

downpipes, despite all the bitter ages of experience), as he has been for centuries under the gargoyles of Westminster Abbey or of Canterbury Cathedral.

A bold, steep-sided bluff, 800ft high, rises back a little way from a residential quarter—the West End—of Honolulu. It is known as

The Pacific Heights,

and is one of the prettiest of the foothills which buttress up the ranges that rise tier over tier behind the mid-Pacific capital, is scaled by an electric tram, and affords the finest panorama that is readily obtainable of the city and the encircling shore and over the hills and far away. A mule tram leads to the foot of the ascent, thence an electric tramway zig zags up a steep and perilous-looking track to the round top of the height. The running along the mule-track is sweetly irregular. The particular trip which brought us and our genial guide to the Pacific Heights justified to some extent the boyish description of the mule as an animal that has two feet to walk with and two more to kick with. Many years ago, at a noisy bend in the winding hill-road that leads to Montserrat in Spain, I witnessed an emphatic exhibition of heel-skying by a dark, lanky, cranky mule—'stubborn as an allegory on the banks of the Nile'—that was engaged to lug our lumbering diligence to the famous shrine. The driver loaded the atmosphere with language that was painful and frequent and free. I made a remark to that effect to a Sydney lady who occupied a seat in the diligence. 'It is a caution,' she replied, 'but you must admit that it is very appropriate in the circumstances.' The uniformed Hawaiian driver takes things more coolly, and no doubt 'gits thar' all the sooner in consequence. At any rate, we were soon buzzing up the rapid slopes in an electric tramcar, coasting along steep embankments of stone that looked far and even farther down into a deep verdant valley chequered off into close-set market-gardens as fencible as Belgian cotters' plots, and green with the large, dimpled, geranium-like leaf of the taro and other vegetables *galore*. We crawled cautiously around short and villainous-looking curves armed with guard-rails—some of the curves apparently resting unsupported in mid air, and swept with a merry hum past banks on which, not the wild thyme, but the wild mango, grows and the flowering lantana (which I noticed as an unmitigated pest in the Bulli district, New South Wales) scrambles about in tangled thickets, and is as difficult to eradicate as the Canadian thistle or the bubonic plague. Charming villas occupy posts of vantage on airy spurs and terraces up the iron track and every turn brings before the delighted eye fresh and charming pictures of sea and land. The view from the top of the steep height is something that, once seen, can never be forgotten—a vast stretch of sea and land barriered on the one side by the tall grey range of Nuuanu and on the other by the heights of Waianae. For miles along the front the calm Pacific heaves gently against the coral-barrier that shoulders it off, and its upper waters flow over the reefs in a long fringe of white foam, the soft booming of which floats up to us like the faint pulse of distant music. Down the slopes and along the plain and up the hillsides there is every green known to the palette of the landscape artist, and here and there great cataracts and pools of emerald break into

A Foam of Flowers.

Yonder are the flooded ricefields that were ploughed by the wallowing water-buffalo; here great stretches of sugar-cane (the chief product of the group), and nearer still palm-groves, and the city parks and gardens, and the var-colored and almost unbroken masses of foliage above whose sleeping shadows rise hundreds of villa and mansion roofs, stained brick-red or olive green. The jagged rampart of hills that stretch like a long irregular half-moon, enclose a scene which, as a picture, far surpasses in beauty the famed view of the Bay of Naples and Vesuvius as seen from the Vomero. A far-travelled earth-wanderer among our party compared the exquisite picture to that of the harbours of Rio and Nagasaki, and those of our fellow-travellers who visited the Pacific Heights have carried away with them the memory of the most exquisite scene that it is given to the sojourner of a day to gaze upon in this tropical mid-ocean paradise. Mr Froude, who saw the city in its more unformed days in 1885, thus writes of it in his *Oceana*: 'We walked under flowing acacias, palm-trees, breadfruit trees, magnolias, and innumerable shrubs in the glowing bloom of the blossoms. Hibiscus and pomegranate crimsoned the hedges, passion flowers, bougainvilleas, and convolvulus crept up the tree stems or hung in masses on the walls. Even the wooden houses in which the poorer natives lived, mean and featureless as they might be, were redeemed from entire ugliness by the foliage in which they were buried and the bits of garden surrounding them.' Another visitor, Mr Edward Clifford, in 1889, was enraptured by the delicious streams for ever falling by scores down the green precipices of Hawaii into the blue sea—'How lovely that sea is can scarcely be told. One puts one's hand in, and all round it is the softest and most brilliant blue; below are growths of pure white coral, and among them swim fishes as brilliant as paroquets. Some are yellow, like canaries. Some are gorgeous orange or bright red. I tried to paint a blue fish, but no pigment could represent its intensity. The loveliest of all was like nothing but a rainbow as it spotted below me. Groves of coconut trees rise from the water's edge. The gardens are rich with roses, lilies, myrtles, gardenia, heliotrope, and passion flowers.'

Here in the Hawaiiis we stand in the ancestral isles of

The New Zealand Maori.

By occasionally changing the soft Polynesian L into the vigorous kettle-rum R of the Maori, and the F into the H, most of the Hawaiian native names could find their counterpart in New Zealand. Thus, Pahi (Cliff) becomes Pah (as in Pahiaka), Waihua (which I may translate The Meeting of the Waters) changes into our Waiua or Wairoa, and Ahia (the familiar salutation of the natives of the mid-Pacific group) turns into the Aroha of their

more Doric-tongued kinsmen of New Zealand. The Hawaiian Islands gave our far southern land its first population, its language—and its taro.

The rest of the day we spent in visiting sundry points of general interest in and around Honolulu—still under the sheltering wing of our pleasant guide from St. Louis College, and generally in the beautifully-fitted and up-to-date American tram-cars of the Rapid Transit Company. Even in the principal thoroughfares the streets are narrow—about a half-chain wide—and ill-formed. Some of the unformed side streets in the Japanese quarter are scored with wheel-marks like a mallee road near Warracknabeal in Victoria. But a change is rapidly coming. A feverish activity in the building trade is adorning the city with great ornate stone-built stores and offices of a style of architecture and a finish of which we have not many examples in New Zealand. There is an endless charm in the well-roaded and far-extending residential districts that circle round about the business quarters of the city. There is a charming variety of designs of villas and mansions. Many of these buildings are very costly, and in whole quarters (as about Punahou and up the Pacific Heights) their close-shaven and terraced green swards, adorned with beautiful foliage and flowering plants, slope down without fence or barrier to the footpaths of the shady streets. To our unaccustomed southern eyes this had a charming effect. We have nowhere seen a spot of earth where wealth and luxury have found themselves so novel and fragrant a Capua in which to loll and laze and loiter life away as in this coral-girt city on Oahu.

The population of Honolulu is

A Strange Salmagundi

of white man, yellow man, and dusky Polynesian—a greater Port Said of many tribes and tongues. The total population of the group is 153,727. The American law restricts the landing of John Chinaman, but some 25,000 of them have found a resting-place for the soles of their feet in the islands—a big invasion since the days when, in 1872, there were only 1938 representatives of the Flowery Kingdom in the group. White people make a somewhat bigger count of heads than the heathen Chinese—28,533 (of whom 8000 are Portuguese) is the number opposite their names in last year's statistical reports. The native Hawaiians are, like their New Zealand kinsmen, the Maoris, a tall, deep-chested, handsome race, and their curious customs and happy ways formed the subject of some of the most interesting of Lady Brassey's *Voyage in the Sunbeam*. But, like their other kith and kin of the Fijis, they are fast becoming 'good Injuns'—the conservative power of Catholic colonising nations has never shielded them, as it shielded the Red Man in Central and South America, and they are melting away off the face of the earth. There is open before me the Report of the Governor of Hawaii to the United States Government for the year 1901. It makes, in this connection—and in another which will be noted later on—melancholy reading. In 1872 the native Hawaiians numbered 49,044. At the census of 1900 they had dropped to a paltry 29,834—the doomed and decaying but happy-go-lucky remnant of a stalwart population that was estimated at 300,000 in the year when the bows of Captain Cook's exploring ships cleaved the blue waters that lap the shores of those favored isles. The day is not far off when the Hawaiian race will entirely disappear from the peoples of the earth.

A color-scheme of the population of Honolulu would be a Joseph's coat of many colors. Men may come and men may go, but the smail.

Japanese

is lord of Honolulu. Some fine day, perhaps twenty years ago, he 'dropped in promiscuous-like' into the soft green Hawaiians and found them good—he had touched the spot of earth that had, perhaps, appeared in his Eastern slumbers like 'the shapes of a dream.' And then the sallow-faced procession began. In 1884 there were (according to the official returns before me) only 116 Japanese in all the happy islands of the group. At the census of 1900 there were 61,122—almost half of the entire population. In Honolulu they swarm everywhere. The light, dapper little fellows are the domestic servants of the place—cooks, house-'maids,' scullery-'maids,' 'generals,' and the rest; they do the navvying, the clerking, and pretty nearly everything except clothes-washing—that is the Chinese monopoly still, they 'run' stores of all sorts; they turn readily to almost every art and craft, from carriage-building to watch-making and jewel-etting; the men appear in all sorts of costumes from the garb of the unchanging East to the latest London cut of sartorial upholstery; and they have a quarter of the city which is all their own, where you see their girlish-looking matrons wearing the *kimono*, and the grave-faced children that romp and skip and play, with never a smile, as if, like the enterprising islanders of the West, they took their pleasures sadly. And those marvellous enterprising and go-ahead Asians keep trooping into the Hawaiians at the rate of 300 a month. And none dares say them nay. For, as regards those go-head little men, and their position in the islands of the hither and farther Pacific seas, the battle of the Yalu was more fateful than that of Trafalgar was to the British. You may make, and duly enforce, immigration laws against John Chinaman and smile when old Li Hung Chang or his successor, or 'The Immortal' (Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand Years, as the Emperor of China is styled) utters a protest; for you know he has no 'miled fist' to blacken your eye. But immigration restriction laws are not for the bustling Japanese, who have no need, since the days of Yalu, to chant

'We don't want to fight,
But by Jingo if we do,
We've got the men, we've got the ships,
We've got the money, too'

With a somewhat aggressive expansionist policy at work in the Philippines, a most under the protection of Japan, there are wide

Hancock's "BISMARCK" LAGER BEER.

NEW ZEALAND'S
NEW INDUSTRY