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Albert Edward Kauikeaouli Leiopapa a
Kamehameha: Prince of Hawai'i

Honolulu
September 12, 1862

DEAREST MOTHER:

It is almost a month since I have put pen to paper but in the meantime I have been so occupied that I have scarcely had a moment to myself and for such a sad, sad reason too. The dear little Prince is dead. I am sure you will be shocked to hear it, as we all were at the idea of his being too ill to recover. There seemed so much depending on his life, and he was such an engaging child in himself that all, both foreigners as well as natives, have been grieved at his loss, not to speak of his afflicted parents.¹

MARY HARROD HOBBS ALLEN, the author of this letter, and others which will be quoted or paraphrased below, was a bride of two-and-a-half months when she first saw the lofty volcanoes, sparkling surf, and green taro fields of the Hawaiian Islands. During the next 12 years, while she made a home and raised a family in the Islands, almost every mail boat that sailed from Honolulu carried with it one or more descriptive letters from Mary to her beloved mother, Mrs. Frederick Hobbs, in far-off Maine. Some of the most interesting to us, more than a hundred years later, concern Kamehameha IV, his wife Emma, and the little Prince of

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FIG. 1. Photograph of Albert Edward Kauikeaouli, Prince of Hawai'i, by H. L. Chase, c. May 1862. (Bishop Museum.)

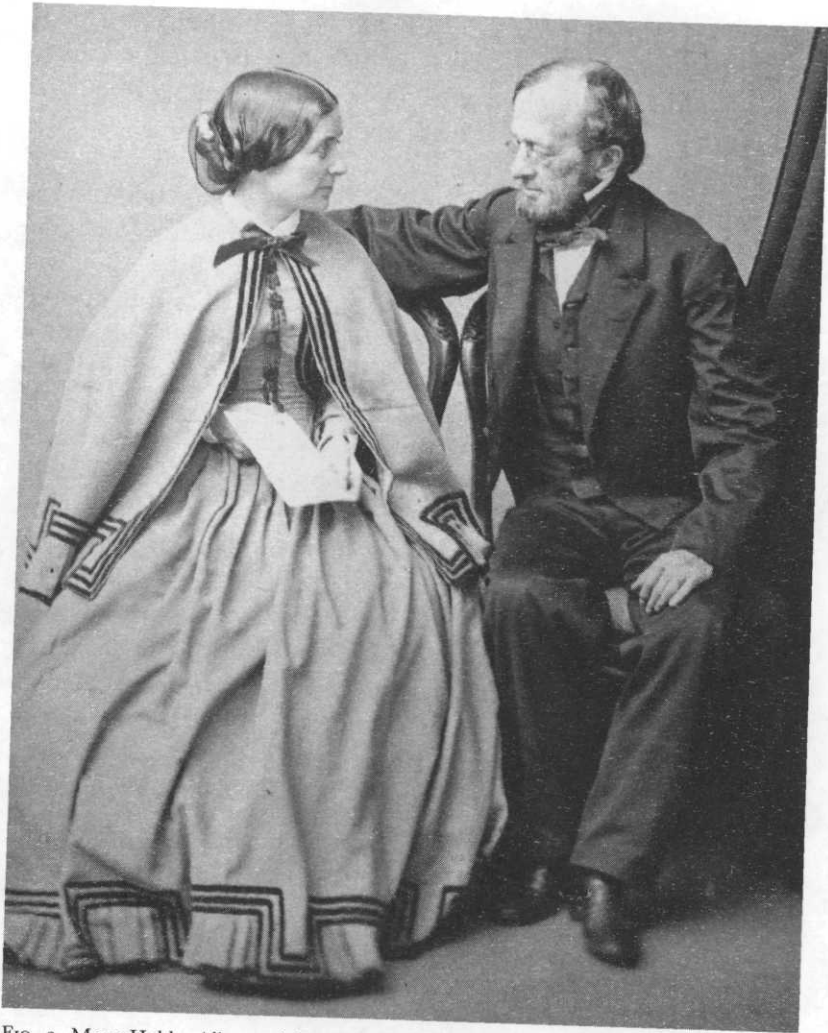


FIG. 2. Mary Hobbs Allen and her husband, Chief Justice Elisha Hunt Allen, Boston, c. 1864. (Bishop Museum.)

Hawai'i (fig. 1), for Mary and her husband, Elisha Hunt Allen (fig. 2) Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the Kingdom of Hawai'i, developed a particularly close and cordial relationship with the royal family.

The Allens were married in Philadelphia on March 11, 1857, and set off almost immediately on the long journey to Hawai'i,² arriv-

ing in Honolulu on the last day of May. Judge Allen had already lived in Hawai'i for some years, serving there first as the United States Consul at Honolulu and, upon his retirement from that position, as Minister of Finance in the government of the Kingdom.

When they reached the Islands the Allens were greeted with the sad news that William Little Lee, Chief Justice of the Hawaiian Supreme Court, had just died. A few days later Elisha Allen was appointed by the King to replace his old friend.³ From then until his death in Washington, D.C., on New Year's Day of 1883, Allen was a senior advisor to the kings of Hawai'i, first to Kamehameha IV, then Kamehameha V, Lunalilo, and finally Kalākaua.

As soon as she reached Hawai'i, Mary plunged into her new life as a married woman but not as an obscure bride. She was the wife of a senior member of the government of the Kingdom of Hawai'i with an important official position to maintain and a host of formal responsibilities which did not occur in the lives of most newlywed women of her day. Fortunately, she was naturally hospitable and loved to entertain, was modest but not shy, and she made friends easily. One of the women with whom she formed an early and lasting friendship was young Queen Emma, the wife of King Kamehameha IV. They had much in common: they were both young and pretty, and, during Mary's first months in Honolulu, they were both pregnant.

THE PRINCE OF HAWAI'I IS BORN

On May 20, 1858, Albert Edward Kauikeaouli Leiopapa a Kamehameha, the Prince of Hawai'i, was born to Queen Emma. One of the first things the little Prince heard was a royal salute fired from the battery on Punchbowl, as his safe arrival was announced to the people. Cheering crowds quickly filled the streets of Honolulu, flags were raised, and colorful streamers put up on shops and homes. For days there was a holiday atmosphere throughout the Islands as word of the royal birth spread.

Official and civic groups called at the Palace to offer congratulations to the King. Several weeks after the Prince was born, a delegation of children marched into the Palace grounds with their

gifts: a baby carriage, complete with a specially embroidered pillow and three silk flags. The youngsters processed solemnly up the driveway and were escorted into the audience chamber. The Prince, preceded by his *kāhili* bearers, carrying the feathered standards of his Hawaiian chiefly rank, was brought into the room with great ceremony and placed in an elaborately carved koa wood crib, which had been positioned in the center of the chamber. Cautiously and curiously, the children crowded around to admire the Royal baby and to present their gifts to him.⁴

Ten days later Mary's first child, Frederick Hobbs Allen, was born, with considerably less fanfare, but the event gave equally great joy to his parents.

During the first years of their lives, the Prince, who was always called "Baby" by his parents, and Freddy were often together, for the Queen and the Chief Justice's wife lived only a few blocks from each other in town, and their two babies frequently played with each other while the young mothers sewed or gossiped. In 1860, about the time that the Royal Family established a second home up in Nu'uuanu Valley (now known as the Queen Emma Summer Palace), the Allens decided that they, too, would move up into the hills above Honolulu. Mary was pregnant again, and they foresaw that they would need more room when the second baby arrived. They rented a cottage close to the Royal Family but just a bit closer to town.⁵ It was considerably cooler in the hills, away from the dusty plain of Honolulu, and the two little boys continued to see each other regularly, as did their mothers.

It was not only children, however, which brought the Queen and Mary together. There were official functions, parties, musicales and, in November of 1860, a great fund raiser. Mary wrote her mother that the Queen was "getting up a fair for the benefit of the [Queen's] hospital." When the Queen invited some 50 ladies to the Palace for an organizational meeting, naturally almost everyone accepted. According to Mary it was "a most admirably confused affair but some order at length came out of the chaos and when I at length emerged to a clear state of mind it was to find that I, with five other ladies, had been appointed to take charge of six tables. . . ." Later it was discovered that there was not room enough at the Armory for all six tables, so Mary readily

offered to withdraw and donate the goods already prepared by her group of friends among the other tables. The offer was accepted, but Mary did not regain her freedom completely.

The day before the fair opened, the Queen approached Mary and confided that she did not think it appropriate to be a salesperson herself and she would like to have Mary take over the management of her table. What could Mary do? Of course she had to agree, and with the help of Lydia Paki, (who in 1891 became Lili'uokalani, Queen of Hawai'i) and a number of other Hawaiian ladies, she labored hard and successfully at "The Queen's Table."⁶

A ROYAL VACATION AT HULIHE'E

In July of 1861, King Kamehameha IV invited the Allens to join him and his family at their "nice little snug house" in Kailua, in North Kona (fig. 3),⁷ which Mary described rather more accurately as "a fine large house, with very large rooms, twelve or fourteen feet high, and great windows with wide window seats, where the air blows through in all directions."⁸

The Allens and their children, Freddy and the new baby Mele, accepted with pleasure. They arrived to find that their fellow guests were the Minister of Finance, David L. Gregg, his wife and three children, and young Doctor Robert McKibbin, the assistant court physician. The two families were lodged in the main house, while the King and Queen and Prince and the doctor occupied two Hawaiian-style cottages in the garden. To take care of the Royal couple and their guests and to dote on all the children was a small army of servants.

The house party immediately settled down to a quiet vacation routine. The children had their breakfast at seven, mid-day dinner at one o'clock, and supper at six; their elders breakfasted at eight, dined at two, and had "tea" whenever they returned from their afternoon excursion, generally at seven or eight o'clock. The days were spent on the beach, the children bathing in the sea and collecting shells on the shore. According to Mary's account, the older folk spent a good deal of time rocking in hammocks or relaxing on lounges, chatting or reading or simply doing nothing.



FIG. 3. The Prince of Hawai'i in front of the first 'Iolani Palace. Oil on canvas by Enoch W. Perry, c. 1864. (Bishop Museum.)

Occasionally someone would get up enough energy to play the piano or sing, but the pace was definitely leisurely. The King had a fine bass voice, and the Queen often joined him in singing. Eventually the singing voices were replaced by desultory but companionable chatter, and eventually they all wandered off to bed. It was a thoroughly restful and pleasant interlude, and the little Prince revelled in his small companions.

THE PRINCE ATTENDS PARLIAMENT

The following year Mary wrote her mother that she had just been to the opening of the Hawaiian Parliament.⁹

I had made up my mind to go, when the Queen (who had never been) sent word to me that she wished to go and wished me to attend her.

The Parliament is opened in the Court Room, a very handsome large room and was handsomely decorated with the Hawaiian flags about the dais where three chairs were placed, the King's a gothic one lined with red velvet, kept for the occasion, and two others for the Queen and little Prince, who was going, also.¹⁰

The opening of parliament, held every two years, was the outstanding official function of the winter season and always attracted a large crowd of people who gathered outside the Court House. On either side of the road leading from the Palace to the Court House were drawn up the Rifle Company and the Household Troops (Infantry). Punctually at half past ten Their Majesties arrived, escorted by a company of Cavalry composed of foreigners and Hawaiians. Cannons were fired, drums beaten, and with all available pomp and ceremony the royal carriage pulled up to the door of the Court House.

It was truly a handsome sight, for the King had an elegant English carriage drawn by four horses and accompanied by outriders in livery. The coachman and footman were both English, and they were dressed in livery of green broadcloth with gold trimmings and tall hats with gold bands. Filled with pride in the Hawaiian pageantry, Mary Allen exulted to her mother that she did not believe a similar turnout could be seen anywhere in the United States.

The Cabinet Ministers and their ladies were gathered to meet Their Majesties, and at precisely eleven o'clock the official procession formed up to enter the court room. The King, tall and slim, was attired for this occasion in a black dress suit with ribbon and star. He escorted his pretty and diminutive Queen who wore a handsome green silk dress trimmed with green velvet a quarter

of a yard deep around the bottom, a black lace mantilla, a red ribbon, and a very pretty French bonnet. Between the Royal couple, and holding his parents' hands, walked the little Prince of Hawai'i, not quite four years old, but a sturdy little boy, dressed in a white tunic and saque, topped off with a little straw hat.

Princess Victoria, the King's sister and his *kuhina nui* or prime minister, walked immediately behind the King, Queen, and Prince, escorted by Chief Justice Elisha Allen. Mary Allen, who was always careful to describe for her mother exactly what everyone wore, reported that the Princess wore a flounced silk with a black silk mantilla and a white silk bonnet, while Elisha wore a dress suit with the white ribbon which designated his position as Chancellor to the King across his chest.

Next came Foreign Minister Robert C. Wyllie who, like all the rest of the court and government officials, was in dress uniform. On his arm was Mary Allen, wearing a silk dress with a black lace mantilla and bonnet. They were followed by Minister of Finance David L. Gregg, Princess Bernice Pauahi Bishop, and a train of aides and court retainers.

The audience in the Court Room rose as Their Majesties entered and processed to the dais. Seated on his throne, the King was surrounded by his servants, all tall and handsome and wearing beautiful red and yellow feathered capes. They bore the royal *kāhili*. These consisted of long, highly polished staffs, ten or more feet in height, the top few feet of which were set with smaller wands decorated with feathers. The men and their *kāhili* made an imposing sight.

To the right of the dais, seats had been arranged for the ladies of the court, the gentlemen standing behind them; the foreign representatives were arrayed to the left. The rest of the hall was crowded with ladies and gentlemen, who remained standing for an opening prayer, given by the Reverend Lowell Smith, Chaplain of the House and pastor of Kaumakapili Church, and the King's formal speech.

Mary Allen was thrilled with the panoply and pomp of the occasion and with being part of such a historic event. She did admit to her mother that both as a close companion of the Queen and a fellow mother she was anxious about the Prince, but young

as he was he seemed to understand the importance of the occasion and behaved beautifully, without a single fidget during the lengthy ceremonies.

GODMOTHER QUEEN VICTORIA

In August of 1862, Mary wrote excitedly to her mother the latest news concerning the little Prince:

Do you know that Queen Victoria has consented to stand God Mother to the little man! Is not that a great affair for him! We are expecting daily now the arrival of the Bishop with his family of six children, I believe. (Of course I have told you before of their coming out at the request of His Majesty to establish the Episcopalians here as their Majesties are much attached to that form). . . .¹¹

At the same time we expected the new English Commissioner, with his wife, an American lady, a Wainright of Washington, five children, governess, butler and servant maid. . . .¹²

During the following month, the British Commissioner and his wife were to have important parts to play in the life of the young Prince, but at that particular moment the Prince was more concerned about his playmate Freddy who had fallen from a swing and bruised his collar bone. Mary explained to her mother that the Prince

. . . came down frequently, tied onto his little pony, attended by his two boys, to see him and ask after him. His mother said it seemed to weigh on the little fellow's mind that "poor Freddy" should be dressed in a wrapper, with one arm in a sling, and one sleeve hanging loose.¹³

As the Prince and Freddy were only ten days apart in age and were constant companions, Mary was in a particularly advantageous position to judge the Royal child accurately when she described him to her mother as "an unusually sweet child, gentle and gentlemanly in his manners, bright and precocious and of a most happy, serene temperament."¹⁴

THE PRINCE FALLS ILL

Shortly after Freddy's accident, the Prince was taken ill. He seemed well enough on a Friday evening, when Elisha and Mary dined with the King and Queen at their home in Nu'uaniu Valley. The following Monday, when Elisha was at the Palace on business, the Queen asked him if the warm weather was making Freddy nervous and irritable, because the Prince had been so jumpy that day that she did not know what to do with him.¹⁵

The following morning the Prince rode with his parents from their Nu'uaniu home in the hills above Honolulu to the Palace downtown, as the King had to go there on business, and the Queen and Prince made it a habit to accompany him. The Allen children's Hawaiian nurse, Esther, saw the Royal party pass down Nu'uaniu Avenue and told Mary that the Prince was riding behind his parents, accompanied by his own groom, and that he bowed to her as he passed. Esther did not think anything was wrong at the time but later remembered that "his eyes looked heavy."

That afternoon the Royal family went down to Waikiki to spend the night with Princess Bernice Pauahi Bishop and her husband, but the Prince was so restless that Queen Emma called in a doctor, and the next morning she drove the sick boy to the Palace in Honolulu and sent for his father who was out fishing.

On Wednesday, Elisha Allen saw the Prince. The child was very restless and kept putting his hands on the area where his bowels were (his lower intestines) as if in pain. As the father of a son the same age, Elisha told Mary that it seemed obvious to him that something was wrong with the child's stomach, but the doctors were puzzled as to the precise cause of the illness, speculating that it might have been the heat or something his attendants allowed him to eat that disagreed with him, or a combination of both. The King insisted it was sunstroke and kept worrying about danger to the youngster's head. Whatever the cause, the Prince was certainly very ill.

When Elisha returned home with his alarming news Mary immediately cancelled her evening engagement and rushed off to

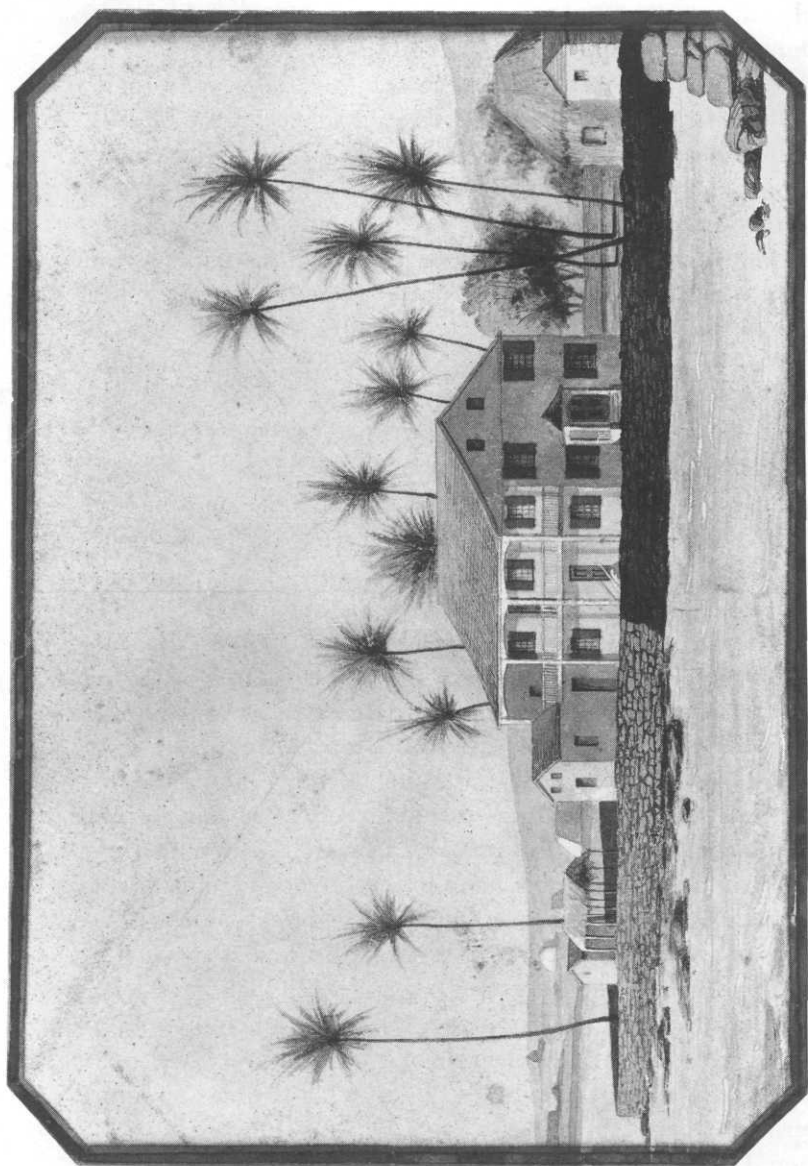


FIG. 4. Huihe'e Palace, Kona, Hawaii'i, c. 1859. Watercolor by Paul Emmert. (Honolulu Academy of Arts, Gift of Mary Alexander Smith, 1990.)

the Palace to see how she could be of help to the Queen. She was relieved to find the little boy sleeping comfortably, so she left after consulting with the Queen and promising to come whenever she was needed, day or night.

The next day, however, the Prince was worse. Mary was at the Palace in the afternoon where she learned that not only local doctors were in attendance, but also a British naval doctor, whose ship happened to be in the harbor, and that the medical men were doing everything possible to cause the youngster's bowels to act.

About this time the Prince began to have a series of spasms or fits, and Mary heard him crying out in pain. The King and Queen were beside themselves, helpless and despairing. The Queen was in a dreadful state, for she had not eaten a mouthful since the Prince fell ill and slept only through exhaustion and then at the foot of her son's bed.

The following day the Prince seemed more comfortable and had a quiet night, but when Mary returned to the Palace on Saturday morning he had just had a very severe spasm. As she wrote her mother, when she stood at the foot of the child's bed "my tears fell fast." The bright little boy, full of life and fun, who had played daily with her precious Freddy, was obviously very, very sick. His eyes were turned up, his tongue working from side to side of his mouth, and from time to time he twitched convulsively.

The Queen was seated beside him on the bed, the tears rolling down her cheeks. Mary realized that if she was to be of any help she must remain calm and not give way. She pulled herself together and stayed at the Palace the rest of the day, taking her turn holding the child when he went into convulsions, bathing him with cool water and fanning him.

The physicians were still undecided as to exactly what was happening to the little boy, suggesting that it might be catalepsy, but fearing that it was something even more serious. Slowly, and most reluctantly, the doctors came to the conclusion that there was only the barest of possibilities that the Prince would live. Meanwhile, the local newspapers reported that they understood that the Prince was suffering from an inflammation of the brain or water on the brain, and they sought to reassure the public by explaining that it was "a common disease among children."¹⁶

From time to time the Prince regained consciousness and seemed to be better, but more often he was restless and excited, thrashing about on the bed.

Sometimes when he was very nervous and excited it seemed to relieve him to take him up and carry him in the arms and the King's body servant, Hiram, was carrying him thus when he asked for someone to relieve him for a while. Prince Lot came in and took the little fellow, when he put both arms around his neck and laid his little face against his uncle's expressing so plainly his content that it was evident he recognized him.

Shortly after, it became necessary to give him some medicine. When the King took him up in his arms to administer it, kissing him, he softly whispered, 'Baby, kiss me?' The little fellow at once leaned towards his father and kissed him. It was these signs of consciousness that led us all to hope, and he looked so perfectly like himself, too, at times.¹⁷

THE PRINCE IS BAPTIZED

In spite of these encouraging signs, it became evident that it would be prudent to have the Prince baptized, even though the Anglican bishop had not yet reached Hawai'i. The British Commissioner and his wife, who had arrived a few days earlier, were honored to be asked to stand as proxy godparents for Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales. The King and Queen had no particular rapport with any of the clergymen then in Honolulu, but in the absence of the Anglican ministers they asked the Reverend Ephraim W. Clark, the pastor of Kawaiaha'o Church, whose congregation was made up principally of Hawaiians, to officiate, and he agreed to read the Episcopal liturgy.

At 10 o'clock on the morning of August 23, 1862, the service was held in the Queen's parlor, out of which opened her bedroom where the Prince lay, and as Mary described it to her mother, it was a "touching and solemn sight." All the officers of the household and the cabinet were assembled. First, Foreign Minister Wyllie formally presented Commissioner and Mrs. Synge to the King. The Queen then entered the room with her ladies, and the christening began at once. As Mary wrote, "When the prayers were read all present fell on their knees, as if by a simultaneous

impulse, and if sincere praying for his recovery could have saved him he would have recovered.”¹⁸

Throughout the Queen's ordeal Mary had worried about her, for she was pale and drawn, but on this occasion, Mary wrote her mother, the Queen was dressed in a simple, white morning gown, and she seemed to have never looked more noble, her always fine profile sharpened by grief. But throughout the service, Mary was painfully aware of the sick youngster, lying helpless in the next room, unconscious of the crowd outside, indeed unconscious of everything. When it was necessary to make the sign of the cross on his forehead, the Reverend Clark, the King and Queen, and Mr. and Mrs. Synge moved into the adjoining bedroom. The little Prince was quiet as he was formally baptized.

The King and Queen had always called their son “Baby,” although when they spoke of him to the servants it was as Kauikeaouli, and that is the name that the Hawaiian public used in referring to the little Prince. For the formal christening, however, he was given the names of Albert Edward for the Prince of Wales, Kauikeaouli in honor of his great uncle Kamehameha III, and Leiopapa a Kamehameha which is translated as “The Flower of his Father Kamehameha.”

After the ceremony was over, the exhausted Queen finally gave in to the accumulated fatigue of her days of watching and the pressure of shattering emotions. Sitting on the bed beside her son, she became drowsy, and stretching out beside the little boy she finally fell into a deep sleep. Mary slipped a pillow under her head and watched the boy in her place for the next few hours. When she had to leave, the Prince seemed comparatively comfortable, and his mother was still resting.

WAITING BY THE SICKBED

Everyone in Honolulu lived through the next days with one eye on the flag flying over the Palace, rejoicing when it was at the top of the staff and fearful that at any moment it might be lowered, signifying the death of the Prince. Sunday morning Mary returned to the sickroom, and when she saw the little Prince she was devastated, for he seemed greatly changed, and she realized

that there was little hope of his recovery. During the night, he had had blessed intervals of quiet, but they were interspersed with long, hard fits, which dissipated his energy completely.

Mary and Princess Bernice Pauahi Bishop spent the whole day with the Queen, doing what little they could for her and her gravely ill son. They were able to get the Prince to take a little tea, which he seemed to like, but there was little else to be done. By Monday everyone, even the Queen, had to face the fact that all hope of his recovery was gone; it was just a question of time.

THE PRINCE IS DEAD

The inevitable end came on Wednesday morning, August 27, just a little over a week after the Prince had taken ill. The Hawaiian flag was lowered to half-mast over the Palace, and the staff was draped with black crepe. The Prince of Hawai'i was dead.

Mary rushed down to the Palace to be of whatever use she could to the Royal parents. As she passed through an enclosed *lana'i* (veranda) into which the Queen's room opened, she could hear the sobs of both the King and the Queen as they knelt, grief-stricken, by the side of the little bed where their only son had died. It was a narrow, single bed which the Queen had used from the time she was a child, sleeping in it until the day she was married. When the Prince had outgrown his ornate koa crib, her childhood bed was fitted up for him. This was only one instance of the complete identity of the Queen with her son, for she was entirely bound up in him, and he repaid her with obvious affection.

Mary was told that it was most touching to see the Queen when she was convinced her son was dead. "She took him in her arms and weeping over him talked to him. 'My baby, my own baby, and you did not know me!'"

Outside the Palace walls, "The sympathy for Their Majesties was deep and real, for everyone had always felt a personal interest in him and had really looked forward to his growth with great anticipation. He had a very winning way with him and a handsome, bright face which always won friends."

Personally Mary was first made aware of the concern of people

through the reaction of members of her own staff, who repeatedly came to her during his illness asking for news of the Prince and who watched the flag on the Palace as anxiously as she did. Then, too, she noted that they were "as tender as possible to the two children, as if they realized for the first time how easily these little ones may slip away."

LYING-IN-STATE

In the sewing room of the Palace, Mary found Princess Bernice and Mrs. Gregg making arrangements for a proper dress for the little boy's lying-in-state the next day. As there seemed to be nothing suitable in his wardrobe, they hurried off through deserted streets, flags drooping at half-mast, to find what they needed in the one store which had been kept open for them, every other place having been shut tight on receiving the news of the Prince's death.¹⁹

The next morning the Palace was open from 8 until 12 o'clock as crowds of Hawaiians and foreigners filed by the small coffin, saying their last farewells to their little Prince. To Mary it was a sad but impressive sight:

The tall posts of the Palace gates were all draped in black, as were the high entrance doors. There were many Hawaiians sitting in groups under the trees in the yard, wailing, one of the most mournful and touching sounds in the world.

The broad steps leading up to the Palace were covered with carpets as they always are on high occasions, presenting a striking contrast with their brilliant colors to the waving black draperies at the doors.

The Prince was laid out in the center of the State Room which was hung in black crepe. The table was covered with a voluminous white linen cloth edged with a heavy cord, with two heavy tassels at each corner sweeping the floor. Under his head was a handsome white silk cushion or pillow, edged with a silken cord and tassels at each corner.

He was dressed in a pure white silk, the same as covered the pillow, it being made like the one he wore the day the Parliament was opened, after the pattern of one worn by the Prince Imperial of

France, being an under shirt of the finest linen lawn plaited, drawers of the same finished off by fine embroidering, a beautiful piece you once sent me and which I had been saving for Melley's christening drawers, but we could find none in town. A shirt of white silk fastening around the waist by a simple broad band of the same and a saque of the same with flowing or open sleeves showing the sleeves of the shirt with cuffs of the embroidery and a little collar of the same. Long silk stockings and ankle ties completed the dress which was very, very elegant and chaste. The shirt and saque were trimmed with wide satin ribbon box-plaited and honeycombed. He also wore his ribbon, crimson, across his heart. He always had beautiful hair, soft and fine, and was a beautiful looking boy even in death.

At the corners of the table were beautiful vases of flowers, and at the head stood, on its strong stand, an elegant silver vase some two-and-a-half feet high which Queen Victoria had sent as her baptismal gift.²⁰

The cover of the vase or cup is in the form of a crown with heavy silver chains falling from the top to each handle. Skillfully executed in bas-relief on one side is the British coat of arms and motto, above which is a tablet on which is engraved, "The Gift of Her Majesty The Queen," leaving a small space to complete the inscription with the Prince's name and date of Christening. This addition was never made. On the opposite side of the cup is another bas-relief, this one of charioteers.

Mary continued her description of the Prince's lying in state:

At the corners of the table stood his father's servants bearing the immense kahili indicating rank, the most stately things in the world, and his boys, also waving smaller ones over him to keep the air fresh.

With some natural trepidation Mary brought Freddy with her to the laying in state of his playmate:

I had told Freddy about him the first day or two that he was sick and I found it troubled him so that I desisted and said no more until he died. Then he seemed to understand perfectly his going to

heaven and to be happy about that. When we went in to him he asked me if he had come down again and when he would go up to stay. He looked so prettily asleep that there was no shock to him.

THE FUNERAL

Ten days later the Prince's funeral was held, the delay necessitated by the time it took to build a temporary mausoleum in the shade of a large tamarind tree in front of the Palace and find a suitable coffin. In the meantime, he lay in a metallic coffin in the State Room. This hiatus was tragic for the heartbroken Queen who refused to leave the room, even sleeping there at night.²¹

Mary saw her twice in the interval and wrote her mother that "I never saw a more woe stricken face, a strange absent look, for she neither ate nor talked and, in fact, they said scarcely slept and could not weep."²² Eventually the Queen did give in to tears, which she told Mary gave her some relief and enabled her to feel more resigned to the boy's death. The King controlled himself better, partly for his wife's sake, but it was obvious that they were both deeply despondent. He talked freely of his son "but looked absolutely miserable."

The funeral service took place at 11 o'clock on Sunday morning, September 7, in the drawing room of the Palace. Seats were placed there and in the hall to accommodate all those who were invited. All the relatives of the family and the chiefs and chiefesses and the members of the court and cabinet met in the Queen's parlor, and at 11 o'clock the King, with the Queen on his arm, joined them in the solemn procession.

The King wore a perfectly plain black dress suit with white weepers and weeds,²³ badges of mourning, on his sleeve and hat, and a crepe sash with long ends passing across his chest. The Queen's face was nearly concealed under her thick crepe veil, but Mary could see how very thin she had grown. Her dress was a lusterless black silk with crepe mantilla and bonnet.

All the gentlemen in attendance wore black like His Majesty, and the ladies had on black bonnets and dresses, all with appropriate weepers. Weepers and weeds were not usually worn in Hawai'i, but Foreign Minister Wyllie had told the King that in

Scotland they were always used for the funeral of a child or young unmarried person, and the idea of mixing white, the traditional Hawaiian funeral color, with the foreigners' customary black, in mourning for his child, appealed to the King.

As the procession moved from the Royal residence across the garden to the Palace for the funeral, immense *kāhili* were borne before the King and Queen by servants of rank wearing short feathered capes.

The drawing room and hall were filled with two to three hundred people, all dressed in mourning, and when the Royal party entered, everyone rose with one accord. Chairs had been placed at the head of the room for Their Majesties; the chiefs and chiefesses and the court officials stood on either side of them.

In the center of the room, on a table covered with black cloth, was the new coffin, a very elegant one of the two handsomest woods of the Islands, koa and kou. They are beautiful, the latter being as dark as rosewood and the polish and design exquisite. Covering the foot of the coffin and sweeping the ground in heavy folds was a black velvet pall, edged with silver fringe and the Hawaiian crown with flowers in silver in each corner. On the coffin and pall were wreaths of white flowers.

At the head of the table on which the coffin lay was a small table covered with a black velvet cloth on which stood, on its ebony stand, the beautiful christening cup sent by Queen Victoria.

Around the coffin and at either side of the King and Queen, the *kahili* bearers stationed themselves holding their stately insignia, which I noticed touched the roof of the room, and it is a very high one, some twenty or twenty-five feet high. At a short distance from their Majesties and quite in front, were seats for Mr. and Mrs. Syngé, and behind them were all the officers of the English man-of-war, and on their left the members of the diplomatic corps.

As soon as the King and Queen entered the choir sang and then Mr. Damon read the service, and very finely too.²⁴ The choir sang twice during the time, once "And I heard a voice saying" and "Go to thy rest fair child."

As soon as the service was ended the King and Queen left the room and we accompanied them to their house again. I did not say good-bye to the Queen for she at once entered her room and threw herself down by the side of the little one's crib and I heard such a

profound sigh as made my heart ache. I thought she was best alone.

Later in the day the coffin of the little Prince was laid in the mausoleum which had been prepared for it in the Palace grounds.

THE KING AND QUEEN CARRY ON

The next days were especially difficult for the King and Queen for, as Mary pointed out,

. . . they have no necessity for exertion. The Queen more particularly, as the King has his business that must be attended to. The void for them is great. The little fellow was such an incentive to both, such an occupation and amusement.²⁵

On September 8, 1862, the Royal couple managed to hold a private reception for Commissioner Synge and for the officers of the H.M.S. *Termagant*, whose ship had stayed in port expressly to do honor to the Prince. They had dressed their ship with symbols of mourning, as they would have for the death of a member of the British Royal family, and had assisted at all the ceremonies surrounding the funeral.²⁶

Mary, who attended the reception, thought that in view of everything she had gone through during the past week,

. . . the Queen controlled herself wonderfully, although looking very sad, and the tears rolled down once or twice. I am sure there was not a dry eye in the room when Mr. Synge read his address and his voice shook very perceptibly, but we were glad they gave the audience as their minds had so constantly dwelt on the death and funeral that it was better for both to have some change.²⁷

A week later Minister Wyllie persuaded the King and Queen to move back up to their house in Nu‘uanu Valley, for the Queen was spending nearly all her time at her son’s mausoleum. It was a wrenching change for them, but one which everyone believed would surely be a wise one. They would be away from surround-

ings which held such recent sadness for them and would be back in their personal home in the Valley, situated in a beautiful and healthy spot, which was cool and airy. But it was not easy for the bereaved parents to leave the Palace; Esther, the Allen's Hawaiian nurse, told Mary that while she was out for a morning walk with the children they had seen the Royal carriage coming up Nu'uaniu Road from Honolulu that first time and "the poor Queen was weeping."

During those first difficult weeks, Mary, living close to the Royal retreat, called often on the Queen, and assured her mother that difficult as it was for the grieving King and Queen "they were glad that they had gone to Nuuanu." Years later Queen Emma told Elisha that no one had given her so much comfort at the time of the Prince's death as had Mary, who was always a sweet, sensitive, and loving soul.

And young Freddy Allen did not forget his Royal playmate, either. One day he asked his father if when he went to Heaven he would be able to play, once again, with the Prince of Hawai'i.

During the following year, the King's health worsened. He suffered from chronic asthma, but possibly more important to his well-being was the fact that he was inconsolable at the death of his son. He was filled with grief and guilt, blaming himself for the boy's illness. A little more than a year later, on November 30, 1863, Kamehameha IV died, leaving no heir and no formally appointed successor. His brother, Lot Kamehameha, was proclaimed King of the Hawaiian Islands, as Kamehameha V. The new King never married, and when he died, on December 11, 1872, the last of the Kamehameha line, no successor had been appointed, and the Kingdom had to resort to an election to name its next king, who was to be William Charles Lunalilo. After the loss of her child and husband, Queen Emma travelled abroad, returning to the Islands in 1866 where she lived until her death in 1885.

NOTES

- ¹ Mary Allen, letter to Mrs. Hobbs, 12 Sept. 1862. This and other letters from Mary Allen to her mother are preserved by Mary's granddaughter, Mrs. Francis J. Hallowell, in Stonington, Conn.

- ² *F*, 25 May 1857.
- ³ Vol. 10:144, meeting of 4 June 1857, PCR; *P*, 6 June 1857; *PCA*, 4, 11, and 18 June 1857; *F*, 25 June 1857.
- ⁴ *PCA*, 27 May and 17 June 1858; *F*, 1 June 1858.
- ⁵ 24½ Nu'uuanu; two acres on the south or Diamond Head side of the road, just below present day Judd Street, and adjoining the property owned by Captain John Paty, Charles Brewer, and Robert C. Wyllie, book 17:34-35, HBC.
- ⁶ Mary Allen, letter to Mrs. Hobbs, 3 and 14 Nov. 1860; *P*, 24 Nov. 1860; *PCA*, 29 Nov. 1860.
- ⁷ Kamehameha IV, letter to Judge Allen, 20 July 1861, AH. Hulihe'e Palace, Kailua, was built in 1838 by John Adams Kuakini, brother of Queen Ka'ahumanu and Governor of the Island of Hawai'i.
- ⁸ Mary Allen, letter to Mrs. Hobbs, 18 Aug. 1861.
- ⁹ The opening of parliament took place on 2 May 1862; *PCA*, 8 May 1862.
- ¹⁰ Mary Allen, letter to Mrs. Hobbs, 22 May 1862.
- ¹¹ The Bishop referred to was Bishop Thomas Nettleship Staley (1823-1895). He was consecrated as the first Bishop of Honolulu in Westminster Abbey on 15 Dec. 1861. He and his wife and three sons, Alfred, Leonard, and Frank, and three daughters, Edith, Constance, and Blanche, arrived in Honolulu on 11 Oct. 1862.
- ¹² William Webb Follett Syngé (1826-1891) and Henrietta Mary Wainwright. The new British Commissioner and his wife arrived in Honolulu aboard H.M.S. *Termagant* on 22 Aug. 1862. Syngé had entered the British Foreign Office in 1846. He was posted to the British Legation in Washington from 1851 to 1853, where he met and married his wife. In 1856, he was a member of a Special Mission to Central America; in 1861, he became Commissioner and Consul General at the Sandwich Islands; and in 1865, moved on to Cuba as Consul General. He was a prolific though not distinguished writer. After his retirement from the Foreign Office in 1868 due to ill health, he devoted his full time to literary pursuits.
- ¹³ Mary Allen, letter to Mrs. Hobbs, 3 Aug. 1862.
- ¹⁴ Mary Allen, letter to Mrs. Hobbs, 12 Sept. 1862.
- ¹⁵ Mary Allen, letter to Mrs. Hobbs, 12 Sept. 1862.
- ¹⁶ *F*, 1 Sept. 1862; *PCA*, 21 and 28 Aug. 1862; *P*, 30 Aug. 1862. To this day, the medical reason for the death of the Prince has not been agreed upon. Several pediatricians have explained that without any proper medical account of the illness and given the state of medical knowledge 130 years ago, they could only guess at the cause of death. Also, no autopsy is known to have been made, probably because it was not a common practice in the 1860s and, more importantly, that it would have been repugnant to the grieving parents.
- ¹⁷ Mary Allen, letter to Mrs. Hobbs, 12 Sept. 1862.
- ¹⁸ Mary Allen, letter to Mrs. Hobbs, 12 Sept. 1862.
- ¹⁹ *PCA*, 4 Sept. 1862; *F*, 1 Sept. 1862.
- ²⁰ According to official correspondence between Lord Russell of the Foreign Office and British Commissioner Syngé, the christening cup from Queen Victoria cost a little more than 200 pounds: No. 1, 30 Apr., and No. 5, 12 May

1862, BPRO, FO 58/97. It was made by Robert Garrard, a London silversmith. It is now in the collection of the Daughters of Hawai'i and is usually on display at the Queen Emma Summer Palace in Honolulu.

²¹ *PCA*, 11 Sept. 1862; *F*, 1 Sept. 1982.

²² Mary Allen, letter to Mrs. Hobbs, 1 Oct. 1862.

²³ Weepers are a badge of mourning, usually a white cuffband or border; weeds are a band of crepe worn on a man's hat.

²⁴ According to the local newspapers, the Reverend Ephraim W. Clark, Pastor of Kawaiaha'o Church, read the services, and the Reverend Samuel C. Damon, Chaplain of the American Seamen's Friend Society and Pastor of the Bethel Union Church, gave the sermon.

²⁵ Mary Allen, letter to Mrs. Hobbs, 12 Sept. 1862.

²⁶ *PCA*, 25 Sept. 1862.

²⁷ Mary Allen, letter to Mrs. Hobbs, 12 Sept. 1862.