

THE POLYNESIAN.

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J. J. JARVES, EDITOR.]

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POETRY.

For the Polynesian.

AMERICA.

A world is found—hid in the distant west,
It lay for ages in old ocean's breast;
There it had been since first the East began,
And still unknown, untrod by haughty man;
There it had mocked in solitude sublime,
Improvement's strides—the lofty march of time.

Long had proud Europe slept in starless night,
Old Greece and Rome were gone, and with them light;
Fair wisdom wept in solitary glen,
With monks retired from the paths of men;
And science buried in those awful cells,
No sweeter praise she heard than chime of bells.
And there, recluse, full oft she mourned the hour,
When conquering ignorance bound her magic power.
But age on age at length had rolled away,
Knowledge resumed her proud and ancient sway,
And now fair wisdom, that celestial maid,
Had fled from monks and burst the cloistered shade.
When bold Columbus left his native land,
To seek another world—another strand.
He leaves his kindred and his native shore,
Treads in a path that none had trod before;
And fearless tempts the perils of the deep,
The winds, the waves, the storms, that never sleep.
Hope swells his sail—ambition steers his bark—
Fame is the prize—a distant world the mark.

The dangers past, the lengthened voyage o'er,
Triumphant now he treads Columbia's shore.
And now the thought exulting heaves his breast,
That he from peril here has found a rest;
That he has turned the shafts of scorn aloof,
With truth's strong buckler—all-protecting proof;
That he has given with unsparring hands,
To princes empires, and to peasants lands.
Nor was forgot in that exulting hour,
The leading hand of an Almighty Power:
For, bending low he worshipped on the sod,
And breathed with pious lips a thank to God.

Now see wide-spreading to the astonished view,
A world around us how sublimely new.
See lofty hills in slow gradation rise,
Until at length they seem to pierce the skies;
See many a stream flow on through many a plain,
Still gathering strength until they reach the main;
O'er many a break see mountain streamlets bound,
And lofty forests nodding all around.
Here oft is heard the long and mad'ning howl,
Of savage men and savage beasts that prowl;
Here stalks the Indian in the midnight deep,
Dreams of revenge or waking or asleep;
Here oft these wilds have known the bloody scene,
When life runs out in many a crimson stream;
And oft they'd known the fierce and awful hour,
When weakness faintly gasped in savage power.
Land of the mountain and the mighty flood,
O Nature made thee in her wildest mood!
Land of the forest and the mighty lake,
Man calls on thee—from solitude awake!

The world goes on—see change succeed to change,
How trifling some, and some how passing strange;
See now Columbia smile from shore to shore,
A desert waste three hundred years before;
Where forests stood see mighty cities rise,
Whose lofty domes aspiring reach the skies;
See farm and village spread o'er many a plain,
Where solitude once held her ancient reign;
See science shine, see flourish every art,
And trade and commerce thrive in every part;
Her sons ne'er bow to proud oppression's nod,
They fear but one—they worship only God.
Favored of Heaven!—Land of the brave and free!—
The oppressed from every country fly to thee;
If once they reach thy hospitable shore,
Of dangers past and toils, they dream no more;
But there in peace they tie the social knot,
The present unperplexed—the past forgot.

With thee Columbia my native land,
May gracious Heaven deal with gentle hand;
May it avert from thee the storms of State,
And every woe that latent may await;
May some kind Angel guard thy boundless shore,
Alike from foreign and intestine war;
May the hot blood of fierce and lawless broil,
Ne'er impious stain thy consecrated soil,—
But if my country's violated laws,
Or if fair freedom's ever sacred cause,
Demands imperious the avenging sword;
O! then may victory be the just award,—
Then, then in triumph may thy banner wave,
And its bright star to glory guide the brave.
Honolulu, July 4, 1844.

LEAVES FROM MEMORY'S NOTE BOOK. NUMBER 3.

The hills of Valparaiso are in sight; in the interior rise a range of lofty mountains, covered as far as the eye can reach, from their summits downward, with a deep belt of snow, on which the sun glitters with the radiance of diamonds. The Vale of Paradise! poor indeed must have been the land previously visited on this coast, when the Spanish explorers, pleased with the contrast, gave this name to the bay. Its hills are red, sun-burnt, and cheerless, with just enough of vegetation to show that the soil possesses fruitfulness, when nurtured by the hand of man. It would require, however, much water, labor and expense, to cover these steep and lofty hills with verdure. Some pretty gardens are to be seen in the rear, and high above the town: these belong chiefly to the foreign merchants, the richest of whom, here, live in much luxury. The hills on which the southern portion of the town is built, are much broken up into precipitous ravines, or, as they are termed in the language of the country, "quebradas." These are narrow, allowing frequently of only a footpath; yet on either side, wherever houses can be made to stand, they have been erected. In a country so prolific of earthquakes, these residences appear singularly insecure; but they are chiefly those of the lowest orders, and built of cane and mud, can be almost as speedily built as overthrown. The doors of some overhang the roofs of others. Row after row, and group after group, rise one above another, just where the nature of the declivity, and the whims of their constructors permitted. There are many such streets, in and about the town, and are all densely populated, and they give it a singular appearance, reminding one of the manner in which chimney-swallows build their nests. In heavy rains (which are rare,) torrents of water rush down their narrow beds, doing no little damage to the frail structures which line the ways. Not unfrequently, after a storm, small quantities of virgin gold are found. The soil every where abounds with it, in minute grains, but not in a sufficient quantity to reward the present method of extracting it: Valparaiso has, however, some fine streets, and tolerable public buildings, but it is of too recent growth to exhibit structures to compare with those of Lima or Santiago. Its population is now 40,000, having doubled itself within twenty years. The southern portion is built on a sandy plain, called the Almendral. Here the streets are wide, and the houses spacious; some are of three stories, the upper of which, on account of earthquakes, are built of reeds, and other light and yielding materials, nicely joined together, and the whole handsomely painted, or plastered. At the foot of the Almendral are gardens, where, for a trifling sum, the visitor can indulge in eating luscious grapes from the vines. Omnibuses of the most wretched and dirty description, are constantly running thither from the port. They are a great novelty for Chili, and thousands use them as pleasure vehicles, for which, besides their cheapness, they are better adapted than the heavy, clumsy carriages of the country. The streets of the port are narrow, and badly paved; but wheeled vehicles are not numerous, mules being chiefly employed in the transportation of merchandise. Business here wears a lively aspect. The streets are crowded with Europeans, and other foreigners. The French form quite a little colony, and in the many little shops which line the chief street, the lively countenances of French women are to be seen. English, Americans, and Germans, are also numerous. In fact, the heaviest

houses are those of foreigners, many of whom have accumulated great wealth. As a mart for foreign goods of every description, from the richest fabrics of Europe, China, and America, to their cheapest, Valparaiso is second to no other port in the Pacific. The amount lying in the Custom house stores is at all times extensive. When sold for re-export it pays no duties; otherwise they are high. The Custom House is a large and lofty building of brick, covered with white stucco, and immediately facing the Mole. It is of a chaste design, and was erected by an American. Near by is the Bolsa, or Exchange, a building well adapted for its purposes. The room in which are files of papers from all parts of the world, is lofty and spacious. From its roof vessels in the offing are telegraphed, and a fine view of the harbor and surrounding country obtained. The bay is large, and its northern shore exposed to the full sweep of the ocean. During the winter months, storms from this quarter, known as "Northers," frequently set in, and sometimes blow with great violence. The holding ground is good, and when due precautions are taken, it is seldom a vessel is driven ashore. The surf rolls heavily upon the beach, and throws its spray over the stores, but not to do them detriment. Either extremity of the roadstead is protected by a fort. The southern one contains the Arsenal. Off it lay the war-ships of the country, and outside of them, the foreign men of war, of which generally there is a goodly display. The usual wind is from the south, and blows strong, but the high cliffs of Angel Point, protect the shipping.

The climate is considered very good. In winter a fire is not unfrequently desirable; but during the summer, the dust and heat are excessive at noon-day. The atmosphere is, however, bracing. Slight shocks of earthquakes are frequent, and the inhabitants live in dread of more disastrous ones. Many among the ladies, have at hand during the night, long robes for earthquake dresses, which they hastily snatch up, upon an alarm, and rush into the squares. The scenes, on some of these occasions, when the motley population of all colors, classes, virtues, and no virtue at all, are turned thus hastily from their beds into the street, is a better subject for the imagination than the pen. But when once seen, the affrighted inhabitants, in their "robes de nuit," screaming, "un temblor!" assaulting the heavens with their Ave Marias, it is not to be quickly forgotten. Foreigners, at first, manifest little alarm at the shocks, but they soon learn to share in the general panic. The elite of native Chilean society reside at Santiago, but often make temporary sojourns at Valparaiso, and add greatly to the gayety of the place. Some of the old families, by courtesy, still bear the noble titles which were legitimately theirs before the Revolution. They still display much wealth in their equipages. The Tertullias are a pleasant feature of Valparaiso society. To them foreigners are much invited, and they meet with a pleasant circle, though not on a par in general intelligence with those of similar standing in the United States and Europe. But education is becoming more diffused, and of a higher standard. At present cards and music, and dancing, are the chief amusements. The former very generally leads to gambling, of which, even among the ladies, there is considerable. But dancing is the passion of young and old, and of all their dances, the waltz is the favorite. The Chili ladies, for beauty, compare well with those of the United States. Indeed, in dress, features, and complexion, the better classes much resemble them, and are very different from their neighbors farther down the coast. The for-

eign society is good, and much given to amusements. Indeed, the destitution of all literary resources, and pursuits of scientific and benevolent character, which occupy so much of the time of American females, renders pleasure the paramount object. Consequently balls, card-parties, serenades, riding excursions and pic-nics, are the life of the place, and they render the visits of strangers particularly agreeable. But there is a freedom of conversation, bordering upon vulgarity, (as it sounds to American ears,) borrowed from the native society, which is far from agreeable. Those who reside here insensibly glide into it, and remarks, witty allusions, and double entendres, are freely bandied; adding an evident zest to conversation, which would not for a moment be tolerated in the United States.

Yours, WANDERING TIM.

FROM OUR AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT.
NUMBER 5.

BOSTON, — 1834.

Dear Editor,—The deep interest felt in this city and in New England generally in the Sandwich Islands, has astonished me. By all classes have I been closely questioned in regard to them; their queries of course varied according to their previous impressions or prejudices. All however, with few exceptions, now award a full meed of praise to the exertions of the American Missionaries. The Roman Catholics here also manifest much interest in them, on account of the French Mission. Their views are altogether formed upon their representations and the reports of the "Annals of the Propagation of the Faith"—and of course are strongly partisan and hostile to the Protestant Missionaries. This hostility is sometimes ludicrously exhibited, as you will perceive by the caricature upon the American Missionaries, published by them and which I forward to you. Setting aside all religious differences, the success of the Hawaiians in establishing a liberal and independent government, and the rapid spread of the arts of civilized life among them, are the most prominent points of attraction. That missionary labor has been the chief instrument in this work seems now settled, and the inquiries have turned upon subjects of more personal nature. Some are inclined to believe the islands a rude place, and the people little better than wild savages in their domestic life. It is a matter of astonishment to them, how so many can yearly leave our city to settle among them—the females particularly are subjects of their commiseration. They smile incredulously when I tell them that society there is quite on a par with many of our large towns; and if I should further tell them, that the streets of Honolulu were safer to females at all hours than those of our own cities, I should be still less likely to be believed. But such is the fact. In New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and the cities of England at night-fall, courtezans throng the public avenues, unblushingly proclaim their trade, and endeavor to arrest the attention of the passer by. Boston is some better in this respect. I candidly consider the temptations to vice as far more prominent and powerful with us than with you.

But your climate, that's the charm. Those who have once tried it are reluctant to brave our nine months winter, for in fact we have but a few months of weather which may be called summerish. When it is hot you feel it, so that either in summer or winter, one is compelled to regret the mild, even temperature of Oahu, with its freedom from colds, fevers, rheumatism, catarrhs, and a long list of other ills, while the memory fondly recalls the bright, sunny skies, the translucent at-