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HAWAIIAN GAZETTE

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO HAWAIIAN PROGRESS.

PUBLISHED AND EDITED BY

T. CRAWFORD MACDOWELL.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 11, 1878.

The Gold Mines of Ballarat.

BY J. N. INGRAM.

I wanted to breathe the fresh air of the country, to riot in the pure atmosphere of the mountains; like a caged bird I longed to see the green plains and feel the freedom of the wide prairie. I concluded to seek a change in a tour to the gold mines of Ballarat, one hundred miles out in the mountains from Melbourne. Taking the cars one clear sunshiny morning at the Victorian capital, I was soon moving out of Melbourne through the suburbs, by water-works and way stations, out on the wide grass-covered Werribee plains. The railway ran along the beach for several miles, then turned across the prairie. The bay lay on the left like a polished mirror, its dark blue waters radiating in the sunlight. On the right the green plain ran off into the sky, its eastern border bounded by the white horizon of the bending firmament. Melbourne Bay resembles the Bay of Galveston, but it does not grow the shoals of oysters that fatten in the sounds of the Lone Star State, or in the waters of the Chesapeake. Great herds of cattle, grazing over the plain, lift their shaggy heads to watch the train go by. Cottages of the herders are dotted over the prairie.

The Australian prairies do not compare with the immense sweep of the Nebraskian plains or the swells of the Texan prairies. On we are whirled, by the cabins of road men and station hands, with groups of flaxen-haired children gathered around their doors and swinging on the gates. Out in the middle of the prairie we put on steam and redouble our speed, and the telegraph poles go flying and dancing by in rapid succession. The coat of grass with its heavy growth rolls in moving swells over the plain. No trees are in sight, nothing but this level, flat expanse of green spread out in the distance, sky-girdled, with a point of the bay running in like a blue streak in the south. We run into Geelong, a bayside village on the edge of the prairie. We run over gentle swells through a short growth of round topped trees that cover the ridges with their scrubby bushes; on over bridges, past streams on whose grassy banks goats and cows are grazing. A wheat field, with its green square enclosed in trees, occasionally appears, with a log house sending out its stream of smoke, and from whose yard issues a pack of barking dogs. In the doorway stands the matron, looking out over a row of little ones in front, like a rising stairway of cotton-heads. The country now becomes more rugged and broken; we now begin to climb the mountain in many a winding curve, through tunnels and cuts blasted out of the granite hills. As we ascend the mountain the air becomes rarer and purer, and the winds whistle through the branches and roar through the forest and become biting cold. In the cool bracing atmosphere a man's lungs expand like a wet sponge, and his whole system feels like a lost fish returning to its watery element. The buoyant effect of the pure mountain air is exhilarating, and its life-restoring vigor stimulates one into a new creation.

The miner's axe has denuded the mountains of their timber, and they are now only covered with a growth of underbrush. We passed by hills knocked and battered to pieces, gorges dug up and turned over, beds of streams thrown bottom side up, in whose shallow stream some lone Chinaman is shoveling the sand and gravel into his washing box, with the decayed remains of some miner's cabin standing amid the debris. The earth is torn and ragged, rent and heaved into a frightful state of disorder, sunk in pits, piled in heaps of yellow clay.

By and by the tall chimneys of the mining shafts, heaps of slate-colored ore, piles of tailings, sluice-boxes, spades, shovels, picks, windlasses, columns of black smoke and the roar of crushing mills, regiments of bearded miners, sun-tanned and weather-stained, up to their knees in clay-colored water, with the cabins of miners appear, and we are whirled into Ballarat.

The blessed sight of quartz heaps and piles of crushed ore present their familiar countenance standing around like gray pyramids, and the welcome music of stamp mills salute the ear, I seemed to have suddenly stepped into California. I walked out to a pile of quartz. I sat upon it. I put some of it in my hat. Every aspect and feature of a mining town attract the eye like old friends seem to call out, hallo, old fellow, I used to know you in the Sierra Nevada's. I felt that I had got home once more. There is an indescribable fascination about a mining town to all Californians.

As I wended my way up into the town, crowds of school-children, neatly dressed, with their books, slates and buckets, are returning home, making the streets lively with their sports and gambols.

Balarat numbers 30,000 people. Its public buildings are commodious. It has a fine City Hall and Postoffice. Its hotels are better than those in Melbourne. A broad avenue, 100 yards in width, extends through the central part of the city. Two rows of green shady trees run through the centre of the avenue, enclosed by a white picket fence, set with plants and shrubbery that resemble a park, stretching a mile through the city.

The private mansions are in good taste, with front yards and grassy lawns. It is the most Americanized place I have seen in the antipodes. Its inhabitants are from all climes under the sun, and of every nationality extant. Its tone is decidedly cosmopolitan. Its people are amiable. Cliques and rings here abound not. The press is well represented, there being one evening and two morning papers of more literary merit than the Melbourne journals. The city is high, and healthfully located in the basin of a circular range of mountains 2,000 feet above the sea. Two wooded cones rise up in the east like sugar-loaves. The mountain air puts a bloom upon the cheeks of the ladies, and the children and shop girls are pictures of bounding health, a refreshing contrast to the tallow-complexioned inhabitants of the capital city. On the right of the main avenue stands the Ballarat Hospital, an elegant building of white stone, with its front yard set with shrubs and flowers. It furnishes comfortable quarters to the veteran miners who have spent their hey-day of life in the mines.

Farther to the left stands the Benevolent Asylum. It resembles a Hebrew seminary with its turrets and towers, with handsome grounds made attractive with fountains and evergreens. Here are housed the maimed, the halt, the blind, the aged, the crippled of every degree. About its grounds and on its verandas are groups of white-haired miners bent with years, some with an arm off or a leg missing, who have been blown up in the mines or fallen from a scaffold. Aged women are hobbling about the grounds on crutches or wheeled about in chairs. Here I will say, to the credit of the Colonies, they are ahead of America in the way of hospitals. At the head of the avenue is a lake one mile wide and three miles long.

A great many California miners came here in the palmy days of the mines and left their impress on the town. In the big days in the good old times a Fourth of July celebration was carried out with great pomp, and the Stars and Stripes floated over many a house-top.

In 1851 gold was discovered at the present site of Ballarat. A few miners came and camped in the gullies among the mountains. A few more came and filled this little border hamlet. Rich surface diggings were struck, the ground seemed crusted with gold. The news went from mouth to mouth, was carried by ships over distant seas into foreign climes. Hundreds left their homes, allured by the prospects of fabulous wealth, and came to Australia. An ox road was opened from here to Melbourne. The hills were covered with tents, camp fires blazed on every mountain side and hill top; thousands on thousands of tents were pitched into a vast plain of canvas camps like a detachment of Xerxes' army.

They went burrowing in the hills, digging in the mountains and washing among the streams. Lively times followed. The varied vicissitudes, ups and downs, good and bad luck followed; many got rich, then poor; many lost their health and all, and sighed for their homes far over the sea; some wandered off to fresh discoveries and died on their way; many have made their pile and left for parts unknown, and many remain, as poor as church mice; lastly, lawyers, preachers, newspaper men and doctors, like birds of prey, brought up the rear. The surface mines were exhausted, then capitalists came and sent down shafts into the quartz beds.

From this field of tents the present city sprang up, with its churches, schools and colleges, but its golden age is past. Many of the camps are deserted, many of the mills are silent and rusty. The pits are filled with water; stamp mills shut up and gone to decay stand as gloomy and unwilling vestiges of departed greatness.

Many of the former streets nightly swarming with gold hunters, resounding with the digger's pick, stirred with the revelry of Saturday night, are now closed up. The owls and bats unable to longer gain sustenance in the empty warehouses and abandoned rickety streets in Melbourne, followed the railroad up here and took possession of the untenanted buildings. Chinamen who, like broom straw, follow up the departure of civilization, have quartered themselves in some of the deserted streets. Their joss houses, red signs and spider-legged letters upon their door facings announce their presence, and opium smoke in unsavory odor ascends from their dens.

The Stock Exchange is a mere ghost of its former self. I caught a glimpse inside its hallowed precincts. A large man sat at a long desk; a long table, with a little cluster of men huddled away down at its farther end deep in the mysteries of stocks, shares and claims, two files of empty chairs ranged on either side, remained as relics of departed occupants. The little band within looked like a few mourners assembled at the graveyard of an old family church.

I went out to climb Black Hill, standing ragged, shattered, broken and split half in two, like a stormed breastwork. It looked inviting in its ragged loneliness. A gorge 600 feet deep, called Devil's Hollow, is dug through the hill for half a mile, like a splintered canyon in Yosemite. On climbing to the hill-top, a fine view of the city and a commanding prospect of the surrounding country is afforded. Ballarat lays spread out below like a plain of brick walls, with its heaps of ore rising over the city like white mounds, its hoisting works and ladders standing like skeleton scaffolds, with a black belt of forest stretching away in the west; and far off on the south, piles of ore heaped along the horizon like a row of gray tents. White chalky mountains are drawn around the east, their bare furrowed sides rent, torn and scarred, bleaching like a limestone barrier in the sun, the foot-hills overturned and thrown into a thousand heaps. Off in the northern woods the Temperance mine is throwing up shafts of white steam. Northwest the distant mountains stand swathed in clouds. In the distance the lake gleams in the sun like a blue crescent. Down on the bottom of the Devil's Hollow the huts of the miners look like pigeon houses. On looking down in its yawning chasm, pierced with tunnels, honeycombed with pits, it reminds me of an old crater on Hawaii. Goats are climbing its sides, and passing through its tunnels like ants. An arm of the city runs up on the east. The miners' cottages, standing in their square garden plots, are ranged into rows below. Just below me a miner in his striped jacket sits at his door playing on his violin, thinking of his old home in Wales. A stream winds its serpentine way through trenches, old pits, sluice-boxes, worked gravel and ore heaps. The spell of Sabbath silence is broken only by the quacking of a flock of paddling geese making their toilets in the pool below, and the bleating of little kids, nibbling the young grass and frisking over the rocks.

The scene takes me back to Mount Davidson, Virginia City.

I have inquired for the first gold discoverer. John Hargrave claims the distinction of being the first discoverer of gold in Victoria. But candidates numerous as the rival cities of Homer's birth place loudly dispute the honor. They have not Sutter's California mill-race as a witness. J. W. Esmond has won the palm of the first gold finder, near Clunes, in 1851. But Tom Hiscock says he is the man. Gold was first discovered at Ballarat at Golden Point, in 1851, by F. Brown, who got 4½ ounces in two hours washing.

Golden Point, Bakery Hill, White Flat, Nightingale and Black Hive ranked as leaders of the gold drifts. Golden Point was traced for seven miles, sold for $15 per foot, and expended $600,000 for labor alone. 10,000 mining licenses were issued at Ballarat in 1853. In 1859, 24,098 miners were employed. In 1868 Ballarat numbered 908 mining companies, with 1,347,924 shares, with a capital of £10,579,911.

In Canadian Gulley a gold nugget was found valued at $27,660; another was unearthed of $25,000 value, and another lump of pure gold was found which was valued at $19,450. The prince of finds was the "welcome nugget," found at Bakery Hill, Ballarat, at a depth of 180 feet, and sold at Melbourne for $45,625.

In November, 1858, a riot broke out in Ballarat. The miners rose in rebellion against the collection of the oppressive mining licenses. They openly defied the Government, entrenched themselves on Bakery Hill, hoisted the flag of the Southern Cross (liberty), and stood their ground. The military surrounded, surprised and carried their works. Fifteen were killed. Martial law was declared.

Diamonds, sapphires and other precious stones have been found on some of the Victorian gold fields.

I strolled out to descend a quartz mine. I looked down a small black shaft about the size of a bee gum, up whose narrow throat millions of dollars have been hoisted from its golden stomach below. Hot steam is puffing up from the tunnels far down beneath. I step into a metal bucket to be lowered down into its subterranean caverns to explore the underground reefs. The bucket went up and the pulley began to creak, and, poised in the air, my first sensations were that I was going to be hanged. The little engine snorts, and I go noiselessly down, down, until I think I am going through to America. By and by dim lights dawn around, and I find myself on the slippery floor of a round cave, hollowed out, arched, and braced with heavy timbers overhead. The faint light of candles, flickering like fire-flies hanging from the timbers, seem like specks of light perched among the rocks, burning blue and white.

From this central cavern the tunnels ran off, forked and branched out like cross roads, along whose dark granite-walled passages the lights glimmer like a dim row of ghosts. At the heels of a heavy jointed Scotchman from the banks of the Tweed, I start off down the main lead. Stepping over rocks, chips and stones I pick my way through the shadowy darkness by the light of candles stuck in the rocks, and sending forth a sickly glare. The water dripping from overhead patters on the rocks, and an occasional drop trickles down my back like an arctic message of telegraphic ice. As we move along the roof becomes as leaky as that of a Comanche wigwam. Scotty experiences a curiosity to harvest my private opinion as to how many blasts of Gabriel's horn would be necessary to wake a man at the great day, if he were buried in this tunnel. "Do not alarm yourself about not being called in time, Scotty." Tramping on through the silent haunts of darkness, with the smell of powder and sulphur all around in the smoky blackness and flitting shadows, I half expected to see Lucifer with his pronged fork, hoofs and horns, step out in the gloom from behind some boulder and stop the discussion in person.

After many windings the torches of the miners are seen dancing about like jack-o-lanterns, and the gaunt forms of the miners with red torches grouped around, wielding their picks, look in the dim darkness like the fiends with which Dante peopled the infernal regions. The rattling whir of the drills, the clink of the picks, the clang of spades, the thud of hammers, the flash of flinty sparks, showing that the reef was hit, broke the grave-like stillness as we neared the toilers on the reef. Scotty shakes hands all round and they sit down and take a smoke, discuss prospects and exchange news, then fall to again.

The miners cut the black rock away from the sides of the white flint vein in which is imbedded the precious metal. The white flinty reef is then cut off, run on tramways to the shaft, hoisted up in buckets, crushed, ground, washed, collected by quicksilver in amalgamators, sent to the mint, refined, coined, and goes to swell the pockets of the rich, lay in the dark vaults of a bank, gild the saloons of the sultan, emblazon the palace of the czar, or into candlesticks on the altar of St. Peter, or encircle some proud lady's wrist, or hang as a locket from some fair neck, or sparkle on the finger of some snow white hand, a thing of joy forever. But how many will think of the poor miner who delved it out of the dark recesses of the mine, far down in the deep, silent earth.

Down in the dark caverns of the lead mines of Great Britain families live, work and sleep, year in and year out. Children are born, grow up and live in these vaults, who have never seen the bright sun or the ethereal firmament.

Down in this region of blackness I can imagine how the little boy felt when first told about the sunshine, soaring in the heavens, about the blue sky and its bending canopy, the shining stars and the milky moon; the green fields, the blooming flowers, and the rustling trees, and vapory clouds, towering mountains, and roaring oceans, watery seas, and beds of snow; and the little fellow thinking his dark world the only one, didn't believe a word of it, heard it as a stretch of the imagination, or the inventions of some extravagant mind, and listened to the fascinating story as some fairy tale, or mighty *genus* in the Arabian Nights relating "once on a time."

After spending a day down in the mines, I came up, glad to see the beauties of the upper world, and to companion among the creations of nature's handy work.

On Saturday evening I strolled out to the lake shore. To go there, I, like a new comer in New York years ago, to find Beecher's Church, "just fell in with the crowd" and soon reached the beach. Boat houses, canoes, skiffs, are lying along the shores. Skiffs are flying like arrows over the lake. A band of music and a picnic party are making merry, out on the water. Two little steamboats cross the bay every half hour One little side-wheeler covered with pleasure seekers is paddling its foaming way, over to the Botanical Gardens on the other side. Crowds of ladies and children are promenading along the gravelly shore and sitting among the beach-side benches, watching the sun-set going down in the Australian forest, in the west, coloring the forest and flooding the bay in crimson light. I took a little skiff and rowed out over the glassy waters. Down in its clear depths, the white scaly fish and varied speckled perch are darting about like silver swords. White clouds drift over the lake and picture their floating masses down in the reflected waters beneath. It is a mountain lake, but unlike Tahoe in the Sierras. It has no towering peaks, clefted crags, snow capped cliffs, or bold mountain ranges hanging over its sky-reflected waters, standing sentinel a thousand feet in the sky above, with fleecy clouds gathered around their castelated heights, and forests of whispering firs climbing their rock-ribbed base, and perching themselves aloft like lightning rods on tip-top of their broken summits. In its shadow-haunted chasm the god of silence holds eternal sway, broken only by the flash of forked lightnings playing among the rifted peaks, and the peal of rolling thunder reverberating among the crags, mingled with the howl of a tempest, the surge of the winds, and the crash of a storm.

Here festive life dances on every wave, and ringing laughter floats on every breeze, on the low flat banks the trees stood up like an army of spears. I crossed over to the gardens. The flowers are wilted by a late frost and hang like sea-sick "sixteens." When I returned the stars are winking in the lake and the moon is sailing high in the heavens.

Ballarat has a theatre and opera house. Cheevers & Co. are here. They have had a hard time of it in Australia. The dramatical critics unmercifully waded into them in Melbourne. American actors generally fare ill at their hands. Pope went away bankrupted, while Jem Mace has made a fortune. Rope-walkers, jugglers, slight of hand performers, boxing clubs, pugilists, pedestrians, cricketers, horse-racers, do well here, as do anyone coming along on a level with their critical comprehension. When public opinion will not tolerate deformation of American actors, concessions are made grudgingly.

Melbourne is graded by horns. I have heard of individuals "taking a small horn" or having a weakness for a "large horn." But their constituted *upper ten* demand to know the number of your "short horn" or have a curiosity to calculate the arithmetic of your "long horn," alias cattle.

The governor only gets a pittance of $50,000 a year, and the people have actually had the audacity to complain because he applied to the crown for fifty more. By-the-bye, one day I dropped an inquiry about the governor to a friend. "His Excellency, sir—Governor will do for California." And he spoke with fear and trembling, as if he but dared to take his sacred name upon his unrighteous lips. Being personally acquainted with Pinchback and Moses, the thermometer of my executive—reverence stood at about zero.

A member of the Victorian Parliament has been placed upon his trial for divorce, bigamy, murder, manslaughter, arson, etc., indictments following up each other like beads on a string. His wife deposes that he is supposed to have only killed two men and poisoned a third. Being duly sworn further testifies, that he in capacity of person, while officiating as shepherd of a little flock, did then and there set fire unto, and burn down the sanctuary for the insurance. But three wives have been heard from.

Our friends in Sydney have been practising with their torpedoes. They touched one off to see it blow. It exploded within ten feet of a passing vessel covered black with passengers, came within an ace of sending three hundred to their graves; deluged the ship with water, half drowned its inmates and frightened the other half of them. The wires are disconnected, the pipes wont work, the triggers wont go off. They have a volcano on their hands. The life insurance agents are greatly alarmed.

One sceptical captain offered to sail his ship over the torpedoes in the harbor, pass the forts under full fire and enter Melbourne unscathed. It is needless to say the government rejected his project as treasonable. The military questioned his sanity, but he insisted on the experiment. Rev. Waterhouse, the veteran Fijian missionary, who for thirty years has wrestled with the natives of Viti Levuka is delivering a course of lectures at Geelong.

Geelong, though rioting under the bond of an outlandish name, is the prettiest place in Australia. The roll of lords after whom Melbourne, Wellington, Auckland, Nelson, and Sydney were called, must have been exhausted. It lays at the head of a beautiful bay on the top of high, steep bluffs, like Natchez on the Mississippi, with a fine back-ground, and a cone like mountain rising up at the eastern gate-way of the bay. Its blue bay with its rows of rollers, heavy surf and sandy beach reminds one of Hilo, Hawaii.

It should have been the capital of Victoria, and was the people's 22½ choice. It was the old settlers' pet. But the question was referred to a committee of black heads for settlement, who notwithstanding the former was high and dry and healthfully situated, located the capital in its present cesspool of pestilence, among its river marshes and fever lagoons, at Melbourne for the sole advancement of undertakers and doctors.

Whether this fossil commission owned property there or bought in advance, I have not enquired, but it is safe to bet on one or the other.

Late Fijian files bring intelligence of destructive famine among the natives of the South Sea Islands. Great distress prevailed. A Fijian religious war is raging between Catholic and Wesleyan natives. A writer states he saw 1,200 wounded and frightfully mangled, in a terrible state of suffering. It is expected to hold out until one side is exterminated.

Sir Arthur Gordon, relieved from farther official fuctions, was on the eve of departure from the islands for higher honors in more congenial climes.

The New Guinea gold hunters have reported rich discoveries. Thousands of Australian miners, in the exhausted gold fields of Queensland and Victoria, are making ready to invade the country. The climate there is deadly, unhealthy, filled with swamps and fevers, and natives still more dangerous. British annexation of the island is loudly agitated at London. Late Caledonian news just in, startles the Colonies with a fearful massacre in New Caledonia, the French penal settlement. The tribes are in arms, and waging a war of extermination against the whites. Horrible bloodshed has followed. 125 Europeans have been butchered in cold blood, and dreadfully mutilated.

A general attack on all the stations, and a complete crushing of the foreign people being the avowed object. The hostile tribes are led by two chiefs who have never professed allegiance to the French, and number 2,000 strong.

Later advices with additional particulars, lay the blame on the white settlers, who are reported to have been guilty of harsh treatment, oppressive and grinding conduct towards the natives. They undertook to forcibly dispossess them of a fertile valley, and the climax was precipitated by a colonist forcibly taking a native woman from her tribe, who demanded her return and were refused. He was murdered one night, and the woman rescued. The police arrested seven native chiefs and held them as hostages until the murderers were delivered up.

Instigated by a white man, a hardened ruffian, the natives rose en masse, attacked and killed the guard, released the chiefs, and followed up their victory by a general slaughter, sweeping down on the unsuspecting settlers like wolves on the fold, and with torch and scalping-knife laid waste everything that came in their way, leaving only charred and smoking ruins and mangled bodies to mark the pathway of their raid. By the united forces of the friendly natives, the colonists and the military, the insurgents have been surrounded, and their complete extermination is considered certain.

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Paints and Oils

Hf. bbls. Mineral Paints, Boiled Linseed Oil, 5 gal. tins
Damar Varnish, Coach Varnish,

Iron and Metals,

Iron Pipe, ¼ to 2½ in.; Galvanized Pipe, ¾ to 1½ in.
Babbitt Metal, Solder, Ass't'd Bar Iron, round & square
Hoop iron, ¾, ⅝, 1 inch, 1¼ inch,
Yellow Metal, 10 oz. to 25 oz.; Sheath Nails, 18, 14;

HARDWARE,

Square and Round Pointed Shovels, Charcoal Irons,
Mattocks, Black Rivets.

A FEW SETS OF SINGLE HARNESSES,

ONE SET DOUBLE HARNESS.

WOODEN WARE,

Axe Handles, Barrel Bungs, Folding Clothes Horses,
Wheelbarrows, Canal Barrows.

EASTERN PINE BARRELS AND SHOOKS

Spokes and Hubs, assorted sizes; Hide Poison,
Nests Trunks, Paper Bags.

FURNITURE!

Dining Chairs, Wood Seat Chairs,
Cottage Chamber Sets, Black Walnut Sideboard.

AN INVOICE OF

McMurray's Fresh Oysters,

One and two pound cans.

An Asst. of Knowles' Steam Pumps

Numbers two to seven.

TO BE SOLD AT REDUCED RATES!

A Well-Selected Assortment of SADDLES, of a Celebrated Maker.

BURNETT'S Lemon and Vanilla Extracts,
Burnett's Coroniae, Kalliston and Toilets.

703 3m C. BREWER & CO.

THE CARGO

Of the Fine British

BARK "DOVENBY,"

137 DAYS

FROM LIVERPOOL,

IS OFFERED

FOR SALE!

By the undersigned, consisting of

A FULL ASSORTMENT

—OF—

ENGLISH DRY GOODS!

Prints, Denims, Shirtings,
Umbrellas, Silk and Cotton,
Saddles, Quilts, Ladies' Hats,
Moleskins, Towels, Long Cloths,
Clothing, Shirts,
Scarves, etc., etc.

East India Rice, Iron Bedsteads,

White Lead, Zinc, Boiled Oil,
French Calfskins, Leather Belting,

OILMEN'S STORES!

Corrugated Iron, Bar Iron,
Fencing Wire, Hollowware,
Hardware, Galvanizedware, etc.

—FOR SALE BY—

THEO. H. DAVIES.

839

WE HAVE SECURED A

FIRST-CLASS HORSE-SHOER!

And are prepared to carry on this Branch of our Business in a manner satisfactory to our Patrons.

OWNERS OF FINE STOCK

Will do well to give us a Call.

Horses sent to our King St. Shop

Will be faithfully attended to.

WEST & CHAYTER.

Honolulu, April 27, 1878. 792

WILDER & CO.,

Importers and Dealers in

LUMBER

—AND—

BUILDING MATERIALS!

OF ALL KINDS.

JUST RECEIVED

—EX—

LATE ARRIVALS!

—SEVERAL—

LARGE AND WELL-SELECTED CARGOES

—OF—

NORTH-WEST LUMBER,

COMPRISING

ALL THE USUAL STOCK SIZES

—IN—

SCANTLING,
TIMBER, PLANK, BOARDS,
FENCING AND PICKETS

ALSO, ON HAND

A Most Complete Stock of

DRY REDWOOD!

Scantling; Plank, surfaced and rough,
Boards, surfaced and rough; Battens,
Pickets, Rustic, Lattice, Clapboards.

ALSO, IN STOCK,

A FINE ASSORTM'T OF WALL PAPER

LATEST STYLES.

NAILS, LOCKS,
BUTTS, HINGES,
BOLTS, SCREWS, Etc.

Paint and Whitewash Brushes!

WHITE LEAD,
WHITE ZINC,
PAINT OIL!

METALLIC AND OTHER PAINTS!

Glass,
Salt,
Firewood,

DOORS SASH, BLINDS

ALL SIZES.

Of Eastern and California Make.

FOR SALE IN QUANTITIES TO SUIT

AND AT

LOW PRICES

3m 793

THE FINE BRITISH SHIP

'ABEONA,'

910 TONS REGISTER,

GROSART, MASTER,

HAS ARRIVED

WITH A SPLENDID

Assortment of Goods,

Comprising a Large Assortment of

LINENS, COTTONS, WOOLLENS

SADDLERY,

Shirts, Clothing,
Broad Cloth,
Tweeds,

RANSOME, SIMS & HEAD'S

Steel Ploughs and Coulters!

Bags and Bagging,

Oilcloth, Velvet Rugs,

PIANO FORTES,

Bass Ale,

Blood Wolfe & Co's Ale,

Comat Ale,

Pig Brand Stout.

Oilmen's Stores,

Wines and Spirits, Alcohol,

CELEBRATED NAPOLEON

Champagne and Red Bar Claret!

FENCE WIRE,
CORRUGATED IRON ROOFING,
BAR IRON, HOOP IRON,
HOLLOW-WARE,
HARDWARE,
LEATHER BELTING,
EARTHENWARE.

CLARIFIERS FROM W. & A. M'ONIE.

Evaporators

And Weston's Centrifugals,

FROM MIRLEES, TAIT & WATSON,

FOR SALE TO ARRIVE

—BY—

THEO H. DAVIES.

3m 793