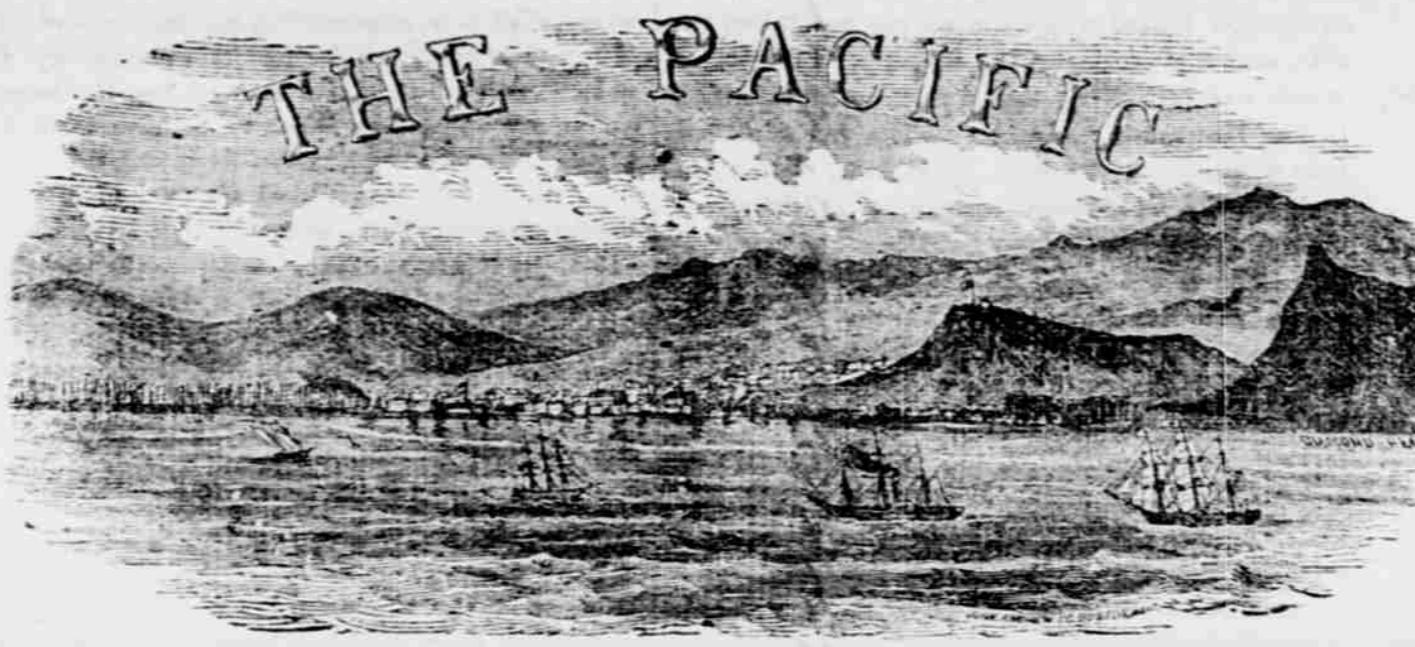


Commercial



Advertiser.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
HENRY M. WHITNEY.

THE PACIFIC Commercial Advertiser.

(For the P. C. Advertiser.)

The Sister's Farewell.
Let us part kindly, we're journeyed together
Many a path through life's sunshine and storms;
Often our tears over the same sorrow blended,
But have our smiles o'er one joy brightened warm.
Haply, sometimes have our glances met coldly,
Kind wishes and words then were few;
Envoy and strife may have sought to embitter
And render our hearts, that should beat warm and true.
Now let the past and its faults be forgiven,
Nevermore of its bitterness tell;
Let love's charity, daughter of Heaven,
Put its white wings around friendship's farewell.
Here let us make a new covenant forever,
Banish all self from its pure trusting tone;
Chide no more harshly the sins of each other,
He shall judge all, who is perfect alone.
Stand we t-o-day on the same pleasant threshold,
Yet ere the morrow may bough roll between;
Soon for sweet counsel and twilight communion,
Each on the other no longer shall leave.
Hope's star is bright, shall we meet ere its setting,
Daily, or freighted with years and woes?
Still guides the future with sealed lips before us,
Feeble and faint, oh, what can we know?
Let us part kindly, then, sister and brother,
Many birds sink, starting on life's main;
Hand clasped hand, pressed each lip, more fondly
Never may we meet on this wide earth again.
Albany, N. Y.

VARIETY.

MODERN ECONOMY OF TIME.—The *Scientific American* thus shows how time has been economized by the application of machinery:

"One man can spin more cotton-yarn now than four hundred men could have done in the same time in the year 1769, when Arkwright, the first cotton spinner, took out the first patent."

"One man can make as much flour in one day now as a hundred and fifty could a century ago."

"One woman can now make as much lace in a day as a hundred women could have done five hundred years ago."

"It now requires only as many days to refine sugar, as it did months thirty years ago."

"It once required six months to put quicksilver on a glass; now it needs only forty minutes."

"The engine of a first-rate iron-clad frigate will perform as much work in a day as forty two thousand horses."

"A six foot-three man went into a shop in Worcester, last asking for 'whirlers'—stockings without feet. Store hadn't got 'em; had got first-rate big stockings with feet. 'How much?' said the customer. 'Four shillings and nine pence,' he was told. 'Can you give me feet of 'em? Oh, certainly.' 'Then do it.' And so done was so was the shop keeper, for the man took up the stockings, whirled them round, laid down one and sixpence (he said he never gave any more), and was permitted to go. This is something like the London sweep who took up a piece of currant pudding and asked whether a half penny wouldn't pay for this lump of speckled stuff, and was allowed to depart with his sooted sustenance; or the little boy who stuck his finger into a pie, and holding it up, inquired, 'How much for this damaged tart?'"

"DRAWING IT STRONG.—We confess to our admiration for a forcible style of expression, but not repress out contempt for anything which partakes of the character of exaggeration. Our readers can therefore divine our feelings when we were listening to the wild dirge of the earthquake question:

"Brown. That was what I call a high old shock. Did you ever feel a heavier one?"

"Jones.—Heavier one? Lord bless you! I have been pitched out of bed, and down three flights of stairs, three times in one night, in Asia Minor."

"Robinson.—Heavier one? Heaven help your innocence! Why, when I lived in Lima the people were so used to have their houses shaken down, that they thought it was unhealthy to live in one more than three months, and if the earthquake did not finish it by that time, they made it a rule to blow it up with gunpowder and build a new one. If twenty-four hours without an earthquake, the only way they could quiet their nerves so as to get asleep, was to go and take a knock-down shock from a galvanic battery."

"GOOD-NATURED PEOPLE.—Be good natured if you can, for there is no attraction so great, no charm so admirable. A face that is full of the expression of amability is always beautiful. It needs no paint and no powder. Cosmetics are superfluous for it. None can improve its cheek, nor whitely mend its complexion. Its loveliness lies beyond all this. It is not the beauty that is but skin deep. For, when you gaze into the face of a noble hearted man, or a pale brother, or a child, or a poor, sick, Trunks, Values, Sparring Gloves, Folds, and Masks, Black Brush, Hosiery, &c. Brick Shoe store, corner of Fort and Merchant's, Honolulu, H. I.

"HONOLULU STEAM FLUID MILL Co.

Proprietor.—S. SAVIDGE. 373-ly

"JANION, GREEN & CO.,

Commission Merchants—Fire-Proof Buildings, Queen Street, Honolulu, April 1, 1859.

"GEORGE CLARK,

BOOT and SHOEMAKER, Hotel street, between Nuuanu and Maunaakea streets.

"B. F. EHRLERS,

Dealer in Dry Goods, Silks, &c.

Fort Street, Honolulu, H. I.

"FLORENS STAPENHORST,

Agent for the Bremen and Dresden Board of Underwriters. All average claims against the said Underwriters, occurring in or about this Kingdom, will have to be certified before him.

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"H. H. WOOD,

Manufacturer, Importer and Dealer in Boots and Shoes of every description. Skin Binders, Pump Sole, High Heeled Shoes, or Patent Leather. Call at Hotel and Bank, Black, Trunks, Values, Sparring Gloves, Folds, and Masks, Black Brush, Hosiery, &c. Brick Shoe store, corner of Fort and Merchant's, Honolulu, H. I.

"E. P. ADAMS,

SHIP CHANDLER AND DEALER IN GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

LAHAINA, MAUI.

Irish and Sweet Potatoes, with other recruits, constantly on hand and for sale at low rates. 383-6m

"W. K. SNODGRASS.

H. Y. LUDINGTON,

(Successor to F. S. PEATT & CO.)

Importer and Wholesale Dealer in Wines and Spirits, and Malt Liquors, Charlton Wharf, Honolulu, H. I.

"H. S. HOWLAND & CO.,

Ship Chandlers and Commission Merchants, Queen Street, Honolulu.

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"E. P. FLITNER,

Continues his old business in the fireproof building, Kaahumanu street, near a rear encampment, not far from the Manasseh Junction.

In a word, Pat was taking a quiet nap in the shade of a palm tree, from his slumbers by a scouting party. He wore a special uniform of either army, but looked more like a spy than an alligator, and was arrested on this.

"Who are you? What is your name, and where are you from?" were the first questions put to him by the armed party.

Pat rubbed his eyes and scratched his head, and answered—

"By my faith, gentlemen, them is ugly questions to answer, anyhow; and before I answer any of them, I'd better have you, by yer law, the same thing."

"Well," said the leader, "We are of Scott's army, and belong to Washington."

"All right," said Pat, "I know'd ye was gentlemen, for I am that same. Long life to General Scott!"

"Aha," replied the scout, "now you rascal, you are our prisoner," and seized him by the shoulder.

"How is that?" inquired Pat, "are we not friends?"

"No," was the answer, "we belong to General Scott!"

"Then you told me a lie, me boys, and thinking it might be me, I told you another. Now, tell me the truth, and I'll tell you the truth, too."

"Well, we belong to the State of South Carolina."

"So do I," promptly responded Pat, "and to all the States of the country."

Business Cards.

H. W. SEVERANCE,
AUCTIONEER.
AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,
Fire-proof Store, Robinson's Building,
QUEEN STREET, HONOLULU.

Will continue business at the new stand.
At his late rooms, Queen Street. 369-ly

J. H. COLE,
AUCTIONEER.
(SUCCESSOR TO A. P. EVERETT.)

TH. C. HENKE

Von Holt.

Business Cards.

DR. J. MOTT SMITH,
DENTIST.
Office corner of Fort and Hotel Streets. 332-ly

H. STANGENWALD, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
late New York City Dispensary Physician, member of the
Medical Chirurgical College and of the Pathological Society of
America. Dr. Judd's Drug Store, on Fort Street. Residence in
Nuuanu Valley, opposite that of E. O. Hall, Esq. 383-ly

E. HOFFMANN, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon, Makai's Block, corner Queen and Kaa-
huana streets. 400-6m

H. L. SHELDON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Will practice many of the Courts of this Kingdom. Particular
attention given to the drafting of Legal Documents in the
Hawaiian language. Office in the Court House. 383-ly

GEORE W. BROWN,
NOTARY PUBLIC.

Office, Court House up stairs. 383-ly

W. FISCHER,
Cabinet Maker and French Polisher, Hotel Street, opposite to
Government House. 373-ly

C. H. LEWERS,
LEWERS & DICKSON,

Dealers in Lumber and Building Materials, Fort St. Honolulu.
373-ly

W. A. ALDRICH,
ALDRICH, WALKER & CO.,

Importers and Commission Merchants—Dealers in General
Merchandise, and Agents for the Sale of Island products.
—ALSO—

Agents for the Lihue, Metcalf, and Princeville Plantations.
399-ly

A. S. CRINBAUM & CO.,

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in Fashionable Clothing,
Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes, and every article of Gentle-
man's Dress—Sportsman's Goods—Store, formerly con-
ducted by W. A. Aldrich, Esq., in Makai's Block, Queen
Street, Honolulu, Oahu.

C. E. CLECHORN,

Manufacturer, Importer and dealer in Furniture of every description.
Furniture Warroom on Fort street, opposite Lewis & Norton's Coopera-

tion. REFERENCE.—
H. B. R. WILDER, H. H. COLE, J. H. COLE, G. W. BROWN, Esq., etc.

W. G. E. McPHERSON, Esq., etc.

</div

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4.

• By Authority.

IT HAS PLEASED THE KING to promote His Royal Highness M. Kekuanaoa, from the rank of Major-General to that of ALIIKAU NUI, to His Majesty's Forces.

IT HAS FURTHER PLEASED HIS MAJESTY to promote Major J. O. DOMINIS to the rank of COLONEL, ACTING QUARTER-MASTER AND ADJUTANT-GENERAL.

R. C. WYLIE.

Department of War.
1st February, 1864.

(Correspondence of the Pacific Com'l Advertiser.)

A Sorghum-Pan Sugar Mill.

HANALEI, Kauai, Jan. 29, 1864.

Mr. EDITOR:—In the issue of January 21st, I noticed an interesting statement respecting the sugar plantations on the islands. There is no allusion in that catalogue to a new establishment which is now going into operation in this valley. It is not strange that you should not have alluded to this enterprise, for not one month has elapsed since the foundation was laid, and, marvelous to relate, the mill is now in partial operation, and next week is hoped sugar will be manufactured. Two mule teams are hard at work grinding cane from "early dawn till dewy eve." I can think of no more appropriate name to apply to this establishment than that of "The Squatter Sugar Mill."

The history of the enterprise, so far as I can learn, is about this: Mr. Davis of Sorghum Pan notoriety, has been employed by certain parties to do the best he could to grind some thirty or forty acres of cane growing in the lower part of this valley. Having at his command the old grinding apparatus of C. T. comb, Esq., he removes the same from the Ticombe premises and sets it up near the Mission church, on a piece of land belonging to government. When he had decided what to do, the work goes ahead in double quick time. A temporary building is erected, and in about twenty days from the day of "breaking ground," the mill starts and the fire is kindled. Boiling commenced last Monday morning, but for two or three days Mr. Davis experimented on chimes. The first he put up not working to suit his mind, down it comes and goes up in another place. No obstacles seem to dispirit the enterprising Yankee. He is alternately mason, sugar-boiler, carpenter, and I know not what else. Most sanguine he looks forward to a successful issue. I heard him say, that he should in a few days send to you, Mr. Editor, a keg of sugar for exhibition, and to show what can be done with the Sorghum Pan!

I am much interested in watching Mr. Davis' operations, in contrast with those of the Princeville sugar estate. Both are designed to accomplish the same purpose, but how marvellous the contrast—the one is exterminated and put in operation in less than one month, while the other has been years in coming to its present highly finished state. Both have their advantages for the Sandwich Islands. Sugar may be manufactured by comparatively simple machinery and works, and it may be accomplished by the most elaborate contrivances. There are many localities upon the islands, where the extent of land will not warrant the expenditure of fifty or one hundred thousand dollars in machinery, and a small steam engine, a cheap mill, which may be put up for two or three thousand dollars. If now such a result can be attained, our islands have started upon a new career of prosperity. Success to the "sugar mill," and similar enterprises. In saying this, I am no less friendly to such enterprises as that at Princeville, Upalakua, Waipahu, Koloa, Lihue, and elsewhere. The Princeville establishment is superb. I have seen nothing to compare with it on any part of the islands. The sugar manufactured is of the first quality and takes the lead, I believe, in the San Francisco market. May success attend it, and the proprietor derive a rich reward for his large outlay of capital!

Yours, EDITOR OF FRIEND.

The premises in Lahaina, known as the American Hospital, have been leased by Rev. Geo. Mason, for the purpose of opening a Boarding School. The location is a very good one, and the rent (\$100 per annum) quite moderate.

Passengers from Hawaii state that one of the small craters near the summit of Mauna Loa has recently been emitting fire and smoke, indicating that there is a high pressure of steam inside the mountain, which may be followed by an eruption ere long.

NEARLY DUE.—The schooner *Alice* was to have sailed from San Francisco January 18, en route for China, to touch at Honolulu. She is therefore due. The Yankee sailed about January 20, and is also now due.... P. S.—The *Yankee* is reported in the offing this morning, and her mail will therefore soon be ashore.

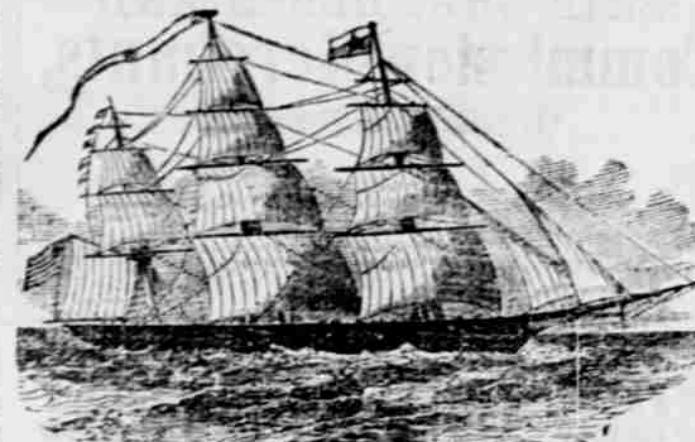
COULDN'T STOP.—The clipper ship *War Hawk* was telegraphed on Tuesday, Feb. 2, and was in sight for several hours from the town, though a long way off. Capt. M'Intyre endeavored to reach her, but was unable to do so, before dark. There was no wind during the afternoon and night, and next morning she was despatched down on the western horizon, heading west. She was about 16 days from San Francisco, and probably had papers for this port.

FROM VICTORIA.—The bark *N. S. Perkins* arrived on the 24th from Puget Sound, and we are indebted to Capt. Robinson for a file of Victoria papers to Jan. 5th. We find in them but little of special interest to our readers. The *Constitution* had a quick passage over, as appears by the following from the *Colonist*:

FROM THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—The bark *Perkins*, Capt. W. R. Pomroy, from Honolulu Dec. 9th, arrived at Port Angeles on the 22nd ultmo, having made a fine run of only thirteen days from port to port. The *Perkins* brought a quantity of the master, file of the *Honolulu Advertiser* to Dec. 8, which contain nothing however, later than we published on the arrival of the *N. S. Perkins*. The *Constitution* encountered heavy weather.

TOWN DESTROYED BY A FLOOD.—The town of Port Angeles, Puget Sound, has been nearly destroyed by a torrent of water which burst upon it from a ravine which opens at the back of the place. The *Victoria Chronicle* says, the calamity occurred about six o'clock in the evening of Wednesday, December 16th. The first intimation which the inhabitants had of the danger was a rushing, roaring sound proceeding from the gorge. On turning their eyes toward it the flood was upon and over the greater part of the town. The Custom-House, a large two-story structure, stood exactly in the path of the vast torrent, and was overturned and swept away in a moment. The flood next carried away the dwelling house of Victor Smith, ex-Collector. His family narrowly escaped with their lives. It also swept clear into the harbor the dwelling house of E. Standish, whose family were rescued without difficulty. But the flood did not stop there, and Ready Saloon and a portion of the wharf and several thousand feet of logs were also swept out to sea three or four miles. Behind the town, in the fertile valleys, several farmers have settled, and it is feared that they have been overwhelmed by the flood. A person who visited the town on Saturday, says that the picture of ruin and desolation presented is indescribable. The fragments of houses and hundreds of trees and stumps lie scattered about in every direction, and in some places they are piled one above the other to the height of thirty feet.

Four Days Later
FOREIGN NEWS!



By the arrival, on Tuesday, of the clipper ship *Derby*, 17 days from San Francisco, we have received mails and San Francisco dates to Jan. 16.

Gold was quoted in New York, at 150\$, Jan. 18.

Gen. Meade was absent from his army on a visit to Philadelphia. All quiet on the Rapidan.

The recent rebel raid into the Shenandoah Valley has proved a failure. The rebels have been moving uneasily about Cumberland, Maryland, and Petersburg, Western Virginia, but without result or apparent object. Imboden has been attacked at Winchester and driven back. It was snowing heavily in Virginia. Snow also covered the ground at Chattanooga, and cold weather is spoken of from all quarters. At Little Rock, Arkansas, the thermometer had been fifteen degrees below zero for several days.

Rebel prisoners state that Longstreet had been reinforced, and had been ordered to take Knoxville at all hazards. Longstreet has 40,000 men. Foster is at Knoxville, and Gen. Peck commands the field.

The condition of Charleston at the present moment must be deplorable. It is thus described by the Tribune's Morris Island correspondent:

The rebels have in Charleston harbor two iron-clad steamers, close imitations of the *New Ironsides* and *Dunderberg*.

Charleston takes fire and burns space from the effect of the bombardment. The fires always spread rapidly, and burn eight hours in mass.

The obstructions handled away from the beach of Morris Island are sixteen bars of iron rails, the obstructions having been removed by natural causes. Nothing now prevents the taking of Charleston when the Admiral wills it.

The French never succeed well in colonization; they become unfitted for such a condition by their love of and devotion to war. Madame Louise Valory, in a recent work on Algeria, says that "runaway conscripts, swindlers, *lorettes* and *chevaliers d'industrie*, form the bulk of the colonists."

THE PRESIDENT AND HIS PROCLAMATION.—"While we regret to announce the death of King Frederick VII., which took place at the Palace of Glucksburg on the 16th Nov. His Majesty was in his fifty fifth year. The father of the Princess of Wales thus succeeds to a throne more likely to prove a trouble than a position of splendor."

Some alarm was occasioned on the 14th by the announcement that the King had been seized on the previous day with serious illness. A bulletin issued on the 15th said that his Majesty was suffering from a violent attack of rheumatism, with fever and slight delirium, but that having obtained a little sleep, he was better. This gave some hopes of the King's recovery—only, however, to be speedily dispelled, for the malady increased so rapidly that his Majesty sank under it and died at half past two on the afternoon of the 15th.

La France asserts that the Emperor's letter of invitation to a Congress is pervaded by a spirit of delicate moderation and courtesy, and is said to draw the attention of the world to the fact that his Majesty is far from being a tyrant. The Emperor's plan of action is to call a Congress of the principal powers of Europe in accordance with the established law of the European equilibrium, although it avoids specially pronouncing itself upon any of the particular questions which will have to be treated by the Congress, even upon that of Poland.

The Richmond Whig on Bragg's Defeat.

(From the Richmond Whig, November 27th.)

It is unwise to make light of a defeat, and equally unwise to overrate it. For the first time a large Confederate army has been driven from a powerful position and compelled to abandon it altogether. Whether this was done by dint of bravery or by maneuvering, and the subsequent results of the battle, are yet to be determined.

The establishment of a system of public law in accordance with the will of the people is a great achievement.

WHAT JEFF. HOLDS.—The New York *Advertiser* of December 9th has the following encouraging survey of Jeff. 's dominions:

This refers to the recent raid into Maryland, alluded to below.

CHICAGO, January 13.—Georgia letters to Dec. 284 represent the rebel army as quite encamped near Atlanta, and ready to receive from their last defeat. Dispatches report that Johnson is active collecting stragglers and deserters, and reorganizing his army. His cavalry are scouring the mountains and valleys in search of deserters, very few of whom are recovered. They are daily making their way to our lines. Among the poorer classes of Georgia, there exists a fearful state of destitution. Denunciations of the rebellion and the rebel Government are loud and emphatic, especially where there are no military over them. An intelligent refugee from the interior of the State says that fully two-thirds of the population will allow no expression of opinion which does not support the rebels. Of course, all who can will leave the place, but many who do not the means, neither have the, any place of refuge.

Richmond is evidently not quite so safe a place as it once was. It is rumored that the rebel authorities are quietly moving their military factories, etc., located at Richmond, to some point in South Carolina. This is the result of Longstreet's failure in his expedition against Knoxville, as our continued occupation of East Tennessee is entirely incompatible with the security of the rebel occupation of Richmond as a chief military depot.

A Washington letter to the *Tribune* says that it is probable that the rebels will move the rebel capital to Columbia, South Carolina.

The writer is a man of good sense, and who is well informed on the subject.

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His cavalry are scouring the mountains and valleys in search of deserters, very few of whom are recovered.

They are daily making their way to our lines. Among the poorer classes of Georgia, there exists a fearful state of destitution.

Denunciations of the rebellion and the rebel Government are loud and emphatic, especially where there are no military over them.

An intelligent refugee from the interior of the State says that fully two-thirds of the population will allow no expression of opinion which does not support the rebels.

Of course, all who can will leave the place, but many who do not the means, neither have the, any place of refuge.

Richmond is evidently not quite so safe a place as it once was.

It is rumored that the rebel authorities are quietly moving their military factories, etc., located at Richmond, to some point in South Carolina.

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WHAT JEFF. HOLDS.—The New York *Advertiser* of December 9th has the following encouraging survey of Jeff.'s dominions:

This refers to the recent raid into Maryland, alluded to below.

CHICAGO, January 13.—Georgia letters to Dec. 284 represent the rebel army as quite encamped near Atlanta, and ready to receive from their last defeat.

Dispatches report that Johnson is active collecting stragglers and deserters, and reorganizing his army.

His cavalry are scouring the mountains and valleys in search of deserters, very few of whom are recovered.

They are daily making their way to our lines. Among the poorer classes of Georgia, there exists a fearful state of destitution.

THE PACIFIC
Commercial Advertiser.

Mr. Beecher in Exeter Hall.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

LONDON, October 21.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

In the five great speeches which Mr. Beecher has made in England and Scotland on the American question, before vast audiences, he has taken care to observe a system of selection, which has brought before the country all the great salient points of the American War. He has not repeated himself, but met the Confederate sympathizers here upon every field which they had chosen for their own advantage. But the grand climax of all his efforts was that which was made at Exeter Hall last night, before a crowd as great as ever gathered into that immense hall, and which, despite the persistent efforts of the opposition to destroy the meeting and its effect, made a mark upon English opinion which must prove of the utmost importance.

You will get and copy from the London press the extended reports of this meeting. But there were some characteristics of it which they have not reported, and some which perhaps would be observed more particularly by an American. I had the good fortune to receive a complimentary ticket, which gave me a seat near Mr. Beecher on the platform, and with the full crowd under my eyes. And as I know that the orator would be too modest to write out the full account of matters so intimately connected with himself, and that the many readers of *The Independent* will be eager to know all about his last encounter with the British, before a crowd of English spectators, I have determined to send you some sketch of the most important.

Mr. Beecher's strokes in other cities of the Kingdom having invariably drawn blood from the sides of the Confederate sympathizers here, it was plain that they had determined to meet with yells and uproar what they could not meet with argument. That an organized opposition was contemplated was not concealed. During all yesterday posters were scattered through the length and breadth of the city, making all kinds of charges of a personal character against him, abounding in fictitious and distorted quotations from discourses and lectures delivered by him in old times. It has been considered of prime importance to the Confederate cause here that Lord Russell's assertion at Blairgowrie, that the moral sympathies of the English people were adverse to the Southern cause, should be disproved; and it was hoped, through personal assaults upon Mr. Beecher, to injure the effect of the meeting, and then claim it as the verdict of London in favor of the Southern Confederacy.

At an early hour the hall was crowded to overflowing, and there was evidence too that they were orderly men and women, who, whether sympathizing with the North or not, had come to hear a fair discussion of the question which concerns all, and were determined to secure fair play. The crowd outside in the Strand and Exeter street was enormous, and consisted chiefly of the opposition. One of the committee came smilingly, and said, "Our shilling admission fee has relieved the crowd." The Southern sympathizer is always a man who looks hard at a shilling before he parts with it, and then don't part with it." Yet it was known that in two or three sections of the house there were parties who meant mischief.

The speech was to begin at seven. At that hour Mr. Beecher had not arrived in the committee-room, where, to the number of thirty or forty, his friends on the platform were awaiting him. A messenger came to tell us that Mr. Beecher could not force his way through the crowd, but was bravely trying to do so, and would succeed probably in fifteen minutes. After a brief consultation it was decided, in view of the growing impatience of the crowd in the hall, that the leading men of the city who were present should go to the platform, and that the chairman of the meeting, Mr. Benjamin Scott, Chamberlain of the city, Rev. Newman Hall, and others, should entertain the crowd with addresses until the orator of the evening should arrive. The procession of these gentlemen to the platform was greeted with vehement applause; but when it was discovered that Mr. Beecher was not among them, there were equally vehement expressions of disappointment. When, however, the chairman gave a promise that Mr. B. would soon be present, the meeting became quiet and pleasant. He (the chairman) then began to address them, and was listened to and applauded, until Mr. Beecher walked upon the platform, when the Chamberlain's most glowing sentence was cut short off, nor could the crowd be persuaded to allow him to conclude. "Cries of 'Sit down,' 'Time,' 'Beecher,' bursted out of his head, and he had to sit down—for a British crowd is remorseless in such cases.

When Mr. Beecher arose, there were five minutes of the most tremendous cheering that I have ever witnessed. Wave after wave, as of a tumultuous sea of sound, came thundering up from the gallery at one end to the organ at the other, in the midst of which stood Mr. Beecher calm as a rock in the midst of the surges. A hush was then begun, but at his first word it sank back into the diaphragms of those who uttered or meant to utter it. The first glance and the self-possessed manner of the man told plainly that he had something to say in Exeter Hall that night, and that he meant to be heard.

Mr. Beecher's voice was scarcely as sonorous and clear as it usually is, and all recognized that this was natural after the many speeches in immense halls which he had given during the week. "I expect to be heard," he said, "and I am willing to be heard if I can in any way assist to bring the mother and daughter heart to heart and hand to hand together." This sentiment was received with great applause; and Beecher's earnestness was then impressed to the service of his country. But he had sustained his voice that every word was distinctly heard by the vast assembly. And I assure you that every word was freighted; in the day when men used to give an account for every idle word spoken, Mr. Beecher will not be confronted by any one uttered last night at Exeter Hall. At one time, when there was an interval of a few moments, arising from the effort of the huzzas to triumph over the cheers, Mr. Beecher, with a quiet smile, said, "Friends, I thank you for this interruption; it gives me a chance to rest." The huzzas therupon died away, and had no resurrection during the evening. It was evident, indeed, that the speaker, who knows a thing or two about audiences, felt that the meeting was his, and that no interruption would succeed. But many of his friends had serious apprehensions. One of the editors of *The Star*, himself a distinguished speaker, and thoroughly acquainted with English audiences, who sat near to me, whispered in my ear, "There are a great many here who do not cheer; there is a strong chance of a row yet; but the meeting is just in such a condition that its result will depend upon the power and equanimity of the speaker." "Then," I replied, "you need not fear." If Mr. Beecher had heard our brief whispers, he could not have more distinctly appreciated the remark of the editor. At that moment, although he had been interesting all along, he suddenly stepped one side from the desk upon which his notes lay, and his face gleamed like a sword leaping from a scabbard. No more huzzas, no more cheers now for half an hour; the audience is magnetized, breathless; when the first pause came, Sir—body, sir—standing behind me, said, "Why, he looks fit first like a heavy man, but he's got wings," whilst a reporter near our feet whispered audibly to a brother, "Oh, but he can put things!" Mr. Beecher forgot all things but his subject; his tongue burst with living coal; his arm pointed like a prophet's rod. The shams of our enemies in England—their talk of peace when they mean every kind of bloodshed except that which is for justice—the aspect of a lamb with the voice of a dragon, as St. John saw it—their cant about

emancipation being not a principle with Mr. Lincoln, but only an expedient, as if that would make liberty any less a prize to the slave and humanity if they got it—all those collapsed palpably before the masses then gathered, and all the fine points of Roebuck and Lindsey became toads under the touch of his flame-tipped spear. "This cannot go on," whispered a clergyman near, "these strokes draw too much blood; the victim is writhing in pain now."

Again did Mr. Beecher level his lance; it was at those who were making capital out of what they call "American sympathy with the oppressor of Poland." Nothing could exceed the drollery with which, almost blushing, he presented the loving and jealous maiden who, when her suitor is not attentive enough, gets up a flirtation with some other man. "America fights with Russia but has her eye on England." Now the presence of war-ships from Russia in New York has been the leading card of the Confederates here in their quest to win popular sympathy from the friends of the Poles. It was plain that the opposition in the meeting did not mean to let this matter pass without trying to get some capital. Consequently, when Mr. Beecher said, "But it is said it is very unworthy that America should be flirting with the oppressor of Poland," there were violent shouts: "Yes, yes," certainly it is," etc. Mr. Beecher waited until the crisis had entirely subsided, and a little time had been allowed for friend and foe to speculate as to his reply: then leaning a little forward, he put on an indescribably simple expression, and said mildly, "I think so too. And now you know exactly how we feel when you flirted with Mason at the Lord Mayor's Banquet." I cannot attempt to describe the effect of these words on the throng. The people arose with a shout that began to be applause but became a shout of laughter. The hit was so perfect and felicitous that roars of hearty laughter told that that topic was summed up for ever. Three loud groans given for the late Lord Mayor—his place is now filled with a much better man—ended that scene, and the drama proceeded.

In the heart of Mr. Beecher's oration was given a denunciation of slavery more powerful than I have ever heard from his lips. He scoured and scourged it until it seemed to stand before us a hideous monster, bloated with human blood and writhing under his gods. He told, apropos of those who said, "Why not let the South go?" the story of Fowell Buxton's seizing the mad dog by the neck, and holding him with a bare grasp, and at the risk of his life, until help could come, rather than allow him to rush through the street biting man, woman, and child. When asked what they would say of the man who, witnessing this, should have cried, "Let him go! Let him go!" "Shall we let this monster go through the world and children yet unborn?" cried No, no, no, surged up from the crowd. At this moment a colored man who lately has come here from the South, known as "Davis's Drummer," on account of his having once belonged to Jeff, and having been a drummer in the Confederate army, stood up on his seat, which was exactly in the center of the building, waved his hat, and was vehemently applauded. William Crafts, well known here since his victory over Mr. Hunt at the Edinburgh Congress on the ethnology of the negro, with his wife, whose story (she having traveled in the disguise of a Southern gentleman, her husband being her servant, from the far South to Freedom) has made her a heroine in London, sat near Mr. Beecher on the platform, and they, too, with other colored persons in the hall, arose and waved hats and handkerchiefs, the audience cheering until the city outside seemed to be waked up, for we heard a shout of shouting voices on every side of the building outside. The crowd also caught sight of an old lady (white) in the gallery who had a huge umbrella, which having expanded to its utmost dimensions, she waved to and fro like a mighty balloon, which had a very comical effect indeed. To this was added a fat man, an excellent type of John Bull as pictured in *Punch*, who had laughed so much at the droll portions of Mr. Beecher's speech that he could laugh no more, so he could only cross his hands on his stomach, sway to and fro, and give vent to wheezes and grunts, the death-rattles of laughter. These and many other incidents got the audience at one time into a highly tickled state; and some of us remembered the saying of Luther that there was "nothing that the devil hates so much as a veritable ovation."

The Palmerston Scandal.

English society has been busy with the piece of scandal lately alluded to, the like of which has not been enjoyed by the present generation of English gossip-lovers. It is reported that an Irish clergyman named O'Kane is about to bring suit for a divorce from his wife on the plea that she has held improper relations to Lord Palmerston, and a suit for damages against the Prime Minister of Great Britain will form part of the proceedings by which the husband endeavors to repair his injured feelings. All London has been talking of nothing but this for some weeks, and the affair at last got into the newspapers. A report in circulation that Lord Palmerston had compromised the affair by the payment of £6,000, is denied by the "solicitor for the petitioner," or prosecutor. Lord Palmerston was born in 1784, and is, consequently, now in his eightieth year.

THE PALMERSTON FAMILY.—The grave charge brought against Lord Palmerston, largely occupies the attention of the English press, and occasion reminiscences that prove he is not the first Prime Minister who incurred the heavy breed of scandal. Lord Melbourne, the father-in-law of Lord Palmerston, was charged by the Hon. Mr. Norton with criminal intimacy with his wife, who is the celebrated poetess of that name, and was committed after a trial that was still memorable. Mrs. Norton was a daughter of Sheridan, the renowned author and actor, and was equally celebrated for her genius and beauty. Lord Melbourne's own wife, the celebrated Lady Caroline Lamb, also furnished occasion for hot tongues by her romantic attachment for Lord Byron, but it is believed her passion never overstepped the bounds of discreet sentimentality. Lord Palmerston is married to a daughter of Sheridan, and is childless, his title expiring with him. Lady Palmerston has long been in England what the Empress Eugenie is in France—the acknowledged leader and bright particular star and exemplar of fashion. She is a lady of great beauty and taste, and her personal influence and winning manners have contributed largely to her husband's advancement. Queen Victoria never had much taste or influence in matters relating to dress or fashion, while the influence of Lady Palmerston was supreme, and she reigned without rival in the very highest circles of British aristocracy, and even within the domain of royalty itself.

THE O'KANE-PALMERSTON DIVORCE CASE.—Correspondence dated London, 10th November, of Saunders's (*Dublin*) *News Letter*, says:

The scandal with which the name of Lord Palmerston has lately been connected turns out to be totally unfounded, and is, as hinted to you in my letter of the 5th, nothing more than an "artful scheme, planned solely with a view to extort through fear of publicity." The basis, if indeed it can be called one, of this monstrous impudence, is, in quarters likely to know, understood to be the circumstance that the wife of the person who has ventured to file the petition obtained two audiences of the Premier, with a view of obtaining some inferior employment for her husband, with whom she was then living. At the second interview, out of charity, and to get rid of her, his lordship gave her five pounds. Now that the husband and wife have quarreled, the former institutes this outrageous calumny, on no firmer foundation whatever than the one I have stated. I have just learned that at the Lord Mayor's dinner this evening the vociferous reception accorded his lordship was such as has seldom been heard within those walls, accustomed as they are to confirm popularity in no measured sounds. The loud and prolonged cheers which welcomed him were, evidently intended to mark the public sense and censure of the insulting injustice that had been done him, and amounted to a veritable ovation.

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Field's steamed oysters,
Surkis prunes,
Almonds,
Candies,
Wine Venetian,
Bologna sausages,
Chocolate,
Walnuts,
Tapioca,
Layer raisins, in 1/2 and 1 boxes,
Lea & Perrins Worcester sauce,
Currants,
Bliss dried apples,
Pearl sago,
P. M. Yeast powder,
Pearl barley,
Indigo blue,
Loaf and crushed sugar,
Soda,
Corn starch.

Gallon demijohns,
Assorted spices and herbs in glass,
Cream tarts,
Rice mackerel,
Christmas candles,
Superior dinner sets,
Water mackarel,
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