MARY ANDERSON

SCENES IN THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS AND CALIFORNIA

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Содержание

Mary Evarts Anderson
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I
From New York to Aspinwall

"TELL us a story, aunty, – tell us a story," came in pleading tones from a group of children; and they watched my face with eager eyes to see if I looked willing.

"A story, children; what shall it be about?"

"About the places you went to while you were gone, and the people you saw."

"Now, aunty," said Carrie, who was one of the older ones, "we are going to be here a whole month, and if you will tell us a story every day, we shall know all about your journey."

I thought the matter over for a few minutes. "Well, children," said I, "I'll make a bargain with you. If you will promise to get your work done nicely every day by four o'clock, I will tell you a story until tea-time."

"A bargain! a bargain!" shouted the children.

It was winter when we went away, you remember, though

there was no snow on the ground. We went on board the steamer Ocean Queen, in New York, on the 12th of January. Uncle George went down with us, and what a crowd there was on the wharf, – men and boys, coachmen and porters! It was some time before our carriage could get inside the wharf-gates, and when I got out, it seemed as if horses' heads were all about me; but seeing Uncle George was not afraid, I took courage, and keeping close behind him, soon left the horses. I found the people were worse than the horses; but after many jostlings and pushings, I got into the saloon, safe and sound, all but a rent in my dress.

Grandma and I stayed there, while grandpa and Uncle George went to look after the baggage. Strangers were all around us, and we couldn't tell who were our fellow-voyagers, and who not. Soon one and another of our friends came to say good-by. It was all very much confused, and we were glad finally when we were actually off.

Then I took a look at the stateroom where we were to spend ten nights. What a little box, almost too small to turn round in! – and our berths had so little space between them that we couldn't sit up at all. We went to bed early, quite disgusted with sea-life to begin with, and were wondering how we could get along for ten days thus cooped up, with hard beds, and not much to eat; for we had had no dinner that day, when – crash! a shock – and the machinery stopped! What could it be? Heads were popped out of staterooms, and "What's the matter?" was in every mouth. We had run into a small schooner, which had imprudently tried

to cross our bows. For an hour there was noise overhead, – men running across the deck; and then all was still, only the thump, thump of our engine; so we went to sleep, thanking our Heavenly Father that no worse thing had happened to us.

"Aunty," said Harry, "what became of the poor schooner?"

We gave her one of our boats, and the captain thought he could get her into port; but she leaked badly, and I afterwards heard he had to run her ashore on some beach just out of New York.

Next morning, in my forgetfulness, I attempted to sit up in my berth, and gave my head a great bump on grandma's berth. On the third night out we had a heavy gale, and one of our sails was blown away with a noise like that of a cannon.

"Aunty," said little Alice, "do steamers have sails?"

Yes, we always had a sail on the foremast; it steadies the ship, and if the wind is right helps the vessel. Almost every body was sea-sick during that gale, for it lasted two days. We went scarcely a hundred miles, and were off Savannah when it cleared up.

"Oh, I know where Savannah is," said Harry; "it was in my last geography lesson."

When Sabbath came, it was very rough, so we could not have preaching. We sung a few hymns, but were rather quiet, when the cry, "Porpoises! porpoises!" made us run to the side of the vessel; and sure enough, there was a whole school of them rolling along in great glee. They are light brown fishes, varying in shade, some four feet long, some less. The female and young keep side by side, and leap out of the water at the same time. They jump

out of the white crest of one wave into the next, racing along, seeming to try and keep up with the ship. It was very exciting, and the passengers shouted; for, excepting a few birds, they were the first living thing out of the ship we had seen for six days. All the rest of that day we were running so near the Florida coast that we could see the green trees on shore. We could hardly believe it was mid-winter. The water looked shallow, and we grazed the end of a sand-bank, after which they kept the vessel farther from the shore. We saw some great green sea-turtles that day; they were about three feet long. Our wheel turned one over on his back. I wanted to watch him; but we soon left him far, far behind.

We went round by the west of Cuba, to keep out of the way of the pirate Alabama. Monday morning, about nine o'clock, we came in sight of a gunboat. Soon after passing her, boom! went her cannon, and we came to a stand-still. She sent her boat with an officer, who came on board and got newspapers. That gunboat is stationed there to give warning of pirates, I suppose, and she is required to stop every vessel. The final excitement was left for Tuesday morning, when we were near Cape San Antonio, Cuba. While at breakfast, word came that there were two steamers ahead. It was whispered about that the larger was the Alabama; so we all went on deck to get a good look. Though they showed the Union flag, we were rather suspicious of them; and when they both started in pursuit and fired their cannon, our captain steamed in toward the land; for if vessels get within three miles of a neutral shore, no hostile craft can touch them. We came to

anchor in plain sight of Cuba's green hills, and waited anxiously for our pursuers, who had fired a second cannon. They both lowered a boat. We feared we should see the rebel rag, but were joyful when our own stars and stripes were unrolled to the breeze. The vessels proved to be the Wachusett, Com. Wilkes's flagship, and the gunboat Sonoma, Capt. Stevens. So there ended our fright about pirates. For the next two days we were sailing across the Caribbean Sea, and on Friday, Jan. 23, about eight o'clock in the evening, went up Navy Bay to the wharf at Aspinwall. It was too dark to see the groves of cocoa-nuts on shore; so I had to wait for my view of tropical trees until morning.

There is the tea-bell; so we shall have to pause here until to-morrow.

II
Isthmus of Darien

AS soon as the clock struck four, Carrie, Alice, Willie, and Harry reminded me of my promise, and having all finished their work, were ready for story Number Two.

"Aunty," said Carrie, "Alice and I have finished our squares of patchwork, and Willie and Harry have weeded that flower-bed for grandpa; so you see we have done our part of the bargain, and now we have come for your part."

I'm all ready for my part, said I.

Before we arrived at Aspinwall, old travelers told us that if we got there before ten at night, we should have to leave the steamer and go to the hotels. We were, therefore, selfishly relieved to find that all the hotels had been burned to the ground about Christmas time. So we stayed on board the steamer that night, and how glad we were to think it was our last night there. We heard that the steamer upon which we were to embark on the other side was a very large one, and about five in the morning, after a comfortless breakfast of poor coffee without milk, and hard bread, we turned our back on the Ocean Queen, without regret. A stout, half-naked negro shouldered our baggage, and we were actually treading the soil of the Isthmus of Darien.

"Did he carry your trunks, aunty?" said Willie.

Oh, no, dear, we had our trunks all weighed the day before. We were only allowed fifty pounds of baggage apiece, and for all over that we had to pay ten cents for every pound. They gave grandpa checks for the trunks; so the man only took our bags and deck chairs. He took what we ourselves couldn't carry.

On the beach near us, was the stranded wreck of the British ship Avon, a large, noble vessel, lying on her side. In a gale some time ago, she dragged her anchors, I believe, and was blown by the wind far up on the sand.

It was quite a picturesque scene at the cars, in the early morning light. We passed through a small grove of cocoa-nuts. I really was disappointed in them; but these were dwarf-trees, and not good samples. The passengers were standing in groups with their bags at their feet, or on the head of some native near by. The cars were before us, and native women passed about with their waiters of fruit and cakes. They were dressed in white or light-colored muslin or calico skirts, flounced, torn, and dirty; a white chemise, with a ruffle round the neck trimmed with lace, and a bandanna handkerchief tied round the head completed their toilet. In a picture it would look very well; as it was, one dreaded too close a contact, they were so dirty. Some of their attitudes were very graceful. The men had on shirts and pantaloons, the former generally worn as a sack. After much scrambling, we were seated in the cars, hot and disgusted.

"Hot, aunty, and in January too?" said Carrie.

If you look on your map, you will find that Aspinwall is not

very far from the equator. They have no winter there, and the sun is very powerful.

Soon after we started, all other feelings were lost in intense delight at the luxuriant tropical verdure about us. Aspinwall is on a coral island close to the shore, and is low and unhealthy. The name of the island is Manzanilla. The natives call the town Colon, from Columbus or Christoval Colon, as his name is in Spanish. The railroad was five years in being built, under almost unheard-of difficulties; and any person going over it might learn to appreciate some of them, after seeing the rich, tangled, luxuriant vegetation in the low, wet grounds. How I longed to know the names of the beautiful flowers fringing the road; but no one could tell me. First we passed through a swamp of purple and white azaleas; then one of snowy callas; then near a bank hidden from view by heavy morning-glory vines in bloom, still dripping with dew. We saw a great many specimens of what I was told was the "long palm;" it looked to me like a kind of brake or fern, with drooping branches twenty feet in length. There were trees with hardly a leaf; but each branch and twig crowned with orange-yellow blossoms. Again we would see a tree covered with feathery, purple flowers. Along some parts of the way, was a profusion of "Indian shot," so called, I suppose, because the seeds are black, hard, and round, looking like large shot. Here and there drooped a vine with brilliant scarlet blossoms. Once in a while we would see the deep green of the orange-tree, or the lighter foliage of the lemon, and finally a banana-tree, with its bunch of

fruit, gladdened my eyes. There were many trees with parasitic plants growing on them, looking as if ropes were hanging from them. It is said that if one of these groves of ferns on the Isthmus is cut down, in three months the vegetation has grown so rapidly as to look as if no human hand had ever interfered with them. One wanted several pairs of eyes to take in all the beauty of the scene.

There were various way-stations upon the railroad, having neat white houses, with a piazza upon both stories. Before and around some of them are pretty gardens, with bright flowers, conspicuous among them being our fragrant roses, such as rarely bloom with us except in green-houses. We passed many native huts grouped in small villages, with their inhabitants sitting in the doorway or lounging about the premises, the children running round half naked or entirely so. Most of these people are freed Jamaica slaves. They seemed to be a happy but indolent race. Fruits grow about them with such prodigality as to require but little exertion to obtain the necessities of life. Their huts are made of bamboo rods, thatched with palm-leaves.

But there is the tea-bell.

III
Panama

"COME, come, aunty," shouted Willie, "the clock has struck four; so put down your sewing, and tell us about Panama. We've finished our work beautifully, grandma says." So I began.

When we reached Panama, about nine o'clock, it was very warm and sultry. The soil is sandy. Though the present city of Panama is not more than two hundred years old, it has an ancient and dilapidated appearance. The climate is such that even the stones decay, and worms destroy the wood. The houses are all tiled and look oddly enough. The tiles resemble the half of an earthen water-pipe, and are of a light brick-color. We had quite a laugh on the wharf at our grotesque appearance, likening ourselves to emigrants; for our bags, chairs, shawls, and umbrellas were all laid in a heap, and grandma and I sat on them, while grandpa went off to make arrangements for going on board the steamer, or spending the day in the city. The natives bowed before us with their baskets of fruit, which they offered for sale.

"What fruit was it, aunty?" asked little Alice.

Mangoes, pineapples, limes, oranges, and bananas. They had also rolls, cakes, and pies. Then some came with the native wine, and with milk and lemonade, which the man said was "nice lomonard!"

We decided to stay in Panama until afternoon, when a small boat would take us off to our noble steamship, the Constitution. We left our baggage at the station, and took the railway omnibus, drawn by mules, which were driven by a negro, up to the "first-class hotel, – the Aspinwall House." He took us a distance of half a mile, perhaps, at the moderate charge of fifty cents apiece! The streets of Panama are very narrow, and the driver had to call out every once in a while to clear the road, so that we might pass. The hotel is built round a court. The parlor is in the third story, and is quite comfortably furnished, while from the walls hang oil paintings, which, with their frames, might in New York be worth two dollars and a half apiece. Two long windows opened out on a balcony, and commanded a view of the hoary tiled roofs of the city. There was a center-table in the room, which interested me much. It had pictures pasted under the varnish, some colored, some not. There was a pair of scissors, a pen, a needle-case, wafers, – all looking just as if you could pick them up. What a nice breakfast we had there! every thing tasted so good on shore.

"Aunty," said Harry, "tell us what you had for breakfast."

Let me see if I can remember. First we had fish and eggs, with fried potatoes and bananas. Then we had beefsteak, coffee, tea, and iced claret, as it isn't safe to drink the water there.

After breakfast, we sallied out to see the sights. We walked across the public square, down to the fortifications, and there gathered some beautiful yellow flowers, which I pressed. We saw plenty of natives in their scant dresses. One little black fellow I

was particularly amused with. He had on a little blue shirt, which his mother had tied up in a knot in the middle of his back; and there he was enjoying his mud pies, and keeping his clothes clean too. We walked down on the beach outside the city walls; for Panama is a walled town. Here we picked up shells on the sand. The little crabs were very thick, and scampered away from under our feet to their sandy holes, the opening of which looked as round and even as if made by a cane, – just such as I used to make when I was a little girl, after a hard rain, with the tip of my umbrella. As we wandered over the rocks, for it was low tide, we found an exquisite little natural aquarium, all stocked with its tiny inhabitants. It was a circular rock, with two irregular terraces, and at its top a little basin, deep here and shallow there; its bottom was all covered with little spots of pearly whiteness, looking as if inlaid. The little shell-fish clung lovingly to its side; the crabs, in their borrowed tenements, crept securely about; and the funny little fishes darted through the cool, clear waters. Many a wealthy nobleman would like to have that treasure of nature in his garden; yet perhaps no human eye had ever noted its beauty before.

"Aunty, what do you mean by the borrowed tenements of the crabs?" asked Carrie.

There is one kind of crab that likes to live in a shell; so if they find one empty, they take possession of it; they are called "hermit crabs." We often used to pick up a shell with a crab in it.

At three o'clock we went to the cathedral, which was open at that hour. The front of it is rather imposing; but the doors

are roughly boarded up, and do not look as well as our common barn-doors. We went in at a side-door. There are many shrines adorned with tinsel and cotton lace, but neither beautiful nor pleasing. There was a little girl, a child of one of our fellow-passengers, in the cathedral; and knowing that grandpa was a minister, she walked up to him and said, "Do you preach here?" The chief features of interest to me were the pointed towers at either side of the front, which are roofed with pearl shells. Pearls of great beauty are found on various parts of the coast, and there are stores particularly devoted to the sale of them. We visited the ruins of a Jesuit college, also the old church of San Domingo. Some of the arches in the latter are well preserved, and are crested with beautiful shrubs and vines in full bloom. The natives called us "Americanos" as we passed. About four, we took our places again in the omnibus, and in a little while were at the wharf, where we bought a supply of bananas, oranges, and pineapples. Embarking again on the little steam-tug, we enjoyed a pleasant sail across the Bay of Panama, with the city and its crumbling walls behind us. In about half an hour we came in sight of a large fleet of steamers; for it is here the company keep their spare vessels. Among them were the St. Louis, California, Guatemala, and our own beautiful Constitution, – larger and finer than any of the others, with our old voyage companions smiling their greetings over its side. It seemed a long while since we had seen them, and it was quite like getting home to have them about us.

We lay at anchor all night, and the next morning, Jan. 25, at six o'clock, our Pacific voyage commenced. We passed in the bay the mountainous island Toboga, with a pretty little village lying snugly cradled at its base. From this island's cool, clear, springs, the drinking water of Panama, is obtained.

"Don't they have wells in Panama?" inquired Carrie.

Yes; but the water is brackish and warm.

"What is 'brackish,' aunty?" said Alice.

Having a salt taste, – not pure. Our Constitution was very different from the Ocean Queen, it being very clean and sweet. When we went on board, the dinner-table was set in the long saloon, and every thing looked as in our best hotels. We occupied a nice stateroom, having a French bed with curtains, a sofa, a mirror on the wall, and some very convenient shelves. We had, also, good washing arrangements; so that we were well settled for a two weeks' voyage. There were three waiters to each table, while there was but one on the other steamer. The dessert was prettily arranged, on tables at either end of the saloon. All the orders were given by a bell. The waiters went together to the dessert-tables, and each took a dish of pudding, or cake, or fruit and nuts, perhaps. The bell struck, and they moved in procession to their places, when at another signal they placed the dishes upon the table.

Ah! there is *our* bell, and we must go. Carrie, you may head the procession.

IV
From Panama to San Francisco

"AUNTY, where are you?" cried little Alice, and then a gentle knock on my door reminded me that it was four o'clock. "We are all ready waiting in the sitting-room, and Fanny Mason is there, too, because she wants to hear our stories. You are willing; an't you, aunty?"

Oh, yes, Alice, any of your friends may come that wish. So I took my little pet's hand, and went down to my waiting group to tell my story.

We had beautiful summer weather, and quite forgot that it was January. On the 29th we passed a distant volcano, and early in the morning saw the smoke at its summit. The name of the volcano is Colenso, and it is in Guatemala. It was first seen in the night, and our men sent up a rocket as a signal, supposing it to be the light of another steamer, but they soon saw their mistake.

The coast is mountainous all the way to San Francisco; we kept it in sight nearly all the time except when crossing the Gulfs of Tehuantepec and California. The sea was almost invariably smooth.

We arrived at Acapulco, in Mexico, Saturday, Jan. 31, at daybreak; having sailed 1,440 miles in six days. As grandpa and grandma were not going on shore, I had not thought of doing so;

but quite a party of our acquaintance went, and I was invited to join them. I was glad to go; for I longed to step on Mexican soil.

We had a native boat and four rowers. The sail was a very pleasant one, and we were soon on the low, sandy beach. Part of the town was destroyed by an earthquake two years ago; but the adobe houses are so simply constructed that they can be rebuilt with little difficulty.

"What are *adobe* houses?" asked Carrie.

Houses built of hardened clay. They take a mold like the sides of a box with the bottom out, and press it full of mud; when turned out, it looks like a great mud brick, and is left for the sun to dry.

We went up to the market-place, where the Mexican women, children, and dogs were all huddled together, with their wares spread out in most tempting array; coral, colored with most brilliant dyes; shells of various kinds, some on long strings like necklaces, and some single and highly polished. Fruits were plenty, – bananas, granadas, oranges, and limes. We had our chocolate and eggs ordered; but just at that moment, boom! went our ship's cannon to recall us, so we had to go back without our breakfast; but we took some beautiful flowers and a few shells. The forts had been bombarded by the French about a month before, but looked as if they were little injured. The harbor is small, but one of the finest on the whole Pacific coast. The native boys swam out to the ship, and would dive for silver coin thrown to them. It was astonishing to see how far down in the water they

would go for it, and almost invariably get it. Then they would put it in their mouths, and be ready for another. One boy, the quickest of the lot, must have had a dozen pieces in his mouth at one time.

A shark and a devil-fish came near the ship —

"A *devil-fish*!" the children all exclaimed; "*why*, what sort of a fish is that?"

It is very large, having a pointed head with projecting fins of great breadth, triangular and resembling wings, making the fish broader than it is long, even including the tail. The encyclopædia says one was caught in the Atlantic, off Delaware Bay, in 1823, which was so heavy as to require three pairs of oxen, a horse, and several men to drag it ashore. It weighed about five tons, and measured seventeen and a quarter feet long, and eighteen feet broad; the skin was blackish-brown, and underneath, black and white; its mouth was two feet nine inches wide, and the skull five feet. One was captured in the harbor of Kingston on the island of Jamaica, which had strength enough to drag three or four boats fastened together at the rate of four miles an hour. The mouth of this one was four and a half feet wide, and three feet deep, large enough to contain the body of a man.

The day after we left Acapulco was the Sabbath, and we had service in the saloon in the morning, which made it seem quite like a home Sabbath, and many were delighted to have a "real Sunday." A table was covered with an American flag; this was the pulpit. The Bible was laid on it, and grandpa preached. We sat around on the saloon sofas. The captain could not attend, as

we were nearing the town of Manzanilla. Just as the sermon was finished, we stopped before that picturesque village. I believe the town proper is inland. The few houses on the shore looked very neat, being white-washed, making a very pretty contrast with the deep green of the lofty hills beyond.

After two hours' sail from Manzanilla, we passed the wreck of the steamer Golden Gate, which was burned some time since, causing the loss of so many lives. Vessels are stationed there to procure treasure from the wreck, and we received from them more than two hundred thousand dollars to carry to San Francisco.

One of our officers was on the Golden Gate when it was burned, and he told some thrilling stories of the disaster. A great many strong, grown people were drowned in the terrible surf; yet one little baby, only six weeks old, floated safely to the shore. God took care of her, you see. The men carried her by turns, as they walked their weary way over the mountains to Manzanilla, and fed her with scraped potato, a barrel of potatoes having washed ashore.

How many sorrowful feelings were called up by the sight of that one wheel lying on the beach; for that is all that is left of the ill-fated Golden Gate! How many lives were lost in those peaceful waters over which we were sailing so pleasantly! Our officers told us that it was just such a bright, beautiful day; but the surf here is very high, and with our glass we could see it foaming and tossing on the beach. In our hearts many of us thanked God

for our present safety, and prayed him to save us from such a fate. Just before we neared the wreck, we passed by some rocks on the coast, looking just like a ruined castle, with beautiful green trees all around them, as if it were a nobleman's garden.

It is not easy to keep the Sabbath properly on one of these ocean steamers; for little distinction is observed in the days by the crew. We did, however, the best we could. It seemed more like the Sabbath in the evening, when a goodly number of us collected together in the saloon, and sung hymns and tunes, just as many of us would have done were we in our loved homes, so far away. That night we commenced crossing the Gulf of California, and all day Monday we saw no land. Almost every evening we walked upon the upper deck, which was a very fine promenade three hundred and seventy feet long.

Tuesday we saw Cape St. Lucas, which you know is the end of the long peninsula of California, and were in sight of the shore all the way after that. I was constantly surprised at the grandeur of this western coast, with its magnificent chains of mountains, rising peak above peak, and fleecy clouds resting on their summits. There was no break in these chains all the way to San Francisco. I heard them called the backbone of America, and they are among the grandest works of the Creator. After passing Cape St. Lucas, we had colder weather.

But I must not forget to tell you of my going around the ship, with the commodore, when he was "inspecting" it. Grandma was not well enough to go, but grandpa and I went. How I wish you

could have peeped with me into all the cupboards and utensils, and have seen how neat every thing was, – the dishes were so white, the glasses so clear, and the tins so bright! The commodore rubbed his fingers inside of a kettle, and if they were the least bit soiled, it would have to be done over again. On one shelf was a great pile of loaves of bread. We went into the slaughter-room, to see the butcher's establishment; it was as clean and sweet as a kitchen. The little lamb, three days old, was brought out for my amusement, and doubtless pleased its mamma very much by showing off, and saying "baa," like a dutiful child! What a funny party we were, the portly commodore with your small aunty leaning on his arm, he sliding through narrow doors sideways, pulling me after him; then tall grandpa, and our little thin surgeon following in his train! I asked the head steward to tell me how much he cooked every day for all on board. We had about five hundred passengers, beside officers and crew. He told me fifty gallons of soup, fifty pounds of mutton, ninety pounds of pork, four hundred and seventy-five pounds of beef, sixteen pounds of ham, twenty-four chickens, ten turkeys, eight hundred pounds of potatoes, two barrels of flour, making two hundred and twenty-five loaves of bread, fifty pies, forty-five pounds of butter, five pounds of lard, five pounds of cheese, and ten gallons of milk. Just think what a great boarding-house our steamer was!

On the 7th of February, we entered the "Golden Gate" of California, and about four o'clock were at the wharf at San Francisco.

"The *Golden Gate*!" said wee Alice, in astonishment, "They don't really have a golden gate; do they?"

We all laughed at the little one's earnestness, and then I told her it was only a narrow entrance to San Francisco Bay, perhaps a mile wide between the headlands.

"Well, what do they call it so for?" said she.

I suppose because a great many who went to California thought they would get a great deal of gold, and as they all went through that narrow entrance, it was called the Golden Gate.

"Supper, supper," here cried grandma. "Don't you hear the bell?" and again it sounded its merry summons to tea.

V
San Francisco

"AUNTY," said Willie at my elbow, "we are waiting for you. You know we arrived at San Francisco yesterday, and we want to hear about it now." So I went down to my little flock of listeners.

We stayed at the "Lick House" on Montgomery Street, —

"*Lick House!*" cried Harry. "What a funny name! What made them call it so?"

It was named for a Mr. Lick, who built it. It is a very nice hotel, and we were very glad to be again on land.

It took our friends but a short time to find out we were there; for we received some calls before we had our bonnets off, and they continued to come until bedtime. Beds! – how delightful to get into a real bed again after being so long in berths; for though, on the Constitution, grandpa and grandma had a bed, I had my narrow shelf.

The next day was the Sabbath. We attended Rev. Mr. Lacy's church in the morning, and heard Rev. Mr. Bartlett of Santa Cruz preach. In the afternoon, we went out to the "Mission Dolores," to the installation of Rev. Mr. Beckwith. We were glad to arrive in California in time to see him installed, and it was pleasant for grandpa and Mr. Beckwith to meet again; for the latter was once the President of Oahu College in the Sandwich Islands. All day

Monday, friends came to see us, and were so cordial and kind that it did our hearts good.

Tuesday afternoon, thanks to a kind friend, we went to ride. How delightful it was to be in a carriage again, on a good road, with fine horses, after our imprisonment on board ship! Some of the streets are paved with planks, some partially so; others are very sandy, while some are hard and smooth. We rode over the hills southwest of San Francisco, where we got a fine view of the city and parts of the bay. I had expected to find San Francisco a level place; but it is just the reverse; for it is built on several very high hills. They have been slashed and cut into unmercifully, which greatly injures the looks of the older part of the city. We had a fast trot on the beach near the Ocean House. What a surf! White-crested billows came roaring and tumbling in, seeming as if ready to ingulf us. We passed a poor shattered fragment of a recent wreck, now almost imbedded in the sand, and it made me shudder to think of being wrecked on that cruel shore. It was a vessel but a little smaller than the one we were to sail in; and I sent up a silent petition to our heavenly Father to save us from such a calamity. Our good friend often stopped the carriage to pick us wild-flowers, which were beginning to fringe the roadside, and told us that only a few weeks hence these hills would be rainbow-hued with countless blossoms. Roses grow here in the gardens all the year round, and bouquets graced our table while we remained. On our way back, we rode through the "Mission Dolores," the seat of an old Catholic mission, and stopped at

the church, an ancient looking adobe building, with a tiled roof like the Panama houses. We peeped in; then walked through the burying-ground adjoining, where bloomed a great variety of flowers, among them some beautiful tea-roses. I wanted very much to pick just one; but I saw a notice as I went in, asking us not to do so; and I thought if every visitor plucked even one rose, there would soon be none left. Late in the evening, a beautiful bouquet was handed me, and beside it was one fair, white, exquisite rosebud, which my kind friend said he brought me because I was so good at the burying-ground. You see how much more enjoyment I had over my beautiful flowers, because I refrained from despoiling the grave.

The next day, February 11, we bade good-by to our friends, and went down to the wharf. Some of our fellow-voyagers still continued with us, going on to China, after leaving us at the Sandwich Islands. We went off in a boat to our clipper ship Archer, and were hoisted over the vessel's side in a chair, with the Union Jack wrapped round us.

"What's the *Union Jack*?" asked Willie.

It is a blue flag with white stars. How strange it seemed! – the little boat below me, and the black ship's side near, while I went up, up, up, swung over the rail, and was let down on deck, landing in a group of my fellow-passengers. That was the way they all came. The wind blew hard, and we dragged our anchor; so the vessel "dropped down," as the sailors said, to the lower part of the city, near Meig's wharf. Here we remained two days,

while a storm raged outside the Golden Gate.

Friday, February 13th, we started again, and just after the pilot left us, we were becalmed on the bar, just opposite the terrible breakers I had seen while riding. Here we anchored. The sea was rough and disagreeable, and our captain longed for a stiff breeze to take us out; for it was not a very safe place to be in. Early in the night, we were glad to hear the chain-cable taken on board, and to know that we were actually on our voyage after so many delays.

"Aunty," said Carrie, "I have frequently read of ships 'crossing the bar;' what does it mean?"

There is often a place at the mouth of a river, or at the entrance of a harbor or bay, where the sand is washed up in a sort of bank, making the water shallow just there, so that large ships have to wait until high tide, or when the water is deepest over those sand-banks or bars, to come in.

There were seventeen passengers on board; but we were not all of us on deck together for six days, because the sea was so very rough in consequence of the storm, by which we had been detained in San Francisco Bay. On the 19th of February, we got into the trade-winds, which gave us a steady breeze in the right direction, and for two days we had twenty-eight sails set most of the time. I longed to be where I could get a good view of the ship with so many sails out; for I thought she must look finely.

We had a Chinese steward on board —

"What does a *steward* do on a ship?" interrupted Harry.

He takes charge of the table and provisions, and often acts as cook. He had a hard time in securing the dishes; for notwithstanding the racks, the vessel rolled so that knives and forks slipped off as if they had wings. Racks are narrow strips, an inch or two high, upon each edge of the table, and two in the middle, with about a foot's distance between them. These keep the dishes in place when it is rough. It really did seem as if the worst rolls came while we were at meals; I suppose we noticed them more then. Sometimes there was a general slide, and the passengers would seize a tea-cup with one hand, or a vegetable-dish, or a chicken, while all held on by the table with the other.

Thursday night, the 26th of February, found us off a headland on the island of Oahu, and there we spent our first quiet night since leaving San Francisco. There was a buoy near us, marking the channel. It looked like a square plank, and was anchored with a bell upon it, which, as the waves rolled it back and forth, tolled with a mournful sound.

But there's a bell that doesn't sound mournful. It says, "Come to tea!"

VI
Honolulu

THE clock had hardly finished striking four, when I heard Harry coming up-stairs two at a time, and "Hurra for the Sandwich Islands!" sounded at my door. So I laid down my work, and was soon in my usual seat.

I had been told by some persons from the islands that I must not expect to find every where a green and tropical verdure; for much of the country was barren, unfruitful lava. I was up on deck bright and early, to see this far-off part of the world. There was "Diamond Head" before me, an extinct volcanic mountain, of a sort of reddish dust-color, with its top fallen in, and without a tree or spear of grass. Ah! I thought, with a sigh, if all the islands are like this, it is well to warn people not to expect too much. Soon we moved our position, and sailed toward the port of Honolulu. Then we neared the land, and the pretty little village of Waikiki, with its thatched cottages snugly reposing in a tall cocoa-nut grove; then the green trees of Honolulu, and the extinct crater of the "Punchbowl," its summit fallen in too. But a rent in its side showed us that it was bright and green within, forming a huge meadow with its ragged sides. All these opened before us, in delightful contrast to the desolated crater first seen.

We passed "Telegraph Hill," and soon, in answer to a signal,

our flags were hoisted, and it was known in Honolulu, that the clipper ship Archer, from San Francisco, was outside with a mail; and in less than an hour the postmaster's boat was alongside. Mr. Whitney, the editor of the "Pacific Advertiser," came, also, in his boat to get news and papers. The captain gave the passengers leave to go on shore, and stay till three o'clock, and most of them by the courtesy of Mr. Whitney went in his boat. But the captain claimed two good missionary ladies, who were on their way to Japan, and ourselves as his party; so we waited until he was ready; then we took our seats in the chair, wrapped again in the Union Jack, and were hoisted over into the boat. Just as this pushed off, and we were looking up to the vessel's side, over which were leaning the smiling, kind-hearted sailors, the captain called out, "Boys, can't you give three cheers for the doctor?" Off came every cap, and three rousing hurras filled the air, bringing tears to our eyes, through which we took our last look at the beautiful ship Archer. Then we turned with curiosity to see these islands, so new and strange. I was in quite a puzzle to know how we were going through the surf without upsetting our boat, but there was a break in the coral reef which afforded us a safe entrance. On the wharf were a good many people watching our approach, and we recognized the familiar faces of some missionaries together with those of our fellow-passengers who had landed before us. Many a hearty hand-grasp was given us as we jumped upon the wharf, the passengers saying "Good-by," and our missionary friends giving their warm welcomes to the islands.

After thanking our good captain for his kindness to us, we rode to Rev. Mr. Clark's where our home was to be for a time. We were now actually at the end of our long voyage; and we thanked our heavenly Father for preserving us through dangers seen and unseen. The house itself looked hospitable, – a two-story white building, with a double piazza, all covered by a vine resembling the grape, its bunches of brown seeds making the deception more complete. The doors and windows were all open. I was shown up to a quiet room with white curtains and bed-draperies, from which an open door led out upon the upper piazza and its green festoons of vine. What a relief to eyes that had so long gazed only on the boundless sea!

The missionaries had heard of the arrival of grandpa and grandma, and soon we were told there were callers below; so down we went. What a scene! enough to repay us for all our long journey. There were many whom we had known at our own house, but whom we never dreamed of seeing in their missionary home. Heart met heart then; some were so happy that they cried, and tears were in our own eyes too. Thirty-seven called that day, and we were very weary when night dropped her curtain. Saturday was the same, – callers all day.

The children of missionaries on these islands have formed an association among themselves which they call the "Cousin's Society." There was to be a meeting of this society on Saturday night at Oahu College, Punahou; so we all went, starting about dark. After driving up a winding carriage-road, there burst

suddenly upon us a fairy scene. The principal building was low, with trees and vines about it, and it seemed one blaze of light. The rooms were decorated with exquisite flowers and ferns, and the young ladies and gentlemen were in their gala dresses. Forty "Cousins" were present that night. Grandpa made an address to them, after President Mills had welcomed us. They edit a paper in their society called the "Maile Wreath." Maile [My-le] is a beautiful vine that grows on the islands, and is often used for wreaths. We had some fine music that evening; for many of the "Cousins" sing and play beautifully. After we had been home awhile, about a dozen of these, on their return, stopped and serenaded us.

The next day was the Sabbath, – our first Sabbath in what used to be a heathen land. The church-bells rung just as sweetly as in our beloved America, and the same stillness reigned throughout the town. It was like a home Sabbath. What a change in forty-three years! We went to the mission-church in the morning. It is a large stone edifice of block coral, one hundred and forty-four feet long and seventy-eight wide, and was one of the first objects we saw after passing Diamond Head. It was commenced in 1838, and was five years in building, at a cost of about thirty thousand dollars. Just think of people, who, only twenty-five years before, were in the depths of heathen darkness, building such a church, and by voluntary contributions too! They had a public meeting, and the king subscribed three thousand dollars, and others gave their pledges until the sum reached six thousand

dollars. We should think that doing very well in one of our own enlightened Christian assemblies. Notwithstanding their poverty, they subscribed willingly. We, with all our conveniences for building, can hardly realize the labor bestowed on that church. The timber had to be cut in the mountain forests, and dragged by hand down to the coast. The stone was dug out of the coral reefs, and a quantity of coral had to be gathered and burned for lime. All this the people did willingly, and without pay, and the carpenters and masons gave their work freely. It was done unto the Lord.

In that church, which will doubtless stand for ages, we met a large body of natives. Grandpa made a speech to them which Rev. Mr. Clark interpreted. The church was very full. The natives are fond of bright colors, and dress in red and yellow a great deal. The women's dresses are made just like yoke night-gowns, falling to the feet without being confined at the waist at all. The men often wear their shirts outside of their pantaloons like a sack, and sometimes a coat is put on above that, making the effect rather ludicrous. Bonnets the women wear of all kinds, but principally small ones of very old styles. These were perched on the very top of the head, and were sometimes trimmed with ribbons of five or six colors. In the afternoon we went to church again. The preacher was a blind native, Pohaku, and he preached so easily, naming the hymn and repeating it just as if he was reading it, that one would never imagine he was blind.

We shook hands with four or five hundred natives that

day, saying "aloha," which means "love to you," "good-will," and is their common salutation. They crowded around us, and sometimes two would get hold of my hand at once. A hand would come over a shoulder, another under an elbow, and round unheard-of corners, all expressing joy and friendship.

But we must hear the rest of Honolulu to-morrow.

VII
Honolulu continued

THE first great event of the week was a dinner-party at Mr. Wyllie's, the minister of foreign affairs. He is a Scotchman, and wore his official badges: a broad blue band crossing his vest, with the royal coat of arms fastening it together on the hip just below the waist of his dress-coat; also a star on his breast, and two long streamers of crape hanging from his left arm in memory of the young Prince of Hawaii who died last year.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.