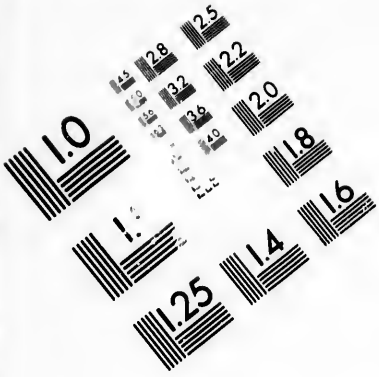

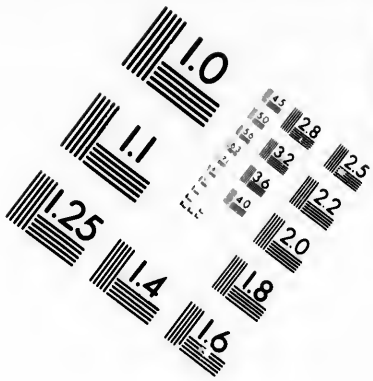

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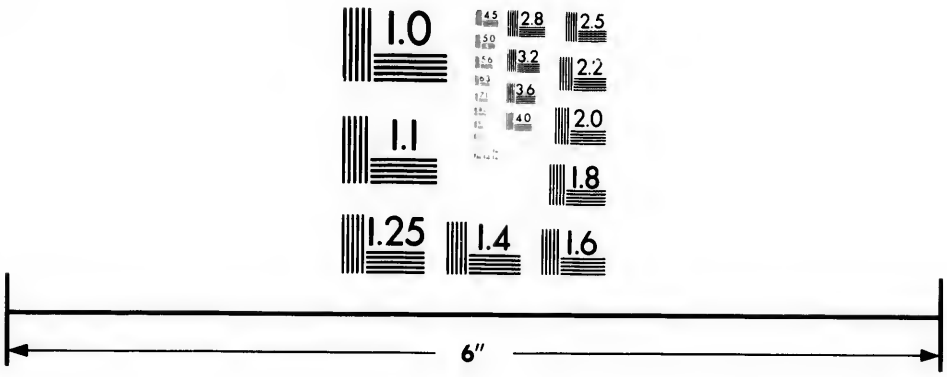

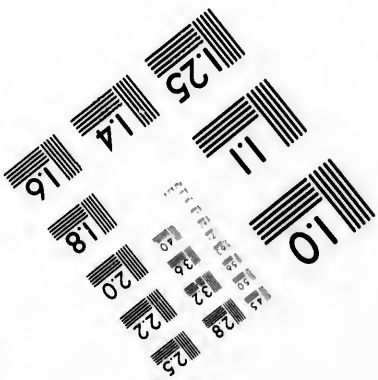

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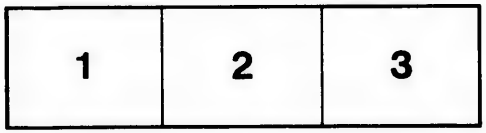

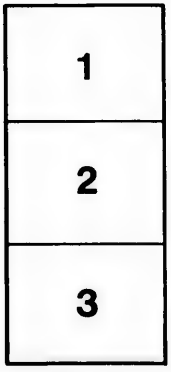

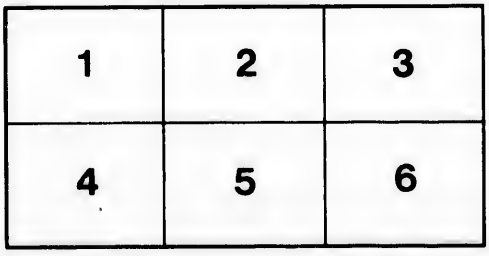

A

K.

A Glimpse of Honolulu

K. E. M. Bull

Miss Kate L. M. Bull.

Friday.

Elmsleigh,
131 Bloor St. West.

H

HONOLULU.

A GLIMPSE OF HONOLULU

In April, 1893.

K. E. M. BULL.

TORONTO
ARBUTHNOT & ADAMSON, PRINTERS
9½ Adelaide St. East.

Honolulu.

"A LITTLE sweetness for you," were the lisping words that came from a flaxen-haired little maiden, as she handed a bouquet of roses to one of our party. This, accompanied by a basket of fruit and flowers, made us feel that we were not entirely strangers in the far-away city of San Francisco, but had a few friends to wish us "bon voyage," as we set sail for Honolulu.

Honolulu! How the very name seemed an inspiration! We had talked about it by day, and dreamed about it by night; and now our great desire was about to be realized. The day had actually arrived, the hour was near at hand, when we would heave anchor and set sail for the sunny isle in the Mid-Pacific.

Our passenger list numbered about fifty, among them being Prince Kawananakoa, or better known as Prince David of Hawaii, and Hon. Paul Neumann, of Honolulu, who were returning from Washington, whither they had been sent in the interests of the deposed Queen Liliuokalani. Emerging from our state-rooms at six o'clock on the morning of the seventh day of a very pleasant but uneventful voyage, we found ourselves skirting the shore of the island of Oahu, on which Honolulu is situated. After hurrying to the saloon, and partaking of a hasty breakfast, we again appear on deck, to find that our good ship, *Alameda*, had rounded Diamond Head, bringing us in full view of the city of Honolulu, nestling among its tropical foliage, and sloping gradually from the foot-hills down to the water's edge. Our vessel anchored until the pilot and health officer came on board, and then slowly steamed towards the quay, freighted with many wondering, expectant hearts at the new world opening before them. Our attention was first attracted to the small native boys who swam out to the vessel's

side, their brown skin looking like polished mahogany beneath the clear waters of the Pacific. Their large, dark eyes would follow the movements of the passengers until a nickel was thrown, when one would immediately disappear under the water, soon to re-appear with his prize, holding it between his fingers at arm's length, to assure the incredulous passengers of his success. Stowing it away safely in his mouth, he was ready for the next dive. As we drew into the quay what a novel sight met our eyes! There thronged the copper skinned natives, clad in their gay attire, while the rustle of excitement and the look of expectancy on their faces, at once justified us in conjecturing that they were there to welcome home their Prince, and also to hear the latest news from Washington, hoping that through his and Commissioner Neumann's influence their Queen would be restored to her throne, and a monarchy re-established. As the Prince stepped off the gangway, numerous wreathes of flowers, or *leis*, were thrown around his neck, and he was escorted in state to the royal carriage, where a white-liveried footman

stood in waiting. Standing on the carriage step, the Prince lifted his hat to the crowd, and amid their cheers he was driven off to the deposed Queen's residence, Washington Place.

In a very short time we were being whirled through the narrow streets of Honolulu, and after about ten minutes' drive were set down at the Hawaiian Hotel, a large airy-looking building with verandahs around two stories, and surrounded by green lawns shaded by numerous palms and tropical trees. In connection with the hotel, and near by, are a number of pretty little cottages or bungalows, where, if the guests desire, they can take up their residence, boarding at the hotel, thus having all the quietness of home life combined with the pleasure of the hotel. In one of these bungalows we were soon located and ready to enjoy the new life around us.

In the hotel we had a grand opportunity of studying the different nationalities. Employed in the building were Chinese and Japanese waiters, while the French head waiter, with many gesticulations and suggestive shrugs, ushered the guests to their seats with all the

suavity and politeness of his race. In the office, we found a Portuguese book-keeper, with the sweetest little Japanese lady for a wife, while through the halls and corridors were seen native bell-boys who ran to and fro in answer to the numerous calls of the guests. Though each nation retained the original tongue when conversing with one another, English was the common one used by all.

The arrival of each steamer was celebrated the same evening by a concert given by the Hawaiian band, in the grounds of the hotel. A picturesque sight it was—the lawn and band-stand lighted with coloured electric lights; the citizens thronging the grounds, while the guests assembled on the large open balcony of the hotel (or, as the natives call it, *lanai*), and were charmed with the strange music and weird singing of the native band. It was a truly fairy-like scene as we gazed on that happy throng, clad in their light attire, intent on the enjoyment of the moment.

The prevailing dress of Honolulu is white. The ladies wear it morning, afternoon, and

evening; the only difference being that the costume becomes more elaborate as the day advances. The gentlemen wear white linen suits, varying their evening dress by a short linen coat coming to the waist, and pointed in the back, which certainly looks cool and appropriate for the warm climate. Years ago, the missionaries, after vain attempts to establish a dress reform among the native or kanaka women, succeeded finally in introducing the Mother-Hubbard wrapper, it being the least confining of any garment. It was adopted by them and still remains the fashionable gown worn by the middle and lower classes. The genuine kanaka is as dark as our negro, lacking the curly hair. The larger proportion of the population is composed of half-breeds, and grade from a copper colour to the least perceptible tint. Some of the young ladies are very fine looking,—aquiline features, large, dark, lustrous eyes, and straight, black, glossy hair.

The mingling of the two races on all occasions for social intercourse and public balls strikes the visitor at first as very strange

and objectionable; but once meet and converse with the educated Hawaiian, and that impression vanishes; for one recognizes in them a bright intelligence as well as a degree of refinement and sensitiveness that might put many a white to the blush.

The kanakas live chiefly on fish and *poi*. The latter is a native dish made from *kalo* (pronounced *taro*), a vegetable resembling a turnip. It is boiled, and then pounded into a paste. When ready for use it is thinned with water to about the consistency of starch. It is served in bowls, the kanakas winding it around their first two fingers and eating with great rapidity. It certainly seems to agree with them, for some of the women are enormous, weighing as much as two to three hundred pounds. The uncivilized kanakas eat their fish raw, preferring the heads and throwing away the remainder. This custom is still retained by some of the lower class. We had frequently noticed, during our outings, a white flag flying from some of the smaller houses; and, on inquiry, found that it was a sign of *poi* being made and sold there. Our

curiosity being aroused, we asked our driver one morning to draw up before one of these places to allow us to alight and investigate for ourselves. On the floor at either end of a long trough sat a Chinaman, bare to the waist, holding between his hands, high above his head, a large wooden pounder which he brought down with all his might on the doughy-like mass which lay before him. By his side stood a pail of water, into which, between the strokes, he dipped his hands, and with lightning-like rapidity, slapped the water on the pounder, thus preventing the embedding of it in the sticky paste. The exertion necessary for this manual work was accompanied by a great flow of perspiration from the Chinamen's bodies which one of our party suggested, much to our disgust, added somewhat to the flavour of the *poi*. We assured him, however, that the hotel *poi* was machine made, and had not to undergo this process. One of the ladies undertook to take a kodak picture of the scene, but one Celestial, with all his superstitious nature aroused, dropped his implement, and, with terror de-

picted on every feature, disappeared from view and we saw him no more.

The fruits of Honolulu are numerous—bananas being the chief one for export. Pineapples are grown to some extent, while the bread-fruit trees are cultivated and used as an article of food on the island. The mango is very plentiful and grows on a large tree with a narrow leaf, somewhat resembling our peach leaf, while the fruit reminds one of an inverted pear in shape. When ripe, it is very luscious and has the flavour of a pineapple and a banana combined. It contains a large pit, and is eaten with some difficulty, rendering necessary not only a finger bowl but a large basin of water and towel to complete the creature comfort. The papaia grows on a small tree with a straight, slender trunk, crowned with a cluster of large, green leaves. The fruit, like the cocoanut, grows immediately under the leaves and varies in size from that of a cucumber to a cantaloupe. It resembles the latter very much, and is served on the table in the same way. The inside is covered with small green seeds, is a rich

orange in colour, and has a sweet but rather sickening taste. It is recommended for indigestion, and when used in moderation is said to be very beneficial. The water lemon is another fruit production of the island, not unlike the pomegranate, very seedy and rather tasteless. Foremost among the shade and ornamental trees is the algeroba, a large branching tree growing wild; its fine, ferny leaf furnishing a beautiful feathery foliage. The royal palm well deserves its name, for it is the most regal and stately tree in Honolulu. Its tall, straight trunk covered with smooth, silvery bark, and crowned with a rich green cluster of slender palm leaves is truly magnificent. There are many avenues of these trees, and any resident may well be proud of them, as they contribute largely to the grandeur and character of the place. On entering the harbour, the cocoanut palms are the first trees noticed, towering high above all others, though by no means the straightest. Their long, slender trunks present the appearance of being weary of bearing up such a weight of fruit and leaves, and they seemingly loll and bend under their

heavy burden. It was a great puzzle to us how the fruit was gathered off these very tall trees, with no branches to climb. It appears that each year's growth leaves a slight ring on the bark, and the agile kanaka, with his bare feet, uses these almost imperceptible rings as stepping stones, and accomplishes his perilous ascent in safety. Palms, plants, and flowers of every description and variety grow in great luxuriance, and in driving through the residential portion our eyes are dazzled by the brilliant floral display of every hue and colour, and the variety of tropical foliage.

We attended a *luau* or native feast given by the ladies in aid of the Church and conducted in true native style. A drive of fifteen or twenty minutes brought us to the entrance of the grounds. Passing through the gates our attention was at once attracted to a strange sight, and drawing near we beheld scattered over the grass five or six pigs of different sizes, nicely dressed, and as we should suppose ready for market. But not so in this case. The kanakas had heated lava stones and were now packing them in the pigs.

This accomplished, the animals were placed in a hole dug in the ground previously lined with hot stones. Several layers of banana leaves formed the covering, while over this, fine straw matting was closely tucked in, the whole being hidden from view by a quantity of mother earth. The cooking process occupied two hours, after which the kanakas again went to work, removing the earth and matting. Immediately the hot steam poured forth, and pails of water were necessary to sufficiently cool the leaves to allow of their removal. Roast pig was then revealed to us looking brown and savory in its hot bed of stones. The next addition was a large wooden tray, upon which the pork was placed in small chunks, having been cut up by the expert fingers of the kanakas, and thus made ready to be served at the feast. The next group that interested us was the kanaka women preparing the fish. After thorough cleansing and cutting into small pieces they were laid on leaves (a long narrow leaf called *ti*, pronounced *tea*). In these they were carefully wrapped, tied at

one end and placed on the coals, where the women faithfully watched and turned them till cooked.

Again we passed on, this time to centre our attention on a little circle who were intently watching the boiling contents of a large pot. This we found to be grated cocoa-nut, milk, and *ti* leaves, which, when boiled sufficiently, would make a rich sauce to be served with the savory meat.

It was truly a holiday feast for the kanakas —men, women and children arrayed in their light costumes; women in their loose gowns with elaborately embroidered yokes, many of them evidently donned for the first time. Jewellery is very seldom worn by the natives, its place being supplied by flowers of every shape, colour, and variety, strung into wreaths called *leis*, and worn about the neck and around the hats. They do not, however, carry the custom so far as the Tahitians, who, through their pierced ears, introduce the slender stem of the large, red flower, hibiscus, which, nestling against their dark skins, produces a most artistic effect. No kanaka

would consider the holiday toilet complete without one or more of these *leis* around the neck, and indeed, on the present occasion, every visitor was adorned, and felt justly proud of the necklet of natural beauty.

Several ladies connected with the royal family presided over some of the booths, and as a mark of distinction wore *leis* of yellow feathers, very rare and expensive.

The feast proper was served in two rustic pavilions erected for the occasion. One, the "Pink Table," was seated for the guests, and considered of more aristocratic bearing, consequently higher fee charged; while the other, the "Blue Table," was merely laid with a strip of matting on either side of a low table. The menu was precisely the same at both and served equally well.

The descent of rain just as the feast was prepared did not in the least dampen the ardour of the pleasure-seekers, who poured into the tents and occupied seats in a remarkably short time.

Having watched the culinary preparation we had no desire to partake of refreshments,

but some of our party, not quite so fastidious, and having acquired the knack of manipulating food with their fingers, pronounced it most delicious cooking. As for our part, we merely occupied our position at the table to take in the whole scene, which was evidently an hour of special enjoyment to the natives. The absence of cutlery was amply supplied by the fingers, as shown in the rapid disappearance of *poi*, fish, pork, with all the various sauces and condiments. We were very much amused in watching one woman unusually expert in the use of her digits, carry to her mouth in one helping more *poi* than any ordinary spoon could boast of doing. She would bury her two fingers up to the knuckles in the food, and with a graceful twirl in the bowl and a swift movement to the mouth accomplished the wonderful feat.

Upon leaving the pavilion, we were suprised to see the Queen Dowager, Kapiolani, who had come to attend the feast, but owing to the rain was partaking of refreshments in her carriage. We had pictured an elderly person,

but were agreeably surprised to see a middle-aged lady, with the Hawaiian features, mild, dark eyes, and pleasant expression. She partook of all the courses of the repast in the same manner as her former subjects, thus keeping up the old custom for the occasion; and although not understanding a word of English, she smiled pleasantly on the faces of those around her.

The unfavourable weather hastened our departure, and at the depot found some of our party in a sorry plight. Out of respect to the day they had robed themselves in white, but the rain having had peculiarly affected the soil, they found by sad experience that there were slippery ways to guard against even in this sea girt island, and having yielded to their subtle entanglements, they emerged, carrying visible evidence upon their clothing. Nothing daunted, they assured us they were quite ready for a repetition of the discomforture in order to again witness such a novel native holiday.

Every one visiting Honolulu should take a trip to Ewa sugar plantation, a run of twelve

miles on the only railway on the island. We left at 9 a.m., and in a very short time passed the Hon. Mr. Damon's grass houses and fish ponds, which we had visited a few days before, during one of our drives. Then on we sped into the country, passing large *kalo* patches and vivid green rice fields, where the poor Chinaman toiled knee deep in water, and under a blazing sun, to earn his daily sustenance. An hour and a half's ride, and we were set down at Ewa, close to the mill. Here we saw the sugar cane piled up on large railway trucks, and backed into the mill, where several men stood ready at the mouth of the feeder to supply its enormous appetite. At the bottom of the feeder were several sharp knives which cut the cane into small pieces. It was then carried up and thrown into a vat of hot water, being left some time to soak, after which it was drained and put under pressure until all the juice was extracted. The refuse was carried by machinery to the furnace where it served as fuel; while the juice underwent different degrees of boiling, until changed to a thick,

rich syrup. It was then poured into the drying machine where it was whirled around until thoroughly dry, and fell out a glistening brown sugar.

Before leaving Ewa we had the pleasure of calling on a bride. As an engaged young lady she had been one of our passengers on the *Alameda*, and had not only excited the interest, but formed the friendship of many on board; so that when landing at Honolulu many eyes followed her and watched the joyful meeting between her and her *fiance*. They were married the same evening, and after spending a short honeymoon at the sea-side, were now comfortably installed in their new home at Ewa. She welcomed us as old friends and received our congratulations with a radiant face, at the same time begging us to stay and partake of her hospitality; but as our train was waiting we had to content ourselves with a hasty good-bye, and amid many kind wishes turn our backs upon the happy bride and the Ewa plantation.

The British consul's family very kindly drove me out one morning to see the grounds

and residence of the Princess Kaiulani. It is a new erection on all modern principles, to be ready on her return from Europe. The inlaid floors and frescoed walls are very beautiful, but I must say the old residence with its low ceilings, small windows, and broad *lanai* claim my admiration much more. The greatest attraction, however, lies in the surrounding grounds, comprising several acres laid out in a wild state of tropical cultivation. Near the houses is a remarkable rubber tree, with gnarled old trunk and crooked branches growing in every direction, even running downwards, implanting themselves in the ground, extending to the root and thus aiding in strengthening and nourishing the tree. These extensive branches, covered with their dark, green, waxy leaf, are so philanthropic as to shelter beneath their shade no less than seven or eight hundred people. Not far distant is an extensive cocoanut grove, some of the trees being over one hundred years old. Crossing over a rustic bridge which spans a small stream, we come on a tangled mass of flowers, fruit, and ferns. Quenching our thirst with

the tart red berries, we continue our explorations, and, suddenly, emerging from this tangled brush, find ourselves in a shady nook in sight of a glassy surfaced pond fringed with palms and ferns; while in its still waters float pink, blue, and white water lilies. We look with longing eyes on those pure white and coloured water nymphs which are so near, yet, alas! elude our grasp; and turning away with dejected mein our eyes fall upon our almond eyed attendant, who, with a gallantry not born of his race, plunges into the water, secures the prize, and presents it to the happy recipients. Following our guide through the long, silky grass, with no fear of treading on the repulsive reptile—St. Patrick evidently having visited the island and banished the obnoxious visitor—we soon stand before a genuine native grass house. Could one imagine a more charming little residence than this, with its sloping roof covered with variegated grass, which also hangs in graceful festoons from its eaves; its sides made of evenly plaited grasses, ever varying in colour as the light and shade fall upon it! On

entering, an air of neatness and cleanliness pervades the whole room, for the interior is one large apartment which can be curtained off if necessary. The braided grass wall gives forth a fragrance akin to that of a new mown hay field. As we inhaled this refreshing reminder of rustic life, and gazed around with admiration, we felt a tinge of envy rise toward the former kings and queens of Hawaii who could thus live in such comfort beyond the precincts of wood, brick, and stone.

One of the principal drives in Honolulu is that taken to the *pali* (Hawaiian name for precipice), a drive of six miles with a gradual ascent of 1,200 feet. *En route* we pass the Royal Mausoleum, the resting place of kings and queens for many generations. As we advance, the road becomes more rugged, the scenery grander, and the air cooler. The final ascent is reached, and a sudden turn in the road brings us to the edge of a steep precipice. Here is one of the most commanding views on the island — rugged mountain peaks fading away in the dim distance; glimpses here and there of the deep blue

ocean; while far below us lay the green rice fields and sugar plantations of the island of Oahu. This spot is also of great historical interest; for over this precipice were hurled in battle the foes of Kamehameha I., thus giving him the victory and establishing his right as the first king of all the islands. To this day, at the foot of this rugged descent, may be found skulls and human bones, relics of the martial encounter.

Mount Tantalus is another favorite drive, or ride, as most frequently it is taken by equestrians. From its summit on a clear day one is charmed with the sight of the many islands, lying as emeralds set in the blue waters of the Pacific. An equally magnificent view may be had from Punch Bowl Hill, an extinct crater a short distance from the city.

Iolani Palace, only a block from the Hawaiian Hotel, is a large concrete building, containing many rooms. Following the deposition of the Queen, the interior was stripped of pictures, ornaments, and furniture, rendering it rather uninviting; but most careful is the attention paid to the beautifully laid out, large

grounds surrounding. Flowers, palms, and ornamental trees feast the eye. Back of the palace is the bungalow or private residence of the royal family. The only reminder of the late revolution lay in the steady footfall of the sentry as he paced to and fro in front of the palace gates, and in his midnight hourly cry of "All is well!" echoed from his watch tower, on the stillness of the air.

The Kamehameha school and museum are attractive to visitors. They were founded by Mrs. Bishop, a half native, and daughter of a chief. Being always foremost in every good work, she won the love and respect of not only the natives but the white population as well.

The school is an industrial one, exclusively for native boys, who may, if necessary, enter at four or five years of age, and remain till reaching manhood's estate, having acquired a trade.

The museum, a brown stone building, furnishes one with ample scope for study and admiration. Here are found the ancient implements of war, and various kinds of domestic

articles, such as bed covering made out of the fibre of palm leaves and pounded into a web-like tissue, retaining the heat better than any down comfortable. A gentleman remarked that he had tested its properties by sleeping under it through a snow storm with the sky his only canopy; the result being that he had not felt the cold. A very good imitation of stained glass, with coloured devices traced on its transparent film, is also obtained in the same way. These and many more such articles present a very fair specimen of the early life of the Hawaiian, displaying their ingenuity in workmanship, their wonderful inventive power, combined with unfailing industry.

One room is almost entirely devoted to the portraits of the royal family, among them that of Princess Ruth, a very plain looking woman, weighing three hundred pounds, sister of Kamehameha IV. The lobes of her nose were so large that she was said to have three noses and three chins. Many amusing incidents regarding her were related to us, which we were incredulous to accept until gazing upon her portrait, when we received them as facts.

One was that she was filled with a strong desire to adopt the modern style of costume, and had consequently to endure the torture. She would stand many minutes patiently holding her breath, whilst her maids drew in her corset lace. When at last the signal was given that the ordeal was over, she would sink exhausted, and imediately away went laces, hooks and buttons. This process was repeated day after day, until a satisfactory result was obtained, and the princess appeared clothed as other people, but troubled slightly with her respiratory organs. One day she proposed indulging in a horse-back ride ; and accordingly five men were instantly summoned to her assistance—one on each side, one at each ankle, and one at the back. At the signal—one, two, three—all exerted to their utmost their manly strength, but in vain ; the avoirdupois remained on *terra firma*. Another effort, however, with the straining of every muscle, proved more successful, and her Royal Highness rose majestically in mid-air but only to descend with a dull thud on the horse's back. For an instant, the poor

animal trembled, but soon regained his equanimity sufficiently to slowly walk off with his precious freight.

The museum is justly proud of having on exhibition one of the famous feather cloaks worn by the kings of Hawaii. The feathers are obtained from a bird now almost extinct on the island. Strange to say, its feathers are all black, with the exception of a few yellow ones found under its wings; consequently, one can easily understand how the manufacturing of one of these cloaks, reaching from the shoulders to the ground, incurs the killing of innumerable birds and the saving of feathers for many years, rendering it very costly and much to be prized.

Many other buildings are well worthy of notice — the Queen's Hospital, founded by Queen Emma; the Lunalilo Home, for the aged and infirm, are both handsome buildings and devoted exclusively to the native population. Oahu College and Punahou School, established for the education of the children of the missionaries, have now a wider field and embrace the natives. The students partially

meet their college expenses by keeping the large surrounding grounds in cultivation.

Among the educational institutions, we visited the Kawaiahao School for girls, and saw over one hundred, ranging in age from twenty years to tiny tots of six or seven. In addition to a solid English education, these girls are instructed in every branch of housekeeping, as well as in making all articles of clothing. One strange feature was that while the older girls conversed in their native tongue, many of the little ones could not speak nor sing in kanaka—a strong point in favour of the received impression that the Hawaiian language as well as the race is dying out.

The Kawaiahao Church, not far from the school, erected of coral in 1840, and plastered both inside and out, is one of the oldest buildings in Honolulu, but still stands in good preservation. The royal pews inside the door are elevated and upholstered in crimson plush. Native service is held twice each Lord's Day.

Before leaving Honolulu, we spent a few days at Waikiki, the seaside annex of the hotel. It is in reality the private residence

and grounds of a gentleman who has leased it to the hotel during his absence abroad with his family. It proved a unique and pleasant experience to us of hotel life. Instead of one building in the centre of grounds, as we are accustomed to find, five or six scattered cottages take its place. Most of these contain large, airy bedrooms, with doors or French windows opening on the lawn, while the chief one is situated close to the beach, with a large open *lanai* extending over the water. One corner of this *lanai* is enclosed by glass, converting it into a fairy grotto with swinging lights, easy chairs, pretty tables, etc., thus alluring the book-worm or scribe as evening closes in. Scattered over the *lanai* are lounges, reclining chairs, small tables—all bamboo—with books and papers strewn about—a picture of comfort to the tired wayfarer, who may truly think he has reached the paradise of the Pacific when he steps inside this haven of rest. Here can be found shelter from the warm rays of the tropical sun, and our heated bodies cooled by the salt breezes of the sea. The mind becomes rested as we listlessly watch the white flutter-

ing sails bearing their little crafts, filled with pleasure-seekers, over the blue waters; or as closing our eyes we are lulled to sleep by the gentle lapping of the waters against the pebbly beach. Let us explore still farther in the Haven of Rest! Turning to our left, the *lanai* opens into a smaller one covered with green vines and sweet with the fragrance of flowers. A curve in the shore brings the ocean again close to us, and here under the Eden-like bower, with the surf rolling in at our side, the snowy linen is spread, and, while three times a day we here refresh the inner man, we are equally absorbed in feasting our eyes on the entrancing scenes surrounding us.

Opening from this bower is the large dining room where the state dinners are laid. Passing from this through a curtained archway, we find ourselves in a large room with low ceilings, polished floor, quaint furniture, and strangely decorated walls. This answers as parlour, reception and ball room. Leaving here through wide sliding doors and low French windows, we pass into the large *lanai* in the front, while a green lawn lies at our side.

While here we had the pleasure of witnessing a ball given by a German gentleman who had been a fellow-passenger on the *Alameda*. The ball room cleared of furniture, lighted by electricity, decorated with ferns and flowers, doors and windows thrown open, proved a very inviting spot, while the *lanai*, with its view of Old Ocean, ever restless and quivering beneath the silvery rays of the moon, formed a cool and aluring retreat for the heated dancers. Along the drive and through the grounds were dotted the many coloured lights of the Chinese lanterns, which rendered even more enchanting the soft strains of music which emanated from the native orchestra stationed beneath a vine clad porch. The merry dance music was interspersed with their weird native songs.

The wonderful colouring of the ocean owing to the many coral reefs near the shore, is one of the most beautiful and remarkable features of these islands. All the rainbow tints are visible, only much stronger in colouring; from the deep marine down to the palest blue, shading into green, yellow, purple, and red,

while as it washes against the shore it changes to a dull brown tint. The surf breaks on these reefs, thus affording fine, still-water bathing along the shore. The water is very warm, allowing one to remain in several hours without chilling. Moonlight bathing is a favourite pastime and is greatly indulged in by the guests of Waikiki.

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

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

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

And now the day comes when, with many regrets, we are forced to bid adieu to this sunny isle with its balmy airs and summer seas, its rocky crags and waving palms, its blue skies and silvery cascades; and with intense longings, inhaling for the last time the fragrance of its perfumed woods, we turn away and face the busy quay, where all is bustle and excitement in preparing for an ocean voyage.

The local steamer, *Australia*, lies in readiness, while her decks are thronged with passengers and their friends. On the quay stands the Hawaiian band, specially honoring this steamer by wafting, as she moves off, the the sweet strains of "Home, Sweet Home," "Auld Lang Syne," and many native airs;

much to the discomforture of some of the passengers, who are leaving home and many friends behind them. One of the prettiest customs in Honolulu, on the departure of a vessel, is the decoration of the passengers by their friends with wreaths of flowers or *leis*, and as our ship's company seemed to have a great many well-wishers, it was an exceedingly charming sight to see them garlanded until some appeared as moving banks of gaily coloured flowers.

Finally, the gong signals, "All visitors on shore!" With a few prolonged partings and many warm hand shakings, our friends pass down the gangway and take up their position on the quay. Slowly the vessel moves away, while the band plays the national air, and the passengers throw their *leis* to be caught by their dear ones on shore; should they miss, and drop into the water, the native water nymphs seize them, and throwing them over their heads, disport themselves amphibiously, so long as a prospect remains of receiving another nickel from the receding deck.

The grand, old sentinel, Diamond Head, is soon rounded, and the city of the Paradise of the Pacific obscured from our view. We turn our faces seaward and once more confront an ocean voyage.

What a bright, lively list of passengers we have—one hundred and fifteen—most of whom have passed through the ceremony of becoming acquainted, while visiting the islands, consequently all formality is waived. Indeed, in the saloon the jokes and brilliant remarks are passing with such rapidity from table to table, that the captain rises with assumed dignity to call his guests to order, which of course has but the effect of renewed hilarity and fresh outburst of witicisms.

Seven days of bright sunshine and calm sailing over the blue waters of the Pacific; seven evenings to gaze in silent admiration upon Old Sol, with his ever varying tints, sinking to rest in his watery bed; and then to turn even ere his last beam fades, to enjoy the silvery moon's appearing, casting her cold rays on the briny deep. On deck the balmy air of the tropics adds enchantment to the soft

strains of the guitar and mandolin, accompanied by the sweet Hawaiian songs.

The last day on shipboard arrives, and once again we pass between the Golden Gates, and San Francisco lies before us. With many regrets, adieux are exchanged, which to us meant but the scattering of friendship's links over continents far and wide. Our Honolulu trip becomes a bright dream of the past.

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

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