

Shadows of Destiny: A French Navigator's View of the Hawaiian Kingdom and its Government in 1828

A translation of Auguste Bernard Duhaut-Cilly, *Voyage autour du monde, principalement à la California et aux Iles Sandwich, pendant les années 1826, 1827, 1828, et 1829*, 2 vols. (Paris, 1834-35), II, chapters 19 and 20.

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TRANSLATOR'S INTRODUCTION

The historian Charles Franklin Carter, in his translation from the French entitled "Duhaut-Cilly's Account of California in the Years 1827-1828," included the following biographical footnote:

... Auguste Bernard Duhaut-Cilly was born at Saint-Malo, March 26, 1790. When only seventeen he began his career at sea, took part in the battle of Grand Port in 1810, and in 1813 against the English frigate *Amelia*. (An elder brother, Malo Bernard Duhaut-Cilly, two years his senior, was with him on the same ship in this battle.) When peace was declared, Duhaut-Cilly left the navy to become a captain in the merchant marine, and after various expeditions to the French colonies, to Brazil, Havana, and Buenos Aires, he took command of the *Héros* in which he made his memorable voyage. This long trip deeply affected his health, so much so that on his return to France he was forced to give up his sea explorations. He settled at Saint-Servan, and filled the position of mayor for some years, where he is remembered for the improvements he introduced. He died there, of the cholera, October 26, 1849.¹

Apart from this guideline, no adequate record of Auguste Duhaut-Cilly's life has been published in English. Fortunately his dates as such are illuminating, provided they are viewed within their relevant geographical, historical, and political contexts. It is important, first of all, to notice that Duhaut-Cilly's lifetime coincided almost exactly with that period of protracted crisis throughout Europe between the outbreak of the French Revolution in 1789 and the February Revolution of 1848. During that span of six decades, often described by its historians as "The Age of Revolutions," Duhaut-Cilly's career falls into three clearly demarked stages, each shaped by his involvement with the sea and navigation, France's industrial expansion, and her status as a maritime

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power. The first period (1790–1826) dates from Duhaut-Cilly's birth at Saint-Malo in Brittany, on the English Channel, and ends when he set sail at Le Havre, at the age of thirty-six, for California and the Sandwich Islands. The second stage (1826–29), relatively brief but dense with incident and of primary interest, covers the several years of his captaincy of the *Héros*. The third and final phase (1830–49), during the reign of Louis-Philippe and under the July Monarchy, ends with the Revolution of 1848 and Duhaut-Cilly's death one year later, during the short-lived Second Republic (1849–51).

Duhaut-Cilly's 20th-Century readers should keep in mind his Breton background and boyhood in ramparted Saint-Malo, always within smell of the sea. According to Carter, his first service aboard ship was at 17, an expected age for a youth who had completed his secondary education at a naval institute or a *lycée*. With a single exception, little is known about his ancestry, presumably Breton, or about other members of his family. The interesting exception is that the brother, Malo Duhaut-Cilly, linked by name patriotically with his birthplace and its local saint, preceded Auguste into the navy. Malo's example conceivably influenced his younger brother in the same direction. But more significant than the nautical family precedent is that Auguste later reversed his decision. He chose to leave the regular navy and enter his country's merchant marine. Exactly when he did so and why remain matters of conjecture. Possibly the position of a pair of brothers, both talented but one forever junior, made the family association competitively disadvantageous. In the light of Auguste Duhaut-Cilly's character, his bookish habits and tastes, and his general intellectual interests to be revealed later in the writing of the *Voyage*, it is safe to believe that his decision to abandon the *marine de guerre* for the sake of the *marine de marchande* was made only after careful reflection.

Although the exact date when Duhaut-Cilly joined the merchant marine is unknown, a celebrated public event that preceded his doing so, and indeed may have precipitated it, is indicated in Carter's note: "When peace was declared, Duhaut-Cilly left the navy to become a captain in the merchant marine." The era of peace cited was that which followed the battle of Waterloo, June 12–18, 1815, marking the final downfall of Napoleon I and the decisive end of the Napoleonic Wars. Carter's note raises a suspicion that Duhaut-Cilly was dismayed, if not at once totally disillusioned, by the cumulative record of Napoleonic debacles on both sea and land. Cogent reasons for a climax of disappointment can be traced as far back as 1798, a date never to be forgotten in his mature judgments upon the relative strength of France and Great

Britain as maritime powers. In 1798 Nelson's victory at the battle of the Nile had ended French predominance in the Mediterranean. Nelson's subsequent triumph at the battle of Trafalgar in 1805, when Duhaut-Cilly was 15, effectively destroyed Franco-Spanish imperial power around the globe. Henceforth Britain would be able to exercise her military and naval resources wherever she would. Napoleon's abdication in 1815 and his exile to St. Helena stand as a crucial turning point in modern history, from which Britain emerged as the world's foremost maritime and imperial nation.

It is impossible to demonstrate a clear causal chain linking successive Napoleonic defeats along the Nile, in the bay of Gibraltar, and at Waterloo directly to divagations and shifts in the destiny of the young Duhaut-Cilly. No doubt he had private reasons, even a variety of conflicting reasons, for opting to join France's merchant marine. The lack of specific documentary evidence makes it difficult to state categorically that he did so because of naval lessons learned, or learned only partially and haltingly, during the traumatic years of the Napoleonic Wars. What can be inferred with certitude is that by the time of his captaincy of the *Héros*, Duhaut-Cilly himself had become a staunch and self-declared admirer of British seamanship, of a naval professionalism surpassing that of any other maritime people. Even the British whalers as he saw them (below, pp. 36-37), safe and secure in their winter moorings at Honolulu harbor, had attained a Nelsonian standard of good order, discipline, and systematic organization, equalled only by their counterpart and mirror image in the Royal British Navy.

ORIGINS OF THE *Héros* EXPEDITION

What chain of circumstance—chance, luck, increasing self-knowledge, even logical choice—impelled Duhaut-Cilly in 1826 to accept the captaincy of the *Héros*? Here at least the documentation is ample; and better still, it is entertaining. The original conception of the expedition sprang from the fertile brain of a compatriot of Duhaut-Cilly, a diminutive Gascon beachcomber named Jean Rives who first landed in the Hawaiian Islands during the last years of the reign of Kamehameha the Great. Rives soon became one of the raffish court favorites of Liholiho, and after Liholiho's succession as Kamehameha II, he served as the young monarch's secretary and interpreter. The picaresque character of Jean Rives and his role as the prime promoter of the *Héros* enterprise have been noted by successive historians of the Hawaiian kingdom.² But since none of the earlier accounts had reason to describe the *Héros*

expedition in full detail and for its own historical sake, it is appropriate to publish in translation an eye-witness version of the unfolding story as first recorded by Duhaut-Cilly.

In 1824 the King of the Sandwich Islands, Rio-Rio [Liholiho], prompted by curiosity and also by an element of self-interest, journeyed to England aboard a whaling vessel. . . . He was accompanied by his wife, his ministers, Kalaimoku [Kalanimoku] and Boki, and by a Frenchman named R[ives], who was serving as his interpreter and secretary.

Arrived in London, Rio-Rio there became an object of curiosity and condescending laughter. The great entertained him for the sake of their amusement and to display him as a rare animal; journalists recorded his presence by filling their issues with piquantly humorous articles; capitalists built upon the king's ignorance hopes that could never have been realized; and the British government paid his expenses rather generously, with an eye to profiting from the occasion by obtaining privileges from the king and advantages thereby to British commerce. Indeed, the agricultural promise of the fertile Sandwich Islands seemed to justify viewing the archipelago in such a pleasing perspective. Before serious negotiations commenced, however, Rio-Rio and his wife were stricken by measles and died of that malady.

The suite of the king, together with the embalmed bodies, were dispatched back to the Sandwich Islands aboard H.B.M.'s frigate the *Blonde*, and a British consul was accredited there with the title of Consul General of all the islands of the Pacific Ocean. M. R[ives], however, having remained in London, used his position to exploit his own interests and spread the report that before dying king Rio-Rio had conferred upon him the power to contract in the king's name, or in that of his successor to the throne, an exclusive treaty of commerce. Such a treaty would extend its rights to each government and every company that wished to participate in such an arrangement. Although conditions at the moment could not have been more favorable, inasmuch as a great number of similar enterprises were being promoted and organized during this period on foundations even more absurd, M. R[ives] was unable to manoeuvre his scheme to success.

Frustrated in his original hopes, he then went to Paris. He had a family in France and there he again began to spread news of his powers and of the brilliant benefits one could gain from an expedition to the Sandwich Islands, preceded by a sojourn along California's coast seaboard and by a visit to the northwest [Alaskan] coast of America.

A business commissioner without credit and with no prestige and standing undertook initially to serve as R[ives]'s representative and intermediary. But because this person was obliged first to address certain other important parties to raise the necessary funds, it seemed imprudent to include the latter's name on a list announcing other unimpeachable supporters of the promotion. Offended by this strict condition, the commissioner then found himself forced to abandon the project and played no further part in its history.

The expedition which I am now about to give an accounting of was undertaken by Messrs Javal, bankers, Martin Laffitte of Le Havre, and Jacques Laffitte³ (the same who since became minister of state), whose love of the public good, as well as his desire to increase his immense fortune, drew him into furnishing capital, in the hope thereby of opening a new branch of industry and an additional outlet for French commerce.

A treaty, one in which M. R[ives] accorded in the name of the government of the Sandwich Islands enormous advantages to those interested, was signed in Paris at the end of 1826. Among other provisions it promised much profit on the merchandise to be sent with the voyage; also the opportunity to develop and exploit vast lands that [Rives] claimed he owned in the islands; a monopoly furthermore of the sandalwood

supply that constituted the principal marketable source of the kingdom's wealth, together with numerous other dazzling inducements. Without placing full confidence in these shining potentialities, the involved authorities gained the impression that there was a genuine possibility of establishing systematic formal relations with the archipelago, an understanding that might result in great benefit to French commerce in general.

Scarcely had the project been implemented, however, than a more searching knowledge of the character of M. R[ives] aroused a fear: the realization that too free a bargain had been struck with a man who, during each day spent in conference, revealed clear signs of his imprudence together with a deficiency of financial resources that subsequent events have proved all too real. However, not wishing to default on commitments already made, the backers of the expedition continued to work out arrangements. They resolved to exclude M. R[ives] from playing an active part in the operation of the project; and that is how they happened to propose to me eventually to take command of the vessel, assuming full charge in accomplishing its mission.

Flattered by this expression of confidence, and being by nature inclined to embark upon adventurous enterprises, I steeled myself against the difficulties and hardships that such a long absence from France might entail. In the end I did not hesitate further to enlist myself and to make promises that were solemn and irrevocable. My instructions empowered me to act in the interests of all parties concerned. I was thus bound to insist that M. R[ives] punctually fulfill all the clauses of the treaty; I must watch his actions; and I must render a report finally of all his affairs and general comportment and conduct, having indeed the right to expel him, if necessary, from all further attempt at cooperation.

I hastily repaired to Bordeaux where I acquired a fine vessel of 370 tons. Her name was the *Héros*, and I myself steered her to Le Havre to complete her provisioning and to load her with cargo. The Minister of the Navy, who appeared to take a special interest in the expedition, had earlier promised to furnish me with instruments suitable for contributing to the progress of scientific navigation. But I found myself urging the execution of his promise in vain, and I left Le Havre without anything besides a special passport, together with a set of marine charts that I gave back to the ministry on my return. Highly gratified by so honorable a naval mission, I would have been most willing to fulfill it with zeal, employing all my best however limited knowledge. But not having received the requisite instrumental outfitting, I am here confined to reporting simply my personal observations, together with my verbal descriptions of the localities I have visited. However, I must not ignore by my silence the reward allowed me by the late government, when it remitted to me one half of the customs duties imposed on certain "natural products of the soil" that the *Héros* brought back to France from China.⁴

The inevitable breach between Duhaut-Cilly and Jean Rives became absolute during the stay of the *Héros* along the coast of lower California, the scene not only of Rives's final disgrace but also of the chain of unfortunate circumstances, commercial in origin, that ended five years later in his death. But before the shadowy figure of Rives fades from view entirely, it is necessary to balance Duhaut-Cilly's narrative of his relations with Rives with accounts supplied by two later historians, Manley Hopkins and Father Reginald Yzendoorn. According to Duhaut-Cilly, Rives in July of 1828 was permitted to leave the *Héros* for a period and join a visiting Hawaiian schooner, the *Waverley*, under Captain Sumner, for the purpose of selling a substantial portion of the *Héros'*

unsold cargo. The California portion of the *Voyage* describes the consequences.

By July 23d all was ready for departure from San Diego; the hay and water were aboard, the horses bought and ready to ship; I had settled my accounts with the General and with the customs-house. We were preparing to bid an eternal farewell to California, when an incident that compels me now to return to my relations with M. R[ives] . . . resulted in several days' delay in our departure. It was a heavy price to pay to leave behind me the large sum he had in his power, and though I was not responsible for its loss, it was not without regret and hesitation that I found myself being forced to leave California without having recovered it.

But I had no news whatsoever of this strange and erratic character who had long ago failed to return at the time he himself had requested and promised. I might well have decided that he was lost, but ascribed his delay rather to the heedlessness and frivolity of his nature, which once again could have caused him to alter his plans. . . . I could not therefore continue to linger in California waiting for M. R[ives] . . . and still less could I go in search of him at that particular season of the year. So I determined, as I have said, to resist all hesitation, when suddenly the *Waverley* at last arrived. Contrary to my hope, M. R[ives] was not on board. I learned from the captain's report, likewise from letters [?Rives] had addressed to me, all that occurred in the affair since the *Waverley* had left Monterey. My conjectures were verified. All the marketable goods and monetary gains had been squandered, as a sequel to his utter imprudence and general incapacity. I congratulated myself on my decision, and nothing remained for me to do than to carry out my plan, the sole course suiting the concerns of the *Héros* and the interests of the owners of the vessel.⁵

Manley Hopkins' account of the fate of Jean Rives, based primarily on Duhaut-Cilly's *Voyage*, is colored in substance and tone by the author's religious and political prepossessions. As consul-commissioner and chargé d'affaires of the Hawaiian Kingdom in London, Hopkins had been assiduous during the 1850s and 1860s in publicizing the cause of an Anglican mission to Hawaii, an event that resulted in the establishment of the Hawaiian Reformed Catholic Church. Because of that duty performed, together with his close personal friendship with Kamehameha IV and Queen Emma, Hopkins' mention of Jean Rives's contribution to the Roman Catholic mission of the 1820s is consciously dismissive and ironic.

Rives projected while in Paris an agricultural concern for which he required artisans; he also demanded priests for the christianization of the kingdom. The result was that Pope Leo XII appointed Mr. J. C. Bachelot Apostolic Prefect of the Sandwich Islands, and [the latter] sailed thence in the ship *Comet*, accompanied by two priests and four mechanics. Rives, who had thus done much in the cause of religion, would not venture himself in the vessel with such a body of divinity, but proceeded on another [the *Héros*], landed on the coast of South America [Mexican California] and there disappears from history finally.⁶

Among the varying accounts in English of the Hawaiian career of Jean Rives, that of Yzendoorn deserves special notice for the sake of its fresh

perspective and relevant though unexplored facts, interpreted with charitable wisdom and psychological insight.

After having visited his family [in France], Mr. Rives entered into negotiations with both the French Government and private parties for a French settlement in the Hawaiian Islands. In these different transactions he was probably animated by good faith; neither may we say that he acted under false pretenses. Previous to the king's death, Mr. Rives was a taboo-chief (he enjoyed the *kapu puloulou* [*pūlo'ulo'u*, permitting a sacred tapa-covered ball on a stick to be carried before a chief as an insignia of taboo]); he was the bosom friend (*aikane*) and secretary of the monarch; he had extensive domains in the different islands. . . . [These are listed.]

Rives then was not acting under false pretenses when he tried to form a company for the exploitation [sic] of his uncultivated lands. But having lived among Hawaiians from his boyhood on, he had contracted native-Hawaiian business methods and the native irresponsible way of squandering money. To sharp business men his incapacity could not remain long hidden. Hence he failed in his efforts of establishing a joint stock company in London; in Paris he succeeded, it is true, but the bankers . . . withdrew from him the management of this enterprise and entrusted therewith Captain Duhaut-Cilly. . . .

Unfortunately, Mr. Rives sailed from Le Havre on "*Le Héros*", April 10, 1826. It seems to have been his intention first to transact some profitable business in California, and then return to Hawaii, where he would be in time to prepare for the reception of the French mission. . . . Had Mr. Rives gone straight back to Hawaii, he might have been able to save his own property, and to prepare for the priests a foothold and a less unfavorable reception, nor did he ever thereafter tread the Hawaiian shores.

He was traveling hither and thither on the Pacific Coast in the Hawaiian schooner *Waverley*, Captain Sumner, with a part of *Le Héros'* cargo. When in August [1828], the *Waverley* returned to Monterey there to meet Captain Duhaut-Cilly, Rives was not aboard, having wasted and dissipated all the property entrusted to him, in consequence of his imprudent conduct and incapacity. He died in Mexico, August the 18th, 1833, aged forty years.⁷

Jore has estimated that Jean Rives was born in 1792 or 1793 and that he questionably may have first arrived in the Sandwich Islands between 1803 and 1806, aged ten to twelve. In Saint-Malo, across the channel from Plymouth and Portsmouth, the young Auguste Duhaut-Cilly first went to sea bound eventually for Mauritius and battle at 17. Thus in 1828, at the time of Rives's disaster in California, the Gascon and the Breton—both "inclined to embark on adventurous enterprises"—were apparently aged thirty-five and thirty-eight respectively.⁸

THE LIFE OF THE LAND

In the California portion of his *Voyage*, Duhaut-Cilly weighed very carefully the advantages and disadvantages of studying the habits and customs of a civilized people as opposed to the study of an uncivilized. But what was not so rewarding was the investigation of human populations that were neither one thing nor another, but only a sort of

hodgepodge. Such was Duhaut-Cilly's impression of the inhabitants of California in 1826-1828. One profound difference he noticed between California and the Sandwich Islands was that the native people of the Hawaiian archipelago, thus far at least, had preserved not only a high degree of racial homogeneity, but had also maintained a continuity of character, indeed an "originality" and charm of manner constituting cultural poise. Nowhere in the *Voyage* does Duhaut-Cilly use the word "aloha," but something akin to that nebulous magic must have impressed itself upon his French imagination, with the result that he relished and treasured his memories of the Hawaiians, while his recollections of the people of California left him with a sense of disappointment.

But if highly civilized nations and purely savage people are equally interesting to study, it is not the same with populations whose debased customs have nothing national about them. This is the case with California, loaded with Spanish, English, Mexican, Indian, and other customs, a dull mosaic picture without life and character. This lack of originality and freshness would have made me abandon the thought of entertaining the reader, if that country's true native people [the Indians] had not been there to add some touches of color to the boring canvas.⁹

"National" and "nation" are key terms for understanding Duhaut-Cilly's portrayal of his Sandwich Islanders of the 1820s. Throughout the visit of the *Héros* to Oahu he never doubted that here was a Polynesian society with "something national about it." Furthermore, the Hawaiians were worthy of their nationhood. However, under the rule of the teen-age Kauikeaouli, the kingdom as Duhaut-Cilly appraised it was as yet no more than a nation in embryo. The birth of the nation, its promise and eventual realization, would require transforming the present impromptu and very imperfect system of government, dominated by American Protestant missionaries, into that of an enlightened and liberal nation-state. To achieve that purpose would necessitate the fulfillment of two complicated conditions.

First, the great powers would have to agree by treaty to guarantee the kingdom against foreign aggression. In order to safeguard the country's independence, the same international covenant would furthermore need to establish forever—"pour toujours"—the neutrality of the ports of the archipelago during periods of war—"en temps de guerre."¹⁰ Second, and just as imperatively, in order to protect the internal security of the fledgling Hawaiian sovereign state, radical changes would be demanded in the control and utilization of its precious lands. An essential purpose of this reform would be to improve the morale and well-being of Hawaii's common people, especially its farmers. Indeed, to restore the ancient agricultural lands from their prevalent conditions of neglect

would involve a "revolution." But such a far-reaching reform and renovation, carried out on a territorial scale and encompassing each of the islands, need not require civil insurrection, as in the Old World. The revision should proceed in a deliberate and integrative way, under the jurisdiction of the king and the chiefs. The political system should remain one of "pure monarchy (*"purement monarchique"*), with final and unadulterated authority vested in the will of the monarch, functioning somewhat in the manner of a benevolent despot. Yet the system would work through consensus as much as possible, expressing itself in its policies and decisions, and these would thence possess positive force and majesty of law.

Such a deviation from archaic custom would require dismantling, but at a gradual pace, the "feudalistic" arrangements of land tenure and control as exercised traditionally among the native Hawaiians. The out-moded sentiments and principles would be replaced by a progressive system, based upon western concepts of ownership, property rights, inheritance, taxation, and the like, all to be embodied in *la loi fondamentale*—that is, in a Hawaiian constitution. But whether that constitution would assume the form of a written document Duhaut-Cilly does not explicitly say. He vaguely suggests that such an intrusive body of newly-minted laws, institutions, and customs, all intimately interwoven with the old pattern of agricultural life in the islands, would find their implicit existence in the workaday fabric of government. The right kind of a "revolution" would thus result in a just government.

A handsome people, a delightful climate, a very ample expanse of lands and extremely fertile soil, these are all the elements required for realizing every dream of human happiness, provided however that better laws are adopted, and I believe that such a condition will not be impossible to achieve.¹¹

Duhaut-Cilly's recommendations concerning the reform of the old Hawaiian system of land tenure clearly derive from the ideas of the French *philosophes* of the 18th Century and their numerous intellectual progeny. More specifically, Duhaut-Cilly draws certain of his economic principles and conclusions from the self-designated Physiocrats, who first held that agriculture and the land are the primary source of a people's wealth. In this respect *Physiocratie* as an economic doctrine was directly opposed to the idea of the 16th- and 17th-Century mercantilists who argued that metals, gold and silver, constituted the primary source of wealth.¹² But Duhaut-Cilly was not a Physiocrat pure and simple, reducing wealth solely to its source in land and in what grows from the soil. He appears also to embrace the principle associated especially with Adam Smith and other later *laissez-faire* economists, that labor rather

than land per se, or its agricultural products, is the essential and pervasive human factor in the production of wealth.

Duhaut-Cilly's philosophic credo was solidly founded on the faith that a "natural order" exists, an order based upon rules which, if observed, will bring happiness to a people, or at any rate allow them to pursue happiness. But if these rules go unobserved then a whole society can be plunged into disaster and misery. And this, he thought, was patently what was happening in the Sandwich Islands, under the government of the early Kamehamehas, led astray by the misguided rulings of the American Protestant missionaries. The practical application of Physiocratic theory and its extensions taught that customs, laws, and institutions which prevent the realization of the rightful order could assume a variety of pernicious forms: badly contrived taxation systems; methods of forced contribution; impediments to the development of markets; barriers to the free movement of commerce; monopolies; privileges without roots in responsibility. Such detriments could produce economic loss and deadly spiritual attrition. On the other hand, if a prince—say an older and much wiser Kauikeaouli, King Kamehameha III, together with his counselors and magistrates—succeeded in abolishing uneconomic modes of land use, then the reward would be happiness, the very incarnation of order and a truly human society.

A MAN OF NOTE

Very little is known about Duhaut-Cilly's year-to-year life after his return to France in his thirty-ninth year. What is most certain is that the course of his later career was again sharply influenced by political conditions in revolutionary France. When he stepped ashore from the *Héros* at Le Havre on July 29, 1829, the clerical-minded and reactionary regime of Charles X was already hastening toward its end. In the July Revolution of 1830, Charles X was forced from his throne and his Orleanist rival, Louis-Philippe, was chosen in his place as "king of the French"—a carefully phrased designation intended to emphasize the role of the monarch as a symbol of French national solidarity. Louis-Philippe's eighteen-year reign, known as the July Monarchy, marked the ascendancy of the wealthy bourgeoisie and the triumph of big business.

There is good reason to believe that the policies of the new government soon proved advantageous to Duhaut-Cilly. Jacques Laffitte (1766-1844), a regular financial adviser of Louis-Philippe, who accepted the headship of the king's first ministry (1830-1831), was the same Gascon banker who, in the 1820s, had helped to fund and rescue the

faltering mission of the *Héros*. Although he was quite unsuccessful as a politician, incapable of monitoring let alone reconciling the perennial tug of war between ministerial liberals and conservatives, as a financial wizard Jacques Laffitte remained a purposeful and powerfully significant figure in French commercial circles during the 1830s and well into the 1840s. A pioneer of new methods of utilizing savings, he initiated systematized procedures which contributed to the great outburst of economic activity that occurred during the 1850s and 1860s under Napoleon III and the Second Empire (1851-1870). Indeed, very soon after the publication of Duhaut-Cilly's *Voyage*, Laffitte in 1837 persuaded prominent financiers, industrialists, and merchants to subscribe 50 million francs to fund a giant holding company. Its goal was to purchase shares in new and promising ventures and thereby, on a stunning and diverse scale, stimulate French industry.

Whether or not Duhaut-Cilly was directly involved in any of Laffitte's current operations, the banker's masterful schemes obviously appealed to Duhaut-Cilly's mercurially optimistic imagination. In his introduction to the *Voyage* (written *circa* 1833; quoted above, page 6), Duhaut-Cilly seemed to imply that further sea-going ventures, similar to that of the *Héros* but surely better planned and more generously assisted by the state, deserved bold encouragement in keeping with the expansionist spirit of the July Monarchy.

In 1834 Duhaut-Cilly published the first volume of the *Voyage* both in Paris and at the seaside town of Saint-Servan, pleasantly situated on the gulf of Saint-Malo and directly opposite Duhaut-Cilly's rocky birthplace. The second volume appeared one year later under the same dual imprint. Each volume on its title page identified the author as a navigator noted for the importance of his roving missions ("*Capitaine au long-cours*"); also as a "*chevalier de la Légion d'honneur*;" and, finally, as a "*membre de l'académie d'industrie manufacturière, agricole et commerciale de Paris*." The public honors, it should be noted, antedated the appearance of the *Voyage* and thus helped to certify that work's authority and broad pertinence to the world of affairs.

Charles Franklin Carter's biographical note on Duhaut-Cilly alludes to his impaired health in later years, a condition attributed (according to obscure French sources) to his arduous service as captain of the *Héros*. Although "forced to give up his sea explorations," Duhaut-Cilly after his retirement at Saint-Servan "filled the position of mayor for some years, where he is remembered for the improvements he introduced." Following a fine classical tradition, Captain Duhaut-Cilly cultivated his garden. It should be pointed out, however, that the office of mayor at

that time was not a purely provincial post. During the earlier years of the 19th Century, under the type of bureaucratized government inaugurated by Napoleon I, mayors were appointed by the state. After 1830, when an elective principle was introduced, they were chosen by their neighbors and peers from within the elected municipal councils. But their primary duty remained that of carrying out the centralizing laws of the state. The municipal council of Saint-Servan concluded that Duhaut-Cilly was conspicuously the best man among them to arbitrate conflicts of interest and to adjust the needs of the commune to nationwide policies and procedures.

Auguste Bernard Duhaut-Cilly died at Saint-Servan of the cholera in 1849. He was about sixty years old and what killed him was the so-called Asiatic form of cholera that used to travel the sea lanes of the globe. Whether he left a wife and children, and whom he named as heirs, are unknown. He survived the Revolution of 1848 and lived just long enough to see France become again, though for only a very short time, a republic. After his life of adventure and service at sea and on land, he ended his days as one of his country's "notables" and thus a man of recognized repute and public influence in his chosen profession. He belonged to that new officially acknowledged elite of largely self-made men who embodied, in the later words of a reflective grandson of Charles X, the Comte de Chambord, echoing 1789 and the Declaration of the Rights of Man, a "natural hierarchy [of merit], conforming to the spirit of equality."¹³

Voyage autour du Monde . . .

by Auguste Bernard Duhaut-Cilly

Volume II, Chapters 19 and 20 (pp. 258-325)

PART ONE

September 1828

The voyage of the *Héros* from California to the Sandwich Islands was notably uninteresting. On the seventeenth day, when we finally sighted the island of Wahou [Oahu], we steered toward the southeastern portion called Point Cocos [Koko Head]. At first this entire side looks dry and barren, but on sailing nearer one soon discerns green vegetation and dwellings. The Point extends prominently southeast and then, suddenly

"Vue du port et la vallée d'Anaroura dans l'Ile de Waho." (View of the harbor and valley of Honolulu, Oahu.) Lithograph from drawing by A. Duhaut Cilly, 1828. Reproduced from Duhaut Cilly's *VOYAGE ATOUR DU MONDE* (1834), v. 2, following p. 278.



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Le 10 de l'année 1870.

Vue du port et de la vallée d'Inverurie dans l'île de Skye.

1870

turning westward, the indented coastline forms a modest bay, two leagues in circumference, which terminates on its far side at Diamond Hill (Diamond Mountain) [Diamond Head]. Although of low elevation, the mountain is nevertheless impressive because of its isolated location along the shore, where it suddenly arises out of the coastal plain, one league distant from the first elevations of the interior terrain. Diamond Hill's formation, quite circular, is that of a volcanic crater horizontally truncated, and it doubtless owes its origin to one of those fire-spewing furnaces. A pool of fresh water, stocked with excellent fish, is found at the summit.

West of Point Cocos the island assumes a more attractive appearance. Mountains, seamed and divided by deep valleys, are covered with forests in a state of perennial vegetation. As soon as we had passed the Diamond [sic], we found ourselves confronting a magnificent grove of coconut trees, whose ample leafage lends shade to the pretty village of Wítíté [Waikiki], or rather Waitíté,* where ships used to anchor before the establishment of the port and trade center of Anaroura [Honolulu], situated a league farther west. Keeping a mile off shore, we coasted at a depth of eight or nine fathoms along the bordering reefs, and then dropped anchor at eleven fathoms opposite the port, where we noted the presence of several vessels.

Seldom can one enter the harbor of Anaroura during the midday hours. The exceedingly narrow channel leading to the shore is a tortuous opening in the reef, about two miles long. If there is no helpful wind, a rare occurrence at that time of day, one must wait out the morning calm and then be towed in by small rowboats. This difficulty has confirmed at Anaroura a blessed custom, one still maintained by the sailors, who have organized among themselves a "fraternal association". On a day when a ship must enter port, the small boats of all vessels at anchor in the harbor are placed before sunrise at the disposal of the new arrival. In the eyes of all his fellows, the captain who would refuse this kindly procedure would be viewed as shameful. The port of Anaroura is in any event a twisting and turning channel where eighty ships can nevertheless be moored in safety, upon a bottom of mud varying from three to six fathoms.

When the *Héros* was anchored we fired a salute of thirteen guns, which were at once scrupulously returned by the fort. I was then presented to the young King Kaou-Kéaouli [Kauikeaouli] or Tameha-

* I do not pretend to write the Sandwich Islands words very accurately, but shall follow pronunciation rather than orthographical conventions.

Meha [Kamehameha III]. He was at the house of the regent Boki, seated with no other indication of his rank upon an armchair like the one offered me. He was dressed very simply in white, wearing around his neck a yellow circlet made of the seeds of the screw pine [pandanus]. It was not even a mark of his eminence, as I at first thought, for many of the people, men and women alike, were wearing similar necklaces. This young prince, then seventeen years old, had an air of melancholy. His physiognomy as a whole was interesting and expressive, but the face bore some signs of the ravages of smallpox. His complexion was dark chestnut. He spoke little and scrutinized me slowly and with care. I had on board the *Héros* the portraits of the king his brother and of the Sandwich Islands queen, who had died in London in 1824. Through my interpreter I presented them as a gift. He accepted them at the time without showing much feeling, and it was only some days later and after they had been delivered to him that he became deeply moved by the likeness and beauty of execution of the paintings. Indeed for several days the two pictures excited the sensibilities of all the native inhabitants, who on this occasion demonstrated by actual tears the true attachment they feel toward their sovereigns. Nearly all the women had teeth purposely broken, the two incisors of the upper jaw, a customary sign of grief in these islands upon the death of a monarch.

As I have mentioned, the house where I met the young king was that of the regent Boki. Outside it resembled all the others constituting the town of Anaroura. The interior, similarly carpeted with mats, differed from the neighboring dwellings only in having European furnishings distributed throughout all corners of the quarters, foreign items mixed with articles of the country. Nothing appeared to me more bizarre than to see a magnificent porcelain vase of French manufacture appearing as a complementary work of art to a calabash, a work of nature; a pair of handsome identical beds fitted out with curtains of some fine-spun silken and embroidered material, along with Sandwich Islands mats serving as an eiderdown; two superb mirrors with gilt frames designed to reflect feminine beauty, as adorned with all the allurements of an elegant toilette, but showing instead only the image of a black skin half-clothed in dirty tapa.

This dwelling would have been clean and seemly had it not been so filled with chiefs and their servants, all stretched out on mats and so close to one another, that it was impossible to move a foot without stepping upon someone. In fact there was scarcely enough free room for four or five persons. Since the king was still but an immature youth, the most influential person among the important chiefs in the government

was the regent Boki. He was always surrounded by the leading chiefs of the archipelago, among whom one particular element or faction lived at his expense.

On observing these folk one might fancy that authority exists in direct proportion to size, for those who hold highest power are the most endowed with flesh; and as they are generally big and tall, we foreigners looked like pygmies when next to them. I have frequently asked the cause of the extreme obesity of the chiefs, and it was invariably attributed to the want of physical exercise and the abundance of food. That explanation might apply to their fatness and bulk, but why should they in addition be distinguished by their greater height? The answer is that there is reason to believe that the chiefs have a different origin than do the small native people, and that the former are descendants of certain conquerors of these islands, like the feudal lords of medieval France, descended from Frankish chiefs who earlier had invaded the lands of the Gauls; also like the Saxons and later Normands, who as a result of their conquest became the privileged nobles of England. Tradition mingled with fables, which forms the basis of Sandwich Islands history, seems to indicate that the earliest inhabitants were conquered in the very remote past by foreigners of a different race than that of their predecessors. Further support of this conjecture is that the two peoples do not possess the same facial structure.

The profiles of the majority of chiefs, instead of presenting a straight alignment or one that displays a projecting contour, like that of other common natives, show instead a concave alignment; so that if a straight-edged ruler were placed upon the forehead and the chin, it would hardly touch the nose. But I do not claim to offer as a certainty a fact so little studied and confirmed.

As for Kaou-Kéaouli, he had a completely indigenous physiognomy; furthermore it was an affliction of his to be thin, and the corpulence of the others was in his case a continual cause of envy.

Among the crowd of chiefs and courtiers surrounding the king and the regent, some were clothed in European style—in other words, wearing trousers and white shirts; others were wrapped in a *tapa*, a piece of fabric made in the country from the bark of the paper mulberry. Most of the men were naked, however, wearing around the body only a *maro* [malo], a band of cloth so narrow that it nearly always falls short of the purpose for which it is intended.

A few women were garbed in dresses and wore their hair combed in the style of our ladies; but the most common clothing of the sex is a large and full flowing “white” chemise (the color here is only a manner

of speaking). Princess Boki, who had accompanied her husband to London when the latter travelled there with King Rio-Rio [Liholiho] has a more tasteful liking than do the others for fashionable European-style dress, and she was accordingly much better turned out than they were. All retain one element of their national attire; this is a circlet of feathers, generally red, green, and yellow, which they wear sometimes around the neck and sometimes upon the head like a crown. This latter mode becomes them marvelously.

Nearly all travellers have been pleased to embellish the women of various island groups of the South Seas with every attraction of beauty. I cannot speak of those of the Marquesas or of the Society Islands; but if one must judge by the Sandwich Islands representatives upon whom they have lavished the same type of praise, I am forced to admit that these are far different from their portrait as it has been drawn. It is impossible not to agree, however, that they possess some natural graces. Without compensating for the lack of fine and regular features combined with an exquisite complexion, the women of these islands nevertheless possess an almost irresistibly seductive power of attraction. All their movements are natural, flowing, expressive; all their attitudes and gestures reveal a charming spontaneity; but it is above all by the look in their eyes that they exert an indefinably alluring appeal. The liberty they enjoy makes them strangers to anxiety and constraint. For this reason a pervasive quality of repose manifests itself in their whole physical bearing. If ever they experience the heart's stormier passions these can be but very fleeting moods, since no intensifying obstacle or prohibition allows such emotions to accumulate. Inconstancy is virtually the essence of their morals and manners, and thus they are unacquainted with the sadness and torment of a badly assorted union.

Ready to be amused by the least trifle, their lips never fail to smile; neither does the mouth open to utter a refusal. It is therefore not astonishing that a foreigner, having experienced so hospitable and easy a welcome among them, should give way under the influence of such behavior. Flattery has the effect of stimulating and glamourizing a man's amorous conquests.

Because the young king had expressed a desire to visit the *Héros*, a few days after our arrival we ordered a little luncheon party to be prepared for him, and he came aboard ship accompanied by the regent and a sizable suite. Kaou-Kéaouli drank with pleasure our good liquor and ate with equal avidity some of our cakes and pastries. We noticed that he

did not touch the *poi** which he always arranges to accompany him wherever he goes, for he preferred our delicious bread. When he departed in his smallboat, we saluted him with thirteen guns, a courtesy which he warmly appreciated. On his return to land, his guard were awaiting him on the quay. They were a score of good-looking young men, dressed plainly and unpretentiously but in standard uniform: white trousers, short blue jacket, round-shaped hat, and equipped with gun, bayonet, cartridge box.

The king's house is situated in the same enclosure as that of Boki. It also has the same prevalent shape and size, the roof always very high, supported by quite low sides that slope inward. This construction provides a much firmer support to the roofs of these wood-and-straw dwellings than would be the case if the walls were simply vertical. The king owns another house built according to the principles of our architecture, but this one he never occupies, preferring instead his thatched house. In truth this type of Sandwich Islands dwelling is better adapted to their customs and everyday ways. They like to stretch themselves out and recline upon their mats; they drop groundward at the first spot that appeals to them; and it is in this manner that they spend the greater part of the day, lying in higgledy-piggledy confusion upon their fibrous carpeting. They would do the same in living quarters furnished like ours, where a separate *chaise-longue* would be a prerequisite for each person.

The king does not sleep in his large and commodious thatched house except when the weather is bad. On a fine night he occupies a small hut where no one can enter except by crawling and which is scarcely large enough to hold four persons either sitting or lying down. His youthful court follows his example, and all of them together form an encampment around the main house, which the king uses only as a warehouse or lumber room.

The king and the regent are by no means the only supreme authorities in the archipelago. A wife of the famous Tameha-Meha, Queen Kaou-Manou [Kaahumanu], wields great power here, *de facto* at least if not *de jure*. She has her particular court and own separate coterie. She lives in town during winter and spends her summers in a pretty valley a league east of Anaroura. Accompanied by the English consul,¹⁴ I went one day to pay her a visit at her country establishment, composed of two main houses and several huts. We found her sitting upon mats, leaning backward against some silk-covered cushions. She examined us with

* A kind of paste made from the tuberculate root of the taro (*Arum esculentum*).

keen interest, yet received and greeted us in a manner most dignified. A woman of fifty-two, she appeared to have been at one time very fat. However, her notorious excesses had ruined her health, resulting in a premature old age with little hope of living a long life.* So the king's party were exercising patience, awaiting the death of Kaou-Manou and convinced of its imminence, for it would deliver them from her feminine yoke.

She was attired in a grey silk dress and wore a knotted kerchief around her head, in the style of our own Creoles. There were few important chiefs among her immediate entourage, except for Kaou-Noua [Kekuanooa], colonel in command of the troops, who had risen to this high status by his marriage with one of the princesses. Grouped around the latter were some women of the noblest rank, all distinguished by their height and excessive fleshiness and weight. I noticed among them a young woman who was being addressed as princess. By that age she had become so inordinately fat that it was no longer possible for her to walk without assistance. She quite resembled the marine elephant whose heaviness causes it to remain for weeks at a time in the same place, where its flabby body as it sinks downward accommodates itself to all the irregularities of the ocean terrain. †

These women, and the chiefs likewise, share more than a single point of resemblance with the amphibious creature of my comparison. Just as the seal, so heavy and insensible upon the rocky shores it inhabits, is endowed with an amazing suppleness and agility as soon as it returns to the water, in like manner these Sandwich Islands men and women, however ponderous when settled on their mats, are nevertheless the most skillful and daring of swimmers. While at Waitité, we often saw them more than a mile out in the surf, lying belly-flat upon a board six feet long and fifteen inches wide, awaiting the most formidable of the approaching billows. Next they would position their feet backward toward the big waves, while keeping the head facing toward the shore. And then in this posture they would adroitly swim with both feet and hands in such a way as to guide the board and yet keep it well to the fore of the billow. Within a few minutes they would thus propel themselves swift as an arrow onto land, at the exact moment when the master wave was subsiding.

* She died in 1832, four years after Duhaut-Cilly's visit, aged fifty-eight [Carter's note].

† When on my return I read the interesting voyage of M. J. Arago, I learned that he had made use of this same comparison.

While these speedy voyages require incredible skill, still more astonishing talent is demanded if they wish to repeat the performance, because they then have to overcome the ferocious velocity of all the succeeding waves. Indeed, it is in this respect that they are judged to be good swimmers. To surmount this challenge there is no other course than to plunge through each wave as it unfurls and to swim very rapidly as soon as it has spent itself, repeating the same manoeuvre with each wave that follows, until finally they reach the last one. With this wave they begin again "riding" it, as it were, while being driven back again to the shore. They also use canoes for the same type of diversion, but in this instance far greater dexterity is required to manage the canoe, for the slightest error in handling the paddle is enough to cause an upset. Such a fortuitous occurrence, however, has no other result than to subject its victim to the joking of his fellows, whose laughter and jeers, so easy to arouse, then reach their climax.

This type of entertainment, which men and women alike are able to enjoy, might be regarded as analogous to our European toboggan sliding, were it not for the fact that the Sandwich Islanders have another pastime even more like tobogganing. Above the town of Anaroura looms an ancient volcanic crater, about 200 meters high, entirely covered with light soil and grass. The shape of this crater is a truncated cone, whose horizontal profile like a geometric section is concave. In fact this is why Englishmen, doubtless by way of honoring a genteel custom, have named the crater Punch Bowl. It was the last conqueror of the Sandwich Islands, Tameha-Maha, who ordered his army to install cannons on Punch Bowl, and these heavy guns are still visible there, poised along the ridges and peaks of volcanic lava so characteristic of the mountain's profile, resembling rather those chamois one sees in Switzerland, stationed upon the rocky escalations and crags of Mont Blanc. Tameha-Meha, crafty and suspicious tyrant that he was, under the pretext of defending the entrance to the harbor of Anaroura thus erected a citadel whence in the event of civil insurrection he could fire upon the inhabitants of his town.

During the rainy season, when the earth is damp and slippery, patrons of the aforementioned exercise of sliding would construct on Punch Bowl's steepest side some gutter-like furrows running from top to bottom and descending into the plain. Lying flat on their bellies on wooden sleds, with heads pointed downward, the Sandwich Islanders then let themselves slide in this position with mounting rapidity, a notion of which may be suggested by the fact that the angle of the sloping furrows was at least fifty-five degrees. By this set of circumstances, on

reaching the flatland they would continue gliding for quite a distance. In fact they would be almost within the town itself before their sleds lost the momentum imparted to them by their tremendous speed.

I cannot claim, however, that I have actually witnessed this diverting activity for it is forbidden today, and later I shall explain why. I may add that the persons who described the slides enjoyed during the wet season on Punch Bowl had nothing to gain by deceiving me, and they fully deserved my trust. Besides, nothing I have described here is more astonishing than what was achieved, I believe, on Mont Cenis by a strong-minded man of genius who devised a plan for a road system on those Alpine heights, and then by sheerest will power caused it to be built. Today the Chileans still employ the same method to descend the Cordillera Range of the Andes in winter, when it is blanketed with snow; with this difference, however, that in the Swiss Alps sleds with runners are employed whereas in the Andes the sliding is done on a piece of oxhide.

PART TWO

At the very first opportunity, after arriving at Anaroura, I visited the three French missionaries brought to the Sandwich Islands somewhat earlier aboard the *Comète*. I found them living in wretched conditions, although they seemed to bear their hardships cheerfully and with courage. They related to me all the difficulties they had encountered when seeking admission to the islands, adding that only through a species of fraud had they avoided being forced to reembark and thus be expelled from the country. It was the captain of the vessel who supported their desires in this respect, for he had already hoisted sail at the moment when he was being urgently pressed to remove the missionaries from the islands.

Before my leaving France, when the minister of the navy and colonies spoke to me about the French mission, I had clearly anticipated that these clerical gentlemen would not be received in the islands without strong objection. I was convinced that their presence might interfere with the commercial operations of the captain officially responsible and in charge. I was also quite aware that for several years Protestant missionaries had been established in the Sandwich Islands and were enjoying the good graces of the elderly Kaou-Manou; but I was still ignorant of the degree of credence and influence they had attained. So well had they understood how to dominate the mind of this woman that now she sees only through their eyes and acts only upon their instigation. Therefore it was but natural to suppose that they would not put envy

aside and allow missionaries of the Catholic faith to land in the islands. At the time, this alone was the reason which prevented my acceding to the minister's request when he asked me to visit the French missionaries.

Prudence dictated a refusal of the request, very well justified some time later when the captain who had brought them to Wahou discovered the unfortunate consequences. To avoid having to remove them from the islands, he was compelled to set sail with utmost haste and as a result lose the opportunity of trading. In spite of the power of the Protestant missionaries, and notwithstanding their efforts to prevent their French rivals from landing and to force them to return aboard ship, various circumstances caused the design to collapse. It did so chiefly because of the religious indifference of Boki, supplemented by measures instituted by the English consul. The precipitate departure of the *Comète* did the rest.

Since that time the French missionaries have remained on Wahou without anyone showing much concern about them, carefully avoiding on their part any actions which might attract attention. When I visited these countrymen of mine in their retirement, they were devoting themselves unremittingly to the study of the language of the Sandwich Islands, so that later they might be able to exercise faculties and talents superior to those of their Protestant competitors. Poor artisans and manual laborers, the latter know very little except how to read the Bible, but still they possess the advantage of being able to translate it so that the islanders may understand it.

Nevertheless it cannot be denied that these American missionaries have contributed a great deal to the civilization of the archipelago, as we understand that word; and if the pure Christian doctrine is not the foundation of their teachings, they have at least enabled this people to enjoy some portion of the benefits of Christianity, for after all they have instructed them in the message and moral meaning of the Gospel. Indeed, the Protestant missionaries have managed to adapt the alphabet, or a part of the alphabet, to the language of the Sandwich Islands. Furthermore, they have succeeded in teaching the islanders to read and write in their own tongue and idiom. They even operate a printing press with which they are able to transcribe and publish in the language of the country such works of writing as they deem suitable for placing in native hands.

This is all that can be said in favor of the proponents and preachers of Methodism: but the evils they have caused are far greater than the good they have achieved. It is incontestable that ever since the Protestants have gained a measure of influence in these islands, the old agricultural

life of the people has deteriorated and rapidly declined, and indeed has diminished as much as a third.

What affliction can be more painful and destructive to a people? Instead of beginning with the rising generation, spreading the benefits of book instruction among the young, the Protestants have been determined to send to school the entire native population: women and children, old folks and adults, all have been forced to submit to learning their lessons, and to devote any day and all day to doing so, while leaving their fields untilled and their traditional plantations in their proper land areas to be devoured by noxious weeds.

The loss or misuse of time has become so disastrous that irrigation canals are now blocked nearly everywhere; small ponds where taro was grown are totally dried and barren; and the unhappy people, terrified by the sight of the labor required to restore the health and fertility of their fields, have abandoned them. Thus one discovers great expanses of terrain, remnants of what had been dikes and causeways, where now the soil has been so much reduced from its normal elevation that no further witness is needed to prove that in earlier times here stood fields under constant cultivation.

The Protestant missionaries obtain all these "redeeming" sacrifices on the part of the Sandwich Islanders by the exercise of what the latter understand as the *tabu*. This is a law, whether perpetual or temporary, which the islanders venture to transgress very rarely. Through the influence of Kaou-Manou they obtain from the king *tabus* authorizing all their wishes and needs; they procure them for building their churches, their houses, their enclosures, their walls, etc. On these occasions the entire population is required to complete the prescribed task. Likewise it is a *tabu* that crowds the island schools. While not preventing the king, the dowager queen, and the high chiefs from employing the same traditional procedures for their own purposes and projects, the consequence is that a large part of the native year is swallowed up and consumed in this fashion.

Hence the scarcity of food and the difficulties of feeding a family; hence the scant desire to bear children, and the agonizing loss in numbers suffered by the population of the archipelago. Before the Europeans introduced the products of their industry, the people generally—and the chiefs in particular—had fewer needs; the latter exacted less labor while agriculture flourished. Now the mere cutting of sandalwood continues throughout the year and employs, for the profit of the grandees and masters, one quarter to one third of the population.

The propagators of Methodism are furthermore mercantile types who know how to exert their influence and to profit by doing so. They own small ships intended (or so they say) to transmit news and information from one island to another, in the sole interest of what they call religion. Yet these paquet-boats carry merchandise in addition, and on their return voyages they arrive loaded with sandalwood. These enterprising individuals are even more powerful on the other islands than they are on Wahoo. One of the missionaries condescendingly allowed himself to be awarded the title of King of Otowai [Kauai]. When several ships stopped there recently to take on provisions, potatoes in particular which were usually plentiful there, they could purchase not a single sack, because the "King" of Otowai, having observed that when ships came to his island his own business went into a slump, promptly prohibited the growing of this root. By this means Otowai would no longer attract foreigners to land there and thus introduce dangerous competition.

We ourselves witnessed some of the cruelties practiced by the American missionaries under the mask of religion, particularly when the islanders rebelled against their stubbornly willful decisions, cruelties, I must state, comparable at least to those for which the Spanish and Portuguese inquisitors have been upbraided. I was shown a young woman of eighteen whose neck, body, and limbs were furrowed with scars from her having been clapped in irons. Her crime, I was informed, was that she had fled from a husband supplied her by the Methodists. What an offense! That a poor woman who had never a notion of what marriage is except what she had acquired from her father and mother—in other words, to remain "faithful" just so long as it suited her to remain so and no longer!

Yet it seems to be true that the Sandwich Islands, thus far at least, have arrived only at the first stage of this type of deterioration. The Society Islanders, on the other hand, having been under the yoke of Methodism for a longer period, by following the same ruling system have reached such a condition of general neglect and ruin that today they number less than a third of the population they had at the time of the visit of Captain Cook. When that great navigator appeared on the scene food in the Society Islands was abundant, and the fields were so prosperously cultivated that Cook could hardly procure a stick of firewood. Today in the Society Islands forests have replaced gardens, and the woods have overwhelmed the very seashore. The inhabitants, reduced in number by a third and knowing no happiness except what survives in memory and by way of tradition, take flight and migrate in

all directions, seeking a soil to feed themselves and an area where the American missionaries may not have penetrated.

A fair calculation of the probabilities leads one to conclude that the moral views and apostolic style of the French missionaries ought at least serve as a counterbalancing force to the materialism and self-interested practices of their competitors. As soon as the Catholic missionaries are sufficiently versed in the use of the native language, especially when they become capable of displaying their rhetorical and oratorical advantages, the battle between the apostles of the two religious faiths must inevitably be joined. The particular occasion required to bring this emergent struggle to a climax will be the imminent death of Kaou-Manou, the protectress of the Protestants.

In the meanwhile, before this catastrophic event occurs, if the Catholics are capable of taking advantage of the opposition between the court of Kaou-Manou and that of the youthful king, the Catholics will readily triumph over their rivals. If they should not succeed, however, it might well turn out that the Protestants and Catholics alike will be expelled, because their Christian principles are equally in conflict with the loose conduct and the licentious passions prevailing at the royal court of the king.

Indeed, one of the major grievances of Kaou-Kéaouli against the American missionaries is that they oppose his marriage with his own sister, with whom he is deeply in love. This type of entanglement, so repugnant to us, was in practice throughout the island chain. Kaou-Manou, fearing the power and influence of a young and beautiful queen, has used religion as a pretext to frustrate this alliance. As a device for making Kaou-Kéaouli forget his desire for his sister, the dowager queen has separated the two young people by sending the princess to the island of Mauwi [Maui] and keeping her there in confinement. What has happened in the Sandwich Islands is what has almost always occurred in Europe in cases involving minors. Those whose interests were served by maintaining their authority sought to prolong the infancy and childlike status of the heir to the throne. They surrounded him with enticing pleasures and easy opportunities, so that sunk in his dissipations he would become oblivious of his destiny and of the duties imposed upon him by his birth. By every possible device they delayed the time when the youth would attain his majority and be free, thus depriving them of their power. Happy indeed are the people when the corruption of the monarch's heart has ceased to be the result of manoeuvres so shameful!

Before turning from this topic of the Methodist missionaries, I should also point out that it was they who have banned the grassy slides of

Punch Bowl, totally innocent though these were. One could but applaud this proscription if it had been caused by some dire accident or humanitarian concern. But not at all. It is because their outwardly expressed but hypocritical principles find no match as examples of their rigid narrow-mindedness. According to those principles, no pleasurable diversion can be justified morally. This is because all time not spent in labor or sleep or attending meals must be devoted to prayer or to meditation in the temple. The missionaries have so insisted on enforcing their unbending rules as to make even sea bathing *tabu*, a habit as necessary to the health of Sandwich Islanders as their food or the very air they breathe. It is in this way, by refusing mankind all recreational exercise, that one enervates the body and impoverishes the mind, thus to dominate him all the better.

At Anaroura I sold what was left of my goods by exchanging them for sandalwood. Loading this article aboard a ship is a time-consuming and exacting process, if one wishes to avoid wasting space. After supplying the ship with ballast by a sixth of its tonnage, loading is begun at the ship's two ends; pieces of wood all the same length are stowed in layers in the hold under the deck, and then other pieces that can be so accommodated are inserted into the stacks by hammering them in place strongly with a mallet.

October 1828

While this work was being completed aboard the *Héros*, I accepted an invitation of the English consul to take a little trip to the north of the island on a schooner he owned. It was to sail to a place called Wai-Aroua [Waialua] for the purpose of gathering sandalwood. After setting out at three o'clock in the afternoon, intending immediately to double Point Cocos and the eastern part of the island, instead we tacked about till noon the next day, before encountering sufficient wind to carry us northwest so as to reach our destination. For some while our northwest course ran parallel to the mountain range, which appeared to traverse the full length of Wahou from east to west. On the Anaroura side, it gradually becomes lower, forming a series of beautiful valleys. At the northern end of the chain we confronted a mountainous wall, a line of fortress-like cliffs that bar access from beyond them to the plain below, which extends inland two or three leagues from the shore and as far as the foot of the great escarpment. The range soon turns sharply northward, approaching quite near the water's edge, but leaving between the mountains and the sea a very small area covered throughout with numerous native houses.

Sailing less than a mile from the shore, as we moved along the coast the weather turned cloudy and rainy. The sun, about to sink on the other side of the mountains, left in deep shadow all that portion of the island within our view. I do not believe it possible to imagine any scene more grand than that which imposed itself upon our gaze at this moment. The enormous masses suspended above our heads arranged themselves in fearsome flights of precipice, each immensity dominating another; impenetrable forests raised in tiers and surmounting other forests; dark ravines whose unmeasured depths cause the viewer to shudder; abrupt inclines and smooth glissades; expanses of wet naked rock mingling its dusky hue with the sombre green of ancient forests. Several waterfalls, after dropping hundreds of fathoms from on high, continued tumbling noisily downward upon tree tops, until their torrents ended in scattered foam. Thus regathered the waters again unite so as to repeat the fall, until some fissure in the rocks provides a bed to convey them more quietly seaward.

If one adds that the progress of the ship made the scene ever-changing, thereby providing endless variations, some notion of the grandeur of the spectacle may be suggested. But one ought to view this coast with one's own eyes; one must visualize these dense clouds now motionless above the forests they drown with their floods, now swiftly swerving or dropping straight down at the will of the wind; or turning in a whirling gale and then vanishing behind the mountains. To feel perfectly what magic and mystery the tableau held for us, one must sail along the shore watching the clouds in their ceaseless chaos as they move, disappear, and return again and again, ever displaying themselves in novel formations.

Intermittently these mountains leave openings as if a powerful hand had separated them forcibly, and narrow, winding, but quite well populated valleys can be glimpsed through the rugged gaps. A vast number of pirogues appeared nearby, and we called out to these canoes for a pilot who would direct us to the harbor of Wai-Aroua (the Two Streams). The fisherman indicated it to us some miles up ahead, and we did not delay entering it through a sizable channel in the reef, no less than four fathoms deep. It was almost nightfall before we landed, where we were received on shore by the village chief, who immediately invited us to join him at supper and to sleep at his house. We brought along some supplies from the ship, and thus added several bottles of wine to the excellent fish dinner he offered us.

Although our host's house was very large, it hardly sufficed for the numerous guests gathered there, for there were forty of us no less, both

men and women, under his hospitable roof. Like the rest we stretched out on the mats, but it was well into the night before I and my companion, the English consul, were able to fall asleep. Besides the flying, crawling, jumping insects tormenting us, the chief himself after reciting a Christian prayer in his own language conducted so protracted a conversation with a neighbor that this interminable colloquy, of which I understood not a word, kept me long awake. But even my final slumber was restless. Imagination, still overflowing with the grandiose and sublime mountain scenery, made me dream that I was attempting to escape from a pursuing torrential stream and had taken refuge under a projecting rock that was about to break off and crush me in its fall. I awoke with a start and at the same moment felt upon my chest the two heels of a grossly fat Sandwich Islander, my bed-fellow, profoundly asleep in this posture—the immediate source of my nightmare.

Day was approaching. I picked up my gun, intending to go for a walk and shoot some birds. But I was unable to reach the foothill fringe of the mountains. Everywhere the terrain immediately ahead of me was cut up and divided into a labyrinth of taro fields, separated each from another by slippery banks blanketed with tall wet grass upon which it was difficult to walk without falling into a sort of muddy pond. I killed only some plovers and a single duck, and then returned to the port. Our little schooner was soon loaded, and in the afternoon we hoisted sail to return to Anaroura.

During our stay in the Sandwich Islands, I frequently joined Dr. Botta¹⁵ on excursions into the neighboring mountains and valleys, hoping to return with some fine birds. The varieties are so limited, however, and the forests so impenetrable, that only by dint of perseverance did we succeed. What we were particularly searching for was a member of the Frugivora, a pretty bird noted for its unusual appearance and especially its brilliant colors. This bird, the size of a sparrow, has a black tail as well as wings edged with black; all the rest is a most beautiful red, sometimes mixed with a little yellow toward the underside of the neck, at the beginning of the mandibles. The most remarkable characteristic of the creature is its pale red beak, about an inch long, very sharp and markedly curved throughout. The native name for this bird is the *I-i-vi*. We killed another of the same genus, but smaller and more slender; the bill has the same curved structure, but it is not so long proportionately. The plumage, a mixture of black, blue, and red, has in general a violet cast.

We found a third member of the same species, but this one was the size of a blackbird, with plumage entirely black except for some yellow

feathers along the sides. The Sandwich Islanders value these yellow feathers very highly, as they do also the red ones of the *I-i-vi*, which they combine to make very beautiful feather cloaks. These two are the only noteworthy and interesting species to be found in the wooded regions. One also sees tomtits, whose plumage is a variable mixture of grey, yellow, and green.

Only owls and plovers are found in the lowlands, and these occur there as birds of passage. On fresh water we noted only a small species of duck and some brook ouzels. On the shore we found a small grey heron, some curlews, shore larks, sea pies, and a falconet with a concave bill and long stilt-like legs. The Sandwich Islands are the only place in the *Héros'* entire voyage where we encountered no gulls.

While birds are few in number and kind in the animal kingdom of these islands, the indigenous quadrupeds are even rarer still. Besides the pig, the rat, and the mouse, I know of no others that do not owe their origin to other countries: such are horses, cows, goats, sheep, asses, and dogs. It is reported that there are neither ordinary snakes nor poisonous vipers in the archipelago.

The Sandwich Islands, made up of several principal ones of which Wahou is the most productive and fertile, are both a natural object and point of human interest which deserve today the serious attention of every nation that possesses an armed navy and engages in maritime commerce. These islands seem to have been designed by Providence to become a general entrepôt between Asia and America; a place for the rest and recreation of sailors, after their long, perilous navigations; and, lastly, a haven of refuge and safety for vessels requiring repairs and refurbishing before continuing on their voyages.

At the time of their discovery, according to report, the population of the islands had attained a total of 200,000 souls, but I do not believe that the present figure runs at its highest to more than 150,000, counting the foreigners. The town of Anaroura in the southern part of Wahou, contains 6,000 inhabitants, and it is the largest community in the whole island chain. Except for some houses several stories high, built of wood and stone by foreign settlers, Anaroura is composed entirely of thatched houses, fairly large ones, whose roofs are quite elevated and constructed with a pronounced slope. The framework of the houses consists of the trunks of young trees, very effectively joined together without benefit of nails. Houses are surrounded on all sides by fences, in which narrow poles and tree branches, varying greatly in length, are combined in such a way as always to form squares or parallelograms.

The amiability of the Sandwich Islanders wins them the love of all people who associate with them, and their intelligence furthermore as individuals qualifies them in every respect. They are particularly skilled in activities connected with navigation. I do not at all exaggerate in saying that these islands possess at least 800 excellent seamen. The English and American whaling vessels employ them to replace their own dead crew members and their deserters. Ships engaged in the fur trade of the American northwest coast complete their crews here, and what is most remarkable is that these men, although born in the torrid zone, endure the climate of that glacial region perhaps better than do the sailors of Boston.

The king's ships, consisting of seven brigantines, have only white captains and white officers aboard; all remaining hands are Sandwich Islanders. Native sailors arranging to be hired by foreigners settle the question of wages in the presence of the commander of the fort. The captain declares at that time under oath that he will return the men to their country; and on doing so he pays the sailors in the presence of the same commander, who retains a portion of their remuneration to be turned over to the Sandwich Islands government.

In order for these islands to become a resource of permanent benefit to all maritime nations, the political independence of the archipelago must above all be guaranteed by an international treaty or convention signed by all the states and governments concerned with maintaining the independence of the islands. The same treaty should establish forever the neutrality of the ports of the archipelago during periods of war. We are no longer living in a time when one unscrupulously seized, without any respect for property and rights of possession, all the lands and countries one discovered. To commit such an act today would excite the indignation of the entire Christian and civilized world.

Despite valid philosophic principles and their supreme authority, notwithstanding the prevalence today of liberal ideas and aims, there exist three formidable sovereign states that have attempted, each in turn, if not to seize the Sandwich Islands by force, at least to subvert them by reducing them to a most reprehensible condition of suzerainty. One of these powers, Russia, some years ago did even more. Indeed, had it not been for the determination of Tameha-Meha, perhaps the world would have been obliged to deplore Russia's great violation in the Sandwich Islands of international law and the rights of peoples, the *jus gentium*. Perhaps the ideas I here profess, convictions in keeping with world opinion generally, are the sole bulwark protecting the Sandwich Islands from a second invasion on the part of that power.

The Americans have had recourse to a milder mode of interference. As we have observed, they have dispatched to the islands and support here missionaries who, ostensibly for purposes of religion but actually as a pretext, pursue a more worldly and political aim. If only better understanding had prevailed between the American missionaries and the appointed United States consuls, by now the former would be well on the way toward achieving their secret designs. Happily for the Sandwich Islanders, the ridiculous apostles of the Methodist sect have no urge to share their influence with anyone; and thus, instead of uniting in their common interest, the two parties mutually paralyze one another, while still doing as much damage as each can. This rivalry has existed ever since there have been missionaries and American consuls in the Sandwich Islands. Animosity has been carried so far that, during my sojourn, the resident *diplomate*, very far from wishing to make Catholics of his children, yet had one of them baptized by the French missionaries, with the sole intent of mortifying those of his fellow countrymen.

From another quarter, England has declared herself to be the protector of the Sandwich Islands, and we had no need of Napoleon's assuming the title of Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine to be reminded what the words "Protector", "Protectorate", "Protection" mean in the world of politics. One sometimes even hears British subjects slipping into a conversation certain turns of phrase concerning a supposed cession of the islands made by Tameha-Meha to the King of England, as represented in person by Captain Vancouver. It is possible that the expert navigator was, in good faith, convinced that the Sandwich Islander had ceded to him, as he said, the island of Owayi [Hawaii]; but one should keep in mind the fact that these two men could achieve an understanding only by means of a very poor interpreter. It is most doubtful also whether Tameha-Meha, who had made it his sacred purpose to obtain sovereignty over the entire archipelago, would have abandoned the largest portion of it to a man who, because of his narrow-minded ideas, he was bound to regard as an opportunistic adventurer.

However this may be, England has until now shown herself to be liberal in her relations with the Sandwich Islands; and I must render to her consul, Mr. Richard Charleton [Charlton], the justice of declaring that none better than he knows how to unite what he owes his country with a philanthropic policy deserving praise. Every foreigner, no matter what his nationality, is sure to find at the hands of Mr. Charleton protection and kindly welcome.

But let me return to my subject. It would be desirable if each maritime power would renounce in good faith all ulterior motives to exercise

dominion over the islands. Once that step is taken, one will watch without envy and even with pleasure England's devotion to the prosperity of the Sandwich Islands, for none better than England knows how to ameliorate a country's conditions and so create progress. A handsome people, a delightful climate, a very ample expanse of lands and extremely fertile soil, these are all the elements required for realizing every dream of human happiness, provided however that better laws are adopted, and I believe that such a condition will not be impossible to achieve. I do not refer here to a criminal or civil code and laws bearing on public administration. Fundamental law is what is in question, the organic law of the islands.

The change would require transforming the present feudal system of government to a system purely monarchic. The revolution should not be too sudden, and once it is achieved could serve for a substantial period. The king alone would lose something. The chiefs would constitute a nobility, privileged in certain respects, the principal right being that of possessing a more advantageous share in the distribution of lands. Agricultural areas and various grounds which up to the present time have been entirely the property of the king should be divided in such a way as to transfer full ownership to all the inhabitants of these areas, thus subjecting these persons to a property tax. Inheritance procedures should be established, and everyone should be free to transfer his property without, however, being authorized to sell it to foreigners. The abolition of forced labor and serfdom would be a major consequence of such a revolution. Through this dispensation each inhabitant, no longer finding himself in precarious bondage farming a piece of earth, would become animated by a new courage, all the while improving the productivity of his property to his own benefit and for the sake of his descendants.

Agricultural enterprise would thus forge ahead. Since everyone would be free to dispose of his products by selling them, the market would be better supplied than it is today, and foreigners attracted by such abundance would provide an easy sale as purchasers of island-produced goods. The preceding ideas, prompted by my concern for the welfare of a good people, undoubtedly require elaboration by a better legislator than I; but while confessing my inadequacy, I persist in believing that this revolution would not be perceived as such by a large majority of the people, except of course in its beneficial results. As for the chiefs and other persons of rank and substance, I am certain that such a reform would not only assure them irrevocably of their rights, but would truly give to them more than it would take away. Finally I insist that if England

wished to bring about this revolution, she in my judgment could do so.

When the Sandwich Islands were visited by Cook (who incidentally did not discover them) he found the plains and valleys under cultivation much in the manner practiced today, and indeed even better. If these islanders had not made human beings their victims, sacrificing them to their imaginary gods, they could not be classed among the savage nations. A population of farmers do not deserve being so labeled. If barbarous tendencies toward certain navigators characterized the Sandwich Islanders, one is compelled to sympathize with them. One understands the suspicion aroused by the sight of those outlandish beings, whose lordly conduct and overbearing manner of speech only too often justified the resentment of the islanders. And as for Cook himself, did he do nothing that might have inspired revenge?

The principal agricultural activity at the time of Cook's arrival was, as it remains today, the growing of taro: a broad-leafed plant whose bulbous root produces a substantial farinaceous tuber with an agreeable flavor. It is eaten in two ways, either simply boiled like the yam, or reduced to a mucilaginous paste whose sticky texture makes it easy to eat with the fingers. Taro does not grow well except in a sort of swampy pool, where the amount of water is continually controlled by means of canals. Divided by narrow banks, the taro fields rise one above another like an amphitheatre; and the water, having irrigated the higher level, runs afterward to the one next below. Nearly all these pools serve simultaneously as reservoirs, in which the farmers raise young mullet, which increase in size very quickly and develop a delicious flavor. It is the choicest fish available in the islands, but it is almost always reserved for the chiefs.

Toward the end of October, sailing again by the same schooner on which I had visited Wai-Aroua, I profited from an opportunity to inspect a village situated west of Anaroura and called Pearl River. Again I embarked with Mr. Charleton, and we left port with the help of a smart northeast breeze. We were accompanied by the former high-priest of the island of Wahou, who in Tameha-Meha's time enjoyed the full trust of that princely sovereign and exercised during that era a power which has been almost obliterated since the coming of the Protestant missionaries. He retains nevertheless much influence among his fellow-countrymen, and they never address him by any other title than "King", an honorific designation conferred upon him by Tameha-Meha. We were informed that he was a man of great probity as well as fine talents; but we could scarcely judge of this, for he was so drunk during the hours he spent with us that if he had possessed a hundredfold more spiritual

insight and reasoning power, neither the one nor the other would have been able to withstand the repeated assaults he had launched against these faculties throughout the entire day.

This priest can no longer make a living by virtue of his now deserted altar. He had journeyed to Anaroura from the Pearl River region to obtain some gifts from Boki, and the latter rather from policy than as a gesture of generosity, and simply "to shut the mouth of Chalchas", had presented him with 800 piastres.*

The high-priest had converted this sum into cloth and fiery liquors, and I think it probable that on his arrival home very little must have remained of all these commodities, for he had distributed the one sort among his numerous retinue and had imbibed the rest in the course of his travels. Thus ended one of the high-priest's periodical visits, always an embarrassment to the chiefs whom he would reproach for having forsaken the religion of their forefathers, and who since live in fear of an uprising supporting the idolatrous worship of the old pagan gods.

After an hour and a half of sailing, we found ourselves opposite Pearl River and there entered it through a broad opening in the reef, at a depth of only eight or nine feet. This shallowness at the entrance prevents the use of a location and facility which, but for this sole defect, would be one of the finest harbors anywhere in creation. Hardly had we negotiated the shallow portion before we found ourselves advancing along a mile-wide channel, with a continuous depth of ten to twenty fathoms. Our schooner was supposed to take aboard a cargo of salt awaiting us in front of a small village close to the channel's entrance. We did not stop there immediately, however, because the high-priest wanted to be conveyed to a spot nearer his abode.

Consequently we proceeded to cruise farther into the harbor's recesses, where it continued to broaden and divide into several branches as wide and as safe as the one we were following. One of these ramifications extends northeast, another west-northwest, and the one we were sailing on directly northwest. The lands through which these channels wind their serpentine way are uniformly low and similar in configuration, being cut into vertically along their shores, thus forming different divisions, like a series of separate quays. For nearly three leagues we advanced thus well into the interior. Finally, after depositing our

* To silence Chalchas. Chalchas was a Greek diviner who led the siege of Troy, counselled the expedient of the Trojan horse, and committed suicide to save himself from the shame of having been vanquished by Mopsus in the art of divination [Carter's note].

pontifical passenger on land, together with his suite and baggage, we returned to the harbor entrance in search of a mooring.

There we disembarked, taking with us a native interpreter named Tupia, who was accompanying me on all my excursions. On entering the home of the village chief, we found him seated with his wife in a very neat and well-kept thatched hut, almost half of which was occupied by the two of them alone. In view of their height and corpulence, I decided they qualified as members of the nobility. These worthy people received us as if we had been friends from childhood, and spared no trouble to see that we were served a first-rate supper. In fact we were soon presented with an excellent banquet, featuring above all some delicious mullet, which might have been deemed the dish of the house, cooked so perfectly that when the steaming banana leaves were removed it revealed almost no alteration in form and color.

We spent the night in this little house, men and women together in hit or miss confusion, stretched out upon the mats as in the Golden Age. The next morning we went to examine the salt works that constitute the wealth of the village. We admired the cleanliness and skill with which the salt is manufactured. The sea water, introduced through some charming small canals so as to be poured into various square frames where it crystallizes, gleams with the purity and transparency of diamonds. The salt made from the brine vies with snow in whiteness. It could only be spoiled by further refining.

After an early meal quite as appetizing as the supper of the evening before, we left the schooner while it was being loaded. After arranging to be transported to the other side of the harbor, we made our way on foot back to Anaroura, doing some hunting along the way, as we had planned. We killed only some plovers, the sole winged inhabitants of the intermittently grass-covered plains of flat coral over which we had to pass. After a midday lunch at the village of Mawona-Aroua (Double Mountain) [Moanalua], a league west of Anaroura in a lovely valley shaded by an extensive grove of coconut trees, we soon arrived at the capital town itself.

October and November are the period when the American and English sailing fleets, after spending the summer in Japanese waters, arrive at the Sandwich Islands for the rest and recreation of their crews, for making repairs, and in general for restoring their ships to a condition fit for further voyaging. If they have completed their fishing, they then return to their homeland, but otherwise they continue their whaling until they have achieved a full cargo. Certainly a huge number of vessels arrive at Anaroura representing the two mentioned nationalities.

One cannot resist pointing out a tremendous difference between the two fleets. The whalers of the Americans never amount to more than 400 tons. All of them arrive in a state of filthiness and dilapidation demonstrating their lack of naval discipline and systematic care. The English ships on the contrary, although much larger and more difficult to maintain, chiefly because they are old rehabilitated warships, nevertheless present an appearance of cleanliness and order and good organization which is a pleasure to see.

We have observed some American whalers that remained in harbor eight whole days without drying their badly soaked sails, meanwhile allowing them to flap for several days in the wind, before troubling to furl them and lash them to the mast. The wooden oil casks of the English ships are stowed as soon as they are filled with the whale oil, and no one touches them again until the vessels arrive in England. But Americans are obliged to haul their own casks back up on deck at least once on the voyage homeward, in order to tighten their loose stays. Indeed, without this precaution the American ships would lose half their cargo. This difference in method is because the English have perfected their casks, while the ship owners of Boston and Nantucket follow an old and obsolete routine that they refuse to remedy.

If I admit that the English whalers demonstrate a greater degree of taste and a better capacity for managing and disciplining their crews, I must also declare that once they have arrived in the Sandwich Islands both fleets and all their men rival one another in their appetite for debauchery. For the Sandwich Islanders it is all like a theatrical spectacle: you see the natives racing to the spots where the *Yankis* and the *John Bulls* are relieving themselves of their copious allegations and differences. The captains, often more drunk than their sailor underlings, eventually intervene. They want to order their men aboard ship. The latter refuse. The captains resort to blows and the sailors sometimes respond in kind, all shouting their thunderous *Damnations* and *God damns*. Fisticuffs rain down like hail and *Black eyes* like lightning bolts celebrate the ravages, and not until long after nightfall does the storm diminish, only to begin again the next day.

Few of these two fleets complete their voyages without experiencing insubordination if not mutinous revolt. There is every reason to believe, however, that if the captains and officers were more temperate, the sailors would be more peaceable and obedient. Every day the English consul was obliged to order some sailor to be administered corporal punishment at the hands of a designated executioner, moreover by one selected from the guilty man's crew. With almost no exception, foreigners settled in

these islands represent the dregs of all nations, and they have brought with them vices of every stripe. There are always a numerous company of such foreigners clustered around the king, corrupting his morals and tendering him bad advice. Among these foreigners are several who have escaped from Botany Bay, in disgrace for their earlier misconduct in England. The consul is well aware of this fact, but he has no way of opposing this order of things. Yet for the sake of his country's honor, he should not be required to endure seeing such wretches among sailors being punished by one of their own seafaring fellows.

The season when the English and American whalers arrive in the Sandwich Islands likewise summons fur traders from the northwest coast of America, for very few of these choose to winter along those icy shores. Four such vessels arrived at Anaroura this very October, having failed miserably in their northwestern dealings. One of the four, the *Louisa* of Boston, had spent the winter and two summers in that region, but had been able to procure only 800 beaver skins and 120 of otter. Furthermore, the latter had cost eight times what they had been worth ten years earlier. It appears that the northwest fur trade, so flourishing during recent years, has now collapsed utterly. The northwestern natives loathe their relations with the whites. Always at war with one another, the native people have become more unruly and savage than ever before. They no longer hunt otter except for their own immediate needs. In both 1827 and 1828, trade with ten visiting ships did not furnish half the number of otter skins that a single vessel formerly could purchase in only three months, and those that they were able to obtain cost them five times more than the amount paid before.

Indeed, all the fur traders who returned to Anaroura during my visit there were compelled to sell at auction in the Sandwich Islands everything remaining of their disappointing goods. I myself had been induced to employ the same method to dispose of three hundred of my guns. These were put up for public sale at one piastre and five reals apiece (about 8 fr., 60 cent.); but one month later the captain of the *Louise* received for his weapons only seven reals (4 fr., 35 cent.). The poor quality of these arms, originally from Liège, together with their great quantity, and finally the coincidental collapse of the fur trade generally on the northwest coast of America, are several causes of the present depreciated value of this article of merchandise.*

* The Liège guns I had aboard the *Héros* were so inferior, despite their shining appearance, that merely testing them with a charge of gun powder caused more than half their number to burst to pieces.

The ill-nature of the northwest American Indians has been demonstrated in so shocking a manner that the Russians, no longer able to resist their attackers without increasing the Russian garrison stationed at Sitka, their trading post, have preferred to abandon that operation. Captain Muke, who was returning from that colony, told me that at the time of his departure the Russian authorities were determined to transfer it to Kodiak Island and to burn everything they could not carry away.

Navigators visiting these northwestern coasts have always depicted their inhabitants as exceedingly fierce. By taking several precautions, however, visiting traders were able to conduct business with the native people. They found settlements in fact where they met with the most sincere intentions and friendly treatment. The chiefs were revealed generally as devoted bondsmen, strict in their promises and keeping their word. How does it then happen that today they have become so markedly unsociable? Must the behavior of the captains operating in this area for some years be blamed for this intractability?

Blushing in shame, I must declare the affirmative. Far from acknowledging and encouraging good faith on the part of the natives, so precious a quality in commercial affairs particularly, the navigators I refer to have been the first to display a lack of trust and an absence of integrity. They have sought by all manner of fraudulent schemes to deceive the natives, sometimes about matters of quantity, sometimes about the quality and character of the articles of exchange. On occasion they have gone so far as to employ violence in securing their furs. They have missed no opportunity in their practice of cheating and embittering the natives; and the fatal word "Revenge", colorfully carved upon the prows of the Indian canoes, serves like the starry flag of the American Union to signal that the reign of trust and good will in this region has ended forever.

The whalers and traders of the northwest coast were not the only vessels stopping at the Sandwich Islands for relaxation and repairs during our sojourn. Ships of different nations called there while en route from every corner of the western coast of America, on their way to China, to Manila, and to various ports of India. Some days before our arrival, His Majesty's corvette *La Bayonnaise*, a French sloop of war commanded by M. Le Gouran [Guerant] de Tromelin, had departed from Anaroura to visit the island of Vanikoro, for word had been received that evidence bearing on the shipwreck of M. de la Pérouse had recently been discovered there.

The visit of the corvette, because of its dignified procedures and

conduct, and especially the decent manners of the crew, had impressed upon the minds of the Sandwich Islanders a high idea of the French navy. Native praise of the commander of *La Bayonnaise* and its officers was boundless. These reports, flattering to me as a Frenchman, were particularly agreeable to me because I was a personal friend of several of these naval gentlemen.

By the beginning of November the *Héros* was loaded and we were ready to sail for Canton. I did not wish to leave Anaroura without first settling the question of M. R[rives] and the legitimacy of his arrogated claims. Because of my official responsibility I respectfully requested that the English and American consuls be present at the formal hearing of the case of M. R. to be presided over by the regent Boki, with whom I had arranged such a conference. A Spaniard named Marini [Marin], long established in the country, was also invited to attend the meeting in the capacity of court interpreter. It is pointless to relate all I learned at this gathering of notables. It is enough to record that M. R., while acting in the name of the government of the Sandwich Islands, had played the dual role of swindler and adroit practitioner of political intrigue. I succeeded in having prepared for my use the written proofs of M. R.'s perfidy, signed by the regent, by the consuls of England and the United States, and by the court interpreter.

On the morning of November 15, our ship was ready to sail. The king wished to accompany us as far as the outer harbor. As we unfurled our sails, every ship in port in addition to the vessels of the government, saluted us with their big guns, and we responded in kind with seven cannonades. When we reached the outer channel and were ready for plain sailing, Kaou-Kéaouli bade us farewell and godspeed, whereupon we headed for the open sea.

NOTES

¹ Charles Franklin Carter, "Duhaut-Cilly's Account of California in the Years 1827-1828," *Quarterly of the California Historical Society*, 8 (1929), 130-166, 214-250, 306-356 (p. 306).

² James Jackson Jarves, *History of the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands*, 1st ed. (Boston: Tappan and Dennet, 1843); Manley Hopkins, *Hawaii: The Past, Present and Future of its Island Kingdom*, 2nd ed. (London: Longmans, Green and Co., 1866); W. D. Alexander, "Incidents of the Voyage of the *Héros*," *Fourth Report of the Hawaiian Historical Society*, Honolulu, 1896; Reginald Yzendoorn, *History of the Catholic Mission in the Hawaiian Islands* (Honolulu: Honolulu Star-Bulletin, 1927); Ralph S. Kuykendall, *The Hawaiian Kingdom, 1778-1854: Foundation and Transformation* (Honolulu: University of Hawaii Press, 1947); Gavan Daws, *Shoal of Time: A History of the Hawaiian Islands* (Toronto: Collier-Macmillan, Ltd., 1969). In

- addition to these sources, the most substantial and copiously documented account of the initiating agents and organizational difficulties of the *Héros* expedition is provided by Léonce Jore, former high commissioner of France in the Pacific Ocean, in *L'Océan Pacifique au temps de la restauration et de la monarchie de Juillet (1815-1848)*, 2 vols., (Paris: Editions Besson et Chantemerle, 1959).
- ³ Jacques Laffitte (1767-1844), son of a Bayonne carpenter, was employed first as a clerk in the Banque Perregaux, Paris, and later became its owner; from 1814-1819 he was Governor of the Bank of France. For his preeminence in French and European banking circles, see Theodore Zeldin, *France: 1848-1945*, 2 vols. (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1973), I, 81-83; and for his special role as financier of the *Héros* expedition, see Jore, *L'Océan Pacifique*, I, 85, 131, 179.
- ⁴ Carter, "Duhaut-Cilly's Account," pp. 133-135. I have made a few minor changes in Carter's translation.
- ⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 335.
- ⁶ Hopkins, *Hawaii*, p. 220.
- ⁷ Yzendoorn, *History of the Catholic Mission*, pp. 28-29, 31, 34.
- ⁸ Jore, *L'Océan Pacifique*, II, 176.
- ⁹ Carter, "Duhaut-Cilly's Account," p. 307.
- ¹⁰ See below, p. 31.
- ¹¹ See below, pp. 33.
- ¹² For a brief introduction to *Physiocratie*, see *The New Encyclopaedia* (1982), VII, 980, "Physiocratic school." For recent scholarship concerned particularly with the aftermath and influence of the tradition, not only in France but also in England and the United States, see Emmet Kennedy, *A Philosopher in the Age of Revolution: Destutt De Tracy and the Origins of Ideology* (Philadelphia: American Philosophical Society, 1978); Keith Michael Baker, *Condorcet: From Natural Philosophy to Social Mathematics* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1975); John Lough, *The Philosophes and Post-Revolutionary France* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1982).
- ¹³ Quoted in Zeldin, *France: 1848-1945*, I, 400-401.
- ¹⁴ Captain Richard Charlton (died England, 1852), was the first British consul assigned to the Sandwich Islands. During his twenty years in Hawaii as a "trading consul" he was frequently embroiled in legal, financial, and personal disputes with prominent members of the missionary community, including native privy councillors inclined to follow missionary leadership. During the 1840s Charlton contrived an ill-fated land development scheme (the "Charlton land-claim case") comparable to the abortive enterprise envisioned by Jean Rives in the 1820s. For a full account of Charlton's activities in Hawaii, especially in relation to French interests in the islands, see Kuykendall, *The Hawaiian Kingdom, 1778-1854*, especially chapter 19, "The Shadow of Destiny," pp. 383-428. Jore, *L'Océan Pacifique*, *passim*, provides extensive further information covering Charlton's official and unofficial conduct as reflected simultaneously in British and French archives.
- ¹⁵ Dr. Paolo Emilio Botta was the Italian surgeon-naturalist who accompanied the *Héros* expedition. A two-volume Italian translation of Duhaut-Cilly's *Voyage*, the work of Dr. Botta's father, Carlo Botta, was published a few years after the original French edition: *Viaggio intorno al Globo, principalmente alla California e alle isole Sandwich...* (Torino: 1841).