

BACK TALK.

They're always abusing the women,
As a terrible plague to the men;
They say we're the root of all evil,
And repeat it again and again;
Of wars, and quarrels, and bloodshed,
And all mischief be what it may;
And pray, then, why do you marry us,
If we're all the plague you say?
And why do you take such care of us,
And keep us so safe at home,
And are never easy a moment,
If we ever chance to roam?
When you ought to be thanking Heaven,
That your plague is out of the way—
You all keep fussing and fretting—
"Where is my plague to-day?"
If a plague peeps out of the window,
Up go the eyes of the men;
If she hides, then they all keep staring,
Until she looks out again.

A Kingdom Infected with Leprosy.

HOW THE HAWAIIAN NATION IS
BEING DEPOPULATED.

LAHAINA, Maui, H. I.,
July 3, 1873.

That little stern-wheel butter-boat, the *Kileaua*, will probably drift along the city front to-morrow on her way to Honolulu, and as she will arrive at the metropolis just in time to connect with the *Costa Rica* for San Francisco, I hasten to dispatch this letter, which is devoted to the all-absorbing topic of the day—the lepers.

It has been evident for many months that unless some desperate effort was made to stay the progress of the plague, the whole nation would go by the board. Of course, when a leper began to drop his joints about the streets, the authorities arrested him for disorderly conduct and shipped him to Molokai—a fine island just over the channel from Maui—but a moderate case was comparatively free from any restraint, and in this way the disease has been spreading all over the kingdom. Even drowsy little Lahaina has not been unvisited by the destroying angel, and I am never sure of my life as I wander up and down these quiet lanes, where the natives dodge in and out of the green hedges like a rather large quail, though they are scarcely so shy a bird.

Quite recently an order was issued for a thorough examination into the condition of the Kanakas, and the result was that forty men, women and children were brought in to town from the neighboring settlements, though all of them are situated within a very few miles of this place. Some of them were evidently old and confirmed cases; some were merely promising; a few were evidently doubtful, though these natives can do wonders in the way of rapid decay.

A Kanaka, who can lie down and quietly breathe his last without putting on any airs about it, but roll over and die by a mere effort of the will, certainly will be sure to make the most of any epidemic that comes along, and everything in this country, even to government-al charge, is epidemical!

I heard that the lepers were gathered in the court-yard of the prison, a dreary affair, and built of solid blocks of coral, and looking as hot as an oven brick. Being in company with an official (you know officials are not rare in this climate), I was politely admitted to the impromptu Lazar-house, and had the felicity of seeing two score of lepers at one glance. The sight is not very common, thank heaven! though there is no reason why it shouldn't be, if you will only give the disease time enough to get under full headway.

The inner court of the prison is decidedly Oriental in its aspect. An earthen floor, four blank walls, whitewashed till they blind one with their horrible glare; two sides of the court in dazzling sunshine, and a thin warm shadow covering the rest of the place. Over the wall two or three cocoa palms nodded in the heat as though they were half asleep; and through the heavily grated gates of the prison I looked across the dusty road into a lovely thicket of banana trees, drooping their ragged banners as though it didn't pay to look pretty in such a neighborhood.

There was a great mob of mourners around the prison walls. They didn't care whether leprosy was contagious or not, these mourners; they only thought how disagreeable a thing it was to have their sweethearts, wives and relatives shipped off for life, and they were bound to improve the last few hours of their intercourse to the fullest extent. It

was a very uncomfortable sight to see how some of those poor fellows felt when they discovered that some one who was very near and dear to them, had been pronounced a confirmed case; and by the time the examination was over the air was full of wailing, the mournfullest sound that ever escaped from human lips.

I came home about sunset, feeling glad that my particular friends were not, as yet, to any great extent, leprosy.

There is an asylum at Honolulu, a kind of hot-house, where leprosy is developed. Kalihi is a queer place, and well worth a visit from all tourists who are interested in the fate of their fellow men. At Kalihi lepers who are just budding, lie around loose and blossom, and having come into full flower, it is, of course, no difficult matter to pronounce upon the nature of their case. Some unfortunates who are sent to Kalihi, save themselves by developing measles, small pox, or diseases of one kind or another, and as soon as they are convalescent they are discharged. No healthy Kanaka can hope to be supported by his King for any length of time, and it is a pity that it is so, for the happy rascals are so indolent that I actually believe they encourage their worst symptoms in order to lie off in the hospital for a season.

A good share of the lepers that I saw in the prison were forwarded to Honolulu to see what effect the atmosphere of Kalihi would have upon them; there was a chance of their return at the end of the month, yet the friends howled as earnestly over their separation as though they were doomed to end their days at the settlement on Molokai, and it was a relief when the first boat-load put off for the schooner anchored in the roadstead, and the twilight came on, hiding the white sails of the little craft as she plunged through the rough waters of the channel; for not a soul would leave the shore so long as there was a glimmer of the sail off in the dusky distance.

The fate of many of the victims was sealed; a schooner was to be dispatched to Molokai for the special conveyance of these unfortunates. Everybody knew it for miles around, and everybody came into town and brought some one with him, for the final farewell of a native is a memorable occasion, and down here we take particular pains to celebrate events, for events are not so frequent as they might be.

The afternoon was fine; Lahaina actually seemed alive, and to me it seemed unnatural in consequence. Troops of natives went up and down the shady lanes (for they are too pretty and too primitive to be called streets) arm in arm, as usual. I believe that every man in his heart suspected every other man of being a candidate for Molokai, but we were all as sociable as it is possible for miserable sinners on the eve of an event to be. All fear was swallowed up in a vast sea of sympathy, perhaps not unmingled with a suspicion that some one of us may sooner or later be called upon to cry "Unclean! unclean!" as we pass through the highway, clad in sackcloth and with ashes upon our foreheads.

As it drew on towards sunset the whole town began gravitating to the seaside. Lahaina sleeps upon the western shore of Maui, with the sunset abreast of her. Lahaina looked like a dream of Paradise after the fall. That memorable twilight! I shall not soon forget it. The small boat had begun to transport the poor creatures to the schooner. They were huddled in groups upon the small wharf that juts a little way into the sea, but stops short as though it were afraid to go any further. Their friends crowded about them and clung to their garments when they had any, of which some of them hadn't too many. And all the while the charitable and cautious managers of the expedition endeavored to keep them separated, the clean from the unclean, but it was of little use to attempt it.

Mrs. Sally T., widow of the late Sheriff, was summoned to attend the general inspection at the prison; but, in deference to her express desire and upon her promise to meet the melancholy company at the wharf, she was permitted to come directly from her house to the landing. Mrs. T. is a massive specimen of the Hawaiian race, a woman well known all over the islands for her amiability and hospitality, and one whom every person respects. There were at least a

hundred personal friends awaiting her arrival at the wharf when she was discovered approaching in her quaint, antique phaeton, drawn by a small, white, historical pony, that was never known to go beyond a gentle dog-trot. Mrs. T. and the establishment are among the few features of Lahaina, as nearly every one who has ever stopped here will remember them. As she drew near a pitiful wail was raised that might have been heard a mile away. She dismounted, with some assistance, and slowly approached the wharf; I say slowly, I may add very slowly, indeed, for every one of her hundred friends embraced and kissed her tenderly, and some of them were not satisfied until they had repeated the ceremony two or three times. Is it any wonder that leprosy is spreading to an alarming extent, when a leper is subject to such endearments? There was a frightful amount of hugging and kissing; and these Hawaiian kisses are not a mere formality, a touching of dry lips against a powdered cheek. A Kanaka takes you in his arms, lays his plump nose against your ditto ditto, and rubs it fondly for a moment on one side, and then, if he is particularly glad to see you, he does the same thing over again on the other side of your nose. Now, as some of these leprosy noses are not in a condition to stand much rough usage, it seems to me that Kanaka kissing should be abolished by law.

Mrs. Sally at last embarked; it was growing dusk as usual, for the fair breeze comes down at sunset and all schooners go out with daylight. There was something picturesque in that great multitude, weeping and wailing by the tropical sea, having given their best beloved to the living tombs of Molokai; and there was something barbaric in the unearthly tremolo that floated out over the sea in the flashing wake of that little two-masted death barge.

The place is as dull as ever now; everybody seems to have gone home to stay, and many of them have doubtless gone to mourn, though the broken heart of the Hawaiian has a wonderful way of healing itself. I see few people in the streets, save on Saturday afternoons, when the whole town turns out in a sort of matinee parade, just to show good clothes and exchange the compliments of the season. They tell me down here that the new health officers will starve out the plague if they have to depopulate the kingdom in the attempt. But it seems almost an impossible task, for the natives are so careless of contamination. They often exchange clothes, dividing their limited wardrobe with a friend, and in this way, if the Mosaic idea of leprosy is correct, the plague is continually imparted.

I suppose not a single house that has sheltered a leper is ever burned, or even purified in any way; yet it was so ordered in Bible times, when they must have known a thing or two on the subject.

Oh, I must add that Mrs. Sally T. returned to town yesterday, it having been decided that she was ineligible—these poor women have so few privileges—so she will have to do something more plausible before she can go to Molokai. Her reappearance was greeted with every possible demonstration of joy; but the Kanaka emotions are so intense that they embrace the whole range of expression, and it is impossible to be certain whether they are glad or sad, the same heart-rending wail being raised on each occasion.

By the way, it is currently reported that at a ball given on board the *Portsmouth*, His Majesty Lunalilo I. drank royally, and in a few after-supper remarks he hinted that if America was very anxious to adopt Hawaii and settle her little bills for her, he saw no reason why she might not—all of which has scandalized the foreign Commissioners and caused the Yankee heart to beat hopefully. More anon.

ROYER.

—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Shah, after enduring all kind of entertainments in England, which evidently bored him, at last expressed the wildest enthusiasm of his nature at a prize fight got up for him by the Marquis of Queensberry, in which that titled bruiser took a hand with each of the professionals after they had vigorously fought each other, and pounded them as much as etiquette required them to permit. This, the Shah said, was the finest thing he had seen in England.

Another "Hard Shell" Sermon.

SOUTHERN PIETY AND PULPIT ORATORY.

In the autumn of 1830 I attended a Methodist camp-meeting in the interior of Georgia, and heard a sermon which I have never been able to forget or describe. I have attempted several times to write it. But it cannot be put on paper. The main force of it was in the snuffing and spitting and groaning and bound-after-fox sort of yelp and whine, to which no pen can do justice. It must be intoned to be appreciated. I have preached it a thousand times for the amusement of friends, and have been satisfied with my effort. I have used it as a remedial agent in exorcising the demons of hypochondria, and have never failed "to send them down a steep place in the sea," or somewhere else, to the great relief of the sufferer.

The speaker had just been licensed, and it was his first sermon. In person he was small, bullet-headed, of a fair, sandy complexion, and his countenance was indicative of sincerity and honesty. His remarks evinced great reverence for the works of God as manifested in zoology and natural history, and "was taking up the Bible in regular order for the first time in his life." He had gotten as far as the history of Noah, the ark, the flood, etc. Besides, "just before his conversion he had been reading Goldsmith's 'Animated Nater,' and the two together, by the aid and assistance of the spirit, had led him into a powerful train of thinking as he stood at his work bench day in and day out." But whatever his sermon may have been, it was his own. The text was: "As it was in the days of Noah, so shall the coming of the Son of Man be." After commenting upon that portion of Genesis descriptive of the flood, he "warmed up" suddenly, and broke out in the following strains:

"Yes, my bretheren, the heavens of the windows was opened-ah, and the floods of the g-r-e-a-t deep kivered the waters-ah, and there was Shem, and there was Ham, and there was Japheth-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the Ark-ah."

"And there was the elephant-ah, that g-r-e-a-t animal-ah, of which Goldsmith describes in his 'Animated Nater'-ah, what is as big as a horse-ah, and his bones as big as a tree-ah, depending somewhat on the size of the tree-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the Ark-ah. And the heavens of the windows was opened-ah, and the floods of the g-r-e-a-t deep kivered the waters-ah, and there was Shem, and there was Ham, and there was Japheth-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the Ark-ah."

"And there was the hippopotamus-ah, that g-r-e-a-t animal-ah, of which Goldsmith describes in his 'Animated Nater'-ah, what has a g-r-e-a-t horn-ah a-sticking right straight up out of his forehead-ah, six feet long, more or less-ah, depending somewhat on the length of it-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the Ark-ah."

"And there was the giraffe-ah, my bretheren, that ill-contrived reptile of which Goldsmith describes in his 'Animated Nater'-ah, whose forelegs is twenty-five feet long-ah, more or less-ah, depending somewhat on the length of 'em-ah, and a neck so long he can eat hay off the top of a barn-ah, depending somewhat on the height of the barn-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the Ark-ah. And the heavens of the windows was opened-ah, and the floods of the g-r-e-a-t deep kivered the waters-ah, and there was Shem, and there was Ham, and there was Japheth-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the Ark-ah."

"And there was the zebra, my bretheren-ah, that b-e-a-u-t-i-f-u-l animal of which Goldsmith describes in his 'Animated Nater'-ah, which has three hundred stripes a-runnin' right round his body-ah, more or less-ah, depending somewhat on the number of stripes-ah, and nary two stripes alike-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the Ark-ah."

"And there was the anaconda-ah, that g-r-e-a-t sar-pint of which Goldsmith describes in his 'Animated Nater'-ah, what can swallow six oxen at a meal-ah, provided his appetite don't call for less-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the Ark-ah. And the heavens of the windows was opened-ah, and the floods of the great deep kivered the waters-ah, and there was Shem, and there was Ham, and there was Japheth-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the Ark-ah."

"And there was the lion, my bretheren-ah, what is the king of

beasts, according to Scrip-ter-ah, and who, St. Paul says-ah, prowls around of a night like a roarin' devil-ah, a seekin' if he can't catch somebody-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the Ark-ah."

"And there was the antelope-ah, my bretheren; that frisky little critter-ah, of which Goldsmith describes in his 'Animated Nater'-ah, what jumpseventy-five foot straight up-ah, and twice that distance down-ah, provided his legs will take him that fur-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the Ark-ah. And the heavens of the windows was opened-ah, and the floods of the great deep kivered the waters-ah, and there was Shem, and there was Ham, and there was Japheth-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the Ark-ah."

Just at this point he stopped speaking a few moments, wiped his forehead, turned back his wristbands, ran his fingers through his hair, spit and rubbed his boot in it, drank a little water, commenced on a lower key, and proceeded as follows:

"But time would fail me, my bretherin, to describe all the animals that went into the Ark-ah. Your patience and my strength would give out before I got half through-ah. We talk, my bretherin, about the faith of Abraham and the patience of Job-ah; but it strikes me they didn't go much ahead of old Noer-ah. It tuck a right smart chance o' both to gether up all that gopher-wood and pitch and other truck for to build that craft-ah. I am a sort of carpenter myself, and have some idee of the job-ah. But to hammer, and saw, and maul, and split away on that one thing a hundred and twenty year-ah, an' lookin' for his pay in another world-ah—I tell ye, my bretherin; if the Lord had a-sot Job at that, it's my opinion he would a-tuck his wife's advice inside of fifty year-ah. Besides, no doubt, his righteous soul was vexed every day, hand runnin' with the filthy communications of the blasphemous set that was always a-loaferin' and a-saunterin' around-ah, a-pickin up his tools and a-misplacin' 'em, and a-callin' him an old fool or somethin' worse-ah; and, to clap the climax, he was a preacher, and had that ongodly generation in his hands every Sunday-ah. But the Lord stood by him and seed him through the job-ah; and when everything was ready he didn't send Noer out to scrimmage and scour and hunt all over the wide world for to git up the critters and varmints that he wanted saved-ah. They all come to his hand of their own accord, and Noer only had to head 'em in and fix 'em around in their places-ah. Then he gathered up his own family, and the Lord shut him in, and the heavens of the windows was opened-ah."

"But my bretherin, Noer-ah had use for patience after this-ah. Think what a time he must a-had a-feedin' and a-waterin' and a-cleanin' out after such a crowd-ah. Some of 'em, accordin' to Goldsmith's Animated Nater-ah, was carnivorous, and wanted fresh meat-ah; and some was herbivorous and wanted vegetable food-ah; and some was wormivorous, and swallowed live things whole-ah; and he had to feed everything accordin' to its nater. Hence, we view, my bretheren-ah, as the nater of the animals wasn't altered by going into the Ark-ah, some of 'em would roar, and howl, and bark, and bray, and squeal, and blate, the whole indurin' night-ah, a drivin' sleep from his eyes and slumber from his eye-jets-ah; and at the first streak o' daylight the last hoof of 'em would set up a noise accordin' to its nater-ah, and the bulls of Bashan wer'n't no whar-ah. I've often wondered how their women stood it. Scrip-ter is silent on this pint-ah; but I think I know of some that would a-been vapory and nervous under such circumstances-ah, and in an on-garded moment might a said somethin' besides their prayers-ah."

Here the speaker stopped again, spit, took water, etc., and hastened to a conclusion:

"My bretheren," said he, "one more word for old Noer-ah, and I will draw to a close-ah. After the outbeatin' time he had, first and last, for so many hundred year-ah, if he did, by accident or otherwise, take a leetle too much wine on one occasion-ah, I think less ort to a been said about it-ah. Besides, I think he was entitled to one spree-ah, as he made the wine hisself, and accordin' to Scrip-ter, it makes glad the heart of man-ah. My bretheren, as it was in the days of Noer-ah, so shall the comin' of the