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The following Merchandise just received per

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NOW FULLY DUE:

Cases 6, 7, 8 and 9 feet, best English Corrugated Roofing, Galvanized Ridging for same.

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Bdls. best English Galvanized Fencing Wire, Nos. 5 and 6.

Coils Galvanized Wire Rope, all sizes.

Bales Genuine Twilled, Blue-striped

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(Of which there is a number of worthless imitations in the market). We are the Original Importers and SOLE AGENTS of these Celebrated Bags, and the great demand for them from the Planters has induced some manufacturers and their agents to get up a cheap imitation of them.

A Fine Assortment of Crockery

A Splendid lot of English and French Groceries, (particulars will be given on arrival of the Steamship "Hansa." Also,

A Small Invoice of beautiful Irish Linen Damask, Sheetings, and Cambric Handkerchiefs, direct from Belfast, Ireland.

A small Invoice of Choice WATER COLORS, by Celebrated Artists.

Also, to arrive by Vessel now Loading at Glasgow:

A Cast-Iron Vacuum Pan,

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1 Vacuum Pumping Engine, 14-inch Cylinder and 12-inch stroke.

3 Wrought-Iron Tanks, each 1,000 gallons capacity.

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4 30-inch Weston's Patent Self-balancing Suspended Sugar-Caring Centrifugal Machines, with the requisite Independent Iron Framing, Wrought-Iron Sugar Mixer of 2,000 gallons capacity, with Stirrer, Driving Gear, etc.

A High-Pressure Diagonal Steam Engine,

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2 Wrought-Iron EVAPORATORS.

4 500-Gallon STEAM CLARIFIERS.

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EMINENT UPHOLSTERER

From Paris and London, and recently from San Francisco, we are prepared to furnish Designs and Estimates for New and Original Styles of

HIGH CLASS UPHOLSTERING

More suited to the Climate. Elegant and Cheaper than

Inferior Importations!

Parlor, Bedroom

— AND —

BOUDOIR SETS!

In Stock and to Order.

SOFAS, LOUNGES, CHAIRS, CHIFFONIERS, WARDROBES, DESKS, CRIBS, &c., &c.,

At the LOWEST possible Cash Prices.

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In every material, Hair, Moss, Eureka and Straw.

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Spring BEDS!

And a variety of other Styles, at the LOWEST possible Prices.

☞ Window Cornices and Lambrequins, in New and Elegant Sale. (au5 tf) J. HOPP & Co., No. 74 Kingstre

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SELLING OFF! SELLING OFF!

As I am now in a

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I will offer my present Stock of

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.... AT ....

COST! COST! COST!

This offer holds good for

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FROM DATE.

Now is the time to get your

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COME ONE!

COME ALL!

WILLIAM TURNER.

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Established in 1852.

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"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately-flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—See article in the *Civil Service Gazette*.

Made simply with boiling water or milk.

Sold only in packets, labelled:—

JAMES EPPS & CO.,

HOMEOPATHIC CHEMISTS,

LONDON.

Also EPPS'S CHOCOLATE ESSENCE, for Afternoon use. jun11.1y

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Beale and Howard Streets,

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA,

W. H. TAYLOR, - - - President,

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BUILDERS OF

STEAM MACHINERY,

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES

Steamboat, Steamship, Land ENGINES AND BOILERS,

High Pressure or Compound.

STEAM VESSELS of all kinds, built complete with Hulls of Wood, Iron or Composite.

ORDINARY ENGINES compounded when advisable.

STEAM LAUNCHES, Barges and Steam Tugs constructed with refrence to the Trade in which they are to be employed. Speed, tonnage and draft of water guaranteed.

SUGAR MILLS AND SUGAR MAKING MACHINERY made after the most approved plans. Also, all Boiler Iron Work connected therewith.

WATER PIPE, of Boiler or Sheet Iron, of any size, made in suitable lengths for connecting together, or Sheets Rolled, Punched, and Packed for Shipment, ready to be vered on the ground.

HYDRAULIC RIVETING. Boiler Work and Water Pipe made by this Establishment, Riveted by Hydraulic Riveting Machinery, that quality of work being far superior to hand work.

SHIP WORK. Ship and Steam Capstans, Steam Winches, Air and Circulating Pumps, made after the most approved plans.

AGENTS for Worthington Duplex Steam Pump.

PUMPS, Direct Acting Pumps, for Irrigation or City Water Works' purposes, built with the celebrated Davy Valve Motion, superior to any other pump. d27'81 tf

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(HAWAIIAN CONSUL)

Undertakes the purchase and shipment of all kinds of British and Continental Goods, and will be glad to receive Orders, at rates either free on board at shipping port in Europe, or delivered ex ship (but with duty for buyer's account) at Honolulu. Such Orders may be accompanied by remittances, payable in London or San Francisco; or he will draw at 60 days sight against confirmed credits from Honolulu Bankers, or otherwise, to suit the convenience of buyers.

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IN ALL KINDS OF

CARRIAGE MATERIALS!

Bar Iron, of all sizes,

Cumberland Coal.

SOLE AGENT FOR THE

Cortland Wagon Co.

OF NEW YORK. ap1

NEW PAINT SHOP

NO. 128, FORT STREET. OPPOSITE THE ENTERPRISE MILL.

THE UNDERSIGNED BEGS TO INFORM the public that he has

Opened for Himself a Paint Shop

at the above address, where he will always be found and prepared to do work in his line at reasonable rates

House Painting,

Paperhanging, Varnishing,

ATTENDED TO AT SHORT NOTICE.

☞ Work done by the Day or by the Job.

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9 Rue d'Argent, Bruxelles,

ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT Political, Commercial, Literary and Artistic Journals in Europe.

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Half Yearly..... 16 francs.

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Subscription orders to be accompanied by Money Orders on Brussels, Paris, or London. Subscriptions commence on the 1st or the 16th of each month.

Jan13 w6t.

A. B. ROWE,

General Blacksmith & Wagon Maker,

BAY HORSE PREMISES, ROSE LANE,

(Rear of Houghtailing's Saloon.)

SPECIAL ATTENTION TO HORSE-SHOEING and as I do all work myself and having low rental, I guarantee First-Class Work at low prices. mar25 3m

Th Ballet Girl.

With complexion like the rose
'Mid the snows—
Due to powder on her nose,
I suppose—
She twirls upon her toes
In abbreviated clothes,
And exhibits spangled hose
To her beaux.

When cruel Time bestows
Adipose,
Fairy parts and all those
She outgrows,
And murmuringly goes
To the very hindmost rows,
To pirouet and pose
With the "crows."

When life frayed and faded grows,
Like her bows
She in garret sits and sews
Furbelows,
'Till her weary eyelids close
In the peace of death's repose.
Is she reaping what she sows?
Heaven knows!

Lippincott's Magazine.

European Correspondence.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

PARIS, DECEMBER 28.

The French have got it into their heads, that by the accession of Earl Derby to the cabinet, the Egyptian question will be satisfactorily settled, and in their sense. His lordship has restored Cettawayo, in a manner to make John Dunn lead off in a Hottentot reel; why then not expect he will secure by his influence, all that France requires in Egypt—the restoration of the dual control, for that's what her acquired rights mean, but which she forfeited by shirking to defend them Shreadheads remark, that while England indulges in disinterested phrases and generalities, she is not the less steadily settling down in Egypt. *Beati possidens.* In the interests of Egypt even, England ought at once to clearly explain what she intends doing independent of France, for the latter will only be content with the impossible—an exequo status in the political government of Egypt. Naturally, all the French correspondents on the Nile, ridicule the present administration of Egypt; be their remarks just or unjust, England ought now to fall back on all the European powers, and so, regaining her liberty, proceed with the reforms demanded in Egypt. There is a point at coaxing or stroking down the French, that ought to be exceeded, as the intention would be misunderstood.

The publication of the *Memoirs* of Comte Honece de Viel-Castel, and which throw such a lurid light in the history of the Second Empire from 1851 to 1864, occupies for the moment all attention. The Comte had his *entrees* at the Tuileries, and to all the upper stratum of Bonapartist society, as one of "Our Own" yet he noted down every day, everything connected with the inner life of the then rulers of France. As director of the Louvre museums, he had every opportunity of playing the role of Asmodeus. The Comte was separated from his wife, but consoled himself for the loss, by taking for mistress a creole lady from Reunim. On his death he bequeated to her all he possessed—misery, plus 20 volumes of *Memoir's*. Since the fall of the Empire, this mistress in order to live, offered the manuscript for sale to several publishers, who declined, till Haller, of Berne, purchased them. About 1.000 copies were uggled insmto France, but a seizure was demanded in the Count's family; the authorities were thus able to secure 25 copies. A reviewer states, he secured his copy, by placing it in the pillow of his baby's cot, when the police came to seize. The volume is exceedingly spicy, with the naked truth revealed about everybody who was anybody; all the public men are shown up in dressing gown. Prince Jerome Napoleon and his papa are terribly treated; the Duc de Mormeys "smart" speculations are catalogued with a minuteness that ought to make Sir Robert Peel happy for the remainder of his life. One curious chapter introduces us to the emperor and empress consulting the turning tables as to the result of the expedition to Mexico Barrche is depicted sobbing for "more" income to keep up the position of his family, when the emperor drops 30,000 francs into his hat.

There are some racy notes on foreign celebrities, such as the ex-Queen of Spain, Dumas, fils and other litterateur come in for a few plaguy knocks. The account of the Coup d'Etal is frightful in its matter of fact cold-blooded news: 2000 citizens were massacred for defending the law; some of Canrobert's soldiers having hesitated, they returned to storm the barricades when assured they would receive a gratuity of 16 f. each. The work, apart from its unpalatable revelations and the broadness of many of the details, is well written, for the author was an educated man. He was the chief among the Tuilerie folks taking notes—that his poverty-stricken mistress prints. It is rare prohibited fruit.

The "speerits" have turned up; we thought, at least in France, they were as extinct as the dodo. However, the faithful among the faithless have had a gathering, and Paris has been selected as the centre for the cosmopolitan debris to rally. The authorities do not object to this, but simply to individuals obtaining money for photographing extinct relatives and rapping up departed worth. The audience consisted chiefly of well-to-do middle class people, officers laid up in ordinary, and indeed some pretty girls that would make a sceptic drink to Allan Kardec's health. But Michelet states, no movement can succeed without the fair sex. One of the spectators was very happy: he was able to converse every night with his deceased daughter, who assured him lately he was formerly a King of Spain—the Cid or Philip not stated; another enthusiast avowed he had Troppman's spirit in him, that which ought to necessitate the application of the guillotine for a second time to that terrible murderer.

A monarchal writer, who is satisfied the Republic will soon be as bad as the cities of the Plains, devoted Christmas Day to study the coming solution of our political situation: he found it in Daniel, where the Prophet alludes to certain peoples having been weighed in the balance and found wanting, adds he, who will occupy the throne will be aged 62 or 61 years. Now, concludes the writer, the Comte de Chambord is 62, and the Duc d'Aumale will be that age next year; hence the connection between Tenterdon Steeple and the Goodwin Sands.

In Cardinal Donnet, France has lost a model prelate, who did much for the revival of Christianity and the Catholic religion. He was liberal, tolerant, and a broad churchman; he never allowed politics to get mixed up with religion. Rumour said he was like Emile de Girardin, a natural son of Louis Philippe. He loved retreat and silence; was very simple in his habits, and eschewed all titles; he received his visitors when making his toilet; he loved novel pursuits. He said: "Cardinal Mattieu represented theology, Cardinal Darboy jurisprudence, Cardinal Conchase politics, while I represent agriculture." His great pleasure was to mix among and converse with the peasants; on one occasion he was driving past a field and saw a poor farmer endeavoring to hood some stooks of corn against threatening rain; he pulled up, and he and his secretary lent a hand. When near eighty years old, he crossed a stream on horseback, and in the depth of winter, to arrive in time at a parish church where he had promised to officiate. In his youth he was very delicate, and in a speech in the Senate on the untimely burials bill, he stated that when a student he was so ill that he was certified to be dead by the doctor, and conscions of all that was passing, he by a supernatural effort rose up in his coffin as preparations were being made to nail down the lid.

We were all prepared for a dull Christmas, and so were not disappointed at its being realized; a dripping, slippery day, suggestive of anything but mirth; but of stopping within doors and acting on the sage metto of "early to bed," even without roast beef or plum pudding. Fortunately it is the period of the year when concierges and servants in general are politeness itself, for New Year's day is ahead, when their annual gratuities fall due, like death and taxes in point of certainty. There was consolation in seeing the children happy, in counting their great expectations brought to them by St. Nicholas; it recalled our own souvenirs, and we had the melancholy mental pleasure of taking stock of all our lapsed Christmases. How many of us could have wished to say, as in the Silver King: "Oh God, put back thy universe, and give me yesterday." The Christmas Eve midnight masses were fairly attended, but the succeeding supper parties were limited, and bills of fare economical.

Louis Michel offers, on the part of herself and sister and brother anarchists, to give their services gratuitiusly in demolishing what rests of the Tuileries. They are veritable gluttons; to say they are not content with having burnt it down.

Another gormand is M. de Lesseps. Not content with cutting isthmuses, he now is at work to flood deserts; he has aided in the formation of a company to execute Commandant Rouaire's scheme of letting in the Mediterranean through Algeria into the Sahara.

A new History of England has appeared. In reply to the question, "What were the chief events during the reign of Charles I?" "A terrible plague and a tremendous fire." "Do not give me the new toy of Ministers for a present, it breaks too rapidly."

A Cow-Boy's Unfortunate Aim.

Arizona Correspondence of the Philadelphia Times.

Arizona is full of cow-boys. Some of them are outlaws of the worst description. It was a common thing for eight or ten of these cut-throats to ride into California City, enter a saloon, present a pistol to the barkeeper's head, and demand that the liquors be set out. As the fiery element warmed them up they would often secure a violin or banjo, and improvise a regular "stag dance." Each fellow would select a partner from among the crowd, the musician would start up the "Arkansas Traveller" or some other familiar tune, and the leader would call out "Forward four," and the dance commenced. When the figure "balance to your partners" was reached, many a fellow would "cut the pigeon-wing," and his partner, not to be outdone, would indulge in some fantastic steps, which would do credit to the most famed clog-dancer on the minstrel boards. In the height of this revelry would begin a fusillade from revolvers. Bang! bang! bang! and above the dim the leader would be heard calling out: "Turn your partners; promenade all." The first figure being finished, every fellow would begin to look at the heels of his boots to see where the bullets were. The result would disclose that a large majority had been hit about the heel with a bullet. This practice of shooting at the heels of one's boots is common among the cow-boys, and so accurate, are they in their aim that an accident seldom occurs. Shooting the heels off one another's boots is a common recreation with them.

On the occasion of one "stag dance" a cow-boy who had recently joined the gang participated in the fusilade. On an examination at the close of the first figure one of the members was found to be shot through the foot The festivities were suddenly stopped. The leader announced that an investigation would at once begin to ascertain the guilty party. A mock court was convened. "Curly Bill" was selected for judge. Crone was made sheriff. Tom Harper was chosen clerk. The sheriff arrested the new member as the guilty party. A prosecuting attorney was chosen, and the court assigned counsel to defend the prisoner. In a few moments the prosecuting attorney handed the clerk the indictment, and the court ordered the clerk to read it to the prisoner, who was commanded to stand up. The clerk did as he was ordered and this was the document that he read:

We, the undersigned, Grand Jurors for the county of Cochise, in the Territory of Arizona, do find Joe Palmer guilty of felony in having wounded Abe Saunders in the foot in attempting to shoot the heel off said Saunder's boot while said Saunder's "cut the pigeon-wing," in figure next to the last in the first set at the "stag dance" held in California City, in said territory, on Saturday night, June 20, 1881.

The court—Guilty or not guilty?

Prisoner—Not guilty.

Court—The trial will proceed. Sheriff, call the jury.

All the formality of selecting a jury, the taking of testimony and the cross-examination by counsel was gone through with. No detail of an ordinary trial at law was omitted. Finally the case was submitted to the jury, who, after a few minutes' consultation announced that they had agreed upon a verdict.

The court—Gentlemen, have you agreed upon a verdict?

Foreman of the jury—We have your Honor

The court—Clerk, read the verdict

The foreman of the jury hands the clerk a paper. Clerk reads;

We, the undersigned jurors, do find the prisoner guilty as charged.

"Joe Halmer," said the Judge, "stand up Joe Halmer; the jury of your peers having found you guilty of a heinous offense, it becomes the duty of this court to pronounce sentence upon you. You have had a fair and impartial trial. Abe counsel defended you. There is nothing but for the court to pronounce sentence. The sentence of the court is that you be taken to the San Simon valley, and between daybreak and sunrise be executed. Sheriff, take charge of the prisoner."

The next morning the sentence was carried into execution, and Palmer was shot.

"Burly Bill," in speaking of this afterwards, remarked that no man was worthy to associate with residents of San Simon who could not shoot the heel off a fellow's boot while he danced.

BROGLIE & SPEAR,

Manufacturing and Importing Jewelers!!

75 FORT STREET, HONOLULU.

BEG LEAVE TO INFORM THE PUBLIC GENERALLY THAT THEIR STOCK OF

Holiday Goods is Complete.

— CONSISTING IN PART OF —

GOLD AND SILVER SETTS.

PINS, RINGS, EAR RINGS,

VEST CHAINS, NECKLACES, SCARF PINS,

SCARF RINGS, SLEEVE BUTTONS.

GOLD & SILVER WATCHES

Waltham a specialty.

Silver Filagree Jewelry,

Tasmanian Shell Necklaces in all shades of Color,

Silver Plated Ware, American Clocks.

WE WOULD ALSO STATE THAT WE MANUFACTURE ALL KINDS OF

Gold, Kukui, Shell and other Jewelry!

Watches Repaired by Competent Workmen.

DIAMONDS SET IN THE LATEST STYLES.

A Speciality Made in Engraving of all kinds

— INCLUDING OF —

MONOGRAMS, MODELS, LOCKETS, &c.

☞ ORDERS FROM THE OTHER ISLANDS WILL RECEIVE OUR PROMPT ATTENTION.

Every Article Guaranteed as represented, or Money Refunded

75 FORT STREET,

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— EX —

KALE and GLENGABER.

GEORGE GOULET

CHAMPAGNE!

PINTS and QUARTS;

Volnay, Sauternes,

Chablis & Chambertin,

Fine CLARET

IN CASKS. AND CASES

Hockheimer

— AND —

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PINTS and QUARTS;

Benedictine,

Chartreuse,

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Anisette,

Absinthe,

Curacao,

AND OTHER LIQUEURS.

Genuine Hollands,

In White and Black Bottles, Large Size.

Otard, Dupuy & Co.s'

3-Star Brandy!

— AND —

ON HAND AT ALL TIMES,

ALL BRANDS OF

WINES,

ALES,

BEERS

..... AND .....

SPIRITS!

That can be procured on the face of this Earth.

FOR SALE AT

FULL

Prices at

BROWN & CO.'S

FIRE-PROOF WAREHOUSE,

14 Merchant street,

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AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT

A LOT OF EXTRA QUALITY

New Zealand Oats

GO EARLY

And secure what you want

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Leeds, England,

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W. L. GREEN and

G. W. MACFARLANE & CO.,

Agents for John Fowler & Co.

aug20tf

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SAFES!

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GENERAL AGENT, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

mar25

Mrs. Thomas Lack.

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IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

Sewing Machines & Genuine Parts

Attachments, Oil and Accessories.

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White, New Home, Davis, Crown, Howe and Florence Machines,

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☞ My Stock of Pipes, Cigar Holders, Tobacco, &c., will be sold at COST PRICES. ap22 1y

☞ The services of a good mechanic having been secured all jobs entrusted to me will be promptly and satisfactorily attended to.

THE

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In the Hawaiian Language.

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Charges Very Moderate.

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All business communications to be addressed to F. H. HAYSELDEN, Manager, and news letters and correspondence to JOHN G. M. SHELDON, Editor.

an3 d&wtf

Childhood.

But yesterday I let my Childhood go—
Shaking his clinging fingers from the hem
Of my Youth's dress, set thick with lustrous gem,
And rich with broiderie. With footsteps slow
I saw him backward turn with face of woe;
The roses faded on his diadem—
The stars grown dimmer as he fled from them—
His eyes bent on me, blank of smiles and glow.

Something the wishful child kept close in trust—
A vague, faint rapture whose name knew I not,
I felt my pulse beat slower, and wan sighs
Come from my heart unbidden, and tears hot
That fell upon footprints in the dust—
And then I kissed Sweet Youth upon the eyes.

Fanny Driscoll, in Chicago Tribune.

A Story.

(*Written for the P. C. Advertiser.*)

Let us call him John Griffith, although the people of Honolulu knew him many years ago by a very different name, but it would not do to relate the one fatal romance of his life without using a *nome de plume*. Yes, it is best to call him John Griffith and associate the actual pedigree, character and incident, which we intend to delineate, with that altogether fictitious cognomen. Then it is in order to state that this Griffith came to these Islands from New England long ago, when there were almost no white men here except missionaries. He was a stout, fearless, frank, good-looking young man at that time. There was not an iota of vacillation simulation or dishonesty about him. In fact he sprang from the old Puritan stock that braved the dangers of a wild world, and the rigors of a voluntary exile rather than surrender religious liberty. He could readily trace his lineage back to the Plymouth rock in 1620, and occasionally he was, pardonably, not a little proud to do so; for he inherited all their staunch hardihood of physique, uncompromising morality and dauntless courage. In thinking of such a character one is apt to deplore the degeneration of modern times and regret that such prime manhood is not to be met with more frequently now-a-days. It would not be a bad thing indeed, if the present age could boast many another John Griffith to give young men an example that would put the feminine swells and spendthrifts of to-day to shame. But with all his sterling qualities, so justly worthy deemed of all praise, John landed in Honolulu without a dollar, and he was perhaps, a trifle ragged but that matters not. He did not come here intentionally or even willingly. He had been mate of a vessel which had been lost at sea, and this accident alone accounted for his arrival in Hawaii. It is probable that the destitution of his forlorn and unfortunate condition was sufficient to recommend him to the kind consideration of a people proverbially generous, but at any rate he chose to remain where the elements had cast him, and after he had speedily learned the Hawaiian language, was employed to teach the small native school at K——. Now, there was at that time a certain missionary who resided not far from this place. The good divine had a warm, hospitable heart, a comely home and an extremely fair young daughter named Edith, who had been born and reared here in mid-ocean. Never had she visited the East or the West, or tasted the fascinating but often intoxicating sweets of foreign society. But, instead, she had associated with the deep-heaving sea, the sublime mountains and the bright tropical scenes of these almost Elysian isles. Her mind partook of nature's unsullied glory; her heart was transfused with the serene beauty around her, and her features wore the innocent, lovely expressiveness which poets attribute to the angelic perfection that is charmingly imagined in spotless realms beyond the skies. And oft in the blissful solitude of evening had she sat in her bower of palms and flowers with the interminable vista of ocean expanding before her, and fixed her dark blue meditative eyes upon the ruby and golden Hawaiian sunset skies that glowed above her, as if she was dreaming of something pleasant, supernal, holy and transcendentally blessed. Oh! did she think of love?

II.

It is not the puny, mincing, effeminate qualities that true women most admire in men. It is the vigor, accomplisments, strength and innate nobility of stalwart manhood that ever speaks most eloquently to their sentient souls, and finally awakes the harmonious echoes of hallowed and divine affection in pure and gentle bosoms. John Griffith was every inch a man. When the missionary first invited him to the parsonage, which happened in the due course of events, that eclesiastic felt a spontaneous confidence in John's honor, for such is the force and impressiveness of exalted manliness that it commands credence and respect by its very appearance. And Edith as she soon came to know the visitor, loved him with a deep and genuine animation. From time to time, when they casually met under the paternal roof, an eye skilled in the subtle lore of love might easily have detected the vague but certain evidences of mutually reciprocated affection. Yet the good missionary gave no sign of disapproval, perhaps, because he failed to fathom the truth, and a whole year—oh, such a happy period for the lovers! rolled rapidly away, during which there were many meetings, such as tend to unite for eternity the fate of young and loyal hearts. Oft arm in arm they strolled by the seashore, when the shadow of night was crowned with its diadem of stars and the wan moon cast her mellow enchanting beams of subdued light athwart the murmuring billows. Oft, when evening's supreme tranquility prevailed, they roved together in fragrant groves and wove garlands of leaves and roses to deck each other's brows, or reclined sweetly conversing in grottos, which the sea laved when the tide came in, and strewed with shells when retreating waves subsided. But the time came too speedily when the transport of these meetings, so closely blended with the incense and glory of nature's magnificence, should be forever blighted by the agony of an everlasting separation. John Griffith solicited Edith's hand in marriage. Her father stared in blank surprise at the proposition, and when he had recovered himself sufficiently to reply, he answered sternly, no. The suitor implored in vain. The father still arrogantly declared his daughter should wed a richer and more distinguished man. The next day Edith was sent in charge of an elderly aunt to distant lands, and John hastened to quit a place where even the ever present sea perpetually reminded him of a dear face and heavenly form which he was commanded to forget and banish from his dreams.

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At 88 Rue ——, Paris, there died a wretched old miser, who had hoarded his chests of gold with a nigardly hand. To his death bed, an hour before he breathed his last, he summoned an eminent attorney to frame his will.

"My name is John Griffith," said he, "and I give all my money to a certain homeless daughter of Edith ——, whose husband wasted his inheritance in debauchery that defiled his honored father's name and brought his angel wife to an untimely grave."

"Now, papa, what is humbug?" Papa: "It is when ma pretends to be very fond of me, and puts no buttons on my shirts."