalty to Queen Emma, however, his letter leaves no doubt.

Tuesday
Kilohana [Nuuanu Valley]
May 16, 1865

"The Lord be with you."

To the Mother, Kaleleonalani,
Aloha!

Allow me to tell you of ourselves, your retainers.

On Monday of the week after you sailed, Mama [Mrs. Rooke] and Hipa [Fanny Naea, Emma's actual mother] arrived at Iolani Palace and we made all things ready for our moving. That evening we all left and are now staying here in Kilohana. We two are on the upper side of the big house, and the lower side is Kamaikui Welsh's. But she and Mama will stay most of the time in Honolulu. The larger children are in one house. Siu and Peahi are in the house by the stream. Kekii and others are down below Hanaiakamalama [Emma's Nuuanu Valley house]. All of us rejoice in good health, and the small children are not sickly—they are very well. . . .

In the early morning of Wednesday, May 10, the *kahuna* [the medicine man] of Kamamalu and the others died. Before the death of that *kahuna* he asked not to be buried until three days had passed: then he would rise again. On the third day (this was Friday) the people who watched over him noted the darkness of the entire body of the *kahuna*, the rotting and the stench. That morning early the *kahuna* was taken to be buried at Kawaihāo. Kamamalu and Hakaleleponi [the King's sister and the widow of Kamehameha III] are grieving for love of their *kahuna*. They stay down

at Kahala one day and roost up at Kanewai the next day: so they are staying nowadays, very much like chickens. . . .

My mind is saddened because various persons are saying that it was my idea to sail with you on the ship. Many *haoles* have spoken to me to that effect, of my going to the wharf with my bundle. But I have hidden my thoughts—I did not answer them—they asked me and I spoke not.

The following Sunday the Bishop of Honolulu came to me at Iolani Palace and spoke to me in the same way: "Ha! You had the mistaken idea, Hiram, that you were one of those who were sailing. The Queen did not want you to sail!"

Then I said: "My ears were full of these same words yesterday, and now today I hear them again. I did not answer them yesterday, but now I am going to tell you that it was the wish of the Queen and not my own that I was to sail with her." Then I told the Bishop everything from beginning to end, and of the fifty dollars you gave me, that I might be provided for, and of your last instructions, which were as follows: If they failed to give you the glass on the ship [a prearranged signal?] then I was to sail after you—I was to set myself apart for that purpose.

Then there was no doubt left in the Bishop's mind. I made a request of him that if he should hear certain people talking about this matter, then he should explain so that they would understand. He agreed. . . .

Aloha!

Your humble servant,
H. KAHANAWAI⁸



The next is in Emma's hand. In its small heavily black-bordered envelope addressed to "Lady Franklin, Bombay, India," the letter brings the situation up to date. Lady Franklin's private plans for herself and Sophy for the winter of 1865-1866 had finally settled upon a visit to India, her first experience of that fascinating "mixture of splendour, decay, tawdry finery, homage, dust, whitewash, & bright colours." Thus, while Queen Emma was recuperating at Hyères, Lady Franklin and her niece were being trundled by bullock cart from one "staging bungalow" to the next in the Bombay district, or inspecting the women's quarters at the Palace of the Rajah of Mysore: "The general effect was very curious," noted Miss Cra-croft, "but greatly inferior to the Harem of the Bey of Tunis." Emma's letter to her friend was written in Paris, on the first stage of her journey

south; but it tells something of the Queen's last days at Claridge's, before her departure for France. On leaving London she felt very heavy of heart, for she had just received word from Hawaii of the death at Rosebank of Mr. Wyllie.

Paris
Grand Hotel du Louvre
Dec 5th 1865

My dear Lady Franklin,

I am again in grief and mourning, my dearest and best friend indeed Father to my country as well as myself personally is taken from us. Good Mr. Wyllie is no more. I cannot tell you how the event has shaken me, and was like opening a fresh wound. The news came (just about the anniversary of my own loss) of the expected event through a letter from Mr. de Varigny to me, and which I instantly sent my servant with round to you the first thing on Saturday morning, but he arrived at the house just too late to catch you. The confirmation of the contents of that letter came yesterday, by telegram, and it has filled us all with sorrow.

May God still guard and guide our little Kingdom through its many losses, is my fervant prayer and I hope that another as true and devoted a man may be forthcoming to fill his place.

It was not till past 12 o'clock on Friday night when Kiliwehi returned from the Opera that I knew of your having been refused admittance to me that evening. I had refused seeing anyone on that and the preceding day because I was quite unable to see any strangers and therefore the porter had orders for "Not at Home," but that was not meant for you of course. Why did you not come in to me, after you saw Kiliwehi? I had hoped to have seen you before you left and said goodbye. . . .

Kiliwehi was ill constantly during our passage across the channel, although it was not very rough. We are all well and hope you and Miss Crawcroft are.

Aloha
Yours
KALELEONALANI⁹

On her last day in London, Queen Emma began a letter to Kamehameha V. The next day, December 5, after her arrival in Paris, she added a second installment. Though the death of Mr. Wyllie was a sad loss, her spirits revived amid the lively scenes of France.

Claridges Hotel
Dec 4th
1865

Your Majesty

It is with a very heavy heart that I write this letter. The news of Mr. Wyllies loss, by the telegram sent from Home on the 19th of Oct has just arrived, and we are all sad, and mourning the misfortune that has befallen us. I feel it very much, for I had quite looked upon him as a Father almost. How little did I dream when I saw him last on the day we left the Islands, that that was to be our last meeting. Everyone who has had any acquaintance with him here speaks of his disinterested devotion to our Kingdom and its Dynasty as something most unusual, and his thorough allegiance to his new country, very remarkable. Men such as Lord Clarendon, Sir John Bowring, Earl Russell and many others say the same. The first impulse of the moment was to return to the Islands immediately, but on longer thought I have concluded to proceed on my journey to Hiere tomorrow according to our arrangements, which was all attended by Lord Clarendon, as I last wrote on Saturday when he called especially for that purpose. . . .

Paris Dec. 5th
Grand Hotel du Louvre
1865

. . . when we reached the French coast Mr. Hamilton the English consul to Boulogne was the first person to come on board, and waited on me, he told me he did so by the express command of Earl Russell, and our luggage was sent to the Hotel de Bain, without word or examination, whither we drove, which is near by the landing. . . . [We were] received at the door by the landlady and landlord of the house, the former in a neat print dress & white apron and the peculiar white cap of muslin, fitted round the face looking so nice and Frenchy.

We were shewen upstairs into a pretty little room which looked over the harbour & on to the rising mountain beyond. A table was soon laid by a large puffy French waiter, with a light French dinner, of which we ate the celebrated French salad, and drank Bordeaux van ordinaire. The moment we came into the harbour I felt instantly the change of everything. You saw France in every animate & inanimate thing—the market women in their white caps, short petticoates, sabots and great baskets of fish & other things hanging on their backs by the strap or loop of leather attached to them through which they slip their heads . . . the exterior & interior of houses the latter so tastily fitted, little recesses & nooks all curtained in with light curtains . . . and the French breads & the French long

roll of bread to each one at table all tell instantly to the eye what that country is without asking questions. . . .¹⁰



The Queen left Paris for Marseilles on the morning of December 6. Almost any excerpt from her account of her journey across France suggests the excitement with which she floated upon the tide of new impressions.¹¹

Her View from a Balcony: Paris

. . . When we woke the next morning from our short night's rest in Paris, we threw open the long windows and shutters, and slipping out into the little balcony whiled away 15 minutes before breakfast was announced, in looking down upon the rue Marengo [Marengo] at the pretty variegated sights in the street, of the bright dresses of both men and women, market vans, light phaetons, bright shops opposite the road, young demoiselles that trip along with blooming cheeks, and a bundle of sewing for the day's work under their arm, Zouaves who jostle along with all their medals on their breasts, old women in sabots, white caps, short petticoates and a rainbowie handkerchief folded over their chest and shoulders—now all this was an early morning sight at the end of the street. . . . We sat down to a light breakfast of sweet toast, beautiful coffee sweetened with square lumps of white sugar in large light green cups. . . .

In a "Coupe Compartment"

. . . A coupe compartment in the railway . . . I found much pleasanter than a saloon carriage with plenty of conveniences, 1st because being at the end of the trains all the whole front is open glass (as well as the sides) which enabled one to see much more of the country around than any other arrangement could give—which to me a sightseer was certainly more preferable to the eye than a very near view of 12 feet long and 7 high of padded cushions opposite one in a saloon carriage—and 2nd reason is that being small there was only one row of seats which just accommodated our party closely, and being the cold months for travelling, it was rather a comfort than an inconvenience to be so snugly packed. . . .

She Arrives at Mâcon

. . . at ½ past 8 at night and spent the night at the Hotel de L'Europe in Macon, a small place on the river Saone. We sat down to some tea, les euff ah la cock, et du pain, et du beurrer at ½ past 9, and soon to our beds for we were tired and cold. Taking a look from the windows . . . saw the river underneath my windows and the opposite shore . . . covered with fine

looking houses as revealed by the light of the full moon. Queer looking long housed barges lay moored to the shore, which it seems are washing places of the washer women. I was much disappointed the next morning on waking to find a heavy thick fog shutting everything from view. By leaving at 8 in the morning we reached Lyon at noon, & had the whole afternoon for seeing a little of the place. . . . We found that the toilet soaps were charged separate in the items of expense, which we guarded against after by taking our own about. We never found it so in England. . . .

The Cathedral of St. John: Lyon

. . . When we entered, the voices of priests & boy choristers came sweetly to the ear as they chanted hymns behind the center Alter, where that is always done. This church had nothing prepossessing in it, but rather looked like a bazar of cheap daubs of penny pictures & children's toys—the walls & pillars were well covered with these trumpery trashes of plated eyes, tears, dolls legs, arms, pictures depicting all sorts of accidents, as offerings to the Virgin, who is represented in them as interfering in sickness & other adversities—a woman falling from a window yet saved by her interposition—horse running away & dragging a poor man by one leg on the ground—the good mother is represented under the horse's belly as coming to his rescue on a blue cloud in the dust—houses tumbling down on one & she depicted as appearing among the falling buildings—this & all sorts of subjects. Dirty crutches innumerable was suspended all about the home of "Mary the Blessed Virgin," as offerings from many poor creatures who have recovered from lameness—in fact the church was tapestried with these cheap Ex voto. In the interieur, here again we saw in one of the dark confessionals some few old & young making many genuflections to a wretched daub of a picture. . . .

A Roman Confessional: Lyon

. . . At Lyon, I saw the first actual confession, such as one reads about, in the Cathedral du Lyon, a building as large as the Roman Catholic Church in Honolulu, & one which I wished our new Cathedral would be like, it is just the size, & I rather liked the style of architecture, ornamental Gothic. . . . On both sides of the nave are a series of chapels formed underneath the arches (8 in number) in one of which I saw the confessional act, as performed in the Church of Rome. . . .

One of the penitants was a beautiful girl, kneeling in the repentant's open recess, where is a crucifix or picture of our Lord hung before her in the queer arrangement of the Confessional box, which is like a low wardrobe with the two ends not enclosed & the center only so, the door of which when the priest enters is shut upon him, & he listens & absolves all the sin-

ner's faults which is made known to him through a finely grated opening in one side—it is precisely like the sentry boxes at the Palace gates at home, just put three of them together side by side & you have it, only a little more elaborate—there were many of them in the Church. Various services were performed at the same moment, thus we saw confessionals, christenings, private devotions, mass &c in this one Cathedral.

From thence we drove up through long & crowded streets walled in on both sides by high bare walls of old houses, monasteries, gardens, portions of ancient ramparts, barrack walls or wretched dirty apartments. There were frequent niches in them all along containing a figure of the blessed Virgin with arms folded looking down pitifully on you, or outstretched in the attitude of blessing. . . .

Her View from a Balcony: Marseille

. . . In the afternoon we saw the Mediterranean over a long flat country like the flat lands of Puuloa, lured into pretty lonely looking bays in the shore . . . [and by] 4 o'clock we were in the "Grand Hotel du Louvre et de la Paix," & out on our balcony looking at the live street of Le Cannebiere [Canebière], the great street of Marselles & the hotel the grandest place on it—all crowned heads & illustrious visitors go there. I never thought that the colored prints & pictures of street scenes could be so true. Why! it is to the reality! It was a most animated scene all day long, & the variety of costumes is something very gay—the bright dress of Zouave soldiers, each regiment differing in brightness—the sedate looking French proprietaire in plane clothes with overcoats buttoned at the throat, & sleeves not used but dangling about, both hands being buried in the trowsers pockets—the narrow waggons or carts drawn by a tandem team of animals, foremost is the small donkey then a large mule, & a poor horse all with the queer head gear that looks like [a] yoke on their necks with a horn in the top of it covered with tiny globular bells on them that jingle through the streets—the Arabs in their white burnoose enveloping head & all, thrown over one shoulder—the young girls that swarm the streets passing up & down, their hairs so prettily & stylishly made, & who dresses in the most becoming of latest Mode de Paris—Americans in their usual quick businesslike walk—Priests in long robes & shovel hats shuffling through the crowd—the women of the lower orders dotting the mass with white by their white caps—the English discernable through that mottled crowd by their tall black hats, excessive simplicity of dress & dignified ladylike & gentlemanlike bearing—Turks with red fezzes & full trowsers, gay broad sashes wound round the waist—Sisters of Mercy of many orders & odd dresses, sailors, shabby cabs & drivers run about them, & once in a while a fast looking young gentleman dashes through this crowd in his Phaeton managing two beautiful bays

with his footman in livery & folded arms as stiff as you please behind him. . . . This was at our feet. The tall houses whose ornamental fronts & windows draped with bright sunshades, shop windows glittering with all kinds of purse temptations was opposite to us, piano music coming from our next door neighbours in the adjoining rooms. Now with all this live scene utterly new to me you must not be surprised that I sat out on that balcony a very long time, taking advantage of our being unknown in that place—sat exposed without being known. . . .

"We Never Found It So In England"

. . . We were besett by beggars of all sorts (blind, sick, lame, young & old who had gathered round our carriage when we were up at the church) when we came to the foot of the steps again. Our courier however soon dispersed them, aided by a few loud cracks from the driver's whip twirled above his head. At the Marselles railway station I saw a real live Monk who traveled with us part way this morning in the same train. Oh I watched him with great interest as he passed carrying his bag in one hand—his tonsured bare head, stockingless feet in sandals & the brown coarse robe that was girded at the waist by a cord & crucifix . . . & the hood on his neck had a particular charm for me. . . .

The Queen and her party arrived at Hyères about four o'clock in the afternoon of December 9 and drove at once from the railway station to the Hôtel du Parc, one of the two principal establishments catering to the foreign colony. Emma soon found that she could walk from one end of the main street of Hyères to the other in about fifteen minutes, but she was not at all disappointed: "The mountainous character of the scenery, & always keeping the Mediterranean in view, makes it very home like to me, where always the sea & mountain go together. . . ." ¹²



In the year 1839 Lord Brougham, the distinguished Scottish parliamentarian and leader of the Whigs, was proceeding by carriage through Lower Provence en route to Italy. But before he reached the Italian Riviera, he had been forced by the cholera epidemic then prevailing to call a halt to his journey and remain for a while in quarantine on the French side of the border. As a result of Lord Brougham's discovery of the charms of Cannes and La Napoule, these hitherto inconsequential fishing villages gradually became attractions in their own right; and they were soon joined

by the neighboring coastal towns of Hyères and Nice and Menton. "In these early days," writes Mr. James Pope-Hennessy of the Victorian Riviera, "the English and Russian personages who converged in moneyed cavalcades upon these little ports came not for pleasure but for health; they came in autumn, stayed the winter, and left in the spring. At the first sign of summer heats they flitted to the spas of Germany and Czechoslovakia. The modern cult of the sun was something of which they had no conception, for they thought (who knows how wisely?) that exposure to the sun not only spoiled the complexion but fevered the blood and addled the brains."¹³

During the 1860s Hyères and its nearby islands of legendary name—Les Iles d'Or—possessed all and more of the dreamlike beauty which Robert Louis Stevenson found in them during the 1880s. The Riviera of a century ago was primarily a winter haven for foreign invalids, and very different from the gilded fleshpots of the twentieth century—"an essentially summer resort," Mr. Pope-Hennessy continues, "pandering to every pleasure, a region of vulgar hotels, villas on inaccessible promontories, extortionate restaurants, sensational jewel robberies and expanses of human bodies baking on the shingle in the August sun—it is hard to imagine the appearance and atmosphere of this coast one hundred years ago."¹⁴

But if it is hard to imagine the European Riviera of 1865, how much harder it is to imagine contemporary Hawaii: that Island Kingdom ruled briefly by the Kamehamehas and their unlucky successors, only to disappear at the turn of the century, along with much else of an obsolete era. Wherever Emma looked, toward her Pacific or her Mediterranean shore, although she found filth and poverty on each, her eyes met unspoiled beauty. The shifting elevations of the fields around Hyères, the vine-covered slopes, the olive groves on their terraced hillsides—"the disposition and rise and fall of it," as Emma described the surrounding rhythmical contours—somehow resembled Hawaii Nei, here a primitive Ewa and there a pastoral Puuloa: especially those small knobs and minor hilly features enclosing the upper inlets of an exquisitely unimproved Pearl Harbor—"only the prominent parts here," Emma did not fail to observe, "are crowned with beautiful small churches or old ruined fortresses."¹⁵

In her rooms at the Hôtel du Parc, from December to March, 1866, Queen Emma breakfasted and lunched and dined much as she pleased, occasionally in bed, and once at least she visited the "cassino"; but it was only to listen to a pair of needy violinists, and by no means to try her luck on the whirl of a wheel. With Chevalier and Charles Hopkins and the two Hoapilis to practice on, she studied the language a little: "Took

our French lessons from Monsieur Denis," she wrote on January 4, "who pronounced a favourable progress." Of course, the callers began to arrive: the mayor's wife and her daughter, Mme. and Mlle. de Botigny; a tiresome English clergyman and his wife and his wife's friend, a Miss Harrison, from the Hôtel des Iles d'Or; and two sisters of the Order of St. Vincent de Paul: "They were cheerful, & good, very nice women. I promised to go and visit their orphanage." And so she did, on January 19, after a walk with Charles Hopkins, Kiliwehi, and Chevalier up the hill beyond the old Church of St. Paul, where the strollers paused to admire "the almond tree in full bloom." Later, during her tour of inspection of the orphanage and its thirty-seven young inmates in their establishment beyond the market place, Emma made special note in her diary of "the dormitorys, chapel, kitchen, apothecary room, & saw the distribution of food to poor."¹⁶

At the English chapel in the Rue Impériale she regularly attended divine service, along with "12 communicants all mostly English." However, having compared the Anglican services with the Christmas observances at the Church of St. Louis,

I was rather pleased than offended [she confessed to Mr. Synge] with the appearance & ceremonys of the church, because more simple than I had been led to expect. The vestments of Bishops & Priests were very rich. The devout worshippers were mostly women who had on their heads the white caps so much worne by the lower order of women here & which gave the appearance of a frosted congregation as one enters the building. The service so far as I saw I thought extraordinarily simple for the Church of Rome.¹⁷

In a letter to one of her new English friends, Lady Devon, Emma speaks in mild disapproval of the devotional arrangements at the Anglican chapel. She also mentions certain Roman Catholics among the local British colony, several of whom she found particularly congenial.

Our Christmas day was not marked by any particular rejoicings or cheerfulness in the Church services other than the appearance of a plain floral motto over the altar, and the extra length of the sermon. We kept awake on eve & welcomed the birthday of our Lord by singing his odes & Christmas hymns in our own rooms. . . .

Amongst the very few English peoples here there is the family of Mr. Hope Scott, whose wife Lady Victoria Scott, a sister of the Duke of Norfolk's and Miss McKensie, a relation of theirs, are such nice people. Lady Victoria is a very sweet person and amiable. She has a stepdaughter who is the great granddaughter of one of my favourite poets, Sir Walter Scott.

I like Miss McKensie very much, she is so pleasant. These people are all staunch Roman Catholics. Mr. Hope Scott has bought a beautiful piece of land on the slope of the hill at the rear of the town on which he is commencing to build.¹⁸



Queen Emma's impressions of the British colony during the 1860s were thus more favorable than those of Monckton Milnes, Lord Houghton, who wrote of Cannes in 1864 that "the two subjects of conversation are lungs & anemones—whether the former are really injured & whether one lady has found some variety of the latter which the other has not got." Emma may have been momentarily bored, especially by strangers like the trio from the Hôtel des Iles d'Or, but by nature she was never blasé, and she never assumed a pose. In most of her letters from Hyères Queen Emma easily subordinated herself to a surrounding "atmosphere": to whatever of observed fact, impression, or fancied resemblance had happened to flow in upon a naturally visual imagination. However, in one of her longest letters to Kamehameha V, she goes into considerable detail about herself, her tiny circle of friends, and a favorite mode of recreation. With innocent vanity she acknowledges the uninhibiting effect of her Polynesian presence on a rather sedate tourist community. She is writing on February 14, the threshold of Lent, St. Valentine's Day as well as Ash Wednesday: "the first day of that season in the church which is my favourite above the rest, because it is the one of all others most conducive to self examination."

Every night we kneel to our even song, our dear Islands, Your Majesty [she continues in the same thoughtful vein], one's kith & kin, friends & people are never forgotten. I think you will say I am very silly for being so partial & always talking of home, so I shall repress myself. But talking of praying for those at home reminds me that we drank to it & all its charms, day before yesterday, in a glass of admirable champagne, on the cliff by the sea where Kiliwehi, Hoapili, John and I walked for a day's outing, to an old Roman ruin called Pomponianna [Pomponiana], the remains of a very old Roman town destroyed by Earthquake—it is about 3 miles from our hotel—we enjoyed it immensely because free from etiquett & restraint & for once quite to ourselves.

The Courier followed an hour after, with our lunch of rare beef, cold potatoes, pickels, bread, butter, oranges & wine. On our way back we met

a boy who carried in a mat bag on head some fishes which we bought, a plump little Aku & some Hinaleas, for 3 francs & a sous. John carried them on an olive twig strung by the gills to the beach. I scaled a fish entirely myself, which is a thing I had never done before. We wandered through the brushwood & shrubby trees that grew on the cliffs, & on the pebbly rocky shore gathering wild flowers, as the rosemary, Myrtle, Lavender, buttercups & Daisy, startling the Sparrows & Larks from the low bushes & dwarf fur trees.

At noon Hoapili & John built a fire right on the water's edge & broiled our fish & beef, in the course of which I & Kiliwehi, the Courier & Maid gathered greens & strewed our little recess in the cliffs where we were to eat, & spread our lunch on it, the hot part of which no sooner was placed in the midst then we, servants & all, sat round it & ate the greatest meal we have ever eaten since we have been abroad. It was a regular Hawaiian feast, barring the poi, but the sweet potatoes filled its place in a measure. What do you think we had for supper that night? Why we had some very nice rare Aku [tuna], it tasted so good,—we all enjoyed it going to bed that night really *maona* [stuffed].

Yesterday we made an excursion to one of the Islands which lie in front of the town & connected with the main land by a narrow strip of long sand. I had asked two English ladies, invalides, whose acquaintance we made here, one a widow from Ireland & the other a young Londoner only 17, very tall, rather pretty, graceful & very rich—not one single relation has she but an only brother, whom she dotes on. These two ladies have spent many winters together in Hyère, their isolated circumstances drawing them closely together, till they seem almost mother & daughter to each other. They are very pleasant, full of fun, quick & appreciates good jokes. My doctor & the clergyman of the place are the other members of our picnic party.

At 9 in the morning we went in 3 carriages to the Island, which is something like Molokai but not half so large—a ridge runs through it just like that of the former, in the middle adjoining which is a long low strange looking house, which proved to be the church & Curé's lodgings in one. We crossed over & down to the other side of the Island, which only took 10 minutes & had our picnic under the trees near the shore, the fire & cooking close by. I kept the party from mischief by giving them occupation, some of the ladies to pick ferns & greens. The clergyman, who is a very agreeable man in spite of his low church views, had to scrape radish roots, pare onions, manufacture paper dishes, &c &c. Mr. Hopkins & one of the ladies dressed the salad into a saucepan which served as a deep dish for it. Our Muleteers, coachman, servants & my maid gathered firewood. They were all in the highest glee being sett to doing such queer things, &

liked very much Hoapili's strips of broiled beef & beautiful spatchcocked fowls.

The ladies looked at him with surprise as he rubbed the salt, pepper and onions into the meat. Everyone sat down pleased with himself & everything they (the haoles) ate was a real pleasure to see, even to the fruit cake—the gentlemen devoured it declaring they never saw any in Hyère before. The ladies grew merry over the Burgundy—as the hot pieces of meat came from the close fire they all scrambled & snatched for it, enjoying it amazingly, not waiting for knives or forks but tearing it with fingers. After lunch we sat on the rocks over the sea & watched the breakers dash up under our feet, while we strung some scarlet berries & wild flowers into garlands & necklaces.

About half an hour after, we mounted our donkeys, the gentlemen leading them, & took a long ride & ramble to one end of the Island. At 5 we left, the good Curé taking leave of me with the hope that we may meet in Heaven. . . .

Our coachman, like knowing Frenchman that he is, took us out of the straight way home, to the other end of the town, so that he had the satisfaction of making a sensation by dashing through the Route Imperial (the principle street) & landed us safe at our hotel portals, our guests having enjoyed their day's excursion very much. Everything was new to them, & has proved quite an incident in Hyère. This little place is very like Honolulu with regard to the spreading of stories, scandals, & the existence of cliques. . . .¹⁹

Writing about the same date to Peter Kaeo, her favorite cousin, Emma reported of the same picnic that never had she seen "a more ravenous company before."

All enjoyed the day's excursion, but my guests especially so. It was something so entirely new to them, the cooking one's meal in the woods & eating it hot from the fire each & everyone contributing towards the getting up of it, that they declared they will always imitate it hereafter. They say that such a party has never been done in Hyère before. I assure you they enjoyed it so much that they are still talking of it, & now it is the talk of the town. . . .²⁰



In mid-March Queen Emma spent four days at Nice and Menton. Then, on March 19, from the portico of the Grand Hôtel d'Angleterre in Menton,

two carriages set forth on the highroad through Northern Italy. The destination of the *vetturini*, each drawn by four horses "with bells on their necks that continuously jingled," was Genoa. In the lead vehicle, perched on the box up in front, rode Queen Emma the better to command a view of the surrounding country. In the second carriage, along with the piled-up luggage, the servants John Welsh and Chevalier followed after. "I travelled all the way from Mentone up on the seat outside," Emma wrote to the King, "so that I revelled in the beauties. . . . This road is on the coast the whole way, never going inland, but following the caprice of the land in & out, in all its irregularity on the sea."²¹

During her journey along the winding Italian *cornice* road, as the miles unfolded and the banks of March assumed the disguises of May and April, the Queen's senses quickened. As she listened to peasant voices and country songs, she thought she could detect the notes of Tahitian laughter.

"The View of the Land"

The view of the land was good [wrote Emma to her mother, Fanny Naea, in Hawaiian] and resembled very much Kahakalooa, but Kahakalooa many times over: that was how lovely the land was, and the road was like Nuuanu Street—it was so beautiful and such fun for the people to ride horseback on. . . . The flowers were very charming, all varieties of them at the top of the cliffs, along the plains, on the banks of the streams, by the beaches, and in the gardens surrounding the villas and everywhere else. These [possibly pressed leaves and flowers] are the wild plants of this land.

"So Like Tahitian Song"

We were three days on the journey, arriving here [Genoa] on the 22nd of March. The men and the women and the way they behave I compare to our people, the shouting and singing that are so like Tahitian song, as they stroll along the highway. But they do not wear bonnets. On the heads of the women are men's hats, woven of the finest of white straw. The elegant ones wear these [Leghorn hats?], but the peasants wear figured and flowered calico, like the curtains used by Kalalaha and others—in fact, like the scarves your boys wear around their heads. The women customarily wear vari-coloured kerchiefs on their heads and tie them under the chin, yellow with black or red figures, just like ours. . . .²²

In later letters to Kamehameha V and to her mother, first from Genoa and then from Venice and Milan, Queen Emma recorded her impressions of these famous cities. Only rarely did she bolster up her own firsthand observations by cribbing from Murray's *Guide*. Though she was dazzled by Venice, it is doubtful whether those magical vistas of canal and sea

and sunlight pleased the Queen half so much as the small fishing village of Cogoletto near Genoa.

This noon we "staid our wheels at Cogoletto," as Tennyson says of it [she wrote on March 21] & went into a small two story house in the street which we were told was the house the discoverer of America Cristopho Columbo was born in. It is a quaint little town, in fact it seemed nothing but a fishing village with the highroad running through it as its only street. The people are of the poorest sort but healthy looking. There was nothing save the fact of its being Columbus's native village that can arrest the passers by—no monument no nothing to give it any importance. Yet of all the pretty towns we have come through from Nice to Genoa including the former, I like this fishing village best of all. There is something so true, simple & natural looking in the houses, people, dress & impliments belonging to it, that it was pleasant to think that we are looking at just exactly the sights which the great discoverer did years ago. It was enjoyable to me—none of the brief & new improvements of the age.²³



This narrative of Queen Emma's experiences abroad must now move to its close. Her impressions of Genoa, Venice, and Milan, where she stopped for a few days only and enjoyed the usual tourist sights, must be dropped from the account completely. Nor can time be spared for the Queen's visit to Southern Germany, where Augustus Hare was happy to record that he had encountered her once more on the station platform at Karlsruhe: "I saw again, and for the last time, the very pleasing Queen Emma of the Sandwich Islands, and presented the Bunsens to her."

However, these last few weeks of March and April were not altogether so enchanting, so idyllic a version of springtime on the Riviera, as perhaps has here been suggested: among all roses there must be at least two or three thorns. One of the most serious of Emma's troubles was the money problem, and the other was the difficulty about Mr. Hoapili.

The financial situation had become critical in January and February when Emma kept expecting funds from Honolulu which failed to arrive. At one point she felt desperate enough to consider borrowing a large sum in England from one of the supporters of the Anglican Mission, Mr. A. J. Beresford-Hope. Luckily, remittances from Honolulu came through at last, and so the extreme measure of an estimated loan of more than £3,000 was no longer necessary.

The trouble about Mr. Hoapili was worse than embarrassing; it was painful for everyone, and most of all for Mr. Hoapili. As early as the middle of March but especially during the first week in April, while the harness bells jingled and the travelers were proceeding along the grand course through Northern Italy, the Queen and Hoapili and Kiliwehi fell at odds with each other. The break when it came was at "an *albergo* in the Apennines." The circumstances at the time of the final eruption, which bears some of the classic marks of "the South of France row," are obscure in the extreme, but the principal facts are sufficiently plain.

While in England, when he was being escorted about the country to stir up interest in the Anglican Mission, Hoapili had been much made over by the ladies, especially in Lincolnshire; but so far as is known he had always managed to stay out of trouble. Now, having crossed the Channel and lived for more than three months exposed to the relaxing influences of the French Riviera, the good-looking Hawaiian had become involved—with one of the natives of the place, for the scandal began to come to a head at Nice. Queen Emma's letters make it evident that the woman was no member of the respectable classes. Worst of all, she was working on Hoapili to take her back with him to Hawaii. Our knowledge of this affair rests largely on a few reticent allusions in English in the Queen's private memoranda. The curious student will find one or two additional details, couched in Hawaiian, in Emma's letters to her mother. It seems that when her husband's infidelity was brought to the attention of Kiliwehi at Menton, that unhappy creature at first attempted a "runaway"—the word is Queen Emma's. From several such piecemeal revelations it is fair to surmise that at one dreadful moment Hoapili's life had been threatened: if not by the woman herself, perhaps by some passionate friend or offended relation. Fortunately, Mr. and Mrs. Hoapili managed to patch up their differences, for the time being; and after the necessary conferences a plan of action was arrived at. Instead of the Hoapilis accompanying her on the rest of her tour, Queen Emma made it possible for them to return by themselves to Honolulu, without any unseemly publicity. The Queen assumed, of course, that the Hoapilis would make the return trip to the Islands by way of the United States. Consequently, she was not at all pleased when she discovered later that her former chaplain and his wife had proceeded in the opposite direction, making a long stopover in New Zealand. In fact, they did not arrive back in Hawaii until late in 1867, a full year after the Queen's own return to Honolulu.²⁴

With the abrupt departure of Mr. and Mrs. Hoapili to inspect missions

in the Antipodes, Emma now found herself in an awkward position. It was such a situation as this (the flight of the chiefs indeed) that the Bishop had warned against and other earnest well-wishers in England had deprecated. But happily there was a remedy. The Queen knew that she could depend upon Charlotte Coady, a Hawaiian lady married to a German gentleman, Mr. Hasslocher, who had lived for a time in Honolulu, where he had met the widowed Mrs. Coady. He had recently been appointed Hawaiian consul for the Grand Duchy of Baden. A speedy telegram to her old friend in Karlsruhe seems to have settled Emma's immediate difficulties, for it was now the delighted Hasslochers and no longer the unhappy Hoapilis who attended the Queen during the last and grandest scenes of her European adventure.



During her second visit to Paris, the triumphant close of her travels in Europe, Queen Emma was not merely indulging her taste for continental modes and manners. From the first, Kamehameha V had encouraged a visit to Paris on political grounds. "I think it imperative now on you to visit the Emperor and Empress," His Majesty had written on October 23, 1865. "They will take it as a slight if you do not; more especially as I understand you are going to visit the Queen at Windsor Castle."²⁵ Though on sober grounds of economy he had questioned the wisdom of an extensive French visit, especially the interlude at Hyères, Kamehameha V was quite certain (remembering perhaps his own youthful days in Paris with his brother Alexander Liholiho) that a sojourn in the French capital can be immensely instructive. "I think you will be pleased with Paris, and the Court, and your visit there will no doubt . . . do you vast deal of good," wrote the King to Emma, "and some of these days you will no doubt narrate to us savages your reminiscences of your visit to Paris. Pray keep a sharp eye on the purse. Money goes rapidly in that fashionable and elegant City."²⁶

In another letter of June 15, written after the Queen had already arrived in Paris, the King elaborated on the diplomatic advantages of her visit.

I hope you will have change your mind and will have stopped in Paris with the Emperor and Empress a fortnight or so. That is a very important point in your journey, and demands . . . a most careful handling on your part that a most favorable impression might be left by you on the mind

of that most acute Sovereign and his government. England and her public men knows us pretty well thanks to our late friend Mr. Wyllie's friends. But France [does] not, she thinks and feels that we are prejudiced against her interests and particularly to their Church. . . . Sir John Bowring have had the Emperor's ears on our side, but He has so many things to think about, that I daresay He has already forgotten us by this time. But your visit will bring up again that knowledge of us, and I can only hope, that your presence and tact will do us some permanent good. I feel that you understand the importance of your visits to Europe, undoubtedly it will be a great gain for our Country. I can only thank Providence that those great interests of State is in your able hands.²⁷

An idea of Emma's final fortnight in the France of the Second Empire need not depend solely on these political reflections of King Kamehameha V. Among the Queen's private papers has been discovered her rough draft of a letter to the King, full of cancellations and numerous interlineal changes, describing her arrival at the Tuileries Palace and her presentation to the Emperor Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie.

Hotel du Louvre
Paris June 9

I sit down immediately to write you of my reception at the Tuileries (which took place at 9 this evening) for fear I may not have long enough time tomorrow for so doing, although I am very tired.

This morning, in returning from a visit with Mr. M. [Martin, the Hawaiian Consul] to that part of the Louvre where are shewn the 1st Napoleon's dresses & travelling things he used to use in his campaigns, Mr. Martin found a note to him from the 1st Grand Master of Ceremonies of the Emperor, conveying his Majesty's wish to receive me at 9 at the Tuilleries this evening. I was a little surprised at the shortness of the time given, as we were not quite ready for an evening reception. Mrs. Hasslocher & I started off instantly with Mrs. Martin to hurry up our dressmakers,—at the same time ordered an evening dress, in case of another such short notice. We got home at 5, very much tired from the shopping bother & heat (intense), Mrs. Hasslocher & I in full evening toilets, Mr. Martin & Mr. Hopkins in black evening dress, knee breeches & silk stockings & pumps—all black.

Mr. Martin's carriage drove off at 9 precisely entering the small court of the Tuilleries, adjoining the Place du Carusal. On alighting at the foot of the grand stair case, we were met & shewn up by two Chamberlains, between two rows of liveried footmen that stood on each step, as far as the second flight of stairs, where the Countess de [Lancy?], Dame d'Honneur

to the Empress, awaited us,—passing through 2 beautiful large rooms, splendidly illuminated & lined on either side of our way with Cent guards [*Cent Gardes*] in armour & lance, as motionless as statues. For a moment all seemed like old days of the french court in my imagination.

At the door of the reception room were their Majesties the Prince Imperial & Court. The Emperor came out & met me & then the Empress greeted me kissing & the Emperor presented his son Louis. The Empress shewed me into a small room that led from the large reception room, where the Emperor, Empress & the little Prince remained with me—the court & my suite remained in the large room.

Their Majesties were full of inquiries about the Islands, the exports, the climate, food, character & capabilities of the people & soil. The Emperor was so surprised when I told him Your Majesty had been to Paris once. He asked what year that was, [and I] told him in the beginning of 1850 & that the late King & yourself were presented to him at one of his soirees when president, at the Elesee Palace. He had forgotten the circumstance but was much pleased about it when I brought it to his recollection. The Emperor asked if Your Majesty was married. I said no but we all hope you will soon & he asked what your age is & what relation I am to you & if you had brothers & sisters. The Empress asked whether you spoke french. Of course, said I, & learnt it in Paris.

She laughed very much when I told her that her hot house plant which she was rearing with care in the room we were sitting in on a beautiful little table in a vause of Severe was a forest nuisance. It was nothing less than our Ki plant, from which okolehao [distilled liquor] is made. I told her we feed our cattle on it, thatched houses with it, used it instead of paper for cooking fish & cutlets, & never for one instant would we think of putting a valuable Severe vause on our table for such a plant then *they* would to put a cabbage plant. . . .

After a pleasant conversation of $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour, we went into the other room and mixed with the court, the Empress presenting her ladies, & the Emperor all the gentlemen present. He went to one of the windows & brought a stereoscopic instrument for looking at views & carried it himself to the centre of the room for me to look at. He brought me a chair & turned the views himself, while I looked at it. Then he insisted upon giving it to me, & asked me to keep it as a little souvenir of this visit to him & the Empress. I thanked his Majesty very much. I must finish my letter in the morning because I am so sleepy now. . . .²⁸

Queen Emma made no entries in her diary between June 4 and the first week of July. It is certain, however, that by the end of June the Queen and her attendants, including Mr. and Mrs. Hasslocher, had returned to

London. One of the earliest events of Emma's second London sojourn was a visit to Marlborough House, where the conversation was by no means so spirited as the Parisian variety.

July 2 Lunched at Marlborough House with the Prince & Princess of Wales. Major & Mrs Hasslocher & Major Hopkins attended me there. They seemed nothing more than a big boy & girl, no conversation. From there we drove to the Tower of London.²⁹

These were crowded days. In the same week that she was a guest at Marlborough House, she lunched at Lord Houghton's. The middle of the month found her installed once more at Upper Gore Lodge, though Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft had not yet arrived in England. Instead of returning straight to London, they had paused on their way home from India for a brief rest in Southern France and Italy, with side excursions to the islands of Corsica and Elba. On July 18 the Bishop of Oxford arrived at Upper Gore Lodge to pay his parting respects to Queen Emma. Having meanwhile returned to London, Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft accompanied Emma on the evening of the 18th to "a soiree at the S. P. G. at London House." The succession of notable visitors continued on July 19, when Mrs. Gladstone appeared, bringing along Mary and Agnes Gladstone. On July 20 Gladstone himself and Lord Clarendon called to say goodbye.

On July 24 Queen Emma, Charles Hopkins, John Welsh, and Chevalier, accompanied by Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft, departed from London via Paddington Station for Ireland. On the railway journey to the west, the party caught glimpses of Kenilworth, Warwick, and Stratford-on-Avon. On July 25 they sailed from Birmingham for Dublin, where they saw the sights and made several short tours of the surrounding country—in fact, Hopkins managed to miss the train at Limerick and presumably had to make his way back to Dublin on his own. On July 30 the Queen and her reduced suite, together with two friends just come aboard, a Miss Torbert of Hawaii and Miss J. H. Spurgeon, an English lady, sailed from Queenstown for New York. Queen Emma's diary gives no details about the farewell. Little can be said except that the friendship which began in the coral-block Palace in Honolulu, when Mr. Wyllie and Alexander Liholiho and the young Prince had been alive, now ended for the ladies—at least the formalities were consummated—on the dock at Queenstown in Ireland. The Englishwomen and Emma were never to meet again.

EPILOGUE

L A S T Y E A R S

AFTER QUEEN EMMA'S DEPARTURE, IN THE YEARS THAT FOLLOWED, LADY FRANKLIN and Miss Cracroft continued their journeys to various lands in distant parts of the world. Lady Franklin's latest biographer speaks of that "ungovernable passion for travel," a "*furieuse curiosité*" which, though Sophy grew a little more reluctant with each fresh adventure, kept the two women almost perpetually on the move. In 1867 they visited France, Switzerland, and Italy, selecting a homeward route through Dalmatia and Germany; before the end of the same year they were in India again; in 1868-1869 they toured the Iberian peninsula, the Canary Islands, and Northwest Africa. The year 1870 found them once more in America, pressing westward as far as San Francisco: "vermin of the worst description . . . the sky is bright and cheerful except when we have thick fogs." And all the while Lady Franklin added page after page to the Journal, though in truth, as Miss Woodward has noted, "her days as a diarist were almost over."

In 1872 the lease of Upper Gore Lodge expired. After a wearisome house-hunt, Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft moved to 45 Phillimore Gardens, also in Kensington, where they continued to live during their remaining years. In 1874, when she was eighty-two, Lady Franklin still sometimes appeared in public: indeed, at the funeral of Livingstone, her carriage came third in the procession after the royalties. Various witnesses report that in the last year of her life Lady Franklin's "mind was as clear as ever"; but no longer did she venture forth into the glare of London society, nor did she even come downstairs to her own drawing-room. Toward the end, it was Sophy alone who did the honors, pouring tea for "all those old Arctic men." When it was realized that Lady Franklin had reached her last hours, prayers were read in many churches, but they were not for her recovery. She died on July 18, 1875, aged eighty-three, as her doctors put it, "from the decay of nature."

The motley fortunes of the Hawaiian Kingdom were of but remote concern to Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft during these years of decline. Yet by force of an old habit, when some stray bit of news from Hawaii reached Kensington Gore, Lady Franklin usually managed to preserve the fragment in an entry of her Journal. One such item concerns the posthumous affairs of R. C. Wyllie and the sad fate at Princeville of Robert Cochran Wyllie, Mr. Wyllie's nephew and principal heir. When he realized he would be lucky to inherit \$3,000 instead of the \$300,000 estate he had expected (on the strength of his hopes Robert had got himself engaged), so great was the young man's chagrin that one night at Hanalei, in a fit

of acute melancholy, he committed suicide—by slashing his throat with a razor. “Mr Davies of Liverpool writes to us (31st Oct),” noted Lady Franklin in her brief mention of some of these shocking events, “that he has this week recd a letter from Mr Damon of which he gives this extract. ‘Charles Judd has purchased Rose Bank—what a terrible finale to all Mr Wyllie’s ambitious notions! Not a year has passed away—his nephew dead —& cartloads of his books sold at auction—a cartload of his old papers I have seen in a shed!’ Mr Davies adds that he supposes we have heard that Mr Wyllie’s estate will probably prove insolvent—he tells us that Queen Emma left San Francisco on the 13th last, in the U.S. Steamer ‘Vanderbilt.’ ”¹

One of Lady Franklin’s few later references to Queen Emma occurs in an undated letter to Bishop Staley, probably written in 1868. Staley and his wife were on a visit to England, and so it was natural for Lady Franklin to recount the little she had heard from Honolulu.

I had a note at Bath 2 or 3 days ago from Manley Hopkins saying he had a small box for me from Queen Emma which he sent by the Parcel Delivery company. I was in hope that [at] last there might be a few lines from Queen Emma, but the card box contains nothing but a few kukui rings rattling about and 2 little head wreaths made of straw or bark of trees, with a card on which is written my address either in Queen Emma’s or Mrs Hoapili’s handwriting.²

Miss Cracroft survived her aunt by seventeen years. Because she had left off journal-keeping in 1875, the record of her later life is dim. But it seems safe to say that her traveling days were over: the long global wanderings, the almost incessant crisscrossing of the world from country to country and continent to continent, from the Dalmatian Coast to Bombay, and from Southampton to Salt Lake City and San Francisco and Sitka, so that Miss Cracroft might have announced to her friends, “I cannot rest from travel,” the years of triumph had reached their inevitable end. In 1881, when King Kalakaua had launched himself on his own grand-scale travels—he was the first reigning monarch to journey round the world—his circuit briefly touched Miss Cracroft’s. But how different was their meeting in London from those delightful hours at the Princess Ruth’s, among the reposeful palms and flaming sunsets of Kailua, when His Oceanic Majesty had been simply the Hon. David Kalakaua. When King Kalakaua called at 45 Phillimore Gardens in September, 1881, Miss Cracroft found her old friend very royally polite but not at all forthcoming in his remarks

about people in Hawaii—about Emma, for example. Nevertheless, after her one short interview with the King, Miss Cracroft wrote a little note of appreciation to Col. Charles H. Judd, Kalakaua's aide, a son of that Dr. Judd who figures in Miss Cracroft's letters as Mr. Wyllie's ancient enemy. Miss Cracroft's message to Col. Judd has survived only in her very rough draft. Her frequent deletions and many afterthoughts, few of which are indicated in the following transcription, suggest that she found it difficult to discover the right words.

5th Sep. 1881

Dear Colonel Judd

I shall be much obliged by your presenting to the King at the earliest convenient moment the letter accompanying the Portraits wh H.M. asked me to send him.

I could not venture when the King was here to ask H.M. for his own Portrait . . . I may the more respectfully do so through you, and shd the favor I seek be granted that I could also receive his autograph attached.

There was so much behind the due formality of the King's visit wh I wd gladly have inquired about, and listened to,—as to old associations, and delightful memories . . . but I did not feel that the short opportunity permitted . . . this, and was only too well pleased and gratified in being thus reminded of them.

Had I thought you cd find it possible to do so I wd have asked of yourself the favor to come here, at any time most convenient during the King's visit to Engd and tell me all I shd best like to know, so far as you might think fair and desirable. Sir Harry Parkes writes with deep regret of an engagement which prevented his being here to meet the King, who might have been glad to speak with him quietly.³

It is not known whether Col. Judd ever paid his return call to report the news of the Kingdom in a more intimate atmosphere. Kalakaua's note thanking Miss Cracroft for her gifts shows not the faintest trace of hesitation.

Claridges Hotel
Sept 6. 1881

My dear Miss Krakroft,

I must acknowledge with grateful thanks to you for the photograph you have sent me of your uncle and your late Aunt. I shall cherish them, not only as a work of art, but an everlasting remembrance of your kindness. Believe me as ever true and sincerely your best friend.

KALAKAUA⁴

Miss Cracroft continued to reside at 45 Phillimore Gardens until her death, on June 20, 1892, at the age of seventy-six. Because she had lived for so many years in the blaze, and finally the shadow, of Lady Franklin's dedication to the fame of Sir John Franklin, it is fitting that her grave should be in Kensal Green Cemetery, not far from where the coffin of Lady Franklin rests in the catacombs beneath Kensal Green Chapel.



The later life of Emma belongs to the history of the Kingdom over which she once ruled as Consort and Queen. On the other hand, certain persons who have played leading parts in the events described in this book now disappear from the Hawaiian scene completely. Thus W. W. Follett Synge was never reassigned to his commissionership in Honolulu but was transferred by the Foreign Office to the post of consul general in Havana, Cuba, where he was soon joined by Mrs. Synge and the younger children.

The curtain falls likewise on the Hawaiian career of Charles Gordon Hopkins. After returning to Hawaii with Queen Emma, he sold what was left of his interests in the ranch at Kahuku and settled as best he could his complicated private affairs. At a meeting of the Hawaiian Legislature he made a crisp speech in favor of a Reciprocity Treaty with the United States. Then, a few days after his last session as a member of the Hawaiian House of Nobles, on October 1, 1867, he sailed on the U.S.S. *Tuscarora* for San Francisco, and never returned to the Islands he had once loved so well. In London, he later married a Swiss lady, a Mlle. de Marcichy. His last years he spent at Toulon, very near Hyères, not far from that Mediterranean islet where he had once watched the breakers roll, while Queen Emma and Hoapili and Kiliwehi had fashioned their garlands of wild anemones.

Emma herself, after her return to the Islands in the autumn of 1866, of course continued her unceasing good works in aid of the Hawaiian Reformed Catholic Church. About political affairs in the realm, that swirl of dynastic rivalries which for a time caught up even Emma in their murky course, she was perhaps happiest and most at ease during the later reign of Lot, her husband's brother, and the last of the Kamehamehas. Nevertheless, to his elected successor, King Lunalilo, who ruled for but one year, Emma gave both loyalty and love. When the young King lay dying, his body ruined by alcohol and now succumbing to the final stages of tuber-

culosis, she visited him faithfully and often sat at his bedside, to feed him from the dish in her hand.

On the death of Lunalilo, when another election was to be held to determine who was best fitted to reign next over the Hawaiian Islands, Queen Emma stepped forward as a candidate. Though her support in certain country districts was strong, and her followers in Honolulu undoubtedly zealous, inasmuch as several hundred of the Queen's men staged a noisy riot at the Court House, Emma's chances had been hopeless from the start. The Hawaiian Legislature, which was authorized by the Constitution to make a choice when a monarch failed to designate his successor, voted thirty-nine for David Kalakaua and only six for Emma. But Emma's followers were not so easily silenced. The following lines are from *Lei o ke Kipi* ("Song of the Rebel"), a chant of resentment composed in 1874 by one of Emma's loyal supporters, during the period just preceding the election of Kalakaua.

<i>Ua pono 'oe ke lino a'e</i>	Your pride is fully justified
<i>Ua lohe na kupa o Kahiki.</i>	For you are known in foreign lands.
<i>Elua 'oi o ke ao nei,</i>	There are two great women in the world,
<i>O Wikolia ko Lakana,</i>	Victoria of London
<i>O Kuini Ema ko Hawaii,</i>	And Queen Emma of Hawaii,
<i>Kohukohu i ka lei kalaunu.</i>	Worthy of wearing crowns.
<i>Ha'ina ia mai ka puana</i>	This concludes my praise
<i>Kaleleonalani he inoa.</i>	Of the name of Kaleleonalani. ⁵

During the 1870s and early 1880s until her death in 1885, Emma became more and more the Hawaiian matriarch. A few enemies sometimes called her "the Englishwoman," but she belonged thoroughly to her people, in a manner befitting a queen who in her lifetime had already become a heroine in story and song. Thus her adopted children were numerous, and her namesakes, Hawaiian and half-white and *haole*, were never scarce. In fact, all growing things seemed to answer to her knowledge and labor, and many a once-barren spot sheltered today by the monkey pod and royal poinciana owes its present shade to seed or parent stock tended by her hands. And not only in her prayers or by her gardening, but also at those times when she visited the wards of that hospital in the midst of the Pacific which still bears her name, Queen Emma fostered the life of Hawaii in every form. During a smallpox epidemic of 1881, when the Queen and her retainers at Rooke House were placed in quarantine and confined to its yard, she kept strict lists of old and young and sick and well, and

did her best to prevent the foolish ones from breaking out of bounds. When contagious garments had to be destroyed, she sent to town for bolts of muslin and calico and surrounded by her women sewed shifts and shirts and new *mu'umu'us* to replace those which had to be thrown away and burned. These things are known because the Queen kept a diary during the epidemic of 1881. But her days in quarantine were not devoted solely to her needle.

Sunday, February 13, 1881. Rooke House . . . I have been all day re-arranging my jewelry with Mary my servant woman, & put them away all in one great tin box & set it within my mirror wardrobe. My own & my dear little Prince of Hawaii's "Navel" were found in amongst them together with Grandfather's two last teeth, which dear Mother (Mrs Rooke) always had kept with such affection. During this confinement I shall wear a set of jewelry, rings &c—every week new change—so I have commenced with Mr. Wyllie's gold chains with pearl pendants—the necklace of California gold which father had made as one of his presents to me—my little pearl drop earrings from Kauai which someone gave me at Koloa on my wedding tour in 1856. The rings are: Mrs. Brander's large pearl ring—Douglas Walker's little tourquoise—& pearl one from Ruth last May (of tourquoise & pearl)—Capt Sanford's plain gold ring (Capt of the ship of war *Vanderbilt* USA which brought me from San Francisco)—& the new tourquoise & pearl ring I bought last year—the two enamelled hoop rings—the solitary diamond ring which was one of my very own dear Alex's Christmas presents—& his ring with my name, Emma, composed of Emerald, Malekite, Malekite [Amethyst?], Ruby, making the name.⁴

No one except Mr. Wyllie ever called Emma a poet, and Mr. Wyllie was doubtless prejudiced in the matter. He had always hoped that someday Emma would overcome her painful shyness, her really paralyzing diffidence when confronted with pen and ink, and be able to put down all her thoughts and feelings in writing. Thus, when Emma wrote her first and almost only letter to Mr. Wyllie in the summer of 1865, after she had visited Panama, she laid upon the old man a solemn promise, and he replied in his old flattering way:

I have very reluctantly obeyed your injunction at the head of your letter: "Read this on one condition that you do not shew it to anyone else."

Why that prohibition? You never wrote a better letter in your life. Your description of Panama shews that you are becoming a Poetess—and

your remarks upon the expression of Panama faces shew that you are a Physiognomist and a Moral Philosopher.⁷

Whether or not Queen Emma was actually all the things that Mr. Wyllie professed to see in her, and a poet besides, does not now much matter. But that she was a cause of poetry in others, and a source of that delight which is one of the wellsprings of poetry, is a certainty. Only the other day in Honolulu there was discovered among Emma's papers a fragment of one of those old "traveling" *meles* which tell how Kaleleonalani journeyed through this or that island. The particular *mele*,⁸ composed by Major Moehonua of the Household Guards, describes an excursion on Kauai, when all eyes turned in wonder to the figure of *ke ali'i pi'i kuahiwi*—"the mountain-climbing *ali'i*." The *mele* was composed in the winter of 1870 or early in 1871, when Emma was thirty-five.

Arriving at Pu'ukapele,
Where grow the high, dusky kauila trees,
Resting at Waineki was the Lady—
Kaleleonalani is her name—
Sleeping in a temporary shelter,
At the home of the singing land shells,
Walking as the Indians do
Among the multitude of pa'iniu her companions.

In the forest of Haua'iliki
The traveller comes upon Puka'oleho,
But the descent of Kauaikanana
Is not easy, even though downstream all the way.
Yet each task was accomplished quickly,
Thanks to the mana of the waters urging the traveller onward.
Blazes were left on the 'ohia trunks
On the ascent to Pakaua.

To one side stood 'Aipoiki,
Where the cold gripped with fierce hands.
The fog hung motionless,
And water flowed below.
All night there was no sleep
For the companions miserable with their gooseflesh,
Even when they tried to warm their chests by building a fire
With bunches of moss for tinder.

All sat about in a circle
Where Emma lay bowed down,
Eagerly awaiting the daylight
So as to reach Kipapaa'ola.
There was life in the surrounding mist
Resting directly upon Keawako'o,
The boundary of Kilohana:
O wondrous the Lady's ways!

We stood on the topmost point,
On the very head of Maunahina
Saw the Ko'olau cliffs
And Hanalei spread out in splendor,
The broad sandy stretch of Mahamoku,
Now reaching out toward the sea,
And the waters of Lumaha'i:
When the mist began covering the mountain
The Lady turned and went away. . . .

REFERENCES AND ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

BIOGRAPHIES

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PRINCESS RUTH KEELIKOLANI

GOVERNOR KEKUANA'OA

OTHER HIGH ALI'I

PRINCE WILLIAM C. LUNALILO

THE HON. DAVID KALAKAUA

THE HON. LYDIA PAKI

THE HIGH CHIEFESS

BERNICE PAUAHI BISHOP

MADAME NAMAKEHA

R. C. WYLLIE

Robert Crichton Wyllie (1798–1865), one of six children of Alexander and Janet (Crichton) Wyllie, was born at Hazelbank, in the Parish of Dunlop, in Ayrshire, Scotland. His father was a farmer. For generations the Wyllies had been Presbyterians: "Although of my own not noble, though ancient Presbyterian family, I am the first Episcopalian," Wyllie wrote in 1864, two years after his confirmation in the Hawaiian Reformed Catholic Church.

In the year 1810 the boy Robert, aged twelve, was enrolled at the University of Glasgow as a pupil of Professor William Richardson:

Nomina Discipulorum qui hoc anno Academiam intrarunt sub praesidio Guglielmi Richardson A. M. Litt: Hum: Professoris. A. D. 1810. 8203 Robertus Wyllie filius natu Idus Alex: Agricolae in Par: de Dunlop.

In *The Matriculation Albums of the University of Glasgow* (Glasgow, 1913), from which this record has been quoted, appears an additional notation in English:

Otherwise Robert Crichton Wyllie. Born at Hazelbank 13th October 1798. Surgeon in a vessel bound for the North seas. Shipwrecked three times. Surgeon in S. America. Merchant there 14 years. A London west-end club man. British pro-consul at Honolulu 1844–45. Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs of the Sandwich Islands 1845, Secretary of State for War and Navy, and a member of H. M. Privy Council, and of the House of Nobles. Died at Honolulu 19th Oct. or 24th Nov. 1865.

After his arrival in Hawaii in 1844, R. C. Wyllie was sometimes called "Dr." Wyllie. In 1846 a lampoonist in a Honolulu newspaper described him as having attended the "University of Hum Burg." However, his name does not appear among the graduates of Glasgow University, nor is it listed among the graduates of the faculty of medicine at Edinburgh, the great center of medical studies in Scotland during the early nineteenth century. It seems probable that Wyllie acquired his surgical skill in the manner of Roderick Random, not at an ancient seat of learning, but by serving as assistant to some practitioner willing to supervise his apprenticeship in the medical art. In any event, like Smollett's hero, Wyllie first went to sea as a ship's surgeon. In a new chapter added in the second edition of his *Hawaii* (London, 1866), Manley Hopkins notes that in South America Wyllie

. . . allowed his surgical and medical knowledge to be made available, and attended the inmates of several of the convents and nunneries. From these he would receive no fees; and the form which their gratitude took was at once elegant and costly. The religious houses presented to him, on three or four occasions, small trees, from the branches of which hung gold and silver coins, ornaments and valuable trifles. He preserved these graceful

memorials untouched; and used, when afterwards residing in London, to display them on his dinner table with satisfaction and pardonable pride. (P. 499.)

Although the first forty-five years of Wyllie's life remain obscure, his later correspondence occasionally provides a brief glimpse of his youthful adventures. On his "voyage to Calcutta in my yacht the *Daule*," he stopped at Honolulu in 1824, where he visited a mission school for natives and met the Reverend William Ellis, then in Hawaii conducting his Polynesian researches. A few years later, at the age of twenty-eight, he was already a wealthy young merchant of Mazatlan and a popular figure among the natives.

I saw upwards of two hundred bars of silver [reported a Colonel Bourne, in his "Notes on the State of Sonora and Cinaloa," who traveled in that region in 1826] and a considerable quantity of gold, in bars and grains (some ten to twenty ounces) in one house belonging to Ignacio Fletes and Robert Wylde [*sic*], (the former a native of the state, and the latter a Scotchman) who carry on a very extensive business, and have vessels constantly trading between India, China, and Mazatlan. . . . Mr. Wylde is the only Englishman established there [at Rosario, the depot of Mazatlan], and is much beloved by the natives. (H. G. Ward, *Mexico in 1827*, London, 1828, I, 559-561; Appendix to vol. II.)

Wyllie's Mazatlan period lasted from 1825 to 1830. During the next ten or eleven years he pursued his fortune in London. From 1831 to 1835 he was a junior partner in the firm of Lyall, Wyllie & Co., shipping merchants. For about five years after 1835 he operated a concern of his own, when he was "Mr. Wyllie of No. 2, Vinner's Court, Old Bond Street." His name figures occasionally in the commercial news of the period. He was one of the original board of directors of the Pacific Steam Navigation Co. Meanwhile, his investments were not confined to England, but extended to America, to New Jersey where he owned stock in the Morris Canal and as far west as Illinois where he acquired State of Illinois bonds. Not all of these ventures proved profitable, and indeed some in the end turned out utterly worthless. A Whig in politics, with strong views on many topics, he was an early member of the Reform Club: "Some may still remember him," wrote Manley Hopkins in 1866, "a well-dressing man, of animated but tedious conversation, and possessed of a remarkably retentive memory."

In later years in Hawaii, Wyllie loved to sprinkle his correspondence with references to old friends and acquaintances, some of whose names evoke shadowy suggestions of the London of his period: Sir James Clarke, one of the private physicians of Queen Victoria; Hugh Matheson, of the firm of Matheson & Co.; the ubiquitous Sir John Bowring; Miss Thomasina

Ross, a minor writer, an authority on Spanish literature, and a family connection of Charles Dickens. In a letter to Lady Franklin, July 16, 1861, Wyllie speaks of the "10 years I resided in May Fair, London, in social relations a protégé of the Dowager Duchess of Richmond." "The Governor of the Bank of England," he writes to Queen Emma in 1865, "is my old friend, Daniel Kirkman Hodgson, Esq., M. P. He is the brother of Sophie Hodgson, of whom you have often heard me speak, now Mrs. Welles.—All of Mr. Hodgson's connections are moneyed people & highly respectable." In his "Book of Instructions," Wyllie provides Queen Emma with some characteristic social advice for her travels abroad:

It will be well for you to conform to the usages of high life in London as to the hours of receiving visitors, and always to be ready to receive them without keeping them waiting. Do not fall into the mistake that personages of high title are the only visitors to whom courtesy is due. There are many others highly respectable but untitled who will do a great deal more for Your Majesty, in your Phylanthropic objects, than the high nobility of the land.

How the former ship's surgeon, South American revolutionary, skipper of the *Daule*, merchant of Mazatlan, and west-end club man happened to arrive in the Sandwich Islands in 1844 is recounted by Manley Hopkins:

To walk down one street instead of another may change, as someone has remarked, the whole course of our life: for by so doing we may meet or miss a person who can influence our future. This happened to Wyllie. In America [in 1843] he fell in with General Miller, whom he had known before at Valparaiso, and whose career in the Chilean war of independence had been brilliant and remarkable. By Miller, who had been appointed Consul-General in the Hawaiian Islands for Great Britain, he was persuaded to accompany him thither, and he arrived at Honolulu in March 1844. It was not long before his business talent was called into use. General Miller having to leave the islands for the purpose of visiting Tahiti, Mr. Wyllie was appointed acting English Consul, in which capacity he continued about a year. On Miller's return to his post, Wyllie was invited to enter the service of King Kamehameha III. The portfolio of Foreign Affairs was entrusted to him on the 24th of March 1845, and he continued to act as Foreign Minister till his death in October 1865. (Pp. 500-501.)

Contemporary Honolulu newspapers and other records of the period contain numerous references to Wyllie's appearance and habits. With his slender bony build and slightly reddish hair and sanguine complexion, even without his Lowlands accent, he was readily recognizable as being of Scottish extraction. Often he would walk the two miles from his house in Nuuanu Valley to his office near the water front carrying with him the pleasurable burdens of business—an ancient green baize bag bulging with

his copious letters and despatches. He was a tireless worker and an easy target for his enemies. According to a squib in *The Sandwich Islands News* ("The Tongataboo Papers," Nov. 18, 1846), Wyllie wielded a pen of "forty-scribbler power, invaluable as it would be to a country whose official correspondence was necessarily so extensive."

He wrote because he could not help it [the satirist continues]. It was the disease of his organization. The cacoethes scribendi infected every drop of his blood and he must write or give up the ghost. . . . In personal appearance H. T. M.'s M. F. Relations bears a striking resemblance to Lord Brougham, especially in the pattern of his trousers—a fact of which he is justly proud—and that his present full dress, when visiting a ship-of-war is a white star upon his breast, two yellow crowns upon his collar, a beautiful russet moustache upon his face, and a crimson ribband across his shoulders, just half an inch broader than the regulation ribband worn by the other ministers of state.

The history of Wyllie's later life is the history of the Hawaii of his time, its livelier lights as well as its shadows.

R. C. Wyllie died on October 19, 1865, bringing to a close twenty years of faithful and fruitful service to the government and people of Hawaii. He had labored with much success to secure for this little mid-Pacific kingdom a recognized and respected, if somewhat humble, place in the family of nations. The final goal which he was still trying to reach when death overtook him was a multilateral treaty by which the great powers would guarantee the independence and neutrality of the Hawaiian kingdom. Wyllie's influence was felt not alone in his own department, but in the general administration of the government, and in the economic, political, and cultural life of the community. It is not necessary to agree with all of his ideas or to approve all of his acts to recognize in him a builder of Hawaii whose work, viewed as a whole, was good. (Ralph S. Kuykendall, *The Hawaiian Kingdom, 1854-1874: Twenty Critical Years*, Honolulu, 1953, p. 208).

DR. G. P. JUDD

Gerrit Parmele Judd, M. D. (1803-1873), b. Paris, New York, of old New England stock. He attended Clinton Grammar School and received "tuition privately in the classics" from the Reverend Edwin W. Dwight. At twenty-three he obtained a medical degree from a medical school at Fairfield, New York. With his wife, Laura (Fish) Judd (1804-1872), he arrived in Hawaii with the Third Company of American missionaries in 1828. In 1842 he severed his connections with the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions to become a full-time adviser to Kamehameha III; in

March, 1845, he was appointed secretary of state for foreign affairs. In his *Scenes and Scenery in the Sandwich Islands* (London, 1844), James Jackson Jarves wrote:

I have seen the same individual [Dr. Judd] perform surgical operations, practise medicine extensively, plough, and direct natives in the culture of their farms, build the stone walls, and raise the massive roof of a church, a tinker and carpenter at home, a music teacher, and a schoolmaster, an interpreter for government, a translator for foreigners in drawing up deeds, in fact, an adept in every good and useful work, whether mental or manual. (Pp. 197–198.)

In 1843 Dr. Judd shrewdly resisted the demands of Lord George Paulet, Commander of the British frigate *Carysfort*, when Paulet threatened to bombard Honolulu unless the King complied with Paulet's orders by four o'clock in the afternoon. A modern historian has called Judd's conduct of the affairs of the Kingdom during this emergency "masterful." However, Herman Melville, who was in Honolulu in 1843 employed as a part-time pin boy in a Honolulu bowling alley, presented in the appendix to *Typee* (New York, 1846), a grotesquely unjust account of the King's American councillor.

High in the favor of the imbecile king at this time was one Dr. Judd, a sanctimonious apothecary adventurer, who, with other kindred and influential spirits, were animated by an inveterate dislike to England. The ascendancy of a half-civilized king, ruling with absolute sway over a nation just poised between barbarism and civilization, and exposed by the peculiarities of its relations with foreign states to unusual difficulties, was not precisely calculated to impart a healthy tone to the policy of government. (Pp. 321–322.)

For an account of life in Hawaii during the early 1840s when Dr. Judd's power was at its height, see Francis Steegmuller, *The Two Lives of James Jackson Jarves* (New Haven, 1951); and for the events leading to the resignation of Dr. Judd from the post of minister of finance and his complete retirement from government, see Ralph S. Kuykendall, *The Hawaiian Kingdom, 1778–1854* (Honolulu, 1938), pp. 265, 413–416; *The Hawaiian Kingdom, 1854–1874* (Honolulu, 1953), pp. 35–36.

K A M E H A M E H A I

Kamehameha I (1758–1819) was the first ruler of a united Hawaiian Kingdom. After 1790 he was king of the Island of Hawaii; by 1810 he had brought the remaining islands under his control. He was friendly to traders

and utilized the services of the British sailors John Young and Isaac Davis. For a popular biography, based on published accounts fused with present-day oral tradition, see Kathleen Dickenson Mellen, *The Lonely Warrior: The Life and Times of Kamehameha the Great of Hawaii* (New York, 1949).

K A M E H A M E H A I I

Liholiho, Kamehameha II (1796–1824), son of Kamehameha I by Keopulani, was returning from the purification ceremonies after his father's death when he was met by the Dowager Queen Kaahumanu. She proclaimed as her husband's will that she should share the realm: "Thus he became king (with the title Kamehameha II), Kaahumanu became *kuhina-nui* [premier, co-ruler]," writes Kuykendall, "and a unique system of dual government was thereby instituted." His reign was noteworthy for the breaking of the eating tabus, the coming of the first American missionaries, and the arrival of numerous whalers. On the death of his mother in 1823, the way was cleared for Liholiho's desire to visit England. The purpose of the visit was connected with the idea of an English alliance: "to have an interview with the king & court of England," wrote the Reverend Hiram Bingham, "to obtain some advice, & perhaps some assurance, to enable him the better to govern his people and to maintain a better regulated intercourse with foreigners who visit or reside in the islands." The King was accompanied on his mission by his favorite wife Kamamalu, Governor Boki of Oahu, Boki's wife Liliha, Kekuanaoa, James Young Kanehoa, and several other chiefs. Before his audience with King George IV had taken place, Liholiho died of measles in London on July 14, his death hastened it was believed by his grief over the death of Kamamalu from the same malady on July 8. Frances J. Woodward, in *Portrait of Jane* (London, 1951), notes that Jane Griffin, who saw the King of the Sandwich Islands in the British Museum, wrote in her early Journal: "He had a slouching walk, & made little noises to himself, & every now & then uttered loud & undisguised gapes . . . probably wondered what there was to admire in the Elgin marbles," but on viewing the Townley Collection gave his approving smile to the "half-attired & perfect statue of the colossal female."

K A M E H A M E H A I I I

Kamehameha III (1813–1854), son of Kamehameha I by Keopulani, and brother of Kamehameha II. He reigned from 1825 to 1854, the longest rule

of any of the native monarchs. In 1839 he signed a bill of rights. In 1840 he conferred upon the nation a constitution. He took into the government services numerous foreigners, some English but mostly American: the Reverend William Richards, Dr. G. P. Judd, John Ricord, Robert Crichton Wyllie, Charles Gordon Hopkins, William L. Lee, the Reverend William Armstrong, Elisha H. Allen. The *Great Mahele*, the division of lands, met his approval. He encouraged marriage between natives and "foreigners of good character." Under the guidance of Richards and Judd, and later during the long tenure of Wyllie as foreign minister, an ambitious foreign policy was conceived, though never wholly fulfilled. Its object was to secure treaties with the great powers, particularly the United States, Great Britain, and France, by which these nations would guarantee the independence of the Hawaiian Kingdom.

Various observers describe Kauikeaouli ("hanging-in-the-blue-sky") as a good-looking man, trim and athletic. His manners were generally dignified and easy. His fault was repeated intemperance, which eventually undermined his health. David L. Gregg, the American commissioner, wrote to Secretary of State Marcy that the King once said he would rather be captain "in command of a fine clipper ship than reign over all the Islands of the Pacific." Another anecdote of the historian W. D. Westervelt shows the King's humor and good sense.

The royal tabu was a serious question as late as the building of Kawaiahao Church [wrote Westervelt in the *Friend*]. It seemed absolutely necessary to put in a gallery to provide for the overflowing congregation. The Christian chiefs and the missionaries were greatly perplexed for this would place some common people higher than the king, Kamehameha III. The chiefs felt this could not be done. Finally the missionaries and chiefs decided to put the problem before the king. Kamehameha III was a very original thinker. . . . He considered the question a few minutes, then solved the difficulty by saying, "I cannot see how I can be injured by those above me unless the gallery should fall." (Quoted in Mary A. Richards, ed., *The Chiefs' Children's School*, Honolulu, 1937, p. 245.)

QUEEN EMMA

Queen Emma (1836-1885), before her marriage (June 19, 1856) known as Emma Rooke, and after the death of her husband and son as Kaleleonalani, was a granddaughter of John Young (Olohana), the companion-in-arms of Kamehameha I, and John Young's second wife, the chiefess Kaoanaeha (Melie Kuamoo). Emma herself was of high chiefly birth, being the great-granddaughter of Keliimaikai, the full brother of Kamehameha I. Her

mother and father were Fanny Kekelaokalani Young and George Naea. As a child Emma was adopted by her maternal aunt, Grace Kamaikui Young Rooke, and thus came under the care of her adoptive father, Dr. Thomas Charles Hyde Rooke (1806–1858). A native of Hertfordshire, who had received his medical training at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, Dr. Rooke had settled in Hawaii in 1829, where he practiced medicine and sold medical supplies to the masters of sailing vessels. In the 1840s and 1850s he served the government in various capacities, as court physician, chamberlain, legislative representative, and member of the privy council. Queen Emma owed her English tastes and attitudes less to her sailor grandfather than to Dr. Rooke, whose collection of books was regarded by his friends as "the finest library in the Islands." During her childhood Emma was placed under the tutelage of an Englishwoman, Mrs. Sarah Rhodes von Phister, who like Dr. Rooke was a member of the Church of England. However, for a time the child was sent as a day pupil to the Chiefs' Children's School, operated by American Congregationalist missionaries. The Archives of Hawaii have preserved a few juvenile copy books of Queen Emma, including an account of the Anglo-Saxon invasion of Britain, several dozen pages in French of the *Fables* of La Fontaine, and an essay on Kamehameha the Great, which refers to him as the "Napoleon of the Pacific."

Dr. Rooke was physician at a hospital for British seamen established near Honolulu in 1846. In 1856, three years before the establishment of the Queen's Hospital, he published a plea in the *Polynesian* for a "refuge for the people in time of sickness and need." In Hawaii it is believed that Queen Emma's knowledge of the care of the sick came from observing Dr. Rooke's treatment at his dispensary at Rooke House, "whose doors were thrown open to those who could not afford to pay for medicine and medical advice."

The "simplicity" of Emma's manners, mentioned repeatedly by Miss Cracroft in her letters from Hawaii, is described by Lady Franklin in her Journal, under the heading "The Royal Family at Hanalei":

The natives regarded the Queen with much [respect], keeping off those who would have trod in her footsteps. The white ladies were less scrupulous. It is said that when the Queen used the bathroom, as she was in the habit of doing before dinner, she sometimes found it preoccupied by one of the ladies, Mrs. Gregg, and had to wait—"Oh, it's you!" said the Queen on Mrs. G. coming out. Instead of having the bath filled again for herself, she would say they need not take the trouble, a bucket of water would do, which her maid would throw over her. She calls the King "Aleck" in speaking to him, but in speaking to others, always "the King"—he calls her "Emma" and sometimes "my little Queen," but in speaking of her, always

"the" Queen. She calls her own mother "Fanny," both in speaking to her and of her, remarking one day to Mrs. Wundenberg that it might perhaps appear odd to others to hear her say so, but she had always been accustomed to hear her called so by everyone and it had become habitual to her. On my alluding to reports I had heard of the real parentage of Dr. Rooke, she [Lady Franklin's informant, Mrs. Wundenberg] acknowledged she had heard the same, but believed there was no sufficient ground for it; at any rate there could be nothing certainly known on the subject. Dr. R. took great pains with her education and was very fond of her. If there is any doubt as to her birth, the Queen is certainly ignorant of it. (SPRI 248/123.)

The mysterious allusion to the "real parentage of Dr. Rooke" seems to refer to a rumor then current that Emma was Dr. Rooke's actual daughter. The rumor, as Mrs. Wundenberg said, rested on "no sufficient ground." Dr. and Mrs. Rooke were themselves childless; the adoption of children was and remains a frequent practice among Hawaiians. What was remarkable in the case of Emma Rooke was the influence of an English foster father on the character of a small Hawaiian girl.

THE PRINCE OF HAWAII

"The little Prince," as Miss Cracroft usually refers to him, was born on May 20, 1858, and died on August 27, 1862, at the age of four years and three months. Just before his death he was christened Albert Edward Kauikeaouli Leiopapa a Kamehameha ("the beloved child of a long line of chiefs, a sign in the heavens"). Before the christening his parents sometimes referred to him as Kauikeaouli (the name of Kamehameha III), but most often called him "Baby." A Foreign Office broadside reprints the announcement of the Prince's birth and describes the ceremonies of a few days following.

Her Majesty's Accouchement

BIRTH OF A PRINCE

We have the greatest pleasure in announcing that an event has just taken place to which every loyal well wisher of their Majesties the King and Queen of these Islands, and everyone who desires the perpetuity of the Kingdom under its hereditary sovereigns, has looked forward to with unfeigned interest.

This evening, at 10 minutes past 6 o'clock, Her Majesty was safely delivered of a male infant. The Mother and Child both appear likely to do well. . . .

Friday, May 21, was a gala day devoted to celebrating the birth of the heir to the Throne.

At 3 o'clock . . . the Household Troops appeared, and the Honolulu Rifles (in full force) under Captain Coady, entered the Palace avenue, and both corps were ranged in line before the principal entrance. His Majesty having gone out upon the portico, Prince Kamehameha, in the name of the soldiery, addressed him to this effect:

Sire,

Your troops under my command and my Staff, hasten to express their sense of gratitude that it has pleased the Almighty to bless You with a son, and your people with a Prince destined to occupy the Throne of your forefathers. Of that Throne we have the honor to be the defenders—but long may it be before it shall need any support but that which comes from the hearts of a loyal and happy people. In the happiness which must now possess You and Her Majesty, the Queen, we rejoice, for we desire nothing more than Your Happiness, and long, very long, may it be before the new born Prince may miss Your parental care, or Your subjects Your enlightened rule. May the Prince have very many years in which to study from his Father how to reign, and when in the course of nature he must mount the Throne, may his reign be happy and his country prosperous.

The King was very visibly affected, so much so that he had to pause after saying a few words, and appearing to proceed with great difficulty, replied as follows:

Prince and Soldiers!

The expressions of loyalty you have just uttered are very welcome to me. There is no tie between a head of a government and his troops like that of mutual good wishes and a common object. Such exists between us, and may it never cease to exist. So long as it does we have nothing to fear of one another, but everything to hope. In the Queen's name and that of our infant son I thank you kindly for your generous wishes. . . .

The broadside further describes a reception in the Palace, where the King was addressed by various dignitaries. The Reverend S. C. Damon presented a Bible and made a brief speech.

In due time let him [the Prince] be reminded of that prayer offered by King Solomon when ascending the throne of David, and the God of Israel may grant him those inestimable, but unasked blessings, which will render your line illustrious and long perpetuated.

Turning to Mr. Damon and the other reverend gentlemen present His Majesty observed:

For your valuable present allow me to thank you in the name of my

son, whose advent into this life has been greeted so kindly, so heartily by the community at large, but by none more sincerely or with more ardent wishes for his real happiness than by yourself—of that I am sure. The birth of the young Prince has placed me in a relationship to which I have hitherto been a stranger, and it has imposed upon me new responsibilities. I trust that in my conduct towards him throughout my life, I may remember the particular offering which your affection deemed most proper, and that as the Bible is one of my boy's first possessions, so its contents may be the longest remembered. In the Queen's name and my own, I thank you, and it shall be the task of both of us to teach our first-born child to kindly regard you.

PRINCE LOT KAMEHAMEHA

Lot Kapuaiwa Kamehameha (1830–1872), son of Kinau and Kekuanaoa, and elder brother of Alexander Liholiho, Kamehameha IV, by four years. He was educated at the Chiefs' Children's School. Together with his younger brother, in 1849–1850 he accompanied Dr. G. P. Judd on a diplomatic mission to London, Paris, and Washington, D. C. Lot Kamehameha served as minister of the interior during the last six years of his brother's reign, and for more than a year acted as minister of finance. When Kamehameha IV died on November 30, 1863, Prince Lot was immediately proclaimed King under the title of Kamehameha V. He believed in a strong native monarchy and in 1864 abolished the Constitution of 1852 and proclaimed a new organic act tending to strengthen the royal power. His somewhat high-handed action directly contributed to the growth in Hawaii of two political parties, one of which upheld the Constitution of 1864 and favored the strengthening of royal authority and one which demanded the restoration of the Constitution of 1852. Kamehameha V has been described as a benevolent despot. As a grandson of Kamehameha I and an able ruler, believing that it was his right and duty to direct the common people, he has also been called "the last great chief of the olden type."

PRINCESS VICTORIA KAMAMALU

Victoria Kaahumanu Kamamalu (1838–1866) was the daughter of Kinau and Governor Kekuanaoa. As a granddaughter of Kamehameha I and sister of Kamehameha IV and Lot Kamehameha, she was also an heir presumptive to the Hawaiian throne. In her childhood and as a young girl, having attended the Chiefs' Children's School, she had been subject to the restrain-

ing influence of American missionaries. She never married. Her later conduct gave rise to considerable local gossip, some of which reached the pages of Lady Franklin's Journal (see p. 129). Although her performance on the piano failed to impress Miss Cracroft, Kamamalu was a skilled chanter and poet in the traditional native style. Certain of her chants composed in honor of her nephew the Prince of Hawaii have survived.

PRINCESS RUTH KEELIKOLANI

Ruth Keeuolani Kauanahoahoa Keelikolani (1826–1883) was appointed Governess of the Island of Hawaii by Kamehameha IV in 1855. Her mother was Pauahi, one of the widowed wives of Kamehameha II; her father was Mataio Kekuanaoa. She was thus a half sister of Kamehameha IV, Prince Lot Kamehameha, and the Princess Victoria Kamamalu. When Pauahi died shortly after the birth of Keelikolani, the infant was placed under the guardianship of Kaahumanu, a widow of Kamehameha I and Regent of the Kingdom. Keelikolani ("the leaf bud of heaven") was already thirteen years old when the Chiefs' Children's School was established; her education therefore proceeded more along old-style pre-missionary lines. She never learned to speak fluent English, although in her dealings with Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft she seems to have had no difficulty in making herself understood. Keelikolani married twice. Her first husband was Leleiohoku, son of Kalanimoku, prime minister of Kamehameha I. Two children were born of this union, one dying in infancy and the other, Kinau, at the age of seventeen. Keelikolani's second husband was Isaac Young Davis, a grandson of Isaac Davis the sailor, who had been an adviser to Kamehameha I. A child born of this marriage was adopted by Pauahi Bishop, but died in infancy. Meanwhile, Keelikolani adopted a young brother of David Kalakaua; she named the boy after her first husband, Leleiohoku. When his death prevented Leleiohoku from becoming her heir, Keelikolani bequeathed her enormous estates to Pauahi Bishop.

Miss Cracroft's firsthand impressions of the Princess Ruth Keelikolani may be compared with those of Isabella Bird, who describes the chiefess among her ladies-in-waiting on a journey from Honolulu to Hilo on the inter-island steamer.

There was great excitement on the wharf at Honolulu the evening I left. It was crowded with natives, the King's band was playing, old hags were chanting *meles*, and several of the royal family, and of the "upper ten thousand" were there, taking leave of the Governess of Hawaii, the Princess Keelikolani, the late king's half sister. The throng and excitement were so great, that we were outside the reef before I got a good view of this lady,

the largest and the richest woman on the islands. Her size and appearance are most unfortunate, but she is said to be good and kind. She was dressed in a very common black *holoku*, with a red bandana round her throat, round which she wore a *lei* of immense oleanders, as well as round her hair, which was cut short. She had a large retinue, and her female attendants all wore *leis* of oleander. They spread very fine mats on the deck, under *pulu* beds, covered with gorgeous quilts, on which the Princess and her suite slept, and in the morning the beds were removed, breakfast was spread on the mats, and she, some of her attendants, and two or three white men who received invitations, sat on the deck round it. It was a far less attractive meal than that which the serene steward served below. The calabashes, which contained the pale pink *poi*, were of highly polished *kou* wood, but there were no foreign refinements. The other dishes were several kinds of raw fish, dried devil-fish, boiled *kalo*, sweet potatoes, bananas, and cocoanut milk. (*Six Months among the Palm Groves, Coral Reefs, & Volcanoes of the Sandwich Islands*, London, 1875, pp. 328–329.)

GOVERNOR KEKUANAOA

Mataio Kekuanaoa (1791–1868) was descended on his father's side from chiefs of Oahu; on his mother's side from a family of *kahus* who attended Kamehameha I. As a youth he was a *punahele* (intimate companion) of Liholiho, whom he accompanied on the King's journey to London in 1823. In 1827 Kekuanaoa married Kinau, daughter of Kamehameha I, who was *Kuhina-nui* and Governess of Oahu. By her he had five children: Kamehameha, who died at an early age; Moses Kekuaiwa (d. 1848); Lot Kapuaiwa Kamehameha (Kamehameha V); Alexander Liholiho, who was adopted by Kamehameha III and became Kamehameha IV; and Victoria Kaahumanu Kamamalu. By an earlier marriage to Pauahi, he was also the father of the Princess Ruth Keelikolani. Kinau died in 1839 and Kekuanaoa became in title as he had been in deed Governor of Oahu. He was a member of the house of nobles, 1841–1866; privy council, 1845–1868; president of the board of education, 1860–1868. There are interesting glimpses of Kekuanaoa in Sir George Simpson, *Narrative of a Journey Round the World During the Years 1841 and 1842* (2 vols., London, 1847), and in Mary A. Richards, ed., *The Chiefs' Children's School* (Honolulu, 1937).

PRINCE WILLIAM CHARLES LUNALILO

William Charles Lunalilo (1833–1874), later King Lunalilo. He was a grandson of a half-brother of Kamehameha I. When Kamehameha V died leaving no direct heirs and having failed to appoint a successor, Lunalilo

became a candidate for the throne. He asked all male citizens of the Kingdom to go to the polls on January 1, 1873, and "peaceably and orderly express their free choice for a King of the Hawaiian Islands." He easily won the election, and the choice was confirmed by vote of the Hawaiian Legislature. Although of very high rank, he differed from most chiefs in accepting and advocating democratic principles of government. But he had had almost no experience in public affairs, and was seriously hampered in the exercise of his duties by two handicaps—chronic alcoholism and pulmonary tuberculosis. He died on February 3, 1874, after a reign of one year and twenty-five days. In his will he provided for the establishment of Lunalilo Home, a shelter for "destitute and infirm people of Hawaiian blood or extraction, giving preference to old people." By his own wish he was buried apart from the sovereigns of the Kamehameha Dynasty, the last of whom had refused to designate Prince William as his successor. The mausoleum of William Charles Lunalilo, with the words *Ka Moi*, "The King," above the door of iron grillwork, stands in a corner of Kawaiahaeo churchyard.

Miss Cracroft does not mention Lunalilo, but Lady Franklin's Journal contains the following fragmentary account based on current gossip.

Prince William Lunalilo, the King's 1st cousin, being the son of Kana'ina & of Kekauluohi, sister of Kinau, the King's mother. After the present heir apparent, Prince Lot Kamehameha & Princess Victoria, he wd be the rightful claimant to the Throne. He is a young man of about 24 yrs of age of remarkable talent, good-looking, well-read & of very gentleman-like manners, understanding & speaking English better even than his own language, but with all this hopelessly given to drink, & lost to all the promise of his earlier years. Mr. Pease thinks this is partly owing to the restraint under which he was held by the Missionaries who had charge of his education & with whom Mr. P. used to remonstrate about their keeping him without money, for want of which he would borrow & even steal it. Mr. Pease has often given him a few dollars. He was betrothed to the Princess Victoria in their childhood, but when at an early age, they wished to be married it was opposed by the King who is supposed to have been afraid of his talents & of his large estates & influence in Hawaii which being a conquered island is not too loyal in its disposition. After this disappointment, the young Prince took to drinking & the Princess refused David Kalakaua, who proposed to her. More recently, the King gave acquiescence to the marriage of his sister with L., the princess still desiring it, & all the preparations were made, Mr. Armstrong being engaged to marry them, when L. came to Mr. Pease & said he did not mean to marry Victoria & should get into such a state of drunkenness for the occasion as would make it impossible for the marriage ceremony to take place. Thus the marriage [was] finally broken off. The misconduct of the princess with Mr. Monsarrat may have been the cause of the prince's objection to the lady on the

2d occasion & of the King's wish for the marriage. The prince it is said is irrecoverably ruined—he knows he is acting so as to lead him rapidly to the grave but professes to be perfectly indifferent to this. This young prince was a great admirer of Shakespeare, & used when in a state of undue excitement to go about the city on horseback, gathering the people about him at the corners of the streets & reciting passages from his plays, or sometimes a dispatch of Mr. Wyllie's addressed to the Minister or Embassy of the French or some other [unfinished]. (SPRI 248/123.)

THE HON. DAVID KALAKAUA

The Hon. David Kalakaua (1836–1891), later King Kalakaua; son of Kapaakea and Keahokalole, and a descendant of Keaweaeheulu and Kameeiamoku, two of the chiefs who had fought along with Kamehameha I in the conquest of the Kingdom. He was educated at the Chiefs' Children's School together with Alexander Liholiho and Lot Kamehameha and the other young chiefs. After serving as aide-de-camp to Kamehameha IV during the early 1860s, he became postmaster general during the reign of Kamehameha V. He was an active candidate for the throne in 1873, but was defeated by William C. Lunalilo. About a year later, after the death of Lunalilo, he announced formally that he was again a candidate for the kingship. His rival in this election was the Dowager Queen Emma. In the balloting the Hawaiian legislature voted 39 for Kalakaua and 6 for Emma. Kalakaua took the oath of office on February 13, 1874, and immediately proclaimed as his successor his younger brother, William Pitt Leleiohoku. His reign was marked by exciting but catastrophic developments. He systematically set about to glorify his own dynasty. He greatly increased the pageantry of the royal office, partly to bolster the pride of the Hawaiian natives and partly to impress foreign powers. He was a believer in absolute monarchy and met strong resistance in the community, especially on the part of Americans, among groups which would accept or tolerate only a limited monarchy. The last years of his reign were marked by party struggles and civil disorders when the several interests—the king and his supporters, the successive cabinets and legislatures, and various outside factions in the community—attempted to maintain or seize from one another the control of the government.

THE HON. LYDIA PAKI

The Hon. Lydia Paki (1838–1917), also called Liliu Kamakaeha, afterward Queen Liliuokalani. She was a great-granddaughter of Keaweaeheulu,

founder of the Kamehameha Dynasty. Her father and mother were Kapa-akea and Keahokalole; her adopted parents were Abner Paki and Konia, the father and mother of the High Chiefess Pauahi Bishop. In 1862 Lydia Paki married John Dominis, who was at that time an aide-de-camp of Kamehameha IV. She succeeded her brother King Kalakaua to the throne in 1891 and ruled under the name of Queen Liliuokalani until 1893, when she was deposed in a revolutionary coup led by American residents of Hawaii, many of whom were citizens of the Kingdom. Failing in her counter-revolutionary attempt to overthrow the Provisional Government, she formally renounced her royal claims in 1895. She composed many Hawaiian songs, including the popular "Aloha Oe."

THE HIGH CHIEFESS BERNICE PAUAHI BISHOP

The High Chiefess Bernice Pauahi Bishop (1831-1884), a direct descendant of Kamehameha I, was the daughter of Abner Paki and Konia; she was adopted at birth by Kinau, the wife of Mataio Kekuanaoa, Governor of Oahu. As a child and young woman Pauahi attended the Chiefs' Children's School, where she acquired her "missionary name" of Bernice. In 1851 she was married to Charles R. Bishop, at that time collector of customs of the Hawaiian government; the courtship had been opposed by Paki and Konia, but was encouraged by Pauahi's missionary friends and teachers. In 1872 King Kamehameha V, then on his deathbed, wished to name Pauahi as his successor to the throne, but she refused to accept the King's offer. She was one of the few very wealthy Hawaiian *ali'i*, her substantial private fortune having been handsomely supplemented in 1883 on the death of the Princess Ruth Keelikolani, who had named Pauahi as her principal heir. Having no children, Pauahi provided in her will that her land and holdings should be used to establish and support the Kamehameha Schools for native Hawaiian children. The Bernice Pauahi Bishop Museum, an ethnological museum specializing in Polynesian studies and now affiliated with Yale University, was established under a separate endowment by C. R. Bishop in memory of his wife.

Pauahi's house was built in 1847 by her father, Abner Paki, a Christian chief who served for a time as chamberlain of Kamehameha III. After the death of Paki and Konia, Mr. and Mrs. Bishop took over the house and used it as their Honolulu home for many years. The site was approximately that of the present Bank of Hawaii (1958) in the center of Honolulu. From Paki's time down to the 1880s the house and grounds were known as Hale-akala, the "House of the Sun."

M A D A M E N A M A K E H A

Mme. Namakeha, later Queen Kapiolani (1834-1899). She was a granddaughter of King Kaumualii of Kauai. In 1861 she was called Mme. Namakeha because her first husband had been a chief of that name. She married David Kalakaua on December 19, 1863, and was crowned with him in 1883. In 1887 she attended the Jubilee of Queen Victoria, where she received royal honors. Kalakaua and Kapiolani had no children. Her principal interest after the death of Kalakaua was in the welfare of Hawaiian women and in the Kapiolani Maternity Home and the Kapiolani Home for Leper Girls, which she established and helped to support.

NOTES

This book is based mainly on manuscript sources. Of the manuscripts consulted or transcribed, by far the greater number are preserved either in Honolulu or at the Scott Polar Research Institute in Cambridge, England. References to items in Cambridge follow the numerical listings of the Scott Polar Research Institute. For a description of the Lady Franklin Collection at the University of Hawaii, see p. 339. Other references follow the usual forms and require no special explanation. Abbreviations used are:

AH: Public Archives of Hawaii
BM: Bernice P. Bishop Museum
BPRO, FO: British Public Record Office, Foreign Office, London
HHS: Hawaiian Historical Society
HMCS: Hawaiian Mission Children's Society
LFC, UH: Lady Franklin Collection, University of Hawaii
NA: Nysten-Altman Letters, Public Archives of Hawaii
SPRI: Scott Polar Research Institute, Cambridge, England

NOTES: *The Visitors* (pages 2-18)

1. *Portrait of Jane: A Life of Lady Franklin* (London, 1951).
2. Melbourne University Press, 1949.
3. Edith Mary Gell, *John Franklin's Bride: Eleanor Ann Porden* (London, 1930), p. 126.
4. *Ibid.*, p. 240.
5. Fitzpatrick, *op. cit.*, p. 237.
6. *Ibid.*, p. 247.
7. Quoted in Woodward, *op. cit.*, p. 273.
8. *Ibid.*
9. Sophia Cracroft, holograph statement on clairvoyance; SPRI 248/267.
10. Walter Bagehot, *The English Constitution*, "The World's Classics" (Oxford, 1928), p. 48.

11. *Ibid.*, p. 47.

12. *Ibid.*, p. 34.

NOTES: *Welcome (pages 20-35)*

1. Sophia Cracroft to "My dearest ones," April 3, 1861, Vancouver, British Columbia, Oregon, and San Francisco, California; LFC, UH.

2. William Lane Booker (1824-1905), British consul at San Francisco, 1857-1883. He was knighted in 1894.

3. Lady Franklin, Journal, "Visit to the Sandwich Islands"; SPRI 248/123.

4. *Ibid.*

5. *Ibid.*

6. *the best Captain* . . . Capt. John Paty, b. Plymouth, Mass., 1807; d. Honolulu, 1868. In 1846 Kamehameha III commissioned Capt. Paty as his "consul and naval commandant for the California coast with the rank of commodore." Between 1850 and 1868 he was master of various vessels plying between the Sandwich Islands and California. (See "Journal of Captain John Paty," *California Historical Society Quarterly*, XIV, No. 4 [1935], 291-346.) Captain Paty's daughter, Theodora (Paty) Yates, in her "Reminiscences of Honolulu" (typed MS, HHS) mentions the visit of Lady Franklin to Hawaii. The notion that Lady Franklin had come to Hawaii in search of news of Sir John Franklin is, of course, legend. "Mr. Wyllie entertained Lady Franklin and her niece, Miss Craycroft [*sic*] on their way round the world. Sir John Franklin started to find the North Pole, and never returned. Lady Franklin used every effort to discover some clue to his disappearance, and it was in the hope of hearing some news that she stopped in Honolulu, at that time the principal harbor for whaleships. She had her maid with her and a great quantity of luggage, from her own bed to hammer and nails. While at Rosebank, Mr. Wyllie asked her to plant a tree, so she looked on while the gardener did the work. It was always called Lady Franklin's mango tree. My childish expectations were disappointed, for I thought she would dig the hole herself."

7. *Mr. Wyllie, Mr. Green* . . . *General Miller* . . . *Dr. Hillebrand*. For a biographical account of Wyllie, see pp. 292-295. Mr. Green was William Lothian Green, b. London, 1819; d. Honolulu, 1890. He arrived in California during the gold rush; in Honolulu in the early 1850s he became first an employee and then a partner of R. C. Janion. In 1861 the British firm of Janion, Green & Co. were agents for the inter-island steamship, the *Kilauea*. General William Miller (1795-1861), English soldier and South American revolutionary, who had taken part in the liberation of Peru, had been British consul in Hawaii since 1843-1844; he was granted a leave of absence in 1859. When General Miller's substitute, Mr. Toup Nicholas, suffered a mental breakdown, W. L. Green was appointed by the Foreign Office to take Nicholas's place. Dr. William Hillebrand (1821-1886), a native of Westphalia, Prussia, studied medicine at the universities of Göttingen, Heidelberg, and Berlin. He arrived in Hawaii in 1851, set up practice, and in 1860 was appointed head physician at the new Queen's Hospital. He returned to Germany in 1871 and died in Heidelberg. His book *Flora of the Hawaiian Islands* (London and New York, 1888) was for many years the only technical work on Hawaiian botany.

8. *Dr. McKibbin* . . . Dr. Robert McKibbin, Sr. (1795?-1876), a native of County Down, Ireland. He arrived with his family from Belfast in 1855 and for many years maintained a surgery and pharmacy in Honolulu. His son, Robert McKibbin, Jr., M.D., was court physician and an intimate friend of Kamehameha IV. During the 1860s and 1870s Dr. Robert McKibbin, Jr., served as a surgeon in attendance at the Queen's Hospital.

9. *The coachman* . . . Robert Selfe, of London, who had arrived in Honolulu on the *Marcella*, April 18, together with the King's new English butler, F. M. Ruddle.

10. *King Kamehameha I* . . . See pp. 296-297.

11. *his successor Liholiho* . . . See "Kamehameha II," p. 297.

12. *a school established by the Missionaries* . . . The Chiefs' Children's School was opened in Honolulu in 1839, under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Amos Starr Cooke. In 1846 the school was designated the "Royal School" and placed under the control of the minister of public instruction. Under Mr. and Mrs. Cooke the school had been a family-style boarding establishment, attended by a dozen or more children of chiefly rank. Five of these children—Alexander Liholiho, Lot Kamehameha, William Lunalilo, David Kalakaua, and Lydia Pahi—eventually became Hawaiian sovereigns.

13. *Dr. Judd* . . . See pp. 295–296.

14. *the Presbyterian Board of Missions* . . . Throughout her letters Miss Cracroft inaccurately refers to the American missionaries as Presbyterians. The first mission was sent out by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions in 1820, an interdenominational body whose membership was both Presbyterian and Congregational. In Hawaii, the Congregational element undoubtedly preponderated.

15. *Captain La Place in the Artémise* . . . Captain Cyrille Pierre Théodore La Place, commanding the 6-gun French frigate, the *Artémise*, arrived at Honolulu on July 9, 1839. In a letter to Peter Brinsmade, the United States agent, La Place offered "asylum and protection, on board the frigate *Artemise*, to those of your compatriots who may apprehend danger . . . on the part of the natives. . . . I do not, however, include in this class, the individuals who although born, it is said, in the United States, make a part of the Protestant clergy of the chief of the Archipelago, direct his councils, influence his conduct, and are the true authors of the insults given by him to France. For me, they compose a part of the native population, and must undergo the unhappy consequences of a war which they shall have brought on this country." (See P. A. Brinsmade to Sec. of State J. Forsyth, July 17, 1839, and enclosures; U. S. Department of State, Consular Letters, Honolulu, Vol. I.)

16. *the late King* . . . See "Kamehameha III," pp. 297–298.

17. *the deed of annexation* . . . Miss Cracroft's account of the annexation movement is greatly oversimplified. This was because her chief informant was no disinterested party but R. C. Wyllie himself. In his conversations with the ladies, Wyllie seems to have given the impression that he alone had headed the opposition to the annexation movement. His political role was more ambiguous; though on principle he opposed annexation, as foreign minister he had found himself obliged to take part in the discussions and negotiations. Ralph S. Kuykendall's study of the movement shows that Wyllie "was strongly opposed to annexation except as a last resort, but he admitted that if independence could not be maintained it would be better for the islands to be annexed to the United States than to any other power." (*The Hawaiian Kingdom, 1778–1854: Foundation and Transformation*, Honolulu, 1938, pp. 416–427.)

18. "*We don't have niggers in here.*" . . . The incident occurred at Washington, D.C., in a railway carriage and not in an omnibus. Prince Alexander Liholiho described his experience in his Journal for June 5, 1850: "While I was sitting looking out of the window, a man came to me and told me to get out of the carriage, rather unceremoniously saying that I was in the wrong carriage. I immediately asked him what he meant. He continued his request. I found that he was the conductor and had probably taken me for somebody's servant, just because I had a darker skin than he had. Confounded fool—the first time that I had ever received such treatment, not in England or France, or anywhere else. But in this country I must be treated like a dog, to go and come at an Americans bidding. They have no manners, no politeness, not even common civilities, to a stranger. And not only in this single case but almost everybody that one meets in travelling in the United States are saucy—In England, an African can pay his fare for the cars, and he can sit along side of Queen Victoria. The Americans talk and they think a great deal of their liberty, and strangers often find that too many liberties are taken of their comfort, just because his hosts are a free people." (Alexander Liholiho's Journal, 1849–1850; typed copy, UH; original HHS.)

19. *his brother, who is Minister of the Interior* . . . See "Prince Lot Kamehameha," p. 302.

20. *the Queen* . . . See "Queen Emma," pp. 298-300.

21. *a Choral and Musical Society* . . . *The Polynesian*, March 9, 1861, official newspaper of the Hawaiian government, published a discreet notice of the amateur performance: "We know very well, and as a rule we have observed it, that private amusements do not legitimately fall under public remarks, and that good breeding forbids their being talked of and commented upon outside of the circle of those who assisted, or by invitation attended, on the occasion."

In his issue of March 14 the editor of the rival newspaper, the *Pacific Commercial Advertiser*, was less reticent. As he had been one of the uninvited, he relied on the copious report of an eye-witness:

"The performance of the operatic *morceaux* from *Il Trovatore* produced on Friday night, surpassed the previously formed expectations of all those who witnessed it. The portion selected was the Scene in the Forest. The curtain rises on the Gipsies' camp. . . . It reminded one hugely of the same scene as produced at the original exhibition of the opera at the Court of the Grand Duke of Pumpernickel, so graphically described by Thackeray. It was hard to realize it was not actuality—there were the Gipsies smoking and passing around the pipe (a solecism on Gipsy habits, by the bye)—a few were having a game of cards where the Jack takes the Ace. . . . The opening chorus, 'Behold how brightly breaks the morning,' was given with the most successful *a-plomb*, the *riccemento* tones of the prima being heard above the volume of sound which penetrated every corner of this magnificent temple of the Goddess of Song. . . . An intermission here occurred of about half an hour, during which loud cries of *Hemo ka puka, Hemo ka puka* [Open the door] were heard at the pit doors. As it was not on the programme of performance, none of the audience knew what it meant, and the soldiers in waiting and the doorkeepers generally thrust back those on the outside. The noise is supposed to have arisen from some disappointed applicants for admission, who were tired of having "Pike County Tickets" on the pickets of Messrs. Spalding's and Potter's fences on the opposite side of the street."

For "Mrs. Brewer, an American lady," see p. 331, note 9.

22. *Count Strzelecki* . . . Count Paul Edmund de Strzelecki (1796-1873), Polish-Austrian explorer and scientist. According to Frances J. Woodward's *Portrait of Jane: a Life of Lady Franklin* (London, 1951), p. 228, Strzelecki made Lady Franklin's acquaintance while he was exploring in Tasmania between 1840-1843: "Jane (who spelt him Streliski) found him 'one of the most accomplished & agreeable men I ever met with.'"

23. *Mr. Kalakaua* . . . See "The Hon. David Kalakaua," p. 306.

24. *Mr. and Mrs. Allen* . . . E. H. Allen (1804-1883), former member of Congress from Maine; appointed U. S. consul in 1849 and arrived in Hawaii in 1850. Appointed Hawaiian minister of finance in 1853 and chief justice in 1857. He was sent to Washington, D. C., on several occasions to negotiate a treaty of reciprocity. After a treaty was finally achieved in 1876, Allen was appointed minister resident of Hawaii to the United States, where he was dean of the diplomatic corps at the time of his death. On January 1, 1883, he died of a heart attack, in an anteroom of the White House, while attending a New Year's reception.

25. *The Palace* . . . The royal Palace in 1861 stood on the same site as that occupied since 1879 by the present Iolani Palace. The earlier Palace was a modest one-story affair constructed of coral blocks, with a bungalow roof and an ample lookout on top; it had been originally built by Governor Kekuanaoa as a house for his daughter, Princess Victoria Kamamalu. In 1843, when Kamehameha III was persuaded by his advisers to move the seat of government from Lahaina, Maui, to Honolulu, the King acquired the coral house, and from that time on until the construction of Iolani Palace in 1879, the older building was used by the Hawaiian rulers on most official occasions, especially for royal audiences and receptions. Meanwhile, for various domestic and private purposes, Kamehameha III and his successors maintained other cottages, several of the grass-thatch variety, in the Palace yard. The vicinity of the Palace was known as "Pelekane." It was traditionally believed that the site once formed part of an ancient *heiau*.

26. *Mrs. Gregg, wife of the Minister of Finance* . . . Rebecca (Eads) Gregg, wife of

David L. Gregg of Illinois, who was appointed U. S. commissioner to the Hawaiian Kingdom on July 6, 1853. On January 11, 1858, he was succeeded to this post by James W. Borden. On May 26, 1858, Kamehameha IV appointed Gregg to the office of minister of finance. After his resignation from the cabinet in 1862, he returned to the United States, where he died at Carson City, Nevada, December 23, 1868. Mrs. Gregg was a daughter of Abner Eads, one of the earliest settlers of Illinois; her sister was spoken of as the first white child born in Peoria.

27. *the little Prince* . . . See "The Prince of Hawaii," pp. 300-302.

28. *Mr. Peter Young* . . . Miss Cracroft was confused about the name; her manuscript reads "Mr. John Young." She refers to the same person under the date of Friday, June 21: ". . . another of the King's A.D.C.'s, a cousin of the Queen, partly descended like herself from old John Young, and who goes only by his European name, Mr. John Young (I forget his native name)." Miss Cracroft undoubtedly meant the Hon. Peter Young Kaeo (1836-1880), a descendant of the royal family of Maui, and son of Joshua Kaeo (d. 1858) and Jane Lahilahi Young (1813-1862), youngest sister of Queen Emma's mother. Peter Kaeo had been adopted when a child by John Young II (Keoni Ana) and Hikoni. He had been a pupil at the Chiefs' Children's School, where he was called "Peta." As a boy and young man he was sometimes called "Hanuna," but later in official records and in his own signature he used his chiefly title "Kekuaokalani." In the 1870s he learned that he had leprosy and from then until his death in 1880 lived most of the time at the leper settlement on Molokai.

29. *the celebrated feather cloaks* . . . During the 1860s and 1870s examples of Hawaiian art, including feather cloaks and tippets, were exhibited at international expositions in London and Paris. Queen Emma eventually became more interested than Kamehameha IV had ever been in preserving knowledge of some of the older Hawaiian arts. On March 25, 1869, she wrote to the Rev. Charles G. Williamson, a clergyman on Hawaii, pointing out that good specimens of native work were becoming exceedingly rare.

"Our beautiful as well as old & original articles of native make such as dress, ornaments, tools, implements of husbandry, warfare &c &c have become so scarce by the universal adoption of foreign habits that nearly all purely Hawaiian things have quite disappeared, from disuse, & such as are left have passed into heirlooms so that the few contents of the box are not by any means the prettiest or best of its kind. I tried to get a feather wreath for you but in vain. They are so expensive and scarce that it is hard even to be bought. Enclosed is a list of things in box which you will see are familiar objects not requiring explanation.

"The yellow feathers in envelope marked No I is from the bird called Mamo. The long feathers are from the tail & called Niau whilst all the short ones "lau aeae" grow immediately under them. The feathers in that little bunch are from a single bird, it comes from the bird catcher as it is & costs \$1. Two kinds of wreaths are made from it both called lei Mamo, but the one made from the long feathers is the *most* valuable of wreaths here & to make a single one takes 600 such bunches as that. In other words 600 birds are killed to make it & costs \$120. The Royal robe or mantle worn *only* by our Kings is made entirely from these long yellow tail feathers & called the Ahuula. All feather tippets or mantles are called by the same name but made of the red, yellow & black feathers of the Oo, Iiwi & other birds.

"The Ee or yellow feathers thatched on the branch of wicker work is obtained from the oo or black bird of which there are only two under each wing. Wreaths are made of it also & when used for large kahilis then they are worked up as you see here & thatched on the tall staffs. The kahili Oo's are made from the tail of some Royal Bird of which are three kinds 2 *Koo*, 4 *pue*, 4 *Pilali* feathers grow on each bird & make three kinds of kahilis. When split & tied in bunches of 3 or 4 they are ready for the small tortois shell kahilis & when wanted for the large ones are thatched into the wicker work as long & short as you please. The bunch then is called a *pea*. There are samples of these things in the box, there is one made from the tail of the white bosun bird which makes a pretty kahili." (NA Letters.)

30. *the Bishop of Oxford* . . . Samuel Wilberforce (1805-1873), son of William Wilberforce, British statesman and humanitarian. Appointed Dean of Westminster in May, 1845; in October of the same year he became Bishop of Oxford, remaining in that see for twenty-five years. For an account of his role in establishing the Anglican Mission in Hawaii, see Ralph S. Kuykendall, *The Hawaiian Kingdom, 1854-1874: Twenty Critical Years* (Honolulu, 1953), pp. 88-89.

31. *the steamer Kilauea* . . . *commanded by* . . . *Captain Berrill* . . . The *Kilauea*, built in East Boston for the Hawaiian Steam Navigation Co., was still in service in 1873 at the time of the visit of Isabella L. Bird, who observed the vessel with a critical eye: "The *Kilauea* is a screw boat of 400 tons, most unprepossessing in appearance, slow, but sure, and capable of bearing an infinite amount of battering. It is jokingly said that her keel has rasped off the branch coral round all the islands. . . . She has a shabby, obsolete look about her, like a second-rate coasting collier, or an old American tow-boat. She looks ill-found, too; I saw two essential pieces of tackle give way as they were hoisting the main sail." (*Six Months Among the Palm Groves, Coral Reefs, & Volcanoes of the Sandwich Islands*, London, 1875, p. 44.) Capt. William Berrill, who commanded the *Kilauea* in 1861, became accustomed to adventures in Hawaiian waters. He was captain of the *Emma Rooke* at the time of her loss in 1864, and in 1870 was in command of the *Marilda* when she ran ashore on the eastern end of Kahoolawe and became a total wreck.

NOTES: *Scenes of Two Islands (pages 36-81)*

1. Lady Franklin, Journal; SPRI 248/164.
2. Diary of Bella Lyman; HMCS.
3. Lady Franklin, Journal; SPRI 248/164.
4. *Ibid.*
5. *Ibid.*
6. *Ibid.*
7. *Ibid.*
8. *Ibid.*

9. *village of Lahaina* . . . The *Pacific Commercial Advertiser*, February 12, 1857, in a series of articles headed "Ports of the Sandwich Islands," had this to say about the village: "LAHAINA (anciently called Lele) . . . is pleasantly located on the western shore of West Maui. . . . It may be considered as the second port of the Hawaiian Islands, as, next to Honolulu, it is most generally frequented by the whaling fleets which touch at the islands in the spring and fall for recruits and refreshments. The town was selected by Kamehameha III and his chiefs to be the seat of government of the group, and it continued such till the troublesome times of 1843, when he removed the royal residence to Honolulu. . . . The population of Lahaina is estimated at 1,500, the foreign part of which will probably not exceed one to two hundred. The causes that have been at work depopulating the islands have likewise tended to reduce the numbers here. 'Years ago there was a hut under every breadfruit tree,' was the statement of an old man who had seen the four Kamehamehas as the rulers of the land. So far as local diseases, we are singularly free. The climate is unequalled; the mild sea breezes temper the heat of the day, and the cool breeze of the night makes sleeping a luxury to be enjoyed."

10. *Mr. Gilman* . . . Gorham D. Gilman (1821-1909); arrived in Hawaii about 1840. He spent about twenty years in the Islands as a merchant and shipping agent. His grass house at Lahaina had once belonged to the Princess Nahienaena, the only royal daughter of Kamehameha I, and the sister of Kamehameha III. "This was one of the finest straw houses in the village," Gilman later wrote in his reminiscences, ". . . with sea walls in front and [the grounds] planted with kou trees. The house was some thirty by forty

feet in dimensions. The interior was lined by dry banana stalks, and had hard earth floors covered with fine mats. . . . In later years it was occupied by the United States Consul, and through him I became a tenant of Kamehameha IV. . . . It was often a pleasure to entertain guests passing from one island to another." (*Thrum's Hawaiian Annual*, 1907, p. 171.)

11. *the Governor of the District* . . . Paul Nahaolelua (1806–1875), Governor of Maui.

12. *a stone building* . . . The house, constructed of stone and cement mixed with mud, was built in 1823 to receive the body of the chiefess Keopuolani, the wife of Kamehameha I, who in 1819 violated the eating tabu (*'ai kapu*) and thus assisted in the overthrow of the old tabu system.

13. *the Queen's mother* . . . Fanny Kekuiapoiwa Kekelaokalani Naea (1804–1880), daughter of John Young (Olohana) and Kaonaeha. She was married at an early age to George Naea (d. 1854). She is buried at the Royal Mausoleum in Nuuanu Valley, Honolulu.

14. *the American Dr. White* . . . Probably Dr. H. B. White, a resident physician maintained in Lahaina by the United States Government for the treatment of crew members of American vessels. Dr. White left Hawaii for San Francisco on Nov. 28, 1861.

15. *a Mission Seminary* . . . A high school at Lahainaluna, situated on the mountain-side above the town of Lahaina, founded in 1831. Established by American missionaries at first as an experiment, the school was soon placed on a permanent footing; its primary purpose was "to qualify native school teachers for their respective duties; to teach them, theoretically and practically, the best methods of communicating instructions to others."

16. *Mrs. Judd, wife of Dr. Judd* . . . Newspaper accounts of the sailing of the *Kilauea* suggest that certain members of the "missionary party," including H. M. Whitney, editor of the *Pacific Commercial Advertiser*, jumped to a conclusion that Mrs. Judd would be invited to accompany Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft during their tour of Hawaii. In "Notes of the Week," April 25, Whitney stated that Lady Franklin had departed for Hawaii "accompanied by Mrs. Dr. Judd, and Wm. L. Green, Esq., Acting British Commissioner. His Majesty the King has paid the most considerate attentions to Lady Franklin, having accompanied her in his carriage to the steamer, and sent Col. David Kalakaua, a nobleman, and one of his aides as a special messenger to the Governess of Hawaii, to make such arrangements for the comfort of her Ladyship, during her travel over or around the island as might be necessary. He also sent by the steamer his private gig and six oarsmen to wait on her and row her from port to port, if it should be her wish to visit all the ports of Hawaii." The *Polynesian*, on the other hand, in its first mention of the arrival of Lady Franklin in its issue of April 27, makes no mention either of Mrs. Judd or Mr. Green: "His Majesty, remembering the many kindnesses received in bygone years when travelling in England, looked upon Lady Franklin as a national guest, and learning that she intended [to visit Hawaii] has sent his own Aide de Camp, Colonel D. Kalakaua, to accompany her, and attend to her every wish."

17. *at Hilo, in Byron's Bay* . . . "Ports of the Sandwich Islands—No. I," in the *Pacific Commercial Advertiser*, Jan. 12, 1857, devoted the first article of the series to:

"HILO, or Waiakea harbor (called in many charts Byron's Bay), situated on the east side of Hawaii . . . [and] most delightfully located. . . . The harbor, which is a natural one, being formed seaward by a reef composed of coral, sand, and lava, and extending from East to West, some 1,500 fathoms. . . . The number of whale ships annually visiting this port, independent of merchant vessels, &c, taking the last five years as an average is sixty-five. As inducements for whale ships especially to visit the port, it would not be amiss to state that very rarely does the ship master experience difficulty or trouble with his crew, which fact can be attributed to no other cause than that of the impossibility of the men obtaining anything in the shape of intoxicating liquors, for the sale of which happily, no license has been granted on this island, and so stringent is the law, that the victualing houses are prohibited from even making beer or giving it their boarders. Seldom does a ship lose any of its crew from desertion, so efficient are the means of retaking them, that slight indeed is the chance of escape."

18. *the resident Missionary, Mr. Coan* . . . The Rev. Titus M. Coan (1801-1882), a native of Connecticut, arrived in Hawaii in 1835 with the Seventh Company of American missionaries. From the date of his arrival he was almost continuously stationed at Hilo. An impassioned preacher, he sometimes baptized his converts by the hundreds during the Great Revival of 1838. His first wife, referred to by Miss Cracroft, was Mrs. Fidelia (Church) Coan (1810-1872), who conducted a school for native girls in Hilo from 1838 to 1864.

19. *our visitors* . . . *Mrs. Spencer* . . . *Mrs. Pitman* . . . *Mrs. Austin* . . . Mrs. Spencer was the wife of Capt. Thomas Spencer, who had recently purchased the ship chandlery business of Benjamin Pitman. Mr. and Mrs. Pitman, having prospered in Hilo, subsequently left for the United States; they were fellow passengers of Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft on the *Comet* in June, when the visitors returned to California. Mrs. Stafford Austin (1836-1915), born of missionary parents, was educated at Lahainaluna Seminary and Punahou College in Honolulu. At the time of Lady Franklin's visit Stafford Austin (1825-1896) was serving as Acting Governor of Hawaii, under the authority of the Governess Ruth Keelikolani; later he became circuit judge of the Island. He accompanied Lady Franklin's party to the volcano as far as Kailikii. His dereliction in duty, when he left the ladies at Kailikii to hurry back to Hilo, is perhaps excusable; according to the *Pacific Commercial Advertiser*, a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Austin on May 16, 1861.

20. *the house of the Governess of Hawaii* . . . The Hilo house of the Princess Ruth Keelikolani was described by a contemporary as "a typical grass house of commodious size, but with board floor, surrounded by magnificent clumps of stately bamboo and large kamani trees." The same writer explains its water-locked situation: "About half way between Hilo proper and Waiakea lay the intermittent river called Waiolama which at times was blocked up with sand thrown up by the sea. . . . Beyond the Waiolama on what was known as Piopio was the residence of the Governess Keelikolani." (See J. M. Lydgate, "Hilo Fifty Years Ago," in *Thrum's Hawaiian Annual*, 1923, pp. 102-103.)

21. *stuffed with pulu* . . . A wool-like fiber found at the base of the fronds of tree ferns. When dried, *pulu* was used for stuffing pillows and mattresses; quantities were shipped to California. The industry died out when it was discovered that the dust formed by *pulu* had a bad effect on the lungs.

22. *the halfway house* . . . The Puna (District) Halfway House at Oloo, as distinct from the Kau Halfway House. The accommodations at Oloo were described by a visitor of 1860 in the *Pacific Commercial Advertiser*: "We arrived at the 'half-way house'; and never was the half way better appreciated. The house soon presented the appearance of a Gipsy's camp. . . . A warm supper, a cup of tea, eaten as best we could, some standing, some lying down, invigorated us all; and soon places for the night were taken, the ladies occupying a raised platform with mats, and gentlemen with mats spread on the floor."

23. *a singular flower* . . . The lehua (*ohi'a-lehua*, *Metrosideros macropus*, *M. collina*), common at altitudes between 1,000 and 9,000 feet in some forests in Hawaii. The Hawaiians made the red flowers sacred to Pele, and numerous legends about the volcano goddess refer to the flower

24. *a priest of the Goddess Pele* . . . Lady Franklin's Journal (SPRI 248/164) spells out the name of the priest: "Pauahilani." They encountered another old priest the next day who "pretends to have seen Cook's *ship*, tho not himself, & to have been 10 or 12 yrs of age about that time—no signs of being so old."

25. *Mr. Richardson, an American* . . . Probably Charles Richardson (1817-1879), a native of Vermont; arrived in the Islands in 1850. He and a cousin, Julius Richardson, together with a partner named W. H. Reed, owned an extensive tract in the Kau District called the Kapapala Ranch. In the mid-1860s they established the first hotel at the volcano. Lady Franklin described Richardson as "tall, delicate looking, humble & modest, wd not sit down till I begged them to do so. Good looking & well dressed native woman at the door was introduced to me as Mrs R. She had a Chinese look." According to Stafford Austin, Mrs. Richardson was "1/2 native & part Chinese, a better cross he said than the native & white." During the pause at the Richardsons, Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft "sat down on bags of *pulu* and drank coffee from basins." (SPRI 248/164.)

26. *Mr. and Mrs. Lyman* . . . Frederick S. Lyman (1837–1918); son of David Belden and Sarah (Joiner) Lyman, missionary founders of the Hilo Boarding School, 1836. He married Isabella Chamberlain (1848–1901), daughter of the early missionaries Levi Chamberlain and Maria (Patton) Chamberlain. Frederick S. Lyman was government land surveyor for Hilo, Puna, and Kau, 1854–1862; and later, independent surveyor, 1862–1914. He raised stock in Kau from 1860–1868; served as circuit judge for East Hawaii, 1869–1893; held various government offices under the monarchy; served as member of the Hawaiian Senate, Republic of Hawaii, 1898.

27. *the village was called Punaluu* . . . The harbor and landing at Punaluu sometimes served as a shipping terminus for vessels after rounding South Point. Visitors to the Kona Coast frequently toured the volcano region by landing at Punaluu and proceeding overland by way of Keaiwa and Kapapala in East Kau to Mauna Loa. Chester S. Lyman, who approached Punaluu by the same route followed by Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft in 1861, described the village in his Journal (typed MS, HHS):

"[Aug. 22, 1846] . . . At 10:30, or about 33 miles from the volcano, I reached the village of Punaluu, which is romantically situated on the beach, shut in in part by a rough lava stream which had issued from under the hills a few miles back and which had but just force enough to reach the sea at this place, and numerous brackish-water ponds, shut in partly by a very high beach of sand thrown up many years since, at the time the lava flowed into the sea a few miles to the Eastward. The surf was breaking all along the beach and on neighboring rocks with great violence."

28. *a Mr. Martin* . . . Lady Franklin, who spelled the name "Marten," noted in her Journal that "he pronounced his own name clearly Thomas M" and that he brought "a native with him named Kauhane—intelligent & pleasant looking—he is a schoolteacher. Both understood a little English but cd not make him speak. 'Yes, Marm,' & 'Goodbye, Marm.'" (SPRI 248/164.) Thomas Martin was probably the son of a Capt. Martin, an early settler in Hawaii. For an account of the original Martin see Chester S. Lyman, *Around the Horn to the Sandwich Islands and California: 1845–1850* (New Haven, 1924), p. 147:

"[Dec. 11, 1846] . . . Here [Kawaihae] we soon found ourselves pleasantly accommodated for a native vessel. The *Keoua* is one of the largest of these vessels . . . & has with all a very clever Capt. Capt Martin is Eng[lish] by birth, his father having been the son of a Scotch planter in the West Indies & his mother the slave of his grandfather. By her his father had other children & took good care of them while in the W[est] I[ndies]. He afterwards married in Scotland & when this son of his finding his way thither, presented himself the father utterly disowned him as is usual in such cases. He became a sailor & deserted at the Islands many years ago. He was formerly intemperate, & for a year or more totally blind. He recovered however, reformed, became pious & is now one of Mr Thurston's deacons."

Thomas Martin is mentioned as a leading inhabitant of Kau in the earliest printed guidebook to Hawaii, Henry M. Whitney, *The Hawaiian Guide Book* (Honolulu, 1875), p. 96: "This village of Waiohinu, the name signifying in Hawaiian 'shining water,' is the paradise of Kau, and here Hon. Thos. Martin, a noble specimen of the half-caste race, dispenses the hospitalities of the place, and exhibits the advanced civilization of Hawaii most worthily."

29. *the very pretty village of Waiohinu* . . . Waiohinu derived its name from its refreshing stream. The missionary William Ellis, *Narrative of a Tour Through Hawaii, or, Owhyhee* (London, 1826), p. 168, devoted a paragraph to "The Valley of Waiohinu."

"Our path running in a northerly direction, seemed leading us towards a ridge of high mountains, but it suddenly turned to the east, and presented to our view a most enchanting valley, clothed with verdure, and ornamented with clumps of kukui and kou trees. On the south-east it was open towards the sea, and on both sides adorned with gardens, and interspersed with cottages, even to the summits of the hills. A fine stream of fresh water, the first we had seen on the island, ran along the centre of the valley, while several smaller ones issued from the rocks on the opposite side, and watered the plantations

below. We drank a most grateful draught from the principal stream, and then continued our way along its margin, through Kiolaakaa, travelling towards the sea, till we reached Waiohinu, about ten miles from the place where we slept last night. Here we found a very comfortable house belonging to Pai, the head man, who invited us in, and kindly entertained us."

30. *Mr. Shipman* . . . The Rev. William C. Shipman (1824-1861), missionary of the American Board and pastor of the native church at Kau since 1855.

31. *Mr. Mitchell* . . . Concerning this particular Mitchell not much seems to have been preserved. Perhaps he was a J. R. Mitchell whose name appears in passenger lists of the *Kilauea* during the early 1860s.

32. *Kailikii* . . . The area of the coast where the Kahalewai beach house stood in 1861 is now covered with lava, resulting from an extensive volcanic eruption in 1868. The *pali* or cliffs mentioned by Miss Cracroft overlook South Point, the southernmost tip of the Hawaiian chain, with the exception of Palmyra Island. Until the end of the 18th century, Kalae ("the point") was an inhabited garden. But imported cattle, pigs, goats, and rats altered the balance of nature; after the coming of the white man the population of the locality dropped as a result of foreign diseases, particularly influenza. An alternative name of the ancient village of Kailikii was Waiahukini ("dancing water"). The form *wai* (as distinct from *kai*) suggests that fresh water once flowed down the hillside so laboriously descended by Kalakaua's party.

33. *Mr. Gower, an American* . . . Lady Franklin records the name as Merritt Melville Gower, but adds that he was generally known by his "fancy name" of Melville or "by Am. fashion called MM." She also "thought it a pity this young man shd be lost in such obscurity, no vulgarity in him but on contrary easy, voluble & correct expression, nothing but his odious Yankee twang. . . He shocked & I think offended Mr K a little by calling Honolulu a one horse place—it was about no good wine being procured there: 'Well you know Honolulu is a one horse place.' We told Mr K we had never heard this expression before but explained what we supposed was meant by it, answering him that London too was a one horse place." (SPRI 248/164.)

M. M. Gower never forgot his conversations with Lady Franklin at Kailikii. In reminiscences he wrote in 1886, he described the great volcanic eruption of 1868:

"A very large tract of fine grazing land was covered fathoms deep with the piled up scoria after the flow had burned its way through the jungle and dense forests of Koa, Ohia, and other gigantic trees. After it reached open ground it flowed at 10 to 15 miles per hour, and was soon pouring into the sea at Kalae, the southern point of Hawaii, covering in its track the identical spot where in 1860 [1861] I had the privilege of meeting in a native grass hut Lady Franklin, Miss Cracroft her niece, and the present king, Kalakaua, who at that time was scarcely in line of promotion being only plain Col. Kalakaua (familarly known as David)." (M. M. Gower, "Voyage from Boston to California and the Sandwich Islands, 1858-1859," typed MS, HHS.)

34. *his body was burned and partly eaten* . . . Miss Cracroft was misinformed if she believed that Hawaiians had disposed of Cook cannibal-fashion. The Hawaiian tradition is that his body had been treated as that of a high chief, in order to preserve the bones.

"In preparing parts of the body, say the hand for instance, it would be smoked over the fire to sever the flesh readily and preserve the bones. That was the reason some parts of Cook's body were found to have been put in the fire, and not on account of the natives eating any of his flesh. The small intestines were put in a container and offered before the Hawaiian gods, and one of the party in charge mistaking them for those of a pig, some were eaten, but all natives deny emphatically that Captain Cook's body was eaten." (John C. Searle, "A Hawaiian Version of Captain Cook's Death," *Thrum's Hawaiian Annual*, 1920, p. 137.)

35. *Lord Byron in the Blonde* . . . The *Blonde* was the 46-gun frigate which, on Canning's suggestion, the British government in 1825 employed to carry back to Hawaii in their splendid coffins the bodies of King Liholiho (Kamehameha II) and Queen Kama-

malu. The commander of the *Blonde* was Captain the Right Honorable (George Anson) Lord Byron, R. N. (1789–1858), a cousin of the poet.

36. "*B. Boyd, 1850*" . . . Benjamin Boyd (1776–1851). His remarkable career with its gruesome end has been related by W. J. Dakin, "Australia and the Golden Age of Whaling," in *The Pacific: Ocean of Islands*, ed. Charles Barrett (Melbourne, n. d.). A son of a rich Scottish merchant, Boyd had established himself as a stockbroker and man of fashion in London by 1824. His high-flying speculation eventually took him to Sydney, where in the early 1840s he continued his operations both on land and in coastal shipping. He became involved in local whaling and built a settlement at Twofold Bay. The whaling venture was not especially successful, and from 1843 to 1847 Boyd lived chiefly in Sydney. "In 1848, the crash came," writes Dakin, "the shareholders in London, who had no doubt learned much before this, compelled Boyd to withdraw. They had lost a fortune. But they left him with his yacht, and on October 26, 1849, the *Wanderer* sailed out of Sydney for the last time with its owner on board, bound for a gold hunt in California. Two years later he was murdered, somewhat mysteriously, by natives on the island of Guadalcanal. . . . The *Wanderer* was sailed to Australia and wrecked as she arrived at Port Macquarie."

37. *Captain Cummings* . . . Miss Cracroft spelled the name "Cummins." Preston Cummings (1811–1866), a native of Fall River, Massachusetts, was the only foreigner living on the beach at Kealakekua in 1861. He had settled in Kona about 1845. M. M. Gower, who visited Cummings in 1859, mentions in his reminiscences that Capt. Cummings had "entertained so many friends and beats that he did not warm to us very rapidly, but in later years we became warm friends and neighbors even at the very trifling distance of 50 miles apart." In 1866 Capt. Cummings committed suicide. In the *Pacific Commercial Advertiser*, Jan. 13, 1866, his obituarist suggested that as Cummings had been scrupulous about debt, his suicide probably had been caused by financial worries.

38. *Mr. Paris, the clergyman* . . . The Rev. John Davis Paris (1809–1892), a native of Virginia, arrived in Hawaii with the Ninth Company in 1841. He was stationed at South Kona from 1852 until his death.

39. *This was the Governess* . . . See "Princess Ruth Keelikolani," pp. 303–304.

40. *It is a huge house* . . . Hulihee Palace; built 1837–1838 by John Adams Kuakini, brother of Queen Kaahumanu and Governor of the Island of Hawaii until 1844. The Princess Ruth acquired the house as widow of Gov. Kuakini's adopted son and heir, Leleiohoku. The house has been restored in the present century and is now a regular point of interest for tourists visiting the Kona Coast.

41. *an American named Marchant* . . . Capt. Lorenzo Marchant (1820?–1888), a native of Nantucket, arrived in Hawaii in 1857. In 1859 he took command of the inter-island steamer *Kekauluohi*. Later he was master of other ships, including the *Kilauea*. In his last years he operated a tobacco shop in Honolulu much frequented by seamen. His unpronounceable vessel was named for the high chiefess who had been *kuhina-nui* from 1839 to 1845.

42. *Col. Kalakaua's little brother* . . . William Pitt Kalahoolewa (Leleiohoku) (1855–1877), the youngest son of the high chiefs Kapaakea and Keohokalole, and a full brother of Kalakaua and Lydia Pahi. At birth the child was adopted by the Princess Ruth Keelikolani, who named him Leleiohoku in memory of her first husband. In 1862 the boy became involved in the dynastic rivalries arising among the Hawaiian *ali'i*. In the same year Ruth bore a son, fathered by Isaac Davis. She angered Prince Lot Kamehameha by giving her own infant to the childless Pauahi Bishop. If Lot's wish had prevailed, the boy would have been reared by his proper mother as a possible heir to the Kamehameha throne. In reprisal Ruth reaffirmed her satisfaction with Leleiohoku by adopting him legally and declaring him to be her heir. She always surrounded herself with chanters and hula dancers, and these influences bore fruit in the young Leleiohoku. He was a gifted musician and poet, and some of his songs are sung in Hawaii today. Leleiohoku was sent to be educated in San Mateo, California, where he died of pneumonia on April 9, 1877, at the age of twenty-two.

43. *a bright yellow petticoat* . . . The petticoats worn by the Princess Ruth and her attendants were adaptations of the ancient *pa'u*: "The Pau Mao," wrote Queen Emma in 1869, "is a petticoate formerly worn by women & was their only article of dress, great neck was displayed in wearing it. They are usually from 8 to 10 yards long & wound round & round the body." The trailing garment worn by the "*pa'u* riders" of the nineteenth century was not quite so long, but it was sufficiently capacious to cover both legs including the feet, serving in effect as elongated bloomers.

44. *the Old Fort* . . . Built by Governor Kuakini (John Adams) of the Island of Hawaii during the 1820s, on a site called "Kamakahonu" ("the eye of the turtle"). After the battle of Mokuohai (1782), Kamehameha I became ruler of the districts of Kona, Kohala, and the northern part of Hamakua. To commemorate this victory he rebuilt the ancient *heiau* at Ahuena, Kamakahonu, and dedicated the temple to his war-god Kukailimoku. After the conquest of the Islands in 1812, he again rebuilt Ahuena and dedicated it this time to Lono and other peaceful gods. Because the Old Fort stood next to what had once been Ahuena, oral tradition long attributed the origin of the Fort to both Kamehameha I and Governor Kuakini. What seems certain is that stones from the *heiau* were used in constructing the Fort.

"Adjacent to the governor's house stand the ruins of Ahuena, an ancient *heiau*, where the war-god was often kept, and human sacrifices offered. Since the abolition of idolatry, the governor has converted it into a fort, has widened the stone wall next the sea, and placed upon it a number of cannon. The idols are all destroyed, excepting three, which are planted on the wall, one at each end, and the other in the centre, where they stand like sentinels amidst the guns, as if designed by their frightful appearance to terrify an enemy." (William Ellis, *Narrative of a Tour Through Hawaii, or, Owhyhee*, pp. 406-407.)

45. *Mr. Thurston* . . . The Rev. Asa Thurston, b. Fitchburg, Mass., 1787; d. Honolulu, 1868; arrived at Kailua, Hawaii, April 4, 1820, as a member of the First Company. His wife was Lucy (Goodale) Thurston, b. Marlborough, Mass., 1795, d. Honolulu, 1876. The original church at Kailua, called "Mokuaekaua," had been built of upland timbers, but was destroyed by fire; it was replaced in 1853 by the structure visited by Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft, built of lava rock, which still stands. The Rev. Asa Thurston lived at Kailua for forty years and "only when repeated strokes of paralysis had rendered him incapable of further service did he consent to retire from his charge." He played an important part in the translation of the Bible into Hawaiian.

46. *The Hawaiian language has two distinct forms.* . . . Miss Cracroft's statement needs qualification. There is only one Hawaiian language, but in old Hawaiian there were important differences in levels of usage, especially between a high-flying poetic style suitable for ceremony and a plainer style used for practical purposes. Miss Cracroft seems to have gained her information from Henry L. Sheldon, a writer on the staff of the *Pacific Commercial Advertiser*, who told the visitors that Abraham Fornander, at that time editor of the *Polynesian*, "had been preparing a work on the Sandwich Islands. . . . In this he will show that the language stereotyped by the missionaries is the vulgar language of the people & that the chiefs spoke a better & more refined language expressing more distinctions & states, which language is now dying out & being replaced by a lower one." (SPRI 248/164.) The work in progress was probably Fornander's *An Account of the Polynesian Race*, 3 vols. (London, 1878-1885).

47. *Kawaihae* . . . See "Ports of the Sandwich Islands.—No. 2," *Pacific Commercial Advertiser*, Jan. 29, 1857:

"KAWAIHAE . . . is a small village in the bay of the same name in the western shore of Hawaii, with scarcely an object to attract a resident. . . . It derives its importance from being the port of the rich and extensive grazing uplands of Waimea, one of the finest agricultural districts of the islands, which has not yet developed its full resources. . . . Forty or fifty whale ships have annually visited this port for the last few years, to procure salted beefs and Irish potatoes, which are considered the finest produced in the islands."

48. *Joseph, the coxswain of the King's boat* . . . His name was Joe Keaoa; the canoe was perhaps called "*Kehukai*" ("seaspray"). Joseph figures in a letter of Queen Emma to Peter Young Kaeo, July 7, 1873: "Poor old Nahalua one of dear Alex's nurses breathed his last at 1 o'clock this morning. . . . Joe Keaoa his half brother whom you may remember was coxswain of *Kehukai* one of our boats lives with him numerous events of ones past life are cast up by memory & dear faces live with me again as of yore." (Draft, NA Letters.)

49. *Mr. Allen, son of the Chancellor* . . . William Fessenden Allen (b. Bangor, Maine, 1831; d. Honolulu, 1906); attended Williams College; settled in Hawaii in early 1850s. From 1864 to 1884 he was collector general of customs.

50. *the abominable case of Major Yelverton* . . . The case of Theresa Maria Longworth (1832?-1881) vs. William Charles Yelverton (1824-1883), who became 4th Viscount Avonmore in 1870. After a ceremony in a Catholic chapel at Rostrevor in 1857, Miss Longworth concluded that she was Yelverton's legal wife. When Yelverton in the following year married the widow of an Edinburgh professor, Miss Longworth commenced her drawn-out legal process, beginning with a Dublin verdict in her favor in 1861, and ending with her final defeat in a judgment of the House of Lords in 1864, upholding Yelverton's declaration that the Rostrevor marriage had never been valid in law. What made the case so "abominable" were the circumstances of the couple's courtship. They had first met during the Crimean war when Major Yelverton was serving in the Royal Artillery and Miss Longworth for a time as a lay assistant to French nursing sisters. At his trial Yelverton frankly stated that from the outset his intent had been merely to make Miss Longworth "his mistress in law," an attempt which he admitted would be criminal had it been made against a "lady," but Miss Longworth came from a "mercantile family." For further light on the Yelverton case see *The Annual Register, 1861; D.N.B.* (under Longworth); and *Burke's Complete Peerage* (under Avonmore).

51. *his clerk, Mr. Low* . . . John S. Low (b. Gloucester, Mass., 1830; d. Cherry Creek, Nevada, 1873); bookkeeper and sugar planter; settled in the Hawaiian Islands in 1855. After leaving Kawaihae, he and his family lived for a period at Hanalei, Kauai, where Low was manager of the Princeville Plantation.

52. *a heiau* . . . *built by the first Kamehameha* . . . The *heiau* at Puukohola near Kawaihae. According to Hawaiian tradition, Kamehameha I "sent a messenger to a famous soothsayer of Kauai to find out by what means he could make himself master of the whole Hawaii island. The reply was that he must build a great new *heiau* near Kawaihae for the god Kukailimoku." For a full account of the completion of this "pious enterprise," see Ralph S. Kuykendall, *The Hawaiian Kingdom, 1778-1854* (Honolulu, 1938), pp. 37-38.

53. *Mr. Isaac Davis, grandson of the Isaac Davis* . . . The original Isaac Davis (1758?-1810), the Welsh mate of the *Fair American*, was the only survivor of its crew when in the year 1790 his ship was "cut off" by the natives near Kawaihae, Hawaii. Davis was found on the shore, tied face downward in a canoe, by I. Ridler, carpenter's mate of the *Columbia*, who persuaded Kamehameha I to spare Davis's life. He was later elevated to the rank of a tabu chief and served as Governor of Oahu during the early years of the nineteenth century. He married twice. No children were born of his first marriage to Kaloakea. By his second wife, Kalukuna, known also as Grace Kamaikui, who was a namesake of the wife of John Young (Olohana), he had three children: Jane Kalekoolani, George, and Elizabeth. After Davis's death these children were adopted and cared for by John Young. George, the old man whom Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft met on the beach at Kawaihae, was usually known by his chiefly name of George (Davis) Hueu (1800-1873). His son Isaac Young Davis (1825?-1882), one of nineteen children, spent most of his life at Kawaihae and in the Waimea region, where he raised cattle and was appointed from time to time to take charge of wild stock owned by the government. Isaac Young Davis was the second husband of the Princess Ruth Keelikolani. Miss Cracroft makes it clear that the Princess was proud of her cowboy husband's good looks, but the marriage lasted only a few years.

54. *an Englishman named Sparkes* . . . In the summer of 1861 Edward Sparkes was raising sheep at Waimea, but in October of the same year he moved to Waimanu, Hamakua District, to cultivate rice and deal in *pulu*. Lady Franklin's Journal provides a few details: "Mr Edward Sparks [*sic*] of Waimea near Kawaihae has been 11 years in the country—Went out with his father & mother, 5 brothers & servants—20 I believe in all to N. S. Wales." Lady Franklin also notes that Sparkes was "61, fair & ruddy & light," but when she told him "it did me good to see such a face," her remark "made him make an odd face." He told Lady Franklin "this is the healthiest country in the world where people may run out their lives. What is wanted here is capital & labour—distance a great objection." (SPRI 248/164.)

55. *Mr. Pitman of Hilo* . . . See p. 332, note 18.

56. *the clergyman of the district, Mr. Lyons* . . . The Rev. Lorenzo Lyons (1807–1886), a native of Massachusetts, arrived in Hawaii as a member of the Fifth Company. He was stationed at Waimea, Hawaii, for fifty-four years. An expert on the written Hawaiian language, he published several collections of his original hymns composed in Hawaiian. For an account of his long career, based on his letters and journals, see Emma Lyons Doyle, *Makua Laiana: The Story of Lorenzo Lyons* (Honolulu, 1953).

57. *Mr. Bartow* . . . C. S. Bartow, b. New York, 1818; d. Honolulu, 1881; he was at various times an auctioneer, shipping master at Lahaina, postmaster, licensing agent for the government, and consul of Chile.

58. *The Rev. Pogue* . . . The Rev. John Fawcett Pogue (1814–1877) arrived in Hawaii in 1843, as a member of the Eleventh Company. His wife, Maria Kapule Whitney, whom he married in 1848, is believed to have been the first white female child born in the Hawaiian Islands.

59. *Dr. Hutchison, an Englishman* . . . Ferdinand W. Hutchison, b. Edinburgh, Scotland, 1819?; d. Sydney, Australia, 1893. He became court physician and minister of the interior in 1865 under Kamehameha V.

60. *Mrs. Osmer, widow of the purser of the Erebus* . . . The *Erebus* was the ship on which Sir John Franklin in 1845 sailed for the last time to the Arctic.

61. *the inexpediency of teaching the natives English* . . . Lady Franklin in her Journal described Mrs. Coan's essay as "full of metaphor some good enough, & learned allusions; failed a little in logic & altogether in simplicity." (SPRI 248/164.) The *Pacific Commercial Advertiser*, Jan. 30, 1861, contains a lengthy editorial on the same educational controversy, opposing the government and defending in general the views supported by Mrs. Judd and Mrs. Coan. Later in 1861 Mrs. Judd's book, *Honolulu Sketches of Life in the Hawaiian Islands*, was published. Mrs. Coan's letter was not included.

62. *Mr. Bishop* . . . *Mr. Baldwin* . . . The Rev. Sereno Edwards Bishop (1827–1909), b. Kaawaloa, Hawaii; educated at Amherst College. He returned from New England in 1853 and served as seamen's chaplain at Lahaina from 1853 to 1862. From 1887 to 1902 he was editor of the newspaper the *Friend*. The Rev. Dwight Baldwin, M.D. (1798–1886), arrived in Hawaii in 1830; he was stationed at Lahaina from 1835 to 1871.

63. *the minister, Mr. Damon* . . . The Rev. Samuel Cheney Damon, D.D., b. Holden, Mass., 1815; d. Honolulu, Feb. 7, 1885. He was educated at Amherst College and Andover Seminary; ordained chaplain of the American Seamen's Friend Society, 1841; stationed at Honolulu in 1842. From 1843 to 1884 he was editor and publisher of the *Friend*, a religious newspaper for seamen. As Miss Cracroft notes, he visited Micronesia as delegate of the Hawaiian Board in 1861; Lady Franklin copied into her Journal the account in a Honolulu newspaper of his departure.

64. *Mr. Corwin, minister of the Fort Street Church* . . . The Rev. Eli Corwin, D. D., was educated at Williams College and Union Theological Seminary; remained in Honolulu from 1859 to 1869, when he was called to Oakland Point, California.

NOTES: *Letters by the Way* (pages 82-93)

1. LFC, UH.
2. Copy, LFC, UH.
3. *Mr. Ernest Hawkins* . . . The Rev. Ernest Hawkins (1802-1868), a graduate of Oxford, was Secretary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, 1843-1864. On July 20, 1852, he married Sophia Anna, daughter of John Henry George Lefroy, rector of Ashe, Hampshire, and was thus a connection by marriage of Miss Cracroft's sister, Mrs. G. B. Austen Lefroy.
4. *Mrs. Majendie's silence* . . . Lady Franklin's elder sister, Frances (Griffin) Majendie (1788-1868), who in 1831 married Ashurst Majendie (1784-1867), a geologist and Fellow of the Royal Society. The home of the Majendies, Hedingham Castle, at Halstead, Essex, was the ancient seat of the De Veres, Earls of Oxford; the castle was purchased by the Ashursts in 1713.
5. *dearest E.* . . . Miss Cracroft's sister Emma, Mrs. G. B. Austen Lefroy.
6. *he desires to introduce English influence and interests here* . . . In an undated draft of a memorandum to his secretary, Charles G. Hopkins, possibly written in 1860 and no later than 1861, Kamehameha IV mentions the political as well as religious advantages of introducing episcopacy into the Islands:
"The Episcopal church is a *necessity*; so far as establishing a medium mode of worship between those already established here. The Catholic Church representing a large portion of the people, is increasing; not so much from the impression the tenets of that church have on the people, but from the ultra nakedness which must necessarily exist in the Presbyterian and Congregational churches. The native mind, as being more analogous to their original mode of worship, require[s] some form to fix the attention, and to continue the interest unflagged—a requirement entirely void of existence in our present protestant churches. In a political point of view the subject has an interesting bearing, as, from the number of creeds existing in a State, no particular one can claim for itself any particular right or privilege." (Kalaniana'ole Collection, BM.)
7. *The Bishop* . . . See p. 324, note 11.

NOTES: *The Social Whirl* (pages 94-123)

1. Charles de Varigny, *Quatorze Ans aux Iles Sandwich* (Paris, 1874), p. 77.
2. Manley Hopkins, *Hawaii: The Past, Present, and Future of Its Island-Kingdom* (rev. and enlarged ed., London, 1866), p. 426.
3. *Ibid.*, pp. 425-426.
4. *Ibid.*, pp. 429-431.
5. *Ibid.*, pp. 439-440.
6. LFC, UH.
7. Hopkins, *Hawaii*, pp. 447-448.
8. *The Prince is a remarkably interesting person* . . . See "Prince Lot Kamehameha," p. 302.
9. *boxes of a native wood* . . . The boxes received due notice in the *Pacific Commercial Advertiser*, May 16, 1861:
"A Memento of Hawaii: We strolled in to Mr. Lafrenz's shop a day or two since, to see some specimens of domestic cabinet ware, recently made by him. They consisted of two chests manufactured by order of Mr. Wyllie, out of our native woods, and are intended as presents from His Excellency to Lady Franklin and to her niece Miss Cracroft. The larger of the two is about the size of a No. 2 camphor trunk, and is made of *koa*, edged with ebony wood. The lid is tastefully decorated with various kinds of wood, and in the center is a square of black ebony inlaid, in which are bronze and pearl de-

signs, with a small silver plate on which is inscribed 'Lady Franklin, Honolulu, 1861.' The inside of the chest is lined with sandal-wood, which emits a most pleasant odor. The whole is finished with French polish and as a specimen of art of these islands and as a memento of her visit here and of the generous donor, will no doubt be highly prized by her ladyship. The second chest, intended for Miss Cracroft, is quite small, but finished in the same style. We give the varieties of wood used: *kau, kauila, kou, koala*, sandal-wood and black ebony; all native woods except the last, which is from Ascension Island. As a specimen of cabinet ware, we have no fear of its being surpassed by the native products of any country that may undertake to rival it."

10. *a grocer's named Savidge* . . . Samuel Savidge (1824?-1897), b. Leadonham, Lincolnshire, arrived in Honolulu in 1854, where he went into the grocery business with a fellow countryman, Henry May. Lady Franklin describes Savidge as "a very respectable shopkeeper from Grantham," and then adds: "Gave them some half dozen of the old Lincoln Mercurys." (SPRI 248/164.)

11. *the Roman Catholic Bishop* . . . Louis Désiré Maigret (1804-1882) studied with the Fathers of the Sacred Heart at Poitiers and in Paris; ordained a priest in 1829. After five years as professor of philosophy at a seminary in Rouen, he went as a missionary to the Gambier Islands. In 1847 Maigret was elevated to the position of Vicar Apostolic to the Sandwich Islands, under the title of Bishop of Arathia. He arrived in Honolulu in 1848 and remained for more than thirty years as head of the Catholic Mission in Hawaii.

12. *M. Perrin, the French Chargé d'Affaires* . . . Louis Émile Perrin (1810-1862), French consul and commissioner in Honolulu from 1852 until his death.

13. *a little school* . . . The Town Free School, originally called the Charity School, established in 1833. In 1860 the school was placed under the supervision of the district superintendent of schools. In 1865, when it was decided the sexes should be segregated, the name was again changed to the Milani Girls School. G. B. C. Ingraham was a native of Hallowell, Maine; he died at Honolulu on May 1, 1865.

14. *the Punahou College* . . . Established in 1840-1841 by American missionaries for the education of their own children. In 1849 the government granted "Ka Punahou School" a charter; in 1853 a new charter was granted to "The Trustees of the Punahou School and Oahu College." Meanwhile, the doors were opened to other pupils besides the children of missionaries. In a report to the legislature in 1855, Richard Armstrong, minister of public instruction, said: "The success of this attempt to build a college in the Islands is of great importance in a national point of view. It will save the expense and risk of sending our youth who are in pursuit of liberal education to one of the continents, and create a class of learned men here at home, amidst the Island institutions and associations, who will add vastly more to our material strength, honor and respectability than the production of our sugar, corn and coffee, valuable as these confessedly are." Punahou School has been in continuous operation since its establishment. It is today a privately endowed institution offering instruction through high school to pupils of all creeds and races.

Mr. and Mrs. Mills, who later founded Mills College in Oakland, California, were Cyrus Taggart Mills (1819-1884), a graduate of Williams College and Union Theological Seminary, and Susan Lincoln (Tolman) Mills (1825-1912), a graduate of Mount Holyoke Seminary. After serving as missionaries in Ceylon from 1849 to 1854, they were at Punahou School from 1860 to 1864. William DeWitt Alexander (1833-1913), a graduate of Yale, taught at Punahou from 1858 to 1864 and served as president from 1864 to 1871.

15. *Mrs. Cooke* . . . Juliette (Montague) Cooke (1812-1896), a native of Massachusetts. She arrived in Hawaii with her husband, Amos Starr Cooke (1810-1871), with the Eighth Company. Mr. and Mrs. Cooke presided over the Chiefs' Children's School from its founding in 1839 for about ten years, until the school was closed in 1849-1850. For a history of Mr. and Mrs. Cooke's activities, see *The Chiefs' Children's School*, ed. Mary Atherton Richards (Honolulu, 1937).

16. *a professional biologist, Professor Bushell* . . . The *Polynesian*, May 18, 1861, contains an advertisement of Professor Bushell's "entertainment," as well as an editorial notice headed "Electricity, Biology, Mesmerism, and Other Marvels":

"Professor Bushell, the celebrated Electro-Biologist, arrived in the Iconicum and an-

nounces his intention of giving one performance in Honolulu at the Theatre. Of his wonderful powers, we notice in the leading Australian journals, that he has been highly lauded for the truly surprising powers which he displays and we have no doubt that he will please as well as astonish our good folks of Honolulu, both those who believe too much of these matters and those who believe nothing at all."

The *Polynesian*, May 25, 1861, gives a full-column account of the Professor's performance including the following reference to the incident Miss Cracroft describes:

"We regret the temporary and uncalled for interruption of the performance on the last evening, by a venerable old subject, who, after having yielded some twenty minutes to the Professor's influence, and having been trotted around the stage in several unpleasant and laughable attitudes, not only refused to submit any longer but felt himself called upon to address the audience. The Professor quickly turned the tables upon him however and the performance ended amidst the heartiest applause of the audience."

17. *the "Queen's Hospital"* . . . Although the United States and Great Britain had long provided hospital facilities for their respective seamen, Hawaii was without a hospital for natives or for the community at large until 1859. Efforts to organize a hospital for Hawaiians had come to nothing until the later 1850s. In his first message to the legislature in 1855, Kamehameha IV said that the decrease of the population was a subject "in comparison with which all others sink into insignificance; for our first and great duty is that of self-preservation. Our acts are in vain unless we can stay the wasting hand that is destroying our people. . . . I think this decrease in our numbers can be stayed; and happy should I be if, during the first year of my reign, such laws could be passed as to effect this result. I would commend to your special consideration the subject of establishing public hospitals." But it was not until 1859 that the legislature finally passed "a law permitting the incorporation of an association for the establishment of a hospital for sick and destitute Hawaiians." The important part played by the King in the organization of the hospital was recognized in the *Polynesian*, April 30, 1859:

"His Majesty, with memorandum book in hand, has been seen in the most frequented parts of the town, soliciting subscriptions to a hospital for his poor subjects. He accosted people, slipped into their houses and offices as he happened to pass. Upon foot and in the rain he has worked many hours a day to accomplish his self-imposed mission. Besides its own particular purpose, this hospital, so long as it exists, will be an honorable memorial of the love and sympathy which ruled in the bosoms of Kamehameha IV and Queen Emma."

In 1957 the Queen's Hospital had 400 beds; the annual number of patients of all races admitted in 1956-1957 was 15,487. For Dr. Hillebrand see p. 310, note 7.

18. *the "Royal School"* . . . Described as a "select English academy," open to *haole* as well as Hawaiian children. The Royal School was the successor to the Chiefs' Children's School, after the resignation of Mr. and Mrs. Amos Starr Cooke. The head in 1861 was Maurice Beckwith, principal of Royal School, 1855-1865, and later teacher of Fort Street School, Honolulu. Mr. Beckwith's assistant was Helen A. Damon, a relative of the Rev. Samuel C. Damon, who arrived in Hawaii in 1860, in the company of Mr. and Mrs. Mills.

19. *the King's father* . . . See "Governor Kekuanaoa," p. 304.

20. *the Princess Victoria* . . . See pp. 302-303.

21. *the Honble. Lydia Pahi* . . . See pp. 306-307.

22. *Mrs. Bishop* . . . See p. 307.

23. *a printed bill of fare* . . . The Lady Franklin Collection includes a menu printed on paper.

24. *an English butler* . . . The affairs of Frederick Mark Ruddell (or Ruddell) as butler, along with those of Robert Selfe as royal coachman, figure prominently in several letters of Manley Hopkins, Hawaiian consul in London, to Kamehameha IV. Hopkins wrote to the King on Nov. 3, 1860:

"After a month spent in much negotiation, correspondence, &c, I am able, I hope, to report a satisfactory conclusion. I send on to Your Majesty two agreements, one with F. M. Ruddell [*sic*], as Maitre d'hotel & Butler, the other with Robert Selfe as head Coachman. I think I have selected very desirable persons. The Butler about whom I

wrote by last mail after three weeks, resigned, not having signed an agreement; and I had to commence all afresh; but I think Ruddell will prove a clean & capable man. I have had to pay their passage money, advance a part of their salaries, which will accrue before they reach the Islands, & some small expenses for the voyage. I had also at the last moment to give a douceur to Mr. Ruddell in compensation for the very wretched accommodation in the Marcella, of £5, to prevent his refusing to go in the ship. She is to sail on the 9th inst. The only thing they will have to be paid in the Islands will be for the Spirits & Beer these two men (both very moderate) may consume in the Voyage." (Kalaniana'ole Collection, BM.)

25. *the Hawaiian Consul in London . . .* Manley Hopkins (1818-1897), head of a London firm of average adjusters; author of *Hawaii: The Past, Present, and Future of Its Island-Kingdom* (London, 1862). Though his long tenure was interrupted by the political complications of the 1890s, from 1856 to 1896 he served in London as consul of the Hawaiian Kingdom, during most of that period in the capacity of consul general. His eldest son was the poet-priest Gerard Manley Hopkins.

26. *the house of Prince Kamehameha . . .* The house, which stood near the Palace grounds on Richards Street, is mentioned in a sketch of Honolulu street scenes by Abraham Fornander, *Polynesian*, Jan. 30, 1858: "This is 'Halemaile,' the residence of Prince Kamehameha. A snug and well-kept place, in good taste and excellent order; cool, quiet and retired, the beau ideal of tropical comfort.—Do you notice that stately date-tree, a gem of its kind? What a model column for the temple builders at Luxor! —As the rain continues let us enter; for though the Prince is absent, yet his house, like his person, has always a welcome to the stranger and the distressed."

27. *Mr. Gulick, a Missionary . . . in the Micronesian Islands . . .* The Rev. Luther Halsey Gulick, M.D., b. Honolulu, 1828; d. Springfield, Mass., 1891. He was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Johnson Gulick, members of the Third Company, seven of whose sons became ordained missionaries. He received a medical degree in 1850. Having returned to Honolulu in 1852, he sailed for the Micronesian Islands, where he was stationed as a missionary on Ponape and Ebon until 1859. Later, as an agent of the American Bible Society, he served from 1871 to 1874 in Spain and Italy, and from 1876 to 1890 in Japan and China.

28. *Mr. Davies . . .* Theophilus Harris Davies (1833-1898), an employee and later the head of the British firm of Janion, Green and Co., the predecessor of the present Honolulu firm of Theo. H. Davies & Co., Ltd. He was the son of a Wesleyan minister. He became a member of Bishop Staley's church in Honolulu but retained some of his dissenting views. During Queen Emma's visit to England in 1865, he was active in the Liverpool area. Lady Franklin noted in her Journal, October 16, 1865, that she had informed Lord de Tabley that "Mr. Davies was the manager at Liverpool [for the Queen's meeting] & explained who & what he was & that he was a respectable young man (a clerk I believed in Mr. Janion's house) known to us personally in Honolulu, yet that I was rather surprised at the selection from his want of standing & importance." (SPRI 248/136.)

29. *Mr. and Mrs. Smith . . .* The Rev. James W. Smith, M.D. (1810-1887); educated at Stamford, Connecticut, and the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons. He arrived at Honolulu in 1842 and was stationed at Koloa, Kauai, for the rest of his life. He was ordained in 1857. He married Melicent Knapp (1816-1891) at Greenwich, Connecticut, in 1841. Mrs. Smith established the Koloa Boarding School for Girls in 1861.

30. *the Nuns of the Sacred Hearts . . .* On May 4, 1859, ten sisters of the Congregation of the Sacred Hearts arrived in Honolulu. On July 9 they opened a boarding school and on August 2 extended their tuition to day scholars.

31. *Mrs. Rooke has a very good house . . .* Rooke House was erected in the 1830s by Dr. T. C. B. Rooke and used by him as a dispensary. It stood on a piece of land called Kaopuaua ("rain cloud"), on a road leading up Nuuanu Valley. The site was approximately that of the present location of the Liberty Theatre in central Honolulu. Isabella L. Bird, in her *Six Months Among the Palm Groves, Coral Reefs, & Volcanoes of the Sandwich Islands* (London, 1875), pp. 262-263, describes Rooke House as it appeared during the early 1870s.

"The winter palace, as her (Queen Emma's) town house is called, is a large shady

abode, like an old-fashioned New England house externally, but with two deep verandahs, and the entrance is on the upper one. The lower floor seemed given up to attendants and offices, and a native woman was ironing clothes under a tree. Upstairs, the house is like a tasteful, English country-house, with a pleasant English look, as if its furniture and ornaments had been gradually accumulating during a series of years, and possessed individual histories and reminiscences, rather than as if they had been ordered together as "plenishings" from stores. Indeed, it is the most English-looking house I have seen since I left home, except Bishopscourt at Melbourne."

32. *Mr. John Young, her uncle* . . . John Young II (Keoni Ana), b. Kawaihae, Hawaii, 1810; d. Honolulu, 1857. He was son of John Young I (Olohana) and Kaonaeha; served as *kuhina-nui* from 1845 to 1855; and as minister of interior and member of privy council under Kamehameha IV.

33. *the "Cousins" meeting* . . . *The Ninth Annual Report of the Hawaiian Mission Children's Society* (Honolulu, 1861) records the visit of the Englishwomen. "The house was crowded, showing from the fact that no notice of the meeting appeared in print, that the public are interested in our organization. But whilst the house was full, and we noticed that we were honored by the presence of Lady Franklin and her niece, we also noticed that several who were accustomed to greet us at our annual meetings, and whom we all felt were interested in us personally as well as a body, were not there."

34. *Mr. Armstrong* . . . The Rev. Richard Armstrong (1805-1860), a native of Pennsylvania, arrived in Hawaii in 1832. He spent a year in the Marquesas and then returned to the Hawaiian Islands, where he was stationed on Maui. From 1840 to 1848 he served as pastor of Kawaihae Church, Honolulu. In 1847-1848 he severed his connection with the mission and accepted the post of minister of public instruction. He remained in government service until his death.

35. *the large and oldest church* . . . Kawaihae Church, in the old days often called "the Stone Church," stands at the junction of King and Punchbowl streets, Honolulu. It is the fourth church to have occupied its site, the first having been a grass-thatched structure. After each earlier building had in turn proved inadequate, Kamehameha III and certain chiefs and chiefesses, together with their missionary advisers, held a meeting in 1836 to discuss a proposal to erect a new church, 78 by 144 feet, with a basement, audience room, and gallery. The plan was approved and a total of \$6,000 was raised by subscription, of which Kamehameha III supplied \$3,000, Kinau, the *kuhina-nui* (and wife of Governor Kekuanaoa), \$400, and several lesser chiefs \$50 each. Much of the building material, including timber, stone, and lime, was donated; blocks of coral forming the walls were cut from the reef in Honolulu harbor. Work was carried on over a period of six years, and at a total cost of about \$20,000. Before the completion of the Court House in 1851, Kawaihae Church was used as a meeting place for the Hawaiian Parliament.

36. *the Royal Cemetery* . . . The old royal mausoleum adjacent to the Palace yard was a coral-block structure built in 1825 to receive the bodies of Kamehameha II and Queen Kamamalu on their arrival from England. After 1865, when most of the contents of the old tomb were removed to the present royal mausoleum in Nuuanu Valley, the coral building was razed and the site marked by the mound visible today. John F. G. Stokes, "Burial of King Keawe," *Papers of the Hawaiian Historical Society*, No. 17 (1930), pp. 63-73, proposes a theory that the bones of Keawe, the great-grandfather of Kamehameha I, and those of Kalaniopuu, the friend of Captain Cook, may have been left behind and still lie buried in the present tumulus.

37. *the son of the Governess of Hawaii* . . . William Pitt Kinau (1842-1859), son of the Princess Ruth and her first husband, Leleiohoku.

38. *the Queen Dowager* . . . Hakaleponi Kapakuhaili, Queen Kalama (1817-1870), the widow of Kamehameha III, to whom she was married on Feb. 14, 1837.

39. *a plot on the death of the late King* . . . The same "plot" is alluded to in a letter from Wyllie to Kamehameha IV, Feb. 13, 1862, in which he repeats his assertion that the annexation movement of 1854 was a design to replace Kamehameha IV on the throne by his sister, Victoria Kamamalu. Wyllie is refuting the charge of Whitney, editor of

the *Pacific Commercial Advertiser*, that "I have served the Hawaiian Sovereign more faithfully than the Hawaiian people."

"I believe Whitney to be loyal to the Throne, at heart, and therefore I cannot interpret his words, above quoted, [but] *by supposing his meaning to be that when I resisted the overthrow of the Hawaiian Sovereign, and the conspiracy in favor of Princess Victoria in 1854, I faithfully served the Sovereign but not the Hawaiian people, whose interests must have been to be annexed to the United States. . . .*

"But even Gregg [U.S. Commissioner] agreed with me, the belief as regards your native subjects, Annexation was virtually annihilation; and so far as regards my own conscience and belief, there never was a time when I was more *faithful to the true interests of the Hawaiian people than in 1853 and 1854*; and in justice, I must add there never was a time when I had so much reason to be grateful for the cordial support of the late General Miller, of Mr. Perrin, of the Hon'ble Edward Everett, of Sir John Bowring and other statesmen of honor and influence whose counsel in moments so critical to the Hawaiian sovereigns and People, I sought and obtained. . . ."

The entire letter is quoted in Albert Pierce Taylor, "Intrigues, Conspiracies and Accomplishments in the Era of Kamehameha IV and V and Robert Crichton Wyllie," *Papers of the Hawaiian Historical Society*, No. 16 (1929), pp. 16-32.

NOTES: In *Perennial Spring* (pages 124-151)

1. Quoted in Ethel M. Damon, *Koamalu* (Honolulu, 1931), I, 350.
2. Lady Franklin, Journal; SPRI 248/123.
3. *Ibid.*
4. Diary of David L. Gregg, July 27, 1857; typed copy, UH.
5. Lady Franklin, Journal; SPRI 248/123.
6. H. A. Neilson to Bleeker Neilson, Oct. 25, 1859; copy in the possession of Ralph S. Kuykendall, Honolulu.
7. Kamehameha IV to H. A. Neilson, Oct. 12, 1859; copy in the possession of Ralph S. Kuykendall, Honolulu.
8. *Capt. Richards . . . the Admiral (Sir Thomas Maitland) . . . Capt. (later Admiral Sir) G. H. Richards (1820-1896)*. In 1852, in the rank of commander, he had taken part in the searches for the missing ships of Sir John Franklin. In the later 1850s, in command of the *Plumper*, he was engaged in surveys of Vancouver Island and the coast of British Columbia. He was also one of the Queen's commissioners for settling the Oregon boundary question. Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft had seen a good deal of Capt. Richards during their recent visit in Victoria. Thomas Maitland, eleventh earl of Lauderdale (1803-1878), admiral of the fleet, was commander in chief of the Pacific, 1860-1863, with the rank of rear admiral.
9. *the schooner Odd Fellow . . . A vessel of 83 tons built in East Lynn, Conn., in 1848; went into inter-island coasting trade in 1860.*
10. *Mr. Wundenberg . . . G. F. Wundenberg (d. 1870)*, a native of Germany; arrived in Hawaii in 1843; in 1845 married Ann Moorea Henry, daughter of the Rev. William Henry, British missionary to the Society Islands. For an account of the Wundenberg family of Kauai, see numerous references in Damon, *Koamalu*.
11. *pohalla . . . The screw palm, also called "puhala."*
12. *the Missionary and wife and the Schoolmaster and wife . . . The Rev. Edward Johnson (1813-1867) and Mrs. Lois (Hoyt) Johnson (1809-1891) were natives of New Hampshire who arrived in Hawaii in 1837 and were immediately stationed at Waioli. Mr. Johnson died at sea during a voyage to Micronesia, leaving his widow and seven children. The schoolmaster was Abner Wilcox (1808-1869), a native of Connecticut, whose wife was Lucy Eliza (Hart) Wilcox (1814-1869), b. Cairo, New York. The Wilcoxes arrived in Hawaii with the Eighth Company. In a letter of July 6, 1861, Abner Wilcox described Lady Franklin as "a very sensible old lady, & is not starched."*

13. *Mrs. Wundenberg's children* . . . Lady Franklin devoted a paragraph to the Wundenberg children in her Sandwich Islands Journal (SPRI 248/123):

"Mrs. Wundenberg has 7 ch[ildre]n, 6 girls & a boy, the latter being the 4th or the last. The girls are Antoinette aged 14, stout, not pretty, has lost some front teeth, is timid, shy & has a lowly opinion of herself, more clever in household matters than any others—Josephine 13, tall, handsome, fair & clever—Anna Sophia 12, nearly as tall as Josephine & rather handsome, darker. Friedrich 10, long-faced, sensible looking, quiet & well behaved, looks much older than he is—Mary 7, delicate . . . promises to be more talented than any, very fond of reading—Caroline or Lina 5, looks & bears herself like an Imperial princess, fine regular features, dusky drooping eyelids, dimples on 1 cheek, a little tiger. . . ."

Josephine Wundenberg never forgot the visit of Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft to Princeville in the summer of 1861; see Josephine Wundenberg King, "Reminiscences of Hanalei, Kauai," *Twenty-third Annual Report of the Hawaiian Historical Society* (1930), p. 42:

"[Lady Franklin] was a small lady with grey hair and keen grey eyes, and had several eccentricities; among them was a whim to sleep in her own bed, which she took about with her, a sort of cot and used in spite of the trouble it often made to find room for it. She took long walks with us children and let her skirt get full of 'kukus' [burrs] which we had to pick out for her while she told us stories of the Norman Kings. She never rose until ten o'clock in the morning, and sat up writing until midnight. She had much to do with making mother dissatisfied with her life at Hanalei, and told her that she did wrong to bring her family up in such a lonely 'out of the world' sort of place, and urged her to let her have my sister Lina to take to England to educate."

14. *Mr. Pease* . . . William Harper Pease (1824–1871), a native of Brooklyn, N. Y.; arrived in Hawaii in 1849, where he became a surveyor, assessor for the city of Honolulu, and commissioner of water rights and rights of way. He married Sophia M. Clapp, 1860, adopted daughter of Daniel P. True of Honolulu. His obituarist in the *Friend*, July, 1871, described Pease as "an enthusiastic naturalist and conchologist . . . [who] had discovered many new varieties of shells. He was a corresponding member of scientific associations of savants in Paris and other parts of the civilized world. He was also an industrious collector of old books and curiosities." His *Catalogue of Works Relating to the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands* was published in the *Friend*, Honolulu, May 1–June 2, 1862.

15. *Mr. Rowell of Waimea* . . . The Rev. George Berkeley Rowell (1815–1884), a native of New Hampshire. He arrived in Hawaii with the Tenth Company in 1842. He was stationed at Waioli, Kauai, 1843–1846. From then until his death he lived at Waimea, Kauai, where he built a stone church and served as its pastor.

16. *Heenan and Sayers* . . . An American pugilist, John C. Heenan, known as "the Benicia Boy," was matched with Thomas Sayers, the English champion, in 1860. Lady Franklin notes, "They heard of Heenan and Sayers from Honolulu newspaper." (SPRI 248/123.)

17. *Mr. Widemann* . . . Hermann A. Widemann (1823–1899), a native of Hildesheim, Germany. In 1850 he married Mary Kaumana of Kauai. He held various official appointments, including that of minister of interior under Kalakaua and minister of finance under Liliuokalani. For an account of the Widemanns at Grove Farm, Kauai, see Damon, *Koamalu*, I, 35–36.

18. *M. Maudet* . . . Fr. Denis Maudet arrived in Hawaii in 1840 as a member of the first reinforcement of the Roman Catholic Mission; with Fr. Maigret he held the first mass, Jan. 24, 1841, at Lahaina, Maui. During the 1850s and 1860s he was stationed on Kauai, where in 1854 he built a stone church, St. Stephens, at Moloaa, which remained his habitual residence.

19. *Mr. Krull* . . . Ernest Krull, a native of Germany, operated a business in Honolulu in the 1850s. An account of his Kauai dairy appears in Damon, *Koamalu*, I, 358–359:

"At Kealia, directly southward around the eastern point of the island . . . native villages were long the only settlements. About the year 1860 Mr. Krull established a

large dairy farm on the hill where now the belt road turns directly eastward toward Anahola. . . . Mr. Krull was one of two Germans, Messrs. Krull and Moll, who had suffered losses of property in the Hamburg fire, and, arriving at Honolulu in their own sailing vessel, proceeded to do a profitable business in shipping and exchange. . . . Mr. Krull settled at Kealia and . . . supplied many island families with fresh butter, maintaining, according to the editor of the *Friend*, an establishment through which a Honolulu housewife might carry her billowy skirts uncontaminated by so much as a wisp of straw or speck of dust."

20. *a Norwegian by birth* . . . Valdemar Knudsen (b. Kristiansand, Norway, 1820; d. Honolulu, 1898); sugar planter, stock rancher, and member of the Hawaiian Legislature for numerous sessions, 1860–1890.

21. *Mr. Rice and M. Prevost* . . . William Harrison Rice (1813–1862), originally a member of the American Mission to the Sandwich Islands and a teacher at Punahou School; in 1854 he and his family moved from Honolulu to Kauai, where he took over the management of the Lihue plantation, originally owned by H. A. Peirce and Company. (For a history of the Rice family of Kauai, see Damon, *Koamalu*, I, II.) In 1860–1861, the master boiler at Lihue was Victor Prevost, a Frenchman trained as a sugar boiler in New Orleans. On Rice's death in 1862 Prevost became manager of the plantation; in 1865 he sold out and returned to France.

22. *the Governor of the Island* . . . Paul Kanoa (1802–1885), Governor of Kauai, 1847–1877; member of the privy council, 1846–1874; member of the house of nobles, 1845–1882.

23. *Miss Rice* . . . Maria Sophia Rice (1849–1870), one of the three daughters of William Harrison Rice, and her mother's namesake.

24. *Mr. Isenberg* . . . Paul Isenberg (1837–1903), a native of Germany. He arrived in Hawaii in 1858 under the auspices of German importers, Hoffschlager and Stapenhorst. Having been trained in scientific farming in Germany and preferring agriculture to trade, he took employment at Lihue plantation in the late 1850s; from 1860 to 1861 he was in charge of the Wailua Falls Ranch. He married Hannah Maria Rice of Lihue, Kauai, in October, 1861.

25. *Mr. and Mrs. Brown* . . . Thomas Brown (1804–1886), trained as a gardener at Slough, near Windsor, England. He arrived in Hawaii in the mid-1840s on the vessel of his brother-in-law, Captain Godfrey Rhodes, who had visited Hawaii as early as 1830. After several disappointing ventures in agriculture on Kauai, in 1856 Thomas Brown became a clerk in the office of recorder of conveyances; was appointed recorder of conveyances in 1859, and held the position until his death. For an account of the family, see Malcolm Brown, *Reminiscences of a Pioneer Kauai Family* (Honolulu, 1918). Damon, *Koamalu*, I, 365–366, describes the Wailua Falls estate:

"Mr. Thomas Brown had arrived from England with his wife and four children early in 1846 and that same year had contracted with His Hawaiian Majesty's Government for a ninety-nine-year lease on the Wailua lands with the purpose of building up a dairy farm and coffee plantation. . . . According to family tradition the frame of the house had been sent out from London by way of China. . . . There were . . . eight rooms with lofty ceilings finished throughout in plaster . . . and [a] 'secret chamber where the family could hide when attacked by savages,' a thoughtful provision of its London architect. . . . For some thirty years this . . . house crowned the river bluff there, until the latter years of 1870, when, the land having reverted to the Crown, King Kalakaua had the house taken down to the lowlands to be rebuilt as a rural mansion for himself. Nothing came of the plan, however."

26. *Mrs. Smith* . . . See p. 326, note 29.

27. *Dr. and Mrs. Wood* . . . Dr. Robert W. Wood (d. Boston, 1892); physician and sugar planter. He was a graduate of the Medical School of Bowdoin College, 1832; arrived in the Hawaiian Islands in 1839; served as physician for the U.S. Hospital for Seamen at Honolulu, 1839–1849. From 1849 to about 1869 he was a sugar planter at Koloa, Kauai. His first wife, mentioned by Miss Cracroft, died in 1862, at the age of fifty-four.

1. Lady Franklin, Journal; SPRI 248/123.
2. Kamehameha IV to Queen Victoria; draft, Kalaniana'ole Collection, BM. On the back of the last sheet is a notation in Wyllie's hand: "In Memoriam 1858 Copy of Draft of the Kings letter to Queen Victoria asking Her to become sponsor to the Prince of Hawaii written by His Majesty 28 June 1858 Enclosed to the King 4 October 1862."
3. Lady Franklin, Journal; SPRI 248/123.
4. *the American flagship Lancaster* . . . The *Lancaster* arrived at the Hawaiian Islands June 4, 1861, from Panama via the Marquesas. Capt. John B. Montgomery (1794-1873), U.S.N., referred to in Honolulu newspapers as Admiral Montgomery, whom Lady Franklin had met at Panama during the preceding winter, was in command of the Pacific Squadron at the outbreak of the Civil War. He retired from active service in December, 1861, and was later promoted first to the rank of commodore and finally to that of rear admiral (retired).
5. *Lord Palmerston* . . . Prince Alexander Liholiho and his brother, accompanied by Dr. Judd, attended a two-hour official meeting with Lord Palmerston in London in the spring of 1850; later they were invited to "Lord Palmerstons Soirees. It was Saturday, and we did not return till late. . . . On Thursday Evening, we went to Almacks, a place of Public balls, given by the most select society, and attended by the highest people. We received our tickets from Lady Palm, who was one of the directors of the Ball." References in the Prince's diary to the meetings with Lord Palmerston are disappointingly brief. (See Alexander Liholiho's Journal, 1849-1850; typed copy, UH; original HHS.)
6. *Sir Roderick Murchison* . . . Roderick Impey Murchison (1792-1871), best known as a British geologist; knighted in 1861 for his investigations in England and Russia. He had advised Lady Franklin during the Franklin Search and had been influential, as a member of the Royal Geographical Society, in persuading the Society to award its Founder's Gold Medal—never before conferred upon a woman—to Lady Franklin.
7. *Mrs. Holdsworth* . . . *Mr. and Mrs. Maurice* . . . Mrs. Holdsworth was the wife of Capt. Henry J. H. Holdsworth (d. 1899, London), who was harbor master at Honolulu from 1850-1862. Mr. Maurice was Frederick Denison Maurice (1805-1872), Anglican clergyman and theologian, a leader of the Christian socialism movement and founder of the Working Men's College. The second Mrs. Maurice (m. 1848) was Georgiana Hare-Naylor, a kinswoman of Augustus Hare, the Victorian writer of memoirs.
8. *The newly arrived American Commissioner* . . . Thomas J. Dryer, editor of the *Oregonian*; appointed U.S. commissioner to the Hawaiian Kingdom, April 22, 1861.
9. *Mrs. Brewer* . . . Probably Mrs. Charles Brewer II. She arrived in Hawaii from Boston in 1845. Her husband (d. 1863) was a nephew of Capt. Charles Brewer of Boston, who was a co-founder of the pioneer Honolulu firm of Hunnewell, Peirce, and Brewer, the predecessor of the present firm of sugar factors, C. Brewer and Co., Ltd. For a brief account of the younger Brewers and their taste for lively society, see Josephine Sullivan, *A History of C. Brewer and Co., Ltd.: One Hundred Years in the Hawaiian Islands: 1826-1926* (Boston, 1926); also various references in Diary of David L. Gregg, typed copy, UH.
10. *Mrs. Coady* . . . Mrs. Charlotte Coady, a part-Hawaiian daughter of the pioneer Honolulu shipbuilder James Robinson, was the widow of Richard Coady (1825-1858), who died at sea on a voyage to San Francisco. In 1863 she married Eugene Hasslocher and spent the next several years in Karlsruhe, Baden, Germany. In the summer of 1866 she traveled with Queen Emma in France and England as her lady-in-waiting. The Hasslochers later settled in San Francisco. Mrs. Hasslocher spent the last years of her life in Honolulu.
11. *Mr. Hasslocher* . . . Eugene Hasslocher, a native of Germany; language teacher and musician, noted in Honolulu during the early 1860s as "conductor of Thalberg's and Vieuxtemps' concerts in the Eastern states." In 1860 he was "Instructor in French and

Vocal and Instrumental Music" at Punahou School. In 1861 he held an official post as major and military instructor of the Hawaiian militia and household guards. In March, 1861, he directed the excerpts from *Il Trovatore* and *Martha* performed by the Amateur Musical Society. In 1863 he submitted to Kamehameha IV his resignation as military instructor and shortly thereafter married the widowed Mrs. Coady and returned to Europe.

12. *Mr. Barnard* . . . John E. Barnard (1811-1883), a native of England; arrived in Hawaii first about 1850; he had visited the Australian colonies and lived for a time in New Zealand. During his later life in Honolulu he was clerk of the supreme court.

13. *Mr. Peter Young* . . . See p. 313, note 28.

14. *The last battle* . . . The decisive battle of Nuuanu, fought in the spring or summer of 1795, in which Kamehameha's artillery served by foreigners played so crucial a part; see Ralph S. Kuykendall, *The Hawaiian Kingdom, 1778-1854: Foundation and Transformation* (Honolulu, 1938), p. 47.

15. *Mrs. Damon* . . . Mrs. Julia Sherman (Mills) Damon (b. Torrington, Conn., 1817; d. Cheyenne, Wyoming, 1890).

16. *his nurse* . . . See "Madame Namakeha," p. 308.

17. *Mr. and Mrs. Borden* . . . James W. Borden (1810-1882); b. Beaufort, N. C.; admitted to New York bar, 1831; elected judge of 12th Indiana judicial district, 1841; judge of common pleas, 1852; U. S. commissioner to Hawaii, 1857-1862. Later became judge of criminal court in Indiana. His second wife, whom he married in 1848, was Jane Conkling, of Buel, N. Y.

18. *the Pitman family from Hilo* . . . Benjamin F. Pitman (1816?-1888). From the 1840s until his departure from Hawaii in 1861, Benjamin F. Pitman was a ship chandler at Hilo, dealing in general merchandise and island produce. A contemporary reporter described him as keeping "open house for the whaling masters, who procured their supplies through him." His first wife was a chiefess of the Olaa region, Kinooole-o-Liliha, daughter of the high chief Hoolulu, to whose lot it fell to conceal the bones of Kamehameha I in a secret hiding place. After their arrival in the United States, the family settled eventually at Somerville, Mass. When a son of Benjamin F. Pitman and his first native wife returned to the Islands as a tourist in the 1920s, he was lavishly feted in the Hawaiian community for his notable ancestry; see Almira Pitman, *After Fifty Years* (Norwood, Mass.: Plimpton Press, 1931).

19. *Mr. and Mrs. Waterhouse* . . . John Thomas Waterhouse (1816-1895) began his career as a clerk in a hardware shop in England. Later he taught school in New York and there entered trade; still later he was in business in Hobart, Tasmania. In Honolulu, where he had finally settled for reasons of health, he sold general merchandise. Lady Franklin notes that a Bactrian camel in the rear of the Waterhouse shop, the Beehive, was an added attraction to customers in 1861.

20. *Col. Johnston* . . . In her Journal, July 1-Sept. 12, 1861, Lady Franklin lists a number of "Friends & Acquaintances in California," including "Col. W. Johnstone [*sic*], head of the Liverpool & N. York branch insurance co. at S. Francisco introduced by Mr. Pell of N. York & Mr. Grinnell." (SPRI 248/124.)

NOTES: *Kaleleonalani* (pages 176-201)

1. R. C. Wyllie to Lady Franklin, Honolulu, July 14, 1861; LFC, UH.
2. R. C. Wyllie to Lady Franklin, Honolulu, Nov. 8, 1861; LFC, UH.
3. R. C. Wyllie to Lady Franklin, Honolulu, Aug. 31, 1861; LFC, UH.
4. R. C. Wyllie to Lady Franklin, Honolulu, July 14, 1861; LFC, UH.
5. R. C. Wyllie to Lady Franklin, Honolulu, Aug. 31, 1861; LFC, UH.
6. SPRI 248/247.
7. Lady Franklin to R. C. Wyllie, quoted in R. C. Wyllie to Kamehameha IV, Honolulu, Sept. 3, 1861; copy, LFC, UH.

8. *Ibid.*
9. Kamehameha IV to William Webster, Kailua, Dec. 16, 1861; NA Letters.
10. These miscellaneous references to correspondence of Kamehameha IV are from the NA Letters.
11. SPRI 248/247.
12. Thomas Nettleship Staley (1823–1898), first Bishop of Honolulu, 1861–1870; one-time fellow of Queens' College, Cambridge; Principal of St. Mark's College, Chelsea, 1844–1850; Principal of the Collegiate School, Wandsworth, 1850–1861. For an account of Staley's career in Hawaii, see his own volume, *Five Years' Church Work in the Kingdom of Hawaii* (London, 1868); also Ralph S. Kuykendall, *The Hawaiian Kingdom, 1854–1874: Twenty Critical Years* (Honolulu, 1953), pp. 84–89; and Andrew Forest Muir, "The Church in Hawaii," *Historical Magazine of the Protestant Episcopal Church*, XVIII (1949), 31–65.
13. Lady Franklin, Journal, July 18, 1862; SPRI 248/127.
14. Lady Franklin to Dr. Walker, Dec. 12, 1862; copy in Queen Emma Collection, AH.
15. Lady Franklin, Journal, Aug. 1, 1862; SPRI 248/127.
16. For an account of W. W. F. Synge, see pp. 220–223.
17. W. W. F. Synge to Russell, No. 3, Honolulu, Sept. 10, 1862; BPRO, FO 58/97.
18. W. W. F. Synge to Russell, No. 6, Honolulu, Sept. 10, 1862; BPRO, FO 58/97.
19. Manley Hopkins, *Hawaii: The Past, Present, and Future of Its Island-Kingdom* (rev. and enlarged ed., London, 1866), p. 449.
20. Translated by Mrs. Mary Kawena Pukui; copy in Queen Emma Collection, AH.
21. *Polynesian*, Dec. 12, 1863.
22. R. C. Wyllie to Lady Franklin, Honolulu, Feb. 6, 1864; LFC, UH.
23. *Ibid.*
24. R. C. Wyllie to Lady Franklin, Honolulu, March 25, 1864; LFC, UH.
25. R. C. Wyllie to Queen Emma, Lanihuli [Kauai], Aug. 2, 1863; copy in HHS.
26. Queen Emma to Lady Franklin, Honolulu, April 30, 1864; LFC, UH.
27. R. C. Wyllie to Lady Franklin, Honolulu, May 25, 1864; LFC, UH.
28. Queen Victoria to Queen Emma, June 17, 1864; copy, LFC, UH; original at BM.
29. Russell to R. C. Wyllie, July 22, 1864; copy, LFC, UH; original, AH.
30. Lady Franklin to Queen Emma, London, Aug. 1, 1864; NA Letters.
31. R. C. Wyllie to Lady Franklin, Honolulu, Nov. 2, 1864; LFC, UH.
32. Lady Franklin to Queen Emma, London, June 10, 1865; NA Letters.

NOTES : *Emma in England* (pages 202–255)

1. Original telegram in LFC, UH.
2. For an account of the Hoapilis, see Andrew Forest Muir, "William Hoapili Kaauwai: An Hawaiian in Holy Orders," *Sixty-first Annual Report of the Hawaiian Historical Society* (1952), pp. 5–13.
3. Lady Franklin, Journal; SPRI, 248/135.
4. *Ibid.*
5. *Mr. Gell's . . .* John Philip Gell (1816–1898), Lady Franklin's son-in-law. He had married Eleanor Franklin, Sir John Franklin's daughter by his first marriage, in 1849; Mrs. Gell had died in 1860. Educated at Rugby and Trinity College, Cambridge, Gell had been persuaded by Dr. Arnold to go to Tasmania to organize the educational projects of the colony; he was Warden of Christ's College, Hobart, 1846–1848. From 1854 to 1878 he was Vicar of St. John's, Notting Hill. There are numerous references to the Gells in Frances J. Woodward, *Portrait of Jane: A Life of Lady Franklin* (London, 1951); for a full account of Gell's career, see the same author's study, "John Philip Gell," in *The Doctor's Disciples* (Oxford, 1954), pp. 73–126.

6. Lady Franklin, Journal; SPRI 248/135.
7. Sophia Cracroft to "My dearest ones" [July, 1865]; draft, LFC, UH.
8. Sir George Simpson to William Richards, Dec. 16, 1843; copy in Journal of William Richards, AH.
9. Copy in Journal of William Richards, AH.
10. Charles Hopkins to Sir George Simpson, Feb. 3, 1844; Hudson's Bay Company Archives, D. 5/10.
11. *Polynesian*, Jan. 13, 1849.
12. Robert Elwes, *A Sketcher's Tour Round the World* (London, 1854), pp. 198-199.
13. Charles de Varigny, *Quatorze Ans aux Iles Sandwich* (Paris, 1874), p. 224.
14. *Polynesian*, June 28, 1856.
15. *Ibid.*, May 10, 1856.
16. *Ibid.*, Sept. 6, 1856.
17. *Ibid.*, Jan. 10, 1857.
18. *Ibid.*, March 20, 1858.
19. *Pacific Commercial Advertiser*, Aug. 30, 1860.
20. Alexander Liholiho's Journal, typed copy, UH; original at HHS. The entry in the journal is undated but the visit apparently occurred in April, 1850.
21. Charles Hopkins to Alexander Liholiho and Lot Kamehameha, Jan. 13, 1850; NA Letters.
22. For Thackeray's relations with the Synges see various references in *The Letters of William Makepeace Thackeray*, ed. Gordon N. Ray (Cambridge, Mass., 1946), vols. III, IV.
23. R. C. Wyllie to Lady Franklin, Sept. 18, 1864; LFC, UH.
24. Book of Instructions, "To Her Majesty Queen Emma, Princess of Waiaha and Baroness of Halava, from Her dutiful and devoted Servant, R. C. Wyllie. Rosebank, 5 May 1865"; BM.
25. *Ibid.*
26. Lady Franklin, Journal; SPRI 248/135.
27. *Ibid.*, SPRI 248/136.
28. Manley Hopkins, *Hawaii: The Past, Present, and Future of Its Island-Kingdom* (London, 1866), pp. 443-444.
29. Lady Franklin, Journal; SPRI 248/135.
30. *Ibid.*
31. *Ibid.*, July 14, 1865.
32. *Ibid.*
33. Lady Franklin to Russell, Aug. 12 [1865]; draft, LFC, UH.
34. Diary of Queen Emma, June 22-Sept. 16, 1865; BM.
35. *The Story of My Life* (London, 1896), III, 3-4.
36. Lady Franklin, Journal; SPRI 248/135.
37. Sophia Cracroft to Louisa Dixon, Aug. 29, 1865; LFC, UH.
38. Lady Franklin to "My dear Mr. Dean," no date; draft, LFC, UH.
39. Memorandum on loose envelope sheet, Sept. 7 [1865]; LFC, UH.
40. Lady Franklin, Journal, Sept. 1, 1865; SPRI 248/136.
41. *Ibid.*, Sept. 15, 1865.
42. Sir Charles Tennyson, *Alfred Tennyson* (New York, 1949), p. 358.
43. Lytton Strachey, *Queen Victoria*, "Phoenix Library" (London, 1935), p. 195.
44. BPRO, FO 30/22.
45. Emma to Kamehameha V, London, Sept. 9, 1865; draft, NA Letters.
46. BPRO, FO 58/106.
47. Undated memorandum on back of envelope; LFC, UH.
48. MS Diary, Library, Windsor Castle.
49. Emma to Basil Wilberforce, "Claridge's Hotel" [London], Nov. 25, 1865; draft, NA Letters.
50. The notation, headed "Things Received," appears on one of several loose sheets of memoranda, apparently removed from a diary; Queen Emma Collection, AH.

51. Lady Devon to Emma, London, no dates; NA Letters.
52. Emma to Lady Devon, Hyères, March 1, 1866; draft, NA Letters.
53. MS Diary, Library, Windsor Castle.
54. Queen Victoria to Emma, Balmoral, Nov. 20, 1872; copy in Emma's hand, NA Letters; original BM.
55. Emma to Mrs. Flora Jones, Honolulu, Oct. 31, 1882; typed copy, Maude Jones Collection, AH, in folder labeled "Queen Emma Letters, 1881-1885, Copies and Excerpts."
56. *Mr. Cutts* . . . Edward Lewes Cutts (1824-1901), an alumnus of Queens' College, Cambridge; ordained deacon and priest, 1848. From 1865 to 1871 he was Secretary of the Additional Curates' Society. At the time of Queen Emma's visit he was also assistant to Bishop Wilberforce and his representative in matters pertaining to the Anglican Mission in Hawaii. He is chiefly remembered today as an antiquary and authority on ecclesiastical history.
57. Lady Franklin, Journal; SPRI 248/136.
58. Lady Franklin, Journal; SPRI 248/135.
59. *Ibid.*, SPRI 248/136.
60. *Ibid.*
61. Hallam Tennyson, *Alfred Lord Tennyson* (London, 1906), pp. 439-440.
62. Lady Franklin, Journal; SPRI 248/136.
63. Emma to Lady Franklin, Paris, Dec. 5, 1865; LFC, UH.
64. Sophia Cracroft to Louisa Dixon, Aug. 29, 1865; LFC, UH.
65. BPRO, FO 58/106.
66. *Ibid.*
67. Sophia Cracroft to Louisa Dixon, Aug. 29, 1865; LFC, UH.
68. Lady Franklin, Journal, Aug. 22, 1865. SPRI 248/135.
69. Lady Franklin to Russell, Aug. 12 [1865]; draft, LFC, UH.
70. Lady Franklin, Journal; SPRI 248/135.
71. Russell to Hammond, Sept. 18, 1865; BPRO, FO 58/106.
72. BPRO, FO 58/106.
73. Bishop of Oxford to Emma, Oxford, Dec. 2, 1865; Queen Emma Collection, AH.

NOTES: *Emma in France* (pages 256-278)

1. Diary of Queen Emma, Jan. 1-Aug. 3, 1866; BM.
2. Emma to Lady Devon, Hyères, Jan. 1, 1866; draft, Queen Emma Collection, AH.
3. Emma to Kamehameha V, Acapulco, June 7, 1865; draft, NA Letters.
4. Emma to Carry Poor, Hyères, Dec. 11, 1865; draft, Queen Emma Collection, AH.
5. *Ibid.*
6. Kiawai [Fanny Naea] to Emma, Honolulu, May 24, 1865; original, NA Letters; translated copy, Maude Jones Collection, AH.
7. Kamehameha IV to Emma, Lahaina, Nov. 11, 1859; NA Letters.
8. Hiram Kahanawai to Emma, Kilohana [Nuuuanu Valley], May 16, 1865. I have not seen the original of this letter; the quotation is based on a typed translation in the Maude Jones Collection, AH.
9. Emma to Lady Franklin, Paris, Dec. 5, 1865; LFC, UH.
10. Emma to Kamehameha V, "Claridges Hotel" [London], Dec. 4; and Paris, Dec. 5, 1865; draft, NA Letters.
11. Emma to Kamehameha V, Hyères, Dec. 9, 1865; draft, NA Letters.
12. Emma to "My dear Cousin" [Peter Young Kaeo], Hyères, Feb. 18, 1866; draft, NA Letters.
13. James Pope-Hennessy, *Monckton Milnes: The Flight of Youth, 1851-1885* (New York, 1955), II, 184.

14. *Ibid.*

15. Emma to Carry Poor, Hyères, Dec. 11, 1865; Queen Emma Collection, AH.
16. This paragraph is based on Diary, Jan. 1–Aug. 3, 1866.
17. Emma to W. W. F. Synge, Hyères, Jan. 1, 1866; draft, Queen Emma Collection, AH.
18. Emma to Lady Devon, Hyères, Jan. 1, 1866; draft, Queen Emma Collection, AH.
19. Emma to Kamehameha V, Hyères, Feb. 14, 1866; draft, NA Letters.
20. Emma to Peter Young Kaeo, Hyères, Feb. 18, 1866; draft, NA Letters.
21. Emma to Kamehameha V, Savona, March 21, 1866 (continuation of letter headed "Hotel d'Angleterre, Menton, March 19, 1866"); draft, NA Letters.
22. I have not seen the original of this letter. My quotations are based on a typed translation in the Maude Jones Collection, AH, in a folder labeled "Queen Emma to Fanny."
23. Emma to Kamehameha V, March 21, 1866 (continuation of letter referred to in note 21 above).
24. This paragraph is based on Emma's private memoranda and miscellaneous drafts of letters; NA Letters.
25. Kamehameha V to Emma, Honolulu, Oct. 23, 1865; NA Letters.
26. Kamehameha V to Emma, Honolulu, Feb. 28, 1866; NA Letters.
27. Kamehameha V to Emma, June 15, 1866; NA Letters.
28. Emma to Kamehameha V, Paris, June 9, 1866; draft, NA Letters.
29. Diary of Queen Emma, Jan. 1–Aug. 3, 1866.
30. Lady Franklin, Journal; SPRI 248/139.

NOTES: *Last Years (pages 280–288)*

1. Lady Franklin to Bishop Staley, no date [1868?]; HHS.
2. Sophia Cracroft to Colonel Judd, London, Sept. 5, 1881; draft, LFC, UH.
3. Kalakaua to Sophia Cracroft, London, Sept. 6, 1881; LFC, UH.
4. I am indebted to Mrs. Mary Kawena Pukui for permission to quote her translation of "Lei o ke Kipi," from her private collection of Queen Emma materials.
5. Diary of Queen Emma, 1881; BM.
6. R. C. Wyllie to Emma, Honolulu, July 26, 1865; Foreign Office and Executive File, AH.
7. A copy of the fragment was found among the miscellaneous papers, NA Letters. The version printed here in translation omits a number of lines; the translation is by Mrs. Pukui.

A NOTE ON TRANSCRIPTIONS

Sophia Cracroft's journal letters as printed in this book are based on her own holograph copies. The individual letters or installments of her journals which she mailed in Hawaii, or sent by diplomatic pouch from San Francisco to her family in England, have presumably disappeared. Miss Cracroft wrote in a neat, though diminutive, hand, and every word is decipherable. However, in printing the letters, it has seemed more important to make an easily readable version than to reproduce all their peculiarities of punctuation, abbreviation, capitalization, and spelling. Anyone curious about such minutiae can refer to the original copies in the Gregg M. Sinclair Library, the University of Hawaii.

In general, I have censored or suppressed nothing in the documents printed or quoted in this book. In one letter of Miss Cracroft's (p. 93), where I have dropped duplicated matter, I have indicated the omission by the usual dots. I have also omitted one entire letter of Miss Cracroft's, dated June 17, 1861, in order to avoid needless repetition. For the sake of typographical appearance a few changes have been made in the arrangement of letter headings and dates. In editing Miss Cracroft's letters I have supplied more or less conventional punctuation to take the place of her favorite mark, the dash. I have preserved and regularized certain characteristic spellings ("shew," "neighbours," etc.), as well as a few expressive capitalizations. In several instances I have made silent corrections of Miss Cracroft's rare slips of the pen or insignificant errors of fact; one or two of her more interesting mistakes have been commented upon in the notes. In a few constructions I have silently introduced the conjunctions "and" and "but," or inserted some other brief connecting phrase. Occasionally, where Miss Cracroft's compounded clauses began to straggle too disturbingly, I have eliminated connectives and printed separate sentences. Such slight emendations and alterations in wording or sentence pattern probably do not number more than twenty-five.

In printing extracts from Lady Franklin's Journals and miscellaneous papers I have attempted to retain the telegraphic character of certain of her hastiest jottings, especially in her account of the trip to the Island of Hawaii and in her notes on Emma's presentation to Queen Victoria. In other extracts, in particular from Lady Franklin's London Journal (which here and there bears signs of her own polishing), I have eliminated abbreviations and have modernized punctuation.

No liberties have been taken with the text of letters of Queen Victoria or with extracts from her unpublished Diaries. I have tried to follow the same conservative policy in printing official correspondence of Lord John Russell, W. W. Follett Syngé, and R. C. Wyllie. In Wyllie's private correspondence with Lady Franklin I have occasionally altered spelling and punctuation.

In my transcriptions of diaries and letters of Queen Emma, I have in the main preserved Emma's spelling and characteristic grammatical usages. However, I have separated run-on sentences, sometimes omitted or introduced capitals, repunctuated for the sake of clearness, and added paragraph indentations. My aim has been to produce a text which would be generally intelligible without sacrificing spontaneity.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The journal letters of Sophia Cracroft, written in Hawaii during her visit in 1861, are preserved in the Lady Franklin Collection of the Gregg M. Sinclair Library, at the University of Hawaii. The collection, consisting of more than one hundred items relating to the Hawaiian Kingdom during the 1860s, was assembled originally by Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft themselves. When Lady Franklin died in 1875 the Sandwich Islands materials, along with her voluminous private journals covering a long lifetime, passed into the possession of Miss Cracroft. After Miss Cracroft's death the 200 journals, nearly 2,000 letters, and other miscellaneous documents and memoranda, now supplemented by Miss Cracroft's private papers, were owned by descendants of Miss Cracroft's sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Austen Lefroy. In 1941 this rich contribution to Victorian archives came to the Scott Polar Research Institute in Cambridge, England—the bequest of Miss Jessie Lefroy, Franklin's great-niece.

“Take out whatever is of polar interest and burn the rest.” If the Director of the Polar Research Institute had followed this drastic suggestion of Miss Louisa Lefroy, Miss Jessie Lefroy's sister, our knowledge of the Hawaiian Islands during the mid-nineteenth century would today be the poorer. Fortunately, in 1951 the Director and Committee of Management of the Institute presented to the Gregg M. Sinclair Library all materials in the Lefroy Bequest primarily relating to the Hawaiian Kingdom, with the single exception of Lady Franklin's Journal of a Visit to the Sandwich Islands. The present book, therefore, owes its existence to this most generous gift from an English library to the University of Hawaii and to the people of Hawaii.

It is a pleasure to name the persons in Hawaii and the continental United States and in England who have helped me to compile and write *The Vic-*

torian Visitors. To Carl Stroven, Librarian of the Gregg M. Sinclair Library, I owe special thanks for first encouraging me to introduce Miss Cracroft as a leading witness in a book about Hawaii a hundred years ago. To Ralph S. Kuykendall, Professor Emeritus of Hawaiian History, the University of Hawaii, I am particularly grateful for aid in problems of Hawaiian bibliography and for guidance in all matters concerning the period of Kamehameha IV, Queen Emma, and Robert Crichton Wyllie.

I am indebted to the Scott Polar Research Institute, and to Mr. H. G. R. King and to Miss Ann Savours, librarians, for the use of the Institute's library in Cambridge during the summer of 1957, and for providing me with microfilm copies of materials in the Lefroy Bequest. I have made particular use of the Journals of Lady Franklin, 1861–1866.

I must acknowledge also the gracious permission of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II to publish extracts from Queen Victoria's Diaries.

For Hawaiian background: Ralph S. Kuykendall, *The Hawaiian Kingdom, 1778–1854: Foundation and Transformation* (Honolulu, 1938) and *The Hawaiian Kingdom, 1854–1874: Twenty Critical Years* (Honolulu, 1953); Ethel M. Damon, *Koamalu* (Honolulu, 1931); *The Chiefs' Children's School*, ed. Mary Atherton Richards (Honolulu, 1937); Ray Jerome Baker, *Honolulu in 1853* (Honolulu, 1950); and especially Miss Bernice Judd, librarian of the Mission Children's Society, Honolulu; Mrs. Willowdean C. Handy, librarian of the Hawaiian Historical Society; Miss Agnes Conrad, archivist, Public Archives, Hawaii; Mrs. Arthur Silverman, Library of Hawaii; Miss Margaret Titcomb, librarian of the Bernice P. Bishop Museum; and Miss Janet Bell, Miss Genevieve Correa, and Miss Joyce Wright, the Gregg M. Sinclair Library.

For translations from Hawaiian sources and information about Queen Emma and her period: Mrs. Mary Kawena Pukui, Associate in Hawaiian Culture, the Bernice P. Bishop Museum.

For information about the Hawaiian *ali'i* and help in tracing important source materials: Mrs. Clarice B. Taylor.

For permission to read her interesting unpublished article on Lady Franklin's visit to Hawaii, drawing special attention to local traditions concerning the visit: Miss Ethel M. Damon.

For genealogies and family history of Manley Hopkins and Charles Gordon Hopkins: Mr. Edward Manley Hopkins, Bronxville, New York; the late Mr. Humphry House, Peterhouse, Cambridge; Mr. Graham Storey, Trinity Hall, Cambridge.

For a letter of Charles Gordon Hopkins to Sir George Simpson: The Governor and Committee of the Hudson's Bay Company, Beaver House, London.

For biographical information about R. C. Wyllie: Mr. William D. Campbell, Musselburgh, Midlothian, Scotland.

To all persons and institutions mentioned above I express gratitude. Thanks are also due to their several publishers for permission to quote from: *Portrait of Jane*, by Frances J. Woodward (Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd.); *Sir John Franklin in Tasmania*, by Kathleen Fitzpatrick (Melbourne University Press); *John Franklin's Bride*, by Edith Mary Gell (John Murray, Publishers, Ltd.); *Monckton Milnes: The Flight of Youth*, by James Pope-Hennessy (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, Inc.); *Alfred Lord Tennyson*, by Hallam Tennyson (The Macmillan Company); *Alfred Tennyson*, by Sir Charles Tennyson (The Macmillan Company).

My wife, Laura S. Korn, has greatly contributed to the writing of the book in various tangible as well as intangible ways. She not only supplied its title but also searched out much of the curious information included in the notes.

I am also very grateful to Kenneth Kingrey, Associate Professor of Art, the University of Hawaii. It seems that Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft disliked having their photographs made. As a consequence, they left no portraits relating to the period of their lives when they visited Hawaii. In the design and typography of the present volume, Mr. Kingrey has handsomely compensated the reader for the absence of photographic documentation. Credit is due to Maury Nemoy, who designed the romantic decorative letters used on the cover and elsewhere in the book, and to Mr. Keichi Kimura, who prepared the map of the Hawaiian Islands. The World Publishing Company kindly gave permission to reproduce various ornaments from their publication by Ernst Lehner, *Alphabets and Ornaments* (Cleveland and New York, 1952).

I must also very gratefully acknowledge help of many kinds and encouragement from the following:

In Hawaii: Miss Margaret Wright, Mrs. Fritz Hart, Mrs. Judith Tokunaga, Dr. Harold Palmer, Dr. Charles H. Hunter, Dr. Alexander Spoehr, Dr. Samuel H. Elbert, Dr. O. A. Bushnell, Dr. Dorothy George, Dr. Carleton Green, Mr. Ray Nysten, Mr. Jack Altman, and Mr. Robert Vanduyke.

In England: Miss Ruth Alston, Mrs. F. S. Alston, Mrs. Muriel Lefroy, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Cracroft, and Miss Helen Lefroy.

Finally, my thanks are due in particular measure to Mr. Thomas Nickerson, director of the University of Hawaii Press, and to Mrs. Aldyth Morris, managing editor: to Mr. Nickerson for his unflinching kindness and encouragement during the long incubation of the book; and to Mrs. Morris for her skill and patience in preparing the manuscript, and making many valuable suggestions.



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