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THE FRIEND.

NOVEMBER 1, 1869.

The Labor Question.

Several public meetings were held in Honolulu during the month of October, in which the policy of importing laborers into these Islands was fully discussed. The present coolie system, so called, is not without serious objections and evils, but no plan has yet been proposed which promises entirely to obviate them. The English Government has found great difficulty in grappling with the same subject as applied to her West Indian colonies; in view of which the Hawaiian Government is at least entitled to a lenient judgment regarding whatever mistakes have been made. It is one of the remarkable features of the present day, that notwithstanding all the improvements which machinery has introduced into business and manufacturing, human muscle—the rough labor of unskilled workmen—was never so much called for, or so hard to get as now. The experience of the past seems to teach that labor will flow quickest into those channels where it is entirely free, and where the son of toil, however low he be in race or condition, finds in the kind treatment he receives a full recognition of his manhood.

It is certainly desirable that persons who are brought or attracted here to raise sugar, or engage in other labor, should be such as will readily affiliate with the Hawaiian people. The only apparent means of rescuing the native population from speedy extinction is by the infusion into them of other blood to

build up from them and immigrants a new nation in which they will be one of the prominent constituent elements.

☞ Seamen are invited to the Reading Room at the Sailors' Home, where they will find a comfortable place to read and write. By calling at the Depository, before leaving port, they will be supplied with reading matter to take to sea.

☞ By the *Ceylon*, a new supply of Bibles have arrived. They are of various sizes, neatly bound, and for sale at the Depository, Sailors' Home. They are forwarded by the American Bible Society.

☞ We hope our foreign subscribers to the *Friend* among the whaling fleet will renew their subscriptions while in port. Bound volumes of the *Friend* constantly on hand and for sale.

☞ Captains of vessels bound either to Micronesia or Marquesas, will confer a great favor by leaving such information at the office of the *Friend*.

☞ We would thankfully acknowledge a lot of papers for distribution from Mrs. Chamberlain.

THE SHIP FRANK N. THAYER.—The cargo of wheat from this ship has been discharged, with the exception of about two hundred bags of wet wheat which will be put on scows, taken outside the reef and thrown overboard. The bows of the ship have been partially stripped and leaks discovered, very fortunately with but little trouble. The floor of the hold will be cleansed of the rotten wheat, the pumps properly fitted with baskets, and reloading will commence early next week. The stench from the hold was overpowering at one time, disinfectants having to be used.—*Advertiser*.

☞ The clipper ship *Windward*, Capt. Barrett, came off this port on the 25th ult. in order to land a man who had fallen from aloft. The man had a broken arm and had received other injuries. Upon being landed he was placed in a wagon for removal to the hospital. Every movement made him utter moans and entreaties. Would not the old plan of placing injured men on a stretcher be much the better one? There is not so much jar attendant upon thus carrying by hand.—*Advertiser*.

Editor's Notes and Reflections while Passing Along.—No. 7.

"When thou, haply, seest
Some rare, note-worthy object in thy travels:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness.—*Shakespeare*."

HUMBOLDT FESTIVAL.

This was a grand affair of Boston, and telegraphic news from Europe and all parts of the United States makes known that the 14th of September was generally observed throughout the civilized world in commemoration of the birthday of ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT. It was our privilege to attend the celebration at Boston, held in the Academy of Music, where was gathered a "Boston audience," such as rarely convenes in that Athens of America. The audience filled the large edifice, and embraced the very elite of the scientific and literary notables of Boston and vicinity. There were orators, poets, philosophers, divines, authors, reviewers, savans, and more than two thousand of the most highly educated of that renowned city, where congregate and dwell more learned and literary men and women than in any other spot on the American Continent.

It was our privilege to occupy a seat near the centre of the audience, where we enjoyed a good opportunity for both hearing and seeing. A gentleman occupied a seat near us well known to the literary world, and who kindly pointed out to us many of the notables in the large audience. Among them were the poets Longfellow and Lowell; orators, Sumner and Wilson; reformers, Garrison, among those of anti-slavery celebrity, and Elliot, the new President of Harvard University; philosophers, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and many of his followers; Holmes the naturalist and poet; Dana, author of "Two Years before the Mast," which, remarks Dickens, is "about the best sea book in the English tongue;" Col. Higginson, who is noted as a writer for the "Atlantic;" Hill and Walker, ex-Presidents of Harvard Uni-

versity. Our limited space will not allow us to continue the enumeration. As might be imagined, such an occasion brought together all the men of natural science, for it was the "Natural History Society" of Boston under whose auspices the festival was celebrated.

To crown this vast assemblage, there stood

AGASSIZ,

the orator and speaker on this interesting occasion. He was not only the pupil of the great Humboldt, but his personal friend and correspondent for nearly thirty years. Nothing could have been more appropriate than the selection of Prof. Agassiz as the orator of the day. No person probably in Europe or America was so well fitted as Agassiz to sketch the character and describe the important scientific and geographical discoveries and studies of the immortal Humboldt, whose researches in the realm of nature entitle him to rank among the few great men of this or any age.

We listened to the address of Prof. Agassiz with mingled emotions of admiration and reverence. It was surely a rare treat to sit for good one hour and a half while the greatest living naturalist eulogized the greatest naturalist and philosopher of modern times, who stands forth without his peer among savans of the passing age, and as rivaling even Aristotle among the renowned of the ancient world.

Our limits will not allow us to give even a brief synopsis of the masterly address. The speaker was eloquent in his most simple utterances, for he imposed, evidently upon his pen in writing, a truthfulness and severity which clothed each paragraph in the most chaste language and the most terse expressions. The speaker's allusions to his personal indebtedness to Humboldt while a young man in Paris, struggling for position and a livelihood, formed a most touching part of the admirable address. It was in 1830 when Humboldt was 62 and Agassiz was 24 years of age. We copy as follows:

"He had at this time two residences in Paris; his lodging at the Hotel des Princes, where he saw the great world, and his working room in the Rue de la Harpe, where he received with less formality his scientific friends. It is with the latter place I associate him; for there it was my privilege to visit him frequently. There he gave me leave to come to talk with him about my work and consult him in my difficulties. I am unwilling to speak of myself on this occasion, and yet I do not know how else I can do justice to one of the most beautiful sides of Humboldt's character. His sympathy for all young students of nature was one of the noblest traits of his long life. It may truly be said that toward the close of his career there was hardly one prominent or aspiring scientific man in the world who was not under some obligation to him. His sympathy touched not only the work of those in whom he was

interested, but extended also to their material wants and embarrassments. At this period I was twenty-four; he was sixty-two. I had recently taken my degree as Doctor of Medicine, and was struggling not only for a scientific position, but for the means of existence also. I have said that he gave me permission to come as often as I pleased to his room, opening to me freely the inestimable advantages which intercourse with such a man gave to a young investigator like myself. But he did far more than this. Occupied and surrounded as he was, he sought me out in my own lodging. The first visit he paid me at my narrow quarters in the Quartier Latin, where I occupied a small room in the Hotel du Jardin des Plantes, was characteristic of the man. After a cordial greeting, he walked straight to what was then my library,—a small book-shelf containing a few classics, the meaneast editions bought for a trifle along the quays, some works on philosophy and history, chemistry and physics, his own Views of Nature, Aristotle's Zoology, Linnæus' Systema Naturæ, in several editions, Cuvier's Regne Animal, and quite a number of manuscript quartos, copies which, with the assistance of my brother, I had made of works I was too poor to buy, though they cost but a few francs a volume. Most conspicuous of all were twelve volumes of the new German Cyclopaedia presented to me by the publisher. I shall never forget, after his look of mingled interest and surprise at my little collection, his half-sarcastic question as he pounced upon the great Encyclopaedia, 'Was machen Sie denn mit dieser Eselsbrücke?'—What are you doing with this ass's bridge?—the somewhat contemptuous name given in Germany to similar compilations. 'I have not had time,' I said, 'to study the original sources of learning, and I need a prompt and easy answer to a thousand questions I have as yet no other means of solving.'

"It was no doubt apparent to him that I was not over familiar with the good things of this world, for I shortly afterward received an invitation to meet him at six o'clock in the 'Gallerie Vitree' of the Palais Royal, whence he led me into one of those restaurants, the tempting windows of which I had occasionally passed by. When we were seated, he half laughingly, half inquiringly, asked me whether I would order the dinner. I declined the invitation, saying that we should fare better if he would take the trouble. And for three hours, which passed like a dream, I had him all to myself. How he examined me, and how much I learned in that short time! How to work, what to do, and what to avoid; how to live; how to distribute my time; what methods of study to pursue,—these were the things of which he talked to me on that delightful evening. I do not mention this trivial incident without feeling that it may seem too familiar for the occasion; nor should I give it at all, except that it shows the sweetness and kindness of Humboldt's nature. It was not enough for him to cheer and stimulate the student; he cared also to give a rare indulgence to a young man who could allow himself few luxuries."

Professor Agassiz endeavored to show that the charge of atheism which had been

brought against Humboldt was perfectly groundless. It appears that the atheists of Europe and America claim Humboldt as their great leader. One of the speakers in the German festival at Boston, on this very occasion, puts forth this claim. His name is Karl Heinzen, and he asserts that in Humboldt's great work, "Cosmos," there is not a single allusion to God, indicative of a belief on Humboldt's part that he was a believer in the divine existence of a personal God. If such is the fact, then there is great appropriateness and force in the prayer of the Rev. Dr. Walker on this occasion:

"O thou infinite source of life and light, we invoke thy blessing on these services in the memories they awaken and the hopes they inspire. We acknowledge and adore that Providence by which gifted men are raised up from time to time to make us better acquainted with the heavens which declare thy glory and with the earth which shows thy handiwork. Impress, we beseech thee, upon the great masters of science that they also are prophets sent to reveal the thoughts and the ways of the living God. Suffer not the rapid increase of natural light to dazzle our eyes or obscure or confuse that divine light which comes from thy word, and from the instincts and aspirations of the human soul, so that science and faith may reverently work together for the good of man and the glory of God, through Christ our Lord. Amen."

The music at this grand festival was of the very highest order, and executed in the highest style of finish. It was executed in a manner that only German musicians know how to give to musical performances. Senator Sumner was overheard to remark to Holmes, the novelist and poet, "I should not like to have such music before I was going to speak." The following programme was observed:

- 1.—Organ Prelude: Toccata in F, - J. S. Bach.
J. K. Paine.
 - 2.—Chorus: Hymn to Music, - - - V. Lachner.
Orpheus Musical Society, aided by other Clubs.
 - 3.—Prayer by Rev. James Walker, D. D.
 - 4.—Overture: "Magic Flute," - - - Mozart.
 - 5.—Address by Professor Agassiz.
 - 6.—Symphony, No. 7. Introduction and Allegro,
Beethoven. - - - - Orchestra.
 7. (a.) Chorus of Priests: "O Isis and Osiris,"
with Orchestra, from Mozart's "Magic Flute."
- "The splendor of the sun scatters the gloom of night. Soon feels the noble youth new life. Soon will he be wholly dedicated to the science of Truth. His spirit is bold, his heart is pure," &c.
- (b.) Part Song: "Wem Gott will rechte Gunst erweisen," - - - - Mendelssohn.
- "To whom God special favor grants,
Him sends he out into the wide world,
Shows him the wonders of creation
In mountain and forest, stream and field," &c.
Orpheus and other German Clubs.

EVENING HUMBOLDT FESTIVAL.

At the Horticultural Hall, on the evening of September 14th, there was a large gathering of the literary and scientific men of Boston. The entertainment was given by the city of Boston. Everything was served up

in the most becoming and appropriate style. Before the large audience of invited guests were conducted to the "groaning" tables, there was such "a feast of reason and flow of soul" as rarely is spread before an expectant audience. The Rev. R. C. Waterston was Chairman of the meeting. He exhibited a palm branch that was laid upon the coffin of Humboldt at his funeral. This branch was brought to America and presented to Professor Agassiz. There was also on exhibition portraits, photographs, autographic letters, and various other memorials of him, whose memory the audience would honor by their presence.

There were several extempore speakers, who entertained the audience in a most agreeable manner for nearly two full hours. The names of these speakers will indicate the general character of their addresses.

First came Col. Higginson, so well known as a writer for the "Atlantic." The speaker contrasted the universality of Humboldt's knowledge with the infinitesimal acquirements of ordinary men. What poems and pictures did he leave for them! When Humboldt said that a book about nature should produce on the mind the same impression as nature herself, what a place did he assign to literature. The Comos testified to the grandeur of his position as a teacher. Nothing that they were likely to do or say was grand enough to express the value to the age of one such intellect as Humboldt.

Then followed an address from the Rev. Dr. Hedges, a German scholar of great learning and eminence. He said that "Humboldt was a logical marvel of a man and an impressive illustration of the capacities of the human mind. After enlarging on his topic, he said he knew of no mind modern or ancient whose universality compared with Humboldt with the exception of Aristotle. There was a striking parallel between them. Both were contemporaneous with the two great conquerors of the world—Napoleon and Alexander. He then referred to the heroism of Humboldt, his unswerving devotion in extending the empire of mind, and the manner in which he had relieved the mind from the pressure of all that was local and limiting in Jewish theology. He defended Humboldt from the charge of atheism that had been brought against him. He had always expressed his belief in a God; indeed, if he had not so believed he would not have had the heart to prosecute his investigations."

The following remarks of the sage philosopher of Concord, Mass., Ralph Waldo Emerson, were listened to with deep interest:

"He thought the life of Humboldt one of the most remarkable in history. He was one of those wonderful men who appeared from time to time as if to show us the possibilities

of the human mind and to exalt our ideas of the genus homo. The faculties of all of us were apt to appear separately—one appearing now and another again. Humboldt was like Aristotle or Julius Cæsar, or an admirable Crichton—one of the few great universal men whose faculties were not separated, but worked in unison, the men being well put together. There seemed to be a sort of electric light in them through which their faculties mutually aided each other. He thought that the service which Humboldt had rendered to humanity was in the remarkable manner in which he had exhibited himself in his extraordinary *Cosmos*. He marched along like an army with solid phalanx and expanded wings, in the full clauses and parentheses of those remarkable pages. He did not think there was any book like it. His powers were so large and so self-helping that nothing could lose or disappoint him. When he was stopped in Spain and could not get away, he turned round and interpreted the mountain system of Spain and explained the past history of the continent of Europe. Wherever he stopped he found resources for his mind. They were all familiar with his history, and were glad to hear the statements that had been made. That remarkable nation of Germans had been growing upon us, and showing themselves to be the foremost scholars of the world. They had a certain pace, one might say, a certain endurance, a certain power of labor, which left all other scholars behind them. They knew well their strength, and nations were coming to know it. The Germans said it was not the battle of Leipsic but the Leipsic catalogue which raised them above the French. The Germans read a literature, while Americans read a book. Their power of endurance and pace made a class of scholars such as had never before been seen. He remembered reading in Cuvier that more remains of the fossil elephant were found in Germany than in any other country. It was not because there were more remains in the soil, but because in every canton of that remarkable country there was a man of scientific culture who could make the necessary investigations. There was a better report of scientific facts from Germany than from any other country."

Addresses were also made by Dr. Jackson, of Boston, and the Rev. Mr. Young, Professor of Oriental languages and literature in Harvard University.

As the exercises were protracted to a late hour, we left the hall while the assembly was engaged in the agreeable privilege of "supping" at the city's expense. We learned from the Boston *Advertiser* of the following morning that "after the repast, a poem, remarkable for its vigor and thoughtfulness, was spiritedly read by Professor Oliver Wendell Holmes. The poem contrasted the two great children of the year 1769—Humboldt and Napoleon,—and in a few striking and picturesque verses, compared the lasting glories resulting from the conquest of knowledge to the transitory success and embarrassments resulting from the conquest of empire. A fine poem written by Mrs. Julia Ward

Howe was also read. The Germania Band played during the supper. A letter was read from J. G. Whittier. The company shortly afterwards separated."

MONDAY MORNING MEETING OF ORTHODOX CONGREGATIONAL MINISTERS OF BOSTON.

There is a pleasant gathering of Congregational ministers of Boston and vicinity every Monday morning at the lecture room of Park street Church. It was our privilege to be present and listen to familiar remarks and discussions on the 13th of September. About forty were present. Among them it was pleasant to be welcomed by the Rev. William Snow, of Lawrence, Mass., and who is so well known in Honolulu. It is customary on these occasions to discuss topics of current interest relating to local matters, missionary and ecclesiastical, and also questions relating to national affairs. On this occasion the topic up for consideration was the *Chinese problem*, now being solved by the American people. It is quite remarkable how suddenly and potentially this question has burst upon the American mind—lay and clerical. A clap of thunder in a clear sky would not have been more unexpected to the majority of the community. This question appears to have arisen simultaneously with the completion of the Pacific railroad. The instant the last spike was driven this great question was precipitated upon the public mind. Hitherto the Chinese of California appeared as far distant as their countrymen on the opposite side of the Pacific Ocean.

It was somewhat remarkable too that just as the long and violent agitation of the negro question was beginning to subside and quiet was gaining possession of the public mind, there comes up the Chinese problem for elucidation and settlement. All classes in the community appear to be interested in the discussion of this important subject. All the newspapers, both religious and secular, continually present their readers with paragraphs relating to the Chinese. Editors, politicians, divines, manufacturers, laborers and philanthropists have their peculiar ideas, more or less tinged by their own previously formed opinions.

It was not strange then that a company of Orthodox congregational ministers should come together on Monday morning for a free and easy discussion of the history, characters, peculiarities, ideas and prospects of

JOHN CHINAMAN.

A special invitation was extended to us to present the condition and prospects of the Chinese on the Hawaiian Islands. As we had become somewhat acquainted and interested in the subject, it afforded us some degree of gratification to indicate the method the Chinese problem was being solved in Honolulu, and on the islands generally. We

learned that our little kingdom was a subject of intense interest, and that we could not if we would, allow our light to remain under a bushel.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

The fame of this distinguished lecturer has become world-wide. Everybody has a desire to hear him once at least. This was our wish. The public prints had announced that there was to be a grand mass temperance convention on Thursday, September 16th, at Framingham.

On that day we left Boston, and as Framingham is on the railroad, we could not forego the opportunity of stopping and hearing if possible, the greatest temperance orator of the world. On arriving at the grove where the people had assembled, we hastened to secure a good position for hearing, when, lo! Gough was upon the platform, describing (acting, we might say) the anxiety in the public mind of the citizens of New York city when it was announced that possibly the steamer *Atlantic* was lost, and then again the change of feeling when it was announced that the noble steamer was safe and coming into port. All eyes in that vast audience saw her gallantly steaming up the bay!

This description formed the orator's peroration. Every feature of his countenance and muscle of his body was alive and awake. We saw at a glance the secret of his vast power over the popular mind. He is an actor as well as an orator. His ability to interest and enchain the attention is a rare gift, and but few ever possessed it to the same degree as John B. Gough. It is gratifying and refreshing to know that he exercises his commanding powers of oratory on the side of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors.

Cabin Boy's Locker.

The Forgotten Vow.

I was traveling, many years ago, on a stage coach from N— to B—. I had an outside seat; and although it was late in the evening, one of the passengers, a sea-captain, endeavored to excite the attention of the drowsy company by giving a relation of his own situation. He had been to sea in a fine ship; in a dreadful storm his vessel had been wrecked, and every soul on board, except himself and one or two sailors, had been lost. He had saved his life by holding on to a plank, and was at the mercy of the waves for a considerable time. The company were greatly interested; they pitied the unfortunate captain, who was returning home to his family entirely destitute; but they wondered that a man relating such a tale, and telling of an escape almost miraculous, should confirm almost every sentence with an oath. Nothing, however, was said to him.

At one of the stages, when the coach

stopped to change horses, Mr. B—, one of the passengers, proposed to the captain to walk on with him, and let the coach overtake them. The proposal was agreed to. As they walked, Mr. B— said, "Did I understand you last night that you had lost your ship?"

"Yes."

"That all your crew were drowned except yourself?"

"Yes."

"That you saved your life on a plank?"

"Yes."

"Forgive me, then, for asking you one question more. When on that plank, did you not vow to God that if he would spare you, you would lead a very different kind of life?"

"None of your business," said the captain, angrily.

The coach by this time came up, and they got up outside. The day passed on without anything occurring to break the journey, and towards evening, as the coach was entering P—, the captain excused himself from joining the rest of the passengers at supper, as he had no money. Mr. B— took from his pocket a handsome sum, and offered it to him.

"No," said the captain, "I am poor, yet I am no beggar."

"But," replied Mr. B—, "I do not give it to you as to a beggar, but as to an unfortunate brother."

There was a kindness in Mr. B—'s manner which could not be mistaken. The captain could not refuse the gift, but he took it awkwardly and ungraciously, as if he was half ashamed of accepting a benefit.

The company supped together, and the captain wished them good evening, after having asked Mr. B— when he would leave. He was informed, on the morrow at sunrise.

The captain went home with a heavy heart, while Mr. B— retired to rest, thankful that he had helped a suffering brother.

He was surprised the next morning at daylight to hear some one rap at his door. He opened it, and beheld the captain standing before him in tears. The captain took his hand, pressed it, and said, "Sir, I have not slept a wink since I saw you. I was angry with you yesterday. I am now come to ask your pardon. I *did*, while on that plank, vow to God that I would live differently from what I ever had done, and by God's help, from this time forward, I am determined to do so." The captain could not proceed. They pressed each other's hands and parted, probably to meet no more in this world.

What an instance we have here of the silent force of truth when it is combined with brotherly kindness and compassion for one in misfortune! Had Mr. B— simply rebuked the captain as a profane man and a swearer, he would have probably received only an angry reply, and so the man would have been left hardened rather than convinced by a witness for truth given in such a way. But when "to faith there was added virtue or courage, and to courage for God brotherly kindness and charity," the captain's heart was overcome, and he confessed what he before was ashamed to do. We should learn a lesson from this, not only to say the right

word, but also to say it in the right season, and to follow it up by the right conduct.

Again, what a lesson it teaches us of the way in which men forget the vows which they made to God in the days of trouble! The sailor, though ashamed to own it, had vowed to God that if spared he would lead a very different life. Probably, as he floated ashore on the plank, more dead than alive, he thought of his vow, and seriously meant to keep it. But the pleasures of sin and the lusts of the flesh were too strong for him, and he soon forgot the vows which had been wrung from him only under the fear of death, and, but for the timely word of Mr. B—, might have never thought of it again. There are many sailors as careless and thoughtless as this one. Many a sailor can tell of sudden storms, and nights of watching and danger, to save, if possible, the ship, passengers, and crew. When the masts fell by the board, carrying some poor fellows with them, and crushing others of the crew—when the ship, suddenly struck, broke in two, and launched into eternity all hands but yourself—how the past life then rose before the mind with the vividness of a lightning flash! how horrified at the precious time and money spent in vile company! and with what sorrow did you recall the past! You thought of your mother's knee, of the simple prayer, the Sunday-school, of some promise of the word of God which you learned there. Then perhaps you vowed, like the captain, to live a different life if God would spare you; and like him, when the danger was past, you have commenced again a life of sin. How great is the forbearance of God! How slow to anger, how ready to show mercy! He is even now waiting to be gracious, and every day that you live is a fresh proof that he willetth not the death of a sinner, but that he should be converted and live.

But it is a serious thing to slight those warnings which God in mercy is constantly sending. Dangers abound on every side, by land as well as by sea. The sunken rock, the midnight collision, the hideous lee-shore, the howling hurricane, the starting leak, the opening seam—these are some of the perils which those who go down to the sea, and occupy their business in great waters, have to face. But there are perils by land as well as by sea. Life is everywhere uncertain. Accidents happen every day; disease is all around us; we know not what a day may bring forth. It is madness, then, not to be ready for death at any time; and the real Christian is the only man who is so. He who has come to God with the cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" and who, under the Spirit's teaching, is trusting to the mercy of God in Jesus Christ, is ready, and can meet death in peace. Such a man has the sure warrant of Christ's own declaration, that "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." That man is taught by the Holy Spirit, and serves God in newness of life. He is at peace with God, and therefore safe for time and eternity.

A property protection league, it is asserted by the London *Law Times*, is about to be formed in Great Britain in consequence of the schemes for confiscation in Ireland and in England, now openly advocated by influential persons.

A Terrible Bedfellow.

I looked at my neighbor with considerable curiosity. His face indicated a man of not over thirty years—a period at which men are still young—but his hair was as white as fresh fallen snow. One seldom sees, even on the heads of the oldest men, hair of such immaculate whiteness. He sat by my side in a car of the Great Western Railway, in Canada, and was looking out of the window. Suddenly turning his head, he caught me in the act of staring at him—a rudeness of which I was ashamed. I was about to say words of apology, when he quietly remarked: "Don't mention it, sir. I'm used to it." The frankness of this observation pleased me, and in a very little while we were conversing on terms of familiar acquaintanceship, and before long he told me the whole story. "I was a soldier in the army of India," he said, "and, as it is often the case with the soldiers, I was a little too fond of liquor. One day I got drunk, and was shut up in the black hole for it. I slumped down upon the floor of the dungeon, and I was just dropping off to sleep, when I felt a cold shape crawling across my right hand, as it lay stretched out above my head on the floor. I knew at once what it was—a snake! Of course, my first impulse was to draw away my hand; but knowing that if I did so, the poisonous reptile would probably strike its fangs into me, I lay still, with my heart beating in my breast like a trip-hammer. Of course, my fright sobered me instantly. I realized all my peril in its fullest extent. O, how I lamented the hour that I first touched the liquor! In every glass of liquor there is a serpent; but it does not come to everybody in the shape that it did to me. With a slow, undulating motion, the reptile dragged its carcass across my face, inch by inch, and crept down over my breast, and thrust its head inside my jacket. As I felt the hideous scraping of the slimy body over my cheeks, it was only by a most tremendous effort that I succeeded in restraining myself from yelling loudly with mingled terror and disgust. At last I felt the tail wiggling down towards my chin; but imagine what I felt at my heart, if you can imagine it, as I realized that the dreadful creature had coiled itself up under my jacket as I lay, and had seemingly gone to sleep, for it was as still as death. Evidently it had no idea that I was a human creature; if it had, it would not have acted in that way. All snakes are cowardly, and they will not approach a man unless to strike him in self-defense.

"Three hours I lay there with that dreadful weight in my bosom, and each minute was an hour to me—like a year. I seemed to have lived a lifetime in that brief space. Every incident of my life passed through my memory in rapid succession, as they say is the case with the drowning man. I thought of my mother away in old England, my happy home by the Avon, my Mary, the girl I loved, and never expected to see them more. For no matter how long I bore this, I felt that it must end in death at last. I lay as rigid as a corpse, scarcely daring even to breathe, and all the while my breast was growing colder and colder, where the snake was lying against it, with nothing but a thin cotton shirt between my skin and its. I knew

that if I stirred it would strike, but I could not bear this much longer. Even if I succeeded in lying still until the guard came, I expected his opening the door and coming in, would be my death-warrant all the same; for no doubt the reptile would see that I was a man as soon as the light was let in at the door. At last I heard footsteps approaching. There was a rattling at the lock. It was the guard. He opened the door. The snake—a *cobra di cabella*, I now saw—darted up its huge hooded head, with the hideous rings around its eyes, as if about to strike. I shut my eyes and murmured a prayer. Then it glided away with swift motion and disappeared in the darkness. I staggered to my feet and fell swooning in the arms of the guard. For weeks after I was very sick, and when I was able to be about, I found my hair as white as you now see it. I have not touched a drop of liquor since."—*Presbyterian*.

What is Trouble?

A company of Southern ladies were one day assembled in a lady's parlor, when the conversation chanced to turn on the subject of earthly affliction. Each had her story of peculiar trial and bereavement to relate, except one pale, sad looking woman, whose lusterless eye and dejected eye showed that she was a prey to the deepest melancholy. Suddenly arousing herself, she said in a hollow voice, "Not one of you know what trouble is."

"Will you please, Mrs. Gray," said the kind voice of a lady who well knew her story, "tell the ladies what you call trouble?"

"I will if you desire it," she replied, "for I have seen it. My parents possessed a competence, and my girlhood was surrounded by all the comforts of life. I seldom knew an ungratified wish, and was always gay and light-hearted. I married at nineteen one that I loved more than all the world besides. Our home was retired, but the sunlight never fell on a lovelier one, or a happier household. Years rolled on peacefully. Five children sat around our table, and a little curly head still nestled in my bosom. One night, about sundown, one of those fierce black storms came on, which are so common in our Southern climate. For many hours the rain poured down incessantly. Morning dawned, but still the elements raged. The whole Savannah seemed afloat. The little stream near our dwelling became a raging torrent. Before we were aware of it, our house was surrounded by water. I managed with my babe to reach a little elevated spot, on which a few wide spreading shade trees were standing, whose dense foliage afforded some protection, while my husband and sons strove to save what they could of our property. At last a fearful surge swept away my husband, and he never rose again. Ladies—no one ever loved a husband more, but that was not trouble.

"Presently my sons saw their danger, and the struggle for life became the only consideration. They were as brave, loving boys as ever blessed a mother's heart, and I watched their efforts to escape with such agony as only mothers can feel. They were so far off I could not speak to them. But I could see them closing nearer and nearer to

each other, as their little island grew smaller and smaller.

"The sullen river raged around the huge trees; dead branches, upturned trunks, wrecks of houses, drowning cattle, masses of rubbish, all were floating past us. My boys waved their hands to me, then pointed upward. I knew it was a farewell signal, and you, mothers, can imagine my anguish. I saw them all perish, and yet that was no trouble.

"I hugged my babe close to my heart, and when the water rose to my feet, I climbed into the lower branches of the tree, and so kept retiring before it, till an All-powerful hand stayed the waves that they should come no further. I was saved. All my worldly possessions were swept away; all my earthly hopes blighted—yet that was not trouble.

"My babe was all I had left on earth. I labored night and day to support him and myself, and sought to train him in the right way; but as he grew older evil companions won him away from me. He ceased to care for his mother's counsels; he would sneer at her entreaties and agonizing prayers. He left my humble roof that he might be unrestrained in the pursuit of evil, and at last, when heated by wine one night, he took the life of a fellow being, and ended his own upon the scaffold. My Heavenly Father had filled my cup with sorrow before; now it ran over. That was trouble, ladies, such as I hope His mercy will spare you from ever experiencing."

There was no dry eye among her listeners, and the warmest sympathy was expressed for the bereaved mother, whose sad history had taught them a useful lesson.—*Pacific Christian Advocate*.

PROVISION FOR WORKING PEOPLE.—Mr. A. T. Stewart, the distinguished merchant of New York, purposes to devote a large amount of his ample fortune for the comfort and benefit of the working people of the city, and for other charitable and philanthropic objects. He is now erecting a vast edifice on a large vacant square, to be 200 feet front on Fourth Avenue, and 210 each on Thirty-second and Thirty-third streets; the elegant structure to be seven stories high, with an open square in the centre, and to cost over two millions of dollars. It is designed for the use of sewing-girls, female clerks, and working women, where cheap board and excellent accommodations are to be furnished. He also proposes to erect a similar building for working men.

☞ Sabbath-schools have lately been opened in many villages in Russia for the religious instruction of the peasantry. In some parishes six or seven hundred peasants assemble, and appear to be very attentive and interested, while the priest reads to them historical portions of the Old Testament, and expounds passages in the gospels.

SHREWD.—The Duke of Wellington, during the Peninsular war, heard that a large magazine of wine lay on his line of march. The shrewd general feared more for his men from barrels of wine than batteries of cannon, and instantly despatched a body of troops to knock every wine barrel on the head.

Editor's Table.

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS. 75 pages.
Printed for James F. Hunnewell. Boston: 1869.

"Our table" is any spot whereon we can lay our paper conveniently or inconveniently for writing. Sometimes it is a trunk, at others a merchant's desk, at others "our knee" in a railway car, but now a student's table in the centre of one of the most choice and handsome collections of books. This library is that of the author of the work we have now under consideration. The friends of Hawaiian literature, books and history, are exceedingly fortunate in having a gentleman of Mr. Hunnewell's means and inclinations become so much interested in our islands, their inhabitants, and whatever relates to their welfare. He is a man of rare taste in his selection of books, pictures and works of art.

The present work embraces a complete catalogue of all the books of travel, history, missions, commerce, science and literature which have ever been published at the islands, in America or Europe. We think any one examining this work will be surprised to learn how much has really been published about what Edward Everett humorously styled the little *pin-head* kingdom of the Pacific.

This interesting work has the following dedication:

To my Father,
JAMES HUNNEWELL,
Dear and honored,

During more than fifty years associated with the
Hawaiian Islands, as Resident or Merchant,
And passing away from earth while the
References to the pleasant Islands
That he loved are being
Printed,

I DEDICATE THIS WORK AS A PARTIAL MEMORIAL.
J. F. H.

This work was scarcely completed on the 2d of May last, when Mr. James Hunnewell, senior, died. In its publication he was exceedingly interested. During the closing years of his life he renewed his youth by dwelling upon the scenes of his early life at the Hawaiian Islands. His friends and visitors were often entertained by his vivid descriptions of Hawaiian "scenes and scenery."

We cannot imagine anything more truly appropriate and graceful, respectful and filial, than for his only son to prepare this work and dedicate the same to his "dear and honored" father. Not only does the volume contain a catalogue of books relating to the Hawaiian Islands, but it is accompanied by an interesting prefatory essay upon "civilization at the Hawaiian Islands."

Former bibliographers—Pease, Martin, Brigham, and others—are much indebted to the author for thus perfecting an undertaking which was commenced many years ago, and which has been growing, and must con-

tinue to grow, for the words of Solomon are emphatically true in regard to the Hawaiian Islands, "of making books, there is no end."

It only remains for us to notice the fact that only 100 copies are printed in the quarto form. The printing is executed in the most costly style, upon tinted paper, at the press of A. A. Kingman, "Museum of Boston Society of Natural History."

As we look up from our sheet and glance our eyes around the beautiful book cases filled with costly bound and handsomely printed volumes, written by the gifted writers of ancient and modern times in Europe and America, we are deeply impressed with the richness, value and usefulness of that legacy which the present generation of literary men have inherited from by-gone ages. The man fond of study and reading, and surrounded with such an array of books, and the means to purchase more, might well exclaim with one of Shakespeare's characters:

"Me, poor man, my library
Was dukedom large enough."

Mr. Hunnewell has a fancy not only for bibliographical studies and archæological research in general, but for architectural study as a speciality. His collection of rare and valuable works in this department is quite extensive. Among his books we have been particularly interested in looking over the plates of the great work of Gio. Batta Piranesi, the Italian author and engraver of the last century. This work embraces 42 volumes in large sized folio, and contains no less than 1,840 plates, illustrating Roman and Italian antiquities. The history of these books which we have examined is most interesting in itself. *This very set before us* was formerly in possession of Napoleon I. while a prisoner on the Island of St. Helena. It was among his books at the time of his death, and when his library was taken to London and sold, this set fell into the hands of some fortunate dealer in rare books, and has finally fallen into the hands of the author of "Hawaiian bibliography." The original copper plates of this great work are reported to be preserved in the Vatican at Rome. Its publication extended through many years about the middle of the eighteenth century. An examination of such books, so many of which are to be found in private and public libraries, makes us feel that there were "giants in those days," and that the boasted learning of the nineteenth century is somewhat presuming.

We would merely add that Mr. Hunnewell is now engaged in printing at his own expense the records of the first parish of Charlestown, Massachusetts. Some of these are more than two hundred years old, and contain information of importance relating to an interesting period of colonial history.

A Valley of Death in Java.

The destructive agency of carbonic acid gas on animal life is well exemplified in certain places where large quantities are evolved from the earth. The most striking instance, however, is the celebrated valley of Java, which, if any animal enters, he never leaves. The following interesting account is given by an eye-witness: We took with us two dogs and some fowls to try experiments in this poisonous hollow. On arriving at the foot of the mountain we dismounted and scrambled up the side, about a quarter of a mile, holding on by the branches of trees. When within a few yards of the valley, we experienced a strong, nauseous suffocating smell, but on coming close to its edge this disagreeable odor left us. The valley appeared to be about half a mile in circumference, oval, and the depth from thirty to thirty-five feet; the bottom quite flat; no vegetation; strewed with some very large (apparently) river stones, and the whole covered with skeletons of human beings, tigers, pigs, deer, peacocks, and all sorts of birds. We could not perceive any vapor or any opening in the ground, which last appeared to us to be of a hard, sandy substance. It was now proposed by one of the party to enter the valley; but at the spot where we were, this was difficult, at least for me, as one false step would have brought us to eternity, seeing no assistance could be given. We lighted our cigars, and with the assistance of a bamboo, we went down within eighteen feet of the bottom. Here we did not experience any difficulty in breathing, but an offensive nauseous smell annoyed us. We now fastened a dog to the end of a bamboo eighteen feet long, and sent him in. We had our watches in our hands, and in fourteen seconds he fell on his back, he did not move his limbs or look round, but continued to breathe eighteen minutes. We then sent in another, or rather he got loose and walked in to where the other dog was lying. He then stood quite still, and in ten minutes fell on his face, and never afterwards moved his limbs; he continued to breathe seven minutes. We now tried a fowl, which died in a minute and a half. We threw in another, which died before touching the ground. During these experiments we experienced a heavy shower of rain; but we were so interested by the awful sight before us that we did not care for getting wet. On the opposite side, near a large stone, was the skeleton of a human being, who must have perished on his back, with his right hand under his head. From being exposed to weather, the bones were bleached as white as ivory. I was anxious to procure this skeleton, but an attempt to get it would have been madness.—*New York Observer.*

☞ A little boy twelve years old once stopped at a country tavern and paid for his lodging and breakfast by sawing wood, instead of asking it as a gift. Fifty years later, the same boy passed the same little inn as George Peabody the banker.

CONFUSION.—By some means the matter on the last page of this issue became considerably mixed. It is all there, but not under the proper heads. Too late for rectification.

—PRINTER.

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Auction and Commission Merchants,
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FRIEND, as Subscribers or Advertisers, will please pay to
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been presented since December, 1868, hence those indebted will
please pay to close accounts for the year 1869.
S. C. DAMON,
Publisher of the "Friend"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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—BETWEEN—
HONOLULU AND SAN FRANCISCO,

BY
North Pacific Transportation Co.
THE
Carrying the United States Mails.



TIME TABLE
—OF THE—
STEAMSHIP IDAHO

HONOLULU.	
ARRIVALS.	DEPARTURES.
Thursday.....Oct. 14	Wednesday.....Oct. 20
Monday.....Nov. 22	Saturday.....Nov. 27
SAN FRANCISCO.	
DEPARTURES.	ARRIVALS.
Saturday.....Oct. 2	Wednesday.....Nov. 3
Wednesday.....Nov. 10	Friday.....Dec. 10

For Freight or Passage, or for further informa-
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record of its sales. In 1861—
The Grover & Baker Company, Boston,
The Florence Company, Massachusetts
The Parker Company, Connecticut,
J. M. Singer & Co., New York,
Finkle & Lyon, "
Chas. W. Howland, Delaware,
M. Greenwood & Co., Cincinnati, O.,
N. S. C. Perkins, Norwalk, O.,
Wilson H. Smith, Connecticut,
sold 18,660, whilst the Wheeler & Wilson Company, of Bridge-
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Honolulu, April 1, 1868. *Manager.*

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HONOLULU REFERENCES:
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One copy, per annum, \$2.00
Two copies, " " 3.00
Five copies, " " 5.00

MARINE JOURNAL.

PORT OF HONOLULU, S. I.

ARRIVALS.

- Oct. 4—H. I. M. Stmr Megere, Aube, for Marquesas.
7—Br brig Robert Cowan, Weeks, for Victoria, V. I.
12—Am ship Grace Darling, Spear, 17 days from San Francisco.
13—Am stmr Idaho, Floyd, 104 days from San Francisco.
14—Am ship Frank N Thayer, Towne, 48 days from sea, in distress.
15—Brit ship Mary, Townsend, 20 dys from San Francisco
15—N Ger bark Landwurst, Becher, — days from Hongkong.
16—Am bark Parsee, Soule, 21 days from San Francisco.
21—Am schr Alaska, Beck, 26 days from Portland.
22—Brit brig Byzantium, Calhoun, 32 days from Victoria.
24—Am bk Vernon, Bartlett, 40 days from Puget Sound.
25—Am ship Windward, Barrett, — days from Burrard's Inlet.
27—Haw wh brig Kohola, Tripp, from Arctic, with 800 bbls wh oil and 15,000 lbs bone.
29—Am wh bark Oriole, Hayes, from Arctic, with 1,250 bbls wh oil and 14,000 lbs bone.
30—Am wh sh Norman, Towle, 130 sperm, 1000 wh and 17,000 lbs. bone.

DEPARTURES.

- Oct. 13—Am ship Grace Darling, Spear, for Baker's Island.
14—Dan brig Carl Ludwig, Callison, for Hongkong.
17—Brit ship Mary, —, for Baker's Island.
17—N Ger bark Landwurst, Becher, for Callao.
19—Am bark Parsee, Soule, for Hongkong.
20—Am stmr Idaho, Floyd, for San Francisco.
25—Am ship Windward, Barrett, for Shanghai.
25—Hawwh brig Wm H Allen, Vera, for a cruise.
28—Am wh bk Martha Wriglington, Turner, to cruise.

PASSENGERS.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—Per Ethan Allen, Oct. 2—G H Spaulding, Mrs S L Dexter, C P Holcomb, Capt Chas Wing, Capt D Hart, C T Smith, R W McCarty, Capt Ross, J A Hassinger, Capt Pierce, H H Billings, Dr Hawthorne, A Irwin, J Davies, J Smith, M Vera, E Andrews, and 6 Hawaiians—23.
FOR VICTORIA, V. I.—Per Robt. Cowan, Oct. 6—Wm McKunior—1.

YOUNG—In this city, on the 7th inst., Archibald Young, of co assumption. [Glasgow, Scotland, papers please copy.]
FROM SAN FRANCISCO—Per Idaho, Oct. 13—Dr McGrew Dr J Mott Smith, wife and child, Miss M Duncan, Miss R Duncan, P N Makee and wife, J Stewart, Mrs C F Bartlett and child, Miss Ida Lowry, Mrs A E Dickey and child, Mrs L S Johnson, Miss J Johnson, Miss A F Johnson, Wm Aiken and wife, W C Parke, J H Paty, E P Adams, C L Richards, Capt J Worth, J W Pfleger, J M Burns, C E Williams and wife, Mr and Mrs Baker, C Gertz, wife and four children, Mrs R Silver, Mrs J Joquin, Miss C Benzo, G S Clarke and wife, M S Grinbaum, L Lorillard, S M Taylor, Captains J Tabor, J M Green, F Williams, B H Hempstead, D Hempstead, Messrs D E Sutherland, H W Hyman, Jno Wilson, E Hoffschlaeger, M Phillips, Po Tie, S M Copen, John Shalton, W Costas, H Hoerle, S L Booth—60.
FROM SAN FRANCISCO—Per Parsee, Oct. 18th—Cum Moi, Aping, Aichong, Ahpoa, Ahyang, Jos Rolanes, G Cromber—7.
FROM PORTLAND—Per Alaska, Oct. 22d—Geo. F. Brightman—1.
FROM VICTORIA—Per Byzantium, Oct. 22d—Mr and Mrs C H Lee, Frank Lee, James Lee, A Neilson, W Spurgeon, James Dodd, Chas Campbell, Chas Baker, John Myers and 4 children—14.
FOR SAN FRANCISCO—Per Idaho, October 20th—Dr Shipley and wife, Rev Mr Whipple, wife and 2 children, Rev Mr Turner, George Leonard, wife and 2 children; T Tannatt and wife, George Riley, J Stewart, wife and 4 children; S H Atkins, Mrs Thorne, M C Monsarrat, Dr J Lee, Capt H Townsend, H H Besch, wife and child; W Duncan, Mr and Mrs Clark, George N Wilcox, Henry Thompson, H P Holcomb, C F Smith, L J Low, J H Pope—37.
FOR HONGKONG—Per Parsee, Oct. 19th—Tong Poetic, Pak-hung—2.

MARRIED.

MONTGOMERY—In this city, on Monday, the 11th inst., at the residence of her brother, Emma street, Miss E. Montgomery, aged 75 years.
McDougal & LL—At Makawao, on the 4th inst., Dr. Mc Dougall, of Argyle, Scotland. The deceased arrived at these Islands in 1860.
MOSSMAN—MOKOMANIE—On Monday, October 4th, in the Chapel of the English Mission, Wailuku, Maui, by the Rev. G. B. Whipple, Mr. Wm. F. Mossman to Miss Clara Mokomanie.
SPENCER—ROBINSON—In this city, on the 27th inst., by the Rev. R. B. Snowden, Captain Joseph R. Spencer to Miss Emily Robinson, daughter of the late Mr. Durham Robinson.

DIED.

WHITTINGTON—In this city, October 26th, of consumption, Mr. William Whittington, about 36 years of age; a native of Baltimore, Maryland. Mr. Whittington came passenger from San Francisco on the schooner M. A. Snow, Capt. Callahan. Arrived in Honolulu on the 24th of May, and immediately entered the hospital under the charge of John S. McGrew, M. D., where he was kindly cared for till his death.
LANE—In Chelsea, Mass., July 6th, Capt. G. Oscar Lane, aged 42 years. Capt. Lane was formerly in command of the bark Bhering, and was an honorable representative of American shipmasters—well known to many in Honolulu, and highly respected by all.

Obituary.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox, whose death in the land of their birth was so sudden and unexpected, arrived at Honolulu in the spring of 1837; and were stationed at Hilo. Here they engaged in teaching, and Mr. W. sometimes made tours to proclaim to those living at a distance the glad tidings of salvation. In 1843 they removed to Wailuku on the Island of Oahu, where they remained till 1846, when they took up their abode at Waioli, Kaula. Here, besides the labors of teaching, Mr. W. often preached on the Sabbath, for he was a believer in lay preaching; and for some years he was school superintendent. In public duties, and in private life he was conscientious and faithful. As a theologian and in his knowledge of the bible he had few superiors at these islands. Mrs. W. was a superior woman, such as is described in the bible, "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. Her children arise and call her blessed;" and her neighbors praise her. To the foreigners of the neighborhood she could say the plainest things without giving offence; for they perceived that she had their highest good at heart, and her influence over them for good was probably greater than that of any other one in the place.

In her last days she spoke of her sons as being the best of children; and the parents had reason to be proud of them, as being so dutiful, so trust-worthy, so enterprising. The bequest of four or five such young men to this nation is of more worth than all that the American Board has expended on Mr. and Mrs. W. The time and circumstances of their death could not have been better planned. The health of both was broken and their infirmities were beginning to press heavily upon them. Their children, except the youngest, were able to take care of themselves. They had seen their two long absent sons, and other dear friends in the States, and well might they say with the aged Simeon, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servants depart in peace."—Communicated.

[From the Advertiser of October 30.]

First News from the Arctic.

The brig Kohola, Capt. Tripp, arrived on Wednesday last from the Arctic, bringing the first news from the whaling fleet cruising in that Ocean. The Kohola is owned by Messrs. E. Hoffschlaeger & Co., and has been very successful, having taken 800 barrels of oil, filling up all her casks, and has also 15,000 pounds of bone, most of it large head bone.

When she left the whaling ground, on the 20th of September, the water was literally filled with whales, and the eight or nine ships in sight were all boiling down. The weather, however, was intensely cold, and the Kohola had four men frozen on the day she left. This cold weather would interfere with the taking of whales should it continue long, but in former years the wind has been very variable during September and October, allowing of good whaling during these months.

The water has been quite free of ice this year, and little or no damage is reported to any of the vessels, excepting the loss of copper, and in one case loss of cutwater. But it may turn out this year, as in former years, that the bulk of the damage from ice is late in the season.

The following report embraces all the vessels which were heard from, and may be considered a very good report for the first received. It seems likely now that several of the ships reported will return with from 1,200 to 1,600 barrels each, and the prospects for an average catch, or something better, are now very fair:

Table with 3 columns: Date, Bbls. Walrus, Bbls. Whale. Rows include Cor. Howland, Concordia, Josephine, Gay Head, Massachusetts, Acors Barnes, Aurora, California, Count Bismark, Dan'l Webster, Eliza Swift, Oriole, Progress, Trident, Eagle, Loveland, Julian, Heppingstone, Wilhelm I.

Report of Bark Oriole.

Sailed from Honolulu March 30th; touched at Waimea for recruits; passed Copper Island April 27th, and made the ice April 29th, lat. 58° 55' N., long. 172° 39' E. During the passage from the Sandwich Islands to the Aleutian Islands experienced adverse winds, with several severe gales. May 9th being a beautiful day, and all things looking propitious for a good "send off," put the Oriole into the ice, in company with several others, lat. 59° 50' N., long. 178° E. After contend-

ing with ice for thirty days, reached Cape Thaddeus during the months of June and July, south winds prevailed. Crossed during the months of August and September from Icy Cape to Sea Horse Islands and Refuge Inlet, with strong E. and N. E. winds prevailing. Took my first whale June 3d, lat. 61° 38' N., long. 177° 15' E. Took my last whale Sept. 19th, lat. 71° 10' N., long. 159° 30' W. Took my departure from the Sea Horse Islands Sept. 20th; passed Cape Prince of Wales Oct. 2d; arrived at Honolulu Oct. 29th, all well.

Very respectfully yours, R. S. HAYES.

VESSELS SPOKEN OR HEARD FROM.

- Active, 4 whales, say 350 bbls.
Aurora, 8 whales, say 700 bbls.
Awashonks, 9 whales, 800 bbls.
Corn. Howland, 7 whales, 600 bbls.
Concordia, 6 whales, 500 bbls.
California, 7 whales, 600 bbls.
Eliz. Swift, 5 whales, 400 bbls.
Eagle, doing well.
George Howland, 7 whales, 600 bbls.
Helen Snow, 8 whales, 700 bbls.
Helen Mar, 4 whales, 350 bbls.
Josephine, 8 whales, 700 bbls.
John Carver, 6 whales, 500 bbls.
James Allen, 6 whales, 500 bbls.
John Howland, 16 whales, 1400 bbls.
Julian, 13 whales, 1100 bbls.
Massachusetts, 3 whales, 200 bbls.
Onward, 8 whales, 700 bbls.
Oriole, 1250 bbls., 14,000 lbs. bone.
Roman, 7 whales, 600 bbls.
Sea Breeze, 7 whales, 600 bbls.
Trident, 9 whales, 800 bbls.
Vineyard, 3 whales, 200 bbls. and leaking 15,000 strokes per day.

[We have estimated the quantity in barrels, the number of whales taken only having been furnished us.—Ed.]

Loss of Bark Eagle, of New Bedford.

9 A. M., SATURDAY.—By the arrival this morning of the bark Norman, Capt. Towle, we learn of the loss of bark Eagle, McKenzie, of New Bedford.

The vessel was lost on Point Franklin, Sea Horse Island, while leaving the Arctic on the 30th of September, on the same place where the Hae Hawaii was lost last year.

She had on board 1400 barrels of oil and 25,000 lbs. of bone. Captain McKenzie and crew are on board the John Howland, Captain Carver, and will arrive here in a few days. It is thought the ship and cargo will prove a total loss.

Information Wanted.

Respecting Leonard Hertwell, who sailed three years ago from New Bedford in the ship George Howland. Anything concerning him will be thankfully received by his parents, or Mrs. J. L. Leslie, Titusville, Crawford County, Penn., or the office of this paper.

Respecting Frank H. Stanley, supposed to be keeping a house called the "Barbank." Any information communicated to Mrs. J. Robinson, 17 Gough street, Boston, Mass., or to the office of this paper, will be thankfully received.

Concerning Marshall F. Baldwin. He is supposed to be residing in some part of these Islands. His brother anxiously desires to hear from him. Any information will be thankfully received by Henry A. Baldwin, Maxwell Creek, Mariposa County, Cal., or the Rev. Lowell Smith, Honolulu.

Concerning Patrick Scanlon, who has resided some time in California, and lately heard to have been in Honolulu. Anything of his whereabouts will be thankfully received by his anxious, aged mother, Mrs. Catherine Scanlon, San Francisco, or at the office of this paper.

Respecting George Barrows, of Norwich, Connecticut, who when last heard from, kept a store near Hilo. Any information concerning him will be thankfully received by his sister, Mrs. Mary G. Gardner, Colchester, Connecticut, or at the office of this paper.

Respecting John Allen, who left the General Pike at Honolulu some years ago. He originally shipped at New Bedford. Any information will be gladly received by E. Duncombe, Sailor's Home, or by Fletcher Allen, Colorado Territory, Sydney Station, Union Pacific Railroad.

Concerning John Clancy, who has been from home since 1860. When last heard from was on the Sandwich Islands. Any information about him will be thankfully received by his sister Elizabeth Clancy, Olneyville, North Providence, Rhode Island, or at the office of this paper.

As regards Frans Oscar Tengstrom, who left his home in Gottenberg, Sweden, in the year 1854; he is supposed to be some where in the Pacific; and tidings of him, or his whereabouts, will be gratefully received by his younger brother, Capt. Adolph S. Tengstrom; Honolulu, H. I., or at the office of this paper.

Respecting Robert Leroy McGinniss alias Hurst, belonging to New Orleans. He visited Honolulu five years ago, and is reported to have left in a vessel bound to Hampton Roads, but as he never has reported himself in the United States, it has been conjectured that he might still be sailing in the Pacific. Any information will be gladly received by the Editor, or his mother, Mrs. Elizabeth J. McGinniss, New Orleans, La.

Respecting Bernard Seery, belonging to Yonkers, New York. He was a seaman on board the whaleship Daniel Wood when she was wrecked in the spring of 1867. He came to the American Hospital in Honolulu, and was sent by the Consul to San Francisco. Any information will be gladly received by the Editor, or Mr. Thomas Seery, Yonkers, N. Y.

Respecting Joseph W. Richardson, formerly residing in Honolulu. Any information will be gladly received by Rev. Dr. Gulick, or E. S. Richardson, Lyme, Mass.