

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

BY W. P. FRINK.

In the Pacific Ocean, two-thousand miles southwest of San Francisco, are situated that group of islands, known as the Sandwich or Hawaiian Islands. The group consists of twelve islands four large and four small ones inhabited, and four which are little more than barren rocks; their names are as follows—

Nihoa, a barren rock.
 Niihau, 20 miles long and 5 miles wide.
 Kauai, a barren rock.
 Lehua, " "
 Kauai, 30 miles long, 28 miles wide.
 Oahu, 35 " " 21 " "
 Molokai, 35 " " 7 " "
 Lanai, 20 " " 9 " "
 Maui, 54 " " 25 " "
 Kahoolawe, 12 miles long and 5 miles wide.
 Molokini, barren rocks.
 Hawaii, 100 miles long, 90 miles wide.

The group extends in a north-north-west direction from the last named island. The islands are all of volcanic origin and mountains in the interior, the mountains increasing in height from one thousand, eight hundred feet above the sea, on Niihau, the most north-westerly island, to the lofty and snow capped domes, on Hawaii, which penetrate the clouds fifteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. The volcanic origin of the group is manifest by the lava rock that extends from the tops of the mountains to the sea, and the great number of old and extinct craters and crater cones and promiscuously piled ridges of rock that look as though they had been thrown out of those craters and are still standing as they fell thousands of ages ago. In many places those piles of rock appear as though they were placed by the hand of man, but by comparison with similar piles recently thrown from the bowels of existing craters it is evident that those are of like origin. It is believed by geologists that the volcanic forces that formed this group, commenced at the northwesterly island, and that the islands were successively thrown up or formed by out-pourings of lava from the interior of the earth in the order in which they are named, with the exception of perhaps some of the smaller ones, which appear as if separated by earthquake force from the larger. Niihau is believed to have been split from Kauai. Hawaii is the only one of the group in which there is any active volcanic force and is the only one that has been convulsed by earthquake since they have been known to Europeans. A recent geological writer remarks that from the degradation of its ridges and the absence of any recent volcanic products, it is supposed that Kauai is the oldest member of the group—and it cannot be disputed that volcanic action ceased here before it was extinct on Oahu or the other islands. Many years must have elapsed—how many it is useless to conjecture—to convert the hard basaltic lava into rich soil which nourishes trees of immense size and which is so abundant as to give Kauai the name of the "garden". The mountains on Kauai are eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, on the summits and slopes of which the rain falls almost every day in the year, and has furrowed the sides into thousands of ravines along which the water finds channels to the sea, affording ample supply for irrigating the fertile plains where the rain fall is only during the rainy season.

The ridges between these ravines are covered with a most luxurious growth of tropical vegetation, varied with all the shades of green that are peculiar to the tropical trees, shrubs, plants and ferns, which gives a picturesque scenery of varied beauty, for which Kauai is justly celebrated. This island too is celebrated for its having the most remarkable caves on the whole group, formed in the abrupt broken end of the ridges of Mauna Hina. The largest is more than a hundred feet wide at the mouth and twenty feet high, extending into the mountain several hundred feet, gradually becoming narrower and lower until the explorer is obliged to creep on his hands and knees to an artificial wall, which is said to block up a sepulchral cave. This seems to have been one of those gigantic bubbles common to all lava streams. There are other caves in the vicinity one of which is filled with water of remarkable clearness—so much so that the smallest pebble can be seen with perfect distinctness at the depth of thirty feet. Others contain fresh water, although on the level of the sea and only a few hundred feet from it. But the most remarkable phenomenon on the island exists in the

district of Maua near Lapa. It is a very curious land bank, formed by the wind and currents, which strike the island here with great force. This bank is nearly sixty feet high, and is constantly advancing on the land, the front wall being as steep an angle as the sand will permit; the same angle is preserved from top to bottom, without the slightest debris at the base. The sand is white, coarse, and composed of coral shells, and lava. When two handfuls are scraped together, a noise resembling the bark of a dog is heard; the place is known as the "Barking Sand." It is a common amusement for visitors to slide their horses down the steep incline, when a noise as of subterranean thunder is heard, which greatly terrifies animals not used to the experiment. No scientist has given any explanation of this remarkable phenomenon to my knowledge. The mirage is often seen on this dry hot soil so perfectly that strangers endeavor to ride round the extensive lake they see before them.

Fifteen miles to the southwest is the island of Niihau. The barren rocks of Kauai and Lehua belong to this island, the latter has a crater and a spring of good water. A colony of rabbits has for some years held undisputed possession and is said to have increased rapidly. The plain land of Niihau comprises two thirds of its surface and although destitute of running streams the soil is fertile and produces the best pine-apples, and bananas found on the group, as well as corn, beans, cabbages, onions, squashes, melons, sweet potatoes and most vegetables of temperate climates. It was sold a few years ago by the government to a kind of patriarchal family from New Zealand, who moved up there with their families, flocks, and herds and are now living as a kind of independent colony owning the whole island. The next island in regard to age or formation is Oahu which is ninety miles distant from Kauai in a southeast direction. Oahu has two ranges of mountains, one on the northeast and one on the southwest, they run parallel for many miles, the plain between them being the base of the northeast range. The mountains of the northwest were the earliest formed. From the overlying strata of the eastern range, it is evident that they first ceased to give out lava streams, they are not so elevated as on Kauai, rising to the height of four thousand feet.

The shores of Oahu are mostly fringed with coral reef, which is often half a mile or more in breadth, the ancient reefs are elevated, sometimes thirty, forty, or a hundred feet, in various places, and several valleys have by this barrier been changed from lagoons to solid ground. Vegetation on Oahu extends in the rainy season from the seashore to the tops of the loftiest mountains. The valleys are of exceeding beauty and many travelers have pronounced the scenery unsurpassed by any in the world. Nuuanu valley opens on the coast not far from the center of the northeast range of mountains directly behind Honolulu, and is supposed to have once been a bay or lagoon, protected towards the sea by a coral reef of a mile wide, through which the fresh waters from the valley have cut a channel. The elevation of the ancient reef some twenty-five feet has furnished the site for the city of Honolulu. Near what was formerly the head of the bay the stumps of the large tree fern have been dug up in such quantities as to serve for fencing material for a small banana field, no such ferns are found at present north of Hawaii. Nuuanu and Maunaloa valleys are the most noted on Oahu. Nuuanu has a gentle ascent for about six miles and terminates in an abrupt precipice of twelve hundred feet perpendicular in height, above which on either hand rises the points of Konahuanui and Waiolani (waters of heaven), which tower upwards three thousand feet high. Those two mountains seem to have been rent asunder to form the valley. Through this rent and down the pali the government has made a road not of difficult descent to the district of Koolau. This precipice or pali has a historic celebrity from the occurrence of the great battle fought by Kamehameha the first, in his conquest of Oahu, and over this pali he drove his enemies by the thousands, whose bones are now to be seen in large quantities bleaching in the sun and rain. To visit this pali and collect relics of the great battle constitutes one of the objects of the curious traveller. Nuuanu is not only remarkable for its gentle ascent and abrupt termination, but it is one of the most fertile and beautiful valleys, to my mind, on the globe; it is the residence of a great many of the foreigners, who are doing business on the islands. They have

beautified it with shade and ornamental trees, and filled their gardens with every variety of shrubs and flowers that can be acclimated. Here you can see the stately pine from Norway beside the grand and beautiful cabbage palm from Panama, the monkey pod from China by the side of the magnificent native Hala or Kihilla trees. The dark green of the bread-fruit contrasts favorably with the lighter hues of the date and coconut palms. The kukue, ohea mango, tamarind, and india rubber trees are common among the fruit and shade trees. As to flowers, there is a great variety and at the season of bloom the ohea fills the ravines with its peach colored blossoms, in contrast with the wild coffee, with its snowy clusters. The geranium and cactus grow spontaneously and some of the varieties when in blossom are truly magnificent. The stately century plant (the great American aloe) grows and blossoms in this salubrious climate in seven years. Among the beautiful gardens of the foreigners there is one in which the pines of Norway and Sweden, the firs from the Sierra Nevada, the unequalled silver sword from Hale-a-ka-la, the delicate flowers from India, China, and Japan, the palms of the tropics, the fruits and vegetables of the islands and more temperate climates, all arranged with taste, skill and care, and owned cultivated and arranged by a "heathen Chinese." In the back ground the native kalo ponds with their profusion of dark green leaves, lends a charm to the scene, that is truly delightful.

Honolulu is the principal city of the Islands. It is the entrepot of all the commerce of the group. It is the seat of government and the residence of the king. This port is the rendezvous of the great American whaling fleet of the Pacific Ocean. In the year 1856 there were three hundred whale ships that made the ports of these islands the place of refitting and to discharge their crews and ship new ones. But at the present time there is not so great a fleet in the ocean, as many of the ships were captured and burned by the She-nandoah during the late war. In 1868 ninety whalers visited the islands, and almost all refitted at Honolulu. The other ports of the Islands are now almost abandoned by whalers, the annual visit of the whalers is looked for with considerable interest, as much of the business prosperity of the Islands depends on the whalers. They commence to arrive from the middle of September and continue to drop in to the first of December. It takes about six weeks for a ship to discharge and refit and get ready for sea again. Therefore, during their stay, money is plenty and business of all kinds is brisk. They generally get ready for sea soon after the first of January and go south, cruising for sperm whales, and returning to Honolulu about the first of April for fresh supplies for the northern cruise, which lasts until fall.

To be continued.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle has become a classic. It has not been seen in Utah, but the quaint old Dutchman had an able representative in Herne upon the Salt Lake boards. Next week the theatre going public will be enabled to witness the Rip of Mr. Robert McWade, which by report is in some respects equal and in others superior to that of Jefferson. This is exceedingly high praise of McWade's version of this most pathetic drama the Albany Journal says:

Many years ago, while this country was still a province of Great Britain, there resided in the village of Falling Water, on the Hudson River, not far from the Kaatskill mountains, a good-natured, good-for-nothing Dutchman, who was booked for immortality. His picture is drawn by Washington Irving thus:

"He was a simple, good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor, and an obedient, hen-pecked husband. The children of the village would shout for joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood."

Such is the portrait of Rip Van Winkle as drawn by Diedrick Knickerbocker. The play, baptized by the name of the great sleeper, in the version of Mr. Robert McWade, who appears in the title role, is substantially this:

Rip is introduced surrounded by a merry crowd of boys and girls, with whom he laughs and dances and carries on in a devil-may-care way. At length, the dance

done, and the youngsters gone, he falls to thinking of his unprofitable, shiftless life, and resolves to turn over a new leaf, particularly in the matter of the flowing bowl. He expresses his temperance intentions for all the future in the laconic speech, "I shwored off." In the midst of his virtuous forecastings to him appears Derrick von Hector. Derrick is a money lender, who little by little had gotten into his grasp so much of which was once Rip's large estate that what is left is "the worst conditioned farm in the neighborhood dwindled down to little more than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes." Derrick having accidentally learned that little Steenie, Rip's only daughter, will become a great heiress on the death of an aunt, is desirous of getting control of the fortune that is to fall to her. So he proposes to Rip that they contract for a marriage between Steenie and Leopold von Hector, Derrick's son, expressing, that if either Leopold or Steenie refuse to ratify the contract the fortune of the party refusing to contract be forfeited to the other.

Rip, entirely ignorant of his daughter's great expectations, and rendered pliable by several forgetfulnesses in the matter of swearing off, signs the proposed contract, after it has been amended so as to allow him to recall his assent any time within twenty years and one day. A copy of the agreement being deposited in his game bag, he proceeds, in a half drunken state, to go home. Arriving at his domicile, and seeking entrance thereto through the window, he asks Steenie of the whereabouts of Mrs. Van Winkle, in the complimentary query, "Is he Kangeroo at home?" The Kangeroo was at home and waiting for him, and she goes for Rip right lively, seizing hold of his ear and pouring forth at him a volley of tears and reproaches.

He, in reply, tells her that he is never going to drink any more—"I shwored off now, sure." But even as his wife in her first smiles and hopes over his promise, is thinking of a happy future, she surprises her husband in the act of drinking a toast of good bye to old drunken Rip Van Winkle and one of welcome to Rip Van Winkle the reformed man. This last bit of drinking is too much for the old lady, who, in a burst of passion, orders Rip to leave the house, bidding him, "Never come in that door again." Rip hesitates for a little, pleading against her words, but he gets no answer. So bidding a touching adieu to wife and child, and fireplace, and table, he rushes out into the raging storm, with his dog and gun. Repenting of her harsh words, his wife flies to the door and calls after him to come back, but she is too late to reach him. This closes act first.

In the second act, we meet Rip high up on the Kaatskill mountains, where, being debarred from home, he determines to spend the night. Going along he encounters a queer old man carrying a keg. The old fellow answers never a word to Rip's friendly attempts at conversation, but indicates by signs that he would like assistance in getting his keg up the steep paths. "Though rather shy and distrustful of his new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and mutually relieving one another, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent." On reaching the top of the mountain, Rip was filled with amazement, at the sight that presented itself. "On a level spot in the centre of an amphitheatre, was a company of odd-looking personages playing at nine pins. They were dressed in quaint outlandish fashion. Their visages too, were peculiar—one had a large beard, broad face, and small piggyish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail."

The leader of the band makes signs to him to drink with them, and Rip, giving his swear off the go-by once more, drains off the bumper. No sooner is the liquor down his throat than he exclaims, "Oh, what for Schnapps was that?" "Durt burns my heart," and with a cry for his wife, and Steenie, and Snyder, he falls into his twenty years' sleep. This ends act second.

In the third and last act Snyder's skeleton hangs from a tree, and old Rip lies on the ground, with snowy hair and tattered apparel. After several efforts he succeeds in rising and amazed at himself and his surroundings he proceeds down the mountain.

At length he reaches the village of Falling Water, it is election day, and the crowd are hurrahing for the new mayor. Rip knows nobody, nobody knows Rip. He inquires after his friends and learns that Derrick is dead, that Nick Vedder is dead, and more hard to realize than all, that Rip Van Winkle is dead. Asking in despair, "Is all de village dead?" he is answered in the negative, and assured that "Falling Water is a live town." The crowd badger and make sport of him, when a young naval officer suddenly appears and rescues him from insult. Soon after the great sleeper is taken in care by Mrs. Knickerbocker, his sister, who tenderly conducts the old man to her own home. Arriving there, Rip finds himself left alone with a handsome young woman, his daughter Steenie. She is inclined to be frightened at the strange old man, but he entreats her in touching tones: "Don't been frait fun me, young lady," and proceeds to tell her his wonderful story; how that last night he had slept up on