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M. JULES REMY

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THE ISLAND OF MOLOKA‘I

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[with annotations in square brackets]

THE ISLAND OF MOLOKA‘I

June 14, 1854

One hundred and fifty-five minutes after our departure from Lahaina, the valiant little sloop of my compatriot Rivière, all wet from the green sea encountered in the crossing, dropped anchor on the shore of Moloka‘i, inside a coral reef, before the small market-town of Kalua‘aha, the houses of which were scattered along the bank at the foot of a mountain with deep clefts. Since there was not boat coming to meet us, Kalaohina, my attending official, pulled up on the shore to go to find a dug-out canoe, and it was only two hours later that we were able to disembark on a sandy beach, opposite a Calvinist temple (church), under the attentive gaze of a silent crowd. They led me to a large hovel with roof caving in, belonging to Chief Paki, and guarded by Napaepae, chapel master and sacristan [church officer] of the

church, whose wife called Kina, with real coquetry presented to me her children, twin girls. I made myself comfortable there thanks to a pile of *kapa* and mats which allowed me to divide the vast room into several smaller rooms. Father Aubert, whom the sea had made very ill, and because of this reason I wanted to keep near me, left me only after he had had his stomach fortified by a cup of tea with cognac, intending to pass the night at a place nearby, with some neophytes "who did not look at him askance like the Calvinists of the house." It seemed, indeed, that the coolness of the populace with respect to me came from the fact that a papist priest accompanied me. Whatever the reason, soon from several directions they brought me *poi* and fish. The sacristan assumed an amiable air and talked voluntarily. He informed me that the only missionary belonging to the island, Reverend Claudius Andrews, was at that moment with his family at the capital, where he attended the annual Consistory of American Pastors.

Among the tenant-farmers of the king who came to pay me their respects, that is to say to bring me provisions, were two half-whites, Ho'onaulu and Kanae. The latter, aged 45 to 50 years, built like a Hercules, spoke perfect English. He was the son of a Frenchman, from Bordeaux, they believed, who died on O'ahu "a long time ago" without any one in the archipelago having known or remembered his true name. There was a man whose descendants would have trouble in searching for his European cousins, if they were ever concerned about the matter.

June 15

In mid afternoon, in continuing to explore the southern slopes of the heights, whither I had been attracted by the huge spaces invaded by thorny Mexican poppies (*Argemone*) [perhaps the native poppy] with their strange metallic decorative effect, I threw my glance at the temple and the school of Kalua'aha. The latter, recently reconstructed, well situated, well lit, provided with the new style of furniture, was unique among its kind, and for its principal it had a philanthropist whose reputation had been depicted to me as an original type. His name was Dwight, he was an American, and did not seem to be more than 40 years old. He was said to be rich, or at least well-to-do, and they said that he had been captain of a whaling ship when a voice from on high ordered him to make of himself a fisher of men. Whatever the truth might be, it was certain that he became a missionary on Moloka'i, and that having been judged unworthy of the apostolate, he was a missionary no longer, since, instead of choosing his wife from among the ranks of his colleagues, he had preferred to choose from among the Hawaiians. Stepping down from the pulpit, he had changed his road to the school, and he had done marvelous things with it, thanks to the resources which he received from a shop

established by him among the clan. His zeal was unprecedented, his activity prodigious. In the mornings he had four and one half hours of classes for 40 young girls; in the afternoon he continued to teach as many boys. Well educated, trained, amiable, he would be the perfect gentleman if he had devoted a bit more attention to his grooming. Fortunately, his pupils left nothing to be desired in this area, and even – I do not speak here of any except the girls – they had the gracious habit of crowning themselves with flowers. Would it not have been his head dress which would have beguiled me on first sight. Mr. Dwight, too intelligent not to have noted my delight, continued by having me listen to a little of the vocal music; but, as favorably disposed as I was, I did not recognize, as concerns the singing, a marked superiority over the excellent schools of the kingdom. No matter. It was actually on Moloka‘i, on an unknown island, with scarcely 3,000 souls, that was situated the most beautiful school which I had ever seen in my life. As I expressed these sentiments to Mr. Dwight, in the short visit which he had made me between his two classes, he had replied with a mixture of pride and modesty: "Ah, if you travel to the United States, you will see better ones!"

On the bank, where I spent the rest of the afternoon running among the numerous fishponds (*loko*), I found several hamlets, among other Mapulehu and ‘Ualapu‘e. In the smallest, oldest, most sordid houses of Mapulehu lives the tenant-farmer of the king, the half-white Kanae, from whom I had received a visit yesterday. He was a widower, with a child quite young, and in his chagrin, perhaps also through heedlessness of all comfort, the good man had neglected to make use of the materials which he had assembled to build a more comfortable lodging. He showed me a large enclosed field planted with watermelons, and told me that he had just sold 500 of these fruits at \$6.00 per hundred. With him I met a half breed by the name of Stevens, whose flattery and protestations of devotion made him suspect to me. I also met Rivière, who lived a few steps from there, in a new and very respectable house, where I entered for a few moments to meet his wife, a young, corpulent island woman name Kumuhou.

At ‘Ualapu‘e, in the terrain washed by the sea, I had occasion to admire farming (tillage) established in an ingenious manner, absolutely novel. The shore is transformed into man mounds or hills using shovels or by hand, and on each hill three kinds of vegetables are planted in the following order: on top, sweet potatoes; below them, onions; and for the lowest layer, a circle of *kalo*, so that the lowest only are reached by the salt water, which, while not being as favorable as unsalted water for vegetation, at least makes it possible for them to grow and be sufficiently remunerative.

While I lost myself in regarding this interesting specimen of agricultural industry, the day darkened and the rain began to fall. I hurried on home, where I arrived only at nightfall. Unknown to me, Father Aubert attended me and also the chief of the local police. The latter, with the euphonious name of Nahaolekaukau, had come not only to greet me, but to place at my door an honor guard, but although I begged him not to bother to do anything, he followed orders, asserting that it was his duty. They prepared for me an excellent supper, which the abbot shared with me; he also shared my dormitory, after which I told fantastic tales to the good policeman and the persons of note who had been permitted to enter the house.

June 16

It rained all night, forcing us at different times to move our beds to escape the drops from the ramshackle roof. In the morning the skies cleared, horses and porters arrived, there was no obstacle to my sortie into the countryside, upon my departure for the northern part of the island via the eastern shore. The sycophant Stevens, in whom I had detected yesterday the knight of industry, came early to reiterate to me his protestations of devotion, to tell me again that he and his wife wanted to make the tour of the island with me to help me with their experience and to contribute to the comfort of my voyage. A banal expression of thanks, by which I had intended to dismiss him politely, made him believe that I was accepting his offer, and emboldened him to the point of asking me in advance for a tangible proof of my gratitude. I pretended not to understand him, and a third person appearing at this moment, Mr. Fox, withdrew saying that he was going to look for his wife and his crew. An hour later I learned that he had departed with Rivière for O'ahu, after having tried without success to find some money and some horses. We were on our way at 10 o'clock, with an escort of four policemen and six troopers, including Kanae and Father Aubert. The road led over a strip of flat land between the sea and the precipitous hills. Having reached Kūpeke, I made a stop there to wait for my porters. It was there that the chief of police lived, Nahaolekaukau, in a house built on the site of an old temple. He received me in such good spirits, so overflowing, so outgoing, that he won me over and had me stay for a most agreeable hour. The good man had no other worry than to preserve his place, and it was for that reason that he deprived himself of smoking a pipe before witnesses; but he confessed to me that he smoked in private, *puhi paka malu* (to smoke tobacco in a sheltered place).

Having resumed my course among the shore, an a beaten path, I was soon stopped by an old Portuguese man who came out of an isolated house. After having greeted me in the language of the *Cid*, the compatriot of Camoëns, upon whom without

doubt I made the impression of a knight errant, he complained to me of an injustice of which he was the victim, and denounced the arrogance of the American colonists. Although I replied to his grievances only by a single word of commiseration, the poor old man thanked me in sonorous terms of having done him the honor of entering his home. While discussing with the abbot the case of the complainant, we arrived at a house of masonry, built on the land of Chief Paki, on a plain which extended from the side of the mountain as far as the entrance to a winding valley. This habitation had been put under the care of a sister of Kalaohina. The interior of irreproachable cleanliness did not begin to match the good appearance of the exterior, doubtless because of the absence of all comfort. We went on our way in spite of a little rain, and galloped over a plain where we had to cross several streams before we arrived at the village of Waialua, situated at the edge of the sea. Kanana, the farmer's wife of that place, an old heathen who had already shown me here good will by sending me this morning her best horse, awaited me in her pretty house with an elaborate feast almost rich. While savoring her fish and poi, I told her, at her request, my story of the ghost, which she had heard about, and to which she listened often interrupting me with comments of an enchanting *naïveté*. She told me about the "great war going on in Europe" and asked me if it were true that the Emperor of all the Russians was not made on the model of other men; then, turning to the crowd which had gathered outside her door: "Ah! My children," she cried, "this is a war where the blood ran higher than the height of our houses."

On leaving Waialua I rode on horseback over a rough road hewn out of the craggy bank, and soon arrived at the little port of Honouli, at the entrance of a valley remarkably for its taro plantations. Here I greeted a catholic family, with whom, upon the invitation of its members, Father Aubert decided to stay until Sunday. From here, instead of continuing to follow the water's edge, I took a short-cut riding up a slope carpeted with a diffuse Lobeliaceae, with plump and rounded leaves. [sounds like *Scaevola*, which is lobelia-like in flower, and certainly succulent in the manner described] Having reached the top of the slope, I found myself on a plateau covered with grass and flowers (*Sida* of the family Malvaceae, oxalis, *wiliwili*), from where I could see the coast of Maui and at the end of Moloka'i, the islet of Mokuoniki [Mokuho'oniki], a single rock rising out of the sea. A good path led me to Keōpuka, where they had me admire some *kamani* (*Calophyllum inophyllum*), planted by the king, and where for 30 years an Englishman has lived so well naturalized that his is now known only by the name of Kimo. On the cliffs I saw a lobelia with conical stalk, of the kind found on Ni'ihau. [this might be *Brighamia*]. My glance plunged into the valley of Hālawa,

miniature of the one of Waipi‘o, with a charming river and two waterfalls at the further end. I descended by a road built quite recently, very practicable, although somewhat steep.

I found lodging in Hālawa not far from the sea on the right bank of the river at the foot of a mound of sand, in an unoccupied house, very satisfactory, furnished with a bedstead and provided with mosquito net. It was here, it seems, that the American missionary slept when he was making his pastoral rounds. Judging from the fact that they had given themselves a stone church with a bell, the populace of the valley must have been comfortable and numerous. It was entirely Calvinist, and even fanatical Calvinist, and therefore very much prejudiced against the name French; also, in spite of the natural curiosity of the race, everyone had the manner of wanting to keep me in quarantine. It is significant that I saw not a single person on the horizon, not even a woman or a child, during the half-hour that I spent sea bathing in the company of Kanae. However, thanks to the protection of the king and the presence of Kalaohina, I had not trouble finding for myself supplies. In the evening, the four policemen of my escort read the Bible and offered prayers with loud voice; then, imitating to the last detail their worthy chief, they gave themselves the pleasure of smoking a pipe taking care, to avoid all surprise, to mount guard, each taking his turn.

Cloudy skies from morning until evening; rain at intervals; rough seas.

On reascending the valley to the foot of the two waterfalls, I saw many houses surrounded by guava trees, lemon trees, and at times coconut trees, the first of which had struck my eye on the island of Moloka‘i. among the rocks, in the area of the cascades grew an unusual plant, the *aka‘aka‘a* [*aka‘aka‘awa*, *Hillebrandia*, the native representative of *Begoniaceae*], unfortunately without flowers or fruit, which, judging from its leaves and stipules, I would have taken for a *Begonia*, if this genus had not been foreign to the flora of the Archipelago [of course, *Hillebrandia* is native and in the *Begonia* family]. At the level of the flanks of the valley, I collected some shells (*Achatinella*, snails) and at the same time some interesting vegetation: *Lobeliaceae* (*Cyanea*, etc.), *Mucuna*, a *Thymeliaceae* (*Wikstroemia*?), *Santalum* (sandalwood), a *Viscum* [*Korthalsella*] (mistletoe, birdlime), shades of dark brown, *Pittosporum*, *Kokio*, *manono*, ‘*ahakea*, and other ligneous *Rubiaceae* (of the madder family), of which one at least (‘*Awiwi* = *Kadua*?) is unknown; (it is a small native herb, *Centaurium sebaeoides*, synonym *Erythraea sebaeoides*) with pale pink flowers, in the gentian family; *ma‘ohe‘ohe*, *Phytolacca*, *Lycopodium*, several *Peperomia*, etc., etc.; the plant also which I had observed on Haleakalā, in my descent towards Kaupō.

Upon my return from an excursion which had not lasted less than eight hours, and during which time it had been very useful for me, the policemen and Kanae resumed the way to their homes, while old Kalaohina, who had remained at home to busy himself with the provisions, took hold of my legs and began to massage them in spite of my objections, saying that I must be very tired, and that in lieu of hands more adept, it became his duty to render me this good service.

During my walks in the large town of Hālawā and everywhere along the way, the people showed themselves to be cold, silent, defiant, at times even restive and as if preoccupied with finding some means of avoiding a meeting with me. Kanae, who accompanied me on these walks, believed their ill-will more on the surface than real, and ascribed it to the fear they had of displeasing Timoteo: this was the name of the principal deacon of the church, a fanatic of whom it was said that he was more royalist than the king. I should have been received in a quite different way if Kamaipelekane, the judge of the district and at the same time deputy for the island, had not stayed in Honolulu to attend the sessions of parliament. In his absence, Timoteo played in the valley the role of inquisitor carried away by the fires of his hatred of clerics. As so it was, on the night before, he was to have proceeded to the church to pass judgment on an inhabitant accused of lukewarmness or irreverence; he would have, incidentally, advised the faithful to be on their guard against "all that comes from France, to know papism, brandy, and the *kanaka* (men)."

At the tolling of the bell, the populace, in festive clothes, made their way to the church once in the forenoon, a second time in the afternoon. I had waited to see, between the services, the youth of both sexes promenading in its Dominican dress past my door, as I had seen them do everywhere else. My intent had been frustrated. In this valley civilization has taken a more serious turn, and if vanity was not absent, it knew at least how to contain itself and to respect the instructions. Up until the evening not a soul approached my quarters, as if a taboo had been put upon them. At nightfall Father Aubert arrived from Honouli. His presence attracted three men and two women, whom I took for spies, but whom the abbot regarded as malcontents wishing to sever ties with the Calvinist deacon by enrolling in the opposite church. Whatever the reason, these individuals had an interview with the patient missionary which lasted very late.

My intention being to leave early the next morning, if the sea permitted, I had given orders to make all preparations. Kalaohina, too good a Christian to wish to start a journey on the Sabbath, and at the same time too devoted to me to refuse, had solved the difficulty by assuring me that I could hire the next morning the whaler and the four oarsmen whom I needed in the exploration of that part of the coast inaccessible by land.

June 19

I crossed the river in the morning to arrange to have the whale-boat which was to transport me put into the water. Before the hanger which protected it some men were standing forming a circle around a half-dozen women seated on the ground and emitting peals of laughter. The happy godmothers were taking part in a *pūhenehene*, a game formerly much in vogue, which consisted in guessing in which of five heaps of sand a player outside the group had placed, there and then, a pebble which she had held between her fingers. Often instead of the pile of sand would be shreds of *kapa* or lids of calabashes. Seeing that I was interested in their sport, the players played with more intensity and ended by inviting me to take part with them. I sat in the middle of their group, I laughed with them when they guessed wrong and when I did; the gaiety reached even the circle of men. Other women arrived, and soon they stopped playing and asked me to speak. While I was telling one of my stories, they massaged my feet and legs, anointed me with sweet basil, draped around me garlands of dodder flowers, the only ones they had at hand. All this was charming and proved that the life lived around me by the inhabitants of Hālawā was made to order.

At 9:30, when all was ready, I said farewell to the charming folk, embarked, and the skiff was off! On departing from the river, doubling the eastern point of the island to have the cape on the west, we had to surmount some enormous swells which were far from reassuring, and from which I would have recoiled, had the oarsmen been less sure of themselves. In effect, in mounting one of these monstrous waves, the boat was almost perpendicular, and out of the water for about half its length, and we feared that we had lost the battle; the boat fell back suddenly, leaving me quite surprised to have lost my fear. Beyond this sort of bar, the sea was still very turbulent and we were all the more shaken because with the breeze lacking, we could not use our sails. The gigantic escarpments (*pali*) which flanked the island on our left made it inaccessible on this north coast; they are interspersed with narrow layers of earth, and their summits are crowned with verdure. At the foot of the cliffs, on a mound of debris extending over only a few acres and producing nothing except some scraggly pandanus, I saw one lone hamlet, Pua‘ahanui, the inhabitants of which have no other occupation except fishing. Whenever the ocean allows it, they row/sail their dugout canoes to Hālawā and even to Maui, to exchange their fish for poi; and since the ocean is intractable for long periods, they are compelled to survive for weeks at a time on fish alone. A little farther on I saw another hamlet in an analogous situation, with this difference, that the inhabitants have within range a narrow valley Pāpala, where they cultivate

taro. On seeing them at close range these cliffs have something frightening about them, as if one felt himself menaced by their steep slope. In the thick vegetation that crowned them I was able to recognize *kukui* from the color of the leaves. Having arrived opposite the picturesque valley of Wailua [Wailau] and the village of the same name, where I had planned to disembark, the fury of the breakers stopped me and made me go beyond. From there one could see a somewhat large extent of the jagged and sinuous shore, along with the plain of Kalaupapa, forming a point detached from the heights, and one could see in the ocean large rocks resembling small islands.

At 11:30 o'clock we arrived at the mouth of Pelekunu bay, on the edge of an agreeable verdant valley. We look over the situation and immediately my eyes were attracted to two pleasant waterfalls hurtling into the sea. Some bathers quite naked having scaled the escarpment were playing like nymphs under one of the cascades, having a showerbath. Our landing presented some difficulties; fortunately the bathers came toward us, and after listening to their instructions I was able to disembark with three-fourths of my men onto a rock. With the whale-boat thus lightened there remained only the chore of beaching it on a small sandbar surrounded by rounded pebbles, and we go ashore successfully with a wave which soaked us unexpectedly. Father Aubert was so ill, so weakened by vomiting, that we had to carry him in our arms to the nearest houses, where he fell asleep after having drunk a cordial potion. Poor missionary! His body is too frail, his nature too delicate, for navigations of this sort. He had never visited this part of the island, I doubt strongly that he will try to come back again.

After the rain had let up, I went on past rich taro patches to the lowest part of the valley where I had the pleasurable experience of collecting several rupestrian [rocky habitat] plants as precious as they are difficult to find: *Kadua* [*Hedyotis*], *Labordia*, *Peperomia*, *Clermontia*, *Lobelia*, *Scaevola*, *Sapota* [*Pouteria*], *Lysimachia*, *Cyrtandra*, *Plantago* of the ligneous type, *Gunnera*, aka 'aka 'a ['aka 'aka 'awa] (only the leaves), etc., etc.

Upon my return from this profitable excursion, I scoured the village, happy to find myself received with open arms, of being invited to enter the majority of the houses. Everywhere the inhabitants were busy making baskets of *kī* (ti or *Cordyline*), which they use to pack and transport along the coast and as far as Maui the sole product of their oasis, taro reduced to *pa'i 'ai*, that is to say, cooked and beaten, or pounded, and made into poi. A mother of a family, called Keala, who lives in great comfort because of her industry, told me that her husband drowned the preceding month while traveling to Maui in a dugout canoe laden with this commodity. The interesting widow, distracted with grief, treated me like a

husband, under the pretext that I resembled her defunct husband "who was a very handsome man." She offered me the most complete hospitality, gave me poi and live crabs, refreshed me with her fan, kissed my hands, gave me a thousand caresses in the presence of her household. In spite of the fact that grief could excuse these familiarities, I judged them to be a bit too expansive not to cut short my visit and leave.

After having made sure that Father Aubert would lack for nothing under the roof where I had established him, and where he would recover from seasickness while chanting canticles, I put up for the night with the tenant-farmer of the king, an old man by the name of Kapihe, whose wife, who they said was his daughter, who did not seem to be more than 20 years of age, and had the features of a half-white. They prepared for me a substantial supper of fish and poi, and roast pig. Kapihe, who had the manner of not professing any religion, in the evening told me the story of King 'Umi, a version almost like what I had heard elsewhere. – It was a rainy day, which is not rare, it seems, in the country. My rowers with the whale-boat left for Hālawa at 6:00 p.m.

June 20

The purity of the atmosphere in the morning allowed me to admire in their original beauty the *pali* (cliffs) which encircle Pelekunu Bay: One is reminded of the walls of the Cyclops. The abbot, having recovered from his *mal de mer*, had the same impression as I did before this scene and cried out: *Quia delectastime, Domine, in factura tua* (How Thou delightest me, Lord, in thy works). However fascinating the spectacle, however, we did not dare linger there, for fear of letting the good weather pass us by, and of being blocked in the creek by the caprice of the ocean tides. Kapihe lent me his whale-boat and procured for me some rowers at the usual price, to replace those I had just discharged having no doubt that they had exploited me scandalously. The widow of the shipwrecked husband, of whom I had not thought again, was recalled to my mind when she had her brother escort me, a solid, joyous companion quite recently converted to Mormonism. In order to lessen the difficulties of embarking, we gained a footing on a rock situated at the western point of the bay, where the whaler rode up and took us on.

When we left the cape it was about 9 o'clock. The *pali* which we skirted as closely as possible, showed at their base here and there hollowed out grottoes. Above a hamlet picturesquely niched in the rock, one could make out long vertical dikes resembling large cables, whence comes the name Kaula (rope) given to the place. Soon we arrived opposite a cave which opened at water level in the cliffs, and crossed them like a tunnel from one point to another. This is the famous cavern of

Anapuhi, which was held by a mysterious fear, the islanders formerly did not dare approach. In spite of the surging sea, I proceeded to disembark, and we reached the opposite gap without difficulty. The light of day, entering at both ends, sufficiently illuminated the vault of the imposing and sonorous winding gallery, which had the effect upon us of a vast gothic cathedral, in spite of the presence of countless little butterflies and thousands of sea birds. On emerging from the subterranean grotto we continued to skirt the edge of the *pali*. They pointed out to me one peak where there were pikes made of large sticks, shapeless, the collection of which, or conglomeration, constituted for the ancient folk a powerful and dreaded divinity. We noted several curious islets. The most distant one had the shape of a melon. Another, the smallest one of all, supported a bouquet of palm-trees, *loulou* (*Livistonia*) [*Pritchardia*] fan palms, as graceful as it was inaccessible. A third had the shape of a slightly tilted sugar-loaf; it was the highest and the nearest to Waikolu, a village situated at the opening of a valley which marked, to the west, the limit of the insurmountable *pali* of Moloka'i.

At 11 o'clock, without being seen by anyone and without having seen a living soul, we disembarked on the sandy shore of Waikolu. Accompanied by Father Aubert, I went as quickly as possible to the nearest houses. Nothing had warned us that this was the Calvinist temple, and even less had we had any warning that we had taken by surprise a sisterhood of the devoted closing their weekly assembly (*hālāwai*) with a love-feast. These women, for the most part of a very ripe age, far from being frightened and asking us to continue on our way, on the contrary, assiduously urged us to sit down in their midst, and to share their repast: *poi*, *lū'au*, onions, shell fish. We did not need to be urged, so pleasant to us seemed the adventure. We ate, chatted, laughed, and joked. Enchanted that I was able to grasp the import of their banter, the pious godmothers thought only of ways to make me stay after the abbot had left. They decorated me with their garlands and their bracelets, stroked my beard, tried to take off my boots on the pretext of massaging my legs; but finally I took myself away from their ministrations and left.

I advanced into the valley through fields of *kalo* (taro) watered by a pleasant brook. All the houses which I approached were old, miserable, a lack of propriety all the more striking because their tenants possessed a marked amiability. In one of the houses, I had occasion to be witness to the reception being given a family which had come from Maui to visit their parents; as soon as they recognized one another, they all saluted by rubbing noses; then they sat down on the floor in silence, and began to weep for several minutes before saying a word. Such a scene, of which I had been witness many times in these islands, far from being ridiculous, seemed to me to be solemn and respectable. Is it only natural, on meeting again after a long

separation, to gather together and shed a tear for the dead before giving oneself up to the joy of seeing again the living?

It remains to be determined whether it is indeed from this sentiment that has emerged the moving custom of the Hawaiians. They are not able to say; to all my questions they confine themselves to replying that they are doing what their ancestors have done.

My promenade ended, I took a dip in the ocean, to the great astonishment of the curious onlookers who had followed me to the bank, and who imagined that my quality of being a stranger rendered me unfit for swimming. While all this was going on, the abbot came to inform me that the principal inhabitants were awaiting me at the temple, where a feast was being served for my intention. We returned together. In the midst of various coarse platters, more decorative than appetizing, were displayed two *pieces de résistance*, a roasted dog and pig. The dog, to which we addressed ourselves in politeness for our hosts, was unfortunately so fat that our stomachs heaved at the first mouthful. Except for this unfortunate occurrence all went well with a gaiety, less noisy doubtless, but equally as sincere as in the first love-feast.

About 4 o'clock we said farewell to the good inhabitants of Waikolu, several of whom voluntarily joined my men to help carry my luggage to Kalaupapa. We walked over the pebbles between the sea and the foot of the escarpments. In this defile so arid in appearance, I had the pleasure of observing several rather rare plants – a *Caryophyllus* [*Schiedea*?], a *Rubia* (*Kadua*) [*Hedyotis*], a gentian, a lobelia – and even a new one, the *makou* (*Peucedanum sandwicense*) a sort of wild celery (*Apium*), fragrant throughout all its parts, with large leaves and large fruit, a tuberous rhizome, subdivided with many branchings, edible, regarded as a valuable medical treatment for the diseases of childhood. As we continued on our way, they pointed out to me the cliff called Anakua, formerly the home of a god which the whole island came to worship, and which passers-by, faithful observers of the tradition, still saluted in our times as they placed a stone in the craggy clefts of the escarpment. After having examined a group of rocks battered by the waves, we arrived at a dwelling perched on a sort of promontory at the entrance to Kalaupapa: it is the name given to a tongue of land which projects from the foot of the cliffs into the sea, forming a low, semi-circular plain, slightly convex (hump-backed) about three miles in diameter. About 100 feet from the house, at the hamlet of Kalawao, a horse awaited me, all saddled, which I mounted to continue my route through cultivated land, where grew thorny Mexican poppies, tropical shrubs (Malvaceae), common leguminous plants, and the like. We rode through one village surrounded by fields of potatoes [*uala*]. Several natives, upon seeing me,

quickly mounted their horses which were grazing nearby, with the intention of announcing the news of my arrival in advance. The horses, according to what I found out, formerly had been brought by sea, the plain being separated from the island by the *pali*, inaccessible for horses; but now that they have propagated in sufficient number in these areas, there is no need to resort to importation.

At 6 p.m., I stopped for the night at the home of Maipelekāne, the tenant farmer of Liholiho, whose house was part of the principal village of Kalaupapa, while Father Aubert, finding himself in familiar country, went to ask for hospitality with one of his disciples. The farmer's family, devoted to American missionaries and prejudiced against the French, was ill at ease with me, but in spite of it prepared supper for me and a comfortable bed. From my quarters I could see the line of the *pali* which stretched out to the west on the coast beyond Kalaupapa.

June 21

After having, since morning, traveled at the foot of the escarpments and penetrated into a narrow valley where I observed the same rupestrian (growing on rock) type of vegetation as on Waikolu, I continued on and directed my steps to the most swollen part of the plain of Kalaupapa, walking on a terrain slightly sloping, carpeted with *pili* grass and common shrubs; *Desmodium* (knotweed), *Euphorbia*, *Waltheria*, *Vaccinium*, *Verbesina* (*Lipochaeta?*), etc. Soon I arrived at the edge of a large ditch rounded in the form of a crater, which the natives had mentioned to me calling it Kauhakō. It was evidently an old crater. I went down into it through a jumble of interesting vegetation, having a vigor and variety more pronounced on the East than on the other coasts: frutescent violet plants (shrubby), *Cassia*, *Neraudia*, a *Caryophyllus*, ligneous *Euphorbia*, banana trees, rose apple, *Daphne*, *Phyllanthus*, *Cassytha* (dodder laurel), 'ohe aralia (spikenard), candlenut, *Erythrina* (coral tree), *halapepe* (*Dracaena pleomele*), *kākalaioa* (a thorny bramble), 'ilima (*Sida*), *Sonchus* (sow-thistle), etc. In the center of the crater opened up a cylindrical pothole, a sort of pit or well, at the bottom of which I noted a greenish liquid, about 22 meters below my feet. This water is always salty, and sometimes whitish, according to the inhabitants, at which time it is filled with 'opihi (limpets); at other times it takes on a reddish hue, and the natives see in this phenomenon an omen of death to occur in the royal family. Before the introduction of Christianity, the cave served as a cemetery, into which the dead were thrown. In our day it is the living who throw themselves into it, or rather slide between the bushes as did three of the curious people who were following me. Everything points to the belief that the crater of Kauhako formed the plain of Kalaupapa, obviously during another epoch, or else another origin, that the colossal

escarpments cut it off from the body of the island. About the places I was told different legends without head or tail, connected with fabulous deeds taking place at the site of the old volcano, and one old man added the story of the famous game of *kōnane* (a sort of game played by women) played at Kalaupapa between Lono (Lonoikamakahiki) and Kaikilani, his wife, during which a lover of the latter sent her, from the heights of the pali of Pu‘upāne‘ene‘e a salutation of love which broke up the family.

My exploration completed, I went to the large village of Kalaupapa, where Father Aubert was waiting for me among his half dozen disciples in a very small house near the beach. The inhabitants had prepared in my honor a banquet *de luxe*: pig, turkey-hen, chicken, fish, sea-urchins (*wana*), *poi* and potatoes [*‘uala*]. A woman baptized with the name of Melania, venerable through age and piety, asked me to tell my fantastic stories with an ardor which made me suppose the abbot had put her on her guard; therefore I was not too surprised when, having listened to me in a religious silence, the woman cried: "Kāhāhā! Astonishing! All of them, these are tales told in the manner of our ancestors!" As is fit, the missionary triumphs, and I congratulate him for it with good grace.

Not having seen in the fields of Kalaupapa coconut trees, pandanus, taro, I asked these people why these plants were not planted. They replied that it was not their custom, and as regards the taro, the ground was not suitable for its cultivation; it produced potatoes in any amount at will and those could be readily exchanged for products cultivated in Waikolu.

At the end of the feast, I mounted the escarpment at a point very near the village, and the only place which was regarded as possible to scale. My baggage followed me, divided among my usual porters and seven adolescents eager to have me admire their agility. The footpath, difficult and dangerous, impracticable for dogs, was so narrow and steep in several places that one had to look carefully to his feet in order to avoid a fatal tumble. After a time the heat rendered the ascent even more laborious. If the task was rough, however, I found in return an agreeable reward on viewing, starting from a certain height, that I was in the midst of a rich and varied flora: arborescent *Scaevola*, *makou* (the Umbelliferae with celery-like leaves), *Gouldia* [*Hedyotis*] and *Bobea* (Rubiaceae), *pua* (a kind of olive-tree), *maua* (Bixaceae, Parietales), a large *Caryophyllus*, ‘*ohe* (Araliaceae), *puaalualu* [*pua aloalo*] (a kind of hibiscus larger than that of the *hau*), ‘*āwikiwiki* (Papilionaceae), several Labiatae with bacciform fruits, an *Artemisia* (?) without flowers, *kulu‘ī*, *Achyranthes* (*Iresine* and *Telanthera*), *kōpiko* (*Straussia*, belonging to the coffee family), *ha‘a* (arborescent Euphorbiaceae), *māhoe* (related to soapberry and litchi) (a shrub with pinnate leaves and without flowers or fruit), a

large Lobeliaceae like the one on Ni‘ihau, ferns, etc., etc., etc. Everywhere on the ground, in the roots of the graminaceous plants or grasses, and at the foot of trees, could be seen live or dead shellfish. Halfway up the slope I met three women coming down to Kalaupapa, each one with a dog in her arms, and it turned out that one of them was the sister of one of my prisoner-porters. The brother and sister recognized each other, stopped and began to weep according to the custom, parted, then each hastened to rejoin his own company.

At the end of an hour of climbing, I reached the crest of the *pali* some minutes after the arrival of horses which a special messenger, who left that morning, had gone to look for on the north side of the island. The abbot, my servants, my porters, all had climbed the great wall without any damage. Old Kalaohina himself had dragged himself up honorably, although with more slowness and fatigue than the younger ones. A humid fog, which had enveloped us toward the end of our ascent, turned into rain and prevented us from prolonging our halt as much as our obliging companions of Kalaupapa would have liked, who were forced to start back as quickly as possible, under pain of exposing themselves to the too perilous slippery slopes. As for us, who turned our backs on the precipice and danger, we trotted briskly over a beautiful road built amid the brushwood: *Cyathodes* [*pūkiawe*, *Styphelia*], *Dodonaea* (Sapindaceae), *Osteomeles*, *Myoporum*, *Scaevola*, etc. All this part of the island, from the escarpments to the north coast to the beach of the opposite coast (Kaunakahakai), form a high plateau including in its entirety all the land under the name of Kala‘e. I decided to sojourn there, and with that in mind, I shortened this stage of the trip, calling a halt at the hamlet of Wai‘alalā, where Father Aubert had some members of his flock.

It was scarcely 4 o'clock. Wishing to profit from the rest of the day, I directed myself, through the fog and without a guide, toward the woody heights in the center of the island, to the east of the hamlet. A dirt road led me to a bog bordered with daisies and aquatic herbs: *Jussiaea* (Onagraceae, water primrose), *Polygonum* (knot grass), Cyperaceae (sedges), a species of Restionaceae (rope grass), etc. In the middle of the wood, in a ramshackle house, I unexpectedly came upon two old men cooking wild bananas. Their melancholy air intrigued me, and I should have liked to chat with them; but their hut was so untidy and so blackened with smoke that I was obliged to run away. With the day fading and night approaching, I hurried back to Wai‘alalā in a direct line, without worrying about obstacles in my path. Feeling that my throat had become very dry, I put in my mouth some fruit of the ‘ulei, which up until now I had thought absolutely insipid, and to my lively satisfaction, I found that the fruit had an agreeable flavor. All of a sudden, a deep ravine barred my way; I slid down into it, but arriving at the bottom, there I found

myself lost in the middle of a ditch crisscrossed by the tortuous bed of a dried current: sugar cane, bananas, Cyatheaceae (fern), candlenut, cabbage! Finally I fell upon a scarcely noticeable footpath in the grass, and it led me over a hillock into a field of potatoes limited by a stretch of rocky and whitened terrain, analogous to that in the environs of Lahaina, and where I saw several Synanthae (*Campylotheca*, *Lipochaeta*), and a fructescent violet with white flowers. Soon I spied a large house which I reached promptly. It was the old habitation of R. Hitchcock. Here I took by surprise the director of the protestant seminary of Maui, R. Alexander, lying on an old couch and surrounded by some young people to whom he was explaining the principles of surveying. I quickly drank a glass of water, continued on my way, and started to run for night had come. Fortunately, the route was sufficiently well traveled so that I could not go astray. I passed near a little spring and in a few more strides I regained my quarters after some had gone out to look for me with a lantern and torches. They gave me for supper some raw fish which I devoured avidly and I fell asleep on the straw matting, lulled by the canticles with which Father Aubert regaled his neophytes.

June 22

The western end of Moloka'i comprises a sort of district called Kaluako'i, of relatively considerable extent, easily accessible and easy to travel over, but the soil of which is too poor to attract people to live on it; and they also told me that it was like a desert, and advised me not to visit it. All the more reason for me to judge it with my own eyes. I separated myself from my personnel, whom I sent on to follow the abbot and to await me on the shore of Kaunakahakai, and at 9 o'clock I mounted my horse, accompanied by the three best riders of the country. The rain which fell gently since the morning gradually stopped and the sun shone forth with as fine effect as one could wish. We descended from the plateau by a gently inclined slope, leaning a little to the right, to the northwest. Out of one house situated at the edge of a winding ravine came a good man carrying a present for me of small dried fish. The *pili* grass which we trampled was bedecked with blue convolvulus [*Ipomoea*, *koali*] In the middle of a watermelon patch young people were playing noisily; at my approach, the girls fled or hid in the shrubbery, while the boys gazed at me fixedly, gaping. Soon we reached the height of the escarpments which I had seen from Kalaupapa; here we rode for some time through stretches of bushes and scrub land: woody violets of the same species as that found on Ni'ihau, called here *pāmakani*, several Synanthae (Cyclanthales) also found on Ni'ihau; wild celery (*makou*) which is very abundant; a *Portulaca*, etc. etc. Farther on we galloped over a sandy soil, where grew side by side a heliotrope,

a *Gnaphalium (hinahina)* ['ena 'ena] which is woolly-tomentose in nature, a *Scaevola* with yellowish flowers. On the same kind of soil I saw vast spaces entirely covered with fructescent (shrubby) Papilionaceae, spreading over the ground, with flowers of an superb red color: these were, without a doubt, a kind of seabean (*Sesbania aculeata*) [*S. tomentosa*] or 'ōhai, a prostrate shrub, agati, but differing from the species seen on Kaua'i and on Ni'ihau, which grows up to form large bushes and even small trees, instead of the one here which forms branches which are literally applied appliqué on the sand and as if buried in the sod. We galloped without slackening our pace between the sea, which we saw on our right, and the rounded hillock called Maunaloa, which was on our left. We ascended a long hill with whitish and compact terrain, on which grew a fructescent Solanaceae (Polemoneales), three species of *Euphorbia*, a rampant *Chenopodium*, a labiate with linear leaves, and lichens in profusion. At the bottom of the hill were traces of former cultivation and of huts in ruins. Next was the great sandy plain covered with turf and thinly scattered plants: a Hydrophyllaceae, a gentian, and a *Lepidium*. At 3 o'clock, after having for a long time leaned steadily to the left, we arrived at the edge of the sea, facing the island of O'ahu, from which area we could make out in the west-northwest a small hilly area. As far as the eye could see on the flat shore where we were, there were only three small isolated huts. We went toward the least shabby of these, with the intention of spending the night. It was occupied by two fishermen and their wives, two couples who were very simple and good-hearted. All that they had in the way of provisions – *poi*, potatoes, and salted fish – they placed before us. Seeing that I was unable to drink the brackish water, which they were accustomed to drink, one of the women ran to fetch from the sand of a hillock a reddish liquid which I found more potable, but it, nevertheless, made me nauseated. Almost at once I felt sick at my stomach which filled me with disgust for the hospitable hut, also infested and infected with cockroaches, not to speak of other vermin. At the risk of sleeping under the stars, I decided to push on farther. In taking leave of my hosts, whose lot seemed to me much to be pitied; I advised them to start removing their *penates* [household possessions] to some more habitable place. They replied to me with a sort of animosity, and as if they doubted my good sense: "Why should we think of changing the place of our abode? What place could be better than right here, where the sky almost never sends us rain, and where the sea gives us fish in abundance?"

At 4:30 p.m. I took leave of these happy mortals to travel to the south, without leaving the shore, where my glance stopped at seeing some blackish rocks emerging from the white sand. Farther on, on a plain carpeted by *pili* and flea-bane (Erigerons), I saw fields, formerly under cultivation, now invaded by common

plants: *Tephrosia*, *Waltheria*, thorny Mexican poppies, *Cassytha*, *Plumbago*. As I continued to walk on, I saw for the first time in my life a small plant (*makihī*, *Cressa cretica* Lin.) with white flowers, spread out like wild thyme in the midst of the grassy turf, on a terrain formerly irrigated by sea water and so hard that I was not able to uproot a single specimen without breaking the root. We reach Pāpōhaku, a village abandoned and destroyed, with the exception of a single house inhabited by a Mormon family. The only horse belonging to this family, a mare, tried to follow our horses; the owners, tired of calling the animal, lavishing upon her the sweetest names, gave chase and did not succeed in catching her until they had gone more than 3 miles, at the end of the plain where we galloped in sight of the hill of Maunaloa. After having mounted a slope carpeted with graminaceous plants and *Tephrosia* (Leguminosae), we descended into a wide, deep ravine, where we remounted for an instant upon a bed of yellowish sand before clearing the opposite side. We then entered a plain covered here and there with potatoes and sugar cane, with huts which served as temporary shelters for the workers of the soil during their agricultural efforts; but we did not see a single human being. [Note: If these were fields cultivated only during the Ho‘oilo wet winter months, they would be unoccupied during the Kauwela hot summer.] Night came. We rode for a long time in the dark, in a humid fog, through the brushwood. At 9 o'clock we arrived at a hill where there was a house which the darkness prevented us from seeing, and which made one of our horses shake his head vehemently. An old woman named Kaiana came out of the house muttering, but not at all alarmed. She informed us that there were no other houses in the neighborhood, and invited us to spend the night under her roof. By dint of patience and attacks on the tinder-box, she finally succeeded in kindling a fire to prepare some wheat flour biscuits; then she added some dried fish and poi and potatoes, which made up our supper.

June 23rd

At daybreak, after a night too cold to be agreeable on the plain straw matting without a coverlet, the men of my party set about repairing the break, which occurred unexpectedly, in the roof of our inn. While they were thus occupied, I went with old Kaiana as guide, to visit the point particularly denoted by the name of Maunaloa. This site occupied almost the entire summit of the hill, and it was marked by a large, rough, formless stone around which formerly the people gathered in order to worship a divinity now forgotten. The soil, completely sterile, produced only a few common plants here and there: *Euphorbia*, thorny Mexican poppies, *Sida*, a *Caryophyllum*, two *Synanthes* (*nehe*) (*Lipochaeta*) and

kōko 'olau), a fructescent violet. As regards habitations, I could find only three, including that of my hostess.

According to good old Kaiana, who declared that she had inherited it from her forebears, a large, broad tree, the *kālaipahoa*, the seed of which had been wafted "by the wind from distant lands" grew up long ago in this place, today without any arborescent vegetation. The *kālaipāhoa* exuded a poison so powerful that it needed only an amount of the poison equal to a grain of sand mixed with food to cause instant death. On the other side, from the wood of this tree statues of the god Kānekaulana'ula are carved, and he cures all maladies of this worshippers. The cult demanded by the god consists of offering of food, especially fish and 'awa (roots of the kava).

At 9 o'clock, I mounted my horse to go down to the shore of Kaunakahakai by a very gentle slope, somewhat lengthy, slightly rough. Soon I found myself in the middle of a piece of scrub land similar to that of Kahikinui (Maui), and almost as remarkable for its variety of ligneous [woody] species growing there together: 'ūlei (*Osteomeles anthyllidifolia*), *Phyllanthus*, a new kind of violet (more herbaceous than the others), *nā 'ū* (yellow gardenia), *wiliwili*, a *kauwila* or *kauila* (Rhamnaceae) different from the one I had seen on the other islands; an alani (Rutaceae), *koki 'o* (Malvaceae), a shrubby *Hibiscus*, admirable because of its beautiful large red flowers; *āulu* and *keahi* (two Sapotaceae), a *Rubia* (*Bobea* ?) of the madder family, *Cyathodes* [*pūkiawe*], *āwikiwiki*, etc., etc. After having savored in this little wood the charm of collecting rare species, I continued my descent through *pili* and pebbles as far as the hamlet of Pālā'au inhabited by good people who have an ample supply of provisions, but not a drop of sweet water to quench the thirst which the heat of the day had made very painful for me. I lost no time in reaching the shore, where there were some houses near a large coral reef which were entirely unprotected at low tide. In the village of Ha'anui I had an opportunity to be able to rest at the home of a worthy man who offered me a chicken below the market rate. The visible shore swarmed with large sea birds the species of which was unknown to me. I walked along the sea bed to arrive more quickly at the home of Kalaohina, which I entered toward noon.

Here I found Father Aubert, very much annoyed at seeing himself in the midst of a population entirely Calvinist. I also found there Kauaua, the old farmer's wife of Waialua, who came expressly to greet me. Although tormented by hunger, it was impossible for me to eat, because I was suffering from even more disturbing sharp pains in esophagus and chest which I had felt all morning along with the onset of dysentery. I sought to find distraction by going to the beach to chase some large web-footed birds glimpsed during the morning; but they would not let me come

near them, and obliged to shoot from too great a distance, I was not able to bring down a single one. I saw some productive salt marshes, and a veritable forest of castor oil plants. Here and there I observed some stalks of *Gossypium* (Malvaceae) (*ma 'o*) the flowers of which are used to tint or color the tapas yellow. Pali, one of my prisoner-porters had a wife in the neighboring village; he took me there, to meet her and also his child so that I could give them my blessing! ... The Calvinists today fast very conscientiously, having only one meal between sunrise and sunset; but they make up for it during the evening. Before night came I reached the house of Kalaohina, where all my people were. Filled with repugnance for the nourishment which they offered me, I went to bed early, without eating, after having chanted a canticle with the abbot.

June 24th

I was awakened before dawn by an extremely acute pain in the epigastrium, and soon it was so violent that I did not know to which saint to dedicate myself. The idea of having been poisoned by the bad water of yesterday and the day before increased even more my anxiety. After a while the pain lessened; but I remained very much shaken, and to put it all the finishing touch, the dysentery declared its presence. Lacking a less questionable remedy, I dosed myself with powdered coral, to which I attribute the improvement which I noted at the end of the day.

Just as I was about to count my horse to complete my tour of the island, a man came to me to demand three dollars on the pretext that Iotewe – this is the name the natives gave to my Breton servant – had allegedly cheated him out of this sum by refusing to pay more than one dollar for the laundering of four shirts. As I did not have the air of taking his demand seriously, the man insisted and threatened to summon me before the judge. "At your pleasure," I told him; "but you are very wrong for the magistrate, believing that a person should not pay more heavily than the king, will condemn you, I am sure of it, and make you pay me back one-half dollar." The unlucky man could find nothing to reply to me, and at present he is still meditating on this opinion, uttered in a loud voice by one of his fellow-citizens: "If the laundryman, instead of charging a fixed price, had relied upon the generosity of the stranger, he would have been made happy at being paid five dollars, perhaps ten!" I started on my way again at noon. Hardly had I left the hamlet when Kalaohina, mounted on too skittish a horse, was thrown to the ground in a manner so violently that I feared he was dead on the spot. But he picked himself up without too many contusions and had the courage to mount another horse, and followed me gallantly. We rode in a disagreeable wind over a sandy beach, where large sea birds, similar to the ones I had pursued in vain the previous

afternoon, flew away at our approach. The path ran along the beach and did not turn aside except where the bends of the coastline were too pronounced. We passed through small woods made up entirely of a variety of *Agati* [*Sesbania*] more branching, more arborescent, with less silvery leaves and flowers of a less vivid red than the variety on Kaluako‘i. From one stretch of road to another, we saw isolated houses until we arrived at the principal village of Kaunakahakai, which gives its name to all that section of coast. We made here only a brief stop, at the door of a Calvinist temple. Nature has created here an excellent vast harbor, to which there is but one entrance, easy of access, however, if one wishes, in the middle of the coral reef, blockable.

After having followed the coast for some time, we arrived at the hamlet of Kawela, in the shade of magnificent pandanus, near a group of coconut trees. The farmer of the place shook down some of the coconuts, the delicious fresh milk of which we drank as we rested for a time on the grass. Soon afterwards we reached the village of Kamalo‘o [Kamalō] where I had the surprise of meeting Halauwai, the sister-in-law of Kioloa, my foster father of Kailua. She told me that she had left Hawai‘i to effect a reconciliation with her husband, and she introduced him to me; he seemed rather proud to show me his home, a pretty house quite new, surrounded by beautiful bushes. There I saw half a dozen women occupied, some with weaving hats and mats from pandanus leaves, others making finer hats, more elegant, in the shape of Panama hats, out of the stems of a Cyperaceae (sedge) common to the marshes nearby [probably *makaloa*].

It was just a step from Kamalo‘o to Kumueli. I expected to go on farther and arrive before nightfall at my old lodging of Kalua‘aha; but it was in Kumueli that Father Aubert had his principal, I might almost say, his only Christian center of the island, a small flock made up of several poor families grouped around the home of a Portuguese planter, and naturally he stopped there to celebrate Sunday masses the next day. Naturally also, I renounced the idea of pushing on, all the more because there was wrangling, even among the Protestants of the area, regarding the honor of providing me with lodging. For this reason Kekai, the farmer of Chief Kao‘o, came from Pua‘ahala to offer me the house of his father-in-law, Judge Lokomaika‘i, actually on a trip. Good Kalaohina, feeling that his official mission was fulfilled, bade me goodbye, and set out to return to Kaunakahakai to offer Holy Communion the next day, fervent Calvinist that he is. I never take leave without regret from this honest and obliging old man.

Akoni, the Portuguese with whom I was given lodging in a large house divided into four parts by movable partitions, had for a wife a respectable Hawaiian who had given him two beautiful children, a daughter of fifteen years and a boy slightly

younger. The daughter had recently married an American who was very good natured, a former sailor from all appearances, and whose sole occupation for the moment was to learn the language of the country, his purpose being to be able to converse with his better half. "How were you able to agree," I said to the missionary, "to marry these two persons who are incapable of exchanging ten words with each other?" He replied: "I did not need to lend them my services, that of the magistrate was sufficient for them."

Toward 10 p.m. the rain began to fall, and we perceived a large fire in the direction of the island of Kaho'olawe.

June 25th, Sunday

Beautiful on the seashore, rain on the heights. The dysentery with fatigued me yesterday had abated, to my great satisfaction.

In the middle of the forenoon, the population in festive garb came to the Protestant temple. As for me, I accompanied the family of my host to the Catholic chapel, where Father Aubert, after the mass, harangued his neophytes with so much impressiveness that the son-in-law of the Portuguese, although he could not understand the words, declared himself converted and asked to be baptized on the spot. The abbot turned to me as interpreter to calm the impatience of the postulant and to explain to him that first he must be instructed in the truths of the faith.

Two steps from the chapel in a little house adorned with greenery, I attended a banquet given the missionary by all the members of his flock, both men and women. Several of the latter came to me bringing small gifts, such as shellfish and madrepora (coral). The wife of a Chinese brought me a gift of a necklace (*lei palaoa*) of ivory (whale teeth) from the sperm whale, and sold me a bracelet (*kūpe'e*) carved out of the same ivory.

On leaving the banquet I directed my way toward Pua'ahala to visit the home of Judge Lokomaika'i, which the guardian put at my disposition at the express order of the owner. This house, with well furnished interior and provided with excellent beds of straw matting, is agreeably situated on the shore in the center of a green lawn surrounded by pandanus and fig trees. I sat down there for a few minutes, enough time to run through the latest issues of *Nūhou* [Hawaiian newspapers] in which Mr. Marsh devoted himself to making new attacks against the French. I continued my promenade. I was invited to enter all the houses. In one of them, an old man still vigorous was amazed that I was not married, and took it upon himself to call a young girl. She, urged to join us quickly, lost no time in leaving us, a bit confused, when she saw that I did not say a word to her.

Returning again to the home of the Portuguese, I received a visit from Halauwai, who shared with me her vexation. She was far from being happy in her home, her husband being concerned only in earning money to fritter it away on debauchery. He became a Mormon, she said, then, wiping away a tear, she began to laugh and added: "He is also as flighty as the stone of Hālawā (a kind of pumice stone) which rolls with the wind on the earth as well as on the water." At this moment my attention was drawn elsewhere by the commotion going on about the daughter of the Portuguese, seized with an attack of grand mal. It was the first case of epilepsy that I had seen in the archipelago, where, however, the malady is not rare, if I can trust the word of my hosts.

In the evening my presence attracted persons of note, for the most part farmers of the chiefs, all Calvinists, whose wish to be agreeable to me made them very communicative. To my great astonishment, these people seemed to have only one single and mutual preoccupation, that of the future of their race or of their country, and it was not the rumors of annexation which disturbed them, but of the fate which awaited them under the rule of the presumptive heir to the crown. One fact among others, told with a prodigious exuberance of details by one of my chief visitors, marvelously depicts the nature of these anxieties. This is the story in two words, that is to say, stripped of its oratorical embellishments.

It took place during the month of last April in Honolulu. About a hundred citizens, bearing gifts, stood before the palace gates, where the guards refused them entrance. After a while Prince Liholiho advanced toward the assemblage and asked what they wanted. "To see the king," was the cry from all sides. "But what do you want from the king? Tell me, and I shall transmit to him your message."

"We do not want to have anything to do with you; it is the king we wish to see, who takes care of our bones (interests)." Liholiho, swift of foot and with a willing heart, returned to the palace where he reported what had taken place. Oaki, two times grand chamberlain, was then dispatched to the demonstrators, with the mission of bringing them into the palace. The audience, stopping respectfully at the foot of the flight of steps, prostrated themselves before him while exclaiming: "O King, Thou who takest care of our bones, who governs us with so much kindness, our love to you! Hail, to our Father! What that we might all not survive you, and so escape the evil treatment of your successor!" Greatly moved, the king replied: "Calm yourselves, my children; Liholiho is young, his petulance will have had time to disappear before my death will summon him to the throne."

Then addressing his heir: "Observe," he said to him, "what one gains by being brusque and violent. You are not loved. Instead of imitating me, who have never broken the smallest calabash of any of my subjects, you fly into a passion, you

smash things, at times you even cause blood to flow. If you do not change your ways, I shall revoke my arrangements! I shall bequeath the kingdom to your sister (Victoria Kamamalu), who will better know how to gain the favor of the people!" I should add that the truth of the narrator was confirmed to me in the presence of the abbot and all the household, through the personal testimony of Kekai, the farmer and friend of Chief Kaeo.

June 26th

Being awakened a long time before dawn and during a flood of talk by the cry of the daughter of my host at the onset of another attack of epilepsy, I assisted in the treatment of the sick girl, which consisted of rubbing her eyelids with the juice of raw onion. Her husband – the American – treated here himself with an air full of confidence in the efficacy of a remedy for which he was indebted to a Chinese *Aesculapius* [physician], which was supposed to have the virtue not also of bringing about promptly a sleep in which the crisis would disappear without leaving any traces. What should one believe from these assertions? I was not in a position to say, lacking a counterproof. One thing was certain, and that was that the onion, as one might have expected, had made tears run from the eyes of the young girl.

After breakfast, when the patient having waked up to take up her normal course without being aware of the alarm which she had caused us, I left for the mountain, where I went to collect plants profitably in a soil often swampy, carpeted with liverwort, hepaticae (Marchantiaceae) and ferns. Growing besides common species (*Byronia* [*Ilex*], *Astelia*, *Pittosporum*, *manono* (*Gouldia*) of the coffee family, etc.), I saw species rare or new to me, notably a large *Carex* (sedge), a ligenous violet with small white flowers, some Sapotaceae, Rutaceae (*alani*), and Lobeliaceae (Campanulales), a kind of *Celtis* (Ulmaceae) [probably *Streblus*, a 'ia 'i in the closely related family Moraceae], etc.

Armed with an abundant collection, but smeared with mud up to my loins, I returned to Kumueli a little before nightfall. The Portuguese and the abbot advised me that in order to spare me the risk of a night as troubled as the preceding one, had prepared for me a bed in the home of the judge. I thanked them for the effort and we all made merry together at Pua'ahala. An excellent supper, rich in fish, was served me by Kekai and Kanae, the half-Frenchman of Mapulehu, who remained that night under my roof, while the others went back home at the end of the evening. The population of the area, entirely Calvinistic, regarded themselves as being very devoted and of exemplary behavior; but thanks to the indiscretions of Kanae, I did not delay in asking myself whether under these edifying exteriors

were not hidden the same vices as elsewhere, and whether license is not as great when one is under the protection of sneaks, stool-pigeons, as the *Ekaletia* [church] here, the men of the church.

Two sloops and two whalers have arrived from Lahaina during the day, with Rivière in one group and Mr. Bolles in the other. The latter was said to have come here to regain his health.

June 27th

The rainy season going on in the interior obliged me to stay on the seacoast, where I walked at random in the direction of Kalua‘aha. Several times, in order to escape strong downpours, I sought refuge in the nearest cabin, and found in almost every case jovial women, carefree, enterprising, generally occupied in weaving straw matting with pandanus leaves, or making hats called Panama made with the stems of a Cyperaceae growing in the ponds. Kekai came to meet me in one of these houses, and from the time of his arrival, the women, who regarded him as a pillar of the Calvinist church (*ekaletia*), assumed airs of devout prudery, except to stick out their tongue at him whenever his back was turned. This did not prove anything, except that it was said that on Moloka‘i the fair sex was more hypocritical than it is elsewhere, so that the missionaries are deluded in their belief that the corrupting influence from strangers is less prevalent here; but proves merely that Christianity has just skimmed the surface, is only skin-deep, and that it will take more than one generation to change the customs of a country.

Naturam capellas furca, tamen usque recurret – Though you drive out nature with a pitchfork, it always returns.

Accompanied by Kekai, I continued my promenade as far as the shop of Reverend Dwight, where I found some communications sent from Honolulu through Lahaina. Mr. Wyllie, on the occasion of his triple report – as minister of foreign affairs, of war, and of the naval forces – wrote me at length – and asked me many questions relative to a work on official statistics. – Mr. Landais, the chancellor who succeeded Mr. Letteillier, informed me that the letter had left for Guayaquil, after having sent a challenge to Mr. Perrin, and having had revenge for a refusal given him by issuing a song and a pamphlet which he had had sent to all the major officers of the crown and to all the consuls. Mr. Bolles, the convalescent whose acceptance of hospitalization on the island of Maui is still present in my mind, came and took over a house a few steps from Dwight's shop which he had rented for two weeks. I went to pay my respects to him, and seated myself once more at his table, as before, well supplied with preserves and American drinks. While complaining of the state of his health, he kept silent on the nature of his sickness

and it was not the diet regime which I saw him following which helped me understand it. On my leavetaking, he slipped into my pocket a flask of brandy, for which I paid 15 francs in his home in Lahaina.

I directed myself to Kalaeloa, where I met Rivière camping with his wife on the seashore, near his boat, under a canvas sail in lieu of a tent. The unfortunate man was suffering from a sore on his left foot, the aspect of which looked serious, and which he hoped to cure with an unguent brought yesterday from Honolulu. To see the beach of Kalaeloa, where the water is deep and sheltered from the waves of the open ocean by a coral reef, one would think it would be very easy to make out of it a fine harbor: one would have only to cut an opening in the coral reef. The rain did not stop during the entire afternoon. I returned to Pua‘ahala soaked to the skin, and I passed the evening there making up a list with the assistance of Kekai of fish (88 named kinds) and of birds (22 named kinds). The natives found the weather cold and really shivered. In this immediate neighborhood of Pua‘ahala, all the walls of the cattle pens are constructed out of a kind of lava unusual because of the size and number of crystals it contains. These volcanic stones must have been washed there by torrents descending from the heights of the *pali* to the shore.

June 28th

In spite of the threat of bad weather, which made the most intrepid of the natives retreat, I confronted the mountain with Joseph and advanced by way of the valley of Mapulehu as far as the *pali* of Wailau. Everywhere the soil was frightfully moistened; also the temptation to go back seized me more than once. Finally I was recompensed for my perseverance by the sight of numerous *Achatinella* snails, the species of which at least, adorned with pretty spots, was in all probability new. In several live specimens of this species or variety I found at the very base of the whorl one and ever two miniscule *Achatinellae*, of the size of a grain of millet (bird seed), perfectly alive, seeming to prove to my great astonishment, that I was dealing with a viviparous mollusk. This discovery, plus more than one rich crop of types of shrubby trees, made me forget that I had been splashing around in the mud since morning, and since noon in a pelting rain.

On returning towards evening, I met a half dozen giggling girls, who were coming out of the sewing school of Mrs. Andrews. The most playful of them left the group and walked by my side, under the pretext of giving me shelter under her umbrella. As we went along she chattered incessantly about the reports of the missionaries all of which she carried in her heart, affording the best place, however, to one of them who had married a daughter of the country. Having arrived at the door of my lodging, she flatly expressed to me her desire to spend the night there; but care

about my reputation obliged me to appear to be ungrateful, but although I exercised discretion as much as possible, it was not without resentment that that the frank child suggested that I invite her to speak to the neighbors. Spent with fatigue and need for sleep, I went to bed after changing my clothes without taking any nourishment.

June 29th

A day of wind and rain. Although it was not cold (temperature at 22° minimum) the humidity had a depressing effect on the natives, causing them to feel chilly and kept them confined to their homes. Many of them preferred to fast rather than get wet going out to fish, a fact which never ceased to seem strange to me on the part of an amphibious people.

Father Aubert, believing that there was nothing more to be done in this island infected with Calvinism, came to tell me that he would take advantage of the first chance to return to the Maui shore, where the divine word fell on a soil less arid.

"What? You would abandon me, my excellent Father? And I was counting on you to be my guide on the island of Lāna‘i! And you can always rely on me. When do you plan on leaving?"

"Tomorrow, even today if I can find a convenient ship. I pray God that it will not be later than tomorrow; but in any case I shall wait for you."

"Thank you. Goodbye! I am going at once to get in touch with our boatman."

Unfortunate Rivière whom I surprised, as on the other day, under the sail which served him as a tent, told me that he could no longer navigate, that his affected foot caused him too much pain, that his seamen were engaged elsewhere, and he referred me to Mr. Bolles, whose ship was anchored next to his. I hurried to see Mr. Bolles at his home. He told me that his captain would be absent for several days more and sent me to Mr. Dwight, whose sloop had arrived that morning in Mapulehu. Finally, Mr. Dwight told me that his ship had to leave the next morning for Lahaina; but he hastened to add that nothing prevented him from putting in at the shore of Lāna‘i and letting me disembark there. And so the arrangements were made.

As I was taking leave of Mr. Dwight, he invited me to glance over his collection of *Achatinella*, not so rich as mine, even in the species of Moloka‘i. I expected also, remembering especially his admirable school, to see a more agreeable habitation, a more pleasant interior. The disorder and the untidiness there struck the eye at once. Decidedly, the estimable reverend, as rich as he was, lived less like a gentleman than the poorest of his colleagues. Who knows if he has not recognized by now the fact that an American woman would have been infinitely

superior for him, as manager of the home and as companion than a Hawaiian woman.

Having returned home I found there the abbot in discussion with Kekai about a passage in the Bible. Their subject exhausted, they began an interminable discussion about the Apocalypse and on the origin of the papacy; but I was too much occupied with my packing to judge the blows which they exchanged.

The island of Moloka'i, as it appeared to me as I was about to leave it, is a narrow strip of land, which extends along the 21st parallel for about 40 miles, without ever reaching a quarter of this figure at any point in width, and I do not think that its highest summit is more than 1,100 meters [the summit reaches 1,515 m]. The impression which I carry away is somewhat confused, without luster, in short, like the country itself. Although its vegetation is remarkable from a scientific point of view, it has almost nothing from a point of view of the picturesque. Not a single tree in the landscape, just one or two groups of coconut trees over the entire periphery of the coast: it is without doubt this fact which gives the island, taken as a whole, the appearance of an arid and uninhabitable land.

June 30th

A luminous monster, which I had seen in a dream, a sort of phosphorescent chimera in which were anastomosed all the beasts of the Apocalypse mentioned by the disputants the day before, woke me up at three o'clock in the morning, with the onset of a fever which I hurried to fight with a dose of quinine. Without doubt it was due to the unusual humidity of which the inhabitants had been complaining for the past several days.

At 7 o'clock, after having sent on my servants and my baggage in two dug-out canoes, I left myself with the abbot, the Portuguese, Kekai, Kanae, and other friends, all on horseback, for the cape of Mapulehu, where the sloop was moored. Braving the rain, several islanders, men and women, came to greet me as I passed by. I met also the Reverend Claudius Andrews, with whom I exchanged some words of politeness. As soon as I arrived alongside the little sloop, where there remained just sufficient room for the abbot and myself, the captain, a *hapa-haole* named Halemake, warned me that on the entreaties of other passengers, particularly of three Americans anxious to return to Lahaina, he gave up the idea of turning aside from his route to get me to Lāna'i. I accepted his decision all the more readily because this morning, on putting in order my bank accounts, I discovered that my purse was very nearly empty and that it was impossible to fill it up again except in Lahaina.

We set sail at 8:30 a.m. A gentle breeze in spite of the swell drove us in less than two hours on to the coast of Maui (Kā'anapali), opposite a jagged, blackish hillock having every appearance of an old crater. Then the wind died down completely, and it was the sculls (oars) that made the crossing possible. All the passengers of European origin were seasick, I as well as the others, with this difference, that I was spared the vomiting, a fact which, however, does not mean that I was less seasick. At 12:30 p.m. we arrived in Lahaina where we dropped anchor beside two schooners, the only ships which were in the roadstead. I left the ship at once and went directly to the palace of Lanikeha. The old devoted Kaleleiki informed me that the chiefess was still in Honolulu while her husband* remained at Wailuku "being consumed with leprosy (*ma 'i lepera*)." Haukini, always governor in the absence of his father, came to pay me a visit. He said that he was not feeling well, and he could not give me any news about the war in Europe. The other high officers of Lahaina came likewise to bid me welcome.

*This unlucky chief, called Naea, was one of the first victims of leprosy in the Sandwich islands. He died on Maui at the beginning of October 1854, leaving an only daughter, Emma, the most accomplished, if not the most alluring of Hawaiian women; she became queen of the country through her marriage to Kamehameha IV.

According to the *Revue des Deux-Mondes*, usually well informed, Queen Emma had lost her parents when she was very young (issue of November 1, 1885, p.80). The fact is that, upon the death of her father, Emma was no younger than 18, and that, more than twenty years afterwards, her venerable mother, Chiefess Pau?? Kekela (alias Fanny Young) was still in good health. (Note by the author).