

DAILY BULLETIN WEEKLY SUMMARY: HONOLULU, H. I., AUGUST 7, 1888.

ably riding leisurely along on a Sunday to church or possibly to visit some friends, horsemen of this description are truly dangerous.

Japanese here have a fascination to see "a horse go for all he is worth." They ride from plantation to plantation for miles on the same reckless gait, not knowing where the horse will vouchsafe to land them—we have seen them thrown from horses and landed on a fence rail, we have seen them collide with horses and thrown in the centre of the public streets. These foregoing occurrences were witnessed here almost every Sunday.

Mr. Lyman, Sheriff of Hamakua, is well acquainted with all stated above, and I believe he has been an eye witness to such furious riding, and for public safety he should and has for the present put a stop to it.

The parties alluded to in your article which occasions this reply, were visiting Honokaa on such horses as I have above referred to. During the afternoon of Sunday, when the accident occurred, two of Mr. Overend's Japanese women were in Honokaa. They did not ride horses. I know the women well and never saw them on a horse. I saw them a few minutes before the accident occurred. They were on foot and going down to Mr. Overend's. A couple of Japanese on such horses as I have described followed them, and overtook them in "the hollow." The Japanese were riding furiously and the poor women tried to get out of the way. One did escape, but the other was literally ridden over and for days lay between life and death. I ask you, should this be continued where people's lives are in danger from reckless riding such as this? Before I close, let me say I was riding along the public road a short time ago, when a couple of Japanese came riding furiously along, laying no control over their horses, and seeing my danger I headed my horse, and jumped a bank three feet high, and within three paces they collided, throwing one Japanese from the saddle. Since this arises we have seen no more Japanese furiously riding, and I hope we have seen an end to it. We congratulate Mr. Lyman in suppressing horse racing in this fashion.

A TRIBUTE TO THE LATE S. G. WILDER.

A star of Hawaii nei has set. Just above the place of its glorious disappearance, where the horizon of life touches the vasty deep of death, we behold with tearful eyes the name of Samuel Gardner Wilder. To the crown of his memory I wish to add one token of esteem, one flower of love, and one diamond of admiration.

Born with that indomitable spirit which laughs at obstacles and scorns defeat, he was bound to advance on life's highway. Reverses with him created courage. To this man misfortunes were the parents of renewed strength and energy. It was this rare trait in his nature which made him successful; it is this enviable power which makes us say to-day, "we cannot replace him;" and it will be this noble self-sacrificing vigor which will keep his name in the remembrance of every citizen of Hawaii. He has left behind him sufficient evidence that our country would be immeasurably improved if the cruel scythe of death had not touched him.

Within the busy bustle of life, in the prime of manhood, respected, honored and loved by all, he was struck down, suddenly and unexpectedly. The country has lost a statesman, the town a merchant, the family a loving husband, father and brother, and the people a friend indeed.

Yet, thanks to a bountiful nature we see in the overclouded canopy of affliction, shedding its welcome rays upon us, the star of hope, and seeing it, the kindly beams of its light seem to touch a kindred spark within our hearts and we exclaim, "Let us hope!" Hope for the hereafter is born of love, and we do not despair but sing the lullaby of hope and with its sweet strains soothe our grief to sleep. Let us also thank a merciful Unknown, whose unblushing bipe is the universe and whose creed can only be love, for this gift.

As we pass one by one to that perfect rest which we call death, few indeed are the names of this generation which will be remembered and mentioned with such profound admiration and respect as the name of Samuel Gardner Wilder. With such men a country is never poor and with such men among them the people are always assured of progress and enlightenment.

Vigor and energy are not the only qualities we remember and respected in him. This generous and manly-spirited man tended with loving care to the deserving, with charitable purpose to the poor and with patriotic conscientiousness to the wants of his country. There never was a man in need who appeared to him in vain, and hence there never can remain ingratitude sufficient to forget the name of this charitable man.

Thousands were benefited by him; thousands will bless and cherish his memory.

If a grant be made for the Punch-bowl road it will be, not for its necessity or merits, but because its discoverer is whining for it, crying, "It is my pet measure and I hope you won't kill it." As a young man once said, "No, mother, I don't want any clothes, but I am suffering for a 'bosom pin.'"

HOW STRANGERS ARE TREATED.

EDITOR BULLETIN:—All well-wishers of the Islands and its aboriginal people are anxious to give visitors the impression that Hawaiian institutions and the conduct of the native people, are fully up to the civilized average. The doings of the native Policeman, however—when he does move to act—rudely dispels the pleasing delusion.

A case happened at Waikuku a week or so ago. A stranger, Mr. Caleb Leonard trotted his horse slowly over the bridge. There is a notice on each side at the center of the bridge, about 5 feet long, in small and well worn letters, and as the bridge is over 100 feet long it is obvious that a stranger riding over the bridge for a first time and looking ahead would not be likely to see the notice. This is of course as it should be for revenue purposes, simply a trap for strangers, and gives the native policeman a chance to assert himself.

On this particular occasion however, there was no policeman nearer than Young Hee's restaurant, and there the lynx-eyed Officer Kahale, (who may generally be found within the savory atmosphere of that establishment), was informed by a native woman that a "haole" rode faster than a walk over the bridge, and stopped at a store close by. The officer at once found his prey, and like his great prototype Dogberry proceeded to the charge without witness or warrant. Mr. Leonard was at once arrested, his horse's bridle held by the policeman, and

was being led to the police station, but was stopped by Mr. Leonard paying the policeman five dollars, which I suppose he paid into the Treasury as a good and vigilant servant.

Now, sir, I contend that the Sheriff should have had the thing enquired into and the money refunded until proper proceedings as laid down by law had been instituted.

If every policeman is allowed to arrest foreigners without warrant, for a misdemeanor, I can only say that there will be broken headed officers and an intelligent jury will say, "Served 'em right."

SPECTATOR.