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POETRY.

LAW.

It is the tyrant's death, the freeman's guard;
Or framed around the savage council fire—
Or where the yeoman keepeth watch and ward
In glens and mountains—where the ancient sire
With patriarchal justice rules his halls—
Or where a nation rising up from sleep,
Unbinds its chains and bursts the ancient walls
Which shut in wolves among the flying sheep—
Or where meet sages in a deep conclave
O'er Right and Justice. Then when Truth approves
Doth Freedom smile and dig the Tyrant's grave,
While Heaven in man with gentle mercy moves,
And strong and weak in bonds of justice binds,
Perfecting this a brotherhood of minds.

Leaves from Memory's Note Book. NUMBER 6.

Rio Janeiro appears to good advantage from the water. Its spacious churches, convents, and hills covered with buildings, all stuccoed, whitewashed, or painted with some bright color, but relieved by green lattice-work to the windows, shine conspicuously in the clear sunlight. Many of the buildings are diuzy from age, having been constructed nearly three centuries since. These give the town, for an American one, a venerable appearance. The church "di Gloria," situated on the summit of one of the hills, and embowered in shrubbery, adds much to the picturesque variety of the scene. On the opposite side of the bay is a large town, to which steam-ferry boats regularly run.—Numerous other craft, rigged with lattice sails or pulled by negroes, also ply between the two places. The oars used in their boats are of great size, and the slaves in pulling them rise from their seats and throw their whole weight into the stroke. Near the landing lay an iron steamboat which had made the voyage from England. Fronting the mole is the famous hotel Phareux, a French establishment, combining all the excellencies of those of its class in Europe. Its tables are crowded; their chief attraction is a species of shrimp called "camaroni," of most delicious flavor. The oysters of the bay are fat and large, but unhealthy on account of the oxidation of the copper from ships bottoms. They are seldom eaten with impunity, unless when brought from a distance.

To the right of the mole is the square, with its fountain of plain stone. The Emperor's palace faces upon it. Externally it is remarkable for neither architectural taste or elaborate ornament. It is a very plain building, but spacious, and communicates by a covered way at its farther extremity, with the Emperor's chapel, about which, neither externally or internally, is there any thing remarkable. A church on the other side is far richer. The endowments of many of the churches are said to be on a princely scale. To the left of the palace is one unfinished, but which in the arrangement of its interior presents the most perfect specimen of Roman Catholic architecture which I have ever seen. Its ornaments are chaste and impressive.

The market place is contiguous to the square, and forms itself a hollow square, well paved, with roofed stalls at its sides.—It is filled with blacks, and the display of fish, fruits, vegetables and flowers, is very good. Rio oranges are celebrated the world over. To strangers the rue d'ovidor is the street of most attractions. Like almost all others, it is narrow, its pavements rough, and its sidewalks not much better. But it is the great thoroughfare of buyers, and in it are displayed in the greatest profusion, the richest manufactures of the old world, mingled with the natural riches of the new.—The shops are small; and the most attractive are those where the feather flowers are made: these are kept by French women. Some of their work is exceedingly delicate

and beautiful; particularly the wreaths made from the skins of humming birds. The diamond shops have some fine gems, but none of great value are kept in sight.

The population of Rio is now estimated at 300,000. Of this number there are said to be 8000 French. The slave population appears to be the predominating one, and colors vary from the ebony hue, which is very abundant, to the pure European tinge, which is comparatively rare. The native Brazilians, such as one sees in the streets, are a diminutive, dark looking race, with but little that is prepossessing in their countenances. Both male and female are obnoxious to this remark. But the better classes—particularly the females—are not much to be seen abroad. Brazilian jealousy and inhospitality are proverbial, but becoming less as refinement and education increase. A hostile feeling exists between the native Brazilians and Portuguese, owing doubtless to the emoluments and monopolies formerly enjoyed by the latter, when Brazil was dependant upon Portugal. The foreign American society is very limited, but as everywhere else is hospitable to the fullest extent.

The streets of Rio are lighted to the distance of several miles into the country.—The neighboring rides are delightful. That to the Emperor's garden is one much frequented. Carriages are exceedingly expensive. The turn-outs, however, are gay, and the steeds good. Parties generally take a four-horse barouche. The drivers put their horses at a rapid gallop through the narrow streets, dashing over the rough pavements with a velocity that threatens momentarily to wreck the establishment and jeopardise those on foot. But it is the custom, and the people have from long practice become quite expert in clearing the way. A naval friend of mine, however, who was on horseback in one of the narrow streets, unexpectedly met the Emperor and his suite; a detachment of lancers were charging in front at full speed. They were too quick for him to run from them, and to avoid being overthrown he dashed into the open door of a store kept by a French modiste, who was equally astonished and alarmed at the sudden appearance of horse and rider amid her wares. The galloping by of the suite explained the matter, and with the native politeness of her race, she readily pardoned the intrusion.

The gardens, which are six miles from town, are much visited. They are laid out with much taste and elegance. Amid the profuse richness of the vegetable kingdom of Brazil are to be seen the rarest flowers, shrubs and trees of the East, and other climes. The spices of India emit their fragrance, and the tea of China grows with all the vigor of its native soil. Several acres are devoted to the culture of this plant.—Ponds, fountains, cascades, waterfalls, parterres, hedges of roses, and the most beautiful flowers, and labyrinths of walks with rustic seats are so arranged as to afford the greatest gratification to the eye. In one portion of the garden, the visitor comes suddenly upon a house composed entirely of trees, which have been guided and trimmed so as to form a perfect building, with doors, windows, &c. It is situated upon a mound, and commands from its windows a view of the best portion of the garden.—Slaves are in attendance, and for a trifle supply visitors with choice bouquets.

There is a museum at Rio open once a week to the public. It contains a large collection of Brazilian minerals, including diamonds and the precious ores. It is also quite rich in ornithology, and has a small collection of Egyptian Antiquities which are

interesting. Among many mummies, I noticed one of a young female, so perfect and so skilfully prepared as to resemble life itself rather than the withered remains of humanity's form. Each limb, even to the fingers was separately bandaged and the form perfectly retained. The bosom, chest, waist, arms &c., were as true and as graceful in their outline as if fresh from the studio of a Canova. The face was covered with a painted mask, on which the features were marked. If they were intended as a likeness, she must have been beautiful; and what but beauty could have been joined to so perfect a body. It was small and exceedingly delicate; perhaps she had died at sweet sixteen, or else a few years more may have been added to her existence, and those pretty feet have danced in the halls of the Ptolomies, and that hand been pressed by the nobles of her native land. Her lot may have been a thousand years before even the Ptolomies, and her beauty graced the courts of the earliest Pharaohs. From the rich gilding and ornaments of her sarcophagus, I should judge her rank to have been high or her wealth great. Strange fate for her remains. Those who had wept her lot, had met the same, and now three thousand years after, her form as beautiful as when animated by the spirit of life and youth, lay in the halls of a nation which her ancestors in their wildest fancies had never dreamed of. And there come up to gaze upon it men of all kindreds and tongues, nations and languages which in her time had no existence; those gazers year after year as they look, bear away with them a moral. Soon they will crumble in their graves and yet fresh crowds will hasten to view her undiminished beauty and bear away with them a lesson, which it would be well if it were oftener and longer remembered. The longer I looked the more it seemed as if she but slumbered, and a touch or word could cast aside her envelopes and arise. But beneath them would have been seen as in others laying near by, the shriveled, blackened muscle, the half protruding bone, eyes socketless, and cheeks like parchment, death grim with age yet struggling against decay. How much better to look upon the frame that once enclosed life, in the guise which those authors of primeval civilization gave to their dead, than at the crumbling remains which fill our tombs, or the wired skeletons that hang in our halls of science. No object I saw in Rio interested me half so much, the more perhaps as affording such boundless room for pleasing conjecture, and as so fair a specimen of a lost art.

WANDERING TIM.

SELECTED.

Light for the Mind.

Charles Dickens (about whom, by the way, "the world" in our meridian seems of late astonishingly quiet) does not believe, with Pope, that

"A little learning is a dangerous thing."

At the late grand Soiree of the members of the Manchester (Eng.) Athenæum, held for the benefit of that literary institution, Dickens made a speech which is well spoken of in our foreign journals, and of which the following is an extract, characteristic of the man in his humor and easy philosophy:—

"How often have we heard, from that large class of men, wise in their generation, who would really seem to be born and bred for no other purpose than to pass into currency counterfeit and mischievous scraps of wisdom—as it is the sole pursuit of some other criminals to utter base coin—how often have we heard from them, as an ill-convincing and self-evident argument, that, "a little learning was a dangerous thing." Why a little hanging was considered a very dangerous thing, according to the same authorities—with this difference, that because a little hanging was dangerous, we had a great

deal of it, and because a little learning was dangerous, we were to have none at all. Why when I hear such cruel absurdities gravely reiterated, I do sometimes begin to doubt whether the parrots of society are not more pernicious to its interests than its birds of prey. I should be glad to hear such people's estimate of the comparative danger of a little learning and a vast amount of ignorance. I should be glad to know which they consider the most prolific parent of misery and crime. Descending a little lower in the social scale, I should be glad to assist them in their calculation, by carrying them to certain goals and nightly refuges I know of, where my heart dies within me when I see thousands of immortal creatures condemned, without alternative or choice, to tread, not what our great poet calls "the primrose path to the everlasting bonfire," but of jagged flints and stones, laid down by brutal ignorance, and held together by the help of that most wicked adage. Would we know from any honorable body of merchants, upright in deed and in thought, whether they would rather have ignorant or enlightened persons in their employment, why, we have their answer in this building; we have their answer in this company; we have their answer given in the munificent generosity of your own merchants of Manchester, of all sects and kinds, when this establishment was first proposed.

"But, ladies and gentlemen, are the advantages derivable by the people from institutions such as this only of a negative character? If a little learning be an innocent thing, has it no distinct, wholesome, and immediate influence upon the mind? The old dogged rhyme so often written in the beginning of books, says that,

"When house and land are gone and spent,
Then learning is most excellent."

"But I should be strongly disposed to reform the adage, and to say that,

"Though house and lands be never got,
Learning can give what they cannot."

"And this I know, that the first unpurchaseable blessing earned by every man who makes an effort to improve himself in such a place as the Athenæum is self-respect,—an inward dignity of character,—which, when once acquired, and righteously maintained, nothing, no, not the hardest drudgery, nor the direst poverty, can vanquish. Though he should find it hard to keep the wolf of hunger from his door, let him but once have chased the dragon of ignorance from his hearth, and self-respect and hope are left him. You can no more deprive him of these sustaining qualities by loss or destruction of his worldly goods, than you could by plucking out his eyes take from him an internal consciousness of the bright glory of the sun. The man who lives, from day to day, by the exercise, in his sphere, of hands or head, and seeks to improve himself in such a place as the Athenæum, acquires for himself that property of soul which has in all times upheld struggling man to a degree, but self-made man especially and always. He secures for himself the faithful companion, which, while it has ever lent the light of his countenance to men of rank and minds who have deserved it, has even shed its greatest consolations on men of low estate and almost hopeless means. It took its patient seat beside Sir Walter Raleigh, in his dungeon-study in the tower; and laid its head on the block with More.—But it did not disdain to outwatch the stars with Ferguson, the shepherd's boy; it walked the streets in mean attire with Crabbe; it was a poor barber here in Lancashire with Arkwright; it was a tallow-chandler's lad with Franklin; it worked at shoemaking with Bloomfield in his garret; it followed the plough with Burns; and high above the noise of loom and hammer, it whispers courage, at this day, in ears that I could name in Sheffield and Manchester.

"The more the man who improves his leisure in such a place learns, the better, gentler, kinder man he must become. When he knows how much great minds have suffered for the truth in every age and time, and to what dismal persecution opinion has been exposed, he will become more tolerant of other men's belief in all matters, and will incline more leniently to their sentiments when they chance to differ from his own. Understanding that the relations between himself and his employers involve a mutual duty, and responsibility he will discharge his part of the implied contract cheerfully, faithfully,