

THE POLYNESIAN.
SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1857.

The last few days of each expiring year are in most countries devoted to an interchange of hospilities, and it is during their continuance, more than at any other time, that bickerings and feuds are temporarily thrown aside or otherwise discarded forever, so difficult is it then for solitary atoms to resist the general vortex of good-will that sweeps over humanity, embracing in its circle the high and low, the rich and poor, reuniting hearts between which estrangements had existed, and making dear friends of those who never met before. Indeed, it is a time when the surliest heart which, like a cocoon, comes into sight metamorphosed into a thing of bright colors. The social heat brings into life the best and kindest feelings, as the spring sun calls up the flowers. He that believes in the Child who in the later days of December came into the world radiant with Mercy, the impersonation of Love, will hardly ask why this should be.

It is perhaps as an offset to the many pleasures attendant a retired country life that those who are less subject to the enjoyments which seasons and anniversaries bring where men are congregated. There is this farther disadvantage in an out-of-the-way residence, the ideas are apt to get rusty and the hinges of the mind to become so fixed that neither argument nor new experience can move them again. A solitary man more than any other is inclined to think that he is right while every one who disagrees with him is wrong. He pets and coddles his opinions till, like so many spoiled children, they will have their own way, and (amiable weakness in a parent) he alone fails to see their many faults. We are inclined to think that the Rev. J. S. Green has raised a little group of idiosyncracies that scramble for the meat on his table, and disarrange the books in his library, and do with the Pastor pretty much as they please. He can't even shake them off when he goes to church, and it is our opinion that they creep up into his pulpit during sermon time. Whilst writing to the various newspapers of which he is a correspondent, they must be standing about him, leaning on their elbows to watch every word he puts on paper. How otherwise could a man who allows himself to be styled "reverend," and whose study should be the doctrines of that system the precepts of which his life ought to illustrate—how otherwise could he at the kindly Christmas time have penned anything so rancorous as the following to the editor of the *Ohio Oberlin Evangelist*.

"MAKAWAO, MAUI, Hawaiian Islands,
December 30, 1856.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—The year is just closing, and I may not neglect to say something of ourselves and of the state of things at the Islands. No one of my associates in labors at the islands has been removed by death during the year, and I think all are in tolerable health. There have been some changes however. Bro. B. Andrews, who was chosen pastor at Molokai, after the death of Mr. Hitchcock, did not long remain at that post. He was transferred to Lahaina Seminary to take the place of Rev. John P. Alexander, whose health was unequal to the labors of teaching, and engaged in secular business, hoping to recruit his health by such a course. He has now removed to Waikiki to supply the place of Mr. Conde, who has returned to the United States with his family. No one has been designated for the station of Molokai, and there is imminent danger that much of the fruits of labor bestowed upon that field will be lost. L. G. Dwight, once a missionary, is there; but his influence must be decidedly bad; you know, I suppose, that Mr. Dwight was deposed from the ministry some three years ago. He held on to a school of young Hawaiian girls, opened a store also, and engaged in other secular business. He has failed, I hear, as a merchant, and is bankrupt—in purse and character—poor indeed! but he holds on to the station, and to the school, and has obtained a vote of the native church, restoring him to fellowship, without advising with the Hawaiian Association, which body deposed him. I fear he will do much injury to the cause of Christ on that island. I hope some one will be found at the meeting of the Association, willing to become pastor of that church."

What feelings for a clergyman to close the year with! Where in the above extract do we see that charity which hopeth all things? Where is the pity for a fallen brother—where the aspiration to win back a disordered judgment? It is often said that animals wounded by the weapon of the hunter are fallen on by creatures of their own kind and worried to the death. Poor Mr. Dwight, it was a pity he "failed" as a merchant! From what goes before we do not apprehend that his

once brother Green objects in the abstract to missionaries engaging in "secular business;" he speaks very tenderly of Mr. Alexander having done so. But for a missionary to turn merchant and become "bankrupt"—why, it reflects on the cloth in general. Brotherly love, too, might be called upon to contribute towards setting him up again. Yes, the simplest way was to disown him, to do towards him as the Quakers do to their unfortunates—strike his name from their list of Friends. We have always heard that St. Paul is the *beau ideal* Apostle of a certain class of divines. They remember the hand he had in stoning Stephen—how he "made havoc of the church, entering into every house, and haling men and women"—how he went to the high priest "yet breathing out threatenings and slaughter." Of course he turned Christian afterward; but in joining the opposite ranks he carried his arms with him, though he modified their use to his altered circumstances. But see them in brother Green's hands, assumed without judgment, and brandished without mercy, over the unprotected head of Mr. Dwight. It is a cruel spectacle.

Although it may seem supererogatory to profess mercy for a man who has no mercy for others, still we could wish that Mr. Green's opportunities of learning practical Christianity had been greater. It is a very trying thing to be put away in a corner for the best part of one's life. But it is a still more trying position to be the Pastor and exemplar of a district; to be the model man; to know that all eyes are upon you; to be obliged to dress just so; to ride just so; to give out so many verses every Sunday morning, and so many verses every Sunday afternoon; to look out up when a parishioner dies; to look prophetically solemn when a couple marry. What red-tapeism is in a public office, black-tapeism is under the circumstances we allude to; routine takes the place of invention, and form represents spirit. You can hardly conceive that a parson so situated could be brought to alter his dinner hour; nor could he under any circumstances commit an indiscretion, for his energy would fail him. And this is why we pity Mr. Green. If there is any thing of the Pharisee about him we think we can trace the feeling to its source. Too weak an engine to run rapidly enough to get off the track, his strength lies in his weakness. Could he have left himself behind and gone about the world a little—could he have seen from a distance the checks and balances, the professional *esprit du corps*, the pecuniary interests, that produced by a slow process the man he is—could he have seen how other people less advantageously, or at all events less safely placed than himself, have to bring out on every emergency a stock of energy and resolution and moral courage for the use of the moment, we cannot help thinking he would have been less intolerant, and more imbued with the spirit which prevented the accusers of the woman taken in adultery from casting stones at her. Whereas he now sits down to write a letter consigning people to hell, and thanks the Lord that he is not as other men are. We can fancy him under happier auspices replacing his pen and sneaking into the fields to study himself—perhaps to pray against being led into temptation in the insinuating shape of spiritual pride.

In our next extract Mr. Green will appear in a more general line of business. We are about to see him accusing a whole city. In these sentences the bigotry of the man stands out in bold relief. He and his brethren (according to him) are evidently prepared to get upon the step of a spiritual ark, or vehicle of the omnibus kind that "communicates," according to the Parisian system, with a line direct to heaven. We are sorry for his fellow missionaries' sake that we are obliged to print this passage—it says little for the heart of the writer and still less for his head. Of course Mr. Green has a right to ride his teetotal hobby, although that kind of toy has every where broken down and come to pieces. But as we said before, he is not a man susceptible of new impressions—what was in the beginning, is now and ever will be with him. When his hobby-horse becomes disjointed he jumps off, nails it together again, and thinks it as good as new. The crusade against tobacco smoking has, at least on these islands, been as unsuccessful as that against the use of intoxicating drinks. A want of temperance in the advocates of temperance, the substitution of dec

lamation for logic, the determination to make men adapt themselves to a Procrustean theory, a spirited disregard for possibilities and what Philosopher Square calls the "fitness of things," and added to all an imaginary Utopia filled with god-like Catos and lovely Portias that tower above their sex, for the scene of operations, instead of a naughty, giddy, selfish, self-indulging world—these things may well account for certain failures. But we do not think that Mr. Green perceives these failures. His eye is fixed at point blank range upon some distant object, and he does not see what is happening under his very nose. However, we would recommend to his attention, as a model for him to copy, a short article on smoking that we republish in another column. Had he displayed something of the same common sense and moderation in his diatribes against drinking and tobacco which distinguish those remarks, his efforts might have been respected if unsuccessful. But let us now see in what complimentary terms he speaks of the community of Honolulu.

"But not to speak of this, who can doubt that a most fearful punishment awaits the men who seduce their fellows to sin? And yet multitudes seem to live for no other purpose! Solomon had his eye on men of this character when he tells us: 'For they sleep not unless they have done mischief, and their sleep is taken away unless they cause some to fall.' Such we have among us, and they are of their father the devil, and the lusts of their father they do. And Oh! the ruin caused by these men. Kamehameha III. was hurried to his grave by scoffers of temperance, and the abettors of licentiousness, and unless God in his mercy interpose, his successor will be cut down at an earlier age by the same agency. No means seems to be left untried to ruin our youthful king, and indeed all the young chiefs. The few remaining old ones will soon die without any special effort on the part of seducers; but the young ones might live but for the aid of the cup of pleasure. This must therefore be put to their lips. So far as I can see, all classes at Honolulu, with the exception of the puritanical fanatics, as they are called derisively, are agreed in this one thing: to lead the chiefs, both by precept and example, down to death by the paths of excess. All Honolulu seems on the dance. The doors of the theatre are thrown open every other night in each week. The newspapers with the exception of the *Friend*, a seamen's paper, advertise theatres, circuses, and balls, with an occasional word of commendation of these places of rational amusement. Wines, brandies, and whiskey are also advertised in these weekly sheets, that those who pant to make fools of themselves, may not mistake the place where such things are sold. With such facilities for murdering time, deadening the conscience, undermining the constitution, and destroying the soul, the prospects are fair that multitudes of all nations at the metropolis of our islands will shorten their days on earth, and make their bed in hell; and in their descent, draw the chiefs of Hawaii, and many of the people with them, down to the gulf of ruin. The Lord have mercy on dying men.

"Yours in the work of the Lord,
"J. S. GREEN."

The quiet merchants and traders of this place, the careful government officers who live upon their salaries and hope that increasing families may not soon prevent them from doing so, the doctors and lawyers who have to be correct in their daily walk and social intercourse—for it is an error to suppose that the members of only one profession are obliged to assume a virtue though they have it not—the independent mechanics who perform a day's work for a day's wages, and knowing how to respect others desire other men to respect them by leaving them alone; the diplomatic and the consular corps (for Mr. Green's optical delusion includes all sorts and conditions of men); each of these classes may thank the Pastor of Makawao for his passing tribute of respect. His assertion is so sweeping that it will bear repetition. "So far as I can see," he says, "all classes at Honolulu, with the exception of the Puritanical fanatics, as they are called derisively, are agreed in this one thing: to lead the chiefs both by precept and example, down to death by the paths of excess." What a diabolical League! What a mischievous Confederation! What a gratuitous bending of all interests to a single point! The Devil himself could not be more ingeniously wicked, or compass ruin and destruction more purely for the sake of ruining and destroying. And yet a very large proportion of these beguiling agents are members of the visible church; people who are accustomed to eat the bread and drink the wine; people who sit under those "Puritanical fanatics, as they are called derisively." Mr. Green must have a poor opinion indeed of church membership, and of the effect his brethren's teachings have upon the every-day life of their congregations. He must look upon the profession of religion as a conventional lie. And how must he regard the minister of a divine mystery who knowing on the spot what is so notorious as even to reach him at a distance; nevertheless makes himself a *particeps criminis* by administering a sacrament concerning which the doctrine is that he who eats and drinks unworthily shall be damned? If Mr. Green supposes that all those who have united with the church are teetotalers and teetotally opposed to dancing and theaters, he exposes a double ignorance—an ignorance of those whom he considers good superadded to an ignor-

ance of those whom he denounces as bad. He appears to be equally in the dark as to what is done in other countries. We presume he never heard of Dr. Bellows and thousands of that stamp. Or has he in virtue of his own exceeding virtue sent Dr. Bellows to the Devil along with "all classes" in Honolulu! Does he not in his self-conceit believe that those who are not "with" the Rev. J. S. Green of Makawao are "against" God?

The Recent Presentation of Colors.
[COPY.]

Honolulu, July 28, 1857.
TO THE OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF THE "HONOLULU RIFLES."
GENTLEMEN:—The undersigned had proposed to themselves the pleasure of commemorating the 31st of July inst., by tendering personally to you a small token of their high esteem, and the deep interest they feel in the prosperity and permanency of your organization.

The prevailing epidemic, from which many of them are suffering either in person or through their families, prevents them from executing their design in the manner proposed. They therefore beg that you will "take the will for the deed," and in this way receive the expression of their sentiments, entwined around the accompanying stand of colors.

Assured that it will never be unfolded in an unrighteous cause, and that while marching under its true blue, its daring red, and its pure white, you will ever go where duty calls you. Accept this mark of appreciation of your worth as a military company, as citizens and as gentlemen from, Respectfully,
EMMA, Mrs. G. A. LATHROP,
Mrs. J. DOMINIS, " J. F. B. MARSHALL:
" G. T. LAWTON, " C. R. BISHOP,
" R. COADY, " E. HOFFMANN,
" J. H. BROWN, " C. F. GULLLOU,
" A. P. EVERETT, " D. L. GREGG,
" T. SPENCER, " W. C. PARKE,
" B. F. SNOW, " A. B. BATES,
" A. J. CARTWRIGHT.

[COPY.]

At a stated meeting held at the Armory of the "Honolulu Rifles" on Saturday Evening, August 1, 1857.

Resolved: That Lieut. Commanding Brown be directed to answer the communication from the Ladies of Honolulu, and that the correspondence (with the consent of the Ladies,) be published in the *Polynesian and Advertiser*.

Honolulu, Aug. 5, 1857.

[COPY.]

Honolulu, August 5, 1857.
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN EMMA, MRS. J. DOMINIS, MRS. G. T. LAWTON, MRS. R. COADY, AND OTHER LADIES OF HONOLULU.

LADIES:—I have been deputed by the "Honolulu Rifles" Corps to convey to you an expression of their feelings on receiving your valued gift, the beautiful Stand of Colors, always a rallying point and a badge of honor to a military company, but doubly so now on account of its donors, to the brave and loyal hearts which through me beg the honor of accepting your favor.

The proverb sayeth: What the heart is full of, the mouth speaketh; but there are moments in life when the heart is too full for speaking, and this is one of those occasions when all genius of poet and sage could not embody in words, the grateful, deep, and undying sense with which your gift was received, and your encouragement of our corps treasured up as a beacon for the future.

Rest assured that the "Honolulu Rifles" will do their duty as becomes honest and loyal men, and that they are susceptible of but one fear: the fear of losing your high esteem.

Accept, Ladies, the renewed vows of respect, love and fidelity of the "Honolulu Rifles" through,
Your most humble, ob't servant,
JOHN H. BROWN,
Lieut. Commanding.

Sailing of the "Morning Star."

This vessel left port last evening for a trip among the islands of Micronesia. She will touch at Koloa and Waimea on Kauai, and proceed from thence direct for Strong's Island. After landing supplies for the mission families, it is expected she will take on board one or both of the missionaries and proceed to Abenscion. It is expected that a general meeting of all the missionaries will there be held and measures adopted in regard to future explorations. The vessel will probably visit Hogolen Island to the westward, and the Mulgrave Islands to the eastward. It is confidently hoped she will be ready to sail on her return passage on or about the 1st of January, 1858, and hence may be expected about March 1st.

Religious exercises were held on deck before she left the wharf. Prayer was offered in Hawaiian by Rev. L. Smith, interesting remarks were made by Rev. Hiram Bingham; prayer in English by Rev. E. W. Clark, then followed the singing of the Missionary hymn,—"From Greenland's icy mountains," &c.; benediction by Rev. S. C. Damon.

The remarks by Mr. Bingham were very opportune. He alluded to the fact of his leaving Honolulu when a lad nine years old, bound to the United States with his father. That day was a joyful one, for he felt delighted with the idea of the shores of America and the land of his fathers. Seventeen years had rolled away, and he now found himself leaving these shores again, but under far different circumstances. This day, he said, was far more joyful than that. He expressed joy in being permitted to go as a missionary to the unevangelized islands of Micronesia.

It may be stated as a pleasing incident, that Mrs. Whitney, wife of the late Rev. S. Whitney of Waimea, Kauai, took passage to her home. She was one of the pioneer missionaries to the Hawaiian Islands in 1820, and has never since left the group.

The Rev. P. J. Gulick goes as a delegate of the H. M. Society to Missionaries. His son, Capt. O. Gulick, goes as 2d mate of the *Morning Star*.