

**KOHALA OF HAWAII. A
STORY OF THE SANDWICH
ISLANDS REVOLUTION**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649117260

Kohala of Hawaii. A story of the Sandwich Islands revolution by Alfred R. Calhoun

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

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ALFRED R. CALHOUN

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BY
ALFRED R. CALHOUN

Specially written for "Once a Week Library"

NEW YORK
PETER FENELON COLLIER
1893

KOHALA OF HAWAII.

INTRODUCTION.

NO ALIEN land in all the world has so strong an attraction, so profound a charm for the American who has trod its emerald shores, as beautiful "Hawaii"—the native, and hence the proper, name for what Captain Cook, their discoverer, called the "Sandwich Islands." Sleeping or waking, how lovingly its beauties haunt me as I, fresh from its ever-blooming gardens and ever-burning volcanoes, sit down to write, from a heart that is full of it, the story of the last great drama enacted in that fair land, for whose possession the maritime nations of the world are intriguing to-day.

CHAPTER I.

THE PARADISE OF THE PACIFIC.

TWO MILES back from the capital city of Honolulu there rises an extinct volcano, known far and near as the "Punch Bowl," and accessible from the town by a fine road.

People in carriages, well-mounted equestrians and energetic pedestrians usually swarm about the Punch Bowl's rugged crest when the sun is setting, for then the ocean breeze is always cool and refreshing, and from Diamond

Head, to the east, to Pearl Harbor, on the west, there is such a panorama of exquisite beauty spread out before the observer as entrances newcomers and gives a never-ceasing delight to those who have seen it before.

The short twilight of the tropics was fading over Honolulu, but this evening the Punch Bowl appeared to be deserted, no doubt because the black cloud banners that threatened one of those brief but violent storms peculiar to these islands streamed out from Diamond Head and veiled the Pali's bloody cliff. The pulsating glow of sheet lightning illuminated these clouds, and a hoarse grumbling came down from the mountains to the garden-embowered city by the sea.

From the jungle of lantana, that clothes the Punch Bowl from base to crest, two young men, with a backward glance to make sure their horses were secure, walked out to the circular protecting wall around the summit. That they were men of nerve, or so familiar with the scene that they had a contempt for its dangers, was shown by the fact that they sat down on the wall, nor seemed to give thought to the fact that a stone, loosened by one as he adjusted himself to the place, plunged down for eight hundred feet of nearly precipitous descent.

Both these young men were dressed after the fashion of horsemen in Hyde Park, the Bois de Boulogne or Central Park. One was short, stout, blue-eyed, and had the florid face and thick neck which are usually found associated with men who know no enjoyment beyond those of the senses. Yet there was a set to the jaws, an expression about the chin and a certain firmness in his bearing that denoted force and had in it the suggestion of a military training.

The other man, although not above medium height, looked taller, because of his slender, erect figure and a certain easy, tigerish grace in his movements that indicated a rare union of strength and activity. The long black hair, the well-cut, olive features, the gleaming white teeth, and the dark eyes, that seemed to glow as if with an internal light, told that the man, whose age could not have been more than five-and-twenty, was a native, but a native of lighter type and finer fiber than the average people of his race.

One by one, from amid the groves of palm and crimson hibiscus, the lights in Honolulu became visible, and the breakers that had seemed, as the man advanced to the wall, like rising and fading lines of snow on the shore became banks of liquid fire—never seen outside the tropics—banks that glowed with a strange, green, phosphorescent light, suggestive of cold rather than heat, like the flashing of the aurora borealis on an arctic wintry night.

That these men had not come up to view the scenery was shown by the fact that they did not look at it, but sat on the wall for some minutes without speaking, each appearing to be wrapped in his own thoughts and in the contemplation of the other's face.

Captain Paul Featherstone, the white man, was the first to break the silence. Speaking in accents that unmistakably bespoke his English nationality, and that indicated association with cultured people if not culture itself, he said:

"Kohala, I agree with you that the time is ripe for action. Since we first met, when you were studying in Paris two years ago, my faith in your claims to the throne of Hawaii and my appreciation of your fitness for the position have grown stronger and stronger. But

I would be a fool and not your friend if I closed my eyes to the difficulties that beset you—that beset us—for I have linked my fate with yours. Now that we are on the ground, we find a queen on the throne, whom your countrymen regard as legitimate, and with Americans among her advisers; but she is too blind to see that they are planning to depose her and to make Hawaii a part of their overgrown republic.”

Kohala, the young Hawaiian, tossed over the battlement a fragment of rock with which he had been toying and responded in tones that indicated impatience.

“I still think, Captain Featherstone, that you continue to misunderstand me.”

“In what way?” asked the captain, in surprise.

“In this way: Have I not proven clearly to you and to other friends that I, as the known, though as yet unrecognized, only male descendant of the great King Kamehameha, am the rightful sovereign of Hawaii?”

“Unmistakably,” replied the captain, in a voice that showed he considered this settled beyond the possibility of doubt.

“And have I not also told you and other friends that personally I cared nothing for the throne, that indeed I was not a believer in the divine right or any other right of kings, that I was and am at heart a republican?” said Kohala, in a voice raised above the previous key, but which only served the more to bring out its melody and to show that he loved to dwell on vowel sounds, but had no fondness for the harsher consonants that distinguish our Northern speech.

“Surely, you have told me all that,” replied the captain, “and, as your friend, I have not hesitated to oppose your views. I am an Englishman, and so believe in kings,

and queens, too, and so do not believe in the license of republics, such as we see in that overgrown monster to the east, through which you and I recently traveled."

"Captain Featherstone," said Kohala, in graver accents and with his fine, expressive face upraised to the lowering clouds, "I must still cling to my opinion about kings."

"And give up your claims to the throne?"

"A man is not fit to be a king whom his people, if left free to choose, would not select for a ruler. I have traveled through many lands, and my heart has bled at the vice, the poverty and the degradation that seem inseparable from civilization where kings rule, and to some extent in modern republics; but it is from this that I would save the remnant of my race. A century ago we numbered nearly half a million; to-day we are barely forty thousand. We have had kings and queens in Hawaii since and before the time of Cook's unfortunate discovery. Yet the work of civilization, of your civilization (?) goes on. The missionary is here, but so is the liquor seller; and the adventurer who has seized on our most beautiful valleys, and forced into the volcanic hills the natives who will not work in his sugar and coffee fields. I believe that the God of the white man is the God of the Hawaiian, and that He never meant that we should be destroyed, and that a race that worships only wealth and the power it represents should send us to the grave and erect their palaces where we were once so happy. I want to arouse the people to a sense of their duty. I want to show them that a descendant of the great king who united them is ready to lead them in the assertion of their rights, and that he is willing to die for them, if his death will accomplish the purpose that is so near and so dear to his heart,

and that fills him and thrills him, whether sleeping or waking."

"All this is noble," said the Englishman, "but is it practical?"

"Whatever is right must be made practical," replied Kohala, with spirit.

"True; still we must take things as they are and not as we would have them." Then with a forced laugh that indicated his feelings and character more than anything he said, Captain Featherstone added: "We live in a practical age—an age of selfishness, when dreamers are laughed at or forced to the wall. My country, England, has flourished because she realizes that material prosperity is the only foundation of success. If you see fit to adopt her methods, as I have told you before, you will find her a friend. She can place you on the throne and keep you on it, but it will be necessary for you to follow her instructions—"

"And to be her tool—her slave?" broke in Kohala.

"No; to be her ally and her friend. Republics may foster slaves; it is England's boast that every man breathing the air protected by her flag is a free man. But a storm threatens, let us be getting back. And then, I think the queen will be disappointed if you are not at the ball to-night."

"She would rather see me there dead than alive," said Kohala, and, as he arose from the wall, another stone was loosened and went thundering into the valley in the direction of Honolulu.

"And the beautiful widow, Mrs. Holmes. Don't you think she will miss you if you are absent from the palace to-night?" laughed the Englishman, as they turned in the direction of the horses.