

The Islander.

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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.

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THE ISLANDER. •

SOME comment has been made during the present term of the Supreme Court upon the propriety of excusing jurors from their term duties. Of course there are circumstances in which it would be wrong to force a juror's attendance, such as sickness, intention of immediate departure from the place, &c. Our law provides for a panel of twenty-four jurors, just enough to fill two juries. If this panel is reduced by excusing several of the members, the law provides no way of making up the number if it is required, except by calling in tailsmen. With less than twenty-four jurors, not only is the business of the Court delayed for want of alternate working juries, but a proportion depending on the number excused are compelled to do double duty. In view, therefore, of these reasons, and of the right of parties to have their cases heard by jurors drawn from a full panel, it would seem that more than mere inconvenience, that nothing less than positive necessity, should be a sufficient ground for the remission of this important duty. True, the Court has the discretion in this matter, but it is a discretion that must be most cautiously exercised. It is more than probable, if it were a rule of Court that all requests from jurors for freedom from service during the term should be made in open Court on the opening day of the term, that not only fewer applications of this kind would be made, but also that a smaller proportion of them would be granted.

PEOPLE are influenced most by those things that they value most. If a single fall in intoxication was enough to degrade a man from good society, very few young men in good standing would ever allow themselves to be overtaken by an excessive use of wine. If being tipsy was held by society in the same light as stealing silver spoons, the former offense would be as rare as the latter. Unless temperance reformers can wield the influence of a large inducement against the beginnings of a drunkard's career, the cause must continue to wear its present discouraging aspect. The stand lately taken by His Majesty on the subject of

temperance will be welcomed by right-minded persons rather for the effect of a prominent example than for any special results to be expected from royal precepts alone. If temperance or even total abstinence could be made a popular fashion, something would be gained. This may appear to be taking inferior ground, but if inferior ground is a good vantage ground, we need not be afraid to take it and make the most of it. If temperance was the fashion here, there might be a hope that it would yet become a national custom. The King is certainly in a position to do much to encourage such a fashion and to develop it into a national virtue. It is not difficult to imagine many precautions which might properly emanate from the government to make public sentiment on this matter. Temperance might be made the condition of official position in every grade of the civil service; it might be made a condition of promotion among the troops, and its absence a cause for dishonorable expulsion. Distinctions like these of a practical nature could not fail of having good results. Total abstinence pledges alone cannot be relied on; those who make them because they are asked to, generally break them when they are asked to; and where one is ready to decide to abstain because he feels it to be his duty, needs the assistance of no elaborate pledge. The great thing is to create a public sentiment that shall make men ashamed to lower themselves, by allowing intoxicating substances to get the better of them.

ALTHOUGH the government is as yet without a policy, the King, ex-officially, has already launched several under the royal sentiment, "Hoolu Lahui," or build up the nation; *tree planting* and *temperance*, both of them grand enough policies for any one to connect with his name and fame. We have not heard lately of the prosperity of Puowaina Park, but we have noticed the aggressive algaroba creeping up the sides of Punchbowl. A little assistance to this hardy tree would, in three or four years, render the sides of the crater umbrageous with luxuriant growth, while every nook and recess in the rocky walls would become a shady dell, and who knows but that the moisture held and cherished by roots and under-growth should at length be sufficient for the supply of clear rivulets which would creep and murmur toward the sea all the year long? Tree planting might be adopted by the Interior Department of the government in connection with the less decorative work of road making. How much the discomfort of traveling might be lessened if all thoroughfares were lined with shade, and in

proper localities, fruit trees. What a chance for an enduring and beautiful work is afforded in connection with our favorite drive, the Waikiki road, which in its present width is exceedingly favorable to collisions and upsets. If it should be widened to a broad and ample carriage drive, and lined with stately palms, how proud we should be of it, and how we would never be satisfied till a return avenue were built along the beach, where the music and motion of the sea might cast their spell over the passers by.

MYSTERIOUS signals from the slope of Punchbowl were observed on Wednesday evening last, and the national troops promptly called out for whatever emergencies might take place. Nothing war-like did take place, and the troops were allowed to march back to their quarters, take off the grim habiliments of war, and go to bed, the fire-works having been ascertained to be in connection with peaceful signal practice of the *Pensacola*. The readiness of our soldiers to rush into unknown dangers must inspire confidence, which nothing but a knowledge of the crazy state of the chassepot breech-loaders with which they are armed can dispel. We will venture to say that a smart man armed with a dagger, stationed at one hundred yards from one of our soldiers, could come up and stab him, before he could withdraw an empty cartridge and reload and fire. Perhaps there is no present necessity of putting ourselves on an immediate war footing and investing largely in decent rifles, gatling-guns and columbiads, but there is no question but that we could make a better investment of the treasury funds than by hiring a few dozen men to carry around condemned muskets.

If the number of doctors in a place is a sign of business prosperity, Honolulu is getting along as well as its most ardent friends could desire. One cannot throw a stone at a dog in the streets without hitting a doctor if he misses the dog. There is something peculiar about the increase of the numbers of this profession which it is difficult to account for on general principles, and suggests the theory that there must be a growth of artificial demands for medical assistance, or comfort, as communities develop less simple and more luxurious manners of living. It is highly probable however, that the increase in the profession here is largely owing, to an actual increase in the unhealthiness of the place, the evidences of which are every year becoming more plain and alarming.

In connection with this subject, as our government is too lazy to put drains under our streets or provide a sufficient force of rubbish men to keep the town clear of refuse and decaying matter, we would suggest as both an economical and effective measure, that the freedom of the city as it existed thirty years ago, be restored to pigs of all classes, including the alligator variety; thus would the place be kept clear of decaying mangoes and other garbage and the malaria diminished, not to speak of the impulse that would be given to the pork trade.

NEWS.

Local Jottings.—July 16th.—The jury in the trial of Chas. E. Hodge and Malcolm McKay, charged with the burning of the ship *Emerald*, rendered a unanimous verdict of not guilty.—Bark *Powhattan* sailed for Port Gamble.

July 17th, noon.—Departure of the *Tuscarora*, with homeward bound pennant streaming, and mast-heads and yard-arms trimmed with evergreens.—4 p. m. alarm of fire sounded for the 2d ward, for the burning of rubbish on the Esplanade—Engine Cos. No. 1 and 2 detailed to extinguish the same.—Usual weekly concert at Emma Square.

July 18th.—Temperance address at the Palace by His Majesty, with sacred music by the band.

July 19th.—Lecture at the Theatre, by Mr. H. C. Roberts, postponed till some future time—to take place at the Lyceum.

July 20th.—Demolition of two more buildings on Nuuanu street, to give way for more improvements.—Unearthing at St. C. McLean's of two boxes of Boston made cigars, after a storage of some twenty years, and pronounced by smokists in excellent condition.—Usual weekly evening concert at the Hotel by the Pensacola Band.

July 21st.—4:30 p. m., accident to horse and wagon, the property of a well-known firm on King street. Heroic conduct of a man of metal who, regardless of danger, and at great personal risk, succeeded in cutting the traces, thus preventing further damage: 4:45 p. m., commendable alacrity displayed by several citizens who rushed to the scene of disaster.

July 22d.—Eighth Social Subscription Concert this evening at the residence of J. G. Dickson.

LAND MATTERS IN HAWAII.—No. 4.

BY C. J. LYONS.

We now come in regular course to a brief notice of the *Mahele*.

The *Mahele* was a phenomenon in national history; not often repeated. The *mahele* was, in one sense, a revolution. In another sense it was most eminently a conservative movement.

To write a full history of this change would require more leisure, or more correctly speaking, more time and strength than most persons in our community and in active life have at their own command. It will only be in place here to indicate its main features. I am very well aware that there may be widely different views on this subject among those of the legal profession, and those put forth here may be called decidedly unprofessional. It may be suggested, however, that occasionally the unprofessional opinion has the advantage. This is often the case with respect to theological matters, sometimes decidedly so in medical matters, and the common sense of honest jury-men frequently cuts at once through the entanglements of legal questions on both sides to the desired point of equity and justice to both sides.

The *mahele* was simply an endeavor on the part of the majority of the Hawaiian chiefs, and especially on the part of Kamehameha III. to secure to all parties what, on the ordinary principles of acquiring property, seemed to belong to them. It was cotemporary with the organization of the departments of the Hawaiian Government in 1845-6.

The theory which was adopted, in effect, was this: That the King, the chiefs, and the common people held each undivided shares, so to say, in the whole landed

estate. Whatever the legal deduction from the status under the former feudal system might be, the fact in equity was acknowledged, that whoever had a share in making the land valuable, held an interest in that land. Legally speaking, the title of the whole was in the King. The King who conquered the whole, viz: Kamehameha I. had partitioned the lands among his warrior chiefs, retaining a certain revenue from them, in default of payment of which, the land was forfeit. These chiefs did the same to those below them.

Kamehameha III. for the common good waived his title to the whole, under conditions. Conditions, that those under the chiefs should be treated in like manner, and moreover, that a certain portion, one third, should be given to a common landed estate called Government Lands, the proceeds of which were to go to the public treasury, and which should furnish that facility for the acquirement of real estate in fee simple, which is so necessary for the growth of a community.

In other words, the Hawaiian nation agreed to divide, as individuals their as yet undivided inheritance, the King taking a share proportioned to the general idea of the dignity of his position. (It should be stated that the word *mahele* signifies division). It was moreover agreed that there was to be a portion devoted to the general good in two ways, viz., by rendering it obtainable to those who desired land, and by using the proceeds for the benefit of the public treasury. It will be seen that there was a double *mahele*,—first, of all amongst themselves, and second, of each with the general treasury. This last was the trying point with the chiefs; it required no little effort to bring about its accomplishment, and no little self-denial and resolution on the part of those who thus gave up what they regarded as their lands. The scenes in the meeting of the council for this purpose have been described by eyewitnesses as thrillingly interesting. Almost every one of those who took part in this peaceful, but patriotic revolution, has gone from the presence, we hope not from the remembrance of this community. Among the ranks of these noble dead, are Kamehameha III., and Kekuanaoa, Pahi, Kekauonohi, John II who was most active in bringing about the change, and a host of lesser chiefs. Messrs. Richards, Judd, Ricord and afterwards Lee, were the leading spirits in inducing the chiefs to see the benefits of the new policy and system.

There were two great sacrifices made by the chiefs. The division with the government we have noticed. Far be it from any one to misappropriate these government lands, thus conscientiously given up by the old Hawaiian chiefs for the national good. The other sacrifice was that of the KULEANA, or land of the small tenant. These small tenants were permitted to acquire a full title to the lands which they had been improving for their own use. In the true view of the case, this was perfectly a measure of justice, for it was the labor of these people and of their ancestors that had made the land what it was. This subject will lead us to consider the Land Commission.

RELIGIOUS LIFE.

WHAT A BOY THOUGHT ABOUT IT.

One Sunday when I was about eight years of age I heard a sermon predicting the speedy arrival of the Day of Judgment. It was a "Millerite" sermon. How the minister who delivered it obtained a hearing in our church I know not. He proved the nearness of the end from the books of Daniel and Revelation. Certainly he proved it to me. I was frightened. I saw already the universe in flames and heard the sounding of the last

trump. Horrible was the fear I endured. I longed for that sermon to close. I wanted to get away anywhere from those threatenings which had before so tortured my childish consciousness, and which now seemed coming to a speedy realization. But egress from the church gave me no relief. Bright and beautiful as was that Summer's afternoon, yet everything seemed pallid by earth's impending doom. The words of the preacher followed me. I had no appetite for food that evening. How my parents could hear these terrible predictions and then go home as they did and eat their suppers with any relish at all was to me a mystery. Why could the usual routine of life go on as ever the succeeding day: why did my father as ever continue to be absorbed in his business; why was not something or other done in view of this great catastrophe; why should Mr. Bills, this Judgment Day minister, sink into the comparative week day obscurity; why did not the leading people of our village, or at least of our congregation, apply to him, seeing that he was the only visible authority in this matter, and get him to do something, which in a despairing state of mind I still hoped might avert the disaster. All this and far more occupied my mind for days. All this was suffered and dreaded in silence. Never did my parents dream that for weeks afterward their child was undergoing this mental agony, an agony, too, which so completely possessed me that I feared the sight of Mr. Bills in the street, and trembled when his voice was heard in the Sunday school, lest there he should again threaten us with the day of judgment.

It was with a great sense of relief when, one day in my father's store, this subject being canvassed over by a knot of worthies there assembled, that I heard old Deacon Talmadge, who ranked next to any minister as a theologian, give utterance to an opinion which implied that, in his estimation, the earth would not burn up, at least so soon as Mr. Bills had predicted. That was as a great ray of comfort shining on me. In secret and for a long time afterward I leaned on Deacon Talmadge. I dared to hope that his authority might be as trustworthy as that of Mr. Bills. He gave me hope. He stood with me as the champion and supporter of the world's safety. Mr. Bills was the representative of its present destruction. As time wore on, and the day fixed for the final dissolution passed and others succeeded, I rejected Mr. Bills entirely and became a confirmed Talmadgeite. Deacon Talmadge was a cool, practical Christian. He was a very long, very lean, very wrinkled faced old man, with a prominent squeak in his voice. But there was moderation, kindness, and consideration in his manner even to boys. He would hear a boy's opinion with respect, not with that air of condescension which made you feel that whatever hearing you might have was a mere form, and that the verdict was certain to go against you. What gave me great confidence in him was that when he measured out the potatoes we bought of him he filled the bushel with Scripture measure, "pressed full and running over." Even now I can see that good, old, long, lank deacon's body, ever clad in a snuff-colored suit, picking the potatoes which would not remain stationary on the measure off the ground and flinging them into my basket. That with me weighed as much as the Confession of Faith and the Thirty-nine Articles.

Not long after this my father died. I was riding out one day soon after his death and had stopped for a moment near the parsonage, when the minister came out and walked across the street toward me. Instantly I divined his purpose. He was coming to "talk religion." I was afraid of that man. He had tried to speak with

me many times. I would get on the other side of the street or dodge around corners when I saw him coming. He kept me in a state of perpetual uneasiness. He visited our family and I never knew when I was secure. All the terrors which Old Rome held over the heads of her subject kings that man held over me. He was not a refined man. I used occasionally to hear the members of the Sewing Circle criticise his domestic habits. They said "he ate butter by the pound and slapped great chunks inside of hot mince pies as if the crust hadn't shortnin' enough already." When his wife remonstrated with him he argued that "the Lord sent us these good things and we had a right to use them as we saw fit."

He held the bridle of my horse and talked to me for half an hour. He adverted frequently to "my poor dead father." Intuitively I recognized his motive in so doing. He was trying, as the phrase ran, to "soften my heart." But he aroused only a silent indignation. He asked me many questions: "If I did not wish to be saved;" if "I did not love the Saviour;" if "I did not feel myself a great sinner?" I said "Yes" to all these queries because I thought he expected that reply. He made me promise to attend the 5 o'clock evening prayer meetings. I did so without the least intention of going. I would have promised anything and everything so that I could only get away from him. This gentleman was doing what he deemed his duty. My own conscience condemned me for the instinctive fear with which I regarded him. I held him as a man nearer the Throne than others; almost as one who had the keys to bind or loose. But his system of conversion, the threatened prayers and sermons, indeed any degree of contact with the fervid, enthusiastic, but rather uncultivated men and women most active during revival seasons was to me most distasteful.

About this time certain boys from 8 to 14 years of age held prayer-meetings at one another's houses in garrets and basements. They prayed, sang, exhorted, and conducted their meetings altogether as was customary at the regular-gatherings of their elders. There was one boy, by name John Piper, who was the most active and influential at these assemblages. He could pray and exhort with greater fluency than any one else. At other seasons John Piper had very little moral weight with us. He was a sort of half apprentice to a carpenter and half housemaid to the carpenter's wife. He was a boy, good-natured not worldly-wise, more simple than keen, and everybody's butt. His employer dressed him in his own cast-off suits. That old beaver hat, already worn out in the service of the master, and certainly one size too large for John, was an object of general ridicule to all the boys in the place, and was frequently in process of being kicked from one end of the main street to the other, and all John would do or say was: "Now, boys, that's too bad, I swear!" But during the progress of a revival, John Piper became a different character, or rather he was held in higher estimation. His fluency as an exhorter was so remarkable that he was sometimes called upon to speak at the regular meetings. I became a regular attendant at these boys' meetings, and took a certain interest in them. I think now it was on our part a purely imitative affair. Yet there was no thought of anything like a wanton mockery of any religious service. Many of the boys had remembered the substance of the prayers and exhortations they had heard at church. I had learned a written prayer, and it gave me great pleasure to repeat it. I recollect that my prayer was once objected to by some of the members on the ground that I had learned it out of a book. John

Piper was the leader of these meetings. They took place weekly. He used to call on one after another to give their religious experience and state of mind during the week. It was a hard task for many of us to speak in meeting. I was the most timid and sensitive of all in this respect. I put it off as long as possible. At last John Piper came privately and talked with me. He led me out behind our barn. He said that "to testify" was my duty; that it was one of the crosses I must take up. "It was nothing," he added. "If I would only try, the brethren would be satisfied with a very few words from me just as an evidence." That evening the meeting took place in our back kitchen. I went with a very heavy heart. Every one save myself had previously spoken. I thought in my inmost soul it was rather hard that this, to me, great trial should be so pertinaciously insisted upon, inasmuch as I was one of the wealthiest, if not the wealthiest, member of our congregation, and had contributed freely of my pocket money to the collections which were regularly taken up, besides furnishing the back kitchen, the place where these meetings were most often held.

The opening prayer was made, and we sang. Several members prayed. Then came my ordeal. John Piper arose. He was to me then a very different being compared to the John Piper whose hat I had assisted so many to kick down the street. He said, "Brother M., we would like to hear a few words from you concerning your state of mind." I arose for the first time in my life before an audience. I was regarded with more than common interest and scrutiny by the boys from the fact that I had never before spoken. My timidity in this matter was known. The great pain and fear this trial gave me was fully-realized, and for this very reason the unconsciously cruel little wretches were the more eager to see how I would bear up.

I did finally speak. I said, "Beloved brethren," and stopped. I never went beyond "beloved brethren." Every boy in that meeting, including even John Piper, laughed. Something in my lugubrious appearance and tone went straight home to the sense of the ludicrous, and for the moment they forgot their meeting, and the "boy" came uppermost. I sat down and cried long and loud. My pride and sensitiveness had been outraged. I felt that I had been deceived. I had not intended to say much, and I knew what I had to say would be spoken in an awkward, hesitating manner. I thought all this was fully and considerably realized by my hearers. I had expected from many previous assurances that everything would be made smooth for me. I had even counted on a little congratulation and compliment on this my first effort. The serious character with which these meetings had been invested in my eyes vanished with that shout of laughter. I saw now only a parcel of grinning boys. Even John Piper took his old place. I told them they could not hold their meetings any longer in my back kitchen. A leading member retorted by saying in behalf of the congregation that "they didn't care, for there was just as good a place in George Tabor's barn."

But this was the last prayer-meeting of that season. Spring was coming. The warm south wind was blowing and the earlier flowers were peeping from the dead leaves of Winter. Ours was a whaling port. Soon the fleet would arrive. The long departed ships brought home a fresh influx of life, stir and business. The revival was always less fervid toward Spring. It was most intense during midwinter, when we were quite cut off from the outer world. The boys followed steadily along in the wake of the older people. Our meetings had in

reality been deficient in interest for some weeks previous. My attempted speech was the last feather on the camel's back. In four weeks from that evening John Piper's hat was again to be seen high in air above a cloud of dust and the boys actively engaged in kicking it down the street.

PRENTICE MULFORD, in the N. Y. Tribune.

COMMERCIAL.

THURSDAY, July 22, 1875.

We learn of nothing special to note in local trade the past week, but record with pleasure the continued activity and march of improvement apparent in the erection of new, and changing of old buildings. This indicates a confidence that we have passed the crisis of commercial stagnation, and are entering already into the benefits to be derived through the Treaty. In this connection we note that Messrs. Campbell & Turton, of Lahaina, have contracted with D. Foster & Co. of this city for the building of a schooner of about 150 tons, of the same model as their favorite Lahaina packet, the Nettie Merrill. This will be the largest vessel yet built here, and is to be completed by January next.

Mr. E. P. Adams held a large credit sale of European goods on Tuesday and Wednesday which was well attended and satisfactory, sales having been made to the amount of \$13,000.

Our expected arrivals from the coast have not as yet put in an appearance, though due now at any hour. The steamer from the colonies is due to-morrow (Friday) night.

The movements of the J. B. Ford—considered by some as now due—are uncertain, as in all probability her place will be taken by the Clara Bell.

HONOLULU SHIPPING.

ARRIVALS.

- July 16—Schr Mile Morris, Lima, from Molokai.
- 16—Schr Kinau, Ahuihala, from Maliko, Maui.
- 17—Schr Manuokawai, Kalawaia, from Nawliwili.
- 17—Stmr Kilauea, Marchant, from Hawaii and Maui.
- 18—Schr Hattie, Kimo, from Koloa and Waimea.
- 18—Schr Active, Puaahua, from Kohala, Hawaii.
- 18—Schr Mary Ellen, Mana, from Hilo, Hawaii.
- 18—Schr Luka, Kaai, from Moloaa, Kauai.
- 18—Schr Warwick, John Bull, fm Kalaupapa, Molokai.
- 19—Schr Juanita, Dudoit, from Kalaupapa.
- 19—Schr Kamale, Bolles, from Koloa & Waimea.
- 19—Schr Pauahi, Hopu, from Hilo, Hawaii.
- 20—Schr Fairy Queen, Kaaina, from Hanalei, Kauai.
- 21—Schr Nettie Merrill, Crane, from Lahaina, Maui.
- 21—Schr Ka Moi, Reynolds, from Kahului, Maui.
- 22—Schr Pueokahi, Clark, from Hana, Maui.

DEPARTURES.

- July 16—Schr Prince, Beck, for Kona and Kau, Hawaii.
- 16—Am bk Powhattan, Blackstone, for Port Gamble.
- 17—Haw schr Ullama, English, for Guano Islands.
- 17—U S S Tascara, Erben, for San Francisco.
- 19—Stmr Kilauea, Marchant, for Maui and Hawaii.
- 19—Schr Mary Ellen, Mana, for Maialaa.
- 19—Schr Mile Morris, Lima, for Kaunakakai, Molokai.
- 19—Schr Manuokawai, Kalauao, for Nawliwili, Kauai.
- 20—Schr Hattie, Nika, for Koloa and Waimea, Kauai.
- 20—Schr Active, Puaahua, for Kohala, Hawaii.
- 20—Schr Warwick, John Bull, for Kalaupapa, Molokai.
- 21—Schr Luka, Kaai, for Kaunakakai.
- 21—Schr Pauahi, Hopu, for Hilo, Hawaii.
- 22—Schr Nettie Merrill, Crane, for Lahaina, Maui.

VESSELS EXPECTED FROM FOREIGN PORTS.

- American bark Ceylon, from Boston, to C Brewer & Co, sailed April 16.
- Dutch corvette Curacoa is expected from San Francisco.
- British Sloop-of-war Peterel will be due in all July, from Victoria.
- Am bark Camden, from Puget Sound, to H Hackfeld & Co, will be due shortly.
- French Corvete Infernet left Auckland May 10th, to cruise en route.
- Hawn bark R C Wylie, from London, to H Hackfeld & Co, was to leave shortly at last advices.
- German bark Ceder, (new) from Bremen, to H Hackfeld & Co, sailed May 19.
- Am bark Emma C Beale, to C Brewer & Co, was loading at New Castle, May 8.
- Am bark Clara Bell, from San Francisco, to Master, was to sail July 5.
- P M S S Grenada would leave San Francisco July 12.
- Am ship Syren, from Boston, to C Brewer & Co, was to leave June 20.
- Am bktn Emma Augusta will be due shortly from Humboldt.
- Brit stmr Macgregor, from San Francisco, to C Brewer & Co, due July 23.
- Brit stmr Mikado, from Sydney, to C Brewer & Co, due July 23.
- Brit bk Aglaia, from Liverpool, to Theo H Davies, sailed June 15th.
- Haw brig Wm H Allen, from Tahiti, to F A Schaefer & Co, is about due.

PASSENGERS.

FROM WINDWARD PORTS—Per Kilauea, July 17th—Chas Wall, Mr Calder, Mr Brooke, His Ek W L Moehouua, wife and 9 servants, Mrs and Miss Brewster, Dr Oliver, C F Phelps, wife and child, J Zablin, J U Kawainui, H A Widemann, H Cornwell and boy, G E Richardson, H Kuhlalani, J W Ringer, Miss von

Holt, Miss von Pfister, H M Whitney and son, Alex Young, Mrs Hillebrand and 2 children, P Milton, C Cockett, H H Armitage, J W Kalua, S Nahaku, Father Damien, R W Meyer, and 57 deck.

FOR GUANO ISLANDS—Per Ullama, July 17th—Capt Rickman, Andrew Cahill.

FOR WINDWARD PORTS—Per Kilauea, July 19th—H H R Keelikolani, T W Everett, R W Meyer, W H Cornwell, wife and child, Mrs John Nott and son, H Kuhlalani, Father Puzot, Father Clement, Miss Fannie Spencer, Mrs Asieu, H A Widemann, G E Richardson, Miss E Morehead, Father Damien, Dr Oliver, Mrs Siemson, C Cockett, and 85 deck.

FROM KAHULUI—Per Ka Moi, July 21st—Miss Parker, Miss Mary Green, Mrs Torbert and family, H R Hitchcock, E C Hobron, several others, and 50 deck.

FROM LAHAINA—Per Nettie Merrill, July 21st—Miss Sheldon, Mrs Kapena, Miss Lizzie Shaw, Mr Sylva, wife and family.

BIRTH.

In this city, on the 19th inst., to the wife of Mr H C Sheldon, a daughter.

DIED.

BROWNS—In this city, July 14th, WM. C. BROWN, formerly of Hilo, Hawaii, aged 24 years.

RUST IN SUGAR CANE.

The Gazette of last week publishes an article taken from the Brisbane *Queenlander*, from which it appears that the planters in that colony have been troubled for three years past by the "blight" or "rust" in their sugar cane. We have been subjected to the same evil in this country ever since cane was first cultivated for manufacture, and its cause is therefore no longer such a mystery here as it still appears to be in Brisbane. But experience, that best of instructors, is opening their eyes to the truth as appears from the conviction of the writer of the article above alluded to when he says, "my belief is that the disease will be found due to the sudden transitions of our climate from extreme and protracted drought to a superabundance of moisture." Rust here is generally caused by a drought suddenly following a season of rain during which the cane has been growing quickly and luxuriantly. The richer the soil, and the more rank the growth of the cane, the greater is the liability to rust. It is also sometimes induced by a lack of drainage. The discoloration of the leaves when examined under the microscope shows no signs of organic life.

The Brisbane writer thinks he has discovered the remedy for this disease in the cultivation of none but the hardier varieties of cane. We take pleasure in informing him that here in Hawaii we have found a much more effectual remedy than his. It is *irrigation*. We can mention plantations which once suffered to an alarming extent from the rust, but which, since the introduction of the plan of thoroughly soaking the canefields with water every seven or ten days through the dry months, have been entirely free from it.

We desire before closing to apologize to our readers in the colonies for the incoherent remarks appended by the editor of the Gazette to the extract from the *Queenlander*. For, should a copy of the last week's Gazette by any accident stray far enough away from its native heath to fall into their hands, they could not avoid acquiring erroneous impressions of the state of agricultural knowledge in this kingdom. The Gazette is an acknowledged authority on these islands in some branches of agriculture,—the culture of mangoes for example,—but in the matter of our great staple his experience, like his faith, is extremely limited. The *eleao* (not *iliao* as the Gazette has it), is not a disease but is an insect indigenous to the country, a variety of *aphides*. Like some varieties found in other countries it secretes, and conceals itself under, masses of a white cottony substance. It flourishes best in a dry atmosphere and is often very injurious to plants which from drought or

other causes are in a low state of vitality. Vegetation of vigorous growth is rarely seriously affected by it. "It is believed (by the editor of the *Gazette*) to be produced in some way, not yet explained, (nor ever will be) by the red ant, which is usually found infesting," etc. It is a matter of common belief among the natives of the potato districts that the ants are a benefit to the farmer by restraining the ravages of the *eleao*; they say "were it not for the ants we could raise no potatoes." We think it highly probable that the colonies of the *eleao* are frequented by the ant for the purpose of obtaining some edible secreted by them as is well known to be the case with regard to other varieties of the aphides.

We trust our sapient contemporary will thoroughly investigate "this subject of ants, rust, or blight, or whatever else it may be," for his own benefit, as well as for our reputation abroad.

SHADE TREES.

Honolulu was once a treeless waste. A few cocoanuts by the beach, and the hau trees that we boys used to "play ship" among the branches thereof, and which hau trees we suspect were about cotemporary with the American Mission in their establishment, were all that existed in the town proper. Gradually tamarind trees crept into a slow existence,—a tree life like that of a tortoise; the Tahitian tamane near the corner of King and Alapai streets began to be umbrageous; the algaroba, near the Cathedral, assumed elm-like grace; and after the lapse of years, to us wanderers in far-off lands came the dream-like news from the islands that the water of Nuuanu was distributed for irrigation purposes in Honolulu; and that the old Mission was actually green with verdure of gardens. To us returning hither, there was something touching, stirring even the tender regions of nameless memories, to find the hard stone, and dreary adobie walls, replaced by the graceful forms of Nature handiwork.

Now Honolulu is to look down upon from Punchbowl a forest. The algaroba, the mango, and the recent aggressive, though umbrageous monkey-pod, shade everywhere, except unfortunately where they are most wanted, viz., in the streets.

There is, however, a zeal without knowledge in this planting and rearing of trees. Very natural indeed, when trees were till recently so precious. But it is time for a new departure in this line. There are very many places so shaded as to be unhealthy; and moreover unornamental. There are other considerations to be taken into account besides the interposing of a shade between our yards and the burning sun.

The dull heavy influence of cloudy weather we all know from experience. The clear blue sky, and the cheerful light therefrom, have an enlivening, actually tonic effect upon the system. It is not only the fresh open air, not merely the abundance of pure oxygen, that strengthens the convalescent one on going abroad. It is the sight of the eyes—flashing instant tone to the brain, with an effect unknown save to those who have felt it.

Again; there is the effect of seeing objects at a distance, the variety of focus to the eye, of perspective, of scenery, which is an element not to be disregarded in our provision for sustaining a vigorous useful life. I confess myself to a feeling bordering on a sense of injustice, when I see huge monotonous growths of trees, shutting out, first the ever beautiful sea, and welcome sails thereon, then all buildings worth looking at, then my beloved, reposeful mountains, and myself con-

demned to the petty sights of a small neighborhood, and the vehicles that pass.

Well, what are you going to do about it? Make war on the trees? Not at all. Nothing is so fit for the village and the farm as the noble, graceful tree. But plant and rear with forethought and knowledge. Throw the trees into clusters. If you have a large lot, plant the monkey-pod along the street, but leave a cheerful grass plot with small shrubs and flowers near the house, or throw a clump of trees in one corner, shrubbery in another, flower-beds on the sides of the yard, and shade trees, if you will, over the walk. But at all events have some portion of your veranda where you can stand and see the bright sky. Teach your children to watch and love the clouds and stars from their own home, and to welcome the sun at some hour in the day. It is wise to have a favorite tree to break the afternoon sun from your dwelling. Trees for the little ones to play under, and for the boys and girls too to climb. No true boy should lack the chance to climb barefooted some noble tree. But where grass and flowers will not grow for the shade, children will not thrive; and there is reason for attributing much of the unhealthiness of Honolulu to the over abundant foliage of many yards.

Then as to views. Neighbors should combine so as to throw open views of some prominent building or mountain if possible. Large trees should be trimmed high, so as to enable one to look as through a fine park for hundreds of yards in different directions.

It is a pity to cover public buildings with dense woods. The Queen's Hospital, set purposely at the head of the view as you ride up Punchbowl street, is now completely hid. What stranger would find the Hotel from sight? The Government Building is now visible. We trust it will continue to be.

Above all things, let us have fewer mango trees, and monkey-pods over the streets, not in the yards. It is a shame that our streets are so unshaded—to say nothing of underfoot matters. A walk along by the palace walls is simply horrible in the middle of the day.

For small yards evergreens are to be recommended. Not too many remember of one kind of tree. Not too many fancy walks either. Suit the landscape to the country, and give the manie grass its just dues on the sward.

MAILE WREATH.

AFTER DINNER SELECTION.

A CULPRIT, being asked what he had to say why sentence of death should not be recorded against him, replied, he had nothing whatever to say, as too much had been said already.

IN AN Illinois town, not long ago, one of the attractions of an evening entertainment was to be a tableau of the "Prodigal Son," after Dubufe's painting. The best looking young man in the place had been selected for the Prodigal, and every one of the girls wanted to be the woman who should hang on his shoulder and look lovingly at him, and that broke up the business.

THE worst shocked man that has been seen for some time was a citizen who made the discovery that the neighbor from whom he had borrowed a paper for the past four years had not paid for it. He learned the facts from the agent of the publisher, and he was grieved. He was also indignant. He said to us, "To think that I should have been so imposed upon at my time of life! I tell you a man don't know who to trust in these times. The world is full of corruption, and deceit, and falsity—chock full of it!"

WRITTEN FOR THE ISLANDER.

ADELE.

I.

The sunset flooded with golden rain,
 The wild and river that rolled to the west,
 Where eve's star gleamed in the purple train,
 That wavelingly glowed on the billow's breast:
 The birds song chimed with the murmuring wave,
 And quivering harp of the aspen leaf,
 The water-fall's voice in the rocky cave,
 Sobbed and sighed like a wail of grief.
 I watched the smile of her pale sweet face
 Lit by the light of her spirit eyes,
 The paling glow of each fading trace
 Died hue by hue as the sunset dies;
 Beautiful floated her golden hair
 Over her brow, pure, peaceful and white,
 The sunset made it a rainbow there,
 O'erarching the dome of thought and light.
 As her cold cheek paled to the lily's white,
 She looked to the west with glory strown,
 Where cloud-forms smiled in the rosy light,
 And thus she spoke in a low, sweet tone:—
 "There's a far-winged hope with a holier love,
 That finds no pause in its restless flight,
 From the sorrows of earth it soareth above,
 Beyond the realms of the starry night:—
 Beyond! beyond! In the vast unknown,
 A spirit wish for the infinite,
 Farther than the swift winged light hath flown,
 Since its dawning ray from chaos' night.—
 Beyond! beyond! Oh, I would be free
 To seek the source of my thought, away
 To chaos through the past eternity,
 To the future till glows the Spirit Ray!
 Thought cannot die with this dying clay!
 Why more than of earth have I sighed to be?
 Death is but the dawn of wisdom's day!
 When my hope is reached, I will come to thee."

II.

Death closed her eyes as the breath of eve
 Softly closes a delicate flower,
 Like dew-weeping night I gazed to grieve,
 Cold and lone in that wild wood bower:
 I laid her down in a lowly grave,
 Where the broad deep river rolls to the west,
 And the evening star looks down on the wave,
 And makes a path to the Isles of the Blest.
 The myrtle and sweet briar I planted there,
 And jasmine to wreath 'neath the cypress shade;
 The odor of wild flowers breathed on the air,
 As with her pure spirit I knelt and prayed.
 And when the stars on dark waves looked down,
 And hushed as her sleep was the silent night,
 In the weird wild mist of the mountains brown,
 I traced her form in a robe of white,
 Upward it floated too pure for earth,
 Till lost in the depths of the dark blue dome,
 For death had given a spirit birth
 That passed in light to a brighter home.
 Sad, tender and low, o'er wild and o'er dell,
 A sweet tone of music sighingly swept,
 It seemed the voice of the dew as it fell
 In the sorrowing eyes of the flowers as they wept.
 Life's hope was gone, and my heart felt old,

An icy wreck on grief's desolate shore,
 The future a desert gloomed ghastly and cold
 Where the flowers of love should bloom nevermore.
 I passed, but my thoughts round that lowly grave,
 With love robed in sorrow lingered and wept,
 Though parted by desert and ocean wave,
 Sentinel of grief, the soul never slept,
 Not bound in love to her form alone,
 I often sought in the stars above,
 That gem with beauty God's radiant throne,
 If she beamed on me with her smile of love.

III.

Long years have passed and I stand again,
 By wild and river that rolls to the west,
 The sunset poureth its golden rain,
 Stars wavelingly dance on the billow's breast.
 The sweet briar buds on her lowly grave,
 The jasmine unfolds its pure white flower,
 I hear the mournful chime of the wave
 That beats the time of the fleeting hour,
 And far away o'er the purple tide,
 A pathway glows to the rose-hued bowers
 Where waters of life in opal glide,
 O'er arched by wreaths of immortal flowers;
 Light's zephyr plays with her golden hair,
 The hue of paradise tints her cheek,
 Love's spirit, she floats in glory there,
 A purified thought that struggles to speak
 She smiles in light as her snowy hands,
 Beckon me over the beautiful sea.
 And whispers where waves beat golden sands,—
 "My hope is reached, and I wait for thee!"

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