

REV. LORENZO LYONS

born April 18, 1807, Coleraine, Franklin Co., Mass. Graduated Union College,
1827; graduated and ordained Auburn Seminary, 1831.

—Courtesy Hawaiian Mission Children's Society

Makua Laiana

The Story of Lorenzo Lyons

Lovingly known to Hawaiians as
Ka Makua Laiana, Haku Mele o ka Aina Mauna
(Father Lyons, Lyric Poet of the Mountain Country)

Compiled from Manuscript Journals 1832-1886

By his Granddaughter

Emma Lyons Doyle

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attached to the vessel. With a fair wind it goes with rapid motion. Canoes like this are among the most valuable property of the chiefs. Though more comfortable than single ones, they are less safe in a rough sea, for when once upset they cannot be turned back again.

Betsy found this early morning ride "romantic", and enjoyed the antics of a shoal of porpoises over which they passed. "Amusing scenery", Lorenzo commented.

Lorenzo: A cart was brought for Betsy and a horse for Mrs. Forbes, and we proceeded up about two miles by steep path, to Mr. R.'s house, 2,000 above the sea. About half way up we saw the monument to Captain Cook, sent by Lord Byron. It is but a rude thing, a simple inscription on a framework, resembling an old fashioned guide board with a rough stone enclosure. Here his bones were burned, and his ashes became an object of worship to the natives who considered him more than a man.

Betsy: Since Mr. Ruggles moved, many of the natives have deserted the shores and followed him. This is better, for here they can cultivate the soil as they could not at the shore. The high chiefess Kapiolani has deserted her shore house and built near Mr. Ruggles, where she stays most of the time.

I never saw anything more like streams of melted earth than appeared on all sides of us as we came up, veins of lava not decomposed. But Kaawalao is the most productive place on the islands, called the Paradise. You may see there the strawberry, melons, grapes, pomegranites, figs, bananas, pineapples, cotton, coffee.

The chiefess Kapiolani paid us a visit. In her home, appearance, etc. she shows great civilization and refinement. She is a devoted Christian and a friend to the missionaries.

Lorenzo: Mr. Ruggles shows a fine spirit. Soon after he came here a company of foreigners came up from some ship with a view to kill him because they could get no women. But at last they abandoned their object and went away peaceably.

Wed. 11. As the moon shone brightly we had a pleasant ride home, though I like to have lost my hat withal.

Sailed about ten A.M. Some of the natives had left, but in their place were goats of wh. there were about a hundred and fifty.

Friday 13. We reached Kawaihae about 5 PM. This is the end of our voyage by water, about twelve miles East of Waimea that is to be our home. We took lodging in a native house with Mr. Young, an Englishman who was taken from an English ship about 45 years since. He was made a kind of secretary to the king. He made several efforts to get away, but did not succeed and concluded to remain. Mr. Young married a chiefess, by whom he has had several children. Mr. Young was the only foreigner who favored the landing of the first missionaries, and he has been kind to them ever since. He is a righteous man, now 87 years old. His wife is a very pious woman, a church member.

Kawaihae is about as desolate a place as I have ever seen, nothing but barrenness, with here and there a native hut. An old heathen temple stands on an elevation near by. "Here," says Mr. Young, "I have seen many a human victim sacrificed."

Waimea

Monday, 16. Our things being stored, we took an early departure this morning. 22 natives accompanied us. Our wives were carried in rocking chairs, there being no other way. The others carried our light baggage. Mr. Baldwin and I had an old worn out horse between us, and I walked most of the way. It is all up hill, some pretty steep up hill too. We soon came to where it was cool and rainy. We passed a stream, and a waterfall and also cultivated ground.

About 11 AM we reached the place that is to be our home for a while at least, a grass house surrounded by shrubbery, a very comfortable place for us. Rain and wind soon set in and made it dismal indeed. . . . More hereafter—natives are coming in to see us.

So here they are at Waimea, this young couple from New England, and the cool mists of that remote highland plain are drifting in around them, hiding from their eager eyes the days that lie before them there.

And as any young couple would, they snatch their first free moment to "have a peep at the house that is some time to be our abode", the house built some years before and now in great need of repair. While they are thus occupied, shall we turn our eyes to Waimea itself? Yes, and our ears, for it is the sounds of Waimea as much as the scenes that cast the spell in which it holds you.

Lorenzo's son Albert, a generation later, so expressively described that symphony of sound that I want you to know it from him. I shall never forget how great a part it seemed of the Waimea I visited when I was a young girl. Then too was "the murmur of distant falls background for resonant voices coming from the great herds of semi-wild cattle that grazed on the plain—background also to the yells of the Hawaiian paniolo that so wildly galloped by." "The rhythmic thud of tapa beating" was then long gone. It was no longer "a common thing to hear some aged native chanting old time olis". Yet even then "the visits of a maka maka* were sometimes the occasion of emotion that expressed itself in an abandon of wailing." There was still "the uwe make† for a departed dear one."

As is the way of all that is mystic, the Waimea sounds possessed and permeated the night. How they would come to me after I had taken my little kerosene lamp in hand, said goodnight to my two quaint Aunties, and, the door closed behind me, ascended the narrow, tunnel-like stairway!

Alone in the cold upstairs, amongst ghosts of tradition, musty books, wooden idols, unsuitable and unused gifts from a well meaning New England of many years before—there the Cascade's murmur would reach me, pierced by the whistles and screams of Waimea wind, the beating, nay, crashing of branches against the wall, the clatter of driven rain that seemed to seek escape, so desperately did it assail the tiny panes of my queer little window.

Here is Albert's description:

Waimea (Waikoloa) was a place of solitude, but a solitude by no means voiceless. The hours were few in the 365 days of the

* Relative.

† Wailing for the dead.

year when there was not "a sound of going" in the mulberry trees. Normally the pliant boughs were strained and lashed by a north-east wind having the force of a full gale. The diapason of the weird music it made was the dominant fact of consciousness. Often for days at a time the wind was charged with fine drops of rain—Scotch mist we called it—and then its voice took on a fiercer, more uncompromising tone. This is the "ua puupuu of Waimea". The rain that raises the "goose flesh." The epithet, like the local epithets of Homer, is inseparable in poetic speech from the place. Even within the house the fierce impact of those minute raindrops driven by the violent wind gusts against unsheltered window panes makes a wild music like that of a driving sleet storm in New England.

During the winter months come westerly breezes, swaying backward the mulberry boughs to which the more prevalent trades have given a permanent set toward the west, give to the aeolian music a new and distant note. Beginning with a lispng whisper it swells to an inarticulate outcry of protest. Only rarely does this west wind approach the force of a gale [a Kona storm], when the clashing together of the backward bent branches, and the snapping of twigs and boughs give to the music a martial motif. Great branches may finally be torn from trees which have withstood for decades the westward urge of the more violent trade winds.

Whenever the voice of the wind is hushed, there is heard a sustaining deep note—the sound of a series of cascades in the glen which brings down from the Kohala mountain the Waikoloa stream. Within a half mile, the fall must aggregate all of six or seven hundred feet, the water leaping 5, 10, even 20 feet at a time, to plunge into the deep excavation worn in the solid rock at the foot of the cascade. It is the monotone of this music rising and falling in volume of sound with capricious changes in the breezes that in the night lulls one to slumber. On quiet nights at Waikoloa when the stream is in freshet from a rain storm mauka, the sound gains in depth and volume, becoming impressive and even awe inspiring. At such times the stream which passes close to the mission premises—under normal conditions merely a purling brook—is a foaming, roaring torrent, sweeping along in its course not only branches of trees, but even great rocks torn from its bed.

Waimea in Proverb, Legend and History*

"Waimea is like a spear rubbed by the wind, as the cold spray is blown by the kipuupuu rain."

This is the piercing wind that so suddenly meets the traveler who makes his upward way from the heat of Kawaihae; and as he nears Waimea he comes upon a region once held sacred. Vivid were the rainbows of the Lanikepu hills, and red the rain, uakoko, that fell upon their slopes, for in the forest that was then their background was a heiau—a women's heiau, the only one; and by these lovely tinted tokens the gods honored it, and signified their approval.

Founded, dedicated and consecrated by the very high chiefess Hoapili ahae, it was attended exclusively by young virgins. There, in the sanctity of the cool highland forest, they performed the sacred ceremonies, learning also the science of healing so that they might eventually minister to others. And the names of the five rains of the heiau were given to the five children of Hoapili ahae.

On a nearby ridge stood another heiau, builded there by the great Akua Makuakua who had come from far off Kahiki. He it was who, flying to a hillside to watch the rainbows, found there the beautiful goddess Wao, clad only in her long, silky hair. Love came swiftly and was mutual, and after glorious wedding festivities the couple went to live at Hokuula, the hill of the red planet.

But to bear each of her children Wao returned to the Waimea hills, thereby made sacred. On these occasions a tabu was proclaimed, the forbidden ground extending down across the plains to whatever place a stone happened to stop rolling when started above by her servants. Stones they were themselves, these retainers, all through the night hours, for so Wao transformed them until daylight, when they became human again.

* Proverb from a Kamehameha mele (Henry Judd); Legends adapted from Henriques collection.

Waimea in Retrospect *by* Albert Lyons

In the old days much of the Waimea plateau was covered by a forest largely of the ohia lehua. Accordingly the euphonious name Alaohia (fragrance of ohia) had been given to a district in Waimea. My father frequently used the expression, "Alaohia nei". It is true that the name had become unfamiliar as the ohia forest retreated toward Hamakua, but historical fitness not less than appeal to the ear and the imagination urged the acceptance of this old Hawaiian name in place of the time honored but untenable Waimea. New Englanders were delighted to find a spot where it was distinctly cool the year around. Here, at an elevation of nearly 3,000 feet, was a place for recuperation; why not even for a permanent mission station?

Someone eventually made such a choice, selecting the most desirable spot in all Alaohia nei. The stream had so cut its channels as to surround by a valley—and in times of freshet, a moat—a couple of acres of level land. On this miniature plateau the station was placed. Than the waters of that stream no sweeter or purer water anywhere on earth, despite the sherry-like tint it has taken from the forest morass at its source.

The mission house, first occupied by Dr. Baldwin, was built by "Governor Adams" in 1829.*

The Saga of the Cattle--An Interlude

The saga of the cattle—na pipi—strange wild-eyed quadrupeds released from the mysterious discomfort of cramped bondage in a swaying world. Na pipi, tokens of good will, bestowed by one who sought not fame and adulation, but rather the role of peace maker, advisor, kindly friend; gratefully received, carefully safeguarded by Kamehameha, the dauntless chief, commanding, regal, yet child-like in the dignified simplicity of the noble primitive.

Whence came you, long departed Spanish kine, destined to attract cruel, gaily garbed Latins to your new-found island highlands; to be herded by reckless, wild riding Polynesians, who found in your saga fulfillment of an untamed exultation in adven-

* When Betsy and Lorenzo arrived it was out of repair and they lived in a thatched hut. Their joyful occupation of this house is later recorded.

ture? Perhaps your turbulent blood is mingled with that of Herefords who roam your pastures today, whose forebears grazed beside neat hedges, where thrushes sang, and church bells faintly echoed; where a sturdy race has lived and loved and struggled and battled until their undulating grazing land is diffused with its story.

Out of the mists of Early Record it comes, the story of Vancouver landing cattle, of the assembled throngs of natives who had come shoreward from afar to see these fabulous exotic beasts, and who scaled coconut trees like madmen when, with the first feel of solid earth under their tortured, homesick hoofs, the long-suffering cattle twisted and gambled and cavorted in what the Hawaiians interpreted not as the joyousness of long denied freedom, but as the expression of dangerous ferocity.

The saga of the cattle—crisscrossed like a Scotch tartan pattern with the story of a quaint, gentle missionary, whom Fate had transported to a region where Drama, not always gentle, had already taken its stand.

AN ENLIGHTENING OLD LETTER

(From Archives of Hawaii)

Oahu, June 24, 1832.

My dear Brother,

Mr. John Adams Kalua.

Sir:

I love you every day. This is my communication to you. Here are our men coming to you to cut sandal wood in Hamakua. They are to go to Hamakua to cut the wood. 1st is Mani, the 2nd is Kaua, the 3rd is Kai, the 4th is Upai, the 5th Kanae, the 6th is Kainea. These are the men. My white man, the blacksmith will be the one in Puna to cut the sandal wood.

Here is another thing I wish to inform you. Our white men are coming to you to shoot cattle in Waimea, they are to shoot ten heads. The 1st white man is the blacksmith and second white man is the cooper, they are to shoot the cattle. The blacksmith will do the shooting and the cooper will do the salting and is to bring back the beef to me. These are all the cattle I got from the King, ten of them. . . .

PAALUA

Vancouver himself, in 1794, had chosen this "great tract of luxuriant natural pasture" that the sheep and cattle he had brought might "roam unrestrained and increase and multiply far from the sight of strangers".

In 1823 "wild and ferocious herds" were hunted for meat. This was prepared immediately the animals were shot, in salt that was carried all the way from Kawaihae beach to the mountains. Then barrels of meat were carried on men's shoulders ten or fifteen miles to the shore for shipment to Honolulu in little sailing vessels. Of this route, Bishop wrote in 1825, "There is no road passable for horses. For centuries travellers who pass and re-pass have chosen to climb over and pass around rocks rather than remove them".

The situation was relieved in 1830, when Governor Adams, who had come with his train to hunt cattle "sentenced forty persons guilty of violating the seventh commandment to make a carriage road from Kawaihae". About this time, Kapiolani and her husband journeyed from Kaawaloa to Kawaihae in their respective double canoes, their party so increasing in numbers as it progressed after landing that a man was sent ahead to "shoot beef" for the commissary.

Writers of this period are unanimous in their admiration for John Parker, mentioned first as one of those occupied in cattle shooting, but soon notable for the carefully supervised horse and cattle pens that adjoined his well kept home site: "Quite stylish, with windows, board floor, and cowhide carpets", wrote Laiana of the home.

Here visitors loved to listen to the interesting conversation of their delightful host, a recognized authority on the region's lore.

Perhaps his stories included that of the blind man who lived alone on the mountain side and cultivated the land, even burning off waste vegetation in preparing the ground; who carried his produce to Kawaihae, returning with fish and salt; and who nearly starved on one occasion when he missed the path and roamed the hills until his brother found him.

Perhaps he told of the gift of the astounding pet brant, that liked not their new environment, and took to the road, completing at last the forty miles back to Kona, and almost knocking over their former master in expressions of joy at reunion!

And now the picturesque;—an evening scene in the thatched building that was Waimea's store: "A bright fire was blazing in a cavity in the earthen floor, displaying in strong light the dark features of natives gathered around it in their grotesque attitudes. A group of fine looking men were leaning against the counter. They were all attired in the poncho, an oblong blanket of brilliant colors having a hole in the middle through which is thrust the wearer's head. The pantaloons are open from the knee downward on the outside, with a row of dashing gilt buttons down the seam. A pair of boots armed with prodigiously long spurs completed their costume. They are bullock hunters . . . just returned from an expedition of ten days."

History records that from 1840 to 1844 the tabu on cattle was renewed. Perhaps it was not absolute.

Dr. Bond, 1844: "Our first taste of beef in two years! Given by Mr. ——— of Waimea. He is one of three Botany Bay convicts who stole a ship, came here, destroyed the ship, and scattered through the district. I had been to get Brother Lyons to correct the Hawaiian in my sermon. Mr. ——— came out on the road and asked if I would like beef, inviting me to choose and take all I wished. I felt he should select the portion. He selected as much as a native boy could carry. He is indeed kind hearted!"*

In 1848 Kenway describes Waimea foreigners as "pretty generally a set of graceless ragamuffins whose most exquisite pastime was to get together in herds and get 'fou' for weeks together." Latterly . . . liquor has been scarcer, experience severe, work more necessary. At present in Waimea may be found some of the most skillful artizans and excellent citizens on the Sandwich islands."

"Pilikia" enters cattle history in 1847, when Laiana records that two thirds of Waimea has been converted into government pasture land. People are compelled to leave their cultivated spots and seek distant corners of the woods beyond the reach of the roaming cattle, sheep and goats. But the cattle follow, and soon destroy the fruit of their labors. "There is a despairing spirit among my people, and great suffering among them. I am sadly and deeply depressed. I heave many a sigh over this country that I have come

* While many Botany Bay prisoners were hardened criminals, others were merely political offenders, whom those in authority found it expedient to banish. Both types are mentioned in Lyons journals.

to adopt as my own. But I will not dwell on this dark picture of its desolation." He always ended by throwing off sadness.

Meanwhile flocks of sheep were thriving, including two imported merino rams. Natives were shearing, and wool was of "superior quality." One Kauhini possessed six fine, well teamed oxen, and other Hawaiians were acquiring and breaking oxen, thus relieving themselves from severe labor. Waipio's produce was transported up the steep trails now by bullocks and Waimea's clothing and beef so returned to the valley.

In 1858 it was estimated that wild cattle on Mauna Kea numbered 10,000, but packs of wild dogs were making destructive inroads on the herds. These marauders even ventured down to Mr. Parker's ranch where they slaughtered seventy turkeys in one raid. It was deplored that the government made no attempt to use the roaming mountain cattle profitably.

Meanwhile it was recorded by Kenway that the old time bullock hunter was disappearing, with none to take his place. "It demands no common amount of nerve in the man and sagacity in the horse to face and fight these monstrous, unruly creatures. Great tact and practice are necessary.

"The tales one hears of hair breadth escapes, desperate adventure, and fatal accident which have rendered Mauna Kea famous might put tiger hunting to the blush and make the capture of wild elephants seem a small thing. Strange that such an exciting occupation should so affect its professional followers, but perhaps with one or two exceptions there cannot be found a more slothful and useless set of people than the [now idle] bullock catchers. Whether because of the introduction of the Spaniards or the result of the occupation, bullock catching of the old times had a mysterious effect upon its followers and spectators.

"The natives enjoy such sport amazingly, and as they cannot now touch the wild cattle, a great deal of unnecessary excitement is gotten up among the tame ones; and Beckley's Boys, who attend to the government herd are known by the clouds of dust that constantly envelop them. Waimea of an evening is a perfect cloud of dust. The soil is remarkably dry, and so extremely fine that water does not seem to wet it."

Even the elements were affected: "Cattle destroying the forest has changed the *mumuku*. It was formerly so strong that natives always lashed canoes to the rocks, stakes, or trees at Kawaihae."

This east wind was stronger on reaching the sea than in sweeping over Waimea. Wilkes writes in 1840: "The trade wind is exceedingly strong, bringing with it a mist toward sunset. It rushes furiously down between the mountains which bound the valley of Waimea and becomes very dangerous to shipping in the bay. It is called by the natives "*mumuku*" and is foretold by them from an illuminated streak that is seen far inland. This is believed to be caused by a reflection of the twilight on the mist that always accompanies the *mumuku*." . . .

Waimea lacked appliances for tanning, but produced leather that equalled any in use and durability. *Konohikis* demanded high prices for bark gathering permits; and koa and ohia were used more than scarcer trees that made handsomer leather. Schumacker attractively colored kid skins. Kukui was richest in tannin, and a bit of kukui bark became a popular adjunct to one's liquor.

The Mexicans Came---by Curtis Lyons

At Waimea, Hawaii, on the highland plateau where ranged the wild cattle descended from Vancouver's original importation—long horned Spanish cattle like unto the modern Texas steer—at Waimea, the Mexican Hispano-Indian found his home and occupation. He was called by the Hawaiian specifically *Huanu*, *Ho-ke*, *Hoakina*, etc., these names of course meaning Juan, Jose, Joachin, etc. He had with him sometimes full blooded Indians of Mexican origin, whom I saw in my boyhood. He was called generically "*Paniolo*" (Espagnol), the word that now means "cowboy".

He brought with him the Mexican saddle in all its rich adornment of stamped bull hide leather and stirrups broad winged. He brought the hair rope in strands of alternate black and white, and the hand whirled wheel for twisting it; also the hand whirled bit, not so crude as it looked to be, and a necessity in bullock hunting. All this away back in the thirties, long before the birth of the modern [Western] cowboy.

Do I not remember him well, this Spaniard, the red bandanna handkerchief tied over his head under the broad flapping hat with rim turned up in front? Did not the *serape*—"Poncho", we always called it, and the name must have come from South America—commend itself to our common sense as a defense from rain? We

adopted it—and the red silk sash in the bargain—and the leggings not buttoned.

Last but not least, the lasso (lariat) braided evenly and lovingly from four strands of well chosen hide, then well stretched and oiled, when riding coiled in the same left hand that, with the little and the third finger held the finely braided bridle rein. Mexican too was this rein, and Mexican the causing the rein to bear on the horse's neck instead of pulling on its mouth. A more formidable weapon the lasso than Winchester or revolver. And no artist has yet mastered the problem of depicting the throwing of the lasso—not even the inimitable Frederick Remington.

These Spaniards were the men who taught the Hawaiians the conquest of the wild herds of Mauna Kea. Not tens but hundreds of thousands of skeletons have bestrewed the sides of that old mountain. These men rode the descendants of the old Moorish horses—the tough bronco.

The model of the Mexican cart was another importation into Hawaii. The wheels were cross sections of koa logs, trimmed into circular form, with holes bored for the wooden axle; the box a frame of sticks, something like to a hay cart but perpendicularly sided—lined with hides and used for carrying loose freight.

The yokes of the oxen were cut so as to fit just back of the horns, and were fastened to the horns by thongs of raw hide. In a car thus fitted out did a missionary mother and her family make the journey over the rocky road between Waimea and Kawaihae. These carts carried hides, koa boards, *pai-ai** (there called *holoai*) and New England rum back and forth over the same road.

Mexican saddles, bits and bridles, spurs and pack saddles were long a specialty of Waimea manufacturers. The tan pit, the blacksmith's shop, and shoemaker's too, all flourished as home industries. But now, alas! no longer. The wire fence is limiting the size of the "drive in", the *hoohuli bipi*—"round-up" the Americans call it. The merchant ship brings the cheap spur, the inferior saddle for the *paniolo* of 1892. In short, the times have changed.

* Partially mixed poi.

David Douglas

He came from Scotland, with a Scotsman's love of trees. An inquiring interest in all nature, sturdy youth, an adventurous heart—all these led him far in his wanderings. His name was David Douglas, and he cannot be forgotten, for covering many of the miles he traversed in California and the Northwest are forests of the tree that bears his name, the Douglas fir.

Another ocean lay before him, and this he crossed, eager to study the plants and behold the volcanic wonders of semi-tropical islands.

He was loved on Hawaii, this amusing Britisher who must always have his tea! In the Lyman home at Hilo he became as one of the family. Tactfully he brought home household supplies, and once he delighted the heart of his missionary hostess by the gift of "a French muslin dress."

There was friendly understanding between Douglas and the Hawaiians. That he avidly collected plants did not altogether surprise them. Stories were still told of the "red faced man who cut off men's limbs, and who gathered grass", no other than the surgeon of Vancouver's ship. By Douglas' time (1834) Hawaiians had outgrown fear of the snow that covered distant mountain peaks, and they were no longer unwilling to guide sojourning botanists thereto. Lavishly welcomed to Hawaiian homes, the Scotsman was amused by, but not contemptuous of, their strange customs. He paid well for service, and gave generously. Guided now by this man, now by that, he was never forsaken by the companion that loved him best of all, his little Scottie dog.

The dog was with him when, eager and happy, he started on foot for a trip from the north point of Kohala, across Hawaii and Mauna Kea slopes.

Auwe!

When Douglas' return to Hilo had been hourly expected for three days, his lifeless remains were brought in a canoe from Lapaohoe by a sad-faced Hawaiian, "with the dreadful intelligence that the body had been found in a pit excavated for the purpose of taking wild cattle, supposed to have been killed by the bullock which was in the pit."

Hawaiians had discovered the tragedy. They went immediately to the hut of a well known cattle hunter, a Botany Bay ex-convict, whose secluded habitation was about three fourths of an hour's walk away. He returned with them, shot the animal, recovered the body, and arranged with the natives to convey the body to the shore. For their pay he "immediately shot four bullocks".

Hilo friends were shocked beyond measure by the condition of the body. Ribs were broken, clothing torn, but the worst wounds were gashes on the head.

Mournfully they prepared for the funeral. The grave was to be in the shade of a breadfruit tree at the home site of one of their number. Digging was begun by "a foreigner", but soon the man put tools aside, and sought the missionaries to tell them of his doubts. He had himself long been a cattle hunter, and the head wounds did not appear to him to have been made by a bullock's goring. This, and the fact that Douglas was generally believed to carry a goodly supply of money, made him suspect foul play.

Unexpressed doubts had troubled the minds of the missionaries too, and it was deemed obligatory that due to Douglas' valued public service a medical examination be made.

It was not easy to find means of sending the body to Honolulu, nor was Hilo equipped to preserve it. The tiny vessel in port had a full cargo. Next came a calm. Meanwhile the Botany Bay man arrived in Hilo. "He states* that on the 12th inst. before six in the morning, Mr. Douglas arrived at his home, asked him to point out the road and go a short distance with him. After taking breakfast, the Englishman accompanied Mr. D. about a mile and a half. He warned him particularly of the three bullock traps, two of them directly in the road. . . . About eleven o'clock the natives came saying the European was dead. . . . At the pit he (the Englishman) found the bullock standing on the body. The cane was there [on the bank?]. The dog was heard to bark, and the dog and bundle were found at spot indicated by 4 (sketch)."

When, nearly a month later, "medical men in Honolulu" made their examination, their opinion was that the wounds were made by a bullock.

Six years later, men from the Wilkes expedition found the pits, "surrounding a low marshy spot sometimes containing water. They

* Goodrich and Diell to English consul.

were covered by fragile foliage, covered by soil marked by foot prints of cattle to deceive. They measured four by eight feet, and were respectively twenty and thirty feet deep."

These writers tell of a native, who, after preparing a pit, succeeded in trapping a large bull, but became so excited at his success that he slipped and fell in. Being armed with a knife, he killed the animal. When discovered, both were dead.

As the spot selected for Douglas' grave is unknown, a tablet was erected on the front wall of "Hawaii's Westminster Abbey", Kawaiahao church.

A translation of the Latin inscription follows:

Here lies Master David Douglas born in Scotland in 1799, who, being an indefatigable traveller, was sent out by the Royal Horticultural Society of London and fell a victim to science in the wilds of Hawaii on the twelfth of July, 1834. Tears are due to wretchedness, and mortal woes touch the heart.

Had the mystery been solved it would perhaps have been sooner forgotten. As late as 1906 it was written of by Albert Loebenstein* who knew Hawaii and Hawaiian forests as only a kamaaina surveyor can.

"We had returned to camp and there had been a consultation with the older kamaainas relative to boundary lines, the knowledge of which was handed down from father to son. Then there drifted in the feature of *moolelo* (tradition). Old Bolabola, a noted hunter and trailer, now well past the eighties, familiar with every inch of the ground on the slopes of great Mauna Kea, took up the narrative.

"He lowered the tone of his voice, with now and then a listener nodding approval. The old Hawaiian vernacular is difficult to understand. But the words *Ka Lua Kauka* (pit of the doctor) and *pepehi ia* [murdered] were clear and unmistakable. When he was pressed for particulars, the pitiful story came to light.

"Bolabola was then a boy, living with his parents at Lokuhinu, at the intersection of ancient trails. Near by dwelt the foreigner of whom Douglas asked guidance. Bolabola well remembered the traveler who 'bade them adieu in the morning and was never again seen alive.' 'How could he have tumbled into a pit when a bullock

* Hilo Herald.



From a copper plate engraving made at Lahainaluna school about 1840. The tree near the dwelling of the Lyons family was identified by Albert Lyons as "the great naio, survivor of the primeval forest."

—Courtesy Honolulu Academy of Arts

Dec. 15. Rode to Kawaihae. Two thirds of the way is barren and desolate. Give me Waimea with all its cold winds and rain, instead of scorched, withered and desolate Kawaihae. Yet its evenings are pleasant, and the ocean as the sun sets, indescribably beautiful.

I had time to view the two old heiaus, or heathen temples. Merely the walls remain and these only in part. They are immense masses of stone. One, I judge, is two hundred feet long, one hundred wide, and forty high in some places. I stood on these relics and thought of the triumphs of the gospel, for I have it from the mouth of Mr. Young who was present that at the time of dedication thirteen human victims were sacrificed.

I preached three times and superintended the Sabbath school. Some listened and some did not. My soul was filled with deep anxiety for the souls of those whom I addressed.

Jan. 19, 1833. Attended a funeral and found quite an assembly. They appeared attentive and solemn while I spoke. The coffin was rudely constructed from a native tree, the grave lined with mats. In depositing the coffin the natives were rather awkward, some getting into the grave, some doing this and that. Mats and boards were placed over the coffin, then the earth. I was pained to see the levity manifested in this solemn work.

Though coffins are sometimes used now, the dead are generally merely wrapped in mats. As many as forty mats were formerly wrapped around the bodies of distinguished persons.

Graves are not numerous in this part of the islands. Caves are converted into sepulchres, one of which I visited. It is some thirty feet below the earth's surface. Such a mass of rocks hanging frightfully over my head! I saw several skulls and relics of human bodies wrapped in kapa. By these were placed sugar cane and calabashes that had once contained water, and provision for the spirits.

When graves were first introduced, which is not many years since, the relatives of the dead built houses over the



KAWAIHAE

"Scorched, withered and desolate" to Lorenzo after the verdure of Waimea.

--Courtesy Paradise of the Pacific

lent form we may expect there will be a change in the habits and actions of the people.

But the people are already showing very creditable improvement. Not only church members, but others have built them neat and comfortable dwellings, and some have furnished themselves with tables, seats, wooden dishes, and in one corner of the house a sort of shelf may be seen on which books are laid. Pleasant yards are also beginning to be seen, and the soil is receiving a greater degree of cultivation.

I shall probably have much trouble on the subject of tobacco. Most of the chiefs are in favor of tobacco. Some of them in the church smoke it and order it to be planted. This may produce much confusion. No church member is allowed to plant this pernicious weed. If he plants it he is disciplined—if he repent not he is cut off. The King of the Islands commands his subjects to plant it. Many of them are church members. If they refuse to obey his commands they are condemned; perhaps cast off their lands, are perhaps stripped of everything. Some fearing God more than man will not comply with this command.

I thank the committee for granting me permission to go home. At the same time I wish it to be understood that I do not regard myself as bound to the Sandwich Islands by any law but love—I consider that sufficient. Hence I do not assent to the late laws of the board which seem to make missionaries slaves. May those laws speedily fall into oblivion. If they remain they will curtail an everlasting disgrace on the missionary cause. My very soul revolts when I think of them. I wish to banish them from my mind, but they will occasionally come up and almost produce strangling. Enough of this. If I am bold, I cannot help it.

Lorenzo told more intimately of this period some years later, in a letter to his brother, who, having lost his wife, had included a number of her dresses in a box sent to the far-off missionaries; it was a letter that bared his inmost soul, and from which perhaps I should not quote. Yet, we are learning to know him in all his moods—so here are extracts—not all:



BEAUTIFUL WAIMEA

Trees at extreme right are part of the grove surrounding the Lyons home.

—Courtesy Paradise of the Pacific

Samuela, our Kahu-kula* had the night before sailing agreed to go in another canoe. Hence another man put his baggage into our canoe and was ready to sail with me. But in the morning, Samuela, with no apparent reason, told him to take another canoe, and Samuela came in ours. The other man would probably have been of little assistance to me.

Samuela is an efficient man and has great presence of mind while on the ocean. I had taken out my red silk handkerchief and put it over my hat to protect my eyes. When we were thrown into the water Samuela was some distance from me. He at once looked around for me, and seeing my red handkerchief floating, dived for me. May I never forget it! May I consecrate myself anew to my work.

. . . Visited homes. In one, as I was kneeling in prayer a hen flew out from under me. . . . There was to be a festival of the Singing Societies, but when the day came the singing master was under arrest for a common sin. I have been told that the position of a Hawaiian singing master is rather perilous. The music of his pupils becomes too captivating.

The Benevolent organization has taken unto itself a new title, So-sa-iti. Being English this is considered honorable. The honor may increase the number of subscribers. Some will declare they have not a shilling, and then pay 3\$ for a broadcloth coat, and always have money for the dog and cat tax. Some Hawaiians are children still; but still Americans are not yet free from childish traits.

March 17. The King's birthday. People ordered not to do any work. Public meeting, but few out. The Royal Proclamation disregarded by many.

The King owns Waimea, and has ordered all who have cattle, hogs, sheep, goats, horses, pasturing on his land to pay a certain rate per head. At this new regulation the people groan—but it will wake them to buy land for themselves.

Called to see a dying foreigner.

* School teacher.



Part of the Waimea home. A wing built for receiving the many Hawaiians who sought advice and help. Later used as room for sorting mail.



The brook near the house. Climbing pink roses grew wild on its banks.

His picture was hung between American and Hawaiian flags. Beneath it was asparagus vine, with bouquets of Easter lilies nicely arranged with white tulle.

Mrs. Lioe Kanaana, one of Rev. Lyons' surviving pupils, and Mrs. Jane Lovestad, a woman of about sixty-five years, stepped up and pulled the strings that drew the flags aside. The picture was then revealed. Laiana smiled contentedly to all, for his love, work, and sacrifice was bearing fruit in Imiola church, where he toiled some fifty or sixty years ago.

There was quietness as everyone gazed at the picture of the faithful missionary who gave his days to the Hawaiians. After some moments the congregation sang with deep expression his song, *E Hawaii e Kuu One Hanau e*. This brought tears to the eyes of many. . . .

Babies were baptized in the forenoon. Following this was a Sunday School Rally, or *Hoiki*, and a Christian Endeavor meeting. Then we had a luau in the social hall. Everybody enjoyed the day, from 10 A.M. through 4 P.M. I am sure your Grandpa did enjoy everything that day too.

His picture hangs above the Lyons pew. Before I left the church I stood below his picture and said, "*Aloha e, Laiana*. We are pleased to see you here today, and you shall always be there on the wall of this church to see the work carried on. I shall write to your granddaughter and tell her all about this event." He smiled at me. When I walked away his gaze followed me. Others said, "Look at Laiana. His looks follow you." I laughed.

With much aloha from all of us, and may the love and peace of the Heavenly Father reign over us.

Sincerely yours,

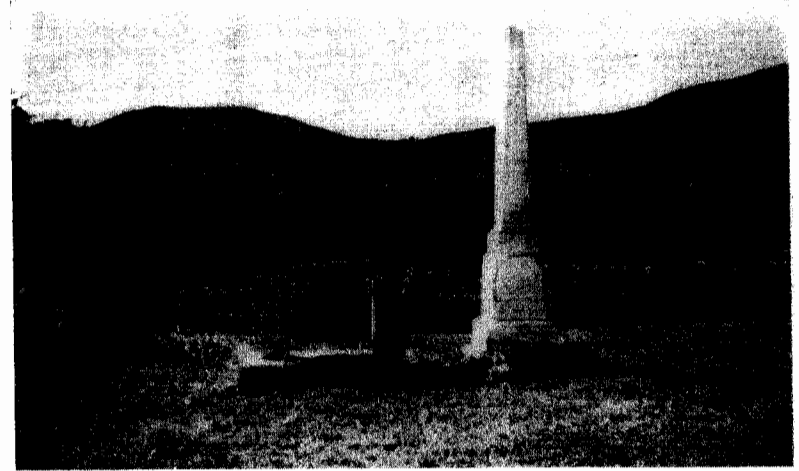
HATTIE L. SAFFREY
(Now Mrs. Rinehart)

Kapulena, Honokaa, Hawaii.

Rev. Mr. H. N. Smith told of the day also:

. . . I took three cars of people from Honokaa. Rev. Messrs. Kakana and Kamakawiwoole were present. There was a large audience, besides children running around and babies in arms.

Mrs. Smith made a Hawaiian flag to match the U.S. flag I had. These veiled the portrait. . . .



Marble shaft in memory of Lorenzo Lyons, contributed to by Sunday School children throughout the islands. Beside it stands the old Imiola Church bell.



The changeless Waimea hills.

Oh if I could give you the picture of that service! I'm so glad I had not seen a program, and did not know what was coming. Then—it was like a pilgrimage, that line of people filing down the church steps and forming a circle around the beautiful, silent shaft. Old and young, the “*kuaaina*”^{*} Hawaiian;—faded suits that once were black, *holokus*, big boots, red bandannas, wide *lauhala* hats, selfconscious children in uncomfortable Sunday best, youth—smartness, lipstick, permanent waves—the old Hawaii and the new.

Leis and wreaths were placed—silence—the hills looked on. Then the rich, wonderful Hawaiian voice of the young minister, the *kahuna-puli*, “*E Hawaii, e kuu one hanau e; Kuu home kulaiwi nei.*” (Hawaii, my beloved home, my birthplace.) Young voices joined, and old. I sang—and choked—and sang again. Laiana gave it to them, and how they love it! Haven't I heard my Hawaiian Club kiddies at school all but take the roof off with it? Doesn't the Catholic janitor leave his gardening, take his limp, shabby hat from his dear gray head, come in and send forth that beautiful tenor that always makes me think of sunshine gleaming through clear honey? When I take the children to Lunalilo Home doesn't every dear old voice, strong or quavering, join in those glorious “*Oli-e*” 's? Don't all denominations—and welcome—sing it all over the Islands?

“It tell about the hills, and there the hills”, said one of the company to me afterward.

Yes:—the silent, watchful, remembering Waimea hills, clothed in unbroken tan, with just one gnarled lehua.

^{*} Country.

Ka Makua Laiana

*From Stories gathered by Mrs. Mary Wiggin Pukui
(Courtesy of THE FRIEND)*

Many are the legends still told of this grand old man. He was said to have a keen sense of humor, and a great deal of patience with his flock. When he rebuked any member of his fold he did so in a kind, fatherly way. It was no wonder, then, that all who knew him loved him and told stories of him that were not less marvelous than their tales of their own native heroes.

One day a native listening to him singing one of the hymns he had finished translating, said, “*E ka Makua Laiana*, your voice is very much like the voice of a bull” (*Uwo o ka pipi.*)

“It is not the voice that counts,” Laiana replied. “The Heavenly Father listens to the words rather than the tune.”

Kaulia, one of his native friends, in a spirit of fun wore a vest outside of his coat and appeared before Father Lyons.

“Kaulia,” said Father Lyons, laughing, “the vest goes inside the coat.”

“But,” protested Kaulia, “the name for this garment is *pulike*. *Pulike* means to embrace. Naturally it should embrace the shirt and the coat too.”

One Sunday Laiana met some Hawaiians, and after a word of greeting, invited them to accompany him to church.

“No”, one of them answered. “We are going to a horse race.”

“It is going to rain today. There will be no horserace”, said Father Lyons.

“How could that be?” laughed the men. “There is not a cloud in the sky.”

“You shall see,” Father Lyons replied, as he proceeded on his way.

No racing was held that day, for before the appointed hour a heavy downpour fell, swellings the streams so that none could get across. Later one of the men met Father Lyons and told him they wished they had gone to church.

The following is the most repeated legend of Father Lyons. He was walking on the road and met some cowboys driving a herd of