

Exerpts from *The Ghosts of Bennett Place*¹

Mary and Mark Ives Prepare For Mission 1836

It was the summer of 1836. Mary Anna Brainerd carefully placed a lovely, fragile hat into a cardboard bandbox.

"I'll only need a few things. It is only a short trip," she said to her mother. "I should like to spend a few days in Chester with Grandmother and Grandfather while I think about this wonderfully frightening new life that is opening up to me."

"I'm sure they would love to see you, My Dear," said her mother. "But I do not know what they will think. You barely know this man who has asked you to marry him. And he wants to take you by ship all the way around the Horn to - where was it?"

"The Sandwich Islands, Mother. Rev. Mills has told us much about the place as he learned it from the Hawaiian boy he had under his care while living in Torrington. This Henry Obookiah was the inspiration for the Foreign Mission School in Cornwall. He wanted to accompany Rev. Mills and Dr. Dwight back to the Islands, until Obookiah's untimely death put an end to his plans."

"And you want to marry this Mr. Ives and travel with him on a tiny craft to those islands to live -- perhaps to die -- there?"

"You remember what our cousin David did years ago when he was about as young as I. He wanted to preach to the Indians because they had not heard about Christianity. I feel a real kinship to David Brainerd, Mother. You know I have always wanted to be a missionary as he was."

"That was many years ago, and the Indians didn't listen to David. He lived among them over by Albany and then he went down into Pennsylvania, always riding that poor horse until the horse took lame and had to be killed. Then David himself died of the consumption, or whatever it was. And if that wasn't bad enough, he gave the disease to that beautiful Edwards girl and she died. Is that what this Mark Ives has in mind for you?"

"Oh Mother, it won't be like that for us. We are going to a warm climate. I told him yes, Mother. But I must admit it will be difficult leaving you and Father - and being even farther away from my beloved brother, Joseph."

¹ Neal, Kenneth W., *The Ghosts of Bennett Place*, self published, Buffalo, NY 1995.

“That is why Joseph is coming to see you, Mary. When I wrote to him of your plans he became very concerned. He has always cared for you, his dear little sister.”

“I know, Mother. And I know that you and father still grieve for Jared and little Susannah who both died so young. And Joseph seems so far away in Bristol...”

“Jared and Susannah are in Heaven, My Dear, and at least I can write letters to Joseph once in awhile. But you! The Sandwich Islands! Do they have mail there?”

“Mr. Ives tells me that mail travels with the ships; so I suppose we will have some mail now and then.”

“We will certainly miss you, my dear child,” said Sylvina Brainerd, suddenly changing her tone. “Your father’s family helped settle here, and has lived here in Haddam and East Haddam for five generations.”

“I do love this place, Mother, and I will never forget the view of the beautiful Connecticut River that has provided transportation, water and power all these years.”

“And,” Mary continued, “it has been wonderful to have all our uncles, aunts and cousins around, and so many dear friends. I always loved going down to the Landing and watching people coming and going. I always knew there was a world out there, a world that needs to hear about our blessed Savior Jesus Christ. Yes, Mother, life will be different; but I really feel that God is calling me to this. And Mr. Ives is a fine man from a very fine family.”

“Isn’t he graduating from East Windsor Seminary ² this year?”

“Yes, Mother. He graduated from Union College in 1833, studied for ministry for two years at Andover. It was at Andover that Mr. Ives heard Rev. Mills and others as they shared their dream to take a mission to the Sandwich Islands. After he graduates from East Windsor, he is to be ordained a minister at the church in Sharon in September; and then in December we shall set sail from Boston to the Sandwich Islands.”

“Have you set a wedding date, Mary?”

“We have talked with Rev. Mills, and we will try to have a wedding in November.”

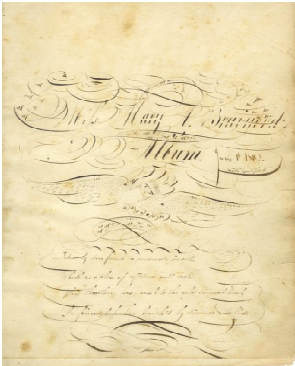
“This is all moving too fast for me, Mary. I hope you think very carefully while you are in Chester, and that you will listen to your brother. You know he always has your best interests at heart.”

“Yes, Mother. Thank you. And ... Mother. I love you.”

² Later to be known as Hartford Seminary.

Sylvina smiled as she left Mary's room. Mary continued packing her things, looking over treasures she had accumulated over the twenty-five years of her life. Suddenly she discovered the little autograph album she had begun a few years earlier.

The title page was carefully lettered in penmanship learned in the little red schoolhouse which stood several yards off the road leading to East Haddam Landing. It read:



Miss Mary A. Brainerd

Album

June 1, 1832.³

She turned two blank pages and read the first inscription:

*Friendship should be a mirror and a veil.
to show us our faults at the same time
that it conceals them from others.*

Slowly Mary turned the next ten or a dozen pages until she came to the page inscribed by her beloved older brother two years earlier. How could some ink spots on paper suddenly become so precious?

To Sister Mary

*O, I remember and will ne'er forget
Our meeting spots, our chosen sacred hours;
Our burning words that uttered all the soul;
Our faces beaming with unearthly love;
Sorrow with sorrow sighing, hope with hope.....*

J.B. Brainerd

Bristol, July 19, 1834

He probably copied it from someplace, she thought. But the words really expressed the relationship they had had together. It was two years ago that Joseph had married Sarah Dimmick and they moved to Bristol. Mary missed Joseph very much.

Joseph and Sarah were coming by carriage to pick her up and travel together to Chester to see their grandparents who lived there. Mary did not intend to stay away from

³ This album was in our possession for many years, but I have recently sent it to the Mission Houses in Honolulu for preservation.

Distant Ministries

home long, however, with so few months left before embarking for a distant and unknown shore.

“I must take this album with me,” Mary said to herself. “It will make me feel closer to my dear ones; and there is room here for the autographs of the new friends I expect we'll make during our voyage.”

The trip down through the Connecticut Valley was pleasant as the horse trotted along at a comfortable gait.

“Mary,” said her brother. “You know how much I love you. We have always been such good friends.”

“And I feel more like your own sister than an in-law,” Sarah added. “We have not known each other long, but I do hope that you will remember me.”

“I love you both and I shall miss you both.” Our family has been such a comfort to me; and Haddam has been my whole life. But don't you see, Joseph, it is as if God is calling me to this mission. Mr. Ives will preach, but I shall have the blessed opportunity to teach the women civilized ways. And think of the influence I can have on the children! O yes, I am fearful of the unknown; but I know that God will steer our path and use us for his will on earth.”

“I cannot argue with that, Mary; but have you spent enough time with this Mark Ives to know that you can be happy together? After all, he only asked you after he learned that he could not travel to the Sandwich Islands as a bachelor.”

“It is not as bad as it may sound, Joseph. It is true that the missionaries are expected to marry because of the arduous nature of the mission. The American Board in Boston also feels that good Christian families are the best example that we can give to the heathen. Mr. Ives and I have talked enough to know that we are motivated by the same spirit and desire to serve God. The last time we were together, Mr. Ives and I knelt in prayer and asked the Holy Spirit to bless our venture. It was then that I knew for sure that I could love him, and that our mission was right. You need not worry about us, Joseph.”

The days in Chester were pleasant. Mary had a chance to talk with her grandparents, whom she did not see very often because of their distance from Haddam.

“If you really must do this, then the Lord go with you,” Grandmother had said. “But for now we shall just enjoy one another for a few days.”

It was while visiting her grandparents in Chester that Mary went off by herself for an hour or two and penned a long letter to Mark Ives:

Chester, July 12th, 1836

Dear Sir:

It is with peculiar emotions I take my pen to address one whom till very recently has been personally unknown to me. The reflection that I may consider you my friend prompts me to accept it in its native simplicity. A delicacy which the shortage of our acquaintance induces me to feel in opening my mind freely to you I will endeavor to cast aside.

A sense of the important duties which the anticipated relation with you involves has filled my mind with distressing fears, and I have been almost a stranger to happiness since I saw you. Not that I am unhappy when I feel as I ought. No, when I can come humbly to my Heavenly Father, roll all my cares upon Him, feel willing to accept His guidance and His grace to work in me both to will and to do - then I am happy as formerly. But the pride of my heart or some other evil passion - I have hardly discovered what - prevents me at all times from leaving this most important concern in the hands of God.

I have ever had exalted ideas of the pure, holy and enduring affection which ought to exist in the hearts of those who form a connection for life, and also the foundation for this attachment which can only be based upon a union of heart and exercised by those only who have one hope, one interest, and one course of duty; whose hearts can respond to the same sentiment and vibrate by the same touch. Who, after a long period of intercourse and interchange of thoughts and feeling, can say our joys and sorrows are one?

Consequently, I have always looked with suspicion upon connections hastily formed. A relation so touching to the happiness of this life engaged in without due reflection was very repugnant to my feelings, and I have often thought I never should be found reprehensible enough for so doing; and of course should escape the evils which might accrue from it. But shall I tell you what overcame my scruples more than anything else? When we knelt and you craved the Holy Spirit to descend upon us - I did feel we should have its blessing - that you were guided by its influence and sincere in your words. Had it not been for this - however much I might have seen commendable, however deserving

of regard, I might have felt you to be - I could not have given you the answer I did. But I felt that one who in every case of duty and doubt led me to the only infallible directory would prove a blessing. I resolved to lay myself at the feet of my Savior and yield to His guidance. I trust I did. The Holy Spirit seemed to prompt me to the decision I then made; and with all my anxiety I do not regret it simply because I am confident it was of God.

I was glad to hear by your letter the same feeling remained in your heart. For unacquainted as we are with each other's dispositions, habits and tastes, I feel a more intimate union will make some painful discoveries of deficiency in heart and soul. I am sensible of myself of will; and unless we learn to leave every care with God, disappointment will make us unhappy. Perhaps, dear friend, you will wonder at my writing thus plainly; but the sentiments of my heart always guide my pen. From no friend, and certainly not from you, would I wish to conceal a thought. Justice to you demands I should not. I ever wish to treat others as I would they should treat me. I ever wish also to cherish the impression of the presence of a pure and holy God to whom I must account for every act of insincerity. This is my apology, if one be necessary.

With regard to our intended labors, I still feel happy in their contemplation. I desire no other reward than that which a deed of benevolence always brings itself - viz., the pure enjoyment flowing from the reflection that we have benefited a fellow mortal. Yes, if on a heathen shore in some bamboo hut I am ever permitted to stand and can look over the vast moral desert and see one swarthy sister whom I have been the means of rescuing from degradation and eternal death, I shall feel doubly paid for any agony I have felt in view of leaving friends and country - and I trust for every trial I may be called to pass through. Moreover I feel it to be an inestimable privilege to be permitted to enter into these labors. It would honor an angel to be sent on an embassy of such love and mercy, and shall we not engage in it with all the energies of our souls.

If it please God, I hope my life and health will be spared that I may spend my days in teaching the heathen till the infirmities of age throw their blight over me. But this I do not expect. Few are the years I look forward to, and often times I limit it to days and even hours.

My greatest fear is that I shall prove myself unworthy [of] this high trust and bring a reproach upon the cause of missions. My past life has by no means been such as to honor the cause and I do not find myself much changed since I decided to go. All my hopes center in God. If He bestows His grace, I shall be a blessing to the cause. Aside from this, I shall prove a curse eternity alone can measure. It would be well for me could I always feel this, but unhappily my heart is ever prone to self dependence.

I am sorry to learn of Mr. R's ill health. Fear he will not be able to go. What a loss it would be to the mission, and a disappointment to himself! I have depended much upon Mrs. R's counsel, perhaps too much. The Holy Spirit is the best guide I have ever found. When I have yielded to its influence I have never repented the course of action I took. On the contrary, have found reason to be thankful for it. This may be a reason why friends whom we much revere are separated from us and we [are] left to tread the paths almost alone. We must refer it all, to whatever is, is right. I feel wholly unprepared for the untried duties which await me; and were it not the great necessity of the cause, I would shrink from the undertaking. But as it is - I can only say I shall endeavor to do as well as I can and all I feel it my duty to do. I need the prayers of Christians and need to pray much myself. Hoping you will enjoy the smiles of your Savior, I write myself -

Mary A. Brainerd.

Mark Ives was ordained to the Christian ministry at Sharon, Connecticut. September 28, 1836. He and Mary Brainerd were married November 24 by the Rev. Samuel Mills, who was at that time pastor of the Congregational Church of Haddam.

Preparations for the voyage and subsequent stay in Hawai'i must have been arduous. In 1834, the Mission had prepared a list of "articles necessary as an outfit to the Sandwich Islands; it being deemed a sufficient supply for three years." ⁴

⁴ Reproduced as a frontispiece in *Missionary Album, Sesquicentennial Edition*, Honolulu: Hawaiian Mission Children's Society, 1969.

**Gentleman's outfit for
the voyage of 150 days**

1 sea cap & hat
1 black cravat
25 old shirts
25 collars
2 vests, dark
2 spencers, dark
3 pr. pants., dark
14 pr. stockings
2 pr. shoes
1 cloak
1 woollen suit
5 handkerchiefs

11 changes of sheets
21 towels
3 lbs. soap
2 flannel shirts
10 pr. pillow cases
2 blankets
1 washbasin [sic], tin
1 looking glass
1 lamp

**Gentleman's Outfit for
the Islands**

3 razors
1 razor strap
1 shaving box
8 cakes shaving soap
1 pocket compass
1 good watch
3 chrystals
6 handkerchiefs
2 umbrellas
1 fur hat
15 shirts
12 cravats
18 collars
8 vests
12 pr. pants., thin
8 jackets, thin
18 pr. stockings
2 pr. pants., woollen
1 jacket do.
2 coats do.
8 pr. stockings do.
3 coats thin
6 pr. shoes thick
10 pr. do. thin
3 pr. suspenders
1 cloak
2 black stocks
4 pr. drawers

2 flannel shirts

**Lady's outfit for the
voyage**

1 hood
1 sun-bonnet
1 calash
25 changes, linen, old
4 petticoats thin
10 loose dresses
1 loose dbl. dress
2 pr. woolen stockings
15 pr. thin stockings
1 cloak
1 shawl
3 pr. shoes
2 black aprons
15 night dresses
1 fan

**Lady's Outfit for the
Islands**

1 dress bonnet
2 common bonnets
1 veil
16 changes, linen
12 dresses, calico
1 silk dress
2 dresses, thin
2 petticoats, flannel
2 do. thin
5 pr. wollen stockings
18 pr. thin stockings
8 neck handkerchiefs
9 night dresses
1 shawl, thick
2 do. thin
1 cloak
4 pr. gloves
10 handkerchiefs
1 parasol
8 aprons
6 pr. walking shoes
6 pr. kid, etc. do.
2 combs, shell
8 do., side
2 fans
shoestrings, one
piece, ribbons
1 bandbox, wooden
10 yds. flannel

10 yds. linen
tapes, ferets,
braids, pins,
needles, threads of
different kinds,
hooks and eyes,
pearl buttons,
thimbles, etc

These are but the personal items. I will spare you the list of furniture, crockery, kitchen furniture, iron ware, etc. Remember there were 32 passengers on board plus crew.

Their ship, the *Mary Frazier*, was 108 feet long, 23 feet wide, and displaced 288 tons. The captain was Charles Sumner.

They set sail from Boston bound for the Sandwich Islands on December 14, 1836, at approximately 10 a.m.

Before departure, they presumably worshipped, as did the First Company, at the Park Street Congregational Church near the Boston Common. It is also likely that they sang hymns like "From Greenland's Icy Mountains" and "Blest Be the Tie That Binds."

Juliette Montague Cooke described the departure in a letter to her mother in Sunderland, Mass.:

On the 14th of December about 10 o'clock we sailed out of Boston harbor with fine breezes and a multitude on shore to witness our departure. It was really solemn to think as we were receding from the shore that we were to see that land no more. Still none manifested sorrow. I saw no tears of sadness roll down the cheek of any individual. As we receded from the shore, the multitude gave us hearty cheers, which were answered by the seamen of our vessel, after which we sang the hymn "Yes, My Native Land I Love Thee." This was sung, I think, with a feel that was entirely new to our hearts. Yes, our native land never appeared so lovely, for it was now fading from our view, and in all probability we shall see it no more except in midnight dreams and fancy's airy flight. ⁵

The hymn mentioned in Mrs. Cooke's journal appears in an old hymnal published in 1842 called *Sacred Songs For Family and Social Worship With Chaste and Popular Tunes*. ⁶

Missionaries' Farewell. 8,7,4.

*1. Yes, my native land, I love thee;
All thy scenes, I love them well;*

⁵ *op. cit.* as recorded in letter dated Nov. 6, 1986 from David W. Steadman (a Cooke descendant) inviting descendants of the Eighth Company to a 150th reunion in Boston, Dec. 14, 1986.

⁶ "Missionaries' Farewell" by S.F. Smith, suggested tune: "Zion". 8,7,4.,*op.cit.*, published by the American Tract Society, New York.

*Friends, connections, happy country!
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?*

*2. Yes, I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I loved so well -
Far away, ye billows bear me;
Lovely native land, farewell!
Pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.*

*3. In the desert let me labor,
On the mountains let me tell
How he died - the blessed Savior -
To redeem a world from hell!
Let me hasten
Far in heathen lands to dwell.*

*4. Bear me on, thou restless ocean;
Let the winds my canvass swell -
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell.
Glad I bid thee,
Native land - Farewell - Farewell.*

The indomitable spirit of the missionary is clear in the hymn and in Mrs. Cooke's words. It is also clear in the first entry of Mary Brainerd Ives' journal in which she reports her inner feelings after about a month at sea.

Jan. 20th, 1837 (at sea) - This morning felt very unwell; as I have done for several days. Was pained by my insensibility to eternal things and felt an unusual degree of languor. Had a very pleasant conversation with Sister Bailey while leaning over the deep, blue waves. ⁷

***The Voyage to the Sandwich Islands
December 14, 1836 - April 9, 1837***

⁷Journal of Mary A. Brainerd Ives, Jan. 20, 1837 - Jan. 1, 1841. From unpublished manuscript in the Library of the Hawaiian Children's Mission Society.

Mary Brainerd Ives stood at the rail of the *Mary Frazier* taking deep breaths of the sea air. She was not only fighting sea sickness, but perhaps a little morning sickness as well. In the midst of her discomfort, however, Mary was reflecting upon the voyage thus far.

It was the twentieth of January, 1837, and the Company of New England missionaries had been at sea for about a month. Mark and Mary had just been married at Haddam November 25, 1836 - 19 days before setting sail! Mark was 28 years old, and Mary was 26.

“This is not much like your home in Haddam, is it, Mary?” Mark had said tenderly the first day as they surveyed their quarters aboard the *Mary Frazier*.

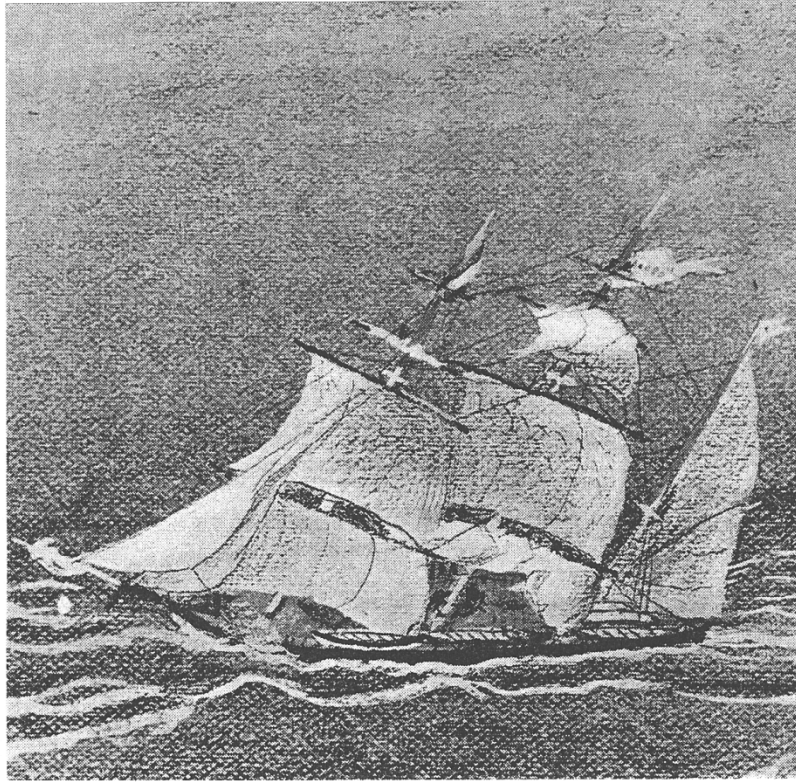
“No, Mr. Ives,” she said in her usual formal way, “but we have the vast ocean around us and God’s Eternity ahead of us. We will be fine.”

Although each state-room measured only six feet by five and half feet, the highly-motivated and spirit-filled passengers described their conditions on board the *Mary Frazier* as quite pleasant. There was space in their small quarters for their berth and the articles they needed for the voyage.

The goods which they had packed for use in the Sandwich Islands were carefully stowed in the ship’s hold.

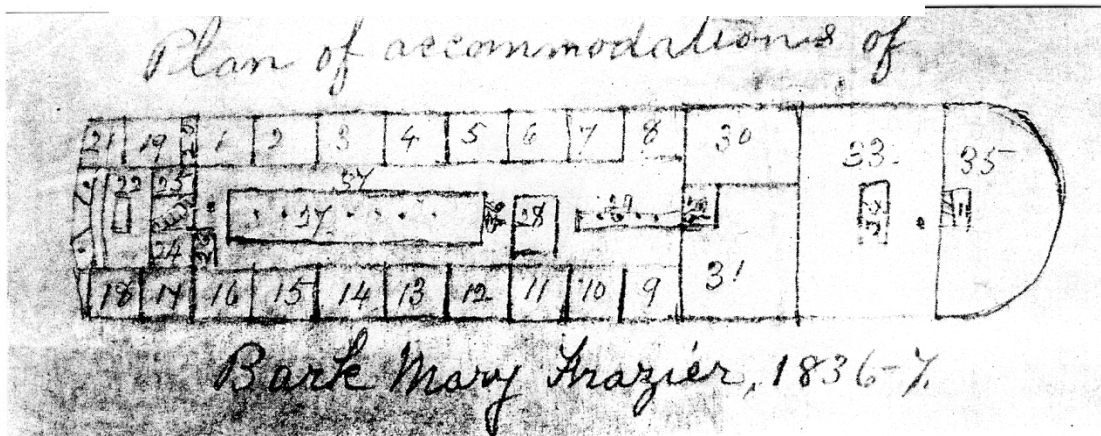
Mr. Samuel N. Castle, of Cazenovia, New York, and his wife Angeline, were to be based in Honolulu. He was to serve with Mr. Chamberlain at the Mission Depository as assistant superintendent for secular affairs for the Mission. Already showing an interest in matters statistical for the mission, Mr. Castle drew a rough sketch showing the plan of accommodations aboard the *Mary Frazier*. His drawing showed seventeen state-rooms for the missionary passengers. He calculated the average age of the missionary passengers to be 26 years, one and one half months!

Mary Ives thought back to those early days of the voyage. Their hearts were still tied to the lands they had known and loved. She thought of the quiet Connecticut River which flowed through her beloved Haddam. Cousin David Brainerd had also left the security of his inheritance to labor among the Indians. He knew little ease and died early of tuberculosis. He traveled by horseback, taxing his weak constitution beyond its limit, and died in the arms of the woman he would never live to marry.



Library of the Hawaiian Mission Children's Society.

The barque *Mary Frazier* as she set out October 25, 1876, from Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, Mass. From a water color sketch by Walter S. Osborne, son of her new owner.



Library of the Hawaiian Mission Children's Society.

Plan of accommodations – drawn by Samuel N. Castle while on shipboard. Numbers 1 to 17 are passengers' sleeping rooms. The dimensions of these rooms are given as 6x5 feet.

“I, on the other hand,” thought Mary, “have my worldly needs cared for by the faithful church people of New England. We are sailing the open waters of the Atlantic and will soon see the warm and exotic islands of the Pacific which the captains of the trading vessels have told us about.

“We are traveling to minister to people who have requested our presence among them, that they may learn the Word of the Lord. Mr. Ives and I are happily married, and I feel within me that soon after we reach Hawaii we shall probably have a child. God in His mercy is smiling on us.”

Captain Charles Sumner invited passengers and crew on deck on the second day of the voyage. A stiff breeze blew across the bow of the small but proud sailing vessel.

“We will be together for about four months,” Capt. Sumner began. “If the winds are with us and the storms are not too severe, we should make the port of Honolulu sometime in April. Fortunately we are moving rapidly to the south and into the warmer weather. We will do everything we can to make your voyage comfortable.”

“The crew has been very polite to us,” Mary was thinking as she continued her reverie. “They do seem distant, though - as if they had been warned not to bother us.”

Captain Sumner and his crew had been most polite and solicitous of the passengers aboard the *Mary Frazier*. He had permitted morning and evening prayers to be held in the passengers' cabin, and public worship to be held on the Sabbath. It was obvious, however, that the crew had very little interest in matters of religion. Mary, Mark and the others had attempted to strike up conversations on spiritual matters from time to time; but usually the men would change the subject or suddenly become very busy moving a sail or swabbing the deck.

Just then, Caroline Bailey approached Mary by the rail.

“Good morning, Mrs. Ives,” she said cheerily. “You seem to be in a very reflective mood.”

“Good morning, Mrs. Bailey,” Mary responded. “I have just been reflecting over this past month at sea. It has been a good voyage thus far, and now the weather is getting somewhat warmer. God has certainly smiled on us.”

“Yes, we have been gone from our homeland for only a month, and yet I am beginning to think that I have spent my entire life aboard this ship.”

“It is a different world, isn't it, Mrs. Bailey? But not as different as it will be when we reach the Sandwich Islands. I am told that their ways are very different from our ways in New England, that the men and women walk around very nearly naked right in front of their teachers and ministers.”

“And their language is quite strange. Joseph and Levi have been speaking the Hawaiian tongue to each other, and it makes no sense at all.”

“I suspect that we shall have our work cut out for us,” Mary responded, “if we are to teach the Hawaiians the ways of God and of civilization. Perhaps Joseph and Levi can be persuaded to teach us something of their language so that we will not be at such a disadvantage when we get there.”

“It would be a good idea, Mrs. Ives, but Captain Sumner does not seem anxious for us to spend too much time with the crew. And there are times when I worry about their eternal souls as much as I worry about the souls of the Hawaiians we are traveling to serve. I have heard them speaking when they do not know I am about. It is rough talk, and they spurn the ways of the Lord.”

“Mrs. Bailey,” Mary agreed, “It seems as if we have been doing everything we can to befriend the sailors on this voyage and awaken them to the joys of the Holy Spirit. Yet, though polite and interested in our intended mission, they are not themselves open to conversion. What do you think is wrong?”

“Perhaps the fault is to be found in our own lack of faith and warmth. Though our motivations are high, we are still a long way from the goal of the Christian life and faith. Perhaps, we need a time of prayer and self-examination to determine what it is that delays the Holy Spirit regarding these men.”

“I believe that is the problem! We have been fixing our thoughts on our beloved homeland on the one hand; and on the other hand, we are concerning ourselves with the place where we are bound. But we are not being of benefit to the souls of those very men upon whom we depend to be delivered to the place of our intended service. I think we should talk with Mr. Ives, Mr. Bailey and the others and propose a day of fasting and prayer that the Lord may open the hearts of these poor creatures with whom we are living in such close proximity.”

Caroline Hubbard Bailey and her husband, Edward, were the youngest members of the Company at age twenty-two. The Baileys were to be teachers at the Sandwich Island Mission. She had been a tailor before marrying her husband the previous November. Edward had studied arithmetic, grammar, geography, algebra, chemistry, natural philosophy, theology and astronomy.⁸

This Eighth Company was to be the largest reinforcement of missionaries to go to work on the Sandwich Islands. Most of them, like Mary and Mark Ives and the Baileys were newly married and most were very young. Mr. and Mrs. Bailey, were the youngest at twenty-two. The oldest, Bethuel Munn, was thirty-three.

The company included four clergymen and their wives: Isaac and Emily Bliss, Daniel and Andelucia Conde, Thomas and Sophia Louisa Lafon, and Mark and Mary Ives. Thomas Lafon

⁸ Hawaiian Mission *Sesquicentennial Missionary Album*, Honolulu, 1969, p. 34.

was also an MD, having studied medicine at Transylvania University in Kentucky and divinity at Marion College, Missouri. The Company also boasted another physician, Dr. Seth L. Andrews and his wife Parnelly Pierce Andrews.

There were nine married teachers: Edward and Caroline Bailey, Amos and Juliette Montague Cooke, Edward and Lois Hoyt Johnson, Horton and Charlotte Close Knapp, Edwin and Martha Locke, Charles and Harriett McDonald, Bethuel and Louisa Munn, William and Oral Hobart Van Duzee, and Abner and Lucy Wilcox.

Miss Marcia M. Smith and her sister, Miss Lucia G. Smith, also made the journey to serve as teachers.

At the suggestion of Mary Ives and Caroline Bailey, the following Tuesday was set aside by the missionaries as a day of prayer and examination to find reason for “delay of the Holy Spirit.” Mary Ives wrote in her diary that day: “I feel disturbed at my want of calling. Was ever a heart so base, so false as mine? Why does God not spew me out as a loathsome thing?”⁹

But God did not “spew her out.” God blessed the missionaries in their efforts. The God of Canaan and New Canaan is also God of the high seas. He heard their cry and answered their call. God’s Spirit began to blow as truly as the winds that filled their sails.

During the month of February, the little mission band continued to develop a sense of unity. They continued their times of worship in the cabin areas. The Captain began to permit services on the deck as well. One by one, members of the crew came to share in their worship. The passengers gradually grew more used to the rigors of the sea, and took much comfort from one another. God blessed them as their lives began to affect the crew of the *Mary Frazier*.

The Captain did permit Joseph and Levi, the two Hawaiian sailors, to help the missionaries in their daily language lessons. New England tongues did not wrap easily around the strange Hawaiian syllables, but they made progress, as Mary reported in a letter to her brother.

“Good Morning, dear Brother. A pleasant morning is smiling upon us here upon this vast Pacific. We are all well and in good spirits... I have gotten such a proficiency in the language that I can read three or four verses without a vocabulary; and sometimes I should be a long time translating one with all the assistance I could muster.”

By the first of March, Mary Ives recorded in her diary that she had recently begun to feel more confidence. Then her entry concluded: “O that I might strive to be more holy.”

⁹ This and the following excerpts are from the *Mary B. Ives Journal*, an unpublished typescript from the library of the Hawaiian Mission Children's Society.

The following Sunday, March 5, passengers and crew gathered, as had become customary, on deck for divine worship. The ordained missionaries took turns in sharing thoughts from the scriptures and offering long and passionate prayers for the souls of all on board and for the success of the mission in Hawai'i.

Several members of the crew were visibly moved by the exercises. Even Captain Sumner took a few moments to share his thoughts as the long voyage was about a month from completion.

That evening, Mary Ives made some very encouraging entries in her journal:

Sabbath, March 5. 31° S., 71° W.

Very solemn meeting. Our steward professes a hope in Christ. Previously he had been chastised by Capt. Sumner because he baked pies on the Sabbath against the missionaries' wishes. Now he himself is leading natives to attend prayers on Sabbath eve. Another convert was William Toll. Previously, Mr. Treadwell was unable to get him to kneel for prayers. Capt. now acknowledges that he was much prejudiced and took means to limit our influence over the sailors. But, Oh, the change! It fills us with joy.

Monday evening, March 6, 1837

Sang "Yes, My Native Land I Love Thee." Felt how sweet it was, although upon the mighty deep 1300 miles away from those scenes where we had so often raised our voices to commend a dying world to Christ; and as I realized that I had left my native land, was soon to be upon a heathen shore, my heart thrilled with thanksgiving and joy.

"Mary, do you regret marrying me and coming on this long journey," Mark asked as he saw her writing in her journal. "You seem so serious so much of the time."

"Mr. Ives, I do not regret a moment. You and I have found love; and soon we will have a child when we reach Hawai'i. You and I have covenanted together to take the gospel of Christ to the heathen in foreign lands, and that is just what we shall do."

"I could not help but notice, Mary, that the mood of the crew is changing dramatically. I believe that by the time we reach land many of our crew will have professed Christ as their savior."

"I pray you are right, my husband."

March 8, 1837. 29° S., 95° W.

We are now in the trade winds and have pleasant sailing. It is now an interesting time among the sailors. Many under Mr. Diblino's watch are deeply impressed. Mr. Diblino was a

'hardened sinner,' a Prussian who sticks closely to the religion of his father... In this evening's meeting, the Captain, Mr. Treadwell and one of the sailors testified to the change in their feelings....

One sailor stood up and said: "You all know what my character has been. When I came on board I resolved to hear nothing the missionaries might say to me. One of the missionaries gave me a tract and I threw it on the floor and stamped on it and damned it. Had God then struck me to the floor he would have been just; but oh, his mercy to me! Now it is sweet to read his word and to pray to him."

On March 9, 1837, Mary recorded: "...Today we are called to rejoice over the hopeful repentance of Charles Bohm..." On March 14, Mary's journal entry makes note of a happy reminder of home:

Last eve. observed the sabbath school concert and with what emotions did our thoughts return to our dear native land and swell upon the scenes of thrilling interest we had so often witnessed. Groups of smiling children and youth came up to my imagination as they were listening to faithful teachers or hearing a word of encouragement from their faithful pastors or superintendent; and never before did I feel so much that these children are the hope of the whole of our country and the last hope of a fallen world...

What important stations, then, do teachers sustain, what need of prayer and strenuous effort on their part to rear their children for valiant warriors in the battle for the Lord, for battles - and perhaps bloody battles - must be fought before Christ's kingdom will prevail.

Yes, when we who are going to our field of labor shall be mingling with the dust on Hawaii, who will take our places if these children are not fitted for it. And could I round my voice in the ears of teachers in my own land, I would say to them, 'Pray, pray and toil till you see all your pupils converted to Christ and thoroughly imbued with the principles of the gospel. Then we shall have a troop go forth in the name of the Lord and bring every native of the world into Immanuel's Kingdom.

Monday, March 20, 1837.

Yesterday the bright Sabbath beamed upon us with almost unearthly loveliness. In the morning we had a refreshing showing and light fleecy clouds were sailing about us occasionally parting

the curtain and displaying the cerulean sky. It called forth our adoration to the great maker of their beauty. We met on deck for worship and seemed truly to be in a temple not made with hands. As we gazed around us we saw not the exquisite workmanship of human art to admire; but the walls and canopy of our temple awoke the glorious beauties wrought by the fingers of nature's architecture. And the scene on deck was calculated to give solemn impression. The missionaries seated each side of the Barque with a sacred cheerfulness beaming from their countenances seemed to say it was a hallowed day. The sailors crosswise of the vessel and presented a motley group clothed in their calico shirts and tarpaulin hats and wide trousers. A degree of interest was strongly depicted on the countenances of many, while others seemed to give only a respectful attention and one was there whose restless eye spoke the anguish of soul with which he was contending. It was Mr. Diblino. I fear that he had nearly grieved the spirit to leave him to his own destruction.... If his soul is to be saved Christians here must humble themselves, and cry more mightily than they have ever done.

The barque moved smoothly and steadily westerly and northerly as she approached the equator. As the passengers became more aware of approaching their destination, they began to approach one another, requesting autographs from the persons with whom they had shared the intimate space of the *Mary Frazier*. Mary Brainerd Ives unpacked her precious autograph album which contained, among others, the autograph of her brother, Joseph.

As Mary stepped out of her stateroom, she saw Andelucia Conde walking along the small companionway. "Mrs. Conde," asked Mary, "would you be so kind as to write something in my book of memories?"

"I would be happy to, My Dear," replied Mrs. Conde. "Let me take your book with me to my cabin so that I can compose something carefully. I shall bring back your book very soon."

Entering her room, Andelucia thought for a few moments about the voyage they had taken together and about the task that lay ahead for all the passengers. She took pen in hand and wrote:

*Pacific Ocean
March 21st, 1837*

*May boundless love, philanthropy divine
Send you with all its radiant splendors shine
Be yours the joy, the mourners' heart to cheer
To wipe from sorrow's cheek the falling tear
To point the tribes of superstition far
to Calvary's Cross, to Bethlehem's holy star
to spend this transient life in doing good*

then rise to Heaven, to happiness, to God.

*Andelucia Conde*¹⁰

Many entries in the Mary Ives Album are particularly illuminating because, like Mary's journal, they include a notation of longitude and latitude, thus helping the reader to chart the course of the journey. Thus was the case with this entry by Horton Knapp:

March 22, 1837 - Lat.6°S Lon.118°W

To Mrs. M.A.Ives:

When duty bids us leave our home

On distant isles to toil

Where Gospel tidings rarely come

Shall then our hearts recoil?

No, we would let this heavenly call

All welcome reach our ear

Jehovah's wrath will on us fall

If we refuse to hear

'Tis love to God and love to man

Which should our acting guide

Resolved to do what good we can

And nothing wish beside.

H.O.Knapp

March 22, 1837 -

Sister, let us so labor here

That when with Christ we shall appear

We may with [consumed] heathens stand,

Transformed by Christ, at his right hand."

Charlotte Knapp [Excerpt]

Excitement began to mount in the small company in the knowledge that there was probably less than a month remaining in their journey. On March 23, 1837, Mary again wrote to her brother back in New England. Of course, it would be some time before he would receive the letter, since it would have to wait until there was a return ship to deliver it.

March 23, 1837

Dear Brother Joseph:

In a few weeks we shall be upon a heathen shore where much is to be done - and even in the "Mary Frazier" much is to be done, for here are some that are converted are considering the expediency of having a day of fasting and prayer. Last night I heard the voices of four of the young converts to cheer our hearts. The Captain, now like a father, assembles us on deck every

¹⁰ Mary Brainerd Ives Album, Library of the author.

morning and takes the lead in family prayer. He struggled long before he could speak at all in our presence. What cannot grace do! It can and will overcome timidity. Well might many Christians in our own country blush to see those untutored converts take such a stand on the Lord's side. I never felt so wholly unprepared for the work of the missionary as I do now. When I think of my past life, of all its unfaithfulness I am ready to sink. Many Christians in America are toiling for my support and what am I doing for Christ? What a heart does he every moment see? Will you not, dear Brother, pray that I may be more holy and fitted for my work."

Mary

As the missionaries aboard the *Mary Frazier* prepared to cross the Equator, "King Neptune" made no appearance nor did he demand allegiance from the band of pious New Englanders as he had from Opukaha'ia and the others. Prayer and fasting would be the order of the day as the focus of their missionary zeal would gradually change from New England seamen to Hawaiian pagans. Mary's Journal records it thus:

*March 25 1837 - Lat.0,18 Lon.124. Temp.80
Today we spend in prayer that the remainder of the sailors be converted. I feel this is our last effort, as next Tuesday is to be spent in fasting and prayer in preparation for the Island as we expect to be there in a few days.*

Perhaps the most telling entry in Mary's Album was that by Captain Sumner himself. As already noted, he was an able captain and solicitous of his passengers, but not anxious to have his crew evangelized. As the journey continued, however, he showed much more esteem for the religion they espoused and for the mission they were to undertake.

With only about three days remaining in the voyage, Captain Sumner recorded these thoughts for Mary Ives:

*Barque Mary Frazier at Sea
April 6th 1837. Lat.18°N, Lon.148° W.
To Mrs. Ives--*

The time of our separation draws near. Soon the place that knows us shall know us no more forever. Still while remembrance lasts through scenes of our acquaintance here on the wide spread waters will be cherished with pleasure. May you go forth to your labors in the strength of Him who is able and willing to help all who put their trust in his word and be the means in his

*hands of turning many souls from error's ways to the paths of
peace and truth, is the prayer of your fellow voyager*
Charles Sumner.

The voyage around Cape Horn and into the Pacific Islands was coming to an end. Passengers and crew were by now solidified into a cohesive band.

“Where are we, Captain?” Mark asked.

“We are very near land. In fact it should be sighted very soon,” the captain responded. “You know, Mr. Ives, I almost regret that our time together is nearly at an end. At first I was very skeptical that any of you would ever be able to survive on these islands. But now that I have seen your sincerity and your goodness, I know that your mission will find success. I wish you only the best.”

“There is certainly a great deal of excitement on board, isn't there?” Mary Ives remarked to Mrs. Cooke as the two found themselves among the women attending to many last-minute duties aboard the ship.

“Yes there is, my dear,” responded Juliette Cooke. “I am trying to get my things together so that we will be ready to land. I am beginning to get anxious now to be teaching the youngsters what I fear they have been sorely missing.”

“I suspect we had all better be getting ready,” Mary responded, “but I really feel that I want to keep my eyes open for sight of land. From what I have heard and read of these lands and these peoples, we shall see things that we have never seen before.”

“I am sure that you are right, Mrs. Ives,” said Mrs. Cooke.

April 6, 1837

All hurly burly today. The staterooms in confusion, the Cabin a perfect Babel. Cause? Getting ready to land, should land appear. Truly we are a moldy set. Capt. S. has remarked that the harmony that has pervaded our little company....has done more to convince him of the truth of our religion than anything else. ¹¹

On April 7, the Barque *Mary Frazier* stood within about 70 miles off the port of Honolulu. The missionaries obviously did not share the modern tourist's view of these islands as a Pacific paradise. With their destination practically in sight, Edwin and Lois Johnson made this brief entry into Mary's Album. Quoting from Hebrews 13:13, they wrote: "Therefore, let us go forth to him outside the camp and bear the abuse he endured."

On Sunday, the eighth of April, 1837, at about 10 o'clock in the morning, land was sighted. Passengers and crew could see the distant tops of the mountains of O'ahu.

¹¹ Cooke, Juliette Montague, *The Chief's Children's School*, p.3.

Mrs. Cooke reported in her Journal that at about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, "a pilot boat came to us rowed by five very intelligent natives and a pilot..."¹²

Mrs. Cooke's journal goes on to give a first-hand impression of the place as this band of New Englanders arrived:

I wish I could describe Oahu as it presents itself to us... It is one long line of mountains spread around in a picturesque manner. Along the shore is a plain where the village of Honolulu is built. At the right of the village is a mountain that looks to me as if it might have been, ages ago, a volcano....[ed. note: Diamond Head]

I have been on deck and "shoals" of kanakas (men) are upon the broad ocean... One of them brought us several bottles of milk, which was very acceptable after being at sea almost 17 weeks. We were right glad to taste something fresh again...

*The wind being strong, it will be impossible for our barque to enter the inner harbor. The pilot has sent us this word with a fine parcel of watermelon, muskmelons and bananas. The melons were very fine - the bananas something different than I had ever seen. They are similar in form to the milkweed pod only larger, the outside or capsule being stripped off, a substance similar in color to muskmelons and about as soft as the fruit.*¹³

News of the arrival of the *Mary Frazier* was given by the Rev. Hiram Bingham from the pulpit of the Grass Meetinghouse [Kawaiaha'o Church]. It was General Meeting time, and all the missionaries from the various stations scattered among the islands had gathered with their families to hear reports of the work and to praise God for his many blessings. Now they had special reason to be grateful. The largest contingent of reinforcements to their mission had arrived!

On Monday morning, April 9, the secular agent, Mr. Daniel Chamberlain, came aboard and began making provisions for the passengers to be ferried ashore by small boats. The *Mary Frazier* had made the voyage at the incredible speed of 116 days!

Several men from the *Mary Frazier* went ashore with Captain Sumner and found that the missionaries on land had arranged for the use of the King's large boat to ferry all passengers to shore, rather than to wait for the ship to come to the inner harbor.

¹² *ibid.*, p.5.

¹³ *Ibid.*, pp. 5-6.

One can only imagine how Mary and Mark and the others felt when their feet touched Hawaiian soil. This was the goal of their journey. Home was very far away. Crowds of natives, most dressed in little more than a simple loincloth, clustered around them. A *kane* (man) bowed in greeting. A *wahine* walked by with fragrant flowers around her neck. She took off the *lei* and put it around the neck of Mary Brainerd Ives.

"Aloha," she said simply. Then she smiled and went on her way. Mary and Mark looked at each other. A tear trickled down each cheek.

"We are home, Mary," said Mark Ives softly.

The Eighth Company provided the largest number of reinforcements ever to join the Sandwich Island Mission. It was a wonderful time for this sturdy band to arrive, because nearly all of the missionaries were in Honolulu for the General Meeting. In his memoir *A Residence of Twenty-one Years in the Sandwich Islands*, Hiram Bingham reflected on the coming of this Eighth Company:

*1837: Eighteenth year of the Mission
and Fifth of Kamehameha III.*

The prayers and hopes of the American churches were greatly encouraged in respect to the Sandwich Islands; and at the close of 1836, the American Board, desirous to ensure the victory, sent forth, December 14th, a large and timely reinforcement, consisting of four preachers, one physician, a secular agent, and eight male school teachers, the wives of these fourteen, and two unmarried female teachers. Their [passage from Boston] was delightful. Their accommodations were good, their captain kind and courteous, his officers obliging, and the crew respectful. Their arrival, April 9, 1837, was opportune, and their reception cordial. The spirit of harmony prevailed on board ship. Morning and evening prayers, preaching on the Sabbath, and other means of grace suited to promote a revival, persevered in (though for a time despised by some of the ship's company) were attended with the reviving influences of God's Spirit, much like what was, at the same time, experienced at the islands. Capt. Sumner, one of the officers, and several others of the ship's company, appeared to renounce the world, and to choose the service of God, and desired to be united with his people. ¹⁴

¹⁴ Bingham, Hiram, *A Residence of Twenty-One Years in the Sandwich Islands*, Rutland: Charles E. Tuttle Co., 1981 (First edition 1847), p. 500

General Meeting often lasted for a month or more in the spring. Members of the mission from all of the outposts and stations assembled in Honolulu to discuss the business of the mission, worship together, and of course exchange news and pleasantries with one another. Here they were received as brothers and sisters, “and not as a stranger.”

Otherwise, many in the outposts had almost no contact with other white people for months at a time; and General Meeting provided a much-needed respite. Accommodations were of course at a premium. The frame house, which was where the Bingham's lived, was also shared by other families of the mission. All resources of the mission were shared communally, and living arrangements - especially at Meeting time - were no exception.

The new arrivals, including Mark and Mary Ives, were anxious to be shown to their quarters, to unpack and settle in.

But the first stop upon reaching the Island was to go to the house of King Kamehameha III. Although the King was absent, Kinau, governess of the Island of O’ahu, was present, seated upon a pile of *lau hala* mats. She was a very large woman, dressed in a loose-fitting silk dress, called a *mu’umu’u*. It was black, as she was in mourning for the princess Nahienaena who had died recently.¹⁵

Upon leaving the King’s house, the newly-arrived missionaries walked past native huts and throngs of men, women and children who watched in curiosity as they made their way to Mr. Bingham's house. There, all the missionaries who were in Honolulu for General Meeting were waiting to receive them.

“We have gathered,” said Mr. Bingham, “to welcome you to the Sandwich Islands. The harvest is plentiful, but the laborers have been few. We are thankful to God for having raised up such a large number of you to serve among us. Thanks also to God for providing you with safe passage to these shores.”

The whole assembly prayed and sang “Blest Be the Tie That Binds.” Captain Sumner, who had been watching with great interest, concluded his brief remarks by saying, “My faith in your religion increases every hour.”

The Mission Compound was located in the dusty plain of Kawaiaha'o about a half mile from Honolulu town. When the King first granted permission for the missionaries to settle in Hawai'i, he was going to grant them lands in the lush Nu’uanu Valley; but upon reflection, the King thought the missionaries should be located at Kawaiaha'o. Secretly, he thought the hardships would probably drive them home after a year.¹⁶

¹⁵ Diary of Juliette Montague Cooke in *The Chief's Children's School*, compiled by Mary Atherton Richards, Honolulu: Star-Bulletin Ltd, 1937, pp. 6-10.

¹⁶ In an interesting irony, as the *ali'i* saw the missionaries prospering at Kawaiaha'o, they eventually moved the seat of government away from the Nu’uanu Valley to what had become “downtown” near the Mission Houses. The present headquarters of the Hawai'i Conference, United Church of Christ, was moved to Nu’uanu Avenue!

Well, that was 1820. It was now 1837, and the mission band had made a fairly comfortable settlement in somewhat adverse circumstances. The water that was near them was brackish, but they learned how to run it through a “drip stone,” thus making it generally usable. For fresh drinking water they went up to the Manoa Valley and carried it down.

Mark and Mary were invited to stay at the Frame House, so named because it was the first frame house to be built on the Islands. It was cut and fitted in Boston in 1819 and arrived in Honolulu in 1820. Part of the lumber arrived with the original missionaries and part of it arrived on a later ship. However, it was so much finer than the King's house, which was grass, that he did not give permission to have it erected until 1821. In the meantime, the missionaries had lived in grass houses themselves.

The house included a sitting room, which served as a place of assembly for meetings, study, and as a reception area for royalty and other guests.

Everyone ate together in a common dining room located in the basement. A long table was spread there which was capable of seating more than fifty people at a time. Mission wives were expected to take turns cooking for the community.

Mary and the other wives began unpacking their things, only to discover that they had become quite moldy. Many things could be saved by airing them out, but some of the clothing was ruined as a result of being packed away during the long voyage.

At about 11 o'clock on Tuesday morning, they received word that the King expected to see them by noon. It was unbearably hot, and Mary and the others felt quite anxious to get unpacked and salvage as many of their goods as possible; but word was that the King would be leaving almost immediately for Maui so they would have to see him at once.

King Kamehameha III was sitting on a couch with his adopted son, a boy of about four or five years of age. Kinau, his sister, governess of O'ahu, sat at the King's right hand.

With Mr. Bingham acting as interpreter, the King bid the new missionaries welcome to his dominions and assured them of his protection. He was glad to see the reinforcements and hoped that they would do well. Since he would be leaving O'ahu in the afternoon, he did not know when he would return; but perhaps he would meet them on some of the other islands.

Dr. Lafon, speaking for the rest, responded: “We have come as representatives of the church. Our only business is to teach the pure gospel of Christ. We hope that we shall always be found worthy of the protection that you have so kindly vouchsafed to us.”

Captain Sumner then rose to speak. “I would like to address a few words to the King, if I may. I have been long with these people. I did not love them when we started, but I now feel a deep interest in them, and I sincerely hope that they will be as much loved and as highly esteemed here as on board my ship.”

The missionaries much appreciated these words, because ships' captains had not generally been very complimentary of the work of the missionaries, since the missionaries were very critical of the morals of most captains and their crews. It was known, for instance, that the rise of venereal disease was directly attributable to the sexual adventures of sailors and traders making stops here on their way to China.

Princess Kinau spoke briefly to the women of the mission, thanking God for sending so many new missionaries.

Mary, Mark and the others began to settle into the daily activities of the Mission. The weekdays were filled with meetings which were attended by men and women. Several of the men would give speeches, sometimes with a baby in their arms. The older boys would sit near the entrance and whittle, leaving a pile of shavings for the adults to walk through during breaks in their deliberations.

Whittling was a popular diversion encouraged by the elders because it was considered constructive and yet quiet. The children were not encouraged to run and play very loudly, and certainly not outside the mission compound lest they become corrupted by native youths.

It was at these meetings that assignments were made to new fields of endeavors. Therefore, of course, there was much interest evidenced by the families concerning these decisions.

Another major concern was money. Funds for the mission all came from Boston and were extremely limited. The previous year, William Richards, who had founded the Lahaina mission, was sent to Boston with a request for forty-six additional laborers to be sent at once.

However, what Richards found upon reaching Boston was that the Great (religious) Awakening in Hawai'i was countered with a Great (financial) Depression on the Mainland. Benefactors of the ABCFM, who had pledged large sums of money, were now finding themselves unable to fulfill the pledges. A warning to that affect had come from Boston to the Mission.

Mary Ives noted simply and briefly in her journal entry for May 6th that "[we] spent most of the day at meeting. The brethren discussed the subject of economy; they wish to be conscientious in all their expeditions."

Missionaries lived communally, sharing all things in common. Great care and wisdom had to be used in distributing the dwindling resources. Governments did not then build schools or pay teachers. Missionaries did not have salaries, but were supported on the common stock basis. Now after seventeen years experience, many began to feel that this unbusiness-like way was uneconomical and injurious to individuals and all concerned. The subject was discussed but not settled. Permission was given, however, to any who so desired to draw a salary of \$400 a year for a man and his wife.¹⁷

¹⁷ from a reminiscence by Rev. Sereno Bishop and reported in the Annual Report of the Hawaiian Mission Children's Society, pp. 13-14.

Mary Ives, in her journal, reported that mornings and evenings were spent at evangelistic meetings. She noted, however, that many of the women attended these meetings “very gaily draped” which she found “sickening to the heart” first when contrasted to the poverty of the natives and secondly as it showed a lack of concern for their souls.

On the evening of May 1, 1837, there was a particularly somber meeting. [Mary was always pleased if the meetings were “somber.”] It began with a lovely concert, but then one brother remarked that “we were only as one drop of water for a multitude perishing of thirst.” They felt that people back home were far too apathetic in view of the work that was ahead of them.

The next day, Mary washed, starched and ironed while Mark and the others were at Meeting. She received as guests several missionaries from the other islands. Then, in the afternoon, she herself went calling. She describes it thus:

...with three other sisters called on Mrs. Johnston, making some arrangements about meeting them for prayer and inviting Mrs. Little and some other gay¹⁸ Christians to it. Called on Mrs. Little and Cashing. Found three gaily dressed ladies with them and two of our sisters; found no opportunity of conversing with them upon their souls...

...on our return back home we called at a native house. Two natives and a dog were seated on the floor over a large pot of poi about the consistency of thin pudding. They whirled their forefingers ‘round in the food till a quantity adhered to it and with much dexterity conveyed it to their mouth with a great degree of pleasure.¹⁹

General meeting extended through May and into June. It was determined that the Iveses and the Condes would be assigned with the Baldwins to Lahaina on the Island of Maui, for a period of one year as their permanent assignment was being determined. The Baldwins had previously been serving at Waimea on the Big Island of Hawai’i.

The frailty of life came very close to Mary Ives when on May 6, 1837, the wife of Lorenzo Lyons died. She was a sister to Emily Bliss, who was a member of the Eighth Company along with the Iveses. Mrs. Lyons had recently lost her child to disease which no one could seem to cure. After that, she herself became so sad that her own life gradually ebbed away. Even a reunion with her sister after a long absence failed to save her life.

¹⁸ Of course “gay” meant “happy” in those days. For Mrs. Ives and the other missionaries it was a term of derision, implying that the person was much too enamored with the things of this world.

¹⁹ *Mary B. Ives Journal*, library of Hawaiian Mission Children's Society.

...Last Saturday night at twelve o'clock her spirit took its flight. She had not in her last moments those dear and exulting views of her savior that devoted Christians generally have; yet at least she appeared calm, and when told she could not live was not agitated, but said she would trust herself with her Redeemer. The last hours of life were spent in prayer and her thoughts much on heaven. At one time on arousing from sleep she clasped a sister standing by and says, "Who is this?" On being told, she says, "Oh then I have not got there." She has left a son four years old. It was five years the day of her death since she landed on these shores. Her health has been remarkably good, and she has been an efficient and devoted missionary. She was eminently prayerful, meek and lovely and remarkable for tenderness of conscience. It is my desire that the few days that shall be allotted to me here in this vale of tears may like hers be spent in the cause of Christ. ²⁰

Lahaina, Maui
(June 15, 1837 - Jan. 2, 1838)

On June 15, 1837, Mark and Mary Ives departed for Maui aboard a native vessel. "It was literally native," Mary reports, "for you could not step on deck without treading on someone."

The cabin was so full that very few people could actually get inside. Although Mark seemed able to move around among the passengers, Mary was very seasick and had to lie on a crude bed that had been thrown on the cabin floor along with two other women and several children.

"I am glad that my mother cannot see me now," she thought.

As the boat neared land, Mary saw a canoe riding the rising tide as it came to meet them. It looked small and flimsy against the great ocean, and Mary's seasickness had not gotten better.

The natives indicated that some of them must get in the boat. Reluctantly, Mary complied, only to find that there was not room for Mark. She would have to ride with all these strangers!

The waves were so high that it appeared that they would completely engulf the small canoe. As the canoe approached the breakers, a mountain of water loomed up ahead. With great skill the natives mounted the canoe onto the wave, which carried them very near the shore.

One of the natives took Mary into his arms and carried her to the dry beach.

Mark and Mary were finally settled with the Baldwins in the little house formerly occupied for about a year by Mr. Spaulding. This was to be a permanent assignment for the

²⁰ *ibid.*

Baldwins, but only temporary for Ives and Conde. Mary clearly found her new location quite a contrast to the hot and dusty plain at Kawaiaha'o. She described it as "Completely surrounded by vines, the house stood in a large, green yard with a large kou tree in front and the deep blue ocean stretching far away to the south."

As soon as he got settled, Mark wrote a letter to his friend and former shipmate, Samuel Castle:

*Lahaina
June 20, 1837*

Beloved Brother,

That God who has the winds and the waves in his hands directed our course and we arrived here Sunday morning early. The arrival in port on Sunday is not so pleasant but perhaps as much so as to be tossed with seasickness on the Ocean. To keep one's heart in the mean time so as to have its affections placed on God is most difficult. But Brother there is a great work to be done in these islands.

That mighty moral changes may be wrought in these islands we have no doubt. Had all or any of the missionaries the piety of Paul or Brainerd, I believe with you that the good done here would be multiplied. My brother, I believe if we take Christ for our example we may come very near to it. I have never had such hopes of coming near to him as I have now.

I believe that if I take Christ for my example & pattern in every thing, I may get very near indeed to him. Pray for me. Remember me to Mrs. Castle.

Yours affectionately in Christian love,

Mark Ives²¹

Lahaina was a raucous, sea-faring town, having drawn whalers and traders from far-away places. There was no shortage of saloons on the Front Street; and more than once in the past missionary houses had been attacked by seamen angered by the Missionaries' insistence that Lahaina girls no longer swim to the ships to offer their favors.

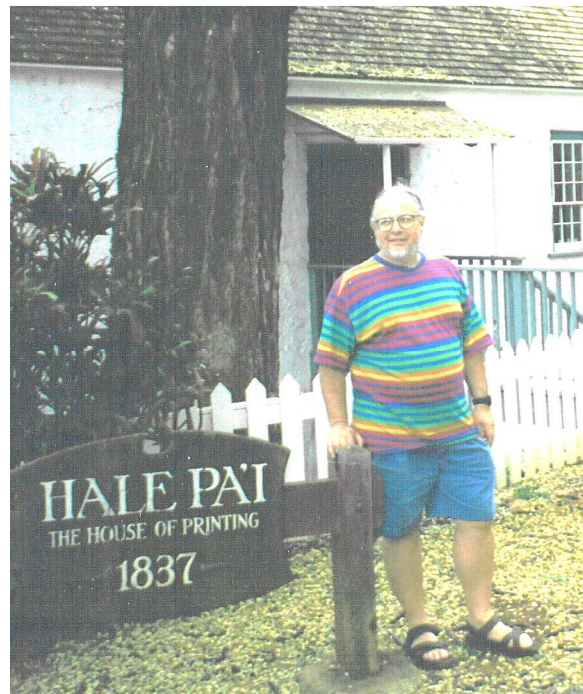
²¹ Letters and Papers of the Rev. Mark Ives, Library of Hawaiian Children's Missionary Society, Honolulu.



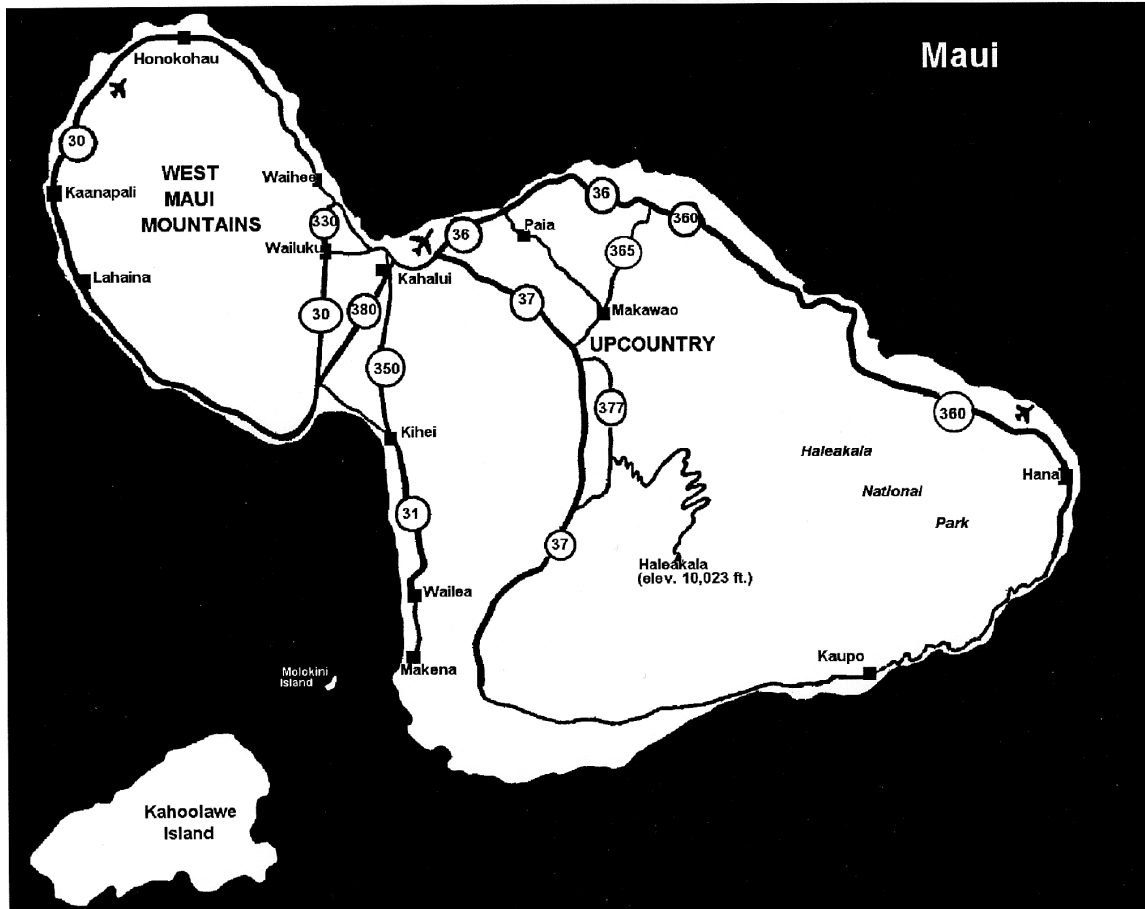
The Baldwin House – The Baldwins, Condes, and Ives' arrived together at this house at Lahaina, Maui in June 1837. A year later, June of 1838, the Condes and Ives' moved on to their assignment at Hana on the other side of the island.

Photos by Marge Neal

Lahainaluna (“Above Lahaina”) – located about two miles from Lahaina Town where Mary Ives gave birth to two of her four children. Originally founded by the missionaries, Lahainaluna specialized in teaching printing, engraving, and agriculture. It is still maintained as a public school for the State of Hawai'i. Hale Pa'i (*House of Printing*) is the only original building still standing.



Island of Maui



Island of Maui – showing Lahaina on the west coast and Hana on the east coast. Note how the island slightly resembles a human form, which some claim to be the demi-god Maui himself. One legend asserts that Maui once went to the top of Haleakala (*“house of the sun”*) and captured the sun, forcing him to slow down, thus lengthening the days for work and play.

The Iveses and the Condes, settled in at the Baldwin house in Lahaina, waiting for preparations to be made for their permanent assignment at Hana on the other side of the island. In the meantime, the men would help with the preaching. Mary was to be teacher for the Baldwin children as she herself attempted to learn the Hawaiian language.

Lahaina boasted a school with about 130 scholars taught by Miss Ogden. Two miles from Lahaina was the High School of Lahainaluna. Mary Ives describes her life during her early days at Lahaina:

I get a lesson in geography every day, and mornings go to Miss Ogden's school and hear a class read and recite geography. At first, I could hardly keep my place and much of the time could not tell whether their answers were right or wrong. I take a class in the S. School and Mr. Baldwin reads an hour with us every day in Hawaiian.

In the P.M. I instruct Mr. Baldwin's children, sometimes walk out in the cool of the day to see the people, but cannot talk much with them.

Went out ... with Miss Ogden. Saw a woman picking fleas from a dog and eating them. Called at a house where there were two or three natives with their children and dogs seated on their mats. They had a chair which I took, and Miss Ogden seated herself on the mats native-like. In all their filth she wished to talk and read to them, and sent for their neighbors. Several soon came in and listened with much indifference to what she said. After praying with them, we left....

...Lahaina is delightful compared with other places which I have seen at these islands, but compared with New England, I cannot call it pleasant....

.....You should indeed see groves of coconuts and taro patches, which when you view at a distance appear pleasant enough, but on coming near, the trees seem like dead stumps. The few leaves on top form not the least shelter and instead of the cool shade, you find the burning sand still scorching your feet. The taro patches which (appear) so green are mere ponds of water with taro scattered about growing much like the large, yellow lilies which flourish in swamps in New England.²²

Early in July, Daniel Conde and Mark Ives started for Hana to check out their new assignment, see about housing, and to make arrangements for their permanent location. The way to Hana was fraught with many difficulties. It was almost entirely inaccessible by land, and very dangerous by canoe. This was made more treacherous by the constant rain which swelled the streams so that native guides had to carry the missionaries across.

²² *ibid.*

There were as many as forty *pali* (cliffs) to climb which were more than a thousand feet high, some of them perpendicular and lined with rocks.

Ives and Conde were pleased, however, to find the country fertile with a cool climate and frequent, refreshing rain. Lahaina, on the leeward side of the island, tended to be quite dry. The Hawaiians had erected a grass house for each missionary family, and seemed very anxious for the missionaries to arrive.

It was obvious, however, that medical help would be at least four to nine days away. As the days of her pregnancy advanced, Mary and Mark decided to delay their removal to Hana until after the new year.

Their first child, a son, was born at Lahainaluna (meaning "above Lahaina"), two miles up the mountain from Lahaina Town. There a school had been established for the educating of promising young Hawaiians in agriculture, printing and engraving, and -- for some -- ministry. This place was deemed a more appropriate place for young Mary to spend her "confinement" than in the raucous, bustling seaport below. It was at this place of learning on October 10, 1837, that she gave birth to her first-born son, Joseph Brainerd Ives, named for Mary's brother.

*Lahainaluna
Nov. 24, 1837*

Dear Brother,

Since I last wrote, God has blest us with a little son. He was born the 10th of Oct. We call him Joseph Brainerd. My health is very good, and I am very happy...

Today I have finished letters for America and have seen Bro. Dibble leave these shores with two motherless children, probably never to return. He hopes he can find some friend to take them and then, in his own words, he can "lie down and die in peace."

This day is the anniversary of my leaving my beloved friends; and O how fresh was that scene brought before me when we met together to pray for the last time with Bro. Dibble and commit his little ones to a covenant-keeping God. We went down to the shore and saw them on board the vessel which was to convey them to the land of our birth. It is very possible that he may never live to reach America. He has bled considerable at the lungs. And here is one of the trials of missionaries, to have their children bereft of father or mother in this dark land. O, it requires faith to be supported under it.²³

In the meantime, Mark was making himself useful with the work of the mission, of ministering to the congregation that had been established by William Richards in 1823, and pastoring outlying fields as well. But the big challenge was the constant coming and going of the ships that arrived with their cargoes, their rum, and their sailors looking for a good time.

²³ *ibid.*

[The modern traveler cannot but compare old Lahaina Town with the Lahaina of today with its swinging night spots and tourist attractions. When the night club “Planet Hollywood” opened in Lahaina in 1994, it drew larger crowds than a movie premiere in Hollywood, California.]

*Lahaina
Dec. 1st 1837*

*Mr. Samuel N. Castle
Honolulu Oahu
Dear Brother,*

Spare me while I write to you a few words to pardon my past neglect. I have studied scarcely no [sic.] Hawaiian since the 1st of Oct.

I have been taking the work off from Brother Baldwin's hands in attending to the sailors while he has been pressed with other business.

While these men come around me who have been off many months at sea & deprived of religious privileges & request bibles, tracts &c & seem ready to listen to divine truth, how can I but listen to their requests and labour to impress them with that truth which may be to them the bread of life.

The more I feel for the sailors the more I shall feel for the heathen.

I am now endeavoring to write native. I believe that the language next to piety should engage our first attention; but by no means do I believe that that should be placed first.

We see how David Brainerd succeeded with only an interpreter, while many at home with fluent speech labor all their lives & see but little or no fruits of their labour.

I feel that piety is the first second & last thing that should be sought. What if every source of earthly happiness is cut off it matters little indeed if I can look forward to the momentous realities of eternity & say then it all will be well.

There is but a step between me and the eternal world & these things will be almost entirely reversed & we shall be measured by a different standard from what most are accustomed to measure men [by]. It becomes me to work while the day lasts & be prepared for the night.

The motive to convert this people is the promise of the world to come.

I intend now after the next general meeting to take another station at Hana. The other missionaries at Wailuku & here advise to that. At any rate, I mean to set eternity before me & if men of this world can find enough to spur onward all their powers; an immortal crown should be enough to engage all of mine.

It is strange that on missionary ground 18,000 miles from home & here with the express purpose of turning the heathen to Christ we should for a moment forget our object or in the least let down our watch.

We look with surprise at the stupidity of the churches at home but with what surprise shall we review our own lives when we look back from eternity; & how do angels now view us?

Let us bestir ourselves to prayer & efforts for the immediate conversion of this people & for rolling [?] on the latter day glory. Our hands here find enough to do & to do with our might. If a man can be excused from doing all that he can that himself can grow in grace & that he can convert sinners. Now I speak the words of truth & witness if you say aye to what I write. Let us go forth and labor in the fear of the Lord & in our time if we faint not we shall reap.

We expect to go to Hana as soon as the Hoikoika²⁴ returns from Honolulu.

Mrs. Ives wishes to be remembered to Sister Castle & will write to her as soon as she gets time.

*Your brother in the Lord,
Mark Ives.*

P.S. Please to write.

It is interesting that the missionaries' piety placed such practical matters as learning the language well below staying "pure." The result, I fear, was that the missionaries did not immerse themselves in Hawaiian language or culture, considering the latter pagan and the former too difficult.

This same philosophy seems to be shared by Hiram Bingham.

It is worthy of remark that missionaries even with a limited acquaintance with the language and ancient religion of the country, were able to be useful... Though an acquaintance with the vernacular language of the heathen is a great acquisition to the missionary, it is not essential to his success. No foreign missionary, perhaps, ever preached with more power or success to the heathen, since the days of miracles passed away, than did David Brainerd to the Indians by an interpreter, before he had much acquaintance with their language, style, customs and superstitions...²⁵

One day, Mark and Mary paid a visit to the King. It was near the time of the celebration of the death of the Princess Henrietta.

²⁴ The *Hoikoika* was the vessel owned by the *ali'i* (chiefs) which transported people from island to island.

²⁵ Bingham, p.516-527

“Would you like to see her tomb?” inquired the King.

“Very much, Sir, if we may,” Mark answered. This would probably be their last chance before leaving Lahaina for Hana.

They were led into a chamber elegantly furnished with a bedstead twice as large as most that they had seen. It was covered with a rich silk spread. The King drew off the spread to reveal three coffins, covered on the outside with scarlet silk velvet and brass ornamentation and brass nails.

It was so splendid that it did not really seem like a tomb, except for the shape of the coffins. The center coffin contained the remains of the Princess, the one on the right her mother, and the one on the left her child. Near the bed stood a glass cupboard containing some clothing which had belonged to the princess, among them several pairs of satin shoes of various colors, and a black lace veil embroidered with pink roses and green leaves.

“We are preparing for the anniversary of the Princess’ death,” explained the King. “I have sent my boats to some of the other islands to obtain hogs and other things. We will need a rather large cake. Mrs. Ives, I wonder if you would be willing to supervise my servants how to make it.”

“I would be honored,” said Mary Ives.

*Lahaina
Dec. 14th, 1837*

Today is the anniversary of leaving Boston, and I can truly say that I have never spent a happier year. The Lord has indeed been with me through all the varied and eventful scenes which have marked the year that is gone. When on the boisterous deep, He supported me. In this heathen land, He has given me friends and every earthly comfort I could desire. In the times of sickness He laid His hand lightly on me and gave me peace. What shall I render to my God for all His mercies? Surely it becomes me to spend and be spent in His service, and this is the full purpose of my heart...²⁶

The anniversary of their leaving Boston caused Mark to reflect upon the mission and America's support of it. The deliberations of that summer's General Meeting were obviously ringing in his ears as he shared his concerns with Samuel Castle, the secular agent.

*Lahaina
Dec. 20, 1837*

*Dear Bro. Castle,
We have received the things which you sent us with the letters &c.*

²⁶ Mary Brainerd Ives Journal

How will the churches of our country in its distressed condition be prepared for the arrival of Bro. Richards & his circular? It is when we are in distress that the claims of God are most apt to be regarded by us. Bro. Richards' mission must have a great influence in America. It is however a pleasing thought that God will eventually make his own cause triumphant & in his own way and by the agents which he selects. Everything that exalteth itself against God must be humbled & the Lord alone be exalted. Every haughty look in the Christian must be brought down.

We hear that God is yet pouring out his spirit more powerfully at Waimea. May he help your contemplated meeting at Oahu and many souls be brought into his kingdom.

The Hoikoika has now gone to Hawaii & it is expected that it will take us to Hana when it returns.

*Your brother in the Lord.
Mark Ives*

***Hana, Maui
Jan. 5, 1838 - July 1839***

The New Year of 1838 saw the Iveses and the Condes finally on their way to what was supposed to be their permanent assignment. Overland, the trip was next to impossible. It still is. Reachable by a single twisting road interrupted often by a series of one-lane bridges, “The Road to Hana” is still very difficult to navigate.

Of course, even this road was not available to those early pioneer missionaries. The best way to get from Lahaina on one side of Maui to Hana on the other was by water. The *Hoikoika* came back from Hawai'i and carried Mark and Mary and their newborn son to the next part of their adventure. Mary Ives recounts their journey:

*Hana, Maui
Jan. 1838*

Dear Bro. Joseph,

On Jan. 2nd, we left Lahaina for Hana on board a native vessel. Coasted pleasantly along the shore and saw much beautiful scenery... Arrived at our station Jan. 5th just at night. In just a few days we arranged our things, covered the sides of our room with mats and made a pleasant home for ourselves. The natives thronged our house in such numbers as to keep me constantly shaking hands. The people are very kind and bring us many kinds of food: fowls, pigs, sweet potatoes in abundance, cabbage and melons, bananas and the cape gooseberry. They are probably much more benevolent now than they will hereafter be. While at

Lahaina we were obliged to buy most of our food on account of the market for it among seamen. ²⁷

The natives had houses ready for the Condes and the Iveses when they arrived. These *hale* (houses) consisted of sticks driven into the ground with small dry sticks tied across them about four inches apart. This frame was covered with sugar cane leaves, and that in turn was covered with long, dry grass tied together in bunches. The missionaries' homes became centers of religious and social activity in Hana.

During a "protracted meeting" held in March of 1838, people came from as far as twelve miles around to inquire about the gospel. It was sometimes difficult to determine just how sincere the converts were. Many would come out of sheer curiosity. Most were anxious to learn the *palapala* (reading and writing), which was completely new to them. Hawaiian had no written form until the Missionaries "invented" it. Mary Ives observed in her journal that "a Sandwich Islander would give their assent to anything to win the missionaries' favor."

Of course the missionaries kept watching for signs of the movement of the spirit, a "quickenings" of the heart. "A few gave evidence that they are children of God," Mary observed, "and could we converse better perhaps we would have more confidence in them." Converts were not received easily or lightly by the missionaries. It was basic to Puritan faith that conversion must have some easily recognized characteristics.

Mary, like the other mission wives, had to fit their evangelizing in with child care and housekeeping. Most of the ministers' wives, like Mary, had really wanted to come as missionaries in their own right; but the Board saw fit to send them as wives instead. Mary rationalized it in true Puritan spirit: "I think it very important that heathens have examples of well-ordered households. This is wholly neglected by these islanders. They seem to have no idea of cleanliness."

Then on March 21, 1838, tragedy struck:

Since I last wrote, we have been deprived of our pleasant house by fire. Mr. Ives had gone to Kipahulu fourteen miles distant. Bro. Conde and all the natives were at meeting. Sister Conde had just come into our house to our maternal meeting, when on looking out we discovered their house to be on fire.

We threw our babes on the mats and ran to see if we could do anything, at the same time raising our voices for help. I saw our house must go, for it was already very warm and smoky, and taking both little ones as the most precious property I ran and deposited them in the grass some distance from the houses.

²⁷ These quotes and the ones that will follow are from the Mary B. Ives Journal, Library of Hawaiian Mission Children's Society.

On my return, I felt afraid to venture in, but the natives had arrived from church and were taking out things as fast as possible. The smoke was darkening the air and bunches of burning grass were flying in every direction while our ears were deafened by the wailing of the natives who wept and wrung their hands, and gave every expression of sympathy in their power.

As soon I could press through the crowd I returned to the infants and beheld our houses a heap of flame. It was, as it were, but a moment, so rapidly did the flames spread. What was saved of our goods I do not know nor scarcely cared.

I heard Brother Conde's voice above all the noise crying for his wife and child. I told him the child was safe, but could not make him hear. Nor could I find him in the crowd. After searching for some time, he found both child and mother and we felt grateful that we had all escaped with our lives.

It was now just night and we were shelterless. Many of the natives invited us to go to their houses and I must say that my heart rather revolted at the idea of taking my abode with fleas, lice, mosquitoes, and half-naked natives; but providentially there stood a new native house, unoccupied, not far off, and the owner offered it to us.

We thankfully accepted it and moved our things in, laid our mattresses on the ground, and after uniting our voices in praise to Him who had preserved us, we tried to compose ourselves to rest.

I dispatched a man to Mr. Ives; and he, hearing I was in a house alone, started at about ten o'clock at night. He was carried over the precipices by the natives and arrived here at about three in the morning. I then felt my cup of joy was full, for I had my husband and babe in my arms.

Although the houses were gone, very few things were lost, thanks to the quick action of the natives in getting things out. The Iveses had planted grass in their front yard and were picturing the day when young Joseph might play there, but that was not to be. For the moment, they were just grateful to be alive.

Word was sent for permission from the Mission to build new grass dwellings; but the natives did not wait for permission. Work began at once on new grass houses. Although adequate for the climate, this type of shelter still posed the threat of fire. However, the Mission Board had no money for anything more sturdy. Work on the new dwellings went slowly.

In the meantime, the Iveses and Condes continued to share the small, grass *hale*, which was so generously offered. Hana is located on the windward, rainy side of the island of Maui. The dampness and cold were really getting to Mary and Mark; and Mary was on the verge of “consumption” during the long rainy season. As the anniversary of their arrival on the Islands approached, these realities began to fill her mind as she nonetheless continued faithfully in her duties.

Hana
April 10, 1838

[Dear Joseph,]

Just one year since we landed upon these shores. We have passed through many interesting scenes and have been favored with great mercies. All our trials have been far less than I anticipated and my greatest trials with my own heart; but I hope I shall one day come off more than conqueror through Him that hath loved me - even me. Perhaps, dear Brother, you would like to know if I am the same thing I used to be.

I am considerably more sober. There is much in missionary life calculated to depress the spirits and many, many sink under it, yet I am now usually in good spirits and have had good health and think I am far happier than I should be in any other situation. I never should urge one to go on a mission who had not well counted the cost, not that I have ever met with any great trials. No, little vexations make it the most trying.

As I am writing, my room is filled with natives. One stands with some eggs to sell for some needles, another a pumpkin for some soap. Since I am nearly out of both, I must talk half an hour to convince them I have none to spare. They see a piece and think that I have a great deal. Tens of others wish to shake hands. They are affected with all kinds of distempers, and are dirtying the mats and scattering their vermin. During the whole Sabbath we must be crowded between natives and be subjected to the inconvenience of their vermin and their offensive smell.

If we endeavor to talk with them, some listen and give their assent whether they understand it or not. Some turn away and laugh or go to talking with their companions. Others perhaps will weep, and encourage you that the Holy Spirit is operating upon them; but frequently we feel that we are laboring in vain.

I say these things to correct the romantic ideas some have formed of missionary life. How often will they imagine to themselves under the shade of a wide-spreading tree the missionary surrounded by listening heathens greedily devouring the bread of life and drinking in the water of salvation? They view him going on in the full tide of success converting hundreds around him. They view him living, as it were, in a little heaven, happily retired from all the temptations of the world and borne

along on the wings of high expectation and luxuriating in good deeds to the perishing.

But we need much grace, we need much patience and much good nature too, to love these poor, dirty heathen and to bear with their impertinence. We need to be filled with the Spirit and have a heart devoted to the work that we may day after day exhibit to this people a holy love for their souls.

I often look back upon my native land with strong emotions of affection and upon my poor mother with a bursting heart. Yet I think I am where God designed me to be, and I hope I may be the means of doing some good and assisting my husband in his arduous duties.

Much error and darkness still prevail here. Mr. Ives attended a funeral a few days since. The friends of the deceased had privately conveyed a calabash of poi into the grave for the use of the deceased. A short time ago I visited a pleasant little village and was conversing with them upon their souls. I pointed to a grave whose tenant I learned died "in the days of darkness," and asked if they wished to follow his spirit. At last, thinking that they might not have a clear understanding of his condition although they had heard much preaching, I asked where his spirit was. With much promptness, one replied it had entered into his little child. So it is, we do not know when they understand and when they do not.

What the missionaries did not understand was that, in traditional Hawaiian thought, the world is not unfeeling; but rather feeling, caring, and even friendly. When a person dies, the spirit is believed to enter an object or another person. The spiritual ancestor, or *‘aumakua*, is thus given a form of immortality. This type of spirituality means that Hawaiians have deep respect for the *‘aina* (land) and for all living things. Thus, a Hawaiian will ask permission before taking a flower or catching a fish, and take no more than is needed. This is almost the opposite of the Christian "stewardship" model in which humans are in charge, "have dominion," over plants and creatures. In Hawaiian thought, humans share in and are part of the creation.²⁸

Of course, in retrospect, we can see that the missionaries made absolutely no effort to understand the spiritual nature of the native Hawaiians. They simply dismissed it as superstition.

Only now are we beginning to grapple with a renewed understanding of what is being called "Hawaiian Spirituality." Many of these people are Christian - ardently so - yet they do not want to lose that which was and is valuable in the spirituality which they inherited.

These ideas are very controversial in the 1990's. They were unthinkable in the 1830's!

²⁸ See Michael Kioni Dudley, *Man, Gods, and Nature*, Honolulu: Na Kane O Ka Malo Press, 1990.

Strangers in a Strange Land

Hana

April 20, 1838

Last Monday, Mr. Ives started for Lahaina together with Brother Conde. Mrs. Conde and myself are here alone hemmed in by mountains, precipices and one sea. The mission thought they could not send a vessel for us because its funds were so low. We feel it rather sensibly as we are in a cold, dark house. The weather has not usually been cold, but now is the wet season and we have cold, long, wet storms. I have had a nervous toothache ever since he left, and sister C.'s spirits begin to flag. We expect to stay here a week longer before they return. I do not wish, however, to repine for we are more comfortably situated than we deserve and can keep comfortable by hanging up sheets around the side of our house and by clothing ourselves with flannel.

Hana

April 28, 1838

Sister C.'s little one has just had an attack of the croup. For a time we feared he would not live. We consulted medical books, followed directions there given, and the Lord blessed our efforts and restored the little sufferer. It was a trying hour to us both. Should he die, we had no means of burying him and what would be the feelings of his father on his return? This is one of the trials of the missionaries. In health we can better sustain ourselves; but in sickness we have no earthly arm for support. But it is good to feel our dependence upon our heavenly Father. He can sustain us; and whatever be our trials, I shall not regret engaging in this cause.

Hana

June 1, 1838

Yesterday attended a funeral. The people are dying off very fast. We saw but a few if any persons free from disease. It appears to be in the blood of the nation and has been thus ever since their intercourse with foreigners. They had placed the corpse in an old canoe around which they wrapped black tapa. The people appeared civil, but wholly indifferent to the solemnity of the occasion. The body was carried out under some trees just by the house where Mr. I. conducted the funeral services. The grave was dug under a nearby kukui tree into which they spread a mat and lowered the body down in there and then covered it with a mat and filled it up with dirt. Not a tear was shed. Every countenance wore a perfect air of indifference as to what was doing, talking of this thing and that thing. I talked and tried to reason with them,

but death seems to make no impression on them. They formerly rent the air with their wailing and they do now in some places. Formerly they buried their dead very privately with food for their sustenance in another world.

Yesterday I ascended the old crater not far from our door. It is quite a journey to reach the top and some parts of it are very nearly perpendicular; but with the natives holding my hands pulling before and others pushing behind, I succeeded in reaching the top. It is quite a piece of table-land covered with grass and was the fort of Kamehameha. On the side towards the sea is the crater. Here it is a deep, smooth hollow, covered with grass. The old king used to secrete the women and children here in time of war. This bulwark nature has formed is the most secure place for defense I ever saw; and I think would bid defiance to England's strong fleet. The natives showed us a rock which they say was thrown up from the sea a few years ago with a great noise. They have a tradition of the islands being overflowed with lava, and it everywhere bears the marks of it. The center of the island appears to be a huge crater, and there is no doubt but that this fair landscape was once swept over by a volcanic eruption.

The island of Maui was originally two islands which became attached through volcanic activity. The resulting shape roughly resembles a person, perhaps the mischievous Maui himself. At the center of the island of Maui is the volcanic crater, *Haleakala* - "House of the Sun." Tradition says that the demi-god, Maui, once went up to the crater and harnessed the sun so that his mother would have more time to make *kapa*, and he would have more time to play.

Anyone who has visited this crater at sunrise would have no problem imagining this story played out as the first "legs" (rays) of the sun creep over the far rim, heralding a new day.

The Hana Historical Society, in reading the Ives documents, feels that the place where the Ives' and Condes' grass houses were constructed was probably somewhere in the vicinity of the present Wananalua Church (established in 1838) in Hana Town, not far from Hana Bay. The "old crater a few rods from the house" would probably be what is now called "Kauiki Hill."

Hana

June 29th, 1838

We have at last got into our new house, which is much larger and more pleasant than our old one. Should you stand on the old crater a few rods from our house you would overlook a fine rolling field, and the most conspicuous objects would be two large yards each consisting of one large and one small haystack with windows and doors - the small stack our cook house and the large one our dwelling house. You would see numberless other little stacks here and there and over beyond the mountains rising over

mountain as far as the eye can reach. From our front door we can see across the channel and Mauna Kea rises in broad relief far above the clouds. Then comes small Mauna Loa and the plain of Hawaii stretching along down into the sea.

A few days since, I walked out with Mr. I. to visit schools. The natives fastened a chair to a couple of long poles and wished to carry me on their shoulders. I mounted the vehicle once, but found my station so lofty and unstable that I soon gladly exchanged it for my feet. We went about eight miles, visited six schools. The head men of the places usually brought out food for us, i.e., a large calabash of sweet potatoes cooked native style, and a calabash of salt fish, salted down without dressing. We slept at the house of the principal chief and had excellent accommodations i.e., a clean, fine mat to sleep on free from all vermin except roaches which would pay us their visits in spite of our efforts to the contrary. They had also a kettle, and made us some excellent broth. I fortunately had a tea saucer with me which we used for a spoon.

Mr. Ives in his travels takes the skin of a roasted potato for a soap dish and a coconut shell for a spoon. I must inform you that sweet potatoes are very large. We have had them weigh eleven pounds. We found the schools in deplorable condition. Some of the teachers could scarcely read intelligibly and had no understanding of what they read. Some schools had but one book, that belonging to the teacher. The scholars had been learnt (sic) many of them to read with their book bottom upwards or sideways, just to suit the convenience of the teacher.

When our friends at home read that schools in our district are established all over the islands, I would like to have them know their character. I hope soon we can from the high school furnish suitable teachers. We have perhaps twenty schools in our district of the like character. I have released Mr. I. from the school in our district that he may spend more of his time in visiting others.

I have the care of about fifty girls -- dirty, lousy bodies. I can see they make some progress. I suppose you would think we need not have dirty, lousy scholars, but you know nothing about them. It is more than we can do to keep ourselves free from vermin. I make my girls bathe every day.

As he contemplates attending General Meeting in the Spring, Mark shows his disillusionment with the situation at Hana. At the end of a rather routine State of Accounts sent to secular agents Chamberlain & Castle in Honolulu, he appends this telling post script:

Hana
Feb. 27, 1839

...I think that I shall put all my things on board the vessel that comes for us if there is room & take them to Honolulu. I expect to leave the Board when I have an opportunity, but I am not entirely settled yet what course I shall take.

*Your brother in the Lord,
Mark Ives*

Hana
April 4th 1839

Dear Bro. Castle,

As there is a vessel here that expects to sail tomorrow, I embrace the opportunity to write you a line. It is principally to make an apology for not writing you before. There is not a brother of our reinforcement except brother Johnson & brother Mumm to whom I am not indebted for a letter. Bro. Conde has gone to spend a week at Kaupa [about] 14 miles distant. We have a rainy season now & the weather some of it is quite unpleasant. We have far pleasanter houses than we had a year ago at this time when it appeared quite lonely here.

I am now packing up my things & I wish to have the privilege of taking them all to Honolulu. I am sensible of no feeling of ill will or grudge to any one. I pray for the concord of this mission that if we cannot see alike we may feel that we are brethren of one family. God is our Father, Christ our elder Brother & we are servants one of another.

And may the Spirit of God which alone can make us one in Christ bind our hearts together.

*Yours in the Lord,
Mark Ives.*

In the meantime while Mark and Mary look to General Meeting as the time they may begin to make plans to move back to Honolulu or perhaps to give up the mission altogether, Brother Cochran Forbes, laboring alone at Kealakekua, is also complaining. He, too, is looking to General Meeting for a solution to his problem. "The harvest is plentiful," he writes in his report, "but the laborers are few."

*Kealakekua Station
Extract of Report by Cochran Forbes
Year ending April 30, 1839*

"...laboring alone at the station is encumbered with so many disadvantages, as already remarked, that I do not believe it possible for me to attend to the duties of both departments [church & school], nor indeed that of a pastor efficiently. If, therefore, the mission regard the school department at Kealakekua station as vacated, I shall confidently look to this meeting as an act of justice to see that it be supplied if they hold me under any obligation to continue a station there.

C. Forbes

During the General Meeting of 1839, Mark, Mary, and young Joseph Ives were indeed transferred. As promised, they had all their belongings with them, thinking that perhaps they would head back to the United States. But the Mission - and the Lord - had other things in mind. Instead of leaving the Islands, they were about to do their most significant work in a most significant place: Kealakekua Bay on the Island of Hawai'i.

***Kealakekua, Hawai'i
July 23, 1839 – Mar. 22, 1848***

Hiram Bingham and the First Company of Missionaries from New England under the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Mission (ABCFM) first arrived at Kailua-Kona on the Big Island of Hawai'i in 1820, expecting to seek permission from Kamehameha the Great to remain on the Islands. What they found was that the King had died, and his son, Liholiho was king. Ka'ahumanu, the dowager queen and favorite wife of Kamehameha the Great, had assumed joint rule with the young Liholiho. And most amazing of all, at her leading, the *kapu* system had been abolished, the images burned, and the *heiaus* destroyed. This was a people without an official religion! Amazingly enough, the *kahuna* [priests] had generally agreed.

The missionaries were asking permission to settle on the island of O'ahu in the town of Honolulu.

"All visitors see, to want to live on O'ahu," retorted Liholiho. "I must consult with my mother. She is away fishing. You will have to wait."

When Ka'ahumanu, the Dowager Queen Mother, returned from her fishing trip, Liholiho consulted with her about the missionaries' request.

"You may remain for one year on O'ahu," said the young king, mustering authority, "but you must leave here at Kailua Town a doctor, a preacher, and two of the Hawaiian boys who are traveling with you from America."

The Holmans and the Thurstons remained at Kailua-Kona to start that first church, Mokuaikaua. One of the Hawaiian boys was Thomas Hopo‘o, who had left Hawai‘i so long ago with Henry ‘Opuhaha‘ia. Thus began the mission on the Big Island.

Just south of Kailua, the mission station at Ka‘awaloa on Kealakekua Bay had its start, not with a missionary, but at the urging of the high chiefess of Ka‘awaloa, Kapiolani.

Kealakekua Bay is the area in which Captain Cook was first greeted a sa god and ultimately met his end at the hands of disillusioned natives. It was from Napo‘opo‘o across the Bay that Opukaha‘ia swam to the *Triumph* and traveled to New Haven carrying the mission cry. Napo‘opo‘o Beach still has remnants of the *Hikiau Heiau* where Opukaha‘ia was learning to be a *kahuna*. “Kealakekua” means “The Way to the gods,” and it is said that the spiritually gifted can still hear them in sacred procession to this day. Ka‘awaloa, Kapiolani’s land, extends from the north side of Kealakekua Bay in a wedge shape to the mountains beyond. This is how Kamehameha, the Great had established all the ahupua‘a (land divisions): “from the mountains to the sea,” providing fresh water from the mountains, flat lands for growing taro, and the sea for fishing and transportation. It was Kapiolani’s wish that her people would learn of the one true God.

Kapiolani, high chiefess of Ka‘awaloa, and her husband, Naihe, began to hold Sabbath services in their little village. They even started schools. Occasionally, they would send a boat up to Kailua to bring a missionary down to conduct services beneath a large *kou* tree near where Captain Cook had lost his life and where his monument now stands.²⁹

Eventually, in 1824, James and Louisa Ely, who were then stationed in Kailua, left there to begin work at Ka‘awaloa.³⁰ Ely was a licensed preacher who came from America with the Second Company (of missionaries) in 1823. Kapiolani provided them a place to live and a thatched meetinghouse in which to hold services. Those missionaries didn’t let anyone into the church easily. Even though Kapiolani had literally founded the church and provided for its physical needs, it was only after five years of training and six months of strict missionary supervision that she was received into the church and baptized December 5, 1825.

Here as elsewhere, the sailors had sought the charms of native women when their boats anchored at Kealakekua Bay.³¹ In an attempt to put a stop to this, Ely encouraged Naihe to impose a *kapu* on the women. This enraged the sailors who on several occasions tried to raid the Ely home. And on those occasions Naihe and his warriors protected the missionaries from harm.

There is a tradition that says that Kapiolani even challenged *Pele*, the goddess of the volcano. Kapiolani, having heard that the Hilo mission on the other side of the island was having problems, set out on a one-hundred mile walk across the southern part of the island to offer her support. It was while she was on this mission that she stopped at the *Halemau mau* crater at Kilauea to confront *Pele*.

²⁹ Piercy, LaRue W., *Hawaii’s Missionary Saga*, Honolulu: Mutual Publishing, 1992.

³⁰ *ibid*, pp. 73ff.

³¹ The reader may remember the popular song of the World War II era: “I want to go back/ to my little grass shack/ in Kealakekua, Hawai‘i... where the *humuhumunukunukuapua‘a* go swimming by.”

“Jehovah is my God,” she is said to have shouted. “He kindled these fires. I fear not *Pele*.”

Her brave act proved her own devotion to the one God, and set an example for the Hawaiians to set aside their old beliefs and put their trust in “*Iahowa*” (Jehovah/God).

The Elys remained at the mission from 1824-1828, until failing health caused them to embark for America.

After the Elys left in 1828, Samuel and Nancy Ruggles transferred from Hilo to take over the Ka‘awaloa station. The climate at Ka‘awaloa – especially near the sea – was very hard on the New Englanders, and land transportation to that area was nearly impossible. Kapiolani and Naihe built a home for the Ruggles’ at Kuapehu about two miles inland and 1500 feet above the sea. “Kuapehu” means “swollen back,” referring to the configuration of the hill in that area. This location offered a cooler climate and fertile lands, instead of the “dry and sterile shore” below. Unfortunately, Naihe died in 1831, and ill health forced the Ruggles’ to give up and move away in 1832.

In 1832, Cochran Forbes replaced Ruggles at Ka‘awaloa, taking over the new home that had been prepared for the Ruggles’ at Kuapehu. At his death, Naihe had instructed his people to “take care of the missionaries.”

In 1837, Mr. and Mrs. Van Duzee of the Eighth Company came to Ka‘awaloa to help Forbes. They occupied the house that Forbes had vacated down by the sea; but remained there only one year, departing the field in 1838.

It was becoming clear to Forbes that he should relocate the center of the mission to a more accessible site. It was also clear that if he were to serve all of South Kona, he was going to need help. These thoughts are reflected in his annual report to the General Meeting April 30, 1839:

[Somewhat edited]

Location of the station has been changed. Present location is Kealakekua, not Kaawaloa. I am the only one at the station... regret neglecting outposts. The people are contributing to the building of the church. [They have] volunteered to procure 22 cubic fathoms of coral from limestone, [which is burned for mortar.] Each [person] works 1 day per week. They would go to the mountain to draw down by hand timbers for the building.

Station includes:

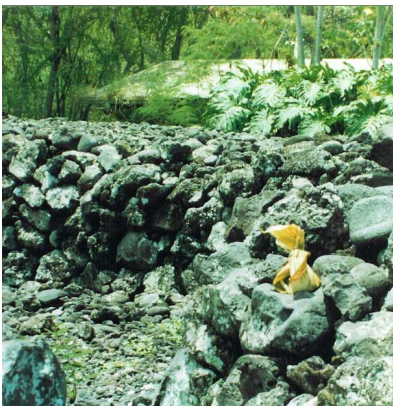
- 1. Stone building 40x24 – 1 story, 1 stone cook house, and outhouses for natives.*

2. *Frame dwelling 24x36 – 1 story – formerly occupied by Van Duzee, number of outhouses and stone schoolhouse 24x60. All surrounded by a good stone wall.*
3. *Walls of stone and lime meetinghouse nearly complete.*
4. *Native building used as school and meetinghouse for present.*
5. *A good road from our house to the sea.*

The road that Forbes mentions was about three miles long, extending from Kuapehu to the shore at Kealakekua Bay, and was built in about two years. Before his death, Naihe had decreed that every person, man or woman, convicted of adultery had to pay a fine of \$15, or labor on the road for four months. As a result, in addition to this road, a 25-mile road to Kailua was almost finished “thanks to the amorous propensities of the Hawaiians.”³²

Forbes’ plea to General Meeting was heeded. Mark and Mary Ives – all packed to go back to America – went instead to Ka’awaloa. They sailed with Forbes, leaving Honolulu July 20, aboard the *Victoria*, on a very choppy sea.³³ They arrived at their new assignment July 23, and settled into the one-story frame house, formerly occupied by the Van Duzees at Ka’awaloa near the sea. Apparently it was a very well-built house, as we shall see later. In describing the site, Mark notes that it was the place where Captain Cook met his death, and that the trees still bore the marks of the cannon balls fired among the natives to avenge his death.

Mark also describes the area across the Bay where ‘Opukaha’ia had lived under the care of his uncle. Mark writes:



Here was formerly a small pen, enclosed by a rude stone wall where Obookiah formerly worshipped. In this was a coconut tree planted by his own hands, the fruit of which was given to none but the missionaries. Contiguous to this was the temple where Capt. Cook allowed himself to be worshipped as God. The stones of that temple contributed towards building a large house of worship to Jehovah.”

Remains of the Hikiau Heiau still exist today (photo on left) on Napo’opo’o Beach, although I doubt if the coconut tree is still there.

Hikiau Haeiau – where ‘Opukaha’ia began his training as a *kahuna*. Mark Ives in his writings recalled: Notice the offering wrapped in *ti* leaves, indicating that the place is still held sacred.

Mark and Mary apparently liked their new assignment much better than Hana. For one thing, they had a “real” house, rather than the thatched building at Hana. Soon after his arrival, Mark wrote to Samuel Castle, shipmate on the *Mary Frazier* and now living in Honolulu as secular agent for the Mission:

³² Piercy, pp. 78-79

³³ *The Journals of Cochran Forbes*, Honolulu: The Hawaiian Mission Children’s Society, 1884, p. 76.

Kealakekua, August 8, 1839

Dear Bro. castle,

A vessel has come into our bay and I should like to get a letter off, but I do not know as I shall be able, considering the many other things I have to do... I have got a carpenter to work for me, and I have also begun my school.

We had a rough time some of the way on our passage here. I never was more seasick in my life.

Things appear pleasant here. I like the scenery about as well as I did at Hana. We have a fine breeze in our house when the doors are thrown open. The house is a cheap concern. The man who took the job got nothing for his own labor... The house is built in such a way that it would not without repairs have stood long.

I do not wish the house to be overvalued. I however like it far better than I did my native house at Hana. I wish for no pleasanter situation than this. Henry Martyn says that a pleasant permanent residence is among the first things that we are apt to idolize....

I have got a school here of about 60 scholars. 30 of them can only read their letters. I hope that I shall be able to do the little creatures some good. Bro. Forbes has been laid up since our arrival so as to be unable to preach. He is afflicted with boils...

Mrs. Ives' health has been recovering fast since we arrived here. She is so that she is about the house almost constantly. She writes with me in love to you and Sister Castle.

Yours, Mark Ives

If Mary Ives was feeling better because of the move to Kealakekua, poor Forbes was experiencing the tribulations of Job! He notes in his journal:

August 1. It is now a little more than a week since we landed. I have not been able to be about yet, but have been confined to the house & most of the time to my settee with biles [sic] on my left leg. I have now five which require dressing & some of them are very painful at times. I have taken liberally of salts and senna. This morning commenced a trial of quinine to dry them up.³⁴

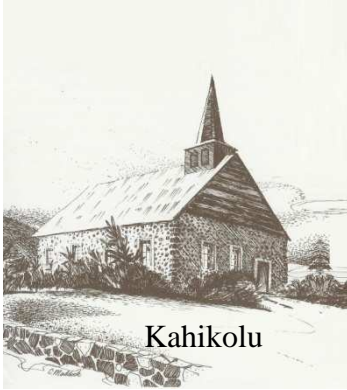
Reflecting on this mission station years later, Mark Ives writes:

We arrived just before the Great Revival that swept over the islands and lasted two years. There was no difficulty in getting crowded houses of worship and attentive listeners. There seemed to be an almost universal desire to enter the church. A church was organized at Kealakekua under the care of Mr. [Cochran] Forbes, of some three thousand members, and

³⁴ Journals of Cochran Forbes, p. 77

*another at Kealia, twelve miles beyond, of a suitable age were without exception gathered into schools. Our thirty-three schools numbered over 1,000 children, 996 of whom were present when I last examined them.*³⁵

Hiram Bingham also reported in some detail on this mission station and the work it took to build it in his memoir, *Twenty-One Years in the Sandwich Islands*.



The people or the professors of the Gospel connected with the station at Kealakekua, under the care of Messrs. Forbes and Ives, erected for themselves a commodious and substantial church [pictured left], 120 feet by 57, the particulars of which I gather from Mr. Forbes.

The stones were carried on the shoulders of men forty or fifty rods. The coral for making the lime, they procured by diving in two or three fathoms [of] water, and detaching blocks or fragments. If these were too heavy for the diver to bring up to his canoe with his hands, he ascended to the surface to take a breath, then descending with a rope, attached it to his prize, and mounting to his canoe, heaved up the mass from the bottom; and when the canoe was thus laden, rowed it ashore and discharged his freight. By this process they procured about thirty cubic fathoms, or 7,776 cubic feet.

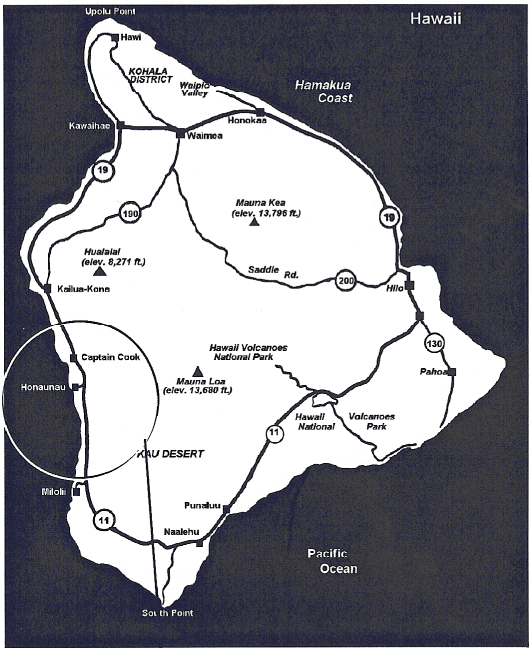
To burn this mass, the church members brought from the mountain side, upon their shoulders, forty cords of wood. The lime being burned, the women took it in calabashes, or large gourd shells, and bore it on their shoulders to the place of building, also sand and water for making the mortar.

Thus about 700 barrels each, of lime, sand, and water, making about 2,000 barrels, equal to 350 wagon loads, were carried by women a quarter of a mile, to assist the men in building the temple of the Lord, which they desired to see erected for themselves and their children; a heavy service, which they, their husbands, fathers, sons, had not the means of hiring, nor teams to accomplish.

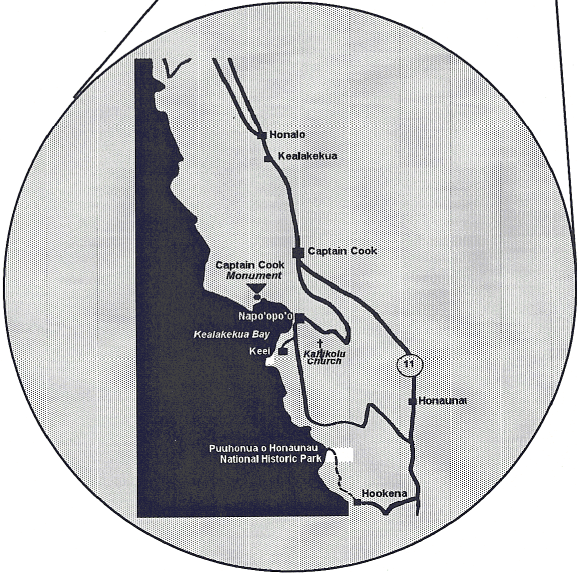
[Text continues after illustration pages]

³⁵ Rev. Mark Ives, quoted in the *Historical Records of the Town of Cornwall, Conn.*, collected and arranged by Theodore S. Gold, Hartford, 1877.

Island of Hawai'i



Computer enhancements by Jeffrey Neal



Strangers in a Strange Land



View of Kealakekua Bay from an engraving probably made at Lahainaluna in the 1830's.



Kealakekua Bay – It was in this bay that Capt. James Cook was worshipped as a god and later killed by native Hawaiians. (His monument appears in the picture as a tiny white speck on the far shore.) It was from here that ‘Opukaha‘ia swam to the *Triumph* and sailed to America. It was here at Ka‘awaloa that Mark and Mary Ives served as missionaries; and it was here, on August 18, 1840, that the author’s great grandfather, Harlan Page Ives, was born. It was to this bay that the remains of “Henry” ‘Opukaha‘ia were returned in 1993 for final burial. (See page 182.) (Photo by the author)

The latter had work far more laborious to perform for the house. The sills, posts, beams, rafters, &c., which they cut in the mountains, six to ten miles distant, they drew down by hand. The posts and beams required the strength of forty or sixty men each. Such a company, starting at break of day, with ropes and hand, and walking two or three hours through the fern and underbrush loaded with the cold dew, made fast to their timber, and addressing themselves to their sober toil for the rest of the day, dragged it over beds of lava, rocks, ravines, and rubbish, reaching the place of building about sunset.

To pay the carpenters and workmen who laid up the walls, the church members subscribed according to their ability, from one to ten dollars each, and paid in such things as the workmen would take, produce or money. Thus with a little foreign aid, amounting to two or three hundred dollars besides the labor and care of the missionary, the 4 people erected a comfortable house of worship, valued at about \$6,000. ³⁶

Most of the supplies needed for the various mission stations had to be ordered from the Depository in Honolulu, which at that point was being run by Samuel Castle. That fact, coupled with the friendship the Castle and Ives families had shared from *Mary Fazier* days, meant that we have much correspondence that passed between them. This gives us intimate insight into the daily life of the missionaries and of their inner thought and concerns.

Kealakekua, Feb. 11th 1840

Dear Bro. Castle,

The next Monday after you left us, Bro. Forbes and myself went to Ka'u where we went ashore two weeks. On returning I found Mrs. Ives' health much worse, she having taken cold & had got over done. Dr. Andrews has been to see us twice since that. We hope that she is now slowly improving.

We are expecting today to ride up to [see] Kapiolani, & to moreover go on from there to Kailua; as riding seems to do Mrs. I. good; & we also go to seek medical advice.

Kapiolani says that the chiefs from Oahu are taking away nearly all her lands. The new laws do not go into force on their island. Gov. Adams is said to be poa kiki loa [very unpredictable] these days. ³⁷

³⁶ Bingham, p. 574

³⁷ John Adams Kiiapalaoku Kuakini (1789–1844) was an important adviser to [Kamehameha I](#) in the early stages of the [Kingdom of Hawai'i](#). With the introduction of Christianity, Hawaiians were encouraged to take British or American names. As an example of his royal manner, he chose the name John Adams after [John Quincy Adams](#), the U.S. president in office at the time. He was responsible for much building and other changes in the [Kona District](#) during this era. As a youth he excelled at sports such as canoeing, but later acquired a taste of alcohol, fine food, and women. Kuakini was appointed the first recorded [Royal Governor of Hawai'i island](#), serving from 1820 until his death in 1844. [Wikipedia]

D_____ [presumably a Roman Catholic] has been around here feeling the pulse of the people. They say that they tell him that they want no new religion. One of our church members received a severe lashing on board a whale ship for a trifling mistake. The natives have got the impression it was the one that carried D____. He went out to the vessel to trade.

We have got one cook house almost finished. A study yet remains to be put up, but our waiwai [goods, property] they say is all in the sea...

*Your Brother,
Mark Ives*

After living at the Kealakekua station for approximately one year, on August 18, 1840, Mary gave birth to their second son, Harlan Page Ives, the author's great grandfather. Harlan's arrival was not without consequence, as recorded in these two bits of correspondence. In his 1841 report to the General Meeting, Mark reports the birth this way:

The past year has been with us one of chastisement. There has been no part of the year when I could be absent far from my family among the people. Mrs. Ives gave birth to a son Aug. 18th, the care of which devolved almost entirely upon me for the first six weeks; as he was so crying a child, that it was impossible for any of our natives to quiet him.

On the 27th of September, Mrs. Ives, being much fatigued from very little effort took cold as she supposed, which resulted in continued fever.

For weeks she was unable to raise her head in bed. Our little ones were carried to the family of Bro. Forbes, which together with theirs, made a family of six children, besides adults, care of the sick, &c. I cannot also but mention father Thurston; who in the commencements of our afflictions, showed his happy face, & watched with Mrs. Ives, the most of two nights, in succession. Dr. Andrews was here also, as soon as the health of his family would permit, & unremittingly gave his days and his nights to the care of the sick.

Brother Lyons and his wife rendered us their assistance fort two weeksl & on their return took away out two little ones, which very much relieved Sister Forbes; whose health was much suffering under the pressure of accumulated labors. The younger child [Harlan] was given into the hands of Sister Bliss, as she had previously made the generous offer of taking care of it [sic!]. The older one [Joseph] sister Lyons – which was an expression of her continued kindness – took under her paternal roof...

It was nearly four months after our children were taken away, & nearly five months from the time that Mrs. Ives was taken, before the physician would permit me to leave her to go after them. She appears now to be slowly gaining in health... We were in hopes of being able to attend General Meeting this year, & our anticipations were considerably raised at the thoughts of meeting again our brethren and sisters; but Dr. Andrews has put his tabu upon it in such unqualified terms, that we dare not undertake it...

...I have spent my Sabbath at Kealia, about five miles from this place... My only means of getting [there] is either to go in a canoe, or walk by land without a foot path, over uneven rocks and huge points of lava.

Mary Ives, writing to her brother Joseph, announces her son's birth this way:

Kealakekua
Jan. 1st, 1841

My Dear Brother,

This is the first time for months that I have been able to hold my pen and I would now employ it in telling of the goodness of my heavenly Father in preserving me through so many dangerous scenes. Last August 18th, we had another son committed to our care. We named him Harlan Page, hoping the Lord would preserve his life and make him as holy as his prototype. I recovered from my confinement so as to be nearly as strong as before when I was suddenly and without any apparent cause attacked with fever. This was the 27th of September. From the first I felt that I could not survive as my constitution had been so enfeebled by disease, and I felt that my mind was becoming very weak and my system very nervous. Mr. Andrews was sent for but could not come on account of Mrs. Andrews' health.³⁸

With Mary Ives so sick, it fell to the Forbes' not only to help take care of the family, but to doctor her as well. Forbes' journal makes note of Sister Ives' fever and even records her pulse: 120-128. But not to worry...

Sept. 30 ...I gave her Ant.pow 3 grs. Ip. 1. Opium ½ cal 1/6 grain every 3 hours with gum Arabic water one oz. for drink also toast water. Today gave her 1/8 of an oz. roshell and an enema. She feels weak no lowering of the pulse...

Oct. 1 ...Sister Ives had a very ill night. Diarrhea and vomiting at 10 o'clock reduced her to fainting which I prevented only by giving ether... put a mustard plaster on the stomach...³⁹

[Another occasion]

Sister I. was quite unwell. On Wednesday she was down with fever. Pulse 115 and her skin quite hot with distress in her head. I bled her 10 or 12 ounces, and administered a few grains of cal. & ant. Powder, next day no change. Continued the med. With nitre. Friday no better. That day started

³⁸ Seth Lathrop Andrews and Parnelly Pierce Andrews were also members of the Eighth Company who arrived on the Mary Frazier. He was at the time the only physician on the island of Hawai'i. His need to serve such a large area affected the health of both of them. Mrs. Andrews dies Sept. 29, 1846.

³⁹ HMCS Library, Kona Reports, Station Reports – Hawaii Mission Reports: Kealakekua, 1839-1857, Extract of Reports by Cochran Forbes, Year ending April 30, 1839., p. 89

a canoe for Bro. Ives. Today she is a bit more comfortable but her pulse remains above 100 a minute.⁴⁰

And these are the same people who would dismiss the native *kahuna*, with his natural herbs and folk medicine, as being an ignorant, pagan quack!

The reader, like the author, may not be aware of the life of Harlan Page, the “prototype” for whom Harlan Page Ives was named. I was able to find the following account in a Memoir of Harlan Page, published in 1835.⁴¹

It seems that Harlan Page, for whom young Harlan Page Ives was named, was born in Coventry, Tolland County, Connecticut, July 28, 1791. The only son of “pious parents,” he always sustained good moral character. He was taught by his father the trade of house-joiner, and received “a good common education.”

In May of 1813, he married Miss Mary Kingsbury, who was to be the helper of his spiritual course until his death, “though at the time of their marriage neither of them [was] pious.” Those Puritans were tough!

July 28, 1816 – This day completes one fourth of a century of my life. More than twenty-two years have I lived in sin; less than three years have I devoted in any feeble measure, to the service of Christ. More than one-third of ‘three-score years and ten’ is already elapsed, and probably more than one half of my life is spent. The grave must soon open for my body, and my soul be in eternity. May God make me faithful till death; and then through boundiess [sic] receive me to glory.

Sometime in June of 1818 he published what might be described as his first tract. It was printed inexpensively for distribution. This was apparently the beginning of his interest in the Tract Society movement. The card read:

Death will soon overtake you. Heaven and hell are before you. Awake, if you would escape the torments of despair! Awake, and make your peace with God!”

During the period he continued to work at his trade and converted all he could. He led prayer meetings and Bible classes, and distributed tracts. It was during this period that he encountered Thomas Patoo, another of the Hawaiian boys who had found their way aboard

⁴⁰ Forbes, p. 116

⁴¹ Hallock, William A., *Memoir of Harlan Page: or The Power and Personal Effort for the Souls of Individuals*, New York: American Tract Society, 1835.

whaling ships to New England in search of knowledge and Christianity. It is said that Patoo was fourteen years of age when he “jumped onto the ship in full sail.”⁴² Patoo stayed in Boston for awhile, and then went to Coventry on May of 1822.

Although involved with work and family, Page felt the call to “go and labor in some humble station among the heathen.” So when Patoo was located near him, he felt that Providence had brought a heathen to his own door; and that “he must omit no efforts for his salvation.”⁴³

In May of 1823, Page sent Patoo to the Foreign Mission School in Cornwall, from where Thomas Patoo wrote Page the following:

I hope to go home by & by and have sinners come to God in my country. Yes, my dear Mr. Page, I go, if I live to be ready. We have some scholars no love the savior. I tell them they must be born again ort go to hell. I talk to some sinner all about they no come to Christ. You must pray a great deal for poor sinners in Cornwall School. May be we have a revival here.

I must close now. I think I pray every day for you and all my friends. The great God bless you and make you do good while you live, and when you and I die, may we meet and shake hand in heaven and stay always with our savior and all who love him.

*Your true friend, Patoo*⁴⁴

One day, Patoo was standing with Page over Obookiah’s grave in Cornwall. Patoo was heard to say, with great solemnity, “Maybe I lie here too.” Three months later, this promising youth was called to join the lamented Henry Opukaha’ia in a better world. He is buried near Obookia’s marker in the Cornwall Cemetery.

Eventually, Page learned the art of engraving, and became the Depository for the American Tracts Society in New York City.

As death approached, the family gathered around his bed and shared his favorite hymns, including “My Faith Looks Up To Thee” and “Rock of Ages.” “I wonder,” he said, “that singing is not more used around the bed of the sick. It seems to me admirably adapted to cheer and comfort them.”

The following eulogy is from an unnamed clergyman:

⁴² Thomas Hammatah Patoo was one of the pupils of the Foreign Mission School in Cornwall, Conn. He died June 19, 1823, at about the age of 19. He is buried near the grave of Obookiah at the Cornwall Cemetery. See E.C. Starr, *A History of Cornwall, Connecticut*, New Haven: Tuttle, Morehouse, and Taylor, 1926.

⁴³ Hallock, *Memoir of Harlan Page*, p. 108

⁴⁴ Hallock, p. 118

*The name of Brother Page will ever be associated in my mind with all that is worthy of imitation in the Christian character... teacher in Sunday School, active in the Tract cause and the cause of Temperance, [he brought] many pious young men... toward ministry and the cause of missions, both in our own and pagan lands.”*⁴⁵

He left his wife and four children. His body was moved to Coventry, Conn., where the stone reads:

*In Memory of
HARLAN PAGE
For nine years depositary of
The American Tract Society
Who died at New York
Sept. 23, 1834
In the Triumph of Faith
Ages 43
“He ceased not to warn everyone
Night and day with tears.”*⁴⁶

It was after this Harlan Page that my great grandfather, Harlan Page Ives, was named.

⁴⁵ Ibid., p. 199

⁴⁶ Ibid., p. 230

**The Ka'awaloa Mission
1837-1847**

TO GET A CLEARER picture of the relationship of the Kealakekua (Ka'awaloa) mission in relation to the other stations, the following table will show the additions to the churches during the four years ending June 1837-1840.⁴⁷

| Islands | Stations | 1837 | 1838 | 1839 | 1840 |
|---------------|--------------|------------|-------------|--------------|-------------|
| | | | | | |
| Kauai | Waimea | 5 | 18 | 69 | 20 |
| | Koloa | 10 | -- | 37 | 15 |
| | Waioli | 10 | 38 | 9 | -- |
| Oahu | Waialua | 8 | 127 | 202 | 174 |
| | Ewa | 10 | 329 | 742 | 174 |
| | Kaneohe | 8 | 43 | 85 | 59 |
| | Honolulu 1st | 14 | 134 | 390 | 275 |
| | Honolulu 2d | -- | 49 | 672 | 438 |
| Molokai | Kaluaaha | -- | 14 | 59 | 59 |
| Maui | Lahaina | 6 | 2 | 131 | 131 |
| | Lahainaluna | -- | -- | 20 | 3 |
| | Wailuku | 11 | 208 | 200 | 193 |
| | Hana | -- | -- | 62 | 58 |
| Hawaii | Kailua | 29 | 62 | 92 | 372 |
| | Kealakekua | 4 | 81 | 262 | 85 |
| | Kohala | -- | 629 | 149 | 80 |
| | Waimea | 21 | 2600 | 2300 | 419 |
| | Hilo | 23 | 639 | 5244 | 499 |
| | | | | | |
| Totals | | 159 | 4973 | 10725 | 4179 |
| | | | | | |

⁴⁷ Bingham, p. 577 (emphasis mine)

As noted so often in the reports, the health of the missionary and spouse was a constant factor in the work of the mission. Samuel Castle's wife, Angeline's, health continued to decline, a fact that did not go unnoticed in this forthright letter from Mary Ives:

Kealakekua, March 8, 1841

My Dear Sister Castle,

More than one year ago I received a precious little note from you but since that time I have not had the health to answer it. I also rec'd. a little bundle from you for which I thank you very much – You have heard from time to time of all the Lord's dealing with me. O how great has been his loving-kindness! I am again in the bosom of my precious family enjoying the sweets of domestic happiness and have a good degree of encouragement in the hope that I may again enjoy health.

Last week I was again permitted to clasp to my bosom my dear children after an absence of more than four months. When they were taken from me I was too weak to give them a parting kiss or even a last look. I could only breathe a petition that the Savior would take them in his arms and preserve them for himself – and I felt a sweet assurance that he would do all things well. And you, dear sister, can feel the same. Oh what sweetness there is in committing our all to him! You too, I learned, have found a good home for your precious babe. I rejoice that you have.

The Lord does indeed lead you gently down the decline of life, doe he not, dear sister? I love to carry your case before the Lord and know that he comforts you. It may not be his will that we again meet on earth but we can pray for and still sympathize in all each others' trials. I would fain write more but I am still feeble. My chest is still diseased. I can walk much better than I can sit. I walk out every morning, begin to climb the rocks some, etc.

Suppose you are unable to write. Perhaps brother C. may have a little moment to spare. Much love to him from us both. There is so much to be done. Mr. Ives hardly finds time to eat. Do not know whether we shall think it best to got to GM [General Meeting] or not –

I shall expect soon to hear that you are not. May the Lord lead you through the dark vale and shed around you the beams of his love through all the gloomy way.

Yours, Mary A. Ives

On March 15, 1841, Kapiolani left Ka'awaloa at Dr. Andrews' urging to go to Kailua and then to sail to Honolulu so that Dr. Judd could operate on her.

It is said that Kapiolani bore the removal of the cancer from her breast bravely and without benefit of anesthetic. The operation was a success, but complications set in when she resumes normal activities too quickly, and she died in early May. "She was a mother to us in all things," observed Forbes in his Journal. Indeed the mission had lost their most significant benefactor. The woman who begged for missionaries to come to her lands, suffered the indignity of being delayed in receiving church membership, stood up to Pele at her lair, and suffered bravely the surgeon's knife, was laid to rest May 14th, 1841.

It is interesting to put oneself back into a previous century to see the social issues that are rising to the surface. Apparently the church had finally decided to take some sort of “official” stand relative to slavery, and had distributed what Mark calls a “Constitution” outlining that position.

*Kealakekua
August 10th, 1841*

Dear Brother Castle,

This Constitution has been handed to Brother Thurston & Brother S.L. Andrews & I have read it myself.

I am ready to acknowledge that slavery is a sin & that slavery in our land is of such a character as calls loudly to heaven for vengeance; but I am not entirely satisfied that this is the gospel way of attacking this sin.

Brother Bliss & wife left us last week for Kailua after being with us about three weeks. I have just returned from a tour of about a week to Kau. The state of things is somewhat interesting there.

May you be prospered and blessed on your anticipated voyage, & may the Lord deal graciously with you & return you to us in due season.

Much love from us all to yourself & Mary.⁴⁸

*Your Brother
Mark Ives*

Ka’u is in the southern part of the island of Hawai’i, a considerable distance from Kealakekua. Ives and Forbes made several trips there by canoe in hopes of establishing an outpost mission, but distance and terrain made it nearly impossible to do so.

***Kealakekua Bay
1839-1848***

The vast missionary station of South Kona, Hawai’i, incorporating at various times Ka’awaloa, Kealakekua, Napo’opo’o, Kealia, and even the vast area of Ka’u in the southern tip of the Big Island, was just too much for those brave New Englanders to handle.

LaRue Piercy, in his *Hawaii’s Missionary Saga*, sums up the deteriorating situation at South Kona this way:

In total, five missionaries gave up the debilitating toil of the heat of Ka’awaloa. Ely had lasted just four years. Ruggles held out for another four years. Forbes manfully held on for about 13 years. Van Duzee was good for about a year. Ives did well to survive about nine years at Ka’awaloa. The Pagues, who came next,

⁴⁸ We learn from this letter that Sam Castle’s wife has died; and that Castle is planning to return with his little daughter, Mary, to the Mainland.

would be stationed there only about two years. This mission was falling apart. ⁴⁹

It did indeed fall apart until John Paris came along. He had labored in Ka'u while Forbes and Ives were still there; but he went home after his wife's death. In Boston, Paris married Mary Carpenter and returned with her to Honolulu in 1852.

He and his new wife undertook the task of reviving the Ka'awaloa Mission. Paris found the station in a terrible state. The buildings had fallen down and the people were "like lost sheep without a shepherd." ⁵⁰

He rebuilt the church which Forbes and Ives had overseen; but built it smaller due to decreased population since Kapiolani's day. He named it *Kahikolu*, or Trinity Church. The location on Napo'opo'o Road was also known for a time as Kepulu, situated just above Napo'opo'o, overlooking Kealakekua Bay.

In recent years, the building was seriously damaged by an earthquake, and the congregation met for a time in a small building by the seashore at Napo'opo'o. Once again, an energetic pastor, the Rev. Harold Teves, has overseen its reconstruction and has added an office, educational space, and a social hall named *Hale Kapiolani* for the church's original benefactor:.

On a plaque in the back of the old church are the names of all who were willing to "spend and be spent" that all might hear the Word of God. Among them are "The Rev. Mark Ives, 1839-1848."

In the summer of 1993, the remains of Henry Opukaha'ia, the young man who was the inspiration for the Hawaiian mission, were disinterred from the grave in Cornwall, Connecticut, and moved with great ceremony and *aloha* back to the graveyard of Kahikolu Church in Napo'opo'o. The Rev. David Hirano, then Connecticut Conference Minister of the United Church of Christ, gave the following description of the move:

There were no dry eyes in that [homegoing service held at Cornwall July 25, 1993]. The Holy Spirit moved through the gathering and one knew that one was making history. So Henry began the journey home. In Hawai'i, the remains made visits to various places on O'ahu as well as on Hawai'i. The remains were brought from one side of Kealakekua Bay from which Henry left the Islands, on a double-hulled canoe. As the canoe made its way to shore, the skies parted and the sun shone, and dolphins -- rarely

⁴⁹ *op.cit.*, p. 82.

⁵⁰ *ibid.*, 190-191

found so close to the shoreline -- glided across the bay. The interment took place in Napo'opo'o, over-looking Kealakekua Bay.... as we walked the casket to its final resting place, the skies, darkened by clouds, parted and the sun came pouring through. Amidst a sunlit sky, we blessed the grave and committed the remains of this first Hawaiian convert to Christianity to the grave.... So the remains of Henry Opukahai'a came home... ⁵¹

The new grave stands majestically overlooking the bay from which he swam so long ago. The inscription on the stone reads:

HENRY 'OPUKAHA'IA
Aloha Ke Akua
Hanau: 1792
Make: Pepeluai 17, 1818 - Cornwall, CT
Hu'e: Iulai 13, 1993
Kanu Pa'a: 'Aukake 15, 1993 - Kepulu, HI ⁵²

⁵¹ "Home at Last For Henry Opukaha'ia: 1808-1993," an article by The Rev. Dr. David Hirano, appearing in the *PAAM Newsletter*, Vol. II, No. 25, Fall 1993, p. 8.

⁵² Translation: "Henry 'Opukaha'ia/ God Is Love/ Born: 1792/ Died: February 17, 1818 - Cornwall, CT/ Exhumed: July 13, 1993/ Final burial: August 15, 1993 - Kepulu (Napo'opo'o), HI."



Cornwall – The author examines one of several shell leis left at the grave of “Henry Obookiah” in Cornwall, Ct. (*Photo by Marge Neal.*)



When Henry Obookiah (*known in Hawai'i as 'Opukaha'ia*) died in 1818, he was buried at the gravesite (*above*) in Cornwall Cemetery. During the summer of 1993, 'Opukah'ia's remains were moved to their final resting place in Kahikolu church yard (*below*) at Napo'opo'o, Kealakekua Bay on the Big Island.

Hawai'i – The author places fresh flower and shell leis on the new grave at Napo'opo'o (*left*) during his pilgrimage there during the summer of 1994. (*Self photo by the author.*)

Honolulu, O'ahu
March 22, 1848 - Dec. 1, 1853

After living at Kealakekua for nine years, it was, ironically, Mark's health that failed. His condition was labeled “sunstroke” by doctors, an “affection of the head,” according to Levi Chamberlain. So on March 22, 1848, Mark Ives and his family moved to Honolulu. They settled into the Mission Houses on South King Street to wait upon the Lord's good pleasure.

Honolulu was quite different from the outlying stations of the Sandwich Island Mission. All the business of the mission was handled from here. It was at Honolulu that most of the missionaries would try to gather annually during the time of the General Meeting to review and plan their work together, and to share companionship often denied them in the isolated, outlying stations.

The Mission compound was located in the area known generally as “Kawaiaha’o,” composed of the dusty area which was the path between Honolulu Town and Waikiki. Waikiki at that time was composed mostly of marshlands and fishing ponds, with a surfing beach quite favored by the *ali'i*. The area was pretty much off-limits to commoners.

The Stone Church at Kawaiaha’o, which replaced several grass churches, had been dedicated in 1842, the dream of Hiram Bingham and Kamehameha III.

There are various stories of how this area got its name. My favorite tells of a chiefess named Ha’o who had a “very great *kapu*” - that is, great mana surrounded her. In 1945, Ethel Damon wrote an article for the Honolulu paper giving her version of the story. This has since been included in the history of the Kawaiaha’o Church.

The Water of Ha'o

In years gone by, a sacred spring of brackish water refreshed chiefs who might journey over this otherwise dry and barren district near the sea. This was long a kapu spring. Among chiefs who enjoyed the privilege of stepping through cool grasses and mountain ferns into its large circular pool was the chiefess Ha’o, queen of O’ahu, who was herself so kapu that it meant death to any commoner who might look upon her. Queen Ha’o came from her home at Kapaakea in Kaimuki to bathe in this sacred pool. Her subjects, who might not look upon her, nevertheless often spoke of her coming, and thus land areas near the spring came to bear its name, Ka Wai a Ha'o, or the fresh-water pool of Ha'o.

When Christian missionaries first sought an abiding place on O'ahu, the king and chiefs assigned to them land near this old spring which was gradually filling in and disappearing as the marshy land about it was drained. But mission boys who grew up here, especially of the Castle family, knew the spring ponds from early boyhood near our present South Street below King....

...When even the memory of this spring had dimmed, the lava rock, still a sacred stone, was set up as a boundary mark on land called by the old name, Ka Wai a Ha'o, which has gradually grown to be written in a single word. When more modern streets disregarded even this old rock, George Castle still cherished its memory, hunted it out, and had it laid within the enclosing wall of Kawaiaha'o Church. At the restoration of the building in 1927, it was his special request that we set it among sandstone rocks in the new pond of Kawaiaha'o's own artesian water just mauka of the church.

Marked in bronze letters, "Ka Pohaku o Ka Wai a Ha'o," The Stone of Ha'o's Spring, this rock and pool commemorate the old spring which gave its name to both land and church, and water again trickles over it into a pool beneath.

As we approach Kawaiaha'o today among cool green lawns flecked with shade under old trees we must close our eyes to recall the dust storms of early years, when Sister Loomis fled from her thatched hut with her two babies to seek refuge across the way with Sister Bingham behind the protecting clapboards of the old mission house. This house may still be visited today, and we do not wonder that one of the first gifts to the mission ladies from Queen-Regent Ka'ahumanu proved to be roots of young pouhala trees for shade and shelter.

On arrival, the mission family had been assigned to a dwelling place near the green valley of Nuuanu and its streams of running water. But suddenly changing his mind, Governor Boki allotted them instead this sun-drenched plain, a dusty half-mile from Honoruru⁵³ village. The five coral-walled wells of brackish water dug on the mission grounds are still marked there and still no doubt hold water from the same underground sources as Ka Wai a Ha'o.⁵⁴

⁵³As the Hawaiian language was being given written form, the letter "R" was used in place of the letter "L". The same was true to a lesser extent of "T" in place of "K". Thus, in Hawaiian, "Tahiti" became "Kahiki", "Honoruru" became "Honolulu", and "kalo" became "taro", etc.

⁵⁴ Ethel M. Damon, *The Stone Church at Kawaiaha'o*, Honolulu: Star-Bulletin Press, 1945, pp.1-4.

It is an interesting quirk of history that, as the years went by, the *ali'i* found the area around Kawaiaha'o to be quite desirable; whereas in the 1820's it was but a dusty plain. Now the Mission Houses are surrounded by government buildings, including 'Iolani Palace. The Hawai'i Conference Office -- successor to the Mission -- is now located on Nu'uauu Avenue, not far from the Royal Mausoleum!

Over the years, permanent buildings began to replace the native grass buildings. The New England-style Frame House, the original dwelling of the Bingham's, was now inhabited by the Halls. It had been altered at various times to accommodate the various people who would need to live there. Built to New England specifications with a cellar and indoor kitchen, the house was hot and dusty.

A narrow passageway led to the western half of the frame house where two rooms had been made into one by removing a partition. This room would become home to Mark and Mary Ives for the duration of their stay in Honolulu.

The Print Shop was built between the Frame House and the Depository. Originally, it had contained the Ramage press which had been brought from Boston and eventually turned out the first page to be printed in Hawai'i. . It was the beginning of the Hawaiian spelling book. The first sheet was pulled by Chief Keeaumoku, who was most impressed by this new technology. In 1835, a new printing house was built across the street, and the "old" printing house was turned into sleeping space to supplement room in the frame house.

Joseph and Harlan Ives, who had been boarding at Punahou, were moved to the compound to be with their parents, and slept in the former printing office. They continued to attend Punahou, however; and presumably made the two-mile walk each day to school.

The Coral "Chamberlain House", or Depository was built with thick walls and large windows and doors. It was much more suited to the warm Honolulu climate. The house was built extra large to provide space for the depository of goods which were in turn distributed to the various missionaries according to need.

The Adobe School, which still stands on the campus of Kawaiaha'o Church, served as school and meeting place for General Meeting and other deliberative bodies. Harlan recalls many hours of sitting outside the Adobe School whittling, waiting for the elders to finish meeting.

On August 14, 1849, Mary and Mark's fourth child, Harriet Elizabeth ("Hattie"), was born.

It was hoped that Mark would regain his health; but eventually it became obvious that this was not going to happen.

Strangers in a Strange Land

Honolulu
Apr. 19, 1848

To Henry Hill, esq
ABCFM, Boston

The health of several of the mission is somewhat impaired. Mr. & Mrs. Baldwin are now at Kauai and Dr. Andrews & Mr. Ives with his family are at this station on account of ill health. Mr. Ives and Mrs. Baldwin both have an affection of the head, from which serious consequences have been feared. Mrs. Baldwin does not seem to be growing worse, but Mr. Ives has not been materially relieved by remedies. He is not able to labor at present, and we have fears he will not be able to resume them again...

Levi Chamberlain

The General Meeting of 1849, meeting in Honolulu, issued the following official statement summing up what had come to be known as "The Ives Case."

Honolulu
April 23, 1849

Rev. R. Anderson, D.D.
Secretary AB &c &c

Rev. & Dear Sir:

You have heard, it is presumed, long ere this of the failure of the health of Rev. Mark Ives the bearer of this letter. Having been unable to perform any direct missionary labor for a period of nearly two years, and such being the nature of his malady that there is little prospect of his being able to resume his labors for a long time to come, if ever - we have given him at his own request our permission and cordial approbation to return with his family to the United States.

Sympathizing with Bro. & Sis. Ives in their affliction which have compelled them to leave a field of much usefulness we affectionately commend them to the kind regards of the Prudential Committee and to the watchful care of the Great Head of the Church.

Should Bro. Ives under the invigorating influence of his native climate regain his health and wish to return to the islands we should joyfully welcome him to take part with us again in our labors.

On behalf of the Mission.
I.W. Smith
--Committee

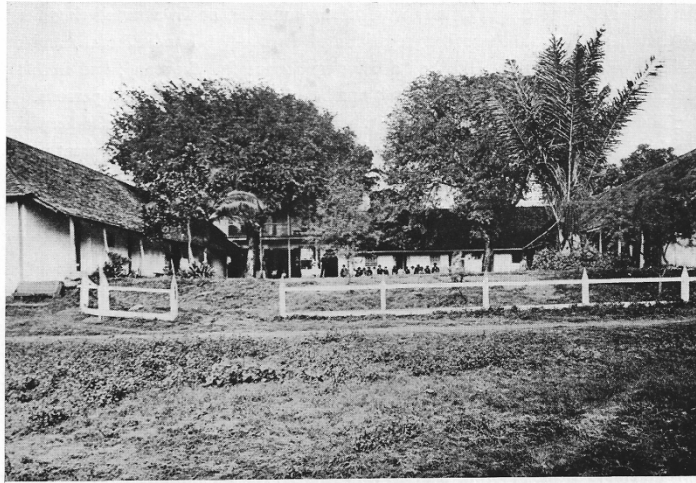
Permission from Boston arrived, and Mark left the Islands December 9, 1850. He returned to the mainland alone, hoping that the sea voyage and some rest would restore his health. The family remained at Honolulu to await his expected return. Joseph Ives was then thirteen years old. His younger brother, Harlan, (my great-grandfather), was ten. Mary Parnelly (“Nellie”) was about 3; and Harriet (“Hattie”) was only a little over one year old when their father left. These children lived for the next three years with their mother, Mary Brainerd Ives, at the Mission Houses in Honolulu.

Mark settled at Goshen, Connecticut, his father’s home, to work on the farm in an effort to make a small living and hopefully to improve his health so that he would one day be able to return to Hawai’i.

Back in Hawai’I, the boys had been attending the Punahou School, boarding there for about a term before their parents decided to move to Honolulu. Harlan, in a letter written later in life, describes his life as a “Punahou Boy, that is, one who boards there.”

[Text continues after illustrations]

The Punahou School, Honolulu Then and Now



PUNAHOU MISSION SCHOOL IN 1865, OAHU ISLAND.

Showing the early school buildings.

(Archives of the Punahou School.)



Upper Campus of the Punahou School as it looks today. These springs of water were very welcome at Punahou in contrast to the dusty plain of Kawaiaha'o where the Mission Houses were located.

(Photo by the author.)

Danbury, Conn.
June 17, 1914

To T. Munson Coan
New York City

Dear Munson Coan,

Greetings and aloha to yourself. I remember you well at Punahou, but it was several years previous to the time of which you write (1854). We left the Islands Dec. 1st 1853.

Mr. Beckwith was Principal of the Royal School at the time. When I was at P. I was one of the small boys studying Colburn's Mental Arithmetic. In the same class were Sam & Henry Alexander, Charles Clark, Harvey Rogers, Martha & Juliette Cooke.

We little fellows were a great trial to Mr. Dole. Sometimes he had to shake us for we would get tired of studying sometimes and try to amuse ourselves. The last time he rackled Sam'l Thomas. It was not a success. For Sam would throw out one foot and then the other in such a way as to brace himself & become rigid.

You were always a good, studious and attentive boy, giving strict attention to your lessons and to the instruction of your teacher. I often listened when you were reciting.

Some of the "older boys" at that time were Henry Lyman, James Alexander, Theodore Gulick.

Mr. Dole would have on a very benign look as he sat back in that willow chair hearing their lessons.

I never had any serious trouble at school for I always "meant well" and tried to be good. Mrs. Dole once took me to task for slander.

The boys got in the way of saying, "I'll be hanged," among them George [Dole] and myself. Mrs. D. reported me to my mother and I replied that the Dole boys said it. Whereupon Mrs. D. called me up and gave me a severe reprimand. She said, "Little Sanford feels real bad because you said he said 'I'll be hanged.'" "

At one time I was a Punahou boy - that is, I boarded there. We had to go down to the lot and work for awhile before breakfast. One morning, James Alexander was hoeing corn by a wall that separated the field from the highway, when just as some dignitary

was passing on horseback, James pulled up a big weed, and not knowing anyone was passing, threw it into the road, which made the horse shy, nearly throwing the man. James was very profuse in his apologies, but after the man rode on he shrugged up his shoulders and had a good laugh....

*...From your old schoolmate and friend,
Harlan Page Ives⁵⁵*

Now that the family was in Honolulu, Harlan and Joseph lived at the Mission Compound at Kawaiaha'o and made the two-mile trek up the hill each day to Punahou.

Life for the girls, who were still quite young, was spent fairly close to home, with time filled with chores, lessons, and religious instruction. The children of the Mission were permitted to play together on the dusty ground within the compound, and sometimes among the mission goods in the garret of the Chamberlain house; but leaving the compound, except to go to school, was discouraged.

"I don't want you to play with the native children," Mary would say. "Some of the Mission children - especially those who have gone into secular work - have begun to take on the ways of the natives."

It was a constant source of worry to Mary and the other mothers that their children were becoming more Hawaiian than American, and more pagan than Christian. The Mission children were, after all, "native." This was not a foreign land to them.

The mission compound was quite barren of vegetation. Harlan would later describe it in a letter to a friend:

We occupied "the little stone printing office" together with part of the other building. The Halls were domiciled in the main building until the Cookes moved in. The Armstrongs lived opposite. After a few years, a change was made. The Halls took up their residence in the Nuuanu Valley. The Cookes took their place. The Armstrongs went "Downtown," and the Clarks took their place. The "lawn" was in the dry season mostly dry parched ground. I don't seem to remember any trees in the yard, but there may have been. The Armstrong yard was pleasant, but I don't recollect what grew there, except that we children went there to string "four-o'clocks." The water for irrigation came from pumps operated by hand.

⁵⁵ Unpublished letters from the Harlan P. Ives notebook. Young Sanford Dole went on to be the first governor of Hawai'i.

[The road] was well patronized, especially on particular occasions when there was something to celebrate and a goodly number of equestrians, male and female, mounted on any kind of horse or beast they could get went racing by at full speed with no one to harm them for exceeding the speed limit.

Beyond the mission buildings were a few native houses. In the milking yard a good strong post stood in a convenient place. If a cow wouldn't stand, a rope around her horns and another around her legs kept her in place. In the region of the salt plains, there were at some seasons excellent shallow ponds for sailing our boats... I shall never forget the Punchbowl, the beautiful scenery around it, Diamond Head, Waikiki, and many other beautiful places... ⁵⁶

Outside the compound there were friends to be played with. Harlan and Joseph were beginning to learn Hawaiian- even though they were discouraged from using it - and could converse with native children. And just down the road was the sea where Mission children could watch - but not join in - on swimming in the cool Pacific. There were, however, small fish ponds near the compound which mission boys used for sailing little, homemade boats. The springs at Punahou School gave opportunity for the mission children to bathe. The older native boys would learn to steer canoes through the surf, and others would take their boards out on the breaking waves and ride the surf to shore.

To Harlan this all looked wonderful. To Mary it was pagan and idle. Worse yet, the swimmers and surfers wore so little clothing!

“The water is for bathing,” she would say. Mission parents had devised a sort of bath house where families could bathe modestly. Even under cover, they wore flannel bathing attire from neck to ankles. Their children were not encouraged to engage in decadent sports like swimming or surfing. Besides, Mary never had good memories of the ocean. It reminded her of being pregnant and sea-sick aboard the *Mary Frazier*. The water separated the islands and kept her away from medical care, friends, and her family back in New England.

But to Harlan, it was the world where he was born. He and Joseph saw no particular reason why they should be separated from others who were born there. The area that had been given for Punahou School was blessed with several beautiful pools, and the children were permitted to play there. What a wonderful break that must have been compared to the dusty plain below!

At first it was necessary to carry water for a considerable distance for the use of the Mission Family. As years went by, however, wells were dug, and means were found to make

⁵⁶ Harlan Page Ives notebook, Sept. 17, 1919, unpublished, from the private collection of the author.

water available as was necessary for cooking and cleaning. Since the water was brackish, it had to be allowed to seep through “drip stones” that were located near the kitchen door in the Mission House.

For the children most of the days were spent in their education either at Punahou or at the hands of the mothers who had the time. They of course had chores. The approved recreation for the boys was staying near the compound and whittling. This was deemed as productive enough and quiet enough to be pursued by Christian children. The girls had their dolls and learned the homemaking skills. Mary wanted to make sure that her family would not turn “native” before their father could get back.

Generally speaking, the Ives boys were pretty obedient about not mingling with the native boys. But they were not imprisoned. They could speak the language, and they had no fear of the sea.

One hot afternoon, the dust was particularly oppressive; and for all his whittling, all he had to show for an afternoon's work was a pile of shavings. Just then a young Hawaiian boy, also about 9 or 10, came near the fence.⁵⁷

“Aloha,” he said. “Aloha,” Harlan returned. “What is your name?”

“My name is Noa,” said the boy. “I live very near this place.”

“Where are you going?” asked Harlan.

“I am going to the beach to swim and watch the boys and girls on the surf-boards.”

“Boys and girls go into the surf together?” asked Harlan incredulously.

“Oh yes. Some of our girls are very good with the *papahe'enalu*. In fact, many years ago, only the *ali'i* were permitted to ride the *papahe'enalu*. Now many of us are learning to ride the *nalu* to shore.”

“My mother says that it is dangerous and wrong.”

“The missionaries think that many things are dangerous and wrong.” Noa interrupted. “Most of them are afraid of the sea. The sea is our friend. It brought us to this place generations ago. It feeds us. It is the pathway from island to island. Sometimes the sea gets rough, but our fathers know how to navigate the great outrigger canoes. The water gives much pleasure.”

Noa had been gazing dreamily toward the ocean. Suddenly, as if remembering his new friend, he turned his attention back to Harlan.

⁵⁷ In talking with native Hawaiians, we have concluded that a boy, born in Hawai'i and growing up there, would of necessity pick up some of the language and culture of his friends. This story is meant to illustrate that process, not necessarily to document an historic event in Harlan's life.

“You didn't tell me your name.”

“My name is Harlan.”

“Did you come from America on the big boat?”

“Oh no. My parents came from New England to this place,” Harlan explained, “but I was born at Kealakekua Bay on the Big Island.”

“Then you are *kama'aina*, one of us,” said Noa happily. “Have you never ridden in the waves?”

“No,” said Harlan. “My mother likes me to stay near the Mission houses.”

“It is just a short walk. Come with me. We'll come right back.”

With his heart beating violently for fear of what his mother would say, Harlan accompanied his new friend down the path toward the beach. The sand glistened in the afternoon sun. Large waves were rolling in. Several outrigger canoes were beached nearby, and the distant figures of boys on surf-boards could be seen riding the crest of the waves. It was golden and fresh and beautiful.

“Take off your shoes and feel the water as it comes to the beach,” said Noa.

Harlan took off his shoes and his high stockings and rolled up his pant-leg. The water was cool as he felt water and sand swirl under his foot and wash back out to sea.

“You really cannot swim with all those clothes on,” said Noa.

“Mother says that Missionary children do not bathe in public and they certainly do not play in the water without clothing. I think I had better get back before somebody misses me. But *mahalo*, Noa. I enjoyed being here today.”

Harlan hurriedly brushed off his feet as best he could and replaced his shoes and stockings. He then said, “Aloha,” to his new friend and headed back to the mission houses.

The communal evening meal was being prepared.

“Harlan, where have you been?” asked Joseph. “You look wet and a little sandy.”

“Joseph, I have been to the beach with Noa, my new friend. Joseph, swimming is not bad. It is good and clean and fun. What the native boys do is not evil. I want to learn how to swim in the waves. Maybe someday I can even ride one of those surf-boards.”

“You had better not let Mother hear you say that,” said Joseph. “Mother and Father both have worried that we would get to be like the native boys. They want us to grow up to be good Christians. Do you think that someone who Jesus died for would take off his clothes and play in the water?”

“I don't know,” said Harlan a little sadly, “but I know that Jesus spent a lot of time around the Sea of Galilee. He rode on fishing boats and walked on water. Maybe just once he slipped in.”

“Maybe, but if you know what's good for you, you will brush off that sand and get washed for dinner. Those wet trouser bottoms are going to be hard to explain. Hurry! They will be calling us soon.”

“Joseph, please don't tell.”

Harlan Page Ives turned toward the room where he and his brother stayed. Then he paused and looked intently at Joseph:

“Maybe you could go with me sometime. Maybe next time Noa will teach us both to swim.”

“Get cleaned up, Harlan,” said Joseph in his best big-brother voice. But there was a smile on Joseph's face as they made their way to the Frame House for the evening meal.

Honolulu
May 26, 1853

Dear Father:

You have not received a letter from me for a great while. It is our vacation now. Three weeks of it have past. Mother thinks that she shall send me to the Royal School next term. At the end of last term we had an examination. My studies last term were reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, geography, spelling, singing and drawing. I have two classes in arithmetic, Colburn and Thompson's arithmetic. I like the Royal School very much. Mr. Beckwith explains the lesson so that we can all understand it. Last term one of the girls [was] turned out of the school for whispering. I got a perfect record every week last term but one, and was neither absent nor tardy. Tuesday night the Royal School had an exhibition. Anyone who wished to attend had to purchase a ticket for admittance. Those who were over 12 years of age had to pay 50 cents, and those under that 25 cents.

Mr. Beckwith had been married to Caroline Armstrong. Hattie was very much pleased with her letter which she received from

you. The smallpox is here now, but in very mild form. There have been but three cases of it. The first case has got well and the second and third cases are nearly well.

Our little donkey goes very well now in the wagon. Last Friday when I was galloping with him, he stumbled and threw me over his head. It scratched my face quite badly. Mother has got a pair of spectacles which she can see out from very well. She says that she is going to write a good long letter to you when she gets better.

It is general meeting now, and mother is very busy. One of the chiefs of the Marquesas Islands is here now. He came to see if he could get a teacher to go there and teach them. We do not know yet who will go. On Sunday evening last there was a collection taken up for the mission there. Mr. Thurston said if nobody else would, he would go with the staff of sixty-six years. At one time when somebody was showing the chief the different kinds of trees, he said: "I did not come to see these, I came to get a teacher."

Last night they had another meeting, and the Marquesan chief spoke to them. He said he wanted a kumu [teacher]. He also said that he wanted a Hawaiian wife. Somebody then asked him if he had got any at home. He said he got four, but he wanted a Hawaiian wife. There is a native at Lahaina who thinks of going. Mr. Parker is thinking of going with him to bring back a report. The next time that I write to you I can tell you more about it.

I believe I have not told you about our society. It began this way: Just before the missionaries left for M., Mr. Halsey Gulick said he wanted all the missionary children together once more before he left; so we all met together in the old [adobe] schoolhouse where they have general meeting. One of the large children got up and said if our parents are all brothers then we are all cousins. By and by they proposed that we all meet every month and form a society to support our cousin Halsey; so ever since we have met once every month. Those who wanted to become a member for one year had to pay one dollar, and those who wanted to be a member for life had to pay ten dollars. I became an annual member.⁵⁸ Every meeting that we had there was a collection taken up. Last year we raised six hundred dollars, which was two hundred dollars more than we expected to raise. The officers of this society are a president, a vice-president, a recording secretary, a corresponding secretary, and a treasurer. Last year Mr. Thurston was president and this year Oramel Gulick in president. At each meeting there are two essays read upon some subject. We have just heard from the missionaries at Micronesia. Cousin Halsey wrote a letter to the children of the mission, we also received a letter from Nevins

⁵⁸ The cost of becoming a life member of the "Hawaiian Mission Children's Society" is still only ten dollars. The cost of annual membership, however, has escalated.

Armstrong and David Hitchcock. They wrote that they wanted to join our society. The native of these islands find some trouble in learning the language of the native of Micronesia. The missionaries there have concluded to teach them [the English language].

*From your son,
Harlan P. Ives⁵⁹*

It eventually became obvious that, although Mark was apparently doing well in Connecticut, it was not going to be expedient for him to return to Hawai'i. So Mary began to make preparations for taking herself and her young family back to the United States.

Part of those preparations was a tour of old familiar people and places which she would soon be leaving behind.

*Wailuku [Maui]
Oct. 14th, 1853*

My dear Sister Lyons,

I was quite surprised a few days since at receiving a letter in your own handwriting. It was a precious token of remembrance. You speak of General Meeting. It was to me a lost one for my health was so miserable and my face so painful that I could not enjoy anything. I should have felt it still more keenly; had I known it was to be my last one. But thus it is. If my life is spared I expect to embark for America early in Jan.

Last Spring Dr. Anderson went down to Goshen to see my husband and confer with him relative to his remaining in the States. Father Ives and Dr. A. were both of the opinion that considering my husband's health it was not expedient for him to return to the islands. My husband also thought that he could better support his family in the States, and it was arranged that Father Ives build us a house near his own and that my husband and the boys work on his farm and we get along as we could.

I have received two letters from Dr. A. quite sympathizing and kind in which he gave me special and particular directions, what to

⁵⁹ Harlan P. Ives' Letter was originally sent to the Mission Houses Library by Miss Mary B. Ives, his daughter in Danbury (this author's great-aunt), to be published in *The Friend*, April 1925. The original now in the archives of Mission Houses Library, Honolulu.

do, when and how to leave the islands, etc., etc. So you see, dear sister, but to go forward trusting in the Lord.

I cannot tell you how thankful I am that all responsibility in this thing has been taken out of my own hands. I do not feel any overwhelming anxiety with regard to anything future in my life, my health, my prospects. I leave all the keeping of my heavenly Father. Why should I fear the fury of the foaming ocean? The frowns of an unfeeling world, long years of weakness or a few short days of affliction? Will not God overrule all of these things? I have confidence that he will, and as a general thing I can calmly commit my way to him.

I do feel anxious that my dear children should look upon God as their Father, but I fear that they do not any of them know him as they ought. Joseph has once or twice thought that he was a Christian but has given up the hope.

I had a pleasant visit to Hana of ten weeks. Mr. and Mrs. W. are getting ready to leave their people. About five deaths had occurred from smallpox. They had great difficulty in making vaccination effectual, but have at last got it started. Most of the cases of smallpox were among the lowest and degraded and among the Catholics. There has been no case of it in the vicinity of Wailuku.

I have been at Bro Conde's three weeks. Am going to Sister Bailey's next Monday to stay until some vessel comes to take me to Honolulu.

My health is much better than it was, although I have a great many days of feeling faint and cold. I have nothing of [...?...] since my teeth were extracted.

Can I attend to any commissions for you in America? Do you wish for any article of furniture? If so let me know in season and I will send you any of my things you desire. I am very happy in getting ready for the voyage. Miss Ogden's little girls are sewing some for me. If you have any old clothes of any sort they would be acceptable, especially warm clothes. You need not be afraid to send them if they are quite old as I can patch them and they will fit some of us.

I have had frequent letters from my husband. His health is better this year than it was last and he is able to do considerable work for his father's farm. I do hope we may all live to be once more a

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united family. We shall need your prayers. I hope you will write us. I have so many cares pressing that I cannot write without neglecting something. I presume it is also, so with you. Farewell. Give my love to all your family.

*Yours aff.
Mary A. Ives*

Mary Ives and her four children sailed from Honolulu on a whaling ship December 1, 1853, and rounding Cape Horn, arrived at Newport, R.I. May 1, 1854. They arrived at Cornwall, Conn., May 16th, 1854, there to begin the next chapter in their remarkable lives.

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