

# THE POLYNESIAN.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT HONOLULU, OAHU, SANDWICH ISLANDS.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1840.

Vol. 1.—No. 9.

J. JARVES, Editor.

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**KA MOOOLELO HAWAII.** I kakauia e kekahi mau haumana o ke Kulanui, a i hooponoponoia e kekahi kumu o ia Kula. Lahainaluna. Mea paipalapala no ke Kulanui. 1838.

**HISTORY OF HAWAII,** written by Scholars at the High School, and corrected by one of the Instructors. Lahainaluna. Press of the High School. 1838. (Continued from No. 8.)

The first reinforcement of missionaries arrived April 27, 1823. Two of these, Messrs. Richards and Stewart, commenced a station at Lahaina on the island of Maui, accompanied by Keopuolani. She was not long after taken sick and Liholiho came from Oahu to visit her. She died in September. After this the king dwelt at Wailuku and Lahaina, and while at Kaluaokiha in Lahaina he declared to the chiefs his intention to visit a foreign land.

The history of Liholiho's works during his reign can be told in few words. He was drunk all the time. When the men about his person saw the condition of their lord, they said, "Now poor folks will live," and every one of his people began to beg of Liholiho whatever he desired, and his request was granted. The proprietors of lands were removed from them without having committed any offence, and without being chargeable with any neglect in paying their taxes. When the king's train perceived that the foreigners had a large supply of cloth, they urged the king to buy it on credit, to which he consented. Such was the character of his reign.

### The king's visit to England.

After Liholiho had, as before mentioned, formed the purpose to sail to a foreign country, he constituted Kauikeaouli king in his stead. The chiefs and people were assembled in the house of Kaluaokiha where he imparted to them his will in the following terms; "Where are you, ye chiefs;—I sail to foreign shores; my younger brother is your king. I go, if I return, he will be my successor." He then addressed Kauikeaouli, "Attend. Dwell with the chiefs. My own individual lands, and the lands of our men are yours. The lands of the chiefs are theirs;—you have no claim to them."—This done, he went on board a British whaler and sailed to Oahu. Here the chiefs urged him to relinquish his purpose, but to no effect.

He was determined to visit Britain; and yet the determination was not perhaps his own, but that of the demon, intemperance which ruled over him and set him on. Some have affirmed that he undertook the voyage through shame that he had not a larger revenue from his subjects; others that he left, to avoid hearing the word of God; others that he sailed to hide his bones. The purpose he had in view is obscure. Providence, it would seem, designed to remove from the islands the calamities of which he was the occasion. His suite consisted of two foster-mothers, three advisers, two favorites, two servants, and two white men, twelve in all. They embarked in a British whaleship, Captain Starbuck, November 27, 1823. As he was about to step into the boat, the chiefs and people waited for their king's departure. It was rumored that efforts would be made to prevent him from going; but when the time for sailing arrived no opposition was made. When he departed for the ship the queen remained on shore mingling her sorrow with the chiefs; and chanting, "O heaven; O earth; O mountain; O sea; O my counsellors and my subjects, farewell: O land, farewell; O thou for whom my father suffered, the object of toil which my father sought. We now leave thy toils, I follow thy command, I will never disregard thy voice; I will walk by the command which thou hast given me."

When the boat from the vessel came for her, she stepped into it, and departed. The vessel soon disappeared on the ocean; the land was eased of its burden; the sorrows of the oppressed were relieved: the continual firing of guns and the revelry of the drunkards ceased; the confusion occasioned by his extreme fickleness was ended; one great calamity remained—the public debt.

Some of the party died on the voyage. The ship touched at Rio Janeiro, then proceeded to London where Liholiho and his queen, Kamamalu expired. The king as he was departing said to Boki, "I die in the morning of my days, alas! for I shall see my country no more." Of the twelve who went, seven only returned. The remains of the king and queen were restored to the islands on board a British man-of-war under the command of Lord Byron.

### Missionary Efforts.

When it was decided that Mr. Thurston should reside at Kailua, Liholiho directed that his wives and younger brother with some others should be instructed in the English language. The thing was undertaken, but most of them were soon weary and forsook the school. The princess Nahienaena, David Malo, and others were instructed by a foreigner not of the mission; Mrs. Thurston also taught them. Children on Oahu and Kauai were collected to learn the English language, but they did not long continue, as the missionaries devoted their time to the acquisition of the Hawaiian tongue.

While Liholiho dwelt at Oahu, there were two grounds of perplexity—one was the intemperance of the king; the other the jealousy which existed in the minds of the chiefs and people in regard to the missionaries. They were jealous of Mr. Bingham because a cellar was dug for a

house he was building. When the Hawaiians saw the cellar, they said, "Your land, O king, is gone to the foreigners;—this vault is a depository for guns and powder;—they will call into it their king; and men will be sent in long chests, and carried on carts, and left in the vault till the day for prayer [the sabbath] arrives; that is the day of death, to you and all the chiefs, and the kingdom is theirs." Thus the Hawaiians—with many other similar suspicions, which were encountered "with a patient continuance in well doing."

A certain foreign trader, injured Mr. Bingham; but he did not resent it, and when the man was overcome by strong drink and had fallen, the natives beholding said, "This foreigner is prostrated by rum, yet Mr. Bingham does not injure him." And they added, "The word of God which they preach to us concerning forbearance is true; for we see he is not angry, although this man has shaken his fist in his face."

To be continued.

### From the American Monthly Magazine. A QUEEN'S FAREWELL.

A Sketch from French History.

An immense crowd was assembled before the door of the Hotel of St. Paul. It was evening, and the light of a thousand torches gleamed upon a covered litter, and upon the mingled arms of France and England, embroidered upon the violet-colored mantles of a numerous retinue of pages and men at arms. Several of the latter, who wore the arms of England, were sitting on horseback like so many statues, gazing mournfully upon the litter which they seemed guarding. A deep and solemn silence pervaded the whole crowd. When a casual observer stopped to inquire the meaning of this assemblage. The answer was invariably the same: "We are waiting for the widowed Queen of England, Catharine of Valois, who is returning with the body of her husband to his own merry England, there to take up her abode for ever. Her Majesty has come to bid a last farewell to King Charles VI., her father and our master. May God have mercy on us all."

His curiosity gratified, the idle inquirer would wend his way, gazing with equal indifference upon the litter which was waiting the pleasure of the youthful widow, and upon the brilliantly lighted windows of the palace, in one room of which was assembled a group of heart-stricken mourners. The room was small, overlooking the Seine; and was lighted partly by a small silver lamp suspended from the ceiling, and partly by the pale and uncertain light of the moon, which was in its wane. An elevated seat was placed near one of the windows, and beneath its heavy canopy, embroidered with the lilies of France, stood two female figures in the attitude of deep affliction. The glimmering light of the lamp, and the silvery rays of the moon, while it softened every feature of their faces, seemed to add a deeper tinge of melancholy to their whole appearance. As they stood in the shadow of the window they seemed about the same age, and yet were they mother and daughter. The one supporting herself against the back of a chair,

was the beautiful Queen of France, the far-famed Isabella of Bavaria; the other, kneeling at her feet, was her gentle daughter, Catharine of Valois, the youthful widow of Henry V. of England.

There was a long pause; Catharine buried her face in her mother's lap, while the queen leaned out of the open window as if for air, while her fast falling tears mingled with the rapid and flowing Seine. Suddenly she bent down her head till her lips touched her daughter's cheek, which she covered with tears and kisses. Alas! alas! Henry V., King of England, Regent of France, son-in-law, and, by act of parliament, successor to Charles VI., had just expired at the castle of Vincennes, at the early age of thirty-six; and in his grave, the grave of the conqueror of Agincourt, were buried the warm affections of the gentle Catharine and the ambitious hopes of her more daring mother. Weary with weeping, the youthful mourner at last raised her head, and threw back the raven ringlets that clustered round her brow. She gazed upon the star-spangled firmament, upon the flowing Seine, till deep sobs again convulsed her frame. Her mother, with her eyes fixed upon the changing expression of her child's face, now covered her fair face with kisses, now bathed them with a mother's tears.

And this was Isabella of Bavaria, in whose breast glowed all a mother's love, unsubdued by the stormy passions which had made her the destruction of her sons and husband, and the bane of the kingdom of France. Guilty and unworthy as a queen, a wife, and a mother; betrayed in her affections; dreaded by some, despised by others, and detested by all; lulling by sophistical reasonings the remorse which at times weighed heavily on her heart; returning contempt for contempt, hatred for hatred; there was yet one redeeming spot, one touch of womanly feeling amid this whirlwind of passions, and that was her intense, devoted affection for her lovely and gentle daughter. She loved and revered her as men love and revere virtue. All her hopes were centred in Catharine; and to see her happily married, the wife of the heroic Henry of England, had been the dearest wish of her heart. But one crown for her daughter was not enough, she must be queen too of France, and though a crime alone could secure the diadem of lilies to Catharine, her ambitious parent did not hesitate. The Dauphin must be disinherited; and, though he too was Isabella's child, she heeded it not. The Dauphin was disinherited, and his sister's bridegroom proclaimed as the successor of the weak and imbecile Charles VI. But of all this Catharine was guiltless. Wicked and reckless as she was herself, Isabella had watched over the purity, the unsuspecting innocence of her daughter's character, with all a mother's vigilance and all a mother's love. And when all her ambitious projects were destroyed by the early death of Henry, she felt as if her daughter were now her only tie on earth, her only apology in the sight of heaven. But here too her hopes were doomed to be blasted.

To be continued.