

The Islander.

VOL. I.

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THE ISLANDER.

A Weekly Journal devoted to Hawaiian interests. Particular attention is given to Scientific Researches, especially among the Pacific Islands. Home and Foreign News form a prominent feature of the paper. It aims at discussing everything of interest and importance and making itself as necessary to the Home as to the man of business or the general student. The list of contributors embraces the best literary talent of the islands.

☐ Communications to be addressed to THOS. G. THURM, Business Agent Honolulu.

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THE ISLANDER.

"THE day we celebrate," in memory of the gallant chieftain around whose life clusters all the interest of Hawaiian History. In looking forward to the development of the institutions and the resources of the country, let us not forget him whose deeds and whose virtues made civil institutions and national prosperity possible, and whose greatness saved his people from the fate of similar races, in the shock of civilization.

THE exhibition by Mr. H. M. Whitney of some remarkably fine mangoes this week, shows what can be done in the way of improving our fruits by a little intelligent attention to their culture. We are informed that several years ago Mr. Whitney planted the seeds of a few of the largest mangoes he could procure in Honolulu; the result is one tree at least, which, although young, and only half-grown, bears fruit, enormous in size and excellent in quality; and this, not for a chance season only, but every year. While other mangoes are almost a failure this season, being so poor in quality as to be nearly unfit to eat; the fruit from Mr. Whitney's tree keeps up its reputation for size and quality. The valuable characteristics of these mangoes and the persistence with which they are repeatedly produced, in distinction from the rest of the crop, entitle them to the position of a new and well defined variety, which might be appropriately named the *Whitney Mango*. Such success ought to stimulate other experimental efforts for the improvement of this and others of our valuable fruits. One of these mangoes is worth fifty ordinary specimens of the present crop. How great the gain would be to the fruit eating and fruit selling population if all the mango trees in Honolulu were equal to the one above-mentioned!

Some weeks ago we urged the grafting of orange trees for the sake of earliness in bearing, hardiness and other qualities. We have since learned that the orange growers in California are trying budding from mature and bearing trees into young plants of the same kind with the result of increased earliness in

bearing; fruit being produced in two and three years from the seed. This is an immense step and must greatly stimulate and cheapen the culture of oranges. Such grafts, however, would not be more hardy than the ordinary tree, and our former suggestion of grafting into such hardy stocks as the Chinese and Japanese oranges commends itself as offering still greater encouragement. There is hardly a doubt that budding and grafting applied to mango trees would be productive of wonderful results.

IN spite of the somewhat severe overhauling which we with the *Advertiser* received last week from our neighbor the *Gazette*, for looking too closely into the small frailties which all great minds are liable to, we cannot refrain, whatever may be our personal risk, from calling attention to an inaccuracy which appeared in our own issue of May 26th; under the heading of "Hau ka Lani," an unfortunate foot-note alludes to the fish-hawk as noted for "poisoning itself with great steadiness." We are happy to be able to state that so far as we know, no such serious charge as suicide can be brought against that well-conducted but ichthyophagous bird; our printer made a slight stumble over the word "poising," from which the mistaken rumor has arisen.

We must observe, however, the additional lustre which, in the *Gazette's* eyes, Madame Ristori has gained as a "musical celebrity." That lady, with "thirty-two musicians and vocalists," is promised to Honolulu for an evening's entertainment sometime about the end of the month. We don't know much about her "thirty-two musicians and vocalists," but as for herself, when six years ago, she performed in the United States, she had then been the leading tragedienne of the age for more than a dozen years, and she was then in the height of her fame. Last Wednesday is the first time, on our honor, that we ever heard she had taken to music.

By curious accident, the working of an injunction in Connecticut restraining a railroad company of that state from the giving of any free passes to Legislators, state officers, or officers of the General Government, stopped no less a dignitary a few weeks since than President Grant, who with his suite was going to celebrate a centennial at Lexington and Concord. The party were, we hear, obliged to take tickets; and we have no doubt that the President would light a fresh cigar on this occasion with a sensation of satisfaction as to the impartiality of the law in the Great Republic.

That is the corollary which we are sure our King would have drawn from the event, had it happened to him during his recent visit; and the poor stock-holder who had sued out the injunction would probably have escaped the "scathing rebuke" said to have been administered to him by the president of the road, if a good word from His Majesty could have effected it.

It is our regretful duty to notice the death, on May 6th, of Mr. A. N. F. Odell of New York, Hawaiian Charge d'Affaires and Consul-General in the United States, Knight Commander of the order of Kamehameha, a gentleman who for nearly thirteen years past has with steady ability and unflinching courtesy discharged the duties of his office.

The *Advertiser* states that the name of Chief Justice Allen is mentioned as a possible successor to a post of such increasing importance.

Should the *Advertiser's* suggestion as to the probable new appointment to the office of Charge d'Affaires in the United States prove a correct prophecy, of course a rearrangement of the Hawaiian bench will ensue. Perhaps the state hair-dresser has already an order for the necessary new horsehair wigs, but we are not yet in the secret. It is in some of the minor state offices, however, that a change at least of spirit is becoming desirable, if all we hear is true as to the growing prevalence of illicit distillation and intemperate behavior among the people of our country districts.

SOME SLIGHT misunderstanding appears to exist, and is hardly set right by the *Gazette* of last Wednesday, as to the terms upon which the Chinese immigrants by the *Kvik* secured their passage. The Government is, we believe, concerned in the matter only with the agents here of the vessel, who alone are responsible for the amount advanced upon each man's passage; and the immigrants have to settle, independently of this arrangement, with the agents. In fairness to the Government policy of assisting immigration without risking public funds in an unnecessary manner, this fact should, we think, be clearly known.

MUCH INTEREST and difference of opinion has been excited, in and out of India, by the disagreement of a commission appointed to investigate charges brought against the Gaikwar of Baroda, an influential Mahratta Prince, of attempting to poison Colonel Phayre, the British Resident at his court; and the consequent action of the Viceroy of India, Lord Northbrook, in deposing the Gaikwar and awarding his throne to another member of his family, meets with somewhat wide criticism. Up to the autumn of last year, several complaints had been made by the Gaikwar to the Imperial Government against Colonel Phayre, the result of a coolness of which the origin does not seem very clear, and on November 25th, Sir Lewis Pelly was ordered to Baroda to replace the latter gentleman; meanwhile, on November 9th, Colonel Phayre had

been violently ill after drinking some sherbet, a result which had occurred once or twice previously; but on this occasion a sediment was found in his glass which proved to contain arsenic and diamond-dust. Servants of the Gaikwar and the Resident subsequently confessed that they had been furnished with this compound by the Gaikwar's orders and that it was administered several times according to his instructions, that he made enquiries as to the working of the dose in one of the first instances, and complained to them of the "oppression" practiced by the Resident.

The commission consisted of persons who may be considered to constitute as fair and impartial a court of enquiry as could be collected in India. The Advocate-General prosecuted, and Sergeant Ballantine a very able English lawyer, who had been summoned from London at great expense, defended the Gaikwar, other English and Indian lawyers being engaged on the case; and there seems to be a strong impression that disagreement as to a verdict resulted rather from the able management of the defence than from a thorough belief in the Gaikwar's innocence. Lord Northbrook consequently issued a proclamation on the 23d of April last, stating that the charges brought against the Gaikwar have not been substantiated, but that in consequence of notorious misconduct and gross mis-Government he is to be deposed,—the native administration being however continued, and some suitable member of the Gaikwar's family being selected to occupy the throne. The Gaikwar meanwhile is at liberty to make his residence anywhere in British India, and is to have a suitable allowance from the revenues of Baroda.

The Viceroy of India is so ably advised by a council of such thorough intimacy with Indian affairs that there is little doubt of much fear arising as to the justice of his action; but considerable apprehension seems to exist that the natives, who have learned to regard the government as one of strict fairness and impartiality, may learn a bad lesson when they see forensic argument before an authorized commission producing results which may appear to be afterwards regarded as unsatisfactory.

NEWS.

Local Jottings.—June 3d.—Inauguration, this evening, of the Subscription Concerts, by the Band, at the residence of Mr. E. P. Adams, under very satisfactory and favorable auspices.

June 4th.—Return of the *Pensacola* from Hilo.—Credit sale by E. P. Adams of China Goods. No variety of fancy goods, but an excellent opportunity to lay in Chinese groceries.—The Whangdoodle's accept the challenge of the Athlete's, to come off at 1:30 p. m. on Friday, June 11th, on the plains.—Firm of Black & Auld dissolved, J. H. Black purchasing Mr. Auld's interest.—Bktne *Amelia* arrived, 43 days from Sydney, with cargo of Coals.

June 5th.—Bark *W. C. Parke* arrived from Puget Sound with cargo of lumber.—Schr. *C. M. Ward* hauled in

to a berth near the *Morning Star* for repairs.—Band at Emma Square as usual.

June 6th.—Reported total loss of the Schr. *Odd Fellow* at Waimea, Kauai, on the evening of May 28th.

June 7th.—The Athlete's challenge the Pensacola B. B. Club to a friendly game on Saturday next.—Firemen's election this p. m.—Jas. S. Lemon, Chief; George Lucas, 1st Assistant, and John Nott, 2d Assistant; all re-elected.

June 8th.—A bark was signalled this p. m., but owing to light southerly airs did not put in an appearance.—Bktne *J. A. Falkenburg* is all ready for sea with the first fair slant of wind.—*Pensacola's* Band resumed their open air concerts at the Hotel this evening.

June 9th.—Citizens Reception and Ball to Admiral Almy and Officers of the *Pensacola* set for the 18th inst. to come off at the Hawaiian Hotel.—The Band was out this morning with the Household Troops for practice.—Bktne *J. A. Falkenburg* got off to-day for Portland, having been but ten days in port.

ALUMNI CLUBS.

We find in a paper by the last mail a report of the second annual dinner of the Harvard Club of San Francisco. Our friend ex-Attorney General Phillips is the President of the Association, and his speech on opening the "feast of reason" part of the banquet is reported, apparently, in full. His subject is suggested by the Centennials, then just past of Concord and Lexington, and he proceeds to give a sketch of the experience of Harvard in connection with the early part of the struggle for American independence.

With the speaker the subject was a ready one. His personal acquaintances here, who know how charged Mr. Phillips is with the early history of the Colony, his minute knowledge of the genealogy of families, will understand how, in narrating the early history of his own famous college, he poured forth facts, names and dates, from a copious source. We extract from the report:

"In fact, Harvard College, from the very day of its first organization, had been firmly allied to the cause of civil liberty. When the General Court of the Colony in the year 1636 made the first provision for organizing the University, before even John Harvard had bequeathed his legacy, Sir Harry Vane, who died a martyr to the cause of civil liberty, was the Governor of the Colony; and all the enthusiasm of his youth, and all the well-tried wisdom of the Deputy-Governor, John Winthrop, were combined together in what Edward Everett says was the first experiment of founding a University upon the principle of voluntary taxation. From that day to the day of the complete independence of the American colonies, Harvard College, although it was munificently supported by the free grants of the people and by some gifts from abroad, was never indebted to the royal patronage for a dollar or a book. And during the whole period of its history it stood arrayed on the side of popular rights against the encroachments of the Crown."

After speaking of the stand for civil liberty taken by the Presidents of the College and of its illustrious graduates, Adams, Otis, Quincy, Warren, Hancock, and of the organization of the army, he says:

"It is with pride, therefore, that the sons of Harvard claim that the Continental Army was organized within its walls. Not long after came the battle of Bunker Hill. And on that memorable night, before the troops left for Charlestown, as a last solemn act the whole command was paraded upon the Cambridge Commons,

in front of the College, and listened to a solemn prayer from the President of the University. A very short time after that, John Adams, an illustrious son of the College, moved in the American Congress that this body of men should be recognized as the Continental Army, to the end that George Washington, then a Delegate from Virginia, should be appointed its Commander-in-Chief. Washington accepted the commission, repaired to Cambridge, received, in the presence of the officers and students of the University, his first honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, and first drew his sword beneath the old elm tree in Cambridge, which is still preserved with affectionate gratitude."

We cannot, in our brief columns, further report this occasion, which was made interesting by letters from President Eliot and Charles Francis Adams.

These Alumni Societies of graduates of the different notable colleges, are becoming frequent in the larger cities. The clubs of Yale, Harvard, Williams, Union and other colleges annually sit down to banquets in New York, Chicago, St. Louis and San Francisco, and these extra collegiate meetings vie in interest with, and serve a purpose not accomplished by the gatherings at commencement. Why not have such societies and meetings here, has been the question and proposition. The proportion of graduates is larger here than in the cities where such clubs exist. The attendance at the dinner, above referred to, was about thirty, of which number some were probably invited guests. But we could not muster here more than ten graduates of any one foreign college, if indeed so many. Most of the colleges represented at all are represented by smaller numbers, too few for separate clubs. It is evident that an Alumni Club in Honolulu could not live as a club of Harvard, Yale and Williams.

Could not the men of different colleges unite? There could be much of literary fellowship in the bond of collegiate graduation, yet we confess its strongest bond, that of looking to a common *alma mater*, would be wanting. Then would arise, too, questions of what is a "college," and what degree would qualify for admission to such society, and it is not difficult to see that the differences of opinion on these matters might be great enough to prevent any organization or harmonious working of a general Alumni Society.

We are happy to know that there is a common ground on which we may all stand without resolving the difficulties suggested above. Oahu College proposes a meeting of its own graduates this month, and most hospitably invites all graduates of foreign colleges, as well as the members of their families, and its patrons to participate in this social literary festival. The "staff" of the ISLANDER thank the President for their share in the invitation, and in sundry characters as home or foreign graduates, or at least as friends of the College, hope to attend—and perhaps say then what might be added to this article.

HAUI KA LANI—BY KEAULUMOKU.

Translated by the late Judge Andrews

VIII.

Praise of Kamehameha by comparing him with power of storms and winds.

Let the Chief enjoy Hawaii to wrinkled old age.

The choice sea-moss,—walks the Chief, a noble, upright Chief;

An upright Chief: an upright Chief—a good land.

It is right that he should enjoy,—

That he should enjoy the land of Hawaii of Keawe.

Hawaii is from ancient times, Keawe is afterwards;
 The chief Malela (*a*) the predecessor.
 Malela arose, the strong east wind—
 The furious east wind, when it rages like a fire;
 The strong east wind is the chief Akaleiohua, (*b*)
 Who is Kalaninuuilanimehameha the kapu one.
 A real kapu chief, to him all sacredness belongs;
 To this chief is homage, burning (*c*) and the under chief.
 First, he is a high chief; second, he is now a warrior.
 The Chief, he is the man of the high soaring bird of
 Ku. (*d*) [of Laa.
 The man from on high, from the high place of the wind
 Kameeliko (*e*) of the high chief, the descendant of Hoo-
 milialau, (*f*)
 The source of the winds that come forth and become men.
 The chief came forth a man but in soul a god.
 The beginnings of the winds as they come from the
 clouds;—
 The bud, the swelling, the opening, the leaf of the wind;—
 The wind, the hurricane, raging all over the island;
 The wind, the hurricane twisting bananas.
 Twisted are the bananas of Humuula, (*g*) spoiled by the
 chief:
 The remnants are eaten by Palila, even the lower ones
 on the stem;
 They are all swept away by the Chief, yes every one
 From Kaholoiki to Kaholonui.
 In the large kapu fields of Nihau (*h*) the bananas are
 twisted, standing in their rows
 On the upland of Wilikulamanu, at Laumaiokemillia,
 At Laumaiakenahae, at Malele, at Malaekahana;
 When Kahikolani and Puukahonua were chiefs over
 the few men of the island.
 The strong one of Wawau, (*i*) whose children are this
 lawless generation;
 The strength of the wind is his, the violent wind and
 the soft breeze, [puku;
 The great Kona with six teeth, of Konahiki (*j*) at Hea-
 The sudden gusts of Hanaia, (*k*) when it comes;
 The strong blast, the sweeping rain, the smiting wind of
 winter,
 The straight falling rain, the rain without wind, the
 rain with wind, as at Kona;
 Such is the Chief, the gust, the wind of Kona,
 The hurricane, tearing down villages,
 Laying waste the land, the very Kamaniheunonea; (*l*)
 Kamaniheu of the chief Kuakaa, (*m*)
 Who overturned the cliff swept into silence by the Chief.
 The upland Pumaialaukuponu at the top of Laa; [ho,
 Calmly the chief sits upon the mountain neck of Kumo-
 Resting his foot on the top of lofty Kumoho.

a—An ancient King of Oahu of honored memory,
 with whom Kamehameha is compared. *b*—An ancient
 chief of reputation whose qualities are assumed by Ka-
 mehameha. *c*—To kapu chiefs belonged the right to
 punish by burning all who refused to render them hom-
 age by prostration. *d*—One of the chief gods. *e*—An
 ancestor of Kamehameha. *f*—The goddess of storms.
g—A place in Hamakua. *h*—An ancient warrior, small
 in size but of great strength. *i*—An unknown foreign
 land. *j*—The month of October. *k*—November. *l*—Name
 of a stormy wind. *m*—Kamehameha's father.

CATS.

My wife don't like cats about the house, but endures
 them for the children's sake, as they are a source of
 much amusement for them. The assertion is so often
 made by her "that cats will be the death of me yet" that
 I have learned to repeat it by way of assuring her that in
 the event of so unfortunate an occurrence, the cause

would be impressed on the memory of her bereaved
 ones. At the present time, our household pets of that
 much defended, persecuted and dreaded race consists of
 the mother cat and what remains of a once good sized
 family of kittens. This cat was bought by my wife one
 day—while she forgot her usual dread—for two-bits, a
 fact which gives me some little advantage in our cat
 squabbles.

In course of events, this cat had kittens, and herein
 began our troubles: First, the children must not know
 anything about it, and the cat was consequently shut up
 in a closet; but this only excited curiosity and sharpened
 the ears of the little folks. By and by they thought
 they heard something, they were sure they did, and a
 happy thought came to furnish a reason or explanation.
 Opening the door, all were eager to get in "to see what
 Santa Claus had sent pussy." "Oh, so cunning!" re-
 marks one; "This is mine," says another, and so on,
 while for one little lifeless kitty Santa Claus was terri-
 bly berated for throwing it down so hard as to kill it.
 Matters progressed, but each day added to wife's dislike
 to cats, and this was more intensified by one being of a
 sickly nature and forever keeping about the house;
 while the other, and favorite one, was frisking about
 quite lively, out doors and in. One day in particular, it
 seemed as if the more this invalid was put out the more
 persistent it was in coming back; and as I returned that
 evening from work I was told of the trials and perplexi-
 ties of wife's situation in connection with those cats.
 Naturally my sympathies were drawn out, and I regret-
 ted to learn that "cats would be the death of her." It
 was late when we retired that night, and just as snoring
 began there came a "mew-ew" at the veranda door. I
 think I am safe in the supposition that I did not arise
 from bed with the kindest feelings toward that speci-
 men of the feline race, for as I opened the door and
 seized it by the nape of the neck, I gave it two or three
 cuffs, and dropping it over the end of the veranda re-
 turned to bed. I was not thus permitted to lie in peace,
 for the kitten was back, determined to get in. I arose
 calmly, dressed, lit the lamp, and opening the door,
 seized it as its mother would, took it to the bath-room,
 looking in vain on the way for some article of weight
 for a necklace. Failing in this, I secured a bucket, and
 filling it with water, held the little midnight disturber
 therein till the troubled waters ceased their commotion,
 and all was calm and still.

Next morning wife felt somewhat relieved, while the
 little folks played funeral. G. T.

"ROCKABY, LULLABY, DEAR LITTLE ROVER."

A CRADLE SONG. FROM "THE MISTRESS OF THE MANSE."

Rockaby, lullaby, bees in the clover,
 Crooning so drowsily, crying so low,
 Rockaby, lullaby, dear little rover,
 Down into wonder land,
 Down to the under land, Go, oh go,
 Down into wonder land go.
 Rockaby, lullaby, rain on the clover,
 Tears on the eyelids that waver and weep!
 Rockaby, lullaby, hending it over!
 Down on the mother world,
 Down on the mother world; Sleep, oh sleep,
 Down on the mother world sleep.
 Rockaby, lullaby, dew on the clover!
 Dew on the eyes that will sparkle at dawn!
 Rockaby, lullaby, dear little rover!
 Into the stilly world.
 Into the lily world! Gone! oh gone!
 Into the lily world gone.

COMMERCIAL.

THURSDAY, JUNE 10, 1875.

BUSINESS for the past week has continued with a show of animation among our leading houses, especially those connected with the export trade, while in the local or retail trade, our dealers are not rejoicing over excessively flush times. Trade in general remains quiet, and the feeling therein has not been relieved in the mean time by the weather.

On Friday last Mr. Adams held a credit sale of Chinese goods, ex Kvik, principally groceries, which was fairly attended and footed up well. Mr. Bartow yesterday held a credit sale of general dry goods, which did not meet expectations.

The arrivals since our last issue have been the Pensacola from Hilo, and barkentine Amelia from Sydney with coals, on the 4th, bark W. C. Parke from Puget Sound with lumber on the 5th, and a bark now off the port, probably the Delaware, from Victoria.

The Jane A. Falkinburg has been our only departure in the same time, leaving yesterday for Portland with a full cargo of domestic produce valued at \$31,349.12.

The brig J. B. Ford gets off to-morrow for San Francisco, also with a full freight of island produce, and will be followed early next week by the Kvik, loaded principally with sugars. The W. C. Parke is up for the same port and the Amelia probably will be.

The coasting interest has received another depression through the total loss of the schooner Odd Fellow at Waimea, Kauai, only a small portion of which was covered by insurance. It is true she was one of our old and well tried coasters, but in this the heaviest taxed of all our island enterprises, she can not be replaced readily by one of equal capacity and accommodation. She had on board a full cargo of wool, tallow, rice, &c., all of which is reported a total loss.

HONOLULU SHIPPING.

ARRIVALS.

- June 4—U S S Pensacola, Gherardi, from Hilo, Hawaii.
 4—Schr Nettie Merrill, Crane, from Lahaina, Maui.
 4—Schr Prince, Beck, from Kona and Kau, Hawaii.
 4—Stmr Kilauea, Marchant, from Hawaii and Maui.
 4—Am bkn Amelia, Macfarlane, 43 days from Sydney.
 5—Haw bk W C Parke, Penhallow, 35 days from Port Gamble.
 5—Schr Fairy Queen, Peni, from Kohala, Hawaii.
 5—Schr Warwick, John Bull, fm Kalapapa, Molokai.
 6—Schr Ka Moi, Reynolds, from Kahului, Maui.
 6—Schr Luka, Kaai, from Moloaa, Kauai.
 6—Schr Hattie, Kimo, from Nawiliwili, Kauai.
 9—Schr Manuokawai, Kalawala, from Moloaa, Kauai.
 9—Schr Mile Morris, Lima, fm Kaunakakai, Molokai.
 10—Schr Pauahi, Hopu, from Hilo, Hawaii.
 10—Schr Active, Puaahiwa, from Kohala, Hawaii.

DEPARTURES.

- June 5—Schr Mary Ellen, Mana, for Kohala, Hawaii.
 5—Schr Kinau, Ahuihala, for Mullko, Maui.
 7—Stmr Kilauea, Marchant, for Maui and Hawaii.
 7—Schr Warwick, John Bull, for Kalapapa, Molokai.
 7—Schr Hattie, Kimo, for Koloa and Waimea, Kauai.
 8—Schr Fairy Queen, Peni, for Hanalei, Kauai.
 8—Schr Nettie Merrill, Crane, for Lahaina, Maui.
 8—Schr Prince, Beck, for Kona and Kau, Hawaii.
 8—Schr Juanita, Dudot, for Lanai.
 9—Am bkn J A Falkinburg, Brown, for Portland, O.
 9—Schr Manuokawai, Kalawala, for Nawiliwili, Kauai.
 9—Schr Luka, Kaai, for Moloaa, Kauai.
 10—Schr Ka Moi, Reynolds, for Kahului, Maui.

VESSELS EXPECTED FROM FOREIGN PORTS.

- U S S Tuscarora, from Navigator Islands, is due.
 American bark Ceylon, from Boston, to C Brewer & Co, sailed April 16.
 German bark Ceder, (new) from Bremen, to H Hackfeld & Co, sailed April 30.
 Haw bk Mattie Macleay, from Portland, O, to H Hackfeld & Co, due the latter part of June.
 Am ship Emerald, from San Francisco, en route for Enderbury Island, to leave shortly after the steamer.
 Am brig Hazard, from Hongkong, to Afong & Achuck, to sail about the middle of April.
 Dutch corvette Curacoa is expected from San Francisco.
 British Sloop-of-war Peterel will be due in all June, from Victoria.
 Am bark Camden, from Puget Sound, to H Hackfeld & Co, will be due shortly.
 Am bark D C Murray, from San Francisco, to C Brewer & Co, due June 25.
 Am schr Legal Tender, from San Francisco, to J T Waterhouse, due the latter part of June.
 Am bark Delaware, from Victoria, to C Brewer & Co, is due.
 French Corvette Infernet left Auckland May 10th, to cruise en route.
 Am bark Powhattan, from Puget Sound, to H Hackfeld & Co, will be due early in July.
 Hawa bark R C Wylie, from London, to H Hackfeld & Co, was to leave shortly at last advices.
 British Stmr Macgregor, from Sydney, to C Brewer & Co, due June 29th.
 British Stmr City of Melbourne, from San Francisco, to C Brewer & Co, due June 29th.
 Am bark Emma C Beale, to C Brewer & Co, was loading at New Castle, May 8.

PASSENGERS.

FROM WINDWARD PORTS—Per Kilauea, June 4th—Theo H Davis, Rev T Coan and wife, Miss Bingham, Rev A O Forbes, Rev E Bond, Rev W P Alexander, Rev D Dole, Rev S E Bishop and daughter, R W Meyers, S K Rawson, W R Cuthbert, J Bladell, H Waterhouse, J E Chamberlain, W B Kawaiou, and 68 deck.

FOR WINDWARD PORTS—Per Kilauea, June 5th—His Ex W I Green, J M Monsarrat, Dr Enders, wife and 2 children, Hon A S Cleghorn, T H Alden, and about 55 deck.

FOR PORTLAND, O.—Per Jane A. Falkinburg, June 8th—J Dickens, C W Russell.

FOR SAN FRANCISCO—Per J. B. Ford, June 11th—L P Hebden, Lieut W Doty, U S N, Mr Coker, Chas Coleman, and another.

COMMUNICATIONS.

MR. EDITOR:—A great deal has been said about developing the resources of our islands. Many things have been "tried" and a few have succeeded passably well. But very many have failed, and many more will fail before the islands produce a sufficiency to sustain a large and intelligent population.

Such a people as inhabited them when they were yet unknown to the prodigal white man, might have gone on multiplying indefinitely and yet have found enough to keep soul and body together. But that day is past. Flocks and herds now consume more than men consume. The white man must have timber and fuel, so long as any remains; and the rain supply being cut off, agriculture comes to a final period. There is no power to stop the waste, and the question of the entire cessation of the products of agriculture is only a question of time. Such a population as now inhabit the islands need vastly more to satisfy them than did the placid beings of the days of yore.

Our unrivalled climate and other advantages of position make the possibilities of the islands seem very desirable. If a large population could be well sustained, it would be very likely to be forthcoming.

But to begin with we must dismiss all thought of re-peopleing the islands from the effete native race; and, as if, to make assurance doubly sure, they are taking the most effectual means of destroying themselves by their vices. No hater of the race could wish the process accelerated.

Where then are the resources of the islands, when the water has diminished till there is barely enough left to wash faces? They are where the present generation will not see them, as things are now constituted. One of the Statutes of the Kingdom reserves for the King all metals and minerals found in every part.

At first sight this looks like a matter of thrift for His Majesty. But it will appear on consideration of the very amiable qualities composing the sinister or money making part of human nature that, as it is for the interest of no one to search for, discover or develop any thing which, by any pettifogging magic could be construed as a metal or mineral, so no discovery of the kind is likely to be made known.

Of metals it is pretty certain that we have none available. But what substance in nature does not in some of its combinations take on the form of a mineral? And that we have many valuable substances, which, if once developed and become profitable would be pronounced minerals, no one of even a slight amount of scientific knowledge will doubt.

Were the way thrown open, which is now locked up, so that the seeker could enjoy the profit of his search, we might be surprised to find, as the napping Californians found, that we had been treading on mines of wealth without any consciousness of their value. Our very sands are piled up for the use of future generations

who will know how to use them, and our ocher hills will by and by pay for shipping to other and less favored countries.

I would not willingly mislead any one, or create hopes which could not be realized. I shall, without doubt, be called visionary. Let those regard it so who will, I am in sober earnest.

But it seems to me that while the known resources of the islands are so few, and there is so little profitable business, every barrier in the way of enterprise that can be removed should be removed, and the wanting stimulus should be supplied to find ways of making Nature yield up her treasures, as has been done in more prosperous countries.

LATCHKEY.

THE WRECK OF THE "SCHILLER."

DETAILED ACCOUNT OF THE DISASTER BY HENRY STERN, A PASSENGER.

For several days previous to the 7th of May the weather was thick and hazy, during which time it was impossible to take any observations. At 8 o'clock on the evening of that day there arose a very dense fog, and all sails were furled and the engines reduced to half speed. I went forward to the fore-castle to look for the Scilly lights. I could see nothing, but I had been there scarcely an instant when I received a sudden shock. We had run upon the rock. Three or four shocks followed in rapid succession, when the ship stuck fast. I hastened back to the saloon deck, and was met on the way by Smith von Schullof and Walter together. We went into the saloon and desired to arouse the women and children, who had all retired to rest. We went below with a light to look for the life preservers, and with the aid of Herme Zinkeisen, distributed them to the passengers. I gave the last one to Mrs. Becker, of Philadelphia.

In the meantime the sea began to break over the vessel, so that it was impossible to remain on deck. The Captain was standing on the bridge, and did everything within human power to establish order. He at first fired his revolver over the heads, then among the sailors who refused to take up the passengers; but all in vain; all discipline was at an end.

There was a fearful sea raging, the waves were irresistibly rolling over the whole ship, and whoever could not cling to some firm object at a sheltered spot was pitilessly swept overboard, never to be seen again.

At about 11 o'clock I succeeded in climbing up the mainmast, where I was at least protected from the immediate rage of the waves. Towards midnight the fog cleared up, and I saw the light of Bishop's Rock clear before us at no great distance. But an hour after it became dark again, and I could hardly distinguish anything but the white heads of the waves and the parts of the vessel nearest to me. The third officer kept firing rockets and blue lights from time to time, as often as the rage of the elements permitted it, in order to secure help from the shore. There were lights burning in the pavilion up to 1 o'clock; then suddenly there came a tremendous sea that carried everything before it, and swept the whole house, with all who were in it, mostly women and children, clean off the deck. One heart-rending out-cry of many voices rose to the skies, then there was the silence of the grave. Many persons who had sought refuge on the bridge were gradually swept away by the greedy waves, at last, also the Captain, who stood at his post like a brave man, as he was.

At 3 o'clock in the morning one of the funnels fell and smashed our last available boat. Not long afterwards also the doctor and the first engineer were washed overboard.

A boat was lowered, but it was staved and broken before it had touched the water. Another and more fortunate attempt was made by three sailors, who got safely away from the ship's side, but these men could not be induced to allow any others to get in. Soon after this the life-boat was launched from the starboard side, with Poleman in command, but she careened over immediately, and caused the death of many of those who had got in. They succeeded, however, in righting her, and she afterwards reached shore with ten persons, assisted by the first boat. In this boat was Mrs. Joens, the only surviving woman.

There was a fearful state of excitement and confusion on board. Many of the crew and passengers were intoxicated, one of the officers having celebrated his birth-day that evening.

Morning now began to dawn, and I counted about thirty persons hanging with me in the rigging of the mainmast. Kuhn was above me, and beneath me there was Weste. The ship gradually went deeper and deeper, and began to settle down on one side, so that the waves went over the rigging. Between 5 and 6 o'clock our mast was suddenly snapped off, and we were all hurled down into the deep; and all, I believe, except me, who had saved themselves in the rigging, were either slain by the falling debris or drowned. Most of them were weakened by exposure and fright to such a degree that they were unable to make the least further effort and apathetically submitted to their fate.

After being thrown down into the water I succeeded in catching two floating beams, with the aid of which I kept afloat and was washed toward the cliffs. As far as I can remember I had been in this condition for about two hours when I saw a boat at last. I cried for help. They heard me, and in a few minutes I was saved. In the same boat I found Goldberg and Weste. The boat which saved us was from St. Agnes Island.

Captain Thomas deserves the highest praise in every respect. An able seaman, courageous and skillful, he did everything he could to assist those whose lives were entrusted to him in the hour of danger. His sad fate will be lamented by all who know him. I must acknowledge here, with great gratitude, the assistance rendered me by an American captain at the moment I most needed it, who recommended me to hold to the mast as the safest position until assistance came. We talked together a long time while we were in the rigging, but after a while he succumbed to the cold and seemed unable to answer, and was finally killed by the falling of the mast.—*Bulletin*.

(From the London Society.)

THROUGH FIRE AND WATER.

CHAPTER II.

'I don't like it as much as *my* plan,' said Bob. 'Take my advice, stick to the fire, Charlie, it's infinitely better.'

'I suppose you stick to the fire, Bob, because you're such a devil of a fire-eater.'

'Well, I can't say that I suppose you stick to the water because you're such a devil of a water-drinker, old fellow. That's one to me.'

'Let's toss then.'

'All right.'

This time half a sovereign was forthcoming.

Upspun the half sovereign from Charles Helter's thumb and finger, and down it came into his palm, settling the knotty point at once by declaring in favor of the water

plan, on which Bob at once relinquished all advocacy of the fire scheme, and heartily pledged himself to aid and abet his friend to the best of his ability.

About a fortnight later, on a sunny autumn afternoon, a middle-aged lady, in a flapping hat, walked down a turfy ride piercing one of the thickly-wooded home coverts at Rainham Park, the seat of the Dowager Countess of Rainham, Charlie Helter's mother.

The solitary pedestrian was evidently bent on sketching, for in one hand she carried a sketching-block and paint-box, in the other a small camp-stool.

It was no other than the rich Miss Bullion, whose wealth so many suitors had generously offered to share, and whose hand none had succeeded in obtaining.

She had noticed, on this her last visit to Rainham Park, that young Captain Helter—who had come down a week previously with his *fidus Achates*, Captain Skelter, and a few more brother officers—was not only unusually attentive to her, but had thrown out dark hints about unrequited affection, and had also been much addicted to heavy sighs and tender glances.

She had rather an admiration for him, and as she tripped along the glade, pondering over this recent behavior, she thought, with a thrill, that he might be the identical youth Hope so often whispered to her about. But no!—she thought of young Carthwaite in the Blues, (regimentally and figuratively,) his sighs, his onion; and with a shudder all down her back at this last reminiscence, she shut her heart up with a snap and relapsed into scepticism.

She had not gone much farther down the leafy glade, when she espied the approaching forms of Captains Helter and Skelter. Deferentially throwing away the cigars they had been smoking, they came up to her, Charlie summoning up from his boots a deep sigh, intended to convey an idea of the melancholy state of mind unrequited affection had brought him to.

'And where are you going to, Miss Bullion?' he asked, with a tenderness of glance and tone that caused the flapping hat to bend low.

'In search of the picturesque, Captain Helter,' she replied, tapping her sketch-book.

'Oh, indeed! Will you allow us to accompany you in the search? My friend Captain Skelter might be useful to you; he has a wonderful eye for the beauties of nature.'

'I shall be delighted, I'm sure. Oh, thank you; thanks, thanks!' she said, as, one after another, she relinquished her sketching-book, her paint-box, and her camp-stool to the attentive hands of the two conspirators.

'I am very anxious to catch some of those exquisite autumnal tints,' she continued, 'and this is the just the time, when the setting sun is pouring its flood of dazzling light upon the leaves. They are so lovely!'

'Oh, lovely!' said Charlie, glancing at the surrounding foliage.

'Oh, lovely, lovely, exquisite!' echoed Bob, peering up into the trees. 'What are they, Charlie—birds?' he asked *sotto voce*.

'So rich, so full of color, and yet so delicate, eh, Capt. Helter?'

'Oh, yes, lovely, lovely! I dream of them at night.'

'And yet so hard to catch, eh, Captain Skelter?'

'Yes—yes—oh, very hard to catch!' (mentally) 'oh, they *must* be birds!'

'I dare say you'll laugh at my poor efforts, as, from what Captain Helter said, you are of course an adept at this sort of thing.'

'Oh, no—not much. I *have* caught a few, you know, but—but as you say, they are *very* hard to catch.' (Rum, I never heard of 'em before,' he soliloquized.)

By this time they had proceeded some way down the ride, at the end of which glistened the small lake which was to play so important a part in the scheme.

'If you'll place yourself under our guidance, we'll take you to a spot on the other side of the lake—a capital place, isn't it, Bob?'

'Oh, capital, capital! you can catch any amount of 'em over there. They positively swarm, I assure you.'

Miss Bullion, though a little mystified by this last speech of Bob's, attributed its obscurity to the slang of the day, and consented.

She was soon conducted to the little boat, which lay in readiness, and in a few minutes they were on the bosom of the lake, Miss Bullion in the stern, Charlie at the oars, and Bob Skelter up in the bows in close proximity to the plug.

'How beautifully calm it is! there is not the slightest ripple on the surface,' remarked the fair voyager.

'You know the old saying, "Still waters run deep," Miss Bullion?'

'Why, is it *very* deep, Captain Helter?'

'They haven't succeeded in finding the bottom in many places—just about *here*, in fact,' said Charlie impressively. At that particular moment, it was all he could do to prevent the blades of his oars scraping up the mud.

'Dear me!' said Miss Bullion, peering a little timidly over the gunwale, 'I shouldn't have thought it, I shouldn't indeed!'

'How good-looking he is!' she thought, as she watched him plying the oars with a power that was rapidly sending them over the unfathomed depths.

'By Jove, she *is* a plain-headed old girl!' was his simultaneous soliloquy, as he watched the ringlets oscillating under the flapping hat, and the red-tipped nose. 'But never mind, she's worth her weight in gold;' and he pressed one of her corns tenderly with his foot, which by the exigencies of the situation was brought in close proximity to hers.

There is such a thing as sweet melancholy. There is such a thing as delicious agony. She experienced this latter feeling. While the foot throbbed with pain, her heart throbbed with a thrilling ecstasy, and the oft-recurring vision of two fond hearts linked together for life, floated raptuously through her mind.

But what was this weakness? Couldn't she learn anything by experience? Avaunt! Away, all such soft, seductive imaginings! It was not *her*, it was her money he was after.

'What are you thinking of, Miss Bullion? you look quite sad.'

'I was thinking of the coldness and deceit of the world, Captain Helter.'

Charlie turned his eyes up and sighed. 'It is indeed an unhappy world.'

[To be Continued.]

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