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POETRY.

From the Boston Bee.

PARODY ON "THE AMERICAN EAGLE."

BY C. H. S.

There's a fierce grey cat with a bending claw,
With an angry eye and a thundering maw,
That nurses her brood in our garret high
On a bandbox's top, with perpetual cry,
That sits all day, quite quiet and meek,
And at night round the house will prowl and sneak,
Bald headed and stripped, sometimes in the morn
She is seen in sad plight, with her tail all torn,
And ruffled and stained, while red and bright
On her cursed old neck is the mark of a bite,
Like the nose of a loafer battered in fight,
And with back all bristling, see her! where
She sits down, smoothing her ruffled hair—
With eyes bunged up, and talons bleeding,
And savage spit, as if her prey
Had suddenly been snatched away—
While she on neighbor's shed was feeding.

All round the old garret
By man and by rat
The voice may be heard
Of our whopping great cat;
As she mews for some meat in a clear wild scream
And mounts to her bed on the top of the beam;
'Tis the cat of our garret, the free cat that doth roam,
All over the neighborhood where is my home.

SELECTED.

From the Democratic Review.

THE NEWS BOY.

"Is this the office of the 'National Pop-gun and Universal Valve Trumpeter?'" inquired Sapid in sepulchral tones.

"Hey—what? Oh!—yes," gruffly replied the clerk, as he scrutinised the applicant.

"It is, is it?" was the response.

"H-umpse;" being a porcine affirmative, much in use in the city of brotherly love.

"I am here to see the editor, on business of importance," slowly and solemnly articulated Sapid.

There must have been something professionally alarming in this announcement, if an opinion may be formed from the effect it produced.

"Editor's not come down yet, is he Spry?" inquired the clerk with a cautionary wink to the paste-boy.

"Guess he ain't more nor up yet," said Spry; "the mails were late last night."

"I'll take a seat till he does come," observed Sapid gloomily.

Spry and the clerk laid their heads together, in the most distant corner of the little office.

"Has he got a stick?" whispered one.

"No, and he isn't remarkable big, nuther."

"Any bit of paper in his hand—does he look like State House?"

"Not much, and as we didn't have any scruger in the Pop-gun yesterday, perhaps he wants to have somebody tickled up himself. Send him in."

St. Sebastian Sockdolager, Esq., the editor of the "National Pop-Gun and Universal Valve Trumpet," sat at a green table, elucidating an idea by the aid of a steel pen and whitey-brown paper, and, therefore St. Sebastian Sockdolager did not look up when Mr. Sapid entered the sanctum. The abstraction may, perhaps, have been a sample of literary stage effect, but it is certain that the pen pursued the idea with the speed and directness of a steeple-chase, straight across the paper, and direful was the scratching thereof. The luckless idea being at last fairly run down, and its brush cut off, Mr. Sockdolager threw himself back in his chair with a smile of triumph.

"Tickleboxy!" said he rumpling his hair into heroic expansiveness.

"What?" exclaimed Sapid rather nervously.

"My dear sir, I didn't see you—a thousand pardons! Pray what can be done for you in our line?"

"Sir, there is a nuisance—"

"Glad of it, sir; the 'Gun' is death on a nuisance. We circulate ten thousand deaths to any sort of a nuisance every day, besides the weekly and the country edition. We are a regular smash-pipes in that line—surgical, surgical to this community—we are at once the knife and the sarsaparilla to human ills, whether financial, political or social."

"Sir, the nuisance I complain of lies in the circulation—in its mode and manner."

"Bless me!" said Sockdolager, with a look of suspicion; "you are too literal in your interpretation. If your circulation is deranged, you had better try Brandreth, or the Fluid Extract of Quizembob."

"It is not my circulation, but yours which makes all the trouble. I never circulate—I can't without being insulted."

"Really Mister, I can't say that this is clearly comprehensible to perception. Not circulate! Are you below par in the 'money article,' or in what particular do you find yourself in the condition of 'no go?' Excuse my facetiae, and be brief, for thought comes tumbling, bumping, booming;—"

and Sockdolager dipped his pen in the ink. Mr. Sappington Sapid unravelled the web of his miseries. "I wish you, sir to control your boys—to dismiss the saucy, and to write an article which shall make 'em ashamed of themselves. I shall call on every editor in the city, sir, and ask the same—a combined expression for the suppression of iniquity.—We must be emancipated from this new and growing evil, or our liberties become a farce and we are squashed and crushed in a way worse than fifty tea-taxes."

"Pardon me, Mr. Whatcheeccalem; it can't be done—it would be suicidal, with the sharpest kind of a knife. Whatcheeccalem, you don't understand the grand movement of the nineteenth century—you are not up to snuff as to the vital principle of human progression—the propulsive force has not yet been demonstrated to your heightened optics. The sun is up, sir; the hill tops of intellect glow with its brightness' and even the level plain of the world's collective mediocrity is gilded by its beams; but you, sir, are yet in the foggy valley of exploded prejudice, poking along with a tupenny—ha'penny gandle—a mere dip. Suppress sauciness! why, my dear bungletonian, sauciness is the discovery of the age—the secret of advancement! We are saucy now, sir, not by the accident of constitution—temperament has nothing to do with it. We are saucy by intention, by calculation by design. It is cultivated like our whiskers, as a superadded energy to our other gifts. Without sauciness, what is a newsboy? what is an editor? what are revolutions? what are people?—Sauce is power, sauce is spirit, independence, victory, every thing. It is, in fact, this sauce, or 'sass,' as the vulgar have it—steam to the great locomotive of affairs.—Suppress, indeed! No, sir; you should regard it as a part of your duty as a philanthropist and as a patriot to encourage this essence of superiority in all our countrymen, and I have a great mind to write you an article on that subject, instead of the other for this conversation has warmed up my ideas so completely, that justice will not be done to the community till they, like you, are enlightened on this important point."

St. Sebastian Sockdolager, now having a leading article for "The National Pop-Gun and Universal Valve Trumpet," clearly in his mind, was not a creature to be trifled with. An editor in this paroxysm, however gentle in his less inspired moments, cannot safely be crossed or even spoken to. It is not wise to call him to dinner except through the key-hole, and to ask for "more copy," in general a privileged demand, is a risk too fearful to be encountered. St. Sebastian's eye became fixed, his brow corrugated, his mouth intellectually ajar.

"But, sir, the nuisance,"—said Sappington.

"Don't bother!" was the impatient reply, and the brow of St. Sebastian Sockdolager grew as black as his own ink.

"The boys, sir, the boys!—am I to be worried out of my life and soul?"

The right hand of St. Sebastian Sockdolager fell heavily upon the huge pewter inkstand—the concatenation of his ideas had been broken—he half raised himself from his chair, and glanced significantly from his visitor to the door.

"Mizzle!" said he, in a hoarse, suppressed whisper.

The language itself was unintelligible—the word might have been Chaldiac, for all that Sapid knew to the contrary; but there are situations in which an interpreter is not needed, and this appeared to be one of them.—Sapid never before made a movement so swiftly extemporaneous.

He intends shortly to try whether the Grand jury is a convert to the new doctrine of sauciness.

Tibbs, in the mean time, grows in means

and expands in ambition. Progress is in his soul, like a reel in a bottle. He aspires already to a "literary agency," and often feels as if he were designed to publish more magazines at a single swoop than there are now in existence, each of which shall have on its cover a picture of the "News-Boy," while the same device shall gleam upon the panels of his coach.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

The Pork Trade of Cincinnati.

The history of the pork business in this city is interesting, when one contemplates its present magnitude. Twenty years since, we are told, it was so insignificant that no one house was engaged in it exclusively, and the whole number of hogs then cut in one season did not exceed 10,000. At that period, the hogs were killed (as isolated farmers now kill them in the country) out of doors, and then hung upon a pole. The butchers charged the farmer 12½ to 20 cents per head for killing them, and the offal as at present. From this insignificant beginning the business has increased, so that the number of hogs killed this year will probably reach 250,000, and the butchers now frequently pay 10 to 25 cents per head premium for the privilege of killing them. And instead of a few houses incidentally engaged in the business a part of the year, there are now 26 pork houses exclusively engaged in it, and which use a capital of nearly two millions of dollars, which, by the way, has been mostly foreign this season, owing to the disasters of the last three years.

The district of country in the West devoted to the raising of pork as an article of commerce, includes Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and a part of Tennessee; but the bulk of the business is done within a circle of 300 miles in diameter, with Cincinnati as its centre, including the contiguous parts of Ohio, Kentucky, and Indiana. Hogs are, however, frequently driven to this market from a distance of 200 miles, as notwithstanding large numbers are killed at various places in the Wabash and Miami valleys, at Madison, Ia., Portsmouth, Chillicothe, &c., this business will concentrate in the largest cities, where labor, salt, barrels, and other facilities are naturally most abundant. In a populous city, also, the steaks, spare ribs, &c., not used in packing, can always be disposed of for cash, without loss; and in this city, also, if anywhere in the West, active cash capital is always found.

In the above district the number of hogs prepared for market this season will not fall far short of 500,000 (and this is not a larger number than usual), besides the vast amount detained for domestic consumption. Of this number 250,000 are probably packed in Cincinnati, 150,000 more will, probably, come here for a market or re-shipment, and 100,000 more may be set down as the estimate for those that will be shipped from various other towns on the river, without being landed here. Of the above number 75,000 are raised in the Wabash valley alone.

Our hogs are fed on corn exclusively.—They are never "fed on mutton," as an English nobleman lately stated at an agricultural fair. The stock is well crossed with imported animals from Europe, of the various Chinese, Irish English, and Russian breeds, and is probably exceeded by none in the United States. Hogs have been raised here weighing over 1,200 lbs, but the average weight runs from 200 to 250 pounds—the latter size being the most desirable.

In Kentucky, the drovers frequently buy the hogs alive of the farmers by gross weight, as is sometimes the case in Ohio and Indiana. But generally the farmers club together (each one having his hogs marked) and drive them to market themselves in droves of 500 to 1,000, and seldom less than 500, except in the immediate vicinity of the city. During the first day or two, the hogs cannot well travel more than four to six miles; but after that they travel eight and sometimes ten miles per day, depending upon the condition of the roads. The Yorkshires are said to be the best travellers.

Having reached some of the extensive slaughtering establishments in the neighborhood of the city, a bargain is made with the butchers to kill and dress them, which is done for their offal, and the hogs after being dressed are also carried to town at the ex-

pense of the butcher. But as we have described all the minutiae of this part of the business in the *Gazette* of the 3d instant, we here omit it.

The hog is bought by the pork packer, completely dressed by the butcher, and delivered at the pork house. The first thing is to weigh him. He is then passed to a block eight feet long, four feet wide, and two feet high from the floor, at which two cutters stand, one on each side of the block, and each armed with an exceedingly sharp cleaver, about two feet long and six inches wide. Two other men pass up the hog on to the block, placing him upon his side. One cutter cuts off the head, the other the hams, each at a single stroke. The hams are passed to the ham trimmer at an adjacent table, who trims them ready for salting. The head is sometimes sold to the soap boiler, in which case it is thrown into a heap near the door to be handy for him—at other times it is used in making prime pork, and it is then passed to a hand to split, clean, and wash, ready for the packer. The sides and shoulders, still left on the block, are split in two lengthwise of the hog through the centre of the back-bone. The leaf lard is then trimmed out—the shoulder cut from the side, and passed into the cellar to be cured in bulk in dry salt. The side, if from a heavy fat hog, is split each side into four parts lengthwise with the rib, the pieces or strips thus cut being about six inches wide and 22 long. The thickest strips of the sides have the butt end of the rib and back bone taken out, and made into clear pork, the lighter, thinner sides are sometimes cut up for prime pork or thin mess, but are most commonly cured with the shoulders, and made into bacon.—The usual day's work for a set of 50 hands is to cut up in the above manner 500 hogs on one block, but 800 have been cut up on one block at Duffield's pork-house, equal of course, to 1,600 on two blocks, which can be cut in one day of 12 working hours; and in fact three hogs have been cut up in one minute.

Such is the system and expedition observed in the more extensive pork-houses, that 500 hogs received into the pork-house one day are all ready for shipping the next day (within 24 hours), including the weighing, cutting, packing, rendering the lard, and branding, and all in as neat, clean, handsome style as is done any where in the world. This has been done in Cincinnati.

The different grades of barrelled or pickled pork known to the trade, and to the inspection laws, are—first in order and quality, clear pork, mess, prime, chine (or rump, it being only one end of the chine), and joles. As to the minutiae of these different sorts of pork, we are not familiar enough with the business to give them; besides, it might be prying too much into the secrets of the trade to inquire. We can, in general terms, however, say, that the barrel pork packed by our Cincinnati packer will compare with the best packed in the United States as to quality, weight, sufficiency of salt and cooperage, and for keeping almost any length of time—not excepting the Irish pork.

The mode of rendering lard is very simple, the leaf and trimmings being merely cut up with cleavers into pieces two inches square, and thrown into large iron kettles of 100 gallons each. After it has cooked about three hours, it is strained, and pumped up into coolers of 300 to 400 gallons, cooled to about 300 degrees Fahrenheit, and then drawn into kegs or barrels as wanted.

Most of our large pork-houses are capable of disposing of 1,000 hogs per day (although they seldom desire so many), employing for that purpose about 75 hands at an average of about \$100 per day. Some houses have cut and packed this season over 20,000 hogs.—*Cincinnati Gazette*.

GUANO.—This article which is coming into great use as a manure, is found on Latham's Sandy Island, or Latham's shoal, situated about 35 miles to the southward of Zanzibar, in lat. 6 54 south, lon. 39 56 east. "It is about three miles in circumference, and is covered, as we are credibly informed by intelligent gentlemen, long resident at Zanzibar, with the ordure of birds to the depth of 20 or 30 feet—a deposit that in all probability has been increasing ever since the bank was first elevated above the surface of the ocean. Latham's Island is generally made by Navigators bound to Zanzibar from the southward. The number of