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MOUNTAIN PERILS

Climbing in the Islands is Not Always Easy.

DANGER IN INSECURE FOOTING

Thrilling Experience on Haleakala.

Tourist Spends a Trying Hour and a Half in the Old Crater

A party of eight, two ladies and five gentlemen, all well known in this city, and a young Englishman, started out from Mrs. Bailey's, at Makawao, Maui, on the 5th inst., intent on stopping that night at the little rest house overlooking the awe-inspiring crater of Haleakala. Everything seemed to be prearranged; the cloud billows on the mountain below and the sunset and its weird effect upon the cones of the extinct crater were all magnificent. The Briton of the party relates the following thrilling experience:

"It was, on the whole, a most interesting trip. To begin with, we had a very amusing guide and equally amusing horses. The guide was amusing, because he felt the enormous weight of responsibility that rested on his broad shoulders, and partly for that reason and partly because he was kanaka, he called us by our Christian names and ordered us about in thorough Alpine-guide fashion. He rode a mule and led another with our blankets and provisions.

"The horses were amusing because they were 'home-made,' so to speak. They would canter with the wrong leg foremost, turn to the right when the left reign was pulled—hailed, I should say—and, if one was not attending, they would stop and begin to feed, but, nevertheless, they have, like all God's creatures, their own perfection and a beauty of their own, resulting from that perfection, and that is their wonderful power of mountain-climbing and coming down again. That little bit of fine prose is not my own; somebody else used it in reference to some animal form very superior to a kanaka nag. But it seems to fit in, for it was really extraordinary how these animals clambered over the thousand and one difficulties of that mountain track.

"For the use of future wanderers to the crater of Haleakala, who are unable to ride, I might mention that there is no fear of losing one's equilibrium by any untoward movement on the part of the mount. One lady of our party had only been on a horse once before in her life—and I believe that was a rocking-horse—and yet she did not part company with her little sorrel, or even the saddle, once.

"We started from Mrs. Bailey's place, Wapaapae, at 10:30 a. m. and lunched on the veranda of 'Olinda,' by the kind permission of Mr. Baldwin, arriving at the summit about 5 p. m. Everything was to perfection. After we had wasted sufficient time in gazing with mute astonishment upon that marvelous 'hole' and the glorious sea of clouds below us, and after we had watched the sun disappear below the elevated ocean horizon, we wended our way into the little stone building, lit a fire, for which we were thankful—extinct craters at an elevation of 10,000 feet are not too comfortably warm—eat both our own and the guide's provisions (quite a mistake, I assure you,) wrapped ourselves tightly in our blankets and slept.

"The thoughtful individuals who erected the building also provided about 10 trestle canvas cots, but only two were of any use, and these were arranged for the ladies, but not till we had discovered it was too chilly to sleep out of doors. Yes, we rigged these trestles up—we upset five cups of coffee and a tin of cream over one, but that was a mere detail—with saddle-bags for pillows, and then made up our own bunks on the uneven floor.

There was a blanket each—I could have done with a dozen—we used tin basins (very musical when the sleeper moved), kettles, sacks, everything, in fact, for pillows, and then after a little vocal music (?) we turned in.

"The corduroy floor was scarcely endowed with spring-mattress comfort, but we managed to sleep very fairly well nevertheless. At 4:30 o'clock the next morning the guide told us we had better turn out if we wished to see the sun rise. It was not the first time that the sun has 'risen,' but as we had ascended to that altitude with the intention of seeing the 'Orb of Light' shine forth in all its magnificence on August 6th, we felt bound to go to the discomfort of turning out at that unearthly hour. Turning out was no difficulty, for, of course, we did not disrobe the previous night, so, wrapping our blankets around us, we trooped out to gaze and shiver and see that confounded sun rise. No, I was not annoyed, however, with my energy, for as the sun rose above the enormous cloud sea below us, it lit up those red volcanic cones, making the whole inside of the crater appear aglow.

ON THE MORaine.
"It was decidedly a sight not to be missed and, besides, the ascent is so easily and comfortably accomplished. After breakfast and after having sent tons of stone down the 2,000 feet, more or less, to the bottom of the crater—every party does the same and still there is plenty of loose rock—and after I had changed the films in my camera, I went to the side of the abyss and saw that two members of the party, Mr. and Mrs. C., had descended, so, thinking I might procure some good photos, I followed. It was easy work going down, and there was no difficulty in scaling a grass and fern-covered ridge, but when I reached the other side I saw Mr. C. on the bank of a volcanic moraine and shouted to him. By a volcanic moraine I mean a steep slope of loose debris, stones and cinders, caused by the falling of rocks from above. It seems there is little danger attached to crossing most of these, but some should always be avoided. This one proved one of the latter. Mr. C. shouted back to me Mr. M. was stuck and for me to cross further up, by which remark I understood that Mr. M. was taking a rest and I should be able to cut off a corner by crossing 'further up.'

"I walked a little higher up and then jumped onto this moraine and managed to get along swimmingly as far as the center of it, walking on the side of my boots, which sank deeply into the loose debris. But suddenly I trod on lightly covered, well-worn rock and I lost my balance, just saving myself by gripping a large imbedded stone. Then, and not till then, did I realize the terrible danger I was in. I was about 700 feet from the summit and the crater is about 2,000 feet deep, so that if I slipped and happened to roll, I saw I must fall to the bottom, 1,300 feet or so below, like one of those stones that was always bounding downwards. Quite an entertaining thought. Foolishly I went forward, thinking it would get better. I skirted round this partially covered rock, but I soon saw things were getting worse. But now I was approaching the opposite bank.

"I persevered, but suddenly slipped a few feet, being thoughtfully stopped by a considerable and deeply-planted stone. I wriggled on with my camera awfully in my way, till I became pleasantly aware that the loose debris was getting thinner and that I was continually sliding downwards on the harder subsoil. I also saw that if I once started on my downward career in earnest, there were no rocks to stop me for 50 yards or more, and, of course, by that time I should have gained such terrible impetus that—well—that those rocks would stop only parts of me. I reached the further bank, only to discover it was eight feet high and that it crumbled at the least touch.

"Something had to be done. I threw my camera onto the bank and sat down, sticking my hands and feet as far as possible—about three inches—into the fine debris. Then I heard a rattle and saw my camera fall off the bank onto the moraine. I must have thrown it onto a hillock or into a little water-gut.

"I watched that camera. I saw the front come out, the box open, the inside 300 feet below, the films unrolled. It bounded from rock to rock, till it went out of sight. A most pleasant sight for one on such unstable ground.

"I smiled; one of those smiles peculiar to a pugilist after he has received a nasty knock in a friendly bout. At any moment I might slip onto a long, polished rock I had detected below me. As it was, I was gently gliding downwards, toward it. When I should reach that rock, I thought, I shall gain an impetus from its beautifully polished surface and toboggan gaily down to the next series of prominent rocks; when there, I shall, no doubt, leave signs of my visit—in fact, there seems every possibility of my person going through similar antics to my lost camera. All this happened in a wink.

"Directly my camera had been offered

FINAL OBSEQUIES

Commissioner Hawes Laid at Rest in Nuuanu Cemetery.

LARGE FUNERAL CORTEGE

Nearly a Thousand Persons Show Respect.

Impressive Services at Cathedral and Grave-Elaborate Display By Naval Forces.

All that was mortal of Albert George Sidney Hawes, H. B. M.'s Commissioner and Consul-General, was laid at rest yesterday forenoon in Nuuanu Cemetery with most impressive ceremonies. The streets presented a Sabbath-day appearance, for the business houses closed early in the morning and remained so until after the procession.

Shortly after 9 o'clock a detachment of 100 British sailors and marines, in charge of Lieutenant Pasco, Lieutenant Nares and Lieutenant Nawis, came ashore from H. B. M.'s S. Penguin and marched out King street to the late Commissioner's residence and halted on the makai side of the street. A little later Company E, N. G. H., Captain Ziegler, joined the British sailors, and took position at the right of the line.

Inside the dwelling Mrs. T. Rain Walker, Mrs. W. H. Baird, Mrs. Paul Neumann and several other ladies were engaged receiving the large number of floral designs sent to the house by friends of the deceased. The casket containing the body reposed on a stand in the library. The British flag was draped over the foot and on top of this was a large wreath of white carnations, and on top of the wreath were two sago palm branches tied with white satin ribbon. At the head was a smaller wreath of delicate lavender flowers and stephanotis. Around the room numberless offerings were artistically grouped by the ladies in charge.

Promptly at 9:30 the coffin-bearers marched into the grounds, and later emerged with the casket and deposited it in the hearse, the military and sailors saluting. Vice-Consul Walker and Captain Field, of H. B. M.'s S. Penguin, chief mourners, drove out the gate. Lieutenant Pasco gave the command and the cortege moved slowly down King street. The sidewalks were crowded with people, anxious, both to catch a glimpse of the casket and to show respect to the memory of the man they respected, even though they were personally unknown to him.

AT ST ANDREW'S CATHEDRAL.
Long before the hour (10 o'clock) announced for the funeral, the interior of St. Andrew's Cathedral presented a very animated appearance. A large number of ladies were present as early as 9 o'clock, arranging most beautiful flowers in and around the chancel, near to where the remains would rest when they were brought into the Cathedral. The floral offerings were simply magnificent, and came from all classes, who had admired and respected the dead Commissioner in life. The stands on which the body rested were draped with an English flag, as were also the pulpit and the pew always occupied by the late Commissioner, when he attended service, which was regularly every Sunday morning.

At a quarter before 10 o'clock the Cathedral bell commenced its mournful tolling and kept on at intervals of 20 seconds until 10 o'clock. The ushers, Messrs. A. St. M. Mackintosh and David Shanks, were kept busy showing the dignitaries to the seats reserved for them. When the service com-

menced the Cathedral was filled to overflowing, many people standing. The front seat, near the lectern was occupied by President Dole, attended by Colonel Soper and Major Iaukea. Behind them sat Ministers J. A. King, W. O. Smith and T. F. Lansing, then the Chief Justice. Other seats in the rear were occupied by Justices Frear and Whiting, the Secretaries of the United States Legation and the Foreign Office, members of the Consular Corps and the officers of the Japanese war vessels Naniwa and Hiyel. On the opposite side, in the front seat, were Minister Cooper, the United States Minister, Mr. H. M. Sewall; Mr. Shimamura, Japanese Minister; Mons. Voisson, French Commissioner, and Mr. T. Rain Walker, British Vice-Consul, and Captain Field, of H. M. S. Penguin, the two chief mourners.

Behind them were Admiral Beardslee and his staff officers, Captain Cotton, of the U. S. S. Philadelphia, Captain Book, U. S. S. Marion, Captain Uyemura and Captain Kurooka, of the two Japanese war vessels, the Secretary and Attaché of the Japanese Legation, the officers of H. M. S. Penguin, the officers of the U. S. S. warships Philadelphia and Marion, and the pall-bearers.

Punctually at 10 o'clock the body arrived at the main entrance to the Cathedral, where it was met by the Rev. Vice-Dean Osborne and the Rev. Alex. Mackintosh. Softly came the strains of a funeral dirge from the organ, while the choir took its place in the chancel. As the remains were carried slowly up the center aisle by eight sailors from H. M. S. Penguin, the Rev. Dean Osborne read the sentences, commencing: "I am the resurrection, etc." When all had taken their seats, the Rev. V. H. Kitch commenced to intone the Thirty-ninth Psalm, the surplined choir responding with every other verse, the organ in the meantime being played very softly. Then followed the hymn:

"Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours.
Jesus has vanquish'd death and all its powers."

This was beautifully sung by the following members of the choir of the Second Congregation: Mrs. Lackland, Mrs. Ross, the Misses Halstead, Batchelor, Wall, Sloggett, Atkinson and von Holt; Messrs. Booth, T. Wall, Yarrdley, Stanley, E. Ross, Mist and Soper.

This was followed by the Rev. Alex. Mackintosh reading the lesson from Corinthians, beginning: "Now is Christ risen," in a very impressive manner. The service was concluded at the Cathedral by the above-mentioned choir singing the fine hymn:

Now the laborer's task is o'er,
Now the battle day is past,
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping,
Leave me now Thy servant sleeping.

Mr. Wray Taylor, the Cathedral organist, had charge of the music, and as the body was carried out of the Cathedral to the hearse, he played Handel's "Dead March in Saul" on the organ. The remains were enclosed in a very handsome coffin of violet velvet with silver trimmings. E. A. Williams, the undertaker, had charge of the funeral, and his part of the management

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(Continued on Fifth Page.)