Hawaiian Gazette

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"More Light."

"More light!" more light!" when sweet hope is sleeping,
All hearts and earth in waves of living light,
And Science, o'er creation calmly sweeping,
With lifted lamp pro[illegible] her good sight.

"More light! more light!" when dawn's soft golden tresses,
Waves through the sky, proclaim the night is o'er,
And rose, in the sculptor's sweet caresses,
Leaps earlier through heaven's half-open door.

"More light! more light!" when doubt, with iron fingers,
Has fastened on the reflect living soul,
"More light!" in whose the heart whose love yet lingers,
And points the way, that faith may find the goal.

"More light!" when, from the rugged road of duty,
The traveller with his loves would lead astray,
"More light!" to sweep the mask of joy and beauty
From pleasures which will but to betray.

"More light!" when from the heart the hope most cherished,
Goes out in deepest darkness and despair,
"More light!" as live when life's desire has perished,
And heaven seems to close against our prayers.

"More light!" upon the page so full of wonder,
Which God's great gracious love to man has given;
That through the veil which Christ has rent asunder
The light may stream to show the path to heaven.

"More light!" for dying eyes when sunlight fails them,
And all creation quivers in the night
"More light!"—O God! The light shine evelin them,
And Thou will give it, for Thou art the Light.

May, 1861. A. D.

Miscellaneous.

One point of difference between a timid child and a shipwrecked sailor is that one clings to the sea and the other to the spar.

It is claimed by some medical men that smoking weakens the eyesight. Maybe it does, but just see how it strengthens the breath.

"A woman in our neighborhood," says a correspondent, "has just taken the veil. It belonged to some one else, we think she will be secluded for the space of two years."

A negro teamster in Nashville declares that he must either give up driving mules or withdraw from the church, the two positions being incompatible.

Every well-trained hotel clerk reads writing upside down, and always makes it a rule to watch a guest register, and address him by his name before he gets the last letter of his name finished.

"Joe, why were you out so late last night?" "It wasn't so very late—only a quarter of twelve." "How dare you sit there and say that? I was awake when you came in, and it was three o'clock." "Well, isn't three a quarter of twelve?"

"Mrs. Sage, I should like to know whose ferry boats those are that I tumbled over in the hall?" "Ferry boats, indeed, sir! Those are my shoes! Very polite of you to call 'em ferry boats!" "Didn't say ferry boats, Mrs.; you misunderstood me—'fairy boats' I said, my dear friend."

Remember the witness with bandaged head: "Did he have any provocation when he struck you?" Witness: "He may have had something of the kind concealed on the person, but it was a lemon he struck me with."

Where is a lady's dress like an unfortunate bachelor? Where it is gored.—And where is it like a partnership? Where it is biased.—And when is it like a vapor? Where it is full.—And when is it like the sails of a ship? When it is trimmed. We haven't time to follow this lead any further.

We read on the page of Irish wit:
Then the girl had left on the topmost stair—
And when to him was love or hope?
And what to him was joy or care?
For the two-fold cup that life offers there,
And he drank every drop with a mere hiccup;
And the girl below, with the revolting things,
Laughed like a fiend to see him come.

The locomotive which went down with the Tay bridge is now running regularly between Glasgow and Edinburgh. For three months it lay in the bottom of the Tay, but when it was brought up it was found uninjured, except the funnel, dome and weather-board, which had to be renewed. The machine ran on its own wheels to Glasgow just as it came out of the long bath.

A Scotch druggist was awakened by the ringing of his night bell. He arose, went down stairs, and served a customer with a dose of salts. His wife grumbled. "What profit do you get out of that money?" "A ha'penny," was the reply. "And for that ha'penny you'll be awake a long time," resumed the wife. "Aweel," replied the placid druggist, "the dose of salts will keep him awake much longer; let us think. However that we have the profit and not the pain of the transaction."

A youth was rushing around the corner, saying—"All I want in this world is to lay my hands on him." He presently came upon a boy weighing about two pounds more than himself, and rushing at him he exclaimed, "Did you lick my brother Bob?" "Yes, I did," said the boy, dropping his handle, and spitting on his hands. "Well," continued the other lad, backing slowly away, "he needs a licking once a week to teach him to be civil."

"William, do you know why you are like a donkey?" "Like a donkey?" echoed William, opening his eyes wide. "No, I don't." "Do you give it up?" "I do." "Because your better half is embarrassed freight." "That's not bad. Ha! ha! I'll give that to my wife when I get home." "My dear," he added as he sat down to supper, "do you know why I am like a donkey?" He waited a moment, expecting his wife to give it up. But she didn't. She looked at him somewhat commiseratingly as she answered, "I suppose because you were born so."

In 1869, the 15 companies then supplying gas to the metropolis employed an aggregate capital of £12,238,984. At the close of last year the number of companies had fallen to four, and the capital employed by them was £12,181,818. In the same time years the quantity of coal carbonized increased from 1,177,000 tons, to 1,969,367 tons per annum, and with this increase with the total quantity used, there has been a very considerable improvement in the number of feet of gas obtained from each ton so carbonized. The quantity sold last year was 17,661,000 thousands, against 9,865,807 in 1869. Last year it was 17,634,000. Again, with the population increased by a little more than a ninth, the consumption of gas rose more than half. The gas rental of 1871 was £2,194,862. Last year it was £2,061,000. It follows, therefore, as a matter of course, that per head of population there is much larger consumption of gas now than there was eight or ten years ago.

There are various ways of showing one's displeasure at loud talking or other interruptions at the theatre, one good method being to fire the ill-bred person bodily over the rail into the orchestra. Perhaps, however, the gentlest way is the best, and shows the measure against, as the following little incident will show. The other evening, while the audience at the Baldwin were unfortunately enjoying at the representations of "Cocotte," a couple of San Mateo visitors, sitting in the front row of the dress circle, began an earnest discussion as to the merits of a certain prize saw recently purchased by one of them. As the controversy waxed louder a gentleman, who sat behind the talkers, reached over and touching one of them on the arm, whispered:

"Excuse me, my friend, but how much is that saw worth?"

The farmer stared for a moment and finally said:

"About twelve dollars, I s'pose."

"Exactly," said the gentleman, taking out his pocket book and tendering a greenback. "Here is a twenty. Now, that the saw's yours, just let her alone, if you please."

The neighboring audience snickered, and although the great fellow somewhat made a ghastly attempt to turn the tide of the sarcasm by pocketing the note and handing over eight dollars change, the scale was crushing in its effect, and in the dead silence that followed all eyes were turned admiringly on the philosophic millionaire, who heard both and evidently enjoyed his popularity.

But what the delegation from down the bay said when they tried to buy beer with the twenty after the performance, and found it a bad counterfeit, is not stated.

Pie, in old-fashioned Scotch, was a term always used for a coarse earthenware jar, or vessel; the story is well known of the good-natured chamberlain who said to an English lady who had lately arrived in Scotland, for the first time in her life, "Would you like a hot crock in your bed, this cold night, mem?" "A what?" said the lady. "A pie, mem. Shall I put a pie in your bed to keep you warm?" "Leave the room, young woman! Your mistress shall hear of your insolence." "Nae offence, I hope, mem. It was my mistress that bade me ask, and I'm sure she meant it in kindness." The lady looked dizzy in the face, and saw at a glance that no insult was intended; but she was quite at a loss how to account for the proposal. She was aware that Irish children sleep with pigs on the northern fronts of their cabins, but this was something far more astonishing. The mystery was soon cleared, and she said in a milder tone, "Is it common in this country, my good fellow, to have *Pigs* in their beds?" "And gentlemen have them too, mem, when the weather's cold." "But you surely would not put the pig between the sheets?" "If you please, mem, it will do you much good there." "Between the sheets! It would dirty them, girl. I never could sleep with a Pig between the sheets." "Never! Mercy! You'll sleep the more comfortable. I'll stick the snouth of it tightly, and tie up in a pole." "Do you sleep with a pig yourself in cold weather?" "No, mem; pigs are only fashionable folks that lie on feather beds. I sleep in good cabinet bunkings with my relations' beast." "Do you sleep with a calf between you?" "Calves are pigs." "Do you sleep with a lamb between you?" "Lambs are pigs, mem." "Do you sleep with a sucking pig between you?" "Sucking pigs are pigs, mem." "Do you sleep with a sow between you?" "Sows are pigs, mem." "Do you sleep with a boar between you?" "Boars are pigs, mem." "Do you sleep with a—a—a—