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KA MOOLELO HAWAII. I kakauia e kekahi mau haumana o ke Kulanui, a i hooponoponoia e ke'ahi 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. 9.)

The natives had previously heard the missionaries preach in the meeting house which had been built. At this period Mr. Bingham urged Liholiho to desist from drinking but he would not consent. He labored to persuade him to become a Christian, but in vain, for the king and his men were intemperate. He persevered in his benevolent efforts to reform him, but without success; the king promising only that at the expiration of five years he would become reformed.

In the third year of Liholiho's reign, January 7, 1822, the Hawaiian Pi-a-pa, or spelling book, was printed, which contained also small portions of the Scriptures. The natives studied this first-book; Liholiho gave some attention to letters and the acquisition of religious truth. On leaving for England, he requested his people to attend to instruction until he should return. Previous to his departure the first reinforcement of the mission had arrived. After he left, the people were more attentive to books, and a few of the chiefs and people, had "faith in God as a grain of mustard seed," and they "began to call on the name of the Lord." For the instructions of Messrs. Bingham and Thurston were now intelligible; and they were assisted in their work by Mr. Ellis, an English missionary, who came from the Society Islands hither, April 15, 1822. He was accompanied by native assistants from the Society Islands. From this time to the death of Kaumualii the number learning to read was greatly increased.— So also previous to the war on Kauai with George Kaumualii, the number was much augmented of those who embraced Christianity, and prayed to God. For the people became acquainted with the character of the missionaries, — with their benevolent labors — their devotion to the instruction of the natives — and the appointment of teachers for the islands of Hawaii, Maui, Oahu, and Kauai. They perceived that the missionaries harmoniously prosecuted one and the same design; and seeing their good works, many

believed on the Lord. Such was the state of things till the return of Boki and others from England with the remains of Liholiho. At this time a multitude of the people and the chiefs turned to God, because Boki related to them the benefits of Christianity as exhibited in London, — and spoke of Saint Paul's Cathedral, which he had seen there. Chiefs and people were converted — with most the conversion was probably an external one; few were converted at heart. At this time Kaahumanu and Kalanimoku became hopefully pious, also some of their relatives. The chiefs sent teachers of the spelling book among their subjects that they might learn to read. Houses were erected for religious worship, and well attended; the chiefs and people were friendly to the missionaries — none of them were hostile.

The War on Kauai.

When Kaumualii the king of Kauai died at Oahu, all the people of Kauai did vile; both men and women had their foreheads tattooed; fish ponds were broken open; and the food was wantonly uprooted. Whenever these things are done after the death of a ruling chief war is the consequence. The chiefs, their attendants and the people all waited for the restoration of order after this. When the month of June arrived, the twenty-first day at noon, the sun met with the moon, and Mr. Bingham (being at Kauai,) explained the phenomenon to the people, and the people interrogated him concerning the eclipse, and he illustrated it according to what had been known of this matter in their own land, but the people predicted that war would be the consequence, perhaps very clearly because of their determination to fight.

After this Kahalaia landed, and dwelt at Waimea, for after the death of Kaumualii, the chiefs of Kauai held a council and appointed him to be its ruler. A few days afterwards Kalanimoku visited Kauai to see the wreck of the Hiatio, a vessel of the king which had gone to pieces at Hanalei, and to make them acquainted with the pleasure of Kaumualii in respect to the government. He landed at Hanalei, and barely escaped falling into the hands of the rebel party by leaving for Kona, before Kikala, a leader of George Kaumualii's forces, could arrive from the district of Koolau to fight with him. On arriving at the district of Kona, Kalanimoku convened an assembly of the chiefs and wise men of Kauai, in a house of Kaahumanu, called Nihoa. He addressed them to this effect; "I have come hither to make known to you the pleasure of your former king Kaumualii, and to regulate your affairs. This is his will, viz. that the men who formerly held lands, should continue to hold them, and that those who are destitute should remain destitute, and that Kamikeaouli be your king." "Not so," said Kaiimakani, "Let the old division of the lands be annihilated, and a new division be made." To this Kalanimoku objected, saying, "It must be according to the pleasure of your deceased king." On Friday morning this determination was again repeated. On Saturday night the George Kaumualii's rebellion broke out

in the fort, and Kalanimoku came near losing his life. It was war. Kahalaia opposed George, and many men were slain, their bodies cast out, and eaten by swine. On sabbath afternoon, Kalanimoku ordered a vessel to sail to Oahu to announce that he and his adherents were on the brink of destruction. To this Auhea assented. Messrs. Whitney and Bingham, with their families, took passage in the vessel. Also Kanehikakini, one of the rebels, who had been taken captive. He was thrown overboard in the night. After one day's sail the vessel arrived at Honolulu. The men of Oahu prepared to engage in the Kauai war. Kaahumanu and the king were at Maui; a vessel was sent thither for forces, and when they saw the flag, they perceived that its aspect was peculiar. The captain informed them, "It is war on Kauai; I have come for men." Hoapihi and Kahakili and their forces joined those of Oahu, to reinforce Kahalaia on Kauai; a battle was fought at Wahiawa, Hanapepe, — and the rebels fled. Some of the chiefs and many of the men were slain, many escaped into the thickets — and some were carried captive to Oahu, some to Maui, and some to Hawaii. The war being terminated, a new council was held — the island was joined to the kingdom of Kamikeaouli, and Kaikioewa appointed governor.

To be continued.

From the American Monthly Magazine.

A QUEEN'S FAREWELL.

A Sketch from French History. (Continued.)

The widow of England's Henry, the mother of his heir, must reside in her husband's palace; and when Isabella thought of her eternal separation from the child of her affections, she felt, she knew, that her punishment had begun on earth. Sad, indeed, was this last farewell, while the distant murmur from the city seemed to mingle with their whispering accents, like the first breath of the north wind, the unerring precursor of a coming storm.

"Mother," said the gentle mourner, raising her dark eyes and gazing earnestly in her mother's face; "when next you gaze at evening upon this starry firmament, this noble river, this fair city where first I drew my breath, I shall have left my own dear land of France for ever. Mother, dearest mother, will you not sometimes think of your desolate child, of the wretched exile who is doomed never again to gaze upon her mother's face, or upon the clear blue sky of her father land."

"Think of thee," replied Isabella, "weep for thee, if tears are yet vouchsafed to me. Home, country, I have neither; my home was in thy heart, dear one; for thou, and thou alone, lovest me. My happiness was wrapped up in thine, and we, the mother and child, must part. Better, far better, to die, Catharine."

"Why, why did I become a hero's bride?" exclaimed the weeping Catharine.

"Why?" replied Isabella, bitterly, "to break thy mother's heart. My hatred has ever been successful, my love ever betrayed."

The young princess hid her face in her mother's bosom as she sobbed forth: "It was a dream, beloved mother, a bright, a lovely dream; I was

happy, beloved, the pledge of the happiness of two kingdoms, the object of a nation's love; and now — oh God of mercy!"

"Catharine," said the queen earnestly, "tell me, a people's love must prove their sovereign's blessing. But I, I, daughter, am hated?"

"Mother," answered the princess, anxious to avoid so fearful a subject; "mother, they tell me the Tower of London is cold and gloomy, a fit abode for a bereaved wife and sorrowing daughter."

"A queen, my child! is ever sorrowing. I do not weep for myself, but for thee, so early called to suffer. And yet wilt thou leave behind thee a queen of France more to be pitied even than thyself. Seest thou that man?" continued she, averting her head and pointing to a corner of the room. "He would hate me if God had not bereaved him of reason. Around me are enemies. The Duke of Burgundy hates me, the Duke of Bedford needs me not; the English despise and insult me; and my son, oh God! I have lost more than thou hast lost — splendor, happiness, power, hope; and now must I lose thee, my only earthly comfort, the only creature whom I have not harmed."

Her sobs impeded her articulation, and she paused, exhausted by her own emotions. Perhaps she hoped for one word of consolation, of extenuation, from her daughter's lips. But the picture was but too faithfully drawn, and again the shuddering princess hid her face without articulating a syllable. "I am not mistaken," continued Isabella, sadly; "my future, a hard, a fearful future is before me. The time is fast approaching when alone, forgotten, in solitude, and perhaps in want, I shall terminate a life of ambitious projects, blasted hopes, and unrepented crimes. There will be no friendly hand to close my eyes, no kind heart to drop a tear or say a prayer for my soul, no human being to follow to St. Denis the corpse of the queen of France."

"Wolf," cried a voice which made them start; "where art thou, Wolf?"

The speaker was a tall thin man, with venerable white hair, and a striking and noble countenance. He was standing by a small table of ebony covered with cards, which he occasionally shuffled while his eyes were fixed with a stern and melancholy expression upon a velvet cap which lay at his feet. He was dressed in the rich garb of the times, but the gold on his embroidered suit was tarnished and the velvet rusty with age. There was altogether an air of neglect, almost, amounting to poverty, about this old man, strangely at variance with the massive gold chain which encircled his throat. He seemed to be almost in a state of stupor, though now and then the name "Wolf," "Wolf," trembled upon his pale and quivering lips.

"Catharine," said queen Isabella bitterly, "that too is worse than death. Farewell, beloved one, farewell; virtuous or guilty, it is written women are born to misery. Farewell then to thee, the only being I have ever loved; I must yield to the fate I have carved out for myself. But thou, my idolized child, promise me never to curse thy guilty, thy wretched mother." As she spoke she clasped her daughter