various native estates, mentioned before. Of course all have interests
in plantations, outside, I think, of Dole and Thurston. These people
on the whole are good enough people, honest, I dare say on any subject
in which their ambition or their interest is not directly connected.
But they are all suffering from a very serious complaint, a swelled
head, incurable I am afraid. But I must not abuse your patience any
longer, and will subscribe myself,

Yours, respectfully,

G. TRUSSEAU.

Since writing the above memorial I have had communication of a
pamphlet shortly to be published by Mr. Stevens. I will not discuss
the very lame apology he gives for his interference nor the absolutely
false statements in which he indulges. These I believe sufficiently
elucidated by your personal information. But his slanderous attacks
on the private character of the Queen I will not leave unchallenged.

In my memorial I referred to the undoubted influence Charles B.
Wilson had over the Queen. I will now explain that influence. Wil-
son persuaded the Queen, I believe, that she was safe in his hands.
He is a determined man, has got plenty of personal courage, and often
told the Queen that, had he been marshal of the Kingdom in 1887, the
King never would have been compelled by the force of arms to sign
the constitution; he would have nipped the conspiracy in the bud.
Right or wrong, the Queen believed him, hence his influence.

I have known the Queen intimately for over twenty years. When I
arrived here she had not been married long, and her husband, John O.
Dominis, an American, and an intimate friend of mine, was fondly be-
loved by her. John Dominis's character was unimpeachable—ask any
one who knew him—Mr. C. B. Bishop, Mr. W. F. Allen, and others. I
am now speaking from a physician's point of view. John was, to use a
cuphism, rather irregular as a husband—as many husbands in my ex-
perience are. He was fond of society, sometimes took more liquor
than was good for him, and occasionally (although he never kept a reg-
ular mistress) had some love adventures. In this small community they
were reported to his wife, and I can vouch to how she suffered by it.
She was exceedingly fond and jealous of him. But, like most unfaithful
husbands, he would not have for one moment shut his eyes on even any
sign of unfaithfulness on the part of his wife. As long as he was alive,
any one slandering his wife would have, I assure you, been severely
punished. If there has been any falling in the Queen's faithfulness to
her husband it never has been known, and as far as Wilson is concerned,
it is on the part of Mr. Stevens an unmitigated lie. Did I know that
Mr. Stevens would resent it as we do in my country I would to day go
and give him the lie. But he would probably have me arrested and
convicted, and, busy as I am with my arduous profession, I can't afford it.

Mr. Wilson has a half-white wife, an intimate friend of the Queen.
Although not a young woman, she is still attractive, and has been one
of the prettiest half-white women in Honolulu. I have also been her
physician and known her well. She is, and always has been, of a jeal-
sous disposition, and notwithstanding Mr. Stevens' abominable state-
ment, would never countenance an intimacy between her husband and
any other woman, even were she the Queen. She is now more attrac-
tive than the Queen is or ever has been.

That Mr. Stevens believes these stories I strongly doubt. They suit
his purpose. If he is not wholly responsible for them, he has accepted
them, without control, from Sereno Bishop, and others who know
better.