KALUA ONCE MORE.

Rev. Sereno E. Bishop Writes About His Character.

EDITOR STAR:—I desire to enter in behalf of my esteemed friend and former pupil, Mr. Kalua, a demur to the apparent implication in a letter to the STAR, that he is eccentric or naturally unreliable. It is true that his course has been a singular one; I have longed watched it with deep and anxious interest. The key to his apparently erratic course is a simple one. He exhibits two very different characters during his periods of intemperance and during those of abstinence from the drink-habit, which is with him as fatal to character as it is with most of his race. It is my confident hope that his noble Christian manhood has now asserted itself for good and finally. When free from his evil bonds, Mr. Kalua has pursued a wise and consistent course as an earnest Hawaiian patriot, and a true leader of his race. Whenever on the other hand, he has relapsed under the sway of his enemy, his political course has faithfully followed his moral decline.

One could always tell with certainty whether Kalua was drinking or not, by the fact whether he ran with the Palace crowd, or with the Reform party. I want no better guaranty that he is now living a manly and sober life, than the fact that he is found nobly battling against the corrupt monarchy, and for annexation.

No man feels more keenly than does my friend himself, how ruinously seducing has been the organized corruption of the Royal Court upon all who came into intimate relations with it. One of my deepest grievances against Liliuokalani was the manner in which several years ago the Princess employed her very great personal fascinations to seduce Kalua from his independent stand in the Legislature, and to lead him to confer with the King, an act which was followed by a considerable period of intemperate living, as well as of political tergiversation, probably the darkest part of Kalua's record. Every wise friend of the Hawaiian people will thank God when that destroying Royal influence shall come to an end. In opposing the monarchy, Mr. Kalua is doing noble battle for the lives of himself and of his people, who have been miserably wasting away under the poisonous forces of intemperance, impurity, and superstition, whose chief center of propagation has been the Palace.

S. E. BISHOP.

A RED-HAIRED CHINAMAN.

Being Off-Colored He is Abhorred by His Brethren.

Chinatown boasts of a great rarity in a full-blooded Chinese, who is probably the only red-headed one on the face of the earth. And what is more, the Chinese has a light complexion and blue eyes, and he is cross-eyed.

Mish Go, as is the freak's name, was born in China, of Chinese parents, about thirty years ago, and came to San Francisco about a year ago. He is shunned and disliked by the great majority of his countrymen.

"Sheep-eyed" is one of the nicknames applied to him, because, from a Chinese standpoint, his eyes resemble those of a sheep more than those of a human being. Mish Go lives in one of the dens of Spofford alley, and is never seen in close association with other denizens of Chinatown, excepting when he goes to certain stores to dispose of cheap trinkets, by which means he acquires a living.

The reason of the Chinese being held in such disfavor was explained by Wong Woh, a fortune teller, who daily occupies a portion of the sidewalk on Washington street, above Dupont.

"Very many years ago," he said, "there was another red-headed China man in China. He lived there so long ago that no one now living had ever seen him. Chew Fut was his name and he was tall and fair of complexion. From some cause not pleasing in the eyes of one of the numerous gods Chew Fut was known of all over North China, where he lived and grew to manhood.

"One day it was disclosed to a few of the faithful that this particular Chinese with the red hair must die. But it was not explained by the deity why. It is not known to this day why the order was disobeyed, for no steps were taken to end the life of Chew Fut, and so a fearful vengeance was wreaked on the people. A terrible earthquake occurred, and the waters of the sea overflowed the land, engulfing thousands of inhabitants, who were carried out to sea by the receding waters and drowned.

"The red haired Chinese was lost at the same time, and, it is believed, was transported direct to the infernal regions, where he must always suffer fearful torture."—*Examiner.*

San Diego to Mexico.

EDITOR STAR:—An article in the *Advertiser* entitled "From San Diego to Mexico" relates many good things about San Diego County, but the author's poetic license leads him into extravagances, such as "avenue of the palms," "orange garden of the gods," the "Eden of all the earthly Edens," etc. The native of the sage brush will hardly tumble to the meaning of Mr. Miller's fine lines. Mr. Miller says only half enough about the Kimball Brothers, the promoters of nearly every important enterprise in San Diego County. They not only planted the orchard which Mr. Miller describes so well, but they built a mighty reservoir for irrigating their and everybody else's land; they improved their land lots with houses and well graded streets; constructed a railroad; built a carriage factory and olive oil works; supported with a great liberality the San Diego Board of Trade; organized a bank, and, in fact, made their work the paradigm of Yankee pluck and energy among the early slow-coachers of Southern California.

G. D.

Honolulu, May 2nd.