The Polynesian.

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ES E. HITCHCOCK, EDITOR.

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WILLIAM WOND would respectfully inform the residents of Honolulu and others visiting this place, that he has opened the above House in the new building recently erected according to Nuuanu Valley.

It is commodious and airy and is fitted up in style.

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The superior Bowling Alleys attached.—Dancing amusements will be continued, quarreling not allowed, and good order will be enforced. 1y.

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THE Clipper Schooner KAMEHAMEHA III., Captain ANTONIA, having fine accommodations, will run regularly between this port and Lahaina, when required on His Majesty's service. Her departure from Honolulu, as near as can be fixed upon, will be Monday, at 5, P.M.; returning, on Thursday evenings. She will carry freight and passengers, but will not be responsible for damage sustained by freight. For Captain on board or to J. PIIKOI. tf.

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Will execute with neatness and despatch, House, Sign, Coach, Ship and Ornamental Painting.

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Ships supplied with Stock at the shortest notice.

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CABINET MAKERS AND UPHOLSTERERS,
HONOLULU, OAHU, H. I.

F. W. THOMPSON,
APOTHECARY,
HONOLULU, OAHU, H. I.

J. C. SPALDING,
DEALER IN GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
HONOLULU, OAHU, H. I.

ISAAC S. HART,
HOUSE BUILDER,
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Merchant Tailors,
(*Establishment opposite the Seamen's Chapel,*)
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[At the store formerly occupied by E. & H. Grimes,]

KELLY & GOULD,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
Wm. H. Kelly, Geo. H. Gould. — TAHITI, Soc. Is.

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DEALERS IN
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Ships supplied with recruits at the lowest market prices. Money advanced on reasonable terms for Bills of Exchange on the United States and Europe.

JOHN R. JASPER,
Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chancery,
HONOLULU, OAHU, H. I.
(Office on the upper floor of the Honolulu House.)

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Ships supplied with recruits at the lowest market price for Cash or Bills on the United States or Europe.

JAMES CAMPBELL,
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Constantly on hand, a large assortment of Broadcloths, Cassimeres and Vestings.

D. P. PENHALLOW,
Exchange Broker,
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(On the Quay, next to Market Wharf.)

A. W. PARSONS,
Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chancery,
LAHAINA, MAUI, H. I.
Prompt attention paid to the collection of Notes, Bills &c.

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(Office in the Police Court, Hale Piula.)

J. W. H. KAUWAHI,
Attorney at Law and Solicitor,
HONOLULU, OAHU, H. I.
(Office in the Honolulu House.)

MALAHINI,
BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER,
HONOLULU, OAHU, H. I.
(Shop next door to the Canton Hotel.)

[From the People's Journal.]

ENTRANCE INTO THE HOLY LAND.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

It was on Sunday, March 28, that we were to enter the Holy Land. I had been too much engrossed by the objects which interested us at every step in Egypt and Arabia to think much of this beforehand; but when I came from our tent in the dawn of that morning, there was enough of novelty in the scene around me to make me feel that we were about to enter upon a new country, and a new set of interests; and I became eager to know at what hour we were to pass the boundary which separated the Desert from the Holy Land—the home of the old faith from that of the new. We had followed the track of Moses from the spot where his mother placed his bulrush cradle to that on which he died; for to the east we should this morning see the mountains overhanging the Dead Sea; and among them the summit of Nebo, whence he looked abroad over the Land of Promise; and now we were to enter upon the country of Jesus—certain to walk in His very footsteps, and see what He saw—perhaps this very day. I never remember feeling such an interest in every wild-flower, in the outlines of all the hills, and the track of all the water-courses.

We had left the stony desert behind us, and were encamped in a nook of the hills where the ground was green, and weeds grew thick. There was grass under my bed in the tent; and when I came out this morning, the dew was heavy on the dasies, and buttercups and flowering mallows which grew abundantly on the turf. After breakfast, while the camels were loading, I walked in the early sunshine on a strip of sand overlooking the valley, impressing on my memory every feature of the landscape, and impatient of the rising ground to the north, which prevented my seeing where we were going. It was about ten o'clock when we passed the boundary. It was impossible to tell the exact moment; but within a mile or two we felt that we were, indeed, in the native land of Christ, and probably on His very track. He might have been here. His relations lived at Hebron; and during the first thirty years of His life He had probably visited them, after meeting them at Jerusalem. He might have walked over the hills which swelled higher and higher as we advanced, and rested beside some of the wells which yawned beside our track. At any rate, the trees and flowers which we saw must have been familiar to His eyes; the thorny acacia which began here to rise and spread from the stunted shrub of the desert to the dimensions of a tree; the scarlet anemone—with us a precious garden flower—which here strewed the ground for acres around; the cyclamen, which pushed forth its tufts of white and lilac blossoms from under many a stone and bush; and the poppy, mallow, hemlock and wild oats which grew as thickly as in any English hedge. I did not know before that these weeds were as common here as with us; and never before did the sight of them give me so much pleasure. It would have been pleasant anywhere to meet these family weeds so far from home; but the delight to-day was to think that He and His disciples were as much accustomed to them as ourselves, and that a walk in the early Spring was, in the pure country, much the same thing to them as to us.

But we soon came upon traces which showed that the expanse of pure country here was small in those days, compared with what it is now. The towns must have been more thickly set here than in any country I ever was in. Patches and masses of ruins showed themselves on every hand, so near each other as to indicate that the land must have been peopled to a degree now nowhere known. The first plowing we had seen for many weeks was a striking sight to us; a mere scratching of the soil at the foot of the hills; but close by lay a heap of building stones, the remains of a town or village.—Presently we saw a rude plow, with a single camel at work; and at hand was a long foundation wall, laid in a far distant century. On a height farther on were the remains of a large ancient building, with two wooden pillars standing, marking the sight of the Aroer of Scripture. Then, though there were water-courses about every hill, wells began to abound; substantial, deep wells, built with a rim with holes in it to receive the covering stone; such wells as tell of a settlement beside them. We stopped early this day—partly because it was Sunday, and partly because our Arab guards, who know nothing of our Sunday, found a convenient place among the hills, somewhat sheltered from the cold wind: and here, a very few miles from the boundary, the gentlemen of the party discovered that we had sat down in the midst of what was once a large town, though the place appeared a mere stony tract, like many that we had passed. In the morning early I went out to see for myself and was astonished at the extent of the ruins which I should not have observed while merely riding by. I could trace the lines of the foundation walls for half a mile; and building stones, overgrown with grass, lay in hillocks for a considerable distance round. The many caverns in the limestone rocks, now used as beds for the goats, were found to be the vaults of large buildings now gone to ruin. In a few minutes we traced three temples, or other such buildings, by their overthrown pillars. Our eyes being now opened, we this day saw more and more remains, till we were convinced that all the way from the boundary to Hebron, the land was thickset with towns, and swarming with inhabitants in the days of its glory—the days when the Teacher went up and down in it, meditating the changes which must make it what I have seen it now. Its hills and streams, its skies and flowers, are to-day what they were before His eyes; but where he saw towns on every height, and villages in every nook, there is now hardly left one stone upon another. A group of black Bedouin tents on a hill side, a camel or two browsing here, and a flock of goats there, are all that relieve the utter solitude where there was then an innumerable throng of men.

As we advanced on the Monday, the soil became richer, and field was joined to field, so that we began to look for the landmarks which are here used, instead of fences, to bound field property. We entered upon thickets and shrubberies, where white roses, the cyclamen, convolvulus, and fragrant herbs abounded. Soon after noon a new scene opened upon us. On our left hand lay a wide, deep basin among the hills, full of vineyards and olive grounds, where the stones from the soil were built up into fences, and in almost every plot rose a garden-house. This was a sure sign that we were near a town; and as we rounded the hill on our right, we came in sight of the two eminences on which Hebron is built. There stood the town where John the Baptist was born; and here were the scenes which he must many a time have talked of with his cousin, in their boyish meetings at Jerusalem for the feasts. Hebron, too, is only twenty miles from Bethlehem; only twenty-six from Jerusalem; and in those days, when a large amount of yearly travelling was a solemn religious duty incumbent upon every family, it is scarcely possible but that relatives have often visited each other, and that Jesus and his parents must have come to Hebron.

The Cave of Machpelah is there; and the burial-place of Abraham and his family was a sacred locality, and an object of pilgrimage to Jews of all ages. As we inquired for it, and walked round the inclosure, which the Mohammedans now permit no Christian to enter, I could not but think who might have been before us in the same quest.

As I sat on a tomb in the Turkish cemetery the next morning (March 30) watching the preparations for our departure, I almost dreaded the interest which every day would now bring, after the calm and quiet weeks we had spent in the desert. Our encampment looked much the same as it had done every morning for a month past; the Arab servants busy in taking down and packing the tents, and a noisy quarrel going on in the midst—(about a pistol having been stolen from one of the tents)—and the differences were only that there were spectators standing by, and that our camels had given place to horses and asses. But, instead of the rocks and sands of the desert, Hebron was before my eyes, and the hills where Abraham spread his flocks, and the spot where he and his family lay buried. And before night, I should see the place where David was born and lived his shepherd life, and where Jesus was born. We had only twenty miles to travel this day to Bethlehem; but it was quite enough, for we were eager about every old tree, and well, and hill-top. The shrubs grew finer, and the wild flowers more abundant, the whole way; though the hills of Judah were wild and stony in parts, and no longer fit for pasturing such flocks as covered them when Abraham lived among them, or when the Hebrews drove in their cattle from the Desert, or when David in his boyhood amused himself with slinging smooth stones from the brook while his father's sheep were feeding on the slopes. We sat down to rest and eat under the shade of a rock and a spreading tree; and for the hundredth time since we left Egypt it occurred to me how little we in England can enter into the meaning of David when, in his divine songs, he speaks of the shade of rocks, and of the beauty of "a tree planted by rivers of water," and all such cool images. When one has been slowly pacing on, hour after hour, over glaring sands or heated rocks, under a sun which makes every bit of leather or metal, and even one's outer clothing, feel scorching hot, and oppressing one's very breathing, the sight of a patch or dark shade is welcome beyond belief; and when one has dismounted and felt the coolness of the rocky wall and of the ground beneath it, and gathered the fresh weeds which cluster in its crevices, phrase after phrase of the Psalms and prophecies comes over one's mind, with a life and freshness as sweet as the blossoms in one's lap.

Our first sight of Bethlehem was beautiful. We came upon it suddenly, just when the yellow sunset light was richest. Bethlehem was on the rising ground on our right, massive looking (as all the villages of Palestine are) and shadowy, as the last sun rays passed over it to gild the western hills, and another village which there lay high up, embosomed in fig and olive orchards. The valley between, one of which we were rising, lay in a shadow. Before us, perched on a lofty ridge which rose between us and Jerusalem, was the Convent of St. Elias, which we were to pass to-morrow. I was sorry to turn away from this view: but we had to take the right-hand road, and ride through the narrow streets of the village to the great convent, built over the spot where Jesus is believed by the friars to have been born.

It was too late this evening to see any of the sacred localities; but it was quite enough to have the moonlight streaming in during the whole night through the window of my lofty convent chamber, and to think that on this hill took place the greatest event in the history of the world; and that in the fields near, the gentle Ruth went about her gleaning, little dreaming, in those days of her poverty, that, from her meeting with Boaz among the reapers of his harvests, would arise such events to the human race; that the shepherd grandchild, whose divine songs were to soothe her old age, should be the mighty king he was, and the father of a yet mightier, who should build the great Temple of the Lord; and that a more distant descendant should make these glories appear as childish toys in the presence of His greater sovereignty over the universal human soul. A wise man of a late century has nobly said that "Prosperity is the promise of the Old Testament, and Adversity that of the New." On this hill was born the prosperity of the Old Dispensation; and on this hill was born the Man of Sorrows who knew the secret of true peace, and taught it in the saying that it profits not a man to gain the whole world if he lose his own soul.

In the morning we went in to the church of the convent. [illegible]

part, with its chapels for Greek, Latin, and American worship; and not much more for the caverns under ground, where the friars believe that Joseph and Mary remained while there was no room for them in the inn. If the town was too full to receive them while the people were collected for the census, it is hardly probable that they would repair to an underground cave; but in this cave mass was going on this morning; and striking was the effect, after coming down from the sunshine, of the crowded cavern, with its yellow lights and their smoke, and the echoes of the chanting. We returned when the service was over, and saw the star in the marble floor which marks, as the friars believe, the precise spot where Jesus was born, and the marble slab which is laid in the place of the manger. When I saw, throughout the country, how the Arabs now use the caves of the hills to bed their goats and cattle, this belief of the friars appeared less absurd than it would with us; but still, it is so improbable that the precise spot of these transactions (whose importance was not known till afterward) should have been marked and remembered, that I felt little interested in them in comparison with the landscape outside, about whose leading features there could be no mistake.

From the bottom of the garden we overlooked the great valley which expanded to the northeast; and one inclosure there—a green spot now occupied by olive trees—was pointed out to us as the field where the shepherds were abiding on the night when Christ was born. Behind it, to the east, lay range behind range of hills, stretching off to the north; and among these, we knew, lay the Dead Sea, and the Jordan, where it pours its waters into that lifeless and melancholy lake. As we left the convent and village, and descended the rocky road, with terraced vineyards and olive groves on either hand, we knew that Joseph and Mary must have come by this way from Jerusalem when summoned to the census: and this was more to us than all the sights the friars had shown us in their zeal and kindness. We looked in at the tomb of Rachel, and at the Convent of Elias; but our eyes and thoughts were bent toward Jerusalem. I remember, however, that here I first saw the waters of the Dead Sea, lying blue in a little gap between the hills.

As soon as I had mounted my ass before the Convent of Elias, I saw from our ridge some buildings on the rising ground which now showed itself before us. I was not immediately certain what they were; but the news soon spread among us. That rising ground was Zion, and those buildings belonged to Jerusalem, though they stood outside the walls. Immediately after, the walled city itself came into view, lying along the hills. Most of the party were disappointed. I was not—partly because I knew that we were approaching it from the least favorable side, and partly because my expectations had much underrated the size and grandeur of the city. What we now saw was a line of white walls on a hill side, with some square buildings and small white domes rising within.

I walked the rest of the way. On our right were hills, the summit of one of which was Aceldema, bought by the priests with the money which the wretched Judas returned to them, when he found too late what he had done in his attempt to force his Lord to assert His claim to a temporal sovereignty.—On our left was the plain of Rephaim. When we arrived at the brow of the high ground we were on, we were taken by surprise by the grandeur of the scene. Zion now appeared worthy of her name, and of her place in the hymns of David, and in history. We were now overlooking the Valley of Gihon, more commonly known by the name of Hinnom. From its depth, and its precipitous rocks on our side, I should call it a ravine. This deep dell contains the Lower Pool, now dry; and the aqueduct from Solomon's Pool is seen crossing it obliquely. Its opposite side is Zion, rising very steeply, still terraced for tillage in some parts, and crowned by the city wall. To the right, sweeping away from the ravine of Gihon, is the deep and grand Valley of Jehoshaphat, clustered with rocks, relieved by trees, and leading the eye round to the slope of Olivet, which, however, is best seen from the other side of the city. The black dome of the Tomb of David was the next object; and after that, the most conspicuous roof in the city—the great dome of the Mosque of Omar, which occupies the site of Solomon's Temple.

By this time, there was silence among us. I walked behind our cavalcade, as it slowly ascended the beautiful rocky way—glad of the silence permitted by each to all; for it was not possible at the moment—nor will it ever be possible—to speak of the impressions of that hour. We entered by the Jaffa gate; and every echo of our horses' feet in the narrow, stony, picturesque streets, told upon our hearts as we said to ourselves that we were taking up our rest in Jerusalem.

O'Connell's Religion.—His heart to Rome, his body to Ireland! This was his dying wish. The old man died on his way to receive the benediction of the Pope. We observe with a wondering pleasure, the admissions which the journals, which reviled him most make, when writing under the impression of his death. He was says the *Standard*, a sincere and consistent Romanist of the sixteenth century. In fact, his Romanism was not so modern. It was thoroughly mediæval. His mind was haunted by the memory of St. Thomas a Becket. Of this champion of Romanism, civilization, and the conquered Saxons, the writer of this article has published a life. Though a Protestant of no lukewarm sort he cherishes an admiration for the saint and hero of the twelfth century. This was a common enthusiasm with the writer and Mr. O'Connell. He would talk for hours, while delight made his face radiant, about St. Thomas a Becket. With a twinkle of humor in his eyes, and a tone of it in his voice, he said, "I make a pilgrimage to St. Thomas every year. Once when the woman was showing me the tombs of the cathedral, I said 'All these people were papists.' 'Eh!' cried the woman, with a start, 'were they really papists?' It is curious it had never occurred to her before, that they were papists." We met Mr. O'Connell immediately on his return to London from Birmingham where a splendid demonstration was made in his behalf, in reference to the outrage on constitutional liberty in his person, in the State trials. But on clasping hands, his first joyful exclamations were, "I have been to Oscot, and I have had on the robe and mitre of St. Thomas a Becket—he must have been a man about my height." The reverence of O'Connell was profound for Christanity. At dinner, once a gentleman was guilty of an irreligious joke. "My dear sir, you pain me—you distress me; my dear friend I must talk with you about this to-morrow," said he. On rising from dinner, the joker asked an Irish member, "Was Dan serious? will he really give me a rowing to-morrow." "Faith, that he will!" was the reply; "as severe a lecture as ever you had in your life." Accordingly, at the hour named, Mr. O'Connell sought the offender, from whom we have the ancedote. We urged him to tell us what O'Connell said in his admonition. We were seated over a tumbler of whisky toddy—a state in which we are not usually soft headed—but all the reply we received was, "Oh he was very serious!" and the eyes of the joker filled with tears. The death-bed of Mr. O'Connell is described as one of serenity and peace, amid the last rites of religion, and this was only in accordance with the devout observance which occupied much of the later years of his stormy life.—[Eclectic Review.

☞The good people of Manchester, Eng., have had their faith in Mesmerism confirmed by the following curious but exceedingly well authenticated circumstance:

"It appears that Mr Braid, an eminent surgeon at Manchester, who has devoted many years to the subject of artificial sleep, and employed it most successfully in the cure of disease, invited Miss Lind to witness some of his experiments. Two young women of the working class were thrown into a trance, when Mr. Braid declared to his fair visiter and her friends that they would sing any song in any language. The audience were incredulous, and no doubt our readers share in the skepticism; let them, however, read the following extract from the Manchester Guardian:

"Mademoiselle Lind, who has won such laurels for herself in impersonating a somnambulist, now sat down to test the powers of this veritable somnambulist. All was breathless attention to catch the Swedish nightingale's notes, and weigh her rival in this novel duetto. Jenny sang most divinely a slow air, like a hymn tune, with, I believe, Swedish words, every note and word of which was correctly given by the somnambulist, just as if they had been accustomed to sing it together. Next followed a long and most difficult singing lesson, in which Miss Lind ran through all the chromatic difficulties her fertile fancy could dictate, and with all the varied inflections of force and pathos which the human voice seems capable of expressing; but, to the astonishment of all present, the somnambulist was not to be outdone, for so perfectly did their voices accord, that throughout a great part of this performance, it was impossible to detect that there were two voices. I saw one lady who was so skeptical on the point that she could not believe that both were singing, till she stood up to *see* as well as *hear* that both were actively engaged in this harmonious strife. Miss Lind now tested her with *Casta Diva* and *La Bella a we Ritorni*, in both of which my knowledge of Italian enables me to say the imitation was perfect. After further testing with foreign words only, and extreme difficulties or puzzling combinations of sound, the somnambulist was aroused, quite unconscious of the extraordinary feats she had accomplished, and quite afraid even to try to imitate what she had done with such promptness and precision in her sleep."

Boston and Quebec.—The editorial correspondent of the St. Louis Reveille, writing from Boston, draws the following comparisons between Boston and Quebec:—

"In no two cities of our northern region are these extremes so forcibly illustrated as in Quebec and Boston; the one "cabined, cribbed, confined;" without a newspaper circulation, without travel, without hotels, without a theatre, without *barbers*—as we have noticed heretofore—the red coat and the black cassock for the pervading smoke of the drayman, the shriek of the fife for that of the locomotive; the other unencircled save by the water, which is daily driven back by its encroachments; magnificent in its marts, unrivalled in its enterprise, electric in its intelligence, and prodigal in its philanthropy; her railroad system a model for the world, and its results a matter for its envy. Truly, the old times and the new are represented in the case of these two cities. Lower Canada is as noble a country as New England, her cities older, and equal freedom and intelligence would have produced equally as grand results.

Boston, though this present is a dull season for buisness, is a perfect whirl of life and activity! Her wharves, her streets, her railroad lines, her temples of instruction, her halls of amusement, all are in quick, yet regulated action. The neighboring towns—every one vastly increased within the last few years, and some of them now chartered *cities*—have completely girdled old Shawmut. Looking from a height upon the dense gathering of humanity, and its pursuits beneath and around, the visiter, whatever part of the States he may be from feels a portion of the pride which he acknowledges every Bostonian has a right to entertain. He need but accompany with his eye the laden trains, which from every direction come shrieking into this common centre, to desire heartily that all the world might come" [illegible]