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NO. 11



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By MR. ED. TOWSE, and

"EARLY TRADING IN HAWAII"

By PROF. W. D. ALEXANDER

Read before the Society September 15, 1903

HONOLULU, T. H.

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"SOME HAWAIIANS ABROAD"

(Read before the Hawaiian Historical Society at its meeting in
September, 1903.)

The genesis of this paper is the impression made upon the writer by the striking and permanent place given to Hawaiians and Hawaii in such standard works as:

Richard Henry Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," in the years 1834-35-36.

Capt. George Vancouver's "A Voyage of Discovery to the North Pacific Ocean and Around the World in the Years 1790-95, with the Sloop-of-War 'Discovery' and Armed Tender 'Chatham,' Seeking Communication Between the North Atlantic and North Pacific Oceans."

Washington Irving's altogether vivid "Astoria," recounting thrilling adventures of a great pioneering enterprise undertaken in the years 1810-11-12.

(Mrs.) Eva Emery Dye's "McLoughlin and Old Oregon."

Mr. Dana was a genuine literary man whose mental poise and talent for selection of facts caused him to put a proper estimate upon men and things.

Quite naturally, it may be submitted, such a man as George Vancouver brought to the task of the pen those sterling qualities of a dominating character which made him one of the strong figures of history. He was eminently fair and a remarkably close observer.

The charm of Irving's work is known to all. He bestowed a correct portion of it in rewriting the tales of the brave men dispatched by land and sea upon the marvelous business project conceived in the mind of the merchant prince John Jacob Astor.

Mr. Dana, Capt. Vancouver and the men quoted by Irving saw the Hawaiians at a very early stage in the life of the contact of the

aborigines of these Islands with men of civilized countries—the Irving reporters and Capt. Vancouver some years prior to the arrival of the American missionaries in the group.

The views, then, of Astor's knights errant and of the great sailor Vancouver might be assumed to be especially interesting for historical purposes. To my mind they are no more so than Dana's, for the reason that the latter was a natural searcher after knowledge, and at all times in his authorship occupied a social position or place in "life by association" differing materially from the viewpoints of both Capt. Vancouver and Astor's picturesque seamen and landmen.

Modern Hawaii has a claim upon the adaptable Dana for the reason that his daughter is the wife of Francis Lyman, a native of Hilo, son of Rev. David Lyman, many years a missionary on the Island of Hawaii, and the founder, in 1839, of the Hilo Boarding School. Francis Lyman is a Harvard man and had an oar in one of the international boat-races pulled on the river Thames. He and his family now reside in Chicago—have been there for many years.

Mr. Dana tells in a supplement, or appendix, to "Two Years Before the Mast," how he revisited California a quarter of a century after his trip out there from Boston as a common sailor. He extended this second journey to the Hawaiian Islands. Mr. Dana, though a man of strong convictions and one of those who had been prominent in public life in the early days of agitation for the abolition of slavery, was of an exceedingly retiring nature. This is doubtless the reason that not one of a dozen or more Honolulu kamaainas are able to recall anything of moment concerning his visit here. Better fortune was had by reaching out to Hilo, an inquiry eliciting this careful response:

HILO, HAWAII, Oct. 30th, 1902.

ED TOWSE, ESQ.

DEAR SIR:—Your favor of the 9th inst. came to hand a week ago, and I wish I could give you the information you desire. I will try and write a little, and you can see if you can make any use of it.

In the first place Richard H. Dana came to the Islands in August or September, 1859,—not in 1860, as you write me.

I first met him when he came up to Oahu College when he visited the school. Soon after that, I returned to Hilo, and in October, 1859, Mr. Dana came to Hilo and spent several weeks here, staying at my father's house. He wrote his autograph in my mother's autograph book, and I looked it up last evening, and he dated it Hilo, October 22, 1859.

Mr. Dana, during his stay in Hilo, visited the principal schools, the Hilo Boarding-School among them, and said he thought it was doing good work, as the boys were required to work mornings and afternoons, and that he could see that they were being trained to work, and not to be ashamed of having to work for a living.

He made very careful inquiries as to the land system of Hawaii, how people could purchase land from the Government, and was looking into the Judiciary system, inquiring of the late Judge S. L. Austin how the circuit judges and district magistrates were appointed, and also how the sheriffs, deputy sheriffs and police were appointed, what taxes were assessed in the Islands, and how the taxes were collected, etc.

Mr. Dana was always looking for information as to the resources of the Islands, and the true character of the Hawaiians, and what influences were being used to elevate the people, and also what were being used to degrade them. I thought that he was a very keen observer, and one that wanted to know both sides, before he made up his own mind about things.

I remember how he used to tell us anecdotes about the political campaign, when John C. Fremont was running for President of the United States, and telling us how Rufus Choate and B. F. Butler and others managed to control the people who were at the meetings, at times when there was great danger of a panic in the audience, and loss of life, if the people rushed out of the house, and how they got the people out doors to continue the meeting outside, without their suspecting that a slight rush would have made the whole floor fall to the ground. He spoke of these men, and Stephen Douglas, as being opposed to him in politics, but said that they were great and noble men, and that he thought they would show it when the Democratic party was defeated.

He confidently expected the Republican party to carry the election of President in the year 1860, and said he was going back to the States to work for the victory, as a great crisis was coming in the States.

Mr. Dana was always ready for a joke, and always cheerful, even when suffering from a broken bone in his foot.

One day quite a party went across the Wailuku river and up towards the woods on Puueo to a luau, and as we were returning home Mr. Dana called out to Judge Austin, "Tom Bold, his wife and crew went across the bridge, and the bridge broke, and they fell into the water," or something to that effect, and as we came to the bridge, he called out, "Judge Austin, you go ahead and we will follow after."

Judge Austin and his wife went ahead, and we followed in Indian file, and the bridge broke, and Mrs. Austin, Mr. Dana and a good many others fell into the water, Mr. Dana's horse falling on its side and crushing the iron stirrup of the saddle across his foot, and breaking one of the small bones of the foot. After Mr. Dana got clear of the horse, and was pulling himself up the side of the bridge, he looked around and saw me in the river with my nose just out of the water, among the horses, and asked me why I did not try to get out, and on my telling him I had one foot caught between the boards of the bridge, he said, "I can not let go to help you; but try and get hold of one of my feet, and I will try and pull you out." I got hold of his foot, and succeeded in getting my foot clear, and he then asked me to help him up to the side of the bridge and to see if there was any one else in need of help, so we could go and help them, and he would not go to the house until every one else was on the way home. Judge Austin after this used to joke Mr. Dana about his breaking the bridge, and being punished for it by having his foot injured.

Mr. Dana expressed himself as being of the opinion that the time would soon come when the Monarchy could not be maintained at the Islands, as the Hawaiians were dying so fast, and foreigners would come, and it would be necessary for a strong nation to control the Islands, and that the United States could not afford to let any other Government control the Islands, and fit out a fleet to attack San Francisco and other places on the

Coast, and when an independent government could not be kept up on the Islands, then the United States would be obliged to take the Islands, and protect the Hawaiians.

Yours truly,

RUFUS A. LYMAN.

The vessel on which Mr. Dana took passage from San Francisco for Honolulu was burned to the hull a few days off the group. All hands were picked up and brought to their destination comfortably by a British brig on the same run.

It was early in the spring of 1835, and at San Diego, then the great hide-shipping or trading port, that Mr. Dana first met Hawaiians. He says there were in this first community of them he encountered a dozen or twenty of "the Sandwich Islanders." The kanakas of that day would ship in various vessels from the group to California—some of the craft, by the way, being smugglers, greatly annoying the Spanish authorities. Often these Island sailors, not being "signed men," would "take to the beach" and work as hide-curers, handlers, etc. They were greatly esteemed as hands for the vessels plying up and down the coast of California. Mr. Dana, in his faithful style, gives at first acquaintance these side-lightings of Hawaiian character in 1835:

"No members of the colony at San Diego, under any circumstances, would engage with the notorious Capt. Frank Thompson because he had flogged two sailors while at anchor in port, simply for a little talking.

"Having finished a considerable period of labor and being well supplied with all kinds of provisions, not one of the Hawaiians could be induced to work until the finish of the season of prosperity was in full view." The spokesman of these natives encamped at San Diego is mentioned by Mr. Dana as "Mr. Mannini." Another well-known or prominent kanaka there was called "Mr. Bingham, after one of the missionaries at Oahu." He was minus some front teeth which were said to have been knocked out by his parents as a sign of grief at the death of Kamehameha I. Mr. Dana and others teased "Mr. Bingham" with the charge that his teeth had been lost in eating Capt. Cook. "Mr. Bingham" denied

this most angrily. "He never would allow," wrote Mr. Dana, "that human beings had ever been eaten at the Islands, and, indeed, it always seemed an insult to tell so affectionate, intelligent and civilized a class of men that such barbarities had been practiced in their own country within the recollection of many of them. The history of no people on the globe can show anything like so rapid an advance [in 1835, remember] from barbarism. I would have trusted my life and all I had in the hands of one of these people; and certainly, had I wished for a favor or act of sacrifice, I would have gone to them all, in turn, before I should have applied to one of my own countrymen on the coast, and should have expected to see it done before my own countrymen had got half through counting the cost. Their customs and manner of treating one another show a primitive generosity which is truly delightful and which is often a reproach to our own people. Whatever one has, they all have. Money, food, clothes, they share with one another, even to the last piece of tobacco to put in their pipes. I once heard old 'Mr. Bingham' say with the highest indignation to a Yankee trader who was trying to persuade him to keep his money to himself: 'No! we no all 'e same 'a you!—Suppose one got money, all got money; you—suppose one got money, lock him up in chest; no good. Kanaka all 'e same one.' This principle they carry so far that none of them will eat anything in sight of the others without offering it all around. I have seen one of them break a biscuit which had been given him, in five parts, at a time when I knew he was on a very short allowance, as there was but little to eat on the beach."

Mr. Dana's favorite among the natives at San Diego was "Hope, an intelligent, kind-hearted little fellow, who was always civil, always ready and never forgot a benefit." Hope made Mr. Dana his "aikane" or particular friend. Another Hawaiian there was "Tom," who had made a trip clear around the Horn from the Islands to the Atlantic seaboard of the United States, and who had for his pains seen only Nantucket, not even getting a glimpse of New Bedford. Mr. Dana tells nicely of the melodious singing of the natives.

The whole Hawaiian race and all who are of the Islands today or interested in the moral or material future of the group owe much to the talented and high-minded Richard Henry Dana, Jr. He has placed in permanent record very much of what is best and

truest of a kindly, gentle and worthy people and a land so fair to look upon that none have failed to acknowledge its charms.

Mr. Dana, not a member, by the way, of the denomination of the religionists who introduced the Christian faith into these Islands, commented thus upon the work of the pioneers of higher civilization in Hawaii:

"It is no small thing to say of the missionaries of the American Board that in less than forty years they have taught this whole people to read and to write, to cipher and to sew. They have given them an alphabet, grammar and dictionary; preserved their language from extinction; given it a literature and translated into it the Bible and works of devotion, science, entertainment, etc. They have established schools, reared up native teachers, and so pressed their work that now the proportion of inhabitants who can read and write is greater than in New England; and whereas they found these islanders a nation of half-naked savages, living in the surf and on the sand, eating raw fish, fighting among themselves, tyrannized over by feudal chiefs and abandoned to sensuality, they now see them decently clothed, recognizing the laws of marriage, knowing something of accounts, going to school and public worship with more regularity than the people at home; and the more elevated of them taking part in the conduct of affairs in the constitutional monarchy under which they live, holding seats on the judicial bench and in the legislative chambers, and filling posts in the local magistracies."

In the month of June, 1810, John Jacob Astor and associates signed articles of agreement of the "Pacific Fur Company." The nub of this somewhat imperialistic scheme was to best the flourishing and haughty Northwest Company, which was a most powerful concern, by having a great depot at the mouth of the Columbia, in other words, by using the sea. One of the vessels selected for the pioneer voyage was the "Tonquin," in which Capt. Thorn reached this group February 11, 1811.

"The Sandwich Islanders," wrote Irving from Thorn's notes, "when first discovered, evinced a character superior to most of the savages of the Pacific Islands. They were frank and open in their deportment, friendly and liberal in their dealings, with an

apt ingenuity apparent in all their rude inventions. The tragical fate of the discoverer, which for a time brought them under the charge of ferocity, was in fact the result of sudden exasperation, caused by the seizure of their chief. At the time of the visit of the 'Tonquin' the Islanders had profited in many respects by occasional intercourse with the white men; and had shown a quickness to observe and cultivate those arts important to their mode of living."

Irving pays a fine tribute to Kamehameha, who was said then to own a fleet of forty schooners of twenty to thirty tons each and one old American ship.

"It was part of the wide and comprehensive plan of Mr. Astor to establish a friendly intercourse between these Islands and the intended colony, which might, for a time, have occasion to draw supplies thence; and he even had a vague idea of, at some time or other, getting possession of one of these Islands as a rendezvous for his ships and a link in the chain of his commercial establishments."

The "Tonquin" people were unable to secure either water or provisions on the Island of Hawaii, though they were shown the spot where Capt. Cook was killed and met Governor John Young and secured the story of his life from his own lips.

February 21, 1811, Capt. Thorn cast anchor with the "Tonquin" off Waikiki. Here he met Kamehameha I. and paid Spanish dollars for hogs, several goats, two sheep, a quantity of poultry and vegetables in abundance.

At this stage of the voyage of the "Tonquin" there was almost a culmination of the difficulties which had been growing within the personnel of the travelers from the early days of the trip. A number of "gentlemen adventurers" of Scotch nationality were the particular aversion of Thorn and he had threatened to toss them overboard, to iron them, "maroon" them, etc. Under the cheering influence of their contact with the people of Oahu these Scotchmen gave full play to their contempt for Thorn. They arrayed themselves in their kilts and paraded on the beach and amongst the natives. All the animosity in Thorn's vitriolic nature was aroused, and only fear of his employer restrained him from a desperate course. He used all his talent with the pen in describing to Mr. Astor the conduct of the young Scotchmen.

The partners of Canadian experience aboard the "Tonquin" now proposed to enlist thirty or forty native Hawaiians, because they had never seen watermen to equal them, not even among the voyageurs of the Northwest. "Remarkable for their skill in managing light craft and able to swim and dive like waterfowl," were the words used in describing the Hawaiians. Capt. Thorn objected to a large number, but twelve were signed for the company and twelve for the ship. The trade-men were to serve three years, were to be fed and clothed and at the end of the term were to receive \$100 in merchandise.

On February 28, 1811, the "Tonquin" sailed for the Northwest coast, and March 22, 1811, arrived off the mouth of the Columbia. Here one of the Hawaiians lost his life in working in the breakers with a landing party. Eight men were lost altogether. There were two natives in the boat. The "Tonquin," with Capt. Thorn and others was lost on its first trading trip north of Astoria.

October 10, 1811, the "Beaver," Capt. Sowle, 400 tons, being Astor's first "annual ship," sailed from New York. She reached the Islands without incident. Here were heard rumors of the loss of the "Tonquin." The "Beaver" took twelve Hawaiians aboard and on May 6, 1812, was off the mouth of the Columbia. Unfortunately for Mr. Astor, Capt. Sowle turned out to be a persistent blunderer.

It is mentioned by Irving that the ship "Albatross," arriving from China on the 20th of June, 1813, brought to Hawaii the first news of the war. The Albatross was chartered by Astor's man Hunt to take news and supplies to Astoria.

The "Lark," of Astor's line, sailed from New York March 16, 1813. She encountered bad weather near the Islands and after buffeting with storms for many days became "a drifting hulk." At this grave crisis a Hawaiian appears upon the scene. He was returning to his Island home from the Atlantic seaboard. The captain says of him: "But there was a Sandwich Islander on board, an expert swimmer, who brought enough liquor and raw pork from below to save our lives." The "Lark" was wrecked on the Island of Kahoolawe. Mr. Hunt bought at the Islands for \$10,000 the bark "Peddler," to go to Astoria, trade with the North instead of the "Lark," and return the Hawaiians to their homes. There is no mention of returning the Hawaiians to their homes.

In that graphic chronicle "McLoughlin and Old Oregon," by (Mrs.) Ewa Emery Dye, there are no less than twenty references to Hawaii and Hawaiians. The Islanders in the early days of Oregon were on friendly terms with the Hudson Bay people, the Indians and the American colonists. The Hawaiians were in great demand as sailors, fishermen, mechanics and helpers generally. It is no small thing that natives of these Islands were a considerable factor in the opening up of Oregon. With their hardiness, their constant good-nature, their adaptability and their bravery, they were peculiarly fitted to assist in pioneering. Jason Lee, the missionary to the Oregon Indians and a great American pioneer, visited Hawaii in 1840 and again 1845, a short time before his death. Mrs. Dye remarks the Chinook, the trade language of the Northwest, was a "polyglot of Hawaiian, English, Spanish, French and Indian." She also writes that Capt. John A. Sutter, whose name is for all time linked with the early history of California, twice visited Hawaii in 1838, and that here he secured provisions, implements, etc., for his proposed rancho in California. If this be correct, and there is no reason to doubt it, then there is added another and a very material chapter to the history of the early relations of California and the Islands.

Capt. Vancouver early in his dealings with the Hawaiians formed a high estimate of the race and made many personal friends at different places in the group. He frankly indicates that he liked the natives and considered them in the way of "making of mankind," a people of great possibilities as a whole. He favored them at every opportunity and though sometimes greatly angered by them always readily again received them into his good graces. Capt. Vancouver had not the style for writing of Mr. Dana, but he was more exact or careful in some respects. In giving a date, for instance, he invariably gave the year. There is very little of the narrative in the several volumes giving an account of his historical voyage. He rather made a record and in his apparent determination to be matter of fact was at times blunt.

These are perhaps the more important journal or log entries made by Capt. Vancouver concerning Hawaiians in transit:

In January, 1791, in accordance with our orders received on board, to convey to his native country Towereroo, an Indian from

one of the Sandwich Islands, who had been brought from thence by some of the Northwest American traders in July, 1789. This man had lived, whilst in England, in great obscurity and did not seem in the least to have been benefited by his residence in the country.

December, 1791.—Vancouver is disappointed with Towereroo at a South Sea Island which he calls "Oparo," because Towereroo having been taken at an early period from his home and having been long absent, had so much forgotten his mother tongue as to be scarcely able to understand the language of these people better than ourselves.

Tahiti, January, 1792.—Towereroo absconds, but is returned in a few days by a chief for whose daughter he had formed an attachment. "Boy of weak intellect, sullen disposition, and very obstinate."

March, 1792.—Left Towereroo with Tianna on Hawaii.

Off Kauai, March, 1792.—Addressed in English by a native named Tarehooa. He had traveled from Northwest America to Boston, to China, and thence home; was on the Atlantic seaboard seven months. Tarehooa (Jack) at once shipped with Vancouver as a servant and was very useful in getting supplies at Oahu by explaining that Vancouver and his men were not common traders but mighty warriors, explorers, etc.

April, 1792.—Met Capt. Gray with the American sloop "Washington" on the Northwest coast. Indians planned to capture this vessel and for the purpose "bribed a native of Hawaii (Islands), whom Mr. Gray had with him, to wet the priming of all the fire-arms on board, which were constantly kept loaded." The project was discovered and thwarted. Nothing is said of punishment of the native.

August, 1792.—Vancouver while in the Northwest learned of murder of Lieut. Hergest, an astronomer and a seaman of the "Daedalus," at Oahu. He was greatly pained at the death of his friend Hergest and greatly inconvenienced by the loss of the astronomer.

October, 1792.—On the day previous to sailing from "Nootka Sound, I received on board two young women for the purpose of returning them to their native country, the Sandwich Islands, which they had quitted in a vessel that arrived at Nootka October

7 (1792), called the "Jenny," belonging to Bristol. But as that vessel was bound from hence straight to England, Mr. Jas. Baker, her commander, very earnestly requested that I would permit these two very unfortunate girls to take a passage in the "Discovery" to Niihau, the island of their birth and residence, from whence it seems they had been brought not only very contrary to their wishes and inclinations, but totally without the knowledge or consent of their friends or relations.

It is well known that Gen. Armstrong and others met native Hawaiians serving as soldiers during the Civil War in the United States. Native Hawaiians went out to China and journeyed to Great Britain and the Continent at a very early date. They were in the Arctic as whalers in considerable numbers. The story of the disastrous voyage of Boki and his associates, who sailed to the south in search of a fabled sandalwood island is perhaps the most romantic and moving chapter in the whole of Hawaiian history. Whatever the Hawaiians as a race are today, when the white men first knew them, they had in their ranks, in proportion to their numbers, as many men of enterprise as any nation.

What became of those Hawaiians who doubtless in some numbers remained on the coast of California up to, say, 1850, there is little or nothing known. It is my conclusion, after making not a little inquiry, that they generally merged into Indian tribes. About fourteen years ago, a few weeks after the Indian war known as the "Pine Ridge Agency affair," I renewed acquaintance with Frank Grouard, chief of scouts of the United States Army. He had just made a fine record by going boldly into the camp of the fanatical ghost-dancers and advising them to surrender. Grouard was generally supposed to be what was called an ordinary half-breed, but he told me, after we became well acquainted, that his mother was a "woman of the Sandwich Islands, in the Pacific ocean." I easily confirmed other astonishing things he related of himself, one being of his abduction by Sioux Indians raiding westward.

Grouard is still alive and either in active service or on the waiting list as a scout or courier for the United States Army in its

now infrequent operations against hostile or insubordinate Indians. By extraordinary good fortune, after fruitless search locally, and a great deal of correspondence with old friends in the State of Wyoming, I have come into possession of nearly all of the true story of the life of this remarkable half-caste. I here present it as a brief sketch of the biography of a man in every way creditable to the Polynesian race. In his career there has shone forth those most admirable qualities of the Pacific Islander that seem to be best brought out by contact with sterling white men.

In 1843, Benjamin F. Grouard, then twenty years of age, sailed into the South Seas from around the Horn as one of a party of traders. This man's family home was near Portsmouth, N. H. The head of the house was a Huguenot fugitive. This Benjamin F. Grouard became a trader in the South Seas on his own account and made his headquarters on one of the group of Friendly Islands. Here in 1846 he wedded a chiefess of the Island of Ana, and here Frank Grouard, the brown-skinned hero of the American frontier, was born in 1850, September 20.

When the French came into the Friendly Islands in 1852, the Grouard family sailed away to California. The elder Grouard lived at or near San Bernardino and was a respected and successful business man there to the time of his death, March, 1894. In 1853, Mrs. Grouard, the "native woman," with her eldest son and her infant child, Frank being the second of the family, returned to the Friendly Islands, where Mrs. Grouard passed away shortly after rejoining her people.

Frank Grouard was placed by his father with a family of the name of Pratt at San Bernardino, was well provided for and received proper training. But at the age of fifteen he ran away and became a teamster among the great outfits then distributing merchandise at various settlements in Montana, Idaho and Utah. Being then slender, hardy and without fear, he secured most lucrative, if highly dangerous, employment as a mail carrier. He became a fine horseman and at one time had the breaking of fresh animals secured for the service of the famous old Ben Holliday Stage Company. Naturally he became an expert rider and skillful in the use of firearms.

It was when Grouard was just turning nineteen that he was captured by a small band of Sioux Indians under the leadership of the notorious Sitting Bull. He was then carrying mail on a

route of 185 miles between terminals, and was making the round trip fortnightly.

Sitting Bull made the half-white youth one of his own family and the Polynesian was with this almost unconquerable tribe of the Sioux nation nearly seven years, during the first two of which he was practically a close prisoner. He all but became an Indian, and, though he declares he never as an Indian fired upon a white man, he took part in scores of battles against other red enemies of the Sioux and in hundreds of forays after game and the horses and cattle of settlers.

Grouard was formally tortured for the purpose of learning if he was "good medicine." Several hundred bits of flesh were cut from each of his arms above the elbow. Then ignited pieces of dried pith of the stalk of the sunflower were placed upon his wrists and left fearful scars. Grouard was about four hours undergoing this ordeal and made neither sign nor sound of pain, thus establishing himself as a fit companion for the greatest warriors of the Sioux.

At this period the Indians ranged over the whole territory west of the Missouri river to the Rocky Mountains, south of the Canadian border to about the Colorado line. They traveled continuously over the vast tract hunting, fighting and stealing. The only inactivity to be borne during the entire twelve months was a few weeks in a sheltered camp when the snows were so deep that journeying was almost impossible.

Grouard became a magnificent man physically, was a sort of leader amongst the Indians and learned the "lay of the land" over thousands of miles so that on one occasion in later years when Gen. Crook said to him, banteringly: "I suppose you know every rock and hill and stream and tree all over the Indian country," the scout was able to reply truthfully that he did. Grouard never learned to dissipate. He was opposed to having liquor come into the Indian camps and did not drink at all himself. Through contact with some French half-breeds it was brought home to the adopted Indian that with his knowledge of the Sioux language and the topography of the whole mid-West he might secure a fine position as a scout with the United States Army.

It was at the Red Cloud Agency, where now exists the town of Crawford, Neb., that this Polynesian left the Indians to cast his fortunes with the countrymen of his father. He had been through

many thrilling adventures and had seen much bloodshed while with the Sioux, but his life was still more stirring as chief of scouts for the United States Army. He early reached this position largely by the influence or friendship of Gen. George W. Crook, whose great success as a fighting soldier was due in no small degree to his unerring judgment or estimate of men. Gen. Crook, soon after he enlisted Grouard, was told by men jealous of the latter that Grouard, as the adopted son of Sitting Bull, had joined the soldiers for the express purpose of leading them to a place where they would be slaughtered by the hostiles. The General only listened and used Grouard the more, having fullest confidence in him and establishing in the end that this confidence was not misplaced. Gen. Crook said in a public letter that he would sooner lose one-third of any command he had than to lose Grouard, and declared that Grouard was the greatest scout and rider and one of the best shots and bravest men that ever lived.

Almost every summer for nearly a dozen years Grouard was in the field as a scout, commanding as many as 500 scouts and friendly Indians with all the Indian fighters who made reputations in subduing the redskins. He was wounded many times, suffered almost incredible hardships, saved small armies on several occasions and often the lives of individual men and officers. He never led a party to disaster, was invariably chosen to head any "forlorn hope" enterprise or to make any particularly perilous ride. Gen. Crook, in the North was the first man, after Gen. Custer, in Kansas, to make a winter campaign against Indians and, with Grouard as chief scout, victory followed victory. Gen. Crook never wearied of telling anecdotes of Grouard and praising his favorite. This is one of Grouard's on Crook:

"The General, when I was first with him, would always ask me how many miles it was to a place. I kept answering him that I didn't understand about miles but could tell him how long it would take to get to the point on a good horse. He either thought I must surely know distances in miles or else he didn't think anything about it at all and questioned me the same way right along. One forenoon on the trail he suddenly asked, 'How far is it right now to Fort Reno?' That was our destination. I said at once, 'Thirty miles.' He gave me a verbal message to the commanding officer at the garrison and told me to hurry on ahead of the party. I even then had the best horses in the outfit and was mounted on an ex-

ceptionally fine one. I reached Fort Reno very little after the middle of the afternoon and learned that I had ridden fifty miles. When the General and his escort came in along about midnight he twinkled his eyes at me and only said: 'Grouard, I would like to buy land on your measurement of it'.."

Grouard's greatest ride was for Crook with dispatches from the field for Washington. He covered 101 miles in four hours and ten minutes, using six horses, three of which died under him. The other three were, of course, of no use afterwards.

When Grouard was returning to his station soon after the Pine Ridge Agency affair in 1900, I had a number of conversations with him and it was then he told me that he was the son of an American sailor and a woman of the Sandwich Islands. Grouard was modest as he was brave and was exceedingly loth to tell of his own adventures, which were almost as numerous as the weeks of his life. He told me of the determination of the army people to secure the rifles of the fanatical "ghost-dancing" Indians, how the battle resulting in the killing of several hundred Sioux was precipitated by what he believed was the accidental discharge of a firearm, and of his efforts to convince the Indians that the men of the tribe claiming to be prophets and to be immune from bullets were impostors. I urged Grouard to tell me what he considered the best newspaper story of the entire campaign. This was it:

"As there were troops on three sides of the Indians there was cross-firing by which soldiers killed other soldiers. I was dispatched in a great hurry with orders intended to stop this. Coming up to a small elevation on which a Hotchkiss machine gun had been placed I found one soldier, a corporal, in charge of it. All the others had been killed or called away to other points as sharpshooters. I offered to help him with the cannon, as I was familiar with its operation; but he said no, he could handle it by himself and invited me to watch him operate it. I remained about a minute, while he made a couple of shots. The first time he sent a shell right into the door of a log cabin about a thousand yards away and after the fighting we found eight dead and three wounded Indians in that cabin. Then in a little different direction and about the same range we saw a lone Indian racing away on a fine horse, and I remarked that he was a certain boastful chief whom I

knew very well. The corporal sighted for the fleeing Indian with another shell. At a little growth of brush on the path an Indian bounded out of cover and as the horse was slowed down a little for the purpose, vaulted up behind the mounted man. Just then the Hotchkiss was fired and those two Indians and the horse were blown to pieces. I looked at the little cannon next day and saw that a good many of the spokes of the wheels had been struck by bullets.

This corporal was a German. He received either a medal or promotion or both for his services at Pine Ridge, and unless dead is no doubt still in the army.

This half-caste was many times requisitioned by the civil officers in Wyoming to assist in the apprehension of outlaws, and in this service was signally successful, promptly securing the men he was sent after. In a fight with several horse-thieves in 1878 Grouard killed one of them.

Of the many stories I have personally heard of Grouard's exploits as a scout and leader of men, the subjoined, almost in his own words, I consider the choicest, because I know what a blizzard is:

"We went out from Camp McKinney with three troops of cavalry and four companies of mounted infantry, looking for an Indian village, but found it abandoned. The morning of the last day of the trip back I told Capt. Pollock that I knew of a short cut to Camp McKinney and he ordered that this trail be taken. It was snowing at the time, but nothing like a storm.

"After we got out on the prairie some eight or ten miles there came up one of the hardest or as hard a blizzard as I ever saw. In about an hour a young officer just out from West Point, the engineer of the expedition, came up to the head of the column and declared loudly to me that we were traveling around in a circle. Many of the others heard him, and I sharply told him to attend to his part of the business and I would manage mine. He had probably got 'turned around' as nearly everybody else had. On account of the wind changing I could hardly see my horse's head in front of me. In about half an hour after his first visit the young officer came up again and made the same statement as before, and I could feel that a good many others had the same idea he did—

that we were traveling around in a circle. I then offered to relinquish my duties to him and said I would go on to the camp by myself. Capt. Pollock interfered and declared that he was certain I was right and that he had every confidence in me. But there was fear in the column and a lot of the men were actually crying. I believed I was on the trail but at the same time I realized that if we really did get 'turned around' and missed going between the two Pumpkin Buttes, every last one of us would be frozen to death. I went right on through the blinding storm. Nothing further was said to me about being lost. It was just 3 o'clock in the afternoon when I reached the path leading through the buttes and we went down the pass. The storm cleared up as soon as we got through the forest and we could all see that we were but a short distance from Camp McKinney. I never saw a lot of more pleased men than the soldiers in that command were. Some of them pulled me off my horse, carrying me around on their backs. They were mighty thankful, for they knew they had faced death in a blizzard and had escaped. I do not think I went 200 yards out of the way at any time during the march; but I knew the country perfectly and it was next to impossible for me to have lost my bearings under any circumstances."

This Polynesian in his peculiar vocation has always been well paid and has traveled not a little. His home is in Northwestern Wyoming. The newspapers have made him one of the best-known men on the continent. Grouard has rendered real service—of the highest value—to civilization. To him perhaps more than to any other one man is due the early reclamation of that rich section of the mainland embraced in South Dakota, a large part of Montana, the whole of Northern Nebraska, and the whole of Northern Wyoming. Let us, then, write him as a factor—a Polynesian factor—in the making of the nation of nations. He would, without doubt, have become a leader at his birthplace, but the incidents of his wonderful career and the results achieved by the sheer force of his individuality securely place him as a figure in American history.

That Hawaiians who went to the Northwest coast with John Jacob Astor's ships attained some prominence or were somewhat men of the affairs of the early settlement days east of the mouth of the Columbia, is evidenced by the subjoined:

SILVER CITY, IDAHO, April 21, 1902.

ED TOWSE, ESQ., Honolulu, T. H.

DEAR SIR:—Mr. E. L. Ballard, Clerk of the District Court, has handed your inquiry concerning the name "Owyhee," as applied to our county, a river here and a range of mountains, to me for answer. There have been several attempts to explain the origin of the name, the generally accepted one being that when the Northwest Fur Company dominated this coast it employed numbers of kanakas as trappers, and that they named our river after their own country, pronouncing the name so nearly like "Owyhee" that that word with the present orthography was accepted for the name of the river, and that the earlier prospectors, crossing the river to reach here, gave the name to the mountains and subsequently to this county, when it was organized. I have no doubt but that this is the true origin of the name, although Joaquin Miller and some others have tried to explain it differently.

Very respectfully,

JOHN LAMB,
Editor *Silver City Nugget*.

It would appear, then, that when Astor's enterprise collapsed, as it did in 1814, some of the Hawaiians who had gone up to Astoria in their travels in the back country, joined the Northwest Company, the successful rival of the Pacific Fur Company.

There is, it seems to me, a ready and ample defense for the much-advertised "improvidence" and "lack of foresight" of the native Hawaiian. The explanation comes swiftly by comparison. At any center of population in the United States one can always enlist quickly enough white men for ventures less sound in surface appearance than were whaling, exploration and sandalwood searching in their days. Any Hawaiian has more foresight than hundreds of fairly well-educated white men who have landed strangers and penniless at Honolulu in very recent years, trusting only to chance.

The Hawaiian has been a real traveler, which fact spells a good deal for him. In his intercourse with people in the lands of strangers the Hawaiian has measured up well with others who go forth from the birthplace; for: He has impressed men beyond the seas

with his intelligence, his honesty, his loyalty, his courage, his capacity for training to the higher calling, his love of music, his regard for fairness, and his love for home, his own people, and his fellow-man.

ED TOWSE.

SEPTEMBER, 1903.

EARLY TRADING IN HAWAII

BY W. D. ALEXANDER.

It has been said that anatomists like Cuvier or Agassiz from a single bone, a tooth for instance, could reconstruct an entire skeleton. "*Ex pede Herculem.*" So a literary fragment, an old newspaper or a diary will often throw unexpected light on the state of society in which it was produced.

This is true of a little book which was accidentally found one day in October, 1889, in a store-room of the Government building called Hale Kapuaiwa. While examining a mass of forgotten Government documents, I came across a large box containing the account books of the old firm of French & Co. from 1828 to 1843, among which was a small ledger filled with accounts kept during the years 1818 and 1819. After some inquiry I learned that this set of books and papers had been filed with the Court of Chancery of Oahu in 1844, during the settlement of the complicated affairs of the Estate of French & Greenway.

It seems that Mr. Wm. French came from Boston to these Islands in 1819, on his way to China with a cargo of merchandise. From the ledger referred to above we gather that he left Boston in September, 1818, in the brig "*Neo*," arriving here in March, 1819, and that he remained here until November of the same year.

It was a memorable year in Hawaiian history. Kamehameha I. died on the 8th of May, and was succeeded by his son Liholiho. The abolition of the Kapu system was proclaimed in the following October, and the revolt of Kekuaokalani in behalf of idolatry took place in November, to which events our account book makes no allusion. The first and most interesting account in the book is that of King Kamehameha I. or "Tamaahmah," commencing March 12th, 1819, on which day he bought two shirts, paying for them by a canoe-load of vegetables. A week later, we are sorry to see that he purchased 16 kegs of rum, valued at \$400, and on the 27th a box of tea, together with \$8,000.00 worth of guns, powder and shot. He paid for the above with 850 piculs of sandal wood at \$10 a picul, the picul being equal to 133 1-3 pounds weight.

During the following May, his son and successor, Liholiho, or "Reah Rehu," purchased 34 casks of gun-powder, 80 muskets at \$15, with a large quantity of bullets, flints, etc., and the new sloop "Kirouea," valued at \$4,160.00, for which he gave in payment 416 piculs of sandal wood, 4 hogs, and his note for the balance. This supply of muskets and ammunition was very timely in view of the civil war which broke out five months later, and no doubt contributed to the decisive victory of Kuamoo over the pagan party.

Next comes the account of Kalanimoku, or "Crymacoo," who bought a shirt March 12th, paying for it with a hog, which seems to have been the regular price. He also purchased over \$1,200 worth of cloth, paying for it with hogs and sandal wood; and lastly, August 6th, bought the brig "Neo" and appurtenances for the exorbitant price of \$51,750.00, paying down \$44,470.00 in sandal wood, and giving his note for the balance, viz., \$7,280.00.

The craze for buying ships has always been a weakness of Hawaiian Chiefs, from the time of the brig "Neo" or "Niu" to that of the steamship "Kaimiloa."

The next important account is that of Boki, here styled "Gov. Boka," who was Governor of Oahu, and appears to have made a final settlement for the debts of all the chiefs. Among his purchases were six packs of cards for \$3.00.

The final upshot of the business was that the King and chiefs parted with over \$61,600.00 worth of sandal wood, besides many

hogs, and gave three joint notes amounting to \$24,310.00, payable in sandal wood. We have been told that Gov. Adams found the brig "Niu" rotten (*popopo*), and had her hauled up and repaired in Pearl River.

Among other accounts we find those of Kaahumanu or "Carahmano," Keeaumoku or "Tyamoko," Naihe or "Nyhee," Kaikioewa or "Kikeavah," and Hewahewa or "Haver Haver," the high priest.

Nearly every one of these worthies purchased a shirt on the 12th of March, 1819, giving a hog in exchange for it.

Among the names of foreigners we find that of John Young, who, like the rest, bought a new shirt March 12th, for a hog, and afterwards gave a small pig in exchange for three pounds of tobacco.

John Harbottle, who arrived here in 1794, was acting as pilot, and took his pay in goods. We also find the familiar names of Capt. Thomas Meek, of Francesco Marin (spelt "Marinne"), of George Beckley, Wm. Bacle, W. H. Davis, and other old settlers.

Nearly all the trade was carried on by barter, and scarcely any payments in cash are recorded in our book. Hogs are credited at \$2.00 apiece. On the other hand, the price of an axe was \$3.00, of a "palimpore" or Chinese umbrella, \$3.00, and blue cloth was sold at \$3.00 a yard.

It is worthy of notice that the seamen of the brig "Neo" were shipped in Boston at from \$11 to \$16 per month, receiving all the way from \$22 to \$80 in advance. Facts like these speak for themselves.

W. D. ALEXANDER.

