

THE FRIEND.

Vol. 7.

HONOLULU, APRIL 2, 1849.

No. 4.

THE FRIEND.

CONTENTS

OF THE FRIEND, APRIL 2, 1849.

Original Poetry, "Gone to Sea,"	Page 25
Sketch of Samoan Islands,	" 25
A Kind Word to Moderate Drinkers,	" 26
A Terrible Lesson,	" 27
Life at Sea, Celebration Washington's Birth-day,	28
Extracts from <i>Hodge Podge</i> ,	28-29
Original Ode, Hymn, and Poem,	30
Loss of the American Whale Ship "United States,"	31
Donations, Marriages, Deaths, &c.,	32

The Poet's Corner.

For the Friend.

GONE TO SEA.

Three little words I know,
Ah! how sorrowful they flow,
Only three;
Yet no cunning phrase can reach,
Yet no flight of song can reach,
Half the power of that short speech.
Gone to sea!

Oft amid the windy spray,
Those we love adventurous stray
Full of glee;
While the terrors of the deep,
Hover round fond woman's sleep,
And she only wakes to weep,
Gone to sea!

We, at home, are tempest tost;
We are heart-wrecked, we are lost;
And we flee—
Fancy-swept o'er waters drear,
Fearing more than mortal fear,
Searching for those souls so dear,
Gone to sea.

We can see the masts go by,
And the white surge towering high,
O'er the lee;
And the riven ship ashore,
Sinking crew, and floating store,
Fused within that molten ore,
Gone to sea.

And we see that mourning dove—
Wife, who for her absent love,
Makes her plea;
Waiting, wasting, watching late,
Listening for the unlatched gate,—
On her breast this lead-like weight,
Gone to sea!

But there is in light enrolled,
Three bright worlds of power untold,
Only three:
Yet the soundless deep they drain;
Earth's cleft shores unite again,
At the power of that short strain—
NO MORE SEA!

This shall soothe the tempest's frown,
Chain the billowy Neptune down;
Storms will flee,
Rivers fresh, and gardens gay,
O'er yon wat'ry plains will stray,
And no quivering lip shall say,
Gone to sea.

No more sea! Then shipwrecks dire,
Foundering ships, and ships a-fire,
Will not be;
Then no treacherous waves shall roll,
O'er the globe, or o'er the soul—
Shivered then shall be the scroll,
Gone to sea.

No more sea!—O glorious word!
Second rain-bow from our Lord!
And to thee
God of promise!—bending low,
We the heart's deep thanks bestow,
For this brightening ianer bow,
No more sea.

New London, Con.

F. M. C.

Polynesian Sketches.

Samoan, or Navigators' Group.

Situation, — Government, — War now raging, — Late intelligence, — Establishment of the Mission, 1830, — Present number of Missionaries, — Printing, — English and American Consulates, &c., &c.

The Samoan, or Navigators' group of islands, is situated in the South Pacific, between 13° 30' and 14° 30' S. L., and 168° and 173° W. L. Eight islands belong to the group, viz.—Savaii, the largest, Upolu, next, Tutuila, Manua, Oloosinga, Ofoo, Manono, Apolima. The largest, Savaii, contains 700 square miles, being about the size of Mani, while Apolima contains only 7 square miles. The entire population of the group is estimated at between 50 and 60,000. The island of Upolu is estimated to contain 25,000, Savaii 20,000, Tutuila 8,000, and Manono 1,100.

In 1845 one of the English Missionaries, the Rev. Mr. Mills, made the following remarks in regard to the government of the islands, in a letter to the Editor—"There is no properly constituted government in Samoa. Every land has its chief, and each is unwilling that another should dictate to him. Still, in matters which concern the public welfare, they are ready to agree and enact laws. After all, as it remains with each party to act upon those regulations or not, as they please, it is of course very difficult for the well disposed part of the community to stand out against an evil which demands punishment." The system of independent chieftainships would seem to resemble the state of affairs on the Sandwich Islands, previous to the conquest of the islands by Kamehameha, I. The evils resulting from

these separate and independant clans, are now woefully apparent in the devastating war which was there raging at the last accounts from the islands. We have been favored with the following extract from a letter recently received, dated, Upolu, June 23, 1848:—

"A most destructive war has lately broken out, involving the whole of Upolu, Monono, and a large part of Savaii. Monono, though a small island, and comparatively of minor importance, with regard to numbers, has nevertheless been long regarded and respected by all the other islands as the ruling power. If a Monono man visits any of the other islands it is his privilege to ask for whatever he may wish, and if the rightful owner of the desired property refuses to comply with such requests, it is considered an insult to the government. In former times it would be at the risk of his life, and the same feelings are cherished yet to a considerable extent. In this way many a poor fellow has been deprived of a choice mat, a fat pig, or perhaps a favorite dog. But this Heathenish despotism does not operate so well in these more enlightened times, and a great body of the people have resolved no longer to submit to this oppression.

The warriors of Monono party are not less than 2,000, but there is a greater number on the defensive. They must either submit, or fight. They have chosen the latter alternative. About 50 in all, have fallen, and perhaps double that number are wounded. As far as can be ascertained, the loss on both sides has been nearly equal. The most the missionaries can do is to pray for them, and attend to the wounded. The whole fighting, as yet, has been with muskets."

From the "Samoa Reporter" for September, we glean additional particulars respecting the unhappy state of affairs in the islands. We copy as follows:—

"From the time of the engagement on the 17th of June till Saturday, the 9th of September, there was a cessation of actual hostilities. On the evening of that day, a party of the Aana forces burned Lemulifanua, a district belonging to Manono. Between the night of the following Sabbath and Monday morning, a party from the Manono fort made a secret attack upon a village in Atua, surprising its unsuspecting inhabitants at the early dawn of day, butchered in cold blood twelve persons—men, women, and children, and wounded others. This was a very prevalent mode of warfare in the heathen state of the islands; but many thought, that such a dastardly mode of procedure would not again disgrace their islands, and, consequently, appear to have used less vigilance than they otherwise would. The Manono party have since been waiting in daily expectation of an attack, in revenge. But Aana and Atua appear to be making their

arrangements with great coolness and deliberation; and this seems to augur more ominously for a determined and deadly attack, when they may decide upon it, than if they had made a hasty onset, under the excitement of the moment.

"Several church members have been drawn aside to take part in the war; and, among them, two or three who had sustained the office of teacher; but it is also encouraging to see that many of them have, as yet, taken a decided stand against uniting with those who delight in war; and are endeavouring practically to exhibit the power of the principles of the religion of the Prince of Peace. They retired to other lands, at a distance from the immediate scene of conflict, when it was evident that all efforts to bring the war party to a better mind were fruitless; and some of them have found a refuge, and are under instruction, in the Institution at Manula. One of the church-members has fallen in the war.

"While it is, indeed, a cause of thankfulness that some have stood in the trying hour, yet no one can estimate the moral and spiritual evils which must result to the district from the condition into which it has been brought. Even should peace be quickly restored, it may take years of toil and anxiety to overcome the effects of present proceedings among the people.

"Sept. 1848.

"H. N."

By referring to the Life of the Rev. J. Williams, it appears that he made his first missionary voyage to the Samoan Islands, on board the "Messenger of Peace," in the summer of 1830. He left upon the Islands some native teachers who had accompanied him from the Island of Rarotonga. The following year he made his second voyage to this group. A highly prosperous mission was soon established on the islands, under the direction of the London Missionary Society. In 1839 12,300 were gathered in the various missionary schools, and near a fourth part of the population was brought under direct religious influence. From the Annual Report of the L. M. Society for 1847, the last which has come to hand, we learn there were 19 missionaries, clerical and lay, laboring upon this group. The entire New Testament, and a portion of the Old Testament, has been translated into the Samoan language. Besides various works in the native language, the missionaries publish, *half-yearly*, the "Samoa Reporter" in English, each number containing about the same amount of reading matter as the "Friend."

This group of Islands are frequented by English and American whale ships, which has led to the establishment of consulates.

Mr. Prichard, formerly missionary at Tahiti, is now the British consul, and Mr. Williams, son of the missionary Williams, is the U. S. consul.

The mission there has suffered recently a severe loss in the death of two of its members, viz.—the Rev. Thomas Heath, who died May 9, 1848, and the Rev. Thomas Bullen, who died on the 24th of March previous.

We shall anxiously look for additional intelligence from that quarter, hoping it may be more favorable in regard to the internal and political affairs of the Islands.

The Temperance Friend.

For the Friend.

A KIND WORD TO MODERATE DRINKERS.

While I have no hard words to utter against those who do not join in an enterprise so nearly allied to the best interests of community, as the cause of *Total Abstinence*, I would say a few words with candor, frankness, and love, to all those who use intoxicating drinks as a *beverage*.

I would propose the inquiry—is your practice a safe one for yourselves? Is there not a legitimate tendency, in the habitual use of any intoxicating beverage, to increase the demand for such stimulant? To these inquiries the reply is often made—I can govern myself. I can drink, or I can let it alone

I grant that men of strong minds and generous hearts are found in your ranks. This may be your endowment, but does this fact place you beyond the reach of danger? Have you not seen your equals, or even superiors in all that exalts human nature, fall before the power of habit, and yield themselves the victims of intemperance. The circle of every man's observation furnishes facts bearing upon this point. Where then is the certainty that you may not follow in the same course. I admit that many men have used intoxicating drinks through life without becoming drunkards. Men have encountered the strife and shock of battle and escaped unhurt, while very many of their comrades have fallen. You would not infer from this that it is wise for men to endanger their lives without some adequate cause. No more should the moderate drinker consider himself safe because some of that class live and die sober men. In reference to those who are regarded as *temperate* in the use of strong drink, it remains to be shown that they enjoy more, and suffer less, in passing through life, than they would do if they lived according to the total abstinence principles.

Again; it is an undeniable truth that every drunkard was once walking in the same path which you now tread, and felt the same security which you now feel. Go ask that man, who has been drawn into the whirlpool of intemperance, now shattered and wrecked until his soul retains only some faint traces of its former greatness, in a calm interval, when the fierce waters do not rage within, ask such a one for the history of his ruin; he will point you to the *social glass* as the outer circle of that maelstrom into which he has been drawn, he will tell you that he thought that he was safe until he saw his bark in the whirl of waters plunging to destruction. If men of rank and station, of

genius and learning, have fallen into this chasm, what security is there against your sharing the same fate.

Once more; not only are you walking in the same path, with the same assurance of safety, that has proved the ruin of thousands, but many from your circle are yearly drafted to repair the ravages of death in the army of drunkards. Were it not for the recruits furnished from your ranks, drunkenness would pass away, and the curse of intemperance would cease from among men. It is a sad thought that the thousands who are now staggering through life will soon be numbered with the dark army of the dead; but sadder still to reflect that the places of those thousands will be filled by those who now hold honorable stations in society, who are the pride of their friends, and the joy of the various circles in which they move. No man can contemplate the immortal wrecks that lie scattered along the path-way of the *moderate drinker* without feeling a strong desire to stay this tide of living death.

Again; admitting what it would be difficult to prove, that you may pass on in the beaten track of fashionable drinking, without injury to yourselves, there is another ground to appeal. Every *moderate drinker* is the centre of a circle, more or less extensive, over which he is exerting an influence against this noble reform. Your words have some weight, your actions much more. Many of you stand in high places, where all you say and do tells upon the conduct of others. It is a privilege to stand where many of you stand, but a privilege which links itself with fearful responsibilities. By your practice you are saying that it is safe to use intoxicating drinks as a beverage. You are saying this to many a man who has not the same control over his appetites which you possess, around whose path-way are not the same inducements to sobriety as have been mercifully shed around you. As friends of humanity, I know your deep sympathies are often excited in behalf of the more than orphan children, and worse than widowed wives of the unfortunate drunkard. The friends of temperance have been engaged in this contest for many years; with you is the power to decide it at once and for ever. Your position resembles that of the *regulars* in an opposing army. The decidedly intemperate are fast passing away. The rising generation would grow up soldiers of the cold water army, were it not for the influence of your example. The profit and respectability of the traffic in *ardent spirits* turns upon your patronage. Hence, to you, as to generous and liberal minded men, we make the appeal. We plead not for ourselves, but for the thousands who groan beneath the blighting curse of intem-

perance; and for the thousands more who are hastening to the same dreadful position. For their sakes, we entreat you to take the high ground, that you will neither use intoxicating drinks as a beverage, nor encourage such use in others.

T. E. T.

Lahina, Jan., 1849.

A TERRIBLE LESSON.—One evening some weeks since there came into our office, a man of some thirty-five years of age, in a state of almost helpless drunkenness. Seating himself upon a stool, he threw back his cap, which in the effort fell upon the floor, and "striking an attitude," as we say of players, sometimes, he asked if we had ever seen him before. After an examination we told him that we did not remember ever having that honor. He then said the last time we met, was at Baltimore, at the great Whig Convention in 1844. We remembered him at once. He was then editing a leading whig paper in that state, with marked success, and was an honored delegate to that convention, though he had seen strange vicissitudes in his day, and had been much addicted to intemperance. He now stood before us in a state of loathsome drunkenness, and asked the privilege of sleeping upon the office floor. We told him that we could not do that—that in spite of his condition, we could not be content to give a fellow craftsman, whom we had known in better days, so poor accommodations as that, but he utterly refused to accept anything else. He was too drunk, he said, for anything else. We finally spread down a large lot of our old exchanges, and fixed him up as comfortable as we could, and left him for the night. In the morning we found him sober and rational, and we embraced the opportunity to talk to him of his habits, though we had small hope of good from it, notwithstanding his most solemn promises. He wanted to borrow five dollars. We had no money to lend to such as he, but we gave him freely a small sum of money—more than was for his good, we apprehended—and he left us with the most heartfelt thanks for our kind deeds and kind words.

We heard no more from him until last week, when we came across an item stating that a man named Thompson was found drowned in Lawrence. Though we had no knowledge of his whereabouts, we thought instantly that it was he. The truth realized our anticipations. It was Henry G. Thompson, a man connected with some of the best families in the State—of decided talent and genius, who but for the terrible habit of intemperance might have filled a prominent place in society.

The lesson should not be lost. To our readers he is unknown, but there is hardly one of them who does not know of parallel cases, less distinguished perhaps, and not so shockingly fatal. We can name them by scores—men possessing every natural qualification to adorn society, but who instead of ornaments have become its pests. That man who goes reeling home to his family, night after night, was once its ornament and its pride. The appetite for strong drink was

indulged in, and now, instead of the intelligent and gentlemanly citizen, he is at times little better than a drivelling idiot. These things come from very small beginnings. The young men who indulge even in an occasional glass of wine, on a festival occasion, may escape this end, possibly—they think they shall escape it—so did poor Thompson—so did every man who now fills a drunkards' grave, or is reeling toward's it. But they should know that there is no safety but in abstinence. "The appetite grows with what it feeds on," and there is not one of them who may not come to as sad an end as his who has called forth this article.—Let the young men of this community think of these things and be warned.—*Nashua (N.H.) Telegraph.*

SANDWICH ISLANDS.—From the last accounts received at the Mission rooms from these islands, it appears the natives are engaging with increased energy, in building school-houses and meeting-houses, and raising funds for the support of teachers—and actually contributing money to aid in sending the blessings of Christianity to more destitute parts of the world.

On the Island of Molokai, the native Christians, during the past year, have raised between eight and nine hundred dollars for these benevolent purposes, besides erecting three new meeting-houses on their island.—At Waimea, Island of Hawaii, Mr. Lyons reports as under his charge, sixteen churches, containing about 2000 members; twenty-one common schools, with about 1000 pupils, and the greater part of the children in Sabbath School.—*Zion's Herald.*

The above is a fair sample of the style in which people abroad are humbugged and misled in regard to the religious improvement of the natives of these islands. Such paragraphs as the one quoted above are only productive of ridicule among those who reside here, and know the entire falsity of the statements there made.

If the *Zion's Herald*, and other papers of that stamp, would inform their readers of the number of missionaries who have deserted their calling, to accept of office, they would be serving the cause of truth much more effectually than by publishing such nonsensical paragraphs as the one above.—We do not, nor does any one else here, believe that the natives ever contributed one farthing for the support of missionaries in other countries; nor do we believe that natives of Molokai can raise \$900 in the course of a year, independent of their own support, unless, indeed, there should chance to be an extra number of ships and sailors visit the islands.—*Sandwich Island News.*

Reading the above extracts, brought to our recollection a visit we made to the Island of Molokai, during the summer of 1847. As the remarks in the *Zion's Herald* most probably referred to transactions upon that island during that year, it may not be uninteresting to our neighbor, the *News*, and others, to read such memoranda as we have preserved, respecting facts, to which we were an eye witness.

The following remarks we re-publish from the *Friend* of July 16, 1847:—

"On the afternoon of Monday, July 5th, occurred the missionary monthly concert of prayer in the native church. Previous to the meeting, the natives, adults and children, brought to the missionary's study, their various monthly contributions. We would here remark that the missionaries, Messrs. Hitchcock and Andrews, have rather discouraged, than encouraged their people from bringing cash, but preferred that they would bring the products of the soil or of their hands. They have pursued this course, principally, that they might encourage industry among the people. It was interesting to witness the variety of Hawaiian wealth that was poured into the Lord's treasury. The men usually brought a stick of wood valued at 6½ cents; the women and children brought mats, rope, twine, taro, eggs, fowls, potatoes, &c. The entire contributions, reckoned at Molokai price current, amounted to about \$8.00. Additional contributions, we learn, would be brought during the month by persons living at a distance. This method of collection subjects the missionary to far more trouble than would a collection in money, but it is, doubtless, far better for the people. He is very particular to record each donor's name, the article given and its value. Subsequently, he must find a market for the various donations. The following extract from a late American paper, will inform our readers respecting the disposition which has been made of some of the funds contributed by the christian people of Molokai:—

"At the Anniversary meeting of the New York and Brooklyn Foreign Mission Society, held a few days since, Rev. Dr. Armstrong, in the course of some remarks, made the following remarkable statement:

"I have just received a letter from the Sandwich Islands, with a draft from the Church of Molokai, the contributions of the natives, derived from the sale of mats, of \$100—to be paid to the Ceylon mission for the education of pious natives there for the ministry."

"We are happy to add that this same people recently voted the sum of \$20,00 for the benefit of their fellow Polynesians, the Tahitians, who have been called to pass through so much trouble. This amount is now in our possession to be forwarded by the earliest opportunity, accompanied by a well executed letter in the native language, written by a member of Mr. Hitchcock's church, and addressed to the native christians at Tahiti.

"Religious services at the meeting house followed, 'laying down the contributions.' Knowing as we do, (Mark 12, 43,) that it is not the gift, but the motive prompting the gift, which renders it acceptable to God, we could not but conjecture that some poor Hawaiian that afternoon might have cast in more than a score of 'princely donations,' which are trumpeted round the world. An audience of 200 assembled to pray for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, and that the people of all lands might come into the possession of a purer, holier, and more rational liberty than is now enjoyed by the most favored on earth. We are happy to add our testimony touching the favorable reports which have gone abroad respecting the condition of the natives of Molokai."

THE FRIEND.

HONOLULU, APRIL 2, 1849.

Life at Sea.

Our readers need not be informed that a life at sea is a severe test of temper and character. If a man has "corners" to his character, they will be sure to knock against some body if he is placed on ship-board either as a passenger or as one engaged in the management of the ship. The tongue, denominated by an inspired penman as "a little member," finds ample scope for the display of its true nature on ship-board. During a long voyage, for want of weightier matters, trifling remarks are magnified into grave subjects of dispute, and made the grounds of enmity. It is astonishing how small an affair will create jealousies and enmities among a company of passengers, or between the master and officers of a ship. It is a rare circumstance for a voyage to commence and end without more or less occurring of an unpleasant nature. Sometimes, however, pleasant passages are made, pleasant for passengers, master and all on board. If such instances are not the exceptions to the general rule, yet they form the minority.

A vessel has lately arrived, and sailed from our port, having made, according to reports, a remarkably pleasant and agreeable passage from Boston. Passengers and master have not come on shore, mutually to abuse one another, or speak of the miseries of the voyage. It appears that the ship's company of the "Leland" are to separate good friends, and with regrets even that their voyage was not more protracted. Without, just now, endeavouring to point out the reasons for this somewhat remarkable phenomenon in a life at sea, we proceed to speak of certain methods devised by the "knowing ones" for beguiling the otherwise tedious hours and days of a five months' passage, during which terra firma gladdened the eye but once, and that was the barren point, where, report says, certain unscrupulous persons have either "hung up," or otherwise disposed of their consciences. The good ship "Leland," be it remembered, left Boston freighted with both Yankee Notions, and natives of that good land, facetiously styled by a quaint Boston Editor, Yankee-doodle-dum! Some of the passengers had previously been at sea, and knew that something must be done to bring out the better part of human nature, or soon discord might appear. So, forsooth, a newspaper was started, and other means taken to entertain the mind. Ah! a newspaper—that's the thing! Nothing in a Yankee's estimation to equal a good newspaper! Let not our read-

ers imagine that type, ink, and presses, are indispensable for issuing a periodical. The "Leland" must have its weekly Gazette, and if half the reports are true, that famous newspaper, the *Hodge Podge*, must have been a rare production in this age, abounding with periodical literature. Besides this method of employing the mind, in the way of writing and listening, the calendar was studied, that no anniversary of any remarkable event, should pass without being duly celebrated. It only appears strange, that in their zeal for celebrations, the passengers of the "Leland" did not get up a first rate 4th of July celebration in January!

We shall now furnish our readers with a full report of the mode of celebrating the 22d of February, copied from the editorial department of the *Hodge Podge*. We shall preface the somewhat lengthy extracts we are about to make, by inserting a programme of the anticipated exercises, which we found posted up in a conspicuous part of the vessel when she arrived in port.

Washington's Birth Day!

CITY CELEBRATION!!

The City Authorities of "Leland" have appointed for the celebration of the 22d of February, the following

ORDER OF PROCESSION, &c.—

The procession will form in front of the State House at 9 o'clock a.m., precisely, and move in the following order, escorted by the

1. Bangathumpian Band!!
2. Heroes of the Revolution and Mexican Volunteers.
4. Mayor.
3. City Authorities.
5. Orator of the day, { Marshals.
6. Poetess of the day, {
7. Champion of Women's rights.
8. Governor of the State.
9. Distinguished guests.
10. Citizens generally.

The procession will march up State House Hill; through Saloon Avenue; Larboard Street; Windlass Square; Galley and Starboard streets; up Quarter Deck Hill; round Taffrail street and Tiller Place to the Pavilion.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

1. Music by the Band.
2. Voluntary on the Organ.
3. Declaration of Independence.
4. Original Ode, by full Choir.
5. Mayor's Address.
6. Oration.
7. Song: Star Spangled Banner.
8. Declaration of Ladies Rights.
9. Original Poem.
10. Original Hymn. Air: *America*; with full chorus.

Immediately after the services a collation will be served up in the Pavilion, of which all present are invited to partake by the Mayor, who also invites all who join in the festivities of the day, to a Public Dinner at 3½ o'clock, p.m., at the State House, and to the exhibition of the Tableaux Vivantes at 7½ o'clock.

A strict police will be in attendance. No carriages allowed in the streets through

which the procession is to pass, from 9 a.m. to 12 m.

After the collation the procession will again form and return to the State House.

Printed at the *Hodge Podge* Office.

(FROM THE "HODGE PODGE.")

The 22d of February, 1849, will long be remembered by the good citizens of Leland, as one of the proudest in her annals. It was, indeed, a glorious anniversary, and gloriously was it kept by our patriotic citizens. Many an anxious glance at the heavens was cast on the previous day, and many a little urchin or miss trembled lest a rainy morning should deprive them of their promised sight of the civic procession. But the sun rose clear and cloudless, and never within our memory, have we known a more delightful day. The air was so mild that fires were dispensed with, and even the windows were thrown open to the balmy air from without. As old Sol came out of his ocean bath to smile upon the festivities of the day, his appearance was greeted by the roar of artillery, the joyous ringing of bells, and the wild martial strains of the Bangathumpian Band, proclaiming to the world that it was the birth-day of Freedom's Champion. There was but little rest for the sluggard. What, with the roar of cannon, the chiming of bells from every steeple, the music of the band as it marched through the principal streets of the city, the firing of crackers, and the joyous shouts of little boys, not an eye could remain closed.

We regret to state that from some unexplained cause, either from the guns becoming heated and exploding before the ramrod was withdrawn, or a paixhan shot being left in them by mistake, one of the discharges of the guns did much damage, tho' we are happy to state that no one was injured. The city baths in Starboard street were shattered so much that the whole front of the immense edifice came down with a tremendous crash. When the first alarm had subsided, and the cause of the terrible noise had been ascertained, each one looked on his neighbor with horror as the thought flashed on their minds that possibly the baths were occupied at the time of the explosion. The greatest intrepidity was at once displayed by many of our citizens to aid, if possible, the victims. Some imagined they heard moans issuing from the ruins, and common council man, Everett, with self devoted heroism, which should immortalise him, rushed at once into the ruins, resolved to rescue the victim or perish in the attempt. For some moments he was lost to the anxious gaze of the breathless multitude; but at length he emerged from the fallen timbers and announced the joyful news that he had searched every nook and crevice, and that it was clear that no one was in the building at the time of the crash. The multitude then dispersed with light hearts to prepare for the festivities of the day.

The stores were all closed, and a general holiday was given. The masts of the shipping in the harbor were decorated with flags, having a fine effect. Long before it was time for the procession to move, the streets through which it was to pass, were crowded with spectators, so that the marshals had some difficulty in clearing a space wide enough for the procession.

At half-past nine a murmur, "not high but deep," rose from the mighty multitude, announcing the approach of the long expected pageant. Long before it came in sight, however, the inspiring strains of the Bangathumpian Band rose above the shouts of the populace, and the appropriate tune of Washington's March sent a thrill of patriotism through every breast. At last the showy uniforms of the band were seen glistening in the sunbeams, and soon the whole procession with its imposing splendor, came in sight. Immediately after the band came the war-worn veterans of the revolution, with the more recently, but no less scarred and war-worn heroes of the Mexican war. We noticed one of the former particularly whose steps tottered from age and hardships, but still the fire of patriotism lighted up his eyes, as he proudly thought that he was aiding in commemorating the birth-day of him whom he had so often followed to the field, and under whom his scars and his glory had been won. The famous Everett, too, of Mexican renown, we were glad to observe among the heroes of that war; his lofty bearing, notwithstanding his lame leg, distinguished him above all, and he attracted more notice from the populace than all the rest of the Mexican officers. Next in order came the mayor and city authorities of "Leland," followed by the orator and poetess of the day, who were escorted by a marshal on each side.

We felt proud of our noble city, the Pacific "Athens," as we looked on the talented individuals whose performances, on that day, afforded us so much entertainment. The champion of female rights followed, proudly bearing a banner, on which was depicted the flags of every nation in the universe, symbolical of the universal sway which is held by their sex in every clime.

The good governor of our Commonwealth came next, his whole countenance irradiated with benevolent smiles, as he acknowledged the cheers and shouts of the enthusiastic citizens at his appearance. The procession was closed by the distinguished strangers who are now visiting our city, and the citizens generally. Among the former class we noticed one of the Scottish nobility and several S. I. missionaries.

The whole pageant was one of the most imposing we ever remember to have seen in our city. After marching through the principal streets of the city, the procession reached the pavilion, which made a splendid appearance, decorated with flags and banners, and hung with garlands of flowers notwithstanding the season of the year. The walls were covered with paintings; the portraits of all our presidents were there, among which the noble features of him whose natal day was thus celebrated, beamed upon the mighty mass assembled to do him honor, with dignified composure.

But how shall we describe the performances of that occasion. We cannot find words to express our delight as the exercises proceeded, each seeming better than the preceding. The brilliant sallies of wit, the masterly eloquence, the feast of reason, and the flow of soul, to which we listened on that morning, will never be forgotten by any of that fortunate audience. After a voluntary on the organ, played by the champion of female rights, in her happiest style, an original Ode, composed by one of the marshals of

the day, and full of grand and lofty thoughts, was sung. This was followed by the Declaration of Independence, read in a most clear and distinct voice by General Everett; not a word was lost by the vast throng of listeners. The fire of patriotism again lighted up the eye of the old veteran of the revolution; and as the speaker detailed the wrongs which had compelled our fathers to take up arms in defence of our rights, his hand, trembling with age grasped the staff which supported his tottering limbs as if it were that musket which had so often dealt death to his country's foes.

The mayor next made an address to the audience, welcoming them to the first national celebration of the new city of "Leland." He gave an interesting account of the foundation and progress of the city; paid a well deserved compliment to the governor of the Commonwealth, under whose wise rule the state has acquired its present lustre. He stated the present prosperous condition of our city; and as he congratulated them that the few attempts at disorder had been entirely put down, the inmates of the disorderly houses quailed before his searching glance, and seemed to be anxious for a knot-hole to creep out of, or a lodge in some vast wilderness where they might hide their diminished heads. We understand that one of them intends to assume another name, in the hope of escaping the unenviable notoriety thus attached to the old one. At the close of his address, the mayor presented the orator of the day.

Had we room in our columns we would gladly give place to his whole speech as it was reported by our stenographer, but are compelled to deny our readers that pleasure. He gave a most interesting account of the earlier days of the great man, a subject that has not been dwelt upon so much by other orators. He brought vividly before us the young hero in his infantile efforts to use his pegs; and never was Washington's first march so eloquently described. His oration was received with loud cheers.

The champion of female rights then rose and read the Ladies' Declaration of Independence. It was a bold stand she took and well did she maintain it; but we feel a natural hesitation in commending the novel views taken by her; as however much we may at heart agree with her, still—there are reasons—the fact is—we have *wives ourselves*—and as they are at all times ready to use their prerogatives to the utmost limit, we do not exactly—that is to say—we mean—we *daresnt* commit ourselves for fear of "getting it."

The Poem which followed was indeed a beautiful production, worthy of its author—need we say more in its favor? It was listened to with breathless interest and intense delight. Its design was a panoramic view of the past year, and vividly, indeed, was it portrayed. The mighty events which have shaken Europe to its foundation, toppling down thrones, and breaking up empires, passed in rapid succession before us—then the scene was changed to the new world, and the sad event of the year to the great Republic—the decease of the "old man eloquent," was alluded to in the most beautiful and touching language. The Mexican war was then brought before us, and the battles in that ill-fated country came up be-

fore our mental vision with the utmost distinctness, until the groans of the dying, and the wail of the widows and orphans seemed to be ringing in our ears. From these mournful themes, the strain, by a happy transition changed, and a view of our city was presented to us, true to life. The principal events of the past year all came up before us, and we saw beautifully delineated, the various festivals and jubilees which have enlivened us during the past, the poem closing with the very celebration in which we were engaged.

The Poem was followed by an original Hymn, composed by the old revolutionary hero before alluded to. It was a noble invocation to the immortal Washington; and as the glorious anthem swelled upon the ear, till the whole building was filled with the lofty strains, the whole multitude seemed animated by the same patriotic spirit.

After the performances were over, the procession reformed and marched to the State-House where a collation was spread, to which all did ample justice.

At half-past four o'clock the grand dinner came off in great style. But as, after dwelling, as we have been, on the rich intellectual feast which we had had, we do not feel like devoting much time to a description of that spread for the bodily wants, suffice it to say that every delicacy which the markets of "Leland" afforded, was heaped in profusion on the groaning board, and that toasts were given by those present, as well as by many invited guests, whose engagements forbade their presence.

In the evening a brilliant assemblage again gathered at the pavilion to witness the *Tableaux Vivantes*. The city procession passed through the same streets as in the morning, and on reaching Windlass Square they were saluted with three hearty cheers by a deputation from the neighboring town of Forecastle, which were as heartily returned. The deputation then joined in the march to the pavilion, when the *tableaux* came off in great style—and thus ended the festivities of a day long to be remembered as the brightest in our city annals.

We take pleasure in furnishing our readers with the following poetical effusions which were called forth by the contemplated celebration on board the "Leland." By referring to the foregoing programme, it will readily appear at what stage of the proceedings the "Poem" was read, and the "Ode" and "Hymn" were sung:—

THE GRAVE OF WASHINGTON.

By E. B. M., a lady passenger.

Aria:—Grave of Bonaparte.

In the land of our homes, far away o'er the ocean,
Where liberty's banner waves proudly on high,
Whose name stirs the fount of the hearts deep emotion,
The bright flush of hope, or fond memory's sigh.
That land holds a spot, ever sacred in story,
Since he who now rests there—the good and the brave—
First planted that banner, still waving in glory,
While he sleeps securely—'tis Washington's grave.

Oh! fierce was the din of the battle, wild raging,
And darkly war's cloud on our loved country rose,
He scattered the bands, in stern conflict engaging,

And drove from her borders, her merciless foes.
When the first dawn of freedom was over her gleaming,
The might of his strength to her councils he gave,
'Till that sun rose in brightness, whose rays are now
beaming
In noon-tide's full splendour on Washington's grave.

Far away in the shades of Mount Vernon he sleepeth,
His labours are over, his victory won,
His spirit hath risen to God, who still keepeth
The life which He gave, and recalled as His own.
The angel of peace guards his slumbers so lowly,
Above him the laurel and cypress boughs wave;
In the heart of each freeman, that spot is deemed holy—
The shrine of a nation is Washington's grave.

And we, while the billows around us are heaving,
Though far from our homes and loved country we
stray,
Will raise our glad voices, in gratitude weaving,
A tribute of praise on this festival day.
The incense of love on the heart's altar burning,
While the walls of our temple the blue waters lave,
Shall be kindled anew, in fond memory turning
From the deck of the "Leland" to Washington's
grave.

ORIGINAL HYMN.

By Mr. SARGENT, an officer of the "Leland."

Hail to the glorious morn,
When to our land was born
Her noblest son;
The statesman bold and free,
Champion of liberty,
A nation honours thee
Our Washington.

When foreign foes assailed,
When boldest hearts had quailed,
To us was given
The hero and the sage,
Whose name through every age
Shall live on history's page
A gift from Heaven.

'Tis from the ocean wave,
To thee, the good and brave,
We tune our lay.
Loud let the welkin ring,
Till ocean back shall fling
The honoured theme we sing,
Thy natal day.

To thee, great God, we bow,
In adoration now,
Accept our prayer,
Upon us shed thy light,
Protect us by thy might,
Show earth that freedom's right
Is thine own care.

ORIGINAL POEM.

By C. E. N., a lady passenger.

Immortal patriot, hero, statesman, sage!
Bright cynosure of earth through each successive age!
If as we're told, the spirits blest on high,
Oft leave their starry homes in mansions of the sky,
And hover o'er the scenes which erst their impress
bore—
Oh deign to smile on us, as parted from the shore
Of native land, we've gathered on the surging deep,
With hearts o'erflown with love and gratitude to keep,
The natal day of freedom's brave and honored son,
Of thee our pride and boast! O peerless Washington!

Four months my friends have sped since on the pilgrim
strand,
We waved a sad adieu to our dear native land.
And thus shut out from bustling earth by ocean's track,
In thought we'll roll the ponderous wheels of time
aback,
And view as in a magic glass the shifting scenes,
Fifeful and wild as hues of feverish dreams,

Which earth's broad panorama to our eyes present,
As the strange weird-like drama of the year just spent,

Convulsions dire are rending nations o'er the main,
And shouts of triumph mingled with deep cries of pain,
Are echoing fierce and dread across the waters wide,
As the old world in wrath lay's low her tyrants' pride.
France with a spring-like tiger on her Bourbon foe,
Hurls from his throne the hoary monarch low,
Who thought to chain a fiery nation's voice with gyves.
Rash deed! avenged by hecatombs of human lives!
Behold "the Cæsus King" as pale, deserted, lorn,
To Albion's cliffs in wretched guise he's born,
A throneless outcast like the Corsican of yore,
Imploring rest and home on her calm, peaceful shore.

Bnt hark! again the shout of triumph and the wail
Of grief and anguish blended, makes the cheek turn
pale.
Europe, like giant armed is rising from the night
Of dark oppression, and the glorious light
Of freedom gilds her hills; her plains, and mountains
o'er,
From vine-clad Tuscan vale, to Denmark's sea-girt
shore.
Her discrowned monarchs trembling o'er the ruins stand
Of thrones they deemed the deep-sunk pillars of the
land.

Peace to thy troubled shores, O storied land of song!
May tyrants ne'er again their stern misrule prolong,
But girt with plenty—all thy bloodless victories won,
Heaven bless thee with a second Washington!

Now turn we to the western land that gave us birth
To us oh fairer far than classic climes of earth.
But lo! a nation mourns, and sable signs of woe
Appear in lofty palace hall and cottage low.
Meet is it that our rest and stricken country mourn,
For cold, outstretched—to his last dreamless rest is
born—
"The old man eloquent!" by death's dread dart laid
low,
The only shaft he hurld not back upon his foe.
Stricken with armor, clad like England's far-famed son,
Upon the field where many a palm he won.

War now unfolds his wing, and quick from ev'ry shore
Gather the fiery legions charged to pour
The tide of battle o'er the Mexican's land
Who boldly muster under Santa Anna's hand.
Fierce grows the contest, and on many a plain
Arise the gory pyramids of welt'ring slain.
At length the victor's laurel twines the stripe and star,
And slowly wending home from pilgrimage afar,
Behold the drooping, toil-worn, scarred and scattered
host
Who left so late filled high with pride and haughty
boast!
Oh dear bought victory! ne'er could earth's broad lands
atone
For sounds that rend our ears; the orphan's, widow's
moan

For those that fell at Cerro Gordo, Monterey,
Amid the din of battle fierce or wild foray!

And now I fain would leave, all affairs across the
water,
And ask of you right earnest each Leland son and
daughter,
If you can shew just reason why in this magic glass,
We can't like other worthies in trim reversion pass?
I think I read approval in each quick-consenting eye,
So nem. con. vote is given for the scenes to hasten by.
From Salem and from Pittsfield, from great Manhattan's
mart,
From Albany and Charlestown most sadly do we part.
On Leland deck we gather and with kerchief to each
eye,
We burst out all a-weeping as our friends on shore we
spy,
At last they weigh the anchor, but ere night grows
very thick,
Quick into berths we tumble, because we're awful sick

This nauseous, vile ordeal! we think our friends had
orter

Have some compassion on us, and throw us in the
water.

At length those outward heavings, no more do grimly vie
With ocean's yesty surges; concluding *not* to die,
We invalids like bean-poles long, sallow, lank, and
lean,

Around the deck are scattered, a touching sight I ween!
Now swiftly glide the moments, for under awning
wide

With our books, our games and music, if heartily we
tried

We could not raise a mnrmur, for our passengers all
think

Our merry Cape Cod captain is of tars the very pink—
While our little group so kindly, all seem intent to make
This lengthy voyage pleasant, for each others much-
prized sake.

Rare festivals are given and our christmases, new-year's
call,

Our jovial birth-day parties, and the nightly mimic ball
Our masquerade so motley with its brilliant, merry
scenes.

All in memory will glisten, like rain-bow tinted
dreams.

In valentines full ninety, (due honoring the saint,)
Our love-lorn swains and maidens their tender hearts
well paint

Evincing very plainly by many a thrilling line,
Our novel "Hodge Podge" paper ne'er for genius
lack will pine.

This day our last scene closes with its magnafique parade
Of banner hung pavilion and the civic promenade
Of tried and trusty burghers of our great and fair
Le-land,

Escorted all so proudly by "the Bangathumpian band."
These thrilling martial strains! I'm sure their wild
cadenza

Would make an Orpheus even, throw down his lyre in
frenzy.

At last the steps we've clambered; each one in his
right place

The organ very grandly rolls out its solemn bass.

The next event in human course is Freedom's De-
claration,

And then an ode sublime, a freeman's fit oblation.
A wicked little vixen, with fair and curl-decked brow,
Her "Woman's right" position quite bold does now
avow.

But listen to our mayor, who ushers the oration
"Cook'ed up with talent rare to honor the occasion.
And last of all your servant in humble tones and meek,
For poem long and tedious your pardon would bespeak,
In earnest hope to meet you all, in knife and fork array
At feast provided kindly by the 'marshal' of the day.
And seeing in my fancy, these brilliant belles and beaux
In motely garb all gathered, this eve at our tableaux.

We feel we owe our readers no apology
for occupying so much of our narrow space
with the affairs of the "Leland." The
literary merits of these productions, entitle
them to more than a passing notice, and we
hope their publication may prove beneficial,
in a suggestive way, to other ships' compa-
nies bound on long voyages.

How much more rational and commenda-
ble to beguile the hours, days, and months
of a long voyage in reading, writing, visiting,
and anniversary festivities, than to spend the
time necessarily occupied in making a pas-
sage, in disputes with fellow passengers and
master of the vessel.

It affords us great pleasure to add that dur-
ing the entire passage, commander and pas-

sengers, in their social and festive scenes, carried out, most fully, the principles of teetotalism. Capt. Eldridge, (who, by the way, is a staunch teetotaler,) remarked to us—"to my knowledge, not a drop of wine or spirits has been drank during the passage; we had a dozen bottles of wine put on board for medical purposes, and they have been kept as such." We hope the idea is exploded that the contents of the intoxicating bowl and the wine cup are the necessary accompaniments of social life and festive celebrations. It is not for us to judge how great may have been the influence of the lady passengers, or how much their presence contributed to bring about so many desirable results, but it was undoubtedly very great, and most salutary! It may be that the advocates of "woman's rights" will prove champions on the sea as well as land, and find the ocean the true field for glory.

LOSS OF AMERICAN WHALE SHIP "UNITED STATES."

This vessel sailed from U. S. December 10, 1845, and had taken 700 barrels sperm and 1700 barrels whale oil. In November, 1848, she left Lahaina, run down to Fanning's Island for wood and water. There she took on board the family of Mr. Foster, and that of his son-in-law, Mr. Halsted, 13 passengers in all, and was bound to Sunday Island. On the 13th of December passed the Navigator Islands, where three sperm whales were taken. On the morning of the 20th December, in that region of the ocean where there are no sunken reefs or rocks, if the charts are correct, the vessel was stove and in five minutes filled and sunk.

It was at 3 o'clock in the morning when the sad catastrophe took place. The spot where she was stove was about 57 miles N. W. of Tongataboo. In the few moments allowed for getting clear of the wreck all were successful, except four children of Mr. Halsted who were drowned. Capt. Worth and his boat's crew, after 28 hours of hard rowing, succeeded in reaching Tongataboo. The mate, Mr. Creasy, with the remainder of the crew and surviving passengers, succeeded in reaching a small island about 20 miles distant, where they remained two days, and for want of provisions put away for Tongataboo.

Capt. Worth and his ship's company received every attention from the Rev. Mr. Webb, an English Wesleyan Missionary residing in Tongataboo. We are requested by Capt. Worth to bear his public testimony to the kind attentions which he received from both the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Webb.

In the account of the wreck furnished by Mr. Creasy for the Sandwich Island News, he gives his opinion that the vessel struck a

rock. Capt. Worth is of opinion that the vessel was stove by a whale. Capt. W. and his mate left Tongataboo in the French Sch. "Clarion," and after a passage of 38 days reached Tahiti.

Agreeable to the request of Capt. Worth, we insert the following:—

"Mr. DAMON—In publishing the account of the loss of my ship, you will do me the favor to insert the following statement.—On my passage from Tongataboo to Tahiti, in L. 24° S., and L. 153° W., I spoke the H. B. Company's Bark "Cowlitz," Capt. Weynton. I told him my circumstances. I had no shoes, and our small vessel was in distress; all that Capt. W. would furnish me was one small pig and a few potatoes. His conduct I considered most unkind and ungenerous. He seemed to view me as an impostor! while Capt. Mott, who was a passenger on board the "Cowlitz," and had lost his vessel, the "Vancouver," at Columbia River, manifested the kindest feelings; gave me two shirts, and what was of vastly more consequence, a kind look.

("Signed.)

"CALVIN G. WORTH,

"Late Master of the "United States."

"Honolulu, March 27, 1849."

Capt. W. came to the Sandwich Islands on board the "Brooklyn," Capt. Jeffrey, from whom, and whose lady, he desires us to state that he received every kindness. Mr. Creasy came here on board the "James Monroe," Capt. Bowman. The crew and passengers of this ill-fated "United States" most probably remain on Tongataboo, although it is to be hoped they may have found some means of conveyance to a part of the world where their wants can be better supplied. They were in rather a suffering state when Capt. Worth left them.

Schooner "Amelia." Discovery of an Island. Gold fever at China. Typhoons, &c.

We are glad to announce the arrival in China of the British schooner "Amelia;" U. S. ship "Preble;" Hawaiian Brig Moctezuma;" American merchant ship "Sea Witch;" hence 25 days. It will be recollected the "Amelia" put into Honolulu in consequence of a horrible mutiny occurring on board. She was to undergo some repairs in China, and would thence proceed with her cargo to Mazatlan. Capt. Lindsey still retains command, and reports to the British Consul General as follows:—

"On the 25th of December, 1848, during a calm I discovered an island or rock in Lat. 19° 20' N. L., 141° 15,30' E. L. It appeared about 40 feet high, and 4 miles in length; very barren, and of a dark brown colour. I feel confident of its position, as I proved the rate of my chronometer only two days previously at the islands of Gregan, and Assumption."

It appears by a private letter, and the *Friend of China*, of January 13, that matters there were in a tranquil state, except the gold fever broke out furiously in Hong Kong upon the "Amelia's" arrival. She took a considerable quantity of gold dust from

Honolulu. The "fever" was extending to the other free ports, and parts of China.

Freights—to England £3 10s., to New York \$18,00.

There had been some terrific typhoons during the last year; several vessels were missing, and an immense number dismantled, as may be learned from the fact that one ship-wright had an order at one time for no less than 70 lower-masts.

There is a rumor of war between England and China, but not well authenticated.

SYDNEY.—At last accounts no less than 11 vessels were advertised to take passengers to California. One vessel advertised, offering superior accommodations, adds that "she is armed," and that the master is "well acquainted with the habits of the people, having been for several years on the coast." We have heard of bloody affrays on land, perhaps the contest will now be transferred to the sea!

MARRIAGE AMONG DISSENTERS.—The marriage of the Honorable Seth Barton, Chargé d'Affaires, of the United States of America, near the Government of the Republic of Chile, with the Senorita Dona Isabel Astaburuga, was solemnized at the United States Legation, in Santiago de Chile, by the Reverend Chester Newell, Chaplain of the United States ship of war "Independence," in the presence of her commander, Com. William Branford Shubrick, and suite, all the Foreign Ministers now resident in Santiago, the American Consuls of Coquimbo and Valparaiso, and others.

Senor Don Manuel Camilo Vial, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the other members of the Chilean Cabinet were also invited to the ceremony.—*El Mercurio*.

This marriage appears to have excited more than ordinary interest, from the fact, that it was solemnized in violation of the laws of the land.

Prior to 1844, a Protestant foreigner was not allowed to marry a Catholic foreigner. That is now allowed; but a Protestant foreigner is not allowed to marry a Catholic native of the country unless he will sincerely or hypocritically become a Catholic. "In the present instance," remarks the editor of the *Neighbor*, "exposure to such hindrances and such compulsion was avoided by retreating to the inviolable character of the residence of a foreign minister; and there, without coercion of the parties, the marriage was celebrated."

The editor makes some very sensible remarks upon the absurdity and injustice of the Chili or Catholic laws about marriage. The true Catholic doctrine is, that no marriage is legally solemnized which does not take place according to the rules of that church.

Subscription,

For the Seamen's Chapel.

Table listing subscribers and amounts: Capt. Taber, 'Copia,' \$5.00; Mr. Newell, ' ' 5.00; Mr. Lucett, Tahiti, S. Is., 5.00; Mr. Richmond, 'J. Coggeshall,' 1.00; Mr. Wallace, ' ' 1.00; D. Nevens, ' ' 50; Thos. Lambert, ' ' 1.00; G. W. Robinson, ' ' 1.00; M. Gladwell, 'Asenath,' 50.

FOR THE FRIEND.

Table listing subscribers and amounts: Capt. Luce, 'J. Coggeshall,' \$5.00; Mr. J. Richmond, ' ' 1.00; D. Nevens, ' ' 50; G. W. Robinson, ' ' 50; Capt. Taber, 'Copia,' 7.00; Mr. Barber, ' ' 5.00; Mr. Sargent, 'Leland,' 1.00.

MARRIED,

At Honolulu, on board of the Am. ship 'Leland,' by the Rev. Samuel C. Damon, on the 11th ult. Hon. WILLIAM L. LEE, formerly of Sandy Hill, state of New York, to Miss CATHERINE E. NEWTON, of the city of Albany, State of New York.

At Charleston, Mass., U. S. A., on the 4th October, 1848, by Rev. Geo. E. Ellis, James F. B. Marshall, of the firm of S. H. Williams, & Co., Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, to Miss Martha, A. T. Johnson, daughter of the late John Johnson, Esq.

At San Francisco, January 9, by Rev. T. Dwight Hunt, Mr. R. A. S. Wood, of Honolulu, to Miss FRANCES E. MERRILL, daughter of John H. Merrill, of San Francisco, California.

In the Congregational Church, at Pittsfield, Mass. September 25th, by Rev. John Todd, D. D., Charles H. Wetmore M. D., of Lebanon, Conn., to Lucy S. Taylor, of Pittsfield.

DIED.

In this town, on the 27th ult., Mr. WILLIAM MORETON, aged 41 years, a native of the Isle of Wight, England, and for some years a resident on these islands.

Dec. 13th, at Koloa, Kauai, MARY ARABELLA, daughter of Dr. James W. and Mellicent K. Smith, aged 2 years and 16 days.

At Wailuku, Maui, Dec. 17, MARY ANDELUCIA, youngest daughter of Rev. D. T. and Mrs. A. L. Conde, aged one year, ten months and seventeen days.

In Honolulu, March 3, Mr Charles Johnston, long a resident on the islands, a Dane, aged 50, but formerly a resident of the Bonin Islands.

Killed by a whale or drowned, December 31 1848, Mr Isaac Hanson, a boat steerer belonging to the American whale ship 'Tuscarora.' He is believed to belong to Hudson New York.

On the 25th, Mrs. Abell, wife of A. G. Abell, Esq. This lady came from Tahiti in the U.S.S. Independence, but was unable to be removed from the ship, on board which she breathed her last on Sabbath morning. -'Valparaiso Neighbor.'

At Dedham, Mass. U. S. A., in August or September 1848, Mr. Francis Johnson 'ate of the firm of C. Brewer & Co. Honolulu, S. I.

PASSENGERS.

In the Leland, from Boston—Messrs. N. Cook and lady, C. Wetmore and lady, Henry S. Howland and lady, J. F. B. Marshall and lady, Misses E. B. Marshall, C. E. Newton, E. J. Dowsett, Messrs. S. H. Everett, Thomas Crehore, James Cook.

In the Sels de Juno, from Valparaiso—A. G. Abell, Esq. For California, per 'Asenath'—Mr. E. H. Boardman; Hawes, Esq., U. S. Consul for Tahiti; Dr William Kelly; Thomas Cummings Esq.; Mr. Ognde; Mr. Foster; Mr. Byers; and Mr. W. H. Rogers.

MARINE JOURNAL.

PORT OF HONOLULU.

Arrived.

Feb. 22—Am. w. s. Dover, Jeffor. Feb 24—Am w s Herald 2nd, Macomber, of New Bedford, 15 1-2 mos out, 150 bris sp, 250 wh, 3000 lbs bone. 25—Marengo, Devol, New Bedford, 6 1-2 mos, 50 bris sp. 26—New England, Wilcox, New London, 6 1-2 mos out, 23 bris sperm. —Eng. bark Asenath, Rooney, San Francisco. Feb 26—John & Elizabeth, Chappell, for Japan Sea March 1—Marengo, Devol, Japan Sea 27—Fr. schr. Leocadia, LeMaire, from Tahiti. 28—Am w s Marengo, Devol. —Am whaling bark Romulus, Cartwright. —Eng bark Asenath, Rooney, from Liverpool. —Cabinet, Hathaway, Stonington, 6 1-2 mos out, 100 sp. March 6—Ship Good Return, Cook, of New Bedford, 15 mos out, 450 bris sp, 900 wh, 9000 lbs bone. 9—Ship Katusof, Elocum, N. Bedford, 8 mos. out, 200 bris sp, 100 wh, 1000 lbs bone. —Ship Metacom, Shockey, N B, 8 mos out, 30 sp. 10—Ship Champion, Celt, Edgartown, 6 1-2 mos. out, 23 bris. sp.

—Schr Currency Lass, McLane, Tahiti, 30 days, bound to San Francisco. 12—Ship Navy, Norton, New Bedford, 7 mos out, 90 sp. —C. Phelps, Birch, Stonington, 21 mos out, 375 sp, 1600 wh, 14,000 lbs bone. March 9—Am. w. s. Copia, Taber, 8 months out, 100 bris. sperm. March 6—Haw. schr. Louise, Bent, San Francisco. 9—H. B. Co's brig Mary Dare, Scarborough, for Columbia River. 10—Fr. Protectorate bark Mary, Fleury, Hong Kong. —Am. mer. ship Serampore, Hastings, Realajo, Central America. March 10—Schr Papiete, Bowles, Tahiti. 11—Fr. brigantine Currency Lass, McLane, Tahiti. 12—Brig Eveline, Cooper, from Monterey. —Am. mer. ship Leland, Eldridge, Boston, 144 days. March 13—Am. w. s. Brookline, Jeffrey, New London. 14—Am. schr. John Dunlap, Bacheider, Salem. —Am. w. s. James Munroe, Bowman, Fairhaven. 15—Chilian brig Sels de Juno, from Valparaiso. 20—Am w s Ontario, Payne, Sag Harbor. —Chilean brig Antonio Ramos, Hansen, Valparaiso 21—Hawaiian schr Plymouth, Gould, Sydney via Tahiti. 22—Am w s Logan, Nickerson, New Bedford.

Sailed.

March 10—Am. w. s. John Coggeshall, Luce, Japan Sea. 22—Am w s Copia, Taber, New Bedford, for Behring's Straits. 23—Am brig Eveline, Cooper, for Hong Kong

PORT OF LAHAINA.

Arrived.

March 14—Ship Gen. Scott, Harris, New London, 8 mos out, 250 bris wh. oil, 2000 lbs bone. 15—Bark Eugene, Brown, Stonington, 20 mos out, 90 bris sp, 1600 wh, 14,000 lbs bone. 16—Ship Brookline, Jeffrey, New London, 8 mos out, 180 sp, 60 wh, 600 lbs bone. —Ship South Boston, Soule, Fairhaven, 6 1-2 months out, 175 bris sp. 19—Ship Almira, Coffin, of Edgartown, 25 months out, with 600 bris oil. Ship Catharine, Green, NLondon, 7 mos, 55 bris sp, 525 wh, 5000 lbs bone. Ship Parachute, Fisher, NBedford, 9 mos out, 100 bris wh, 1000 lbs bone. 20—Ship Logan, Nickerson, New Bedford, 16 mos out, 50 bris sperm. —Bark Fellows, Babcock, Stonington, 43 mos, 430 bris sp, 400 wh, 4000 lbs bone.

Sailed.

March 20—Brigantine S. S., Ely, for San Francisco. with 75 passengers.

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

The Inez has on board 3000 barrels black and 60 barrels sperm oil, having been thirty-eight months out. She touched at the Sandwich Islands in November last, and reports the British American ships Athol and James Stewart as recruiting there—the former having on board 50 barrels sperm and 1950 barrels black oil; the latter 1300 barrels of sperm and 1500 barrels black oil. News from California to the 12th October had been received at the Sandwich Islands. There were then about six thousand persons engaged in digging for gold. The Inez, we believe, has come on to Sydney with a view of selling her oil and proceeding to California.

The Albion has been about sixteen months out from Fairhaven, during which time she has taken 375 barrels sperm and 180 barrels black oil. She has spoken no whalers but what have already been reported.

THE CALIFORNIA GOLD FIELD.—Within the next fortnight no less than eight vessels, (exclusive of the schooner Plymouth,) will sail from this port for California—namely—the barques Eleanor Lancaster, Lindsays, and Juno; brigs Louisa and William Hill; and the schooners Despatch, Deborah, and Titania.—Sydney Herald, Jan. 8.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

A donation of \$50.00, from Miss Waldo, of Worcester, Mass., for the purchase of books, for gratuitous distribution among seamen.

A donation of valuable books, for "Library," from J. C. Jones, Esq., formerly U. S. Consul at the Sandwich Islands. Among these volumes are "Quincy's History of Harvard University," 2 volumes; "Life of Lord Eldon," 2 volumes; "Missionary Voyages," a rare work, being a large quarto volume, containing an account of the first missionary establishment at the Society Islands; and other valuable books.

A donation of books, per "Serampore," from some unknown donor in the U. States.

Lahaina Chaplaincy.

Divine service will be held in the Seamen's Chapel, every Sabbath, at 11 o'clock, A. M. Seamen, residents, and visitors, are kindly invited to attend.

The office of the Chaplain is a short distance from the Chapel, on the same street towards the sea. All persons wishing to converse with him, procure the Holy Scriptures, or religious publications, books, etc., will be always welcome, between the hours of 3 and 5 P. M.

T. E. TAYLOR, Chaplain.

Lahaina, July 29, 1848.

Information for Whalemén.

The subscriber would respectfully give the following notice for the information of whalemén, cruising in the Pacific. Recruits can be obtained at Pitcairn's Island, for at least twenty-five ships, at about the following prices:—

Table listing prices for various goods: Yams, per barrel, \$2.00; Sweet Potatoes, 2.00; Irish, 3.00; Onions, 3.00; Limes, 2.00; Lime Juice, per gal, 33; Cocoa Nuts, per hundred, 2.00; Oranges, 1.00; Fowls, per doz., 3.00.

In exchange, the inhabitants are ordinarily ready to take white and blue drilling, at from 20 to 25 c per yard; and calicoes from 15 to 20c per yard. They are usually in want of soap, oil, check shirts, powder, percussion caps, old lead, carpenter's tools, &c.

The best season for furnishing yams, is from August to January; Sweet Potatoes, throughout the year; Irish Potatoes, from December to February, and July to September, (two seasons). JOHN BUFFETT. Honolulu, Feb. 23, 1849.

NOTICE.

TO SEAMEN AND STRANGERS.—The Seamen's Chapel, is open for Public Worship every Sabbath, at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 1/2 P. M. SEATS FREE. Religious services will be held at the Vestry Room every Thursday evening. Usually, there will be a Lecture delivered.

The Seamen's Concert for Prayer is held at the Vestry Room the third Monday evening each month.

Seamen belonging to vessels (of all nations) visiting this port are invited to call at the Chaplain's Study, where they will be gratuitously supplied with copies of the Friend and other reading matter. It will be most convenient for the Chaplain to receive calls from Seamen between 2 and 4 o'clock, P. M.

Public services at the Native Churches, on the Sabbath, commence at 9 1/2 A. M., and 2 1/2 P. M.

The Seamen's Reading Room is open at all hours of the day. Strangers arriving and having late foreign papers, are respectfully invited to aid in keeping said room supplied with useful reading matter.

Donations are respectfully solicited for the support of the Chaplaincy, and the publication of 'The Friend'. An annual report of all donations is made to the American Seamen's Friend Society, in New York. Any person contributing the sum of \$50 is entitled to become a Life Director of the Society, and by \$20 to become an Honorary Life Member.

SAMUEL C. DAMON, Seamen's Chaplain.

Honolulu, April 1.—1f.

The Friend, Bound.

The Friend, bound, for one, two, or more years, can be obtained at the Chaplain's Study. A few entire sets remain unsold. A deduction will be made from the subscription price to persons purchasing more than one volume.

* * * Seamen will never be charged more than the actual cost of the publication and binding.

D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation, in 4 vols.

A few copies of this interesting work, elegantly bound in cloth, are for sale at the Study of the Seamen's Chaplain.

This edition is prefaced with the following notice by the author:—

"I have revised this translation line by line, and word by word. It is the only one which I have corrected." Signed, J. H. MERLE D'AUBIGNE."

History of the Hawaiian Islands:

Embracing their Antiquities, Mythology, Legends, Discovery by Europeans in the sixteenth century, re-discovery by Cook, with their Civil, Religious and Political History from the earliest traditionary period to the present time. By JAMES JACKSON JARVES. Third edition. For sale at Chaplain's Study. Price, \$1.00.

The Friend sent Abroad.

Any person, by paying the subscription price of the Friend, (\$1.50) in advance, can have the paper forwarded to any part of England or the United States, by the earliest opportunity.

Just received and for Sale,

At the Chaplain's Study, a fresh supply of the publications of the American Tract Society.

THE FRIEND:

A Monthly Journal devoted to Temperance, Seamen, Marine and General Intelligence.

PUBLISHED AND EDITED BY SAMUEL C. DAMON, SEAMEN'S CHAPLAIN.

TERMS.

Table listing terms: One copy per annum, \$1.50; Two copies per annum, 2.50; Five copies per annum, 5.00; Ten copies per annum, 8.00.

Single copies and bound volumes for 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years may be obtained at the Study of the Chaplain.