

# Hawaii Holomua

PROGRESS.

The Life of the Land is Established in Righteousness.

HONOLULU, OCT. 2, 1893.

## TOPICS OF THE DAY.

We printed in our Saturday issue a letter from Chief Justice Judd to Col. McArthur the editor of the *Troy Budget* which appears in that journal on the 3rd of September. The letter was not intended for publication, but the Colonel according to his commentaries "ventured to published it" because it was so good. We did not expect that the letter would have created such a sensation among our fellow-citizens as it evidently has, but somehow or other, everybody seems to have been charmed with the opportunity of learning where Mr. A. F. Judd stood politically. Our issue was exhausted in three hours and it became necessary to print a second edition.

Mr. Judd in his letter hopes that Nordhoff and Spreckels haven't done "us" much harm, and he accuses the first named gentleman of having distorted everything "to our disadvantage." By all this "We" "Us" and company, we suppose that he means the saintly flock of missionaries whom he states are "honest, sincere and patriotic not seeking their own, but the welfare of the entire community." After what we have seen of selfishness, greed, boodling, and swindle since the P. G. and its "honest sincere" etc., supporters came into power, it is rather hard for us to follow the romancing of our "patriotic" Chief Justice. But when he talks about the "movement to rid these islands of the incubus of monarchy," we consider it necessary to refresh the memory of McArthur's correspondent.

From the days of his father whose good and bad qualities, and whose career praiseworthy in some instances and worthy of the severest criticism in some, there is no reason to dig up, the members of the Judd family have been *personae gratæ* to the Hawaiian sovereigns. The incubus of the monarchy has never been a source of great annoyance to the Judds heretofore. They have bravely managed to wear the livery of royalty and been only too pleased to sport the glittering uniforms and the decorations (signs of honor) of the now alleged corrupt sovereigns. They have been the *bon comrades* of Hawaiian princes and kings, and they have fattened on the land and in spite of their natural inability been sucking the pap from the public cow. When the Chief Justice now speaks in laudatory terms about the men, "who rid Hawaii of the incubus of the monarchy" he is a well bit ungrateful and very much injudicious.

Because it should be remembered that when the body of the dead King David Kalakaua was carried into Honolulu harbor on

board the U. S. cruiser *Charleston*, and *Liliuokalani* took the oath as Queen of the Islands Kingdom, that the man who advised her first official step through which she lost many staunch adherents, and many loyal supporters to wit; to force the resignation of the Brown-Cummins Cabinet was A. F. Judd Chief Justice, and Chancellor of the Kingdom.

Voluntarily he approached the new sovereign and the mourning sister and whispered his advice into her ear. Without encouragement he, who always had played the sycophant to the then heir-apparent tried by his insinuating advices to become the chief adviser—the power behind the throne. Had he succeeded, we would never have heard from his lips about the incubus of the monarchy. Had he and his select gang been able to continually influence the Queen through their selfish and secret advice for the purpose of increasing and furthering their own ambitious devices. Frank Judd would never have talked or written about the glory due to those, who rid Hawaii of the incubus of the monarchy. He of all men to write like that! He who lacked the moral courage to take the place at the head of the revolution and stand where Dole stood a few weeks ago; he who was lukewarm and wavering in his attitude until he thought that the revolution was a success; he who pretended to shed tears when the American flag was hoisted on Aliioli and who has never said even in private conversation sufficient to prove his loyalty to the course of annexation, he, we say, now to sing the Hosanna in praise of the men who "rid Hawaii of the incubus of the monarchy." For sooth the "American" party in Hawaii has to contend with many difficulties and many drawbacks to success in their piratical schemes—but Frank Judd is the white elephant on their hands—because he will run amuck and well—write letters.

## Dainty Missionaries.

That charming writer, Richard Henry Savage, in his recent book: "The Passing Show," draws an amusing and realistic picture of the American missionary in Japan and shows what a hypocritical and fraudulent worldling he is. With but slight retouching it would be a good picture of the same class of pious frauds in Hawaii.

"Saucily ensconced in a superb semi-palace, a community of good American missionaries were basted there "christianizing the heathen" at leisure, and not sorryly disdainful of varied creature comforts."

I judged this from the quasi-royal manner in which they lived. We disturbed not their pious "Mivana" our wandering feet rested not under their mahogany. Secure in their princely mountain eyrie, the tinkle of the steinway piano floated out on the fragrant night air from their cheerful windows. It was popularly whispered in Nagasaki, that the choicest dainties, the cream of the market and the very best cheroots, found their way up to that lovely home, where these piano men and women calmly immolate themselves on the altar of "self-

denial." Even choice selections of "spiritus frumenti" and carefully culled exemplars of the old hands of "Spiritus Vini Gallici," were known to have climbed that sculptured hill: It was "good for cramps," "a rare preventative of cholera" and excellent to rub with, "on the inside."

"I am told that careful "object lessons" in housekeeping accompany the more strictly spiritual exercises. Prim stewards, with many neat handed maidens, improve their own minds and save their souls while humbly ministering to the temporal wants of the kindly saints who have "come so far to do good" to themselves and others.

"They do do good! They do much good to themselves!—whatever is the general result of their spiritual labors. When double "rickshaw" riding jaunts to the hills, and pony exercise fail to revive their waning spirits, I am credibly told these good souls go home to the land of the "Stars and Stripes" to recruit, on frequent leaves of absence,—their pay ever running on. They loudly urge the pious goggle-eyed wandering Sabbath-school child of America on these return trips, to devote his stray nickels to the poor heathen! The unceasing rattle of this childish tribute in the "missionary" slot serves to keep these good souls in fine fettle. All of these apostles I have ever met with, in my world wanderings, have been wonderfully well-fed and prosperous looking. Their raiment is of price.

I approve their one item of self-denial: that good standard silks and satins and Crepe-de-China, with plain lawns and swiss muslins are good enough for them: they disdain more use less hidden embroidery. Sleek and fat are their handsome wives, who toil not, neither do they spin. Their budding daughters and spirited sons bear themselves with becoming pride as representatives of a great cause."

T. T.

## Military Discipline.

The dress of the P. G. guard varies; there does not seem to be any systematic arrangement or order in that direction. It has been noticed several times that the guards at the gates to the Palace grounds were not dressed alike. One day a guard at one of the gates was arrayed in a uniform something like this, a dirty undershirt, a pair of dungaree trousers hitched up with a pair of suspenders, a military cap on his head, and a pipe in his mouth. Last Friday a guard at the Richard street gate looked very much as if he was under the influence of liquor, or else had not gotten over the night before's "toot." We do not think that he had a touch of sun-stroke, although the sun was hot on that day.

## Assistant Clerks.

In a new regulation just promulgated, importers are informed, that from and after this date, they are expected to do part of the Custom House clerical work.

## Highly Successful meeting.

For the benefit of our sporting readers, we present the score of last Saturday's sharpshooting contest, between members of the military and the sharpshooters:

### MILITARY.

Lieut. Col. Fisher	42
Captain Pratt	41
Captain Good	6
Sergeant Clark	39
Major W. C. King	39
Col. Soper	44
Private L. M. Johnson	37
Private G. H. Burnett	40
Lieut. G. W. R. King	37
Private Clifford	40
	365

### SHARPSHOOTERS.

Jno. Kidwell	45
F. S. Dodge	36
Jas. L. McLean	40
Jas. Marsden	40
Dr. N. B. Emerson	42
J. B. Gibson	40
W. T. Monsarrat	36
D. W. Corbett	38
M. Philp	36
W. E. Wall	46
	399

## LOCAL NEWS.

Band Concert at Emma Square this evening.

The C. A. steamship *Miowera* is due this afternoon from Sydney en route to Vancouver B. C.

In all probability, Minister Willis will arrive on the steamship *Oceanic* due here on the 17th instant.

"Alcoholic poisoning producing paralysis of the respiratory centers," was the cause of a man's death last Saturday night.

The reception given on board of the U. S. F. S. *Philadelphia* last Saturday afternoon, was a very pleasant affair. Those who were present spent an enjoyable afternoon.

"Holomua Sir!" said one of the paper carriers to a reverend gent. the other afternoon. It is needless to say, that the reverend did not purchase a copy. The *HOLOMUA* is on the counter at the Hawaiian News Co.

Mr. J. F. Colburn entertained a number of friends in his most hospitable and genial manner at his residence at Ewa yesterday. The party was given in honor of his cousin Mr. J. C. Colburn of St. Louis (Mo.) who at present is visiting the islands. The National Band was in attendance, and furnished the usual fine music.

There are some prospects of inducing Robert Louis Stevenson to give another informal talk before he leaves these islands. If the Thistle Club is honored again by his presence, we trust that Mr. Reynolds has got the "doxology" by heart. Chief Lindsay doesn't admit that he fooled brother Reynolds, in fact he says: "The doited deevil dis na' ken a meeting o' the presbytery frae a gathering o' uncovenanted sinners!"

The steamers *Kinau*, *Iwalani*, *Waialeale*, *Kaala*, and *James Makee* are up to leave for their respective ports tomorrow.

The Advertiser man has originated and is circulating a new fad. This time it is, that "the royalists are talking restoration to take place after the arrival of the *Australia*." The spectre of restoration evidently haunts that man.

It may be tantalizing to have to "hurry up," but, there are occasions even on Judd street, when expediency is requisite. A lively illustration, afforded an unwilling spectator great amusement the other evening,

Lieut. William P. Conway U. S. Navy, one of the heroes of the *Huron* disaster off Cape Hatteras in 1877, died last month at Owensboro, Ky. Orator Lucien Young of the U. S. S. Boston, is also a *Huron* "hero." He is still alive.

It is reported, that Rev. J. K. Iosepa was advised by some of the "brethren" to accept the position of a Deputy Sheriff, for the reason that there was more money "in it," than working for the LORD. That sounds somewhat remarkable. We were under the impression that the "workers for the Lord" did extremely well in this Kingdom. Perhaps the Reverend gentleman as the saying goes, was *not in it*.

## Where were the Water Police.

Notwithstanding the scarcity of water, and the stringent regulations of the superintendent of water works regarding irrigation, water was running to waste last Saturday night in the Punahou Preparatory school premises in such a manner, as to lead a passer by to believe that reservoirs Nos. 1, 2 and 3 were filled to overflowing, and that the taps in the above yard were escape pipes.

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