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**THE FRIEND.**

OCTOBER 1, 1875.

**What Causes the Mildness of Our Climate?**

Dr. Carpenter read an interesting paper before the Royal Geographical Society in London June 28th, which is reported in the August number of the Geographical Magazine. This paper was based upon the observations taken by the *Challenger* and *Tuscarora*. Among the conclusions drawn from these observations, Dr. Carpenter advances the theory, that the mildness of our climate on the Sandwich Islands is owing not so much to "currents" in the atmosphere as to "currents" in the ocean. He argues that the glacial current from the south pole is vastly operative in the North Pacific!

We copy as follows from Dr. Carpenter's report:

The observations taken along the northern line appear to point out that in the North Pacific there is the general want of that sub-surface stratum of above 40° F., which in the North Atlantic under the same or yet higher parallels has a thickness of at least 500 fathoms. The true cause of this peculiarity is that the North Pacific derives its deep stratum of glacial water, which nearly fills its basin, from the Polar area of the opposite hemisphere, the inlet at Behring's Straits being too narrow and too shallow to admit a flow of water of any appreciable importance. This northward flow of water from the Equator must have as its complement a movement of the superficial stratum from the northernmost limit of this flow towards the Southern Pole. The glacial

current when it reaches the North Pacific comes nearer the surface than it does in the Southern Ocean, even in higher latitudes, and this, modifying still further the reflux surface flow towards the Equator, would appear to account for the well-known moderation of the Sandwich Islands climate, though they lie within the tropic of Cancer.

In reading this paper of Dr. Carpenter, and noting the amount of information derived from the cruises of the U. S. S. *Tuscarora* and H. B. M. S. *Challenger*, we could not but deplore the fact that more of our national vessels in times of peace were not employed in scientific cruises. How much better for officers and men to be employed in the cause of science, than in merely making passages from port to port, or lying idle for months in foreign ports.

☞ We take much pleasure in copying from the London *Leisure Hour* a beautiful poem, suggested by a remarkable incident in Hawaiian history and the life of the chiefess Kapiolani. This incident is one which is well calculated to give inspiration to the poet. Some years ago we published a similar poem upon the same theme, written by an English clergyman, the Rev. Robert Grant, B.C.L., fellow of Winchester College, &c. See FRIEND for August, 1866. Lord Byron, (cousin of the poet) when he visited the islands, becoming acquainted with the facts, thus comments upon the same event as "one of the greatest acts of moral courage which has perhaps ever been performed; and the actor was a woman and, we are pleased to call her, a *savage*." See history of the "Blonde."

BETHEL FLAG.—We would acknowledge the donation of a new Bethel flag from the "sail loft" of J. M. Oat & Co. Many thanks.

☞ In our last issue several typographical errors appeared in the letter of the Rev. Dr. Boyd, which we sincerely regret.

**AN ENGLISHWOMAN ON HAWAII.**

Some months ago we copied some extracts from Miss Bird's book, but on giving the volume a second reading, we meet scores of paragraphs and passages which we should be glad to republish in our columns. It is a book of genius; it is a prose-poem. Some of her descriptions of mountain and valley scenery are exquisitely beautiful and truthful. She revels in the beauties of wild nature. English naval officers (as we happen to know) sitting around their mess-table and touching their champagne glasses, may smile at what they style Miss Bird's descriptions as good specimens of "gush" in literature, but until they explore our mountains and valleys on horseback, and after a hard day's ride of forty miles over the rough and rugged lava roads of Hawaii, can sit down in a native hut by the dim light of an old lamp, and write such letters as this volume contains, we think these critics may modestly withhold their supercilious comments.

Miss Bird came to the islands an invalid, and totally ignorant of what they contained. She came, too, with perhaps a tinge of prejudice, and at first thought of spending only a month, making merely a rapid trip to the crater of Kilauea; but how changed her plans, when with the eye of a poet, a naturalist and a scientist, she began her explorations. For months she roamed over the islands, and this volume of letters to her sister in England, are the "jottings" which she noted from day to day. They partake of the sweet perfume of the fields and the woods, the valleys and the mountains. We regret that our book-sellers are so tardy in placing the volume upon their counters. A few copies were received by the last steamer, and are for sale at Thrum's, and we learn that Whitney expects some by the next arrival from San Francisco. When we first glanced over this book, we were so much pleased with its contents that we ordered from London, by mail, three copies to be

forwarded to friends in the United States, and the remaining copy now lies before us.

Our limits only allow us to copy a few paragraphs relating to her second trip to Hawaii and her ascent of Mauna Kea. But few foreign ladies can pride themselves upon having ascended this rugged and steep mountain:

I delight in Hawaii more than ever, with its unconventional life, great upland sweeps, unexplored forests, riotous breezes, and general atmosphere of freedom, airiness, and expansion. As I find that a lady can travel alone with perfect safety, I have many projects in view, but whatever I do or plan to do, I find my eyes always turning to the light on the top of Mauna Loa. I know that the ascent is not feasible for me, and that so far as I am concerned the mystery must remain unsolved; but that glory, nearly 14,000 feet aloft, rising, falling, "a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night," uplifted in its awful loneliness above all human interests, has an intolerable fascination. As the twilight deepens, the light intensifies, and often as I watch it in the night, it seems to flare up and take the form of a fiery palm-tree. No one has ascended the mountain since the activity began a month ago; but the fire is believed to be in "the old traditional crater of Mokuaweoweo, in a region rarely visited by man."

A few days ago I was so fortunate as to make the acquaintance of Mr. W. L. Green (now Minister of the Interior), an English resident in Honolulu, a gentleman of wide scientific and literary culture, one of whose objects in visiting Hawaii is the investigation of certain volcanic phenomena. He asked me to make the ascent of Mauna Kea with him, and we have satisfactorily accomplished it to-day.

The interior of the island, in which we have spent the last two days, is totally different, not only from the luxuriant windward slopes, but from the fiery leeward margin. The altitude of the central plateau is from 5,000 to 6,000 feet, there is not a single native dwelling on it, or even a trail across it, it is totally destitute of water, and sustains only a miserable scrub of *mamane*, stunted *ohias*, *pukeawe*, *ohelos*, a few composite, and some of the hardest ferns. The transient residents of this sheep station, and those of another on Hualalai, thirty miles off, are the only human inhabitants of a region as large as Kent. Wild goats, wild geese (*Bernicla sandvicensis*), and the *Melithreptes Pacifica*, constitute its chief population. These geese are web-footed, though water does not exist. They build their nests in the grass, and lay two or three white eggs.

Our track from Waimea lay for the first few miles over light soil, destitute of any vegetation, across dry glaring rocky beds of streams, and round the bases of numerous tufa cones, from 200 to 1,500 feet in height, with steep smooth sides, composed of a very red ash. We crossed a flank of Mauna Kea at a height of 6,000 feet, and a short descent brought us out upon this vast table land, which lies between the bulbous domes of Mauna Kea, Mauna Loa, and Hualalai, the

loneliest, saddest, dreariest expanse I ever saw.

The air was clear and the sun bright, yet nothing softened into beauty this formless desert of volcanic sand, stones, and lava, on which tufts of grass and a harsh scrub war with wind and drought for a loveless existence. Yet, such is the effect of atmosphere, that Mauna Loa, utterly destitute of vegetation, and with his sides scored and stained by the black lava-flows of ages, looked like a sapphire streaked with lapis lazuli. Nearly blinded by scuds of sand, we rode for hours through the volcanic wilderness; always the same rigid *mamane*, (*Sophora Chrysophylla*?) the same withered grass, and the same thornless thistles, through which the strong wind swept a desolate screech.

The trail, which dips 1,000 feet, again ascends, the country becomes very wild, there are ancient craters of great height densely wooded, wooded ravines, the great bulk of Mauna Kea with his ragged crest towers above tumbled rocky regions, which look as if nature, disgusted with her work, had broken it to pieces in a passion; there are living and dead trees, a steep elevation, and below, a broad river of most jagged and uneven *a-a*. The afternoon fog, which serves instead of rain, rolled up in dense masses, through which we heard the plaintive bleating of sheep, and among blasted trees and distorted rocks we came upon Kalaieha.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mauna Kea, and the forests which skirt his base are the resort of thousands of wild cattle, and there are many men nearly as wild, who live half savage lives in the woods, gaining their living by lassoing and shooting these animals for their skins. Wild black swine also abound.

The mist as usual disappeared at night, leaving a sky wonderful with stars, which burned blue and pale against the furnace glare on the top of Mauna Loa, to which we are comparatively near. I woke at three from the hopeless cold, and before five went out with Mr. Green to explore the adjacent lava. The atmosphere was perfectly pure, and suffused with rose-color, not a cloud-fleece hung round the mountain tops, hoarfrost whitened the ground, the pure white smoke of the volcano rose into the reddening sky, and the air was elixir. It has been said and written that there are no steam-cracks or similar traces of volcanic action on Mauna Kea, but in several fissures I noticed ferns growing belonging to an altitude 4,000 feet lower, and on putting my arm down, found a heat which compelled me to withdraw it, and as the sun rose these cracks steamed in all directions. There are caves full of ferns, lava bubbles in reality, crust over crust, each from twelve to eighteen inches thick, rolls of lava cooled in coils, and hideous *a-a* streams on which it is impossible to walk two yards without the risk of breaking one's limbs or cutting one's boots to pieces.

\* \* \* \* \*

After riding steadily for six hours, our horses, snorting and panting, and plunging up to their knees in fine volcanic ash, and halting, trembling and exhausted, every few feet, carried us up the great tufa cone which crowns the summit of this vast fire-flushed, fire-created mountain, and we dismounted in

deep snow on the crest of the highest peak in the Pacific, 13,953 feet above the sea. This summit is a group of six red tufa cones, with very little apparent difference in their altitude, and with deep valleys filled with red ash between them. The terminal cone on which we were has no cavity, but most of those forming the group, as well as the thirty which I counted around and below us, are truncated cones with craters within, and with outer slopes, whose estimated angle is about 30°. On these slopes the snow lay heavily. In coming up we had had a superb view of Mauna Loa, but before we reached the top, the clouds had congregated, and lay in glistening masses all round the mountain about half-way up, shutting out the smiling earth, and leaving us alone with the view of the sublime desolation of the volcano.

We only remained an hour on the top, and came down by a very circuitous route, which took us round numerous cones, and over miles of clinkers varying in size from a ton to a few ounces, and past a lake the edges of which were frozen, and which in itself is a curiosity, as no other part of the mountain "holds water." Not far off is a cave, a lava-bubble, in which the natives used to live when they came up here to quarry a very hard adjacent phonolite for their axes and other tools. While the others poked about, I was glad to make it a refuge from the piercing wind. Hundreds of unfinished axes lie round the cave entrance, and there is quite a large mound of unfinished chips.

This is a very interesting spot to Hawaiian antiquaries. They argue, from the amount of the chippings, that this mass of phonolite was quarried for ages by countless generations of men, and that the mountain top must have been upheaved, and the island inhabited, in a very remote past. The stones have not been worked since Captain Cook's day; yet there is not a weather-stain upon them, and the air is so dry and rarified that meat will keep fresh for three months. I found a mass of crystals of the greenish volcanic glass, called olivine, imbedded in a piece of phonolite which looked as blue and fresh as if only quarried yesterday.

We traveled for miles through ashes and scorix, and then descended into a dense afternoon fog; but Mr. S. is a practiced mountaineer, and never faltered for a moment, and our horses made such good speed that late in the afternoon we were able to warm ourselves by a gallop, which brought us in here ravenous for supper before dark, having ridden for thirteen hours. I hope I have made it clear that the top of this dead volcano, whether cones or ravines, is deep soft ashes and sand.

To-morrow morning I intend to ride the thirty miles to Waimea with two native women, and the next day to go off on my adventurous expedition to Hilo, for which I have bought for \$45 a big, strong, heavy horse, which I have named Kahahele. He has the poking head and unmistakable gait of a bullock horse, but is said to be "a good traveler."

A disposition to do good, and go forward in duty, at any sacrifice, in the face of any obstacle, is the best evidence of grace in the heart.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE HAWAIIAN GUIDE BOOK FOR TRAVELERS, containing a brief description of the Hawaiian Islands, their Harbors, Agricultural Resources, Plantations, Scenery, Volcanoes, Climate, Population, and Commerce. First edition. Published by H. M. Whitney, Honolulu, H. I., 1875.

We take special interest in calling attention to this book of 144 pages. It is "multum in parvo." We only wonder something of the kind has not previously been issued, and only shows that we move rather slowly at the Sandwich Islands. The author of this little book is really a "live" man so far as types are concerned, and it seems strange that he has not previously started on this line of publication. Better late than never, as the old adage runs, and now, having a guide book, we recommend all persons desirous of gleaning information respecting our islands to invest in the purchase of this book, and they may rely upon the information which it contains. The price is only sixty cents. Any of our readers in America or England who will send us seventy-five cents in postage stamps, we will send them by mail a copy of this little book.

## Correspondent in Japan.

KOBE, JAPAN, Aug. 4th, 1875.

Rev. S. C. Damon:—I suppose you will be glad to hear of the recent movement at Sanda, twenty miles northwest of Kobe.

On the 27th ult. a church was organized there. While so much is being done to circulate the Bible, it is cheering to know how the Gospel was first introduced at this station. Some ten or fifteen years ago a Bible or two in Chinese was left there, by whom we know not. The Daimio, being a liberal man, did not hinder those who understood that language from reading it. The number who read or heard it grew large, and became much interested in it. Hence when Mr. Davis, two years ago, began to preach there, they gladly received his message. And it is said most of the church members of Kobe were originally from Sanda; and now a church of seven males and nine females has just been organized there.

The house in which the church was organized has an interesting history. It is a one-story building, probably 100 feet by 50, covered with tile, and is said to have been built three hundred years ago, (fifty years before the pilgrims arrived in New England) and to have been occupied, until the recent revolution, by the Daimios, viz., governors of that district. The last one now lives in Kobe, and his mother is a member of the church here. It was recently sold to a company in Sanda, who let out part of it for a dispensary and hospital, and two large and

two small rooms to the Bible venders; and now to the church.

Miss Dudley has spent four or five months with them, and several other female members of the mission, a week at a time, reading the Scriptures to and with them, and trying to show them their meaning. The year past my son has preached to them once a fortnight, and occasionally spent several days there instructing them. And when they wished to be organized into a church, Mr. Davis, being pressed with labors in Kobe, urged that my son should take the lead. It is said the work there has reached females more than at any other station in Japan. It is also remarkable that most of the converts there and at Kobe are of the soldier class. They are pretty generally educated, and being now disbanded and their pension much reduced, they seem to be more ready than most to hear and embrace the Gospel.

Imamura, who was with my son at the islands, is of that class, and seems now to be a true Christian. And those who understand Japanese say he preaches well. His mother, who at first much opposed to his professing Christianity, is apparently quite reconciled, and seems to be a serious inquirer; and I believe his wife is, also.

Although I know almost nothing of Japanese, still it is sweet to hear the natives sing in *familiar tunes*, but in their own tongue, such hymns as "Rock of Ages," "Jesus Loves Me," "The Old, Old Story," "In the Sweet By-and-by," and others of that class. In prayers, both public and private, there is one very striking and to me agreeable feature. When through the ordinary petitions of the leader, they repeat *in concert* the Lord's Prayer, which of course takes in *the whole world*.

As ever yours, in Christ,  
P. J. GULICK.

A MONUMENT TO BAXTER.—Only think of it,—Dean Stanley and other dignitaries of the Church of England uniting with Non-conformists in erecting a monument or statue to the memory of Richard Baxter. We copy as follows from the *Pacific*:

Distinguished gentlemen and dignitaries in Church and State graced the occasion with their presence. It is cheering to observe how much the memory of such godly men as Bunyan and Baxter is honored in the times in which we live. A London paper says: "The statue is in gray Sicilian marble. The height of the figure is 10 feet, and it will be placed on a granite pedestal 12 feet high. The sculptor has made use not only of the well-known portrait at Kidderminster, but also of others in the British Museum; and he has produced what is probably a faithful, and is certainly a striking and impressive, semblance of that great and earnest spirit who, in spite of bodily weakness, ever living as he did upon the very brink of the grave, achieved an amount of work which few men in robust health have equaled and none surpassed.

Dr. Angus has truly said that if Baxter

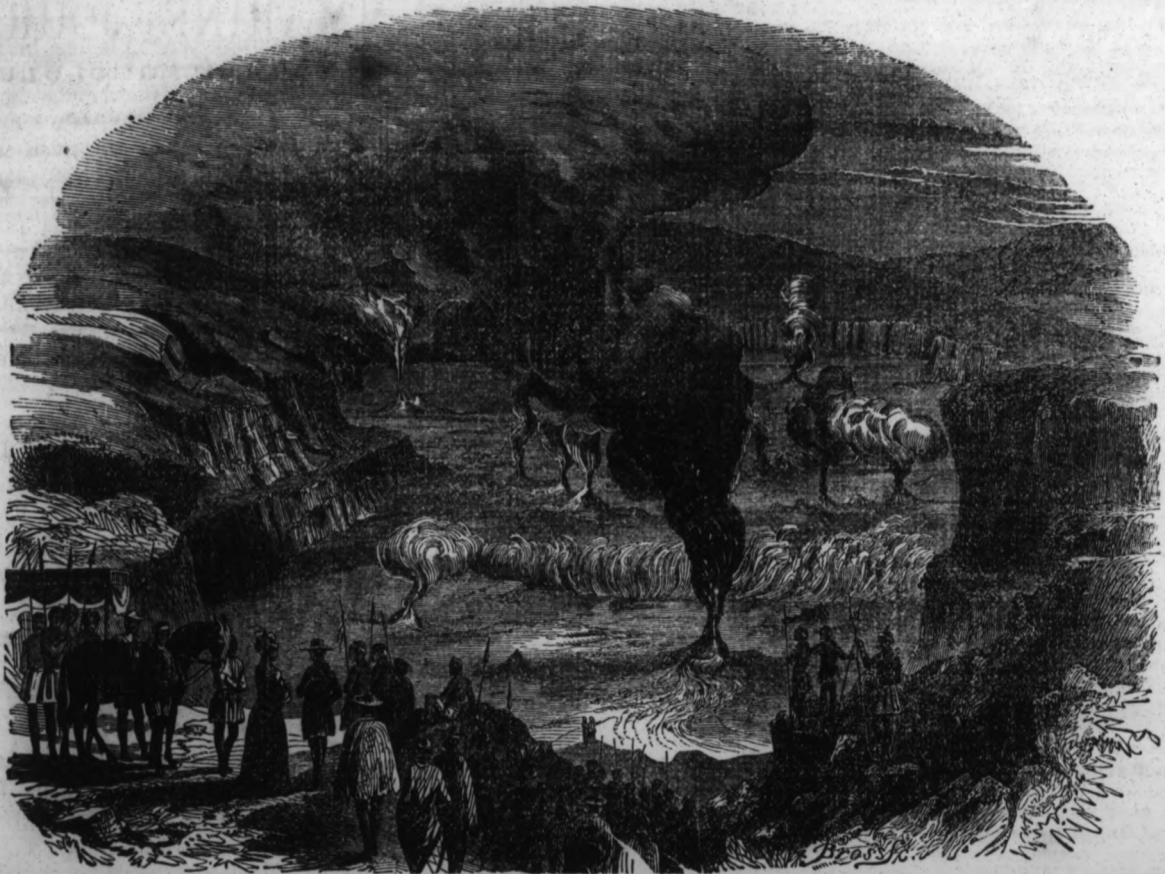
had spent his time in telling his ailments or even retired from the field to the hospital, it would be easy to find circumstances to excuse, if not to justify, such a course. But instead of yielding to selfish complaint or valetudinarian indolence, he manfully held on his way a cheerful traveler to the very close, the greatest writer and pastor of his age—"doing the work of a city missionary at Kidderminster, and writing more pages than many students now read."

PROF. BOYD DAWKINS, of Owen College, Manchester, England, was a passenger on board the last Australian steamer bound to San Francisco from Sydney. This gentleman is professor of geology and a graduate of Oxford. He was sent out by capitalists of England to examine certain oil coal regions in New South Wales. He left England in June, and expects to get back in season for the fall course of lectures. He has written upon pre-historic themes, and is now preparing to publish a work upon recent discoveries in Switzerland.

—Anthony Trollope, the novelist, was also passenger by the same steamer. In the September number of Harper's Monthly, the reader will find a cut reproduced from the work of Anthony Trollope's mama, on the manners of Americans.

DEATH OF THE REV. E. S. LACY.—In the *Pacific* of August 26th, we read the announcement of the death of Mr. Lacy, whose life and labors have been so intimately interwoven with the religious life and progress of California during the past twenty years. It was never our privilege to become personally acquainted with the deceased, but his reputation as preacher and pastor has ever been such that we have regarded him as among the truly reliable and devoted ministers of the Congregational body. He was the predecessor of Rev. Dr. Stone, as pastor of the first Congregational Church of San Francisco, but was compelled to resign on account of ill health.

THE "PUNAHOU MIRROR."—No sooner had the new school year opened and the programme of the daily exercises been arranged, than we see the College reflected in the bright and cheerful pages of the *Mirror*. This betokens study and enterprise. Punahou is a well-spring of intellectual life to Hawaii nei. Not more refreshing is the spring gushing pure and clear from the hills than this seminary's clear stream of educational and literary life flowing forth upon our island community. Sixty pupils have already entered to be instructed by the corps of teachers largely re-enforced from the fresh life of California. May success crown labors of teachers and studies of the pupils.



[From "The Leisure Hour" for August.]

### KAPIOLANI.

"In 1825, five years after the first missionaries landed in Hawaii, Kapiolani, a woman of high rank, while living at Kaiwaloa (where Captain Cook was murdered) became a Christian. Grieving for her people, most of whom still feared to anger Pele, she announced that it was her intention to visit Kilauea (the largest known volcano), and dare the fearful goddess to do her worst. Her husband and many others tried to dissuade her, but she was resolute, and taking with her a large retinue, she took a journey of one hundred miles, mostly on foot, over the rugged lava, till she arrived near the crater. There a priestess of Pele met her, threatened her with the displeasure of the goddess if she persisted, and prophesied that she and her followers would perish miserably. Then, as now, *ohelo* berries grew profusely round the terminal wall of Kilauea, and there, as elsewhere, were sacred to Pele, no one daring to eat of them till he had first offered some of them to the divinity. It was usual on arriving at the crater to break a branch covered with berries, and, turning the face to the pit of fire, throw half the branch over the precipice, saying, 'Pele, here are your *ohelos*. I offer some to you, some I also eat;' after which the natives partook of them freely. Kapiolani gathered and ate them without this formula, after which she and her company of eighty persons descended to the black edge of Halemau-mau. There, in full view of the fiery pit, she thus addressed her followers: 'Jehovah is my God. He kindled these fires. I fear not Pele. If I perish by the anger of Pele, then you may fear the power of Pele; but if I trust in Jehovah, and he should save

me from the wrath of Pele, then you must fear and serve the Lord Jehovah. All the gods of Hawaii are vain! Great is Jehovah's goodness in sending teachers to turn us from these vanities to the living God!' Then they sang a hymn. It was more sublime than Elijah's appeal on the soft green slopes of Carmel."—*The Hawaiian Archipelago, by Isabella Bird.*

It was a toilsome journey, league on league  
Across the pathless wild. Three times the sun  
Above the orient seas had climbed to noon,  
And all the waters bound in girdling light,  
Then traveled slowly to the golden west;  
And distant still the mountain summit glowed,  
With pulsing fire that mocked the night and man.  
Now morning came beneath the plummy palms,  
And Kapiolani woke her tardy tribe  
With words of faith more strong than Pele's spells;  
Like sylvan priestess, whose beseeching eyes  
Spoke some near Presence hid from common view.  
A white robe wrapped the dusky chieftainess,  
And where she plunged into green depths of shade,  
And waved them onward with uplifted arm,  
Showed, like a knight's pure crest in holy war,  
When red blood flows, borne ever to the front.

The forest tracks were tangled with wild growths,  
Festoons of beauty binding tree to tree,  
Like masts with glossy cordage intertwined;  
And gorgeous blooms beset the weary feet,  
The many-colored wreaths that nature weaves  
And art but sees in dreams; while like a mist  
Which holds the glory of the noon diffused,  
An odor floated o'er them, blending all  
In one sweet airy essence. Now the way  
Led upward, where the falling waters leapt  
To cooler depths, mid rugged sun-scorched rocks,  
Chaotic, where the swift stream gurgling smote  
The hardy swimmer trained to ride the surge  
On coral reef, and hurled him back to find  
Another passage. Evening showed their goal,  
With fires that brightened at the sun's decline,  
And held them constant, as yon starry Cross  
The wistful sailor tossing on the seas.

So wore the days; and soon the pilgrim band,  
Drawn onward by the larger soul that ruled,  
Like babbling waters lost in one great tide,  
Had reached the higher slopes. Beneath their feet

The lava spread, a molten sea congealed  
In bonds more potent than the icy chains  
Of polar realms,—now rippled as with waves,  
And rugged to the tread, now smooth to tempt  
A fall,—a vast expanse, where torrent strove  
With torrent once, rending the mountain side,  
And rolled destruction. Forms of beauty clung  
About the fire-stained rocks, and waves of green  
Contended with the grey, cold waves of stone;  
And last, the fairy ferns shook out their plumes  
High overhead, as if to win the waste  
With tender graces. Then, the scene all changed;  
The ashen flood held sway unbroken, save  
Where errant seed sought life, or scattered bush  
Uphore the ruddy banquet Pele loved,  
The sacred berries, tinged with fiery red.  
No bird with flashing wing made bright the air,  
Or dared those frowning heights with cheerful song;  
No insect danced along the sunbeam's path.  
Strange fumes swept downward, pungent to the sense  
And sounds more awful than the thunder-crash—  
Mysterious, muffled, like some caverned sea—  
Appalled the trembling pilgrims.

Night came down  
With swift still step across the golden skies,  
But brought new terrors: lo! her silver robes  
Ensanguined, and her starry train all dim,—  
The firmament aglow with earth-born clouds,  
That throbbled with angry life, one moment white  
With mighty passion, and the next blood-red  
With pulsing force; while the near mountain flamed  
With flashing fires intenser than the gleam  
Of many lightnings.

Kapiolani slept,  
Perchance bright visions passed  
In heaven's eclipsing light before her eyes.  
The spirit lives not only on the earth,  
Nor draws its energies from common air,  
Nor only sees the goal of mortal strength.  
Her heart had communed with the things unseen  
That faith discloses; nought she knew of old  
Heroic story, nought of human fame;  
But one sole act, much pondered, filled her life  
With fervor of devotion,—that great death  
Whereby with blood Christ sets the basest free,  
And gives the dying life. The sacred sense  
Of kinship with the Father in the skies  
Was hers, the trust that lifts the lowly heart  
To heights of holy doing. God, who made  
All nations of one blood, and through the same  
All-righteous Lord binds in one kingdom,—that

Nor east nor west should glory, nor the lands  
Whose spreading plains are furrowed with the deeds  
Of heroes dead despise the isles remote,  
Nor puler race the dark,—this God she knew;  
His love had sought her with redeeming words,  
A child of nature, summoned to partake  
His service. What were Pele's wrath, if robbed  
In fire-clouds she should dare Jehovah? what  
The rending earth compared with His dread step  
Who made all worlds?

Yet Pele ruled the isles,  
Seen only in the fierce volcano's flame,  
Heard in its muttered thunders, felt when wroth  
She scourged with lava coils the fair green hills;  
A phantom goddess, terrible the more.  
What marvel that Hawaii's simple race,  
Untutored, trembled at the smoking mount,  
And held it god-posses? The mystic fires  
Wrought ever upward from the central earth,  
Resistless,—not the storm-lashed waves so shook  
The coral strand; they plowed the level shore  
With shafts of flame, and rock on rock upheaved  
From ocean depths, and bound with Alpine chains,  
Till on their ruddy peaks the white snows hissed,  
And spread their cooling mantle. All the land  
Bore marks of fire; the limpid pools that glassed  
The sunbeams showed its scars beneath; and like  
Some scorching footstep the black lava track  
Ran through the verdant forests. Now the skies  
Serenely kissed the sleeping mountain, then  
Drew back in terror. Lo! a pillar held  
By fiery hands that seemed to smite the stars,  
Upreared a thousand feet of solid flame,  
Piercing the midnight of a hundred miles  
With shafts of day. Behold, the palm-groves sway,  
And smoking fall, while the hot torrent rolls  
Its fury downward; swift as mountain stream,  
Broad as some mighty river of the plains,  
In rippling fire,—with voice of hurricane;  
A flaming cataract that sweeps to death  
Man and all creatures,—leaping to the sea  
With serpent hiss, in shock that rends the waves!  
O Pele, goddess of the fire-crowned isles,  
Clothed with the lightnings of unnumbered years,  
Lives there the mortal who would brave thine ire?

Now Mauna Loa paled before the sun;  
Its lofty dome against the azure sky  
Brought earth and heaven near, the peaceful heights  
Where winds disturb not near to fire-built halls  
Where nature languished in convulsive strife.  
The dread Kilauea from lower range  
Its seething cauldrons opened to the day,  
And mocked its glory; and dire Hale-mau-mau,  
"The House of Everlasting Fire," so named  
Of hoar tradition, spread its gates abroad  
Aflame with splendor.

Pele's priestess came,  
With demon glare, gaunt, haggard, clad in robe  
The fires had fringed, and shrieked her curses, till  
The painting smoke-clouds, sweeping downward,  
To breathe her fury. [seemed

Kapiolani drew  
Her shudd'ring people to the crater's brink,  
Where the fierce goddess slumbered, wrapped in fire.  
Now would she prove to all the craven tribes,  
—As erst on Carmel's height Elijah mocked  
The priests of Baal,—that Jehovah reigns;  
And down the dread abyss she led the way:  
Past blackened walls that mirrored deeper gloom,  
Past rocks now white with breath of former heats,  
And yellow sulphur streams, and rivers caught  
In flaming whirlpools, and then chilled to stone;  
O'er solid lake, through shivered fortress wild;  
The fumes, and denser grew the air, and hot  
The fumes, and scorching to her feet the path.  
The steaming earth scarce hardened to her tread;  
Or chasm broad or rugged rent opposed  
Her progress, while from caverned depths there came  
Fierce sultry blasts that withered all the strength.  
At last she stood beside the molten sea,  
That flashed and quivered in a thousand waves,  
And rolled its flames with thunders. Never tongue  
Can tell the sight; for, far as eye could scan,  
The fountains of the fiery deep were loosed,  
Now leaping to the clouds,—in ruddy rain  
Returning,—whirling downward now, in force  
That cleft the serried billows like the might  
Of lightnings multitudinous; a calm  
Fast cooled the bubbling flood to silver, or  
With roseate hues a moment tracked the flame:  
Quick broken, when in wild volcanic rage,  
With crimson gleam, the surging waves arose,

And whelmed the toppling cliffs with living fire.  
So, ever restless heaved this flaming sea,  
With flaming pall encompassed, and with sound  
Of throbbing earthquake from the depths unknown.

The dusky queen stood in the lurid light,  
And gazed nor feared. The branch long dedicate  
To Pele in her hand she held, and broke,  
And gave not first the customary gift,  
But ate the sacred berries, and defied  
The immemorial bond,—while yonder sea  
Lashed the dread throne of Pele, in their sight.

"Jehovah is our God," she cried; "these fires  
He kindled; vain the wrath, and vain the power  
Of dreaded Pele; I defy her spells.  
Praise, all ye isles, the great Jehovah's love!"

Then from her lips there rose the liquid strains  
Of simple hymn,—in tongue unknown to fame,  
But burdened with the theme that angels sing;  
And in the pauses of the thunder-voiced  
Fire billows, its clear cadence fell in notes  
Of faith victorious.

Her people heard,  
And caught the holy song, emancipate  
In sudden freedom. Pele gave no sign,  
Nor rent the earth, nor flashed her anger forth,  
Her phantom terrors less than airy smoke  
That vanished. Then, far down the island hills  
There went the story of her vanquished name.

W. STEVENS.

Organ Fund and Bethel Repairs.

Cost of new organ in Boston, (\$1000 in currency).....	\$ 941 99
Duties and charges.....	91 30
Lucas' carpentry bill.....	85 50
Lewers & Dickson's bill.....	26 12
Macaulay's bill.....	55 00
Dillingham & Co.'s bill.....	39 82
Incidentals, including mason and painter's work, ma- terials, &c.....	50 68
	\$1290 41
Money received from—	
Tableaux, per J. O. Carter.....	\$ 352 60
H. Hackfeld, Bremen.....	100 00
J. C. Pfleger, Bremen.....	100 00
C. Brewer, Boston.....	100 00
C. A. Williams.....	50 00
J. W. Austin.....	50 00
Friend in Boston.....	25 00
Sale of old organ.....	14 00
Spelling match.....	65 50
Subscription in Bethel congregation.....	248 50
C. Brewer & Co.....	25 53
Other donors.....	11 12
	\$1282 25
Sept. 28th, 1875, DEBT.....	\$ 8 16

WHO IS "STARLING?"—A London correspondent writes us inquiring, Who is "Starling?" It appears that the poetry written at the islands has reached London! "Starling," we believe, is none other than our editorial brother, H. L. Sheldon, Esq., editor of the *Pacific Commercial Advertiser*. In the March number of the FRIEND for 1865, will be found a poem entitled "The South Sea Slaver," by "Starling;" and other poetical effusions claim a similar paternity.

We would acknowledge a discourse, commemorative of Hon. S. Williston, founder of Williston Seminary, East Hampton, Mass., by Rev. W. S. Tyler, D. D.

DIED.

ECKART—In San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 24, of abscess of the lungs, Mrs. MATILDA, widow of the late Christian Eckart, of this city, aged 84 years and 4 months.  
TORBERT—At the Waiata Female Seminary, Sept. 13th, of consumption, MARY E. TORBERT, aged 18 years and 6 months. Her end was perfect peace.  
FYFE—In this city, September 16th, CONFIELD WILLIAMS, infant son of D. K. Fyfe, Esq., aged 4½ months.

MARINE JOURNAL.

PORT OF HONOLULU, S. I.

ARRIVALS.

Sept. 3—Am brig J B Ford, Jenks, 16½ days from Humboldt Bay.  
9—Tahitian bk Ionia, Lovegrove, 23 days fm Bolabola.  
16—H B M S Peterel, Cookson, from Hilo, Hawaii.  
17—Brit stmr City of Melbourne, Brown, 13 days and 20 hours from Auckland.  
19—Brit bk Jalawar, Chilton, 17 days fm San Francisco.  
21—Am wh bk Napoleon, Jernegan, fm cruise, with 250 sperms.  
21—Am wh bk Atlantic, Brown, fm cruise, with 80 spu  
21—Brit stmr Cyphrenes, Wood, 8½ days fm S France  
25—Am ship Marriane Nottebohm, Whitney, put in for repairs.  
25—Haw schr Ulama, English,— days from Guano Is  
28—Am bk Herbert Black, Treat, 43 days from Sydney

DEPARTURES.

Sept. 1—Am bk D C Murray, Fuller, for San Francisco.  
1—Am ship Lady Blessington, Brown, for Baker's Is.  
3—H B M S Peterel, Cookson, for Hilo, Hawaii.  
5—Am bk Camden, Robinson, for Port Gamble.  
14—Haw brig Pomare, Hatfield, for Tahiti.  
16—Am bk Ceylon, Woods, for San Francisco.  
18—Brit stmr City of Melbourne, Brown, for S Francisco  
22—Brit stmr Cyphrenes, Wood, for Auckland & Sydney  
22—Am brig J B Ford, Jenks, for San Francisco.  
23—Brit bk Jalawar, Chilton, for guano islands.  
26—H B M S Peterel, Cookson, for a cruise.  
28—Am bk Herbert Black, Treat, for Portland, Oregon.

MEMORANDA.

The whaling barks Napoleon, Capt. Jernegan, and Atlantic, Capt. Brown, arrived on the 21st September from the off-shore whaling ground for repairs, they having collided at sea and sustained some damage.

REPORT OF BRIG J B FORD, G W JENKS, MASTER.—Sailed from Humboldt Bay Aug 17th at 2 p m: first two days had strong N winds, since then have had light NE winds and fine weather. Sighted Maui Sept 2d at 11 a m, and arrived in Honolulu next morning.

REPORT OF BARK IONIA, LOVEGROVE, MASTER.—Left Tahiti on the 7th of August, and arrived at Borabora next day. After loading left Borabora on the 18th, with fresh trades well to northward, making Flint's Island on the 23d, after which to the line had strong easterly winds. Crossed the line on the 27th in long 150° 10' W. Carried SE trades to about lat 7° N; then came on squally weather and heavy rains with baffling wind between west and south until Sept 4th, when the wind sprang up light from NNE, afterwards hauling to NE and freshening. From thence to port had fresh trades. Made the Island of Hawaii on Sept 8th, and arrived in Honolulu on the 9th, after a passage of 23 days.

REPORT OF STEAMSHIP CITY OF MELBOURNE, J W BROWN, COMMANDER.—At 1 p m on Aug 28th, after having received on board the English mails, cast off from her moorings in Johnson's Bay and proceeded slowly down the harbor. Cleared the heads at 2 p m with a light easterly breeze and fine weather, which continued until arrival at the Three Kings, which were passed at 4 p m Sept 1st; thence light NE winds to North Cape, which was passed at 8.45 p m same day. Entered harbor of Auckland at 1 p m on the 2d, winds throughout being easterly and NE, with fine weather. Left Auckland at 2 p m on the 3d, after detention of three hours; cleared the Great Barrier at 8 p m. On the 8th at 8 p m passed the Island of Tutuila. Crossed the line on the meridian of 165° 45' W on the 12th at 10 a m. After leaving Auckland experienced a strong NNE gale and a heavy head sea which lasted two days, the ship rolling heavily and shipping large quantities of water; thence moderate easterly and NE winds until reaching the 17° parallel of latitude, thence light NW winds hauled to the southward. Arrived in Honolulu about noon of Sept 17th.

REPORT OF STEAMSHIP CYPHRENS, WOOD, COMMANDER.—Left San Francisco at 11.30 a m Sept 13th, and cleared the Golden Gate at 12.15. Fine weather and light variable winds have been experienced throughout the passage. Sighted Maui at 11 a m Sept 21st, and arrived off Honolulu at 9 p m. Pilot boarded at 10.30 p m. HENRY ADAMS, PURSER.

REPORT OF SHIP MARRIANE NOTTEBOHM, WHITNEY, MASTER.—Left Enderbury Island July 9th with a load of guano for Queenstown. During the voyage encountered heavy gales in lat 43° S, when the vessel sprung a leak, and had to put for this port for repairs, arriving on Saturday, Sept 25.

PASSENGERS.

FROM BORABORA—Per Ionia, Sept 9th—Mrs Howe, Mr Brown.  
FOR TAHITI—Per Pomare, Sept 14th—Godfrey Brown.  
FOR SAN FRANCISCO—Per City of Melbourne, Sept 18th—Mr and Miss Hornshell, J H Copenhagen, Dr J M Brown, Mrs Hamilton and children, Louis Abel, Mrs Lyons, Kee Hong, H M Whitney, Mr Peebles and wife, Dr J S McGrew, wife and child, Miss Bennett, R B Voorhies, jr.  
FROM SAN FRANCISCO—Per Jalawar, Sept 19th—Captain Tripp.  
FROM SAN FRANCISCO—Per Cyphrenes, Sept 21st—Mrs W F Mossman and 4 children, J Barton, E V Thwing, Geo Stratemyer, Chum Fan, J P Cooke, M Louisson, B F Wickersham, 7 in the steerage, and 60 through passengers.  
FOR AUCLAND & SYDNEY—Per Cyphrenes, Sept 22d—G T Strang, J W Shanklin, and 60 from San Francisco.  
FOR SAN FRANCISCO—Per J B Ford, Sept 22d—W H Peebles, T K Park, Mrs C E Williams, E Williams, Chas Williams, Miss Hattie Williams, Mr King.  
FOR TAHITI—Per Ionia, Sept 24th—J H Houghton, Jos Morrell, J A Brown.

### The Two Great Poems of India.

We are indebted to Messrs. Trubner & Co. of London, for sending regular files of their "American and Oriental Literary Record." From its perusal we glean many curious facts relating to the world's literature, not published in any other periodical. In reading some of the ambitious literary productions of the age, one would be led to infer that former generations were very ignorant. From this periodical of Trubner & Co. we learn much relating to the ancient literature of India, but specially that department which has been for ages hid away in the Sanskrit language. The celebrated linguist and philologist, Max Muller, has done much to introduce to European readers a knowledge of Sanskrit literature.

In the last number of the "Record" which has just been received, we find a most interesting notice, by Edwin Arnold of Oxford University and formerly principal of a Sanskrit College at Poona, India, of the two great poems of India, which he styles "The Iliad and the Odyssey of India." We copy the following paragraphs relating to these two poems, one of which contains 200,000 verses, and the other 50,000. Both the Iliad and Odyssey of Homer contain only some 30,000 and Milton's Paradise Lost only 10,565 lines.

"There exist two great, two colossal, two unparalleled epic poems in the sacred language of India which were not known to Europe, even by name, till Sir William Jones announced their existence; and which, since his time, have been made public only by fragments, by specimens bearing to those vast treasures of Sanskrit literature such small proportion as cabinet samples of ore have to the riches of a silver mine. Yet these most remarkable poems contain all the history of ancient India, so far as it can be recovered, together with such inexhaustible details of its political, social, and religious life, that the antique Hindoo world really stands epitomized in them. The Old Testament is not more interwoven with the Jewish race, nor the New Testament with the civilization of Christendom, nor the Koran with the records and destinies of Islam, than these two Sanskrit poems with that unchanging and teeming population which Her Majesty rules as Empress of Hindostan. The stories, songs, and ballads, the histories and genealogies, the nursery tales and religious discourses, the art, the learning, the philosophy, the creeds, the moralities, the modes of thought, the very phrases, sayings, turns of expression, and daily ideas of the Hindoo people are taken from these poems. Their children and their wives are named out of them; so are their cities, temples, streets, and cattle. They have constituted the library, the newspaper, and the Bible, generation after generation, to all the succeeding and countless millions of Indian people; and it replaces patriotism with that race and stands instead of nationality to

possess these two precious and inexhaustible books, and to drink from them as from mighty and overflowing rivers. The value ascribed in Hindostan to these two little-known epics has transcended all literary standards established here. They are personified, worshiped, and cited from as something divine. To read or even listen to them is thought by the devout Hindoo sufficiently meritorious to bring prosperity to his household here and happiness in the next world; they are held also to give wealth to the poor, health to the sick, wisdom to the ignorant; and the recitation of certain parvas and shlokes in them can fill the household of the barren, it is believed, with children.

"Yet these national poems—the Mahabharat and the Ramayana, the literary palleadia of India—remain unknown to Europe, and have never been translated by command of the English Government, as beyond question they should have been. Nothing, in truth, can quite excuse the indifference shown in this default.

"The Ramayana of Valmiki, answering most to the Odyssey, has just been completed by the single-handed toil of Mr. Ralph Griffith, Principal of the Benares College.

"As for the Mahabharata, even more vast than the Ramayana, it would seem, as has been said, hopeless to expect that any single mind could address itself to the translation of that almost endless epic. A bare transcript into curt and literal prose would occupy about fifteen ordinary octavo volumes, without a note or comment. But, wonderful to relate, this, too, has been achieved, or nearly so, by a scholar unknown, yet well deserving fame and public gratitude.

"Such is the barest outline of this mighty and ancient poem, which has had far more rapt listeners than ever the 'Iliad' or 'Odyssey' could boast—which may claim a grander scheme and higher aims than either, and which in many a beautiful and sonorous passage does not yield in music or invention or majesty to the flow of Homer's own Greek. Outside the main story and its many episodes the gigantic work contains, as an ocean embraces islands, the separate compositions of the Bhagavad-Gita, with the legends of Krishna and the three famous stories of Nala and Damayanti, Devayani and Vayati, and—though this was interpolated—Chandraharna and Bikya. The Mahabharata is, in truth, an ocean of poetry, whose coast-line we have merely indicated, yet we have accomplished our purpose in praising the industry which has summarized it in Mr. Talboys Wheeler's admirable first volume; the spirit which has aided him in Messrs. Trubner's well-known interest in Oriental learning; and the devotion, above all, of that nameless scholar whose toil has sounded for us the depths of this almost boundless sea. We have dipped but a cup or two from its musical wavelets of love alternating with mighty rolling billows of tempestuous passion, and sinking back again into ripples of restful peace and the calm of the dark waters at night. It was our desire, while doing justice to a recent notable work, to convey some slight idea to the English public of this vast antique epic, which to the present hour feeds with by-gone but immortal

melody the hearts of all the Indian people. If we have effected this, our purpose is accomplished. In another paper, and on a future occasion, we hope to notice the remarkable translation which Mr. Ralph Griffith, of the Benares College, has achieved from the Sanskrit of that sister-poem of the Mahabharata—the voluminous Ramayana."

**THE MURDER OF COMMODORE GOODENOUGH.**—Some one has kindly sent us a copy of the Auckland weekly *Herald* containing a full report of the death of this noble officer of the British navy. It appears that he received his death wounds from the poisoned arrow of the natives of Santa Cruz, the island where the late Bishop Patteson was cut off. The Commodore was in command of the Australian naval station, and was highly esteemed. His lamented death and that of two or three of his seamen, has called forth expressions of sympathy from not only the people of the Colonies, but also from the Queen of England. The paper from which we glean this information attributes the sad occurrence to "a hostility probably provoked by some previous outrage committed by white men."

There is no doubt about the matter. It will take a long time to efface from the simple natives the memory of the outrages committed by the "kidnappers." The British Government has done nobly, through the agency of the navy, to suppress those "white men" engaged in kidnapping, but the colonial governments—Queen's Land and New South Wales—have not sustained the Home Government. Read the report of Captain Palmer, commander of the *Rosario*, and reports of courts of New South Wales. Captain Palmer's book on kidnapping now lies before us.

**REV. DR. FINNEY DEPARTED.**—This prince of revival preachers and president of Oberlin College, died August 16th at the advanced age of over four score. Few men of the passing age have exerted a more commanding influence among the churches of America. He was a native of Litchfield County, Ct., from whence have come so many noble men and women. He was a lawyer by profession, but when he became a follower of Christ he entered the pulpit, which he has honored for a good half century. The American pulpit has had few such preachers, and the interests of college education few such advocates.

**ACOUSTIC FAILURES.**—Dr. Lothrop's church in Boston is one of the costliest churches on the Back Bay. As a preaching place, it is an entire failure. Every method has been adopted to remedy the defect, but without avail. The Central Church, costing, it is said, over a quarter of a million, has shoved its platform away into the center, to cure defective hearing, but without success. The new Universalist Church, one of the most elegant and costly in Boston, is a mortifying failure.

**Places of Worship.**

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**FORT STREET CHURCH**—Rev. W. Frear, Pastor, corner of Fort and Beretania streets. Preaching on Sundays at 11 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Sabbath School at 10 A. M.

**KAWAIAHAO CHURCH**—Rev. H. H. Parker, Pastor, King street, above the Palace. Services in Hawaiian every Sunday at 9 1/2 A. M. and 3 P. M.

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**KAUMAKAPILI CHURCH**—Rev. M. Kuhea, Pastor, Beretania street, near Niuuanu. Services in Hawaiian every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 2 1/2 P. M.

**THE ANGLICAN CHURCH**—Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Alfred Willis, D. D.; Clergy, Rev. Rob't Dunn, M. A., Rev. Alex. Mackintosh, St. Andrew's Temporary Cathedral, Beretania street, opposite the Hotel. English services on Sundays at 6 1/2 and 11 A. M., and 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M. Sunday School at the Clergy House at 10 A. M.

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*Pure religion and undefiled before God, the Father, is this:  
To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world.*

Edited by a Committee of the Y. M. C. A.

## Joint Heirs with Christ. (St. Paul.)

What winged words of love and grace.  
Mysterious and divine!  
Upon our poor and sinful race  
What gifts of glory shine!  
With Him, of all things who is heir,  
That we the inheritance should share.

Heirs of the Father's love so great,  
So strong, so deep, so high,  
That nothing from His blest estate  
Can move us carelessly.  
When shed abroad within the heart,  
'Tis ours for aye, this better part.

Heirs of the Spirit's power so sweet,  
To comfort in distress;  
In way of truth to guide our feet,  
To sanctify and bless;  
To wing our prayers and all our needs  
The Holy Spirit intercedes.

And "heirs of God!" A boon, indeed!  
Inheritance how blest!  
God only fills the soul's great need,  
And gives it perfect rest;  
Not heaven itself, that blest abode,  
Could satisfy us without God.

—The Pacific.

## Triennial Catalogue of Amherst College.

This is a beautifully printed pamphlet of 115 pages, and contains a full catalogue of all the graduates since the foundation of the institution. The first class contained only three graduates, but one of the trio was the widely known and justly honored Professor Snell, who has been connected with the college as a student and teacher from its origin. He has lectured to fifty successive classes, and still appears before the students in the lecture room as interested, instructive and skillful in the performance of the most delicate experiments in Natural Philosophy as in the earlier years of his professional life. The Rev. Dr. Tyler, Professor of Greek, has for more than forty years been connected with the college. These gentlemen with their honored associates have brought forward 2,172 young men, who have gone forth to the varied walks of professional life, —854 having become ordained ministers, 64 foreign missionaries, 148 physicians, while there are now living among the graduates 240 lawyers, and 234 professors in colleges and schools. In the war of the Rebellion 208 fought in the Union army, and 28 of this number were killed or died in the war. Over three hundred under-graduates are now

connected with the college, and among them four from our islands, viz., Whitney, Shipman, Bond and Peterson. Few colleges in America can exhibit a more honorable record for a half century's growth and development. The faculty now embraces twenty-two professors and tutors. The college is amply endowed and furnished with chapels, lecture rooms, dormitories, gymnasium, museums, and all the means and appliances of a first class institution. It is situated on one of the most lovely sites of New England, commanding a view of the Connecticut Valley, through which the "winding and willow-fringed" river of the same name wends its passage to the ocean. Opposite Amherst on the other side of the river is situated Northampton, or Beecher's "Norwood," where are located Smith's Female College and the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, while only a few miles away to the south, nestling under the brow of Mt. Holyoke, is situated Mt. Holyoke Female Seminary, of world wide fame. Only one mile north of Amherst College is situated Massachusetts Agricultural College, which is taking rank as one of the most successful institutions of that class in America. These are not all the institutions of learning in that vicinity, but we may add Williston Seminary in East Hampton, Amherst and Hadley Academies, and Mt. Pleasant High School; and we know not but others of a kindred nature. We are not aware as any spot in America within a radius of ten miles contains so many and so varied a cluster of literary institutions of a high order. In these days when the idea of University education is gradually taking possession of the American mind, why might not all these colleges, seminaries and academies be combined under one head? They would surely form a University equal to any in America, or any other land. They are situated in the heart of New England. So long as the heart pulsates responsive to the demands of America and the world, there is hope for the future.

## Beware of Thinking Evil.

English and Australian papers give much space to the case of Col. Baker, whose conduct merits such severe public censure. His instant and unconditional dismissal from the British army is a terrible disgrace. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, members of Parliament, and officers of the army strove in vain to ward off the blow, but the Queen was decided, and thereby has performed another official act which com-

mends her as a noble woman not only to her subjects, but to all the pure-minded and right-minded throughout the world. Royal lips are reported to have said, referring to Col. Baker's intercessors, "All the worse for them. It is disgraceful that they should have such a wretch for a friend. But it never shall be said of me that I permitted such a man to voluntarily leave my service. Let him be dismissed with all the disgrace that he has earned." The only mitigation of the disgrace, if so it may be called, is that he ranks in prison as "a first class criminal," and hence is not required to perform menial labor while in prison, but may have his wines and see his friend. Thus let those suffer and be punished who insult women in railway cars or elsewhere!

☞ Sit Moon, our colporteur, returned last week from a missionary tour around Oahu, having been absent about three weeks. He conversed with nearly two hundred of his countrymen on the different plantations. He was cordially received wherever he went. He speaks quite warmly of Mr. Wilder's cordiality, superintendent of the Kaalaea plantation. He held service at the Bethel last Sabbath evening, and will soon leave for Hawaii.

## Death of a Prominent Hawaiian.

The Honorable Paul Nahaolelua, died at Lahaina on the 5th inst. after an illness of eight months, in the seventh year of his age, he having been born at Kawaihae, Hawaii, on the 11th of September, 1806. He began life as a schoolmaster at Kaupo, Maui; subsequently he entered the High School of Lahainaluna, after leaving which he became successively District and Circuit Judge on Maui. For several years he acted as Deputy for Governor James Young Kanehoa, and succeeded the latter on his decease, in 1852. He continued to hold the office of Governor of Maui until 1874, when on the accession of His present Majesty, he was appointed Minister of Finance. The infirmities of age and the approaches of the disease to which he finally succumbed, caused his retiracy from office on the 31st of October, 1874, since which time he has resided at Lahaina. He leaves a widow, an adopted son and two grandchildren. The deceased was a man of sterling character, prompt, honorable and straightforward, and was highly esteemed for his executive ability by successive Kings, in whose councils he held a prominent place. By his own positive directions his funeral took place on the day of his death, without any of the pomp and display to which Hawaiians (and others as well) are so partial, and his body, enclosed in a plain pine coffin, was deposited in a vault in the cemetery of the Episcopal church of Lahaina.—P. C. Advertiser, Sept. 25.

☞ There is never a providence of God but hath either a mercy or a wonder in it.