

P. C. ADVERTISER SUPPLEMENT

HONOLULU, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1870.

Reminiscences of San Francisco—No. 2.

Our last article on this subject, we gave some idea of our first impressions, and adverted briefly to the kind of business carried on in the Bay in those early days. We will say something of the mode. And, first, it may not be generally known that quite a considerable trade existed between the Hawaiian Islands and California. Two vessels arrived in San Francisco from Honolulu after our advent. The *Dos Quixote*, commanded by the late much respected Commodore John Paty, and the brig *Bolivar*, Gorcham H. Nye, master, who was in Honolulu a year ago. There were vessels also trading from Callao to the coast. The name of one, a Peruvian bark, used to be a puzzle for the non-castilian scholar to pronounce. She was named the *Joven Guipuzcoana*, which for convenience was called by the illiterate yanks the "jolly gripping schooner"—albeit she was a bark. However much they corrupted the name, there was no difficulty in mouthing the good dinners and lunches that used to be dispensed on board, for she was a favorite. The Captain was an old Spaniard, believed in good living, and what was more, had some jars of that king of fluids, "Italia," from the land of the children of the sun, which for a punch of a raw foggy night on that coast, was considered truly royal, and always left in the imbibers' mind an earnest desire to renew assurances with the "old Hidalgo." For the information of our readers, we will say that the name of this vessel, was derived from "Guipuzcoa," a province in Spain, and means a young lass of that country. Generally the vessels trading to Peru preferred tallow to hides, whereas the island and Boston vessels wanted hides, and they always exchanged. At the period of which we speak, we had not seen these "Hesperides," and regarded the natives from here with greater interest, and tried to talk with them, and learn something about "Las Islas," as the Californians would say. We found, somewhat to our surprise, that Las Islas was a big place, only exceeded in importance in the eyes of Californians by the city of Mexico, and he who had ever visited the former was about as big a traveled gent as the man who had been in the halls of the Montezumas.

The mode of trading was peculiar to California. Every vessel had a trading room, fitted up between decks, where samples of goods were displayed on shelves, much the same as in a store on shore. The priests bought largely when they came down from their missions to the bay, and this they would do more frequently at San Francisco than any other port on the coast, because they could come in the ship's launch—at other places it necessitated a horseback journey of many leagues from the interior. These prelates, always being well surrounded with obesity, didn't like the shaking up to their sacred persons. The rancheros, with their wives and daughters, came on board in the same way—and if you spoke the vernacular at all, trading with the rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed senoritas was by no means an unpleasant occupation. Some coin passed, but not much, as everything was to be paid up at the ensuing "Mitanzas," killing season. I have often thought how many poor starving wretches, at the great centres of the civilized world, could have had enough, and to spare, of the beef left on the plums for the coyotes and other wild animals to feast on. The cattle were killed mainly for the hides and tallow—only a few choice pieces being kept for jerked beef, which, in the way a California dame would cook it, accompanied by the dish of frijoles, spiced with chili-pepper and the tortilla corn cake, was a caution to sinners, or rather to hungry folk, to avoid after such a meal an attack of apoplexy. Our month waters as we write.

There was another good usage of those times, that all customers were expected to remain on board and dine. The ladies and priests were especially fond of plum pudding, and the efforts of the ship's steward were required to set forth more than one of those sweet mountains, accompanied with plenty of good rich wine sauce. The ship could well afford it, for these priests and rich rancheros didn't buy two or three reals worth, and higgled at that, but in the course of a forenoon an order for six, eight, ten or twelve thousand dollars was made up, at prices that defied competition at being any higher. But before leaving the plum pudding and wine sauce arrangement, we recollect an amusing incident that happened one day on board at dinner, when padre Quijss, from the mission of San Rafael was at table. A better old chap in gray robe never breathed Pudding had been served by the Captain to the several guests, and the bowl of sauce placed in front of the padre. He began eating it with his spoon, as if it were soup, remarking that the "caldé" (soup) was "buenissimo," very excellent, and if it needed any improvement it was only in the matter of a little more "Xeres." Those who understood him, repressed a smile, and of course got no sauce to their pudding. The steward observing the sacerdotal fondness for wine sauce, quickly produced another bowl, which didn't for a moment interrupt the reverend father's repast.

As intimated above, the goods sold at high prices, never less than a hundred per cent. on cost. A cargo for the California market consisted of every possible article you can think of. That now rich country produced nothing, except the hides and tallow. Wines and spirits were carried there, and formed a very considerable portion of the cargo—although to the credit of the old Californians, they were always a sober people. The priests would make it a point of laying in more of these articles than the country folk, especially vino de champagne. Yet they were not at all intemperate. Aguardiente was the only spirit made in the lower part of the coast, and its fiery quality well justified its name. It was as strong as chain lightning, and would kill one hundred and seventy-five yards round a corner. It was mostly used by the lower class of Mexican vaqueros and Indians. Broad-cloths and fine prints were in much requisition, as also unbleached cottons; articles of hardware and groceries especially. There was a class of goods which always paid well, and which neither the Boston nor island vessels could bring. These were Mexican goods, such as the broad brimmed Mexican hat, garnished with fancy beads, the leather bell buttoned breeches, open at the sides, and especially the fine woven Mexican serape or poncho. These latter brought great prices from three or four ounces a piece to six or eight.

As the Mitanzas season approached, there was great briskness aboard the ships in fitting out ponderous launches to go about the bay to the different missions and cattle stations for the receiving of the returns. They often were obliged to ascend little

creaks far inland; in bye places all around the bay—get aground sometimes and lay several hours, waiting for the tide, and talk to the vaqueros on the bank about your horses. To horse! leaving launch in charge of your patron or Captain, who very often was a kanaka of these islands, as they were expert in the bay navigation. Having got on horseback with your vaquero and relays of horses, away you go at a hand gallop over the level plains, league after league, one horse tiring, the vaquero lassos another from the troupe he drives before him; off and on saddle again, and then another stampede, with visions of hides and tallow in your eyes, fearing that some other supercargo might have got there before you and swept the board. But there was one thing they could not deprive you of, and that was the sweet tones of welcome from Donna Rafaela's rosy lips, pronounced in those accents of Andalusian softness, which no other language on earth can excel, and this idea adds as if by some animal magnetic influence fresh ardor to the already panting steed.

We remember one of these moonlight rides from the mouth of the Temascal to Sonoma, over that beautiful plain, to visit General Vallejo. And as the midnight zephyr fanned our brow, we bethought ourselves of the lines of the American poet:

This life, their fiery harbs to guide across those moon-lit plains,
This life to feel the breathing of the night-wind, that tosses up
their manes.

The arrival at the ranch, the old Spanish etiquette and chivalry, and the dark eyes of Donna Rafaela, we reserve for our next, coming down by degrees to Captain Sutter, the Sacramento, and the gold of old times.

To the Editor of the Pacific Commercial Advertiser:

Sir—In these days of Christian civilization, one would expect that cruelty to animals, even on the Sandwich Islands, would be considered a crime, but a few weeks residence in the vicinity of the horse pound in Punaia Valley will convince even the most incredulous that cruelty to animals is regarded by some as neither a shame nor a crime. There you can see the horses, ox, ass and mule, that often lighten the burden of cruel man (sometimes the greater brute,) remorselessly starved to death.

The individual in charge of the pound delights more in showing the points of the animals, committed to his care, than in cutting grass to feed them. His chief aim seems to be to teach them to live without food, but unfortunately just so soon as they are taught they die, and so all the trouble goes for nothing. Would that this was the end of it. As soon after these unfortunates are finished, when poi smashing and other domestic duties will permit, they are dragged into a little hollow place and plastered over with a sprinkling of earth or mud, just enough to hide them from the view of passers by on the road, which is on the windward side of the pound. After a few showers of rain, a day's hot sun, and decay fairly set in, it would drive the stoutest hearted to the dentist to have his nose stopped up forever.

People living in that neighborhood are often forced to shut up all the doors and windows, and burn rags, paper, &c., to kill the stench. I have seen foreign gentlemen who have been passing the pound alight from their horses, take off their gloves and pull grass from the road side to feed these poor starving dumb creatures. Fortunately there is a stream of water running through the pound, which, together with eating the manure that falls from one another, and a handful of grass now and then, supports them till they die or are taken out.

I hope you will not fail to give this matter publicity, as it is probably caused by the carelessness of one or two kanakas. Yours, NEMO.

[Communicated.]

Mr. Editor:—Having an odd ten-cent piece the other day, I concluded to buy a copy of the *Hawaiian Times*, to see what relation it bore to its great progenitor. Well, after over-hauling the commercial items, list of passengers, &c., and trying to make out the names (how will Capt. Bennett feel when he sees "Mrs. Capt. Benwell" as a passenger), and plodding my way through editorials (you know I can't read very well), and passing the star on some of our citizens and a few bottles of soda-water at the concert (if it had been something stronger, perhaps he might have been asked to imbibe), the next item that attracted my attention was a squib at what he calls the great \$500 bottle case of Challamel & Co. Now if the writer had had any regard for truth he would have given an entirely different version. The facts are, the judgment was rendered on the 6th of November. An appeal was taken to the Supreme Court, and the ten days allowed by law elapsed and the appeal was not perfected. Consequently the Deputy Atty General moved for an execution, which was opposed by defendant's Attorney, but without success, as the Police Justice could not go behind his former judgment. Of course defendant's Attorney is trying to make up for previous negligence, and brings the writ of *certiorari*, which has been refused. I expect he (the editor of the *Times*) intended to decide this case, as he did a case that was tried last term, and which sorely tried the risibilities of some of the jurors at that time, when asked by the Court one morning if they had formed any opinion after reading that paper. I think it would be very proper for the editor of the *Times* to withhold comment on such cases until after they are finally disposed of. Yours, X.

MASONIC.—At the regular annual meeting of Lodge "Le Progres de l'Océanie," No. 124, F. & A. M., held on last Monday evening, the following members were elected officers for the ensuing year: P. C. Jones, Jr., W. M.; C. N. Spencer, S. W.; J. B. Peterson, J. W.; H. A. P. Carter, Orator; H. G. Crabbe, Secretary; D. Dayton, Treasurer. The above are the names of members elected to office at the regular meeting of Lodge Le Progres de l'Océanie. This, as is often the case, being naturally of a reflective, contemplative turn of mind, set us to thinking a bit, and we remembered, that of all institutions of that character, Le Progres is the oldest, not only on these islands, but in this ocean, having been founded here in 1843, under a dispensation to Capt. Le Tellier, from the Supreme Council of the 39d, Orient of Paris. Many old members yet recollect that gentleman with emotions of pleasure. He was the most enthusiastic lover of the Order we ever met with, and his knowledge of the royal art would be hard to excel. He found a few Masons here, though nobody knew it before—and the primitive *ashlers* consisted of such old "stand-bys" as Elias Grimes, Stephen Reynolds, John Meek, George Pelly, Von Paster, John and William Paty, with the doctor of Le Tellier's ship, and an officer from on board the *Cerys*,

for a British ship-of-war. So that that Lodge has been in existence considerably over a quarter of a century. It has had, like other institutions of the sort, its periods of sunshine and shade, and has, upon its archives, names of residents of the first respectability at these islands; also, no less a personage than our late lamented Sovereign. It has had its mission to perform, and if in that long period of years it has relieved one pang of distress, or wiped away a single tear from the eye of the widow and orphan, we contend its mission will not have been in vain. Many that were its older members have been called by the Grand Master to their reward within the inner veil. While speaking of the old Lodge, it would be invidious to pass in silence the sister Lodge, "The Hawaiian," chartered by the Grand Lodge of California. This has also been in existence several years, and is an exceedingly flourishing branch of the Order, and possesses an advantage which Le Progres does not—in its immediate proximity to the parent body, which we know is one of the most enlightened masonic organizations on the globe. Some of the original framers of Hawaiian Lodge were initiated in the old Lodge. Ship masters and others cannot fail to pass an instructive evening in either "autel," as the French call it—in plain English, a "work shop." There is room for both of them, and the only emulation that can exist between them is as to who can best work and best agree. For the information of strangers, we would say that Hawaiian Lodge meets in the upper story of the brick building, corner of Queen and Kaahumanu streets, and Le Progres on King street, opposite the residence of Captain John Meek.

FLOODS AT KAUAI.—We saw last evening a native from Kauai, he says that floods on that island last week have been fearful, washing away and destroying property extensively. At Hauamaulu stream, near Lihue, houses were taken out to sea, and in one instance an old native asleep, was carried off house and all, he having no time to get out; the surf was also very heavy and sounded like thunder on the beach, all the bridges from Lihue to Koloa have been carried away. At Hanalei, the destruction was great, scows were drifted away up to the base of the hills and deeply imbedded in the ground, one large scow at the mill, with one hundred sugar kegs, was carried down the river out to sea. The oldest natives do not recollect so destructive a flood, and yet our informant says the fall of rain did not seem to be great. The lightning flashes were also terrific, in some places running along the ground like sheets of fire.

Foreign Items.

A memorial tablet to Burlingame has been placed in the great Pekin Temple.

Florida has gained in population about sixty thousand since the census of 1860.

Fanny Fern is now 60, Alice Cary 48, Harriet Beecher 56, and Catharine Beecher 70.

Jenny Lind contemplates another musical trip to the United States, under the management of Mr. Ullman.

At a meeting of the Grand Lodge of Freemasons in Paris, King William and the Crown Prince of Prussia were expelled from the Order.

A National Capital Convention, that is, a Convention whose object is to cause the removal of the capital from Washington, is in session in Cincinnati.

A. T. Stewart keeps three bank accounts, but does his business mainly at the Merchants' Bank, where generally he keeps three or four millions on deposit.

A *Tribune* correspondent telegraphs from Tours: The Russian emissaries have been proposing to buy the French fleet, offering certain political inducements in addition to a large price, but have met with no success.

The coinage at the Mint in San Francisco, for the month of September amounted to \$1,870,000, of which \$1,800,000 was in twenty dollar gold pieces and \$70,000 in half dollars.

Two iron steamships are about being built at Belfast, Ireland, for services between Liverpool and Baltimore, under the auspices of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company.

REDUCED RATES OF FARE.—The Union and Central Pacific Railroad lines have reduced their second-class rates of fare to \$80 on express trains from Chicago to San Francisco, and \$75 from Omaha to San Francisco.

Theodore Hellman, who won the \$100,000 prize, is a native of Munich, aged 25 years, and a member of the firm of Seligman, Hellman & Co., of New Orleans, a branch of the New York and San Francisco houses of Seligman & Co.

A call signed by about one hundred clergymen of New York, principally Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists and Congregationalists, has been issued for a Convention to assemble at Syracuse on the 15th of November, in hostility to all secret associations.

A French physician, Dr. Maydiou, has revived an old practice of administering shot as a remedy for bilious colic. His method is to take No. 5 shot, after carefully washing them with sweet oil, and give a dessert-spoonful every half hour. He claims that in five or six hours the vomiting ceases.

The *London Court Journal* of October 8th, says: "Mrs. Lincoln, widow of the late President of the United States of America, arrived in Dundee on Wednesday, on a visit to Mr. Smith, the American Consul, and pastor to the late President."

A newly invented machine for making woolen goods is attracting some attention in Portland, Maine. The chief advantage claimed for it seems to be the great quantity of cloth which it is capable of producing, which is stated at 250 yards a day, or six or eight times the quantity made by the present machines.

MORE OF THEM.—At six minutes past 5 on the afternoon of November 1st another shock of earthquake was felt at Buffalo, N. Y. It was sharp but short. Doors and windows were shaken, but no damage was done.

The one hundred pound prize of Mr. James Mason, for the best managed farm in Oxfordshire, England, has been awarded by the Judges to Mrs. Mary E. Millington.

Dr. Ray, the late editor of the *Chicago Post*, suggested the debate between Lincoln and Douglas, which was perhaps the most remarkable discussion in the political history of this generation, and which first brought Mr. Lincoln into national prominence.

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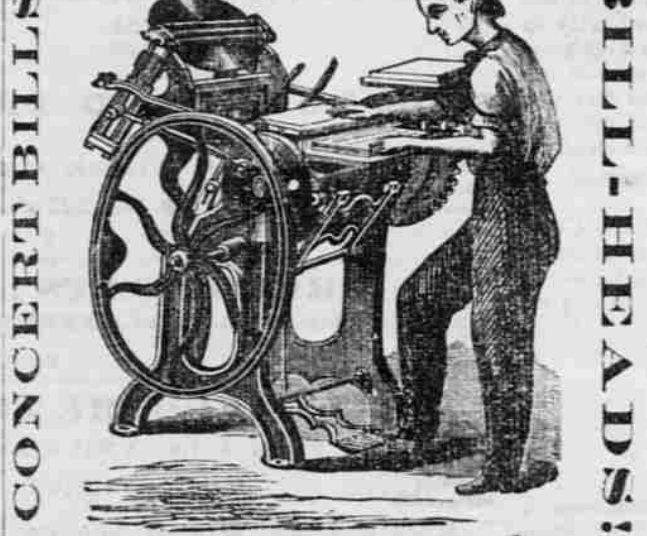
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expenses to income has, through its entire history, lowest of any. Further information concerning this old and many given by HENRY M. WHITNEY, Agent for the Hawaiian