

**MAKAPALA-BY-  
THE-SEA,  
HAWAII. VOLUME I**

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Makapala-By-The-Sea, Hawaii. Volume I by Anne M. Prescott

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**ANNE M. PRESCOTT**

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# Makapala-by-the-Sea

HAWAII,

BY ANNE M. PRESCOTT.

U. M.

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VOLUME I.

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## HAWAII.

God bless Hawaii.  
O flawless Pearl turned out  
By Nature's cunning, lavish hand!  
So rich and fresh, so pure,  
As passeth man to understand,  
In ocean vast, this unique clime—  
An fabric wondrous, for all time—  
God bless Hawaii!

God bless Hawaii.  
The rainbow land of promise sure and true—  
A Queen Mab's warp and woof  
All through and through—  
Of sea and sky and air, a dower royal;  
None can but love and praise,  
Then bend the knee, in adoration loyal.  
God bless Hawaii.

Now let us all unite to sing,  
"Make Jesus King; make Jesus King!"  
And ev'ry child its glowing tribute bring,  
To on the altar of Hawaii, fling;  
Till, high as Tantalus the note shall ring:  
"Make Jesus King, make Jesus King!"  
Then will God bless Hawaii.

## OUR RAINBOW LAND.

"I do set my bow in the clouds."

It would seem, from the most glorious rainbows presented for our consideration and admiration ever seen in any skies, that this little land of Hawaii, a mere speck on the map of the middle Pacific, and a few square miles only of land, lying on its peaceful surface, and broken into unequal bits at that, the largest of the eight, the King, the "big island," having but 4,210 square miles, and the smallest 63, it would seem, I say, as if this were the special "land of promise"—"A land wherein thou mayest eat bread without scarceness"—a land of color and of wealth.

We are not overlooked here by any neighbor, the nearest coast, gold mine, wheat field or vineyard—the "Golden Gate" being 2,100 miles away—hooray! We are exclusive! Ahem! The little capital, Honolulu, on this third-in-size-and-fourth-in-importance island—Oahu—we are going to spend a little time in, and then we will journey on to Kauai, the "garden island"—the Queen, as I call her. She is worth one's pen and time let me assure you. We will then turn our faces, starting again from the steamer-wharf of the Capital, in a southeasterly direction and we will pass the little Lanai, of 150 square miles, only devoted to the raising of sheep; we shall, too, leave behind us the lovely land of Molokai, the home of the Leper—Nature's great hospital and prison-ground, for the living-dead; where men and women, yes, and children, once condemned and sent are as securely walled-in, and hemmed-out from the rest of their kind as was the Emperor Napoleon. They can live in sight of the ocean, its storms and its calm, but no ship can ever drop anchor to give them passage



again. Molokai is, in one, their home and their tomb. And all this is most wise, merciful and just.

Maui is close by Molokai and there, is our first port, after Honolulu. But, between all these islands lie roughest waters, in channel beds; and Molokai is no more to Maui, in way of approach or connection, than is the Bastille of France or the Tower of London.

Niihau is close by Kauai, there in the northwest, with its 40,000 sheep and its 97 square miles; but, there is, again, I tell you, the veritable channel with its angry white caps. "Can we never strike it smooth?" "Oh yes, there is such a thing known, infrequently, as in the English Channel. But, a wise man would not stake much money on its calm. However, we take it for granted that most tourists are good travelers.

True it is that this is a very baby country in square miles, Oahu having but 600 and the second largest, Maui, 760. But, a splendid gem can be contained in an ordinary-sized pill-box or held in the palm of a week-old child. Do you see that rainbow? The whole east and north has the sea at its feet, and closer to it than I ever saw before, and with both ends taking a dip, is massed a cloud of prismatic colors; above, the sky is packed with Silurian gray of deepest hue, while in the west the sun is fast declining and will give to us one of our glorious sunsets. "Oh! after every storm do come *such* calms?" After *every* storm do come such calms, Othello.

*Leis* of rainbows over sky and hill-top, the vallies sashed and garlanded with seven-colored riband. The rainbow effects here are unique and most extraordinary, super-magnificent beyond conception. They appear often with no introduction, just after sunrise and later, and before sunset, from 4 o'clock, any minute they choose. They are visitors ever with us, refreshing and cheering—a most delightful and heavenly sermon.

We wanted to tell you, before we left, a few points about the tiny capital. It is to begin with a fine port, which is far more important than good looks of which it has, just at present, not too many. It is not a handsome city but it has points of beauty. Its mouth to begin with is decidedly disagreeable and ill-favored, with the noxious odors of Asia. You can step from the wharf directly into the heart of Chinatown and heathenism. But, there will soon be some fine business streets, good wharves and warehouses. There are already a number of fine new buildings. On going to the top of Punchbowl, the east side of the town, one looks down on a magnificent painting. The little capital is imbedded in a forest and bounded by the sea. It now looks a quaint and unique picture and one is more than paid for the trip. The Portuguese peasant or laborer, as seen in these islands, is an honest, hard-working, thrifty man, sturdily trying to mind his own affairs few or many. If he earn but 4£ 5s a month he will save something of it; on Sunday he will go to mass you may be sure, and he will look decent and tidy, for he is no sloven. He is a true Caucasian. When the time came that the many of this nation wanted each, to rent or buy a bit of land to make a home, they mutually agreed that at the base of this hill (Punchbowl) and indeed, the length of the road, which is one of the highest and most picturesque driveways of the town, overlooking the sea and far out, with the lovely hill-country of the north, surmounted by the highest peak, Tantalus, and intervening valleys clothed with verdure, often belted and bowed with yards of rain-bows of all widths the year round, was a spot that *exactly* met their views, and so they are settled there, a large colony. You can fathom by this move their shrewdness and foresight, perhaps. The Mormons, too, have their delectable little rendezvous here, in the shape of a one-horse meetin'-house and adjoining shanties. There is, also, the Chinese coffee (?) shop. So, mari-

golds and striped shawls, Mormons and Chinese abound, at this point of Honolulu, the brow. It could have been one of the very finest avenues, and close into the town, a five minutes' drive with a fast horse.

When the Mongolian takes a back seat, and Azores stows away higher; when all the lanes are turn'd into streets, and ramshackled rattle-traps into the fire—oh, then Honolulu perhaps can speak and write herself a beautiful town, and not be told with a frown to sit down for a slip of the tongue. Honolulu has many points of interest to offer a tourist. *En passant*: The Asiatic does not care for blue eyes. But the Caucasian only can boast that color—and it is the blue eye, *yeux bleus vont aux cieux*, that rules the world. Come to breathe the restful air of Hawaii and not to pore over the Arithmetic of money-grabbing. Leave that to clod-hoppers, coffee-hoppers and Cain-hoppers to do.

During this dry season of unusual length, this kill-cane time of so many months the sunsets and sunrisings have been still more remarkable and could they be correctly put on canvas by the hand of a master, art-critics would declare at once that there was *never* a like massing of vapor, or combination of color seen in any sky—but, Sir, this is *Hawaii*, and we do not lie.