

# THE POLYNESIAN.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT HONOLULU, OAHU, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

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## POETRY.

For the Polynesian.

### TO MISS \_\_\_\_\_ SONG.

1.  
Come, come let us flee,  
From this world and its madness;  
And rest us in peace,  
In sweet solitude's sadness.  
Come, come let us flee,  
From this folly and broil;  
And live and love fondly,  
Where life has no toil.

2.  
Together we'll roam,  
O'er each moorland and mountain;  
Together we'll sit,  
'Neath the cool-shaded fountain;  
Together we'll listen,  
To the 'plaints of the dove;  
And together we'll sing,  
Our own songs of love.

3.  
Still, still undisturbed,  
'Neath the willow's deep shade;  
Shall glide the cool brook,  
Through the darkly green glade.  
Still, still undisturbed,  
Shall feed the wild flock;  
Where through the calm sunbeam,  
Falls the tear from the rock.

4.  
O! come let us flee,  
From this world's mad confusion;  
And rest us in peace,  
In love's sweet illusion:—  
For in the gay world,  
Love is naught but a show;  
Smiles are deceitful,  
And tears falsely flow.

Honolulu, June 30, 1844.

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### FROM OUR AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT. NUMBER 4.

BOSTON, — 1843,

Dear Editor,—No one can approach Boston, either from land or sea, without recalling to mind Webster's sublime apostrophe to the granite shaft, which now towers so proudly from Bunker's Hill. The rising and setting suns play upon and gild its summit; the approaching traveler's eyes are first greeted by its sight; and to the departing Bostonian, it remains the last beacon to remind him of his birth-place.

Among the real improvements of the city, the wooden pavements struck me as being of the best. In New-York and Philadelphia, they have proved a failure, but here have succeeded admirably. I don't know that I was more surprised with any change than with the better looks, increased size, in short, manliness of form, and strength and activity, of the present race of young men. Upon inquiring why they differed so perceptibly from their elder brothers, I learned that their physical education had been attended to. Sheridan's Gymnasium is the grand secret. In it are to be found facilities for every variety of manly games or exercises. Sparring and fencing are also taught, and I found few young men who considered themselves as educated, who had not spent much time in developing their frames in this Gymnasium. A few, excited by competition, are apt to over-exert themselves, but to the mass it is vastly beneficial. Clergymen, lawyers, merchants, clerks, in short everybody who has the time and means frequents it. So popular has it grown, that another has been established by a rival professor. The young ladies too, not to be out-grown, and out-done in these matters by the hardier sex, have a Gymnasium also, under the charge of Madam Halley. The uniform worn here is, I am told, for gentlemen are strictly tabued, somewhat novel. Its chief merit is that it gives full play to the limbs,

to run, jump, climb, hop, dance, or any other motion in which they may desire to display their activity. I suppose now, that the young damsels, instead of being bent over pianos, and fancy work, will be cutting capers on parallel bars, wooden horses, and practising dumb bell[e]s. They also have their swimming schools, and some are perfect naiads. If the generation of puny ones is not soon run out, it will be no fault of these establishments. But, without a doubt, they are most excellent institutions for cities, and will go far to counteract the ill effects of sedentary, and fashionable life.

I have met Mr. Bingham several times. Since the termination of the China war, his hobby seems to be a Chinese mission. However, he still remains in the United States, and is uncertain himself, whether he shall return to the scene of his former labors. Dr. Lafon has been taken up by the Anti-slavery folks, who are out, both tooth and nail, against the American Board of Foreign missions, because they receive donations from slave-holders. The Dr. is now engaged in a wandering crusade against the Board, on this score. It is much to be regretted that he has been so led away, for, in other respects, he is a most worthy man, and possessed of singular benevolence. But, every man, it is said, is crazy in some point. Some expectation has been entertained that Mr. Bingham would give to the public his life of Kaahumanu, but for all they have yet seen of it, it may as well be in the tomb of the Capets. Sandwich Islands folks are now quite numerous here. Of the older visitants, Hon. William Sturgis is the most prominent. He was much at the Islands between 1798, and 1805, and has a fund of anecdote about Kamehameha the conqueror, and the high chiefs of those days. Messrs. H. and P. have settled at Charlestown, enjoying the fortunes they have so honorably earned. The Islands are much indebted to them, in more respects than one. The beautiful, and accomplished, Mrs. P., who figured so conspicuously in your society eight years since, now keeps a fashionable boarding house in Summer Street. Dr. Anderson, of the Am. Board, who formerly had charge of the S. I. mission, has sailed for Smyrna, intending to visit the missions in that region. The Rev. David Greene takes his situation at the Mission House, in Pemberton Square. By the way, their library and museum are becoming very valuable. Their list of works relative to India is very complete, and, in the latter, I noticed a number of curiosities with your name attached as deposited by you. I like the plan much of getting together a museum. It serves to show, far better than books, the domestic life of heathen nations, and the state of civilization among them, and interests the public to contribute for the support of missions. The collection of Hawaiian idols, and curiosities, is far more complete than can now be obtained at the Islands.

By the way, in speaking of ladies' gymnasia, I forgot to add that the ladies have also, oyster saloons, and refreshment shops, splendidly fitted for their patronage; where ladies, under the exclusive guidance of petticoat pilotage, can accommodate themselves with a lunch at any hour of the day. This is a great convenience to those who come in from out of town, and do not desire to trouble a friend, or to go to a public house for a meal. Aloha.

Thine, WAKEBY.

How apt we are to repeat stories to the prejudice of others, even though we do not believe them ourselves. Truly hath St. James said,—“the tongue is an unruly member.”

### LEAVES FROM MEMORY'S NOTE BOOK. NUMBER 2.

The pilot at Papeite is a native, and appears to be a capable and intelligent man. The climate of Tahiti, I should not judge to be as favorable as that of Oahu. The average range of the thermometer is higher; more rain falls, and the heat of the sun causes a constant evaporation, and miasma, to arise from the numerous water runs, and the dense beds of vegetable deposits, which lie beneath the trees. But these noxious influences are greatly counteracted by the strong sea-breezes, bringing as they do a refreshing current of air from the ocean, which dispels the vapors of the land, and invigorates the inhabitants, debilitated by the calms of the early morning. Of all the numerous trees and vegetables, which, on this island, seem to be engaged in a struggle for the mastery, the Guava has attained a formidable ascendancy. The rear of the town, as far as the hills, which was once a plain, rich in grass and various fruit trees, is now, for many miles, a thicket of guava trees. They grow together, with their branches interlocked, so as to present an almost impenetrable barrier. Orange, lime, cocoa nut, bread-fruit, ohia, and other trees, and even the grass, have given way before its rapid growth; in short, it has choked out all the other vegetation, and is yearly gaining ground upon the cultivated lands. It is a formidable foe to the feeble agriculture of the islanders, but would soon fall before the better, and more efficient efforts of European farming. A path leads through a portion of it to the banks of a pretty rivulet, the favorite bathing resort of the inhabitants. The branches overhang the path so as to form a perfect screen from the sun, and the fruit, which is really delicious, hangs in tempting array within reach of the hand. The ground is also strewn with the over-ripe guavas, which have fallen from their parent stems. These afford food for cattle and swine. Tahiti pork is unlike any I have eaten elsewhere. It is of the most delicate, and delicious flavor; more like the choicest wild-game, than the fattened brute of the farm-yard. This superior flavor I attribute, greatly, to the fruit diet of the animals, which stroll at large in the forest.

Tahiti was first discovered in 1606, by the Spanish navigator, Pedro Fernandez de Quiros, who sailed from Callao on a voyage of discovery in the Pacific ocean. It was on the 10th of February that he first saw this island, which, from its shape, in the position that he approached it, he named Sagitaria, or, the Bow. We have no further notice of it for a century and a half, until Capt. Wallis reached its shores in June 1767. Bougainville, the succeeding year, spent eight days on the island, and it is from his representation of its exuberant fertility, picturesque scenery, and voluptuous inhabitants, that its early European reputation was derived. Cook came next, fifteen months from his departure. A longer stay, and better opportunities, enabled him to present to the world a more correct description. Dixon, Portlock, Edwards, Vancouver, La Perouse, and Marchand, and other navigators, soon followed, so that Tahiti was well known to the scientific and commercial world, while the Hawaiian group remained undiscovered. It is a curious fact, when taken in relation with the recent unhappy controversies which have sprung up between the Protestant, and Romish missionaries, that both the Society and Hawaiian islands were visited by missionaries of the latter faith, long before the Protestant world had awakened to a sense of their claims, or, almost a knowledge of their existence. It was customary with the earli-

est Spanish navigators to carry with them priests, not only for religious purposes on board of their several vessels, but to proselyte among any race of barbarians who were disposed to give them a footing. Thus, if we may rely upon the traditions of the Hawaiians, and they seem to be founded in truth, a Spanish priest landed on their shores, two centuries before Cook arrived, and, though he did not make any perceptible change in their savage rites, yet his teachings and examples were not wholly without effect. So, also, in 1772, some vessels from Peru visited Tahiti, and two natives returned in them to America, where they were baptized. The succeeding season they sailed for their native land, accompanied by two priests. A wooden house was erected for these visitors. But their designs were as much for temporal, as spiritual rule, and, after a visit of two years, in which they made no permanent impression upon the islanders, they sailed again for Lima.

On the 7th of March, 1797, the missionaries from England arrived in the ship Duff, at Tahiti. The history of this island, since that period, is too well known to require farther reference.

Yours, WANDERING TIM.

### SELECTED.

From the Editor's Table, in the October number of the Knickerbocker, to which we always look with interest, we make a short extract. Here is a brief sketch of the inmates of Sing Sing Prison:

“If the unhappy young man who has so recently filled the journals of the metropolis with the details of his folly and crime could, before yielding to temptation, have looked in upon the State Prisoners at Sing Sing, as we did the other day, surely he would have shrunk back from the vortex before him. Poor wretches, in their best estate! How narrow their cells; how ceaseless their toil, what a negation of comforts their whole condition! It was a sweltering August day, breathless and oppressive; but there was no rest for the eighteen hundred unhappy convicts who plied their never ending tasks within these walls. Stealthy glances from half raised eyes, pale countenances, stamped with meek submission, or gleaming with powerless hate or impotent malignity, and ‘hard labor’ in the fullest sense, were the main features of the still life scene as we passed through the several workshops. But what a picture was presented as their occupants came swarming into the open court yard at the sound of the bell to proceed to their cells with their dinner! From the thick atmosphere of the carpet and rug shops, leaving the clack of shuttles, the dull thump of the ‘weaver's beam,’ and the long, confused perspective of cords and pulleys, and patterns, and multitudinous ‘harness,’ they poured forth; from murky smithies, streamed the imps of Vulcan, grim as the dark recesses from which they emerged; from doors which opened upon interminable rows of close set benches burst forth the knights of the awl and hammer; the rub a dub of the cooper's mallet the creak of his shaving knife, were still;—the stone hammer was silent, and the court yard was full of that striped crew!

“God of compassion! what a sight it was, to see that motley multitude take up in gangs their humiliating march! Huge negroes, sweltering in their heat, were interspersed among the lines; hands crimsoned with murder rested upon the shoulders of beings young alike in years and crime; the victim of beastiality pressed against the heart broken tool of the scathless villain;—and all were blended in one revolting mass of trained soldiers of guilt; their thousand legs moving as the leg of one man; all in silence, gave the peculiar sound of the sliding tread, grating no less upon the ear than the ground. One by one they took their wooden pails of dingy and amphibious looking ‘grub’ and passed on, winding up the stairs of the different stories and streaming along the narrow corridors to their solitary cells. It was to much for the tender heart of poor E., this long procession of the gangs. As they passed on in slow succession, her lips began to quiver, and one after another drops of pity rolled down her cheek.