

THE POLYNESIAN.

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J. JARVES, Editor.

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From the Boston Mercantile Journal.

"AFFAIR" BETWEEN A WHALING CAPTAIN AND A MILITARY OFFICER.

Perhaps some of my readers may have heard of the story of the duel between Captain Lovett of New Bedford and an English officer in Demerara. It has been variously related, but the only true version is as follows:

Captain Zechariah Lovett, after having performed several whaling voyages to the Pacific, found himself in command of a small brig belonging to New York, on a voyage to Demerara. He was a worthy man, and a good specimen of a Yankee sailor. His heart was full of the milk of human kindness, but he possessed a noble spirit, and would neither give nor take an insult.

While his little brig *Cinderella* lay at anchor in Demerara River, Capt. Lovett one afternoon entered a coffee-house where he met with a friend, and they amused themselves by knocking the balls out in the billiard room. Soon after, and before the game was half finished, some English military officers entered, one of whom, Captain Bigbee, stepped up to Capt. Lovett, who was arrayed in a very plain, not to say ordinary costume, and with a bullying air demanded the table, as himself and brother officers wished to play a match.

Captain Lovett gave the red-coated gentleman a stern look, but replied with courtesy, that he and his friend had engaged the table and would play out their game, after which, if the gentlemen wished to play, it was at their service.

"But we can't wait," said Capt. Bigbee in an insolent tone.

"You must wait," coolly replied Capt. Lovett.

"But we shall do no such thing," exclaimed the surly Briton; "we came here to play billiards, and have no idea of being disappointed by a couple of fellows who hardly know a mace from a cue, or a ball from the pocket. It will take you the afternoon to finish the game—so clear out."

Captain Lovett and his friend played

"Come," continued the officer,

"enough of this—marker, place the balls."

Saying which, with a most impudent air, he seized one of the balls which Captain Lovett's opponent had just driven into the pocket, and caught up another one which was near him.

The matter was growing serious. Captain Lovett's eye flashed fire; for although he had mingled a good deal among Quakers, and respected that moral sect for their humility and quiet demeanor, he was no non-resistant man himself. He dropped his cue and doubled up a fist of portentous size. "Put these balls upon the table, you scoundrel," he exclaimed, imperatively, "and leave the room."

"Who do you call scoundrel, you Yankee blackguard? Do you know you are talking to one of His Majesty's officers? Be that for your impertinence," at the same time suiting the action to the word, he gave Captain Lovett a smart rap across the shoulders with his cue. But in an instant he received a blow on his forehead, exactly where phrenologists locate the organ of eventuality, which would have felled an ox, and submissively ac-

knowledged the favor by measuring his length upon the floor!

His brother officers who were with him had the good sense to see that Bigbee was to blame, and although they looked rather black at the Yankees, they wisely forbore to molest them further, but assisted the stunned bully to another room, where, by the help of some restoratives he soon recovered his senses. His rage and mortification at the result of the rencontre, knew no bounds, and with many a bitter oath he declared he would have satisfaction.

Before Capt. Lovett left the coffee-house, a billet was handed him by Lieut. James, which proved to be a challenge—a peremptory challenge—from Capt. Bigbee, in which it was insisted that arrangements should be made for an early meeting, that he might have an opportunity to wash off the affront he had received, in Capt. Lovett's heart's blood.

Capt. Lovett smiled when he saw such manifestations of a christian spirit. "Tell Capt. Bigbee," said he, "that I will not balk him; he shall have the opportunity he so earnestly seeks. Although not a fighting man, I am familiar with the duel laws, and if he will be to-morrow morning on the bank of the green canal, near the South Quay—rather a secluded spot—he shall have satisfaction to his heart's content."

Lieut. James bowed politely and withdrew. Capt. Lovett went on board the *Cinderella* soon after, and ordered his mate, Mr. Starbuck, also a veteran whale-hunter, to select the two best harpoons and have them nicely ground and fitted, as an opportunity might offer on the morrow of striking a porpoise. Mr. Starbuck obeyed his superior officer with alacrity, although he wondered not a little why Capt. Lovett expected to find porpoises in Demerara River.

The next morning, as soon as all hands were called, Capt. Lovett ordered the boat to be manned, and requested Mr. Starbuck to take the two harpoons, to each of which some eight or ten fathoms of rattling-stuff were attached, and accompany him on shore. In a few moments the boat reached the South Quay, where Capt. Lovett was met by several of his countrymen, who had been attracted to the spot by the rumor of the duel, as well as several merchants and others, inhabitants of the place. They one and all remonstrated with Capt. Lovett for his folly in consenting to fight with the English military bully, who was represented as a practised duelist, an expert swordsman, and an unrivalled marksman with a pistol, being sure of his man at twelve paces. Capt. Lovett, however, did not show the least inclination to back out, but on the contrary seemed more eager for the engagement. "I'll give that quarrelsome fellow a lesson," said he, "which will be of service to him, and which he will never forget as long as his name is Bigbee."

The challenger, with his forehead ornamented with a large patch to cover the impression left by the Yankee's knuckles, and his swollen eyes dimly twinkling with anger and mortification through two huge livid circles, accompanied by his second, soon made his appearance. He was followed by his servant with a pistol-case and an assortment of swords. He bowed stiffly to Capt. Lovett, and Lieut.

James, approaching the Yankee, asked him if he was willing to fight with swords. "If so," said he, "I believe we can suit you. We have brought the small-sword; a neat, gentlemanlike weapon; the cut-and-thrust, good in a *melee*, and which will answer indifferently in a duel; and the broadsword or cutlass, which is often preferred by those who are deficient in skill in the use of arms. My friend, Captain Bigbee, is equally expert with either. You have only to choose. As the challenged party, you have an undoubted right to select your arms."

"Of that privilege I am well aware," replied Capt. Lovett, "and mean to avail myself of it. I shall not fight with swords."

"I expected as much," resumed Lieut. James, "and have brought with me a beautiful pair of duelling pistols, with long barrels, rifle bores, and hair triggers. What distance shall I measure off?"

"Eight paces."

"Only eight paces!" cried Lieut. James, a little surprised. "O, very well,"—and he measured it off and placed his man at his post. Then advancing to Capt. Lovett, he presented him with a pistol.

"I do not fight with pistols!"

"Not fight with pistols—after having refused to fight with swords? What brought you here then?"

"To fight!" shouted Lovett in a thundering voice, which made the British officers start. "I am the challenged party, and have a right to choose my weapons according to the laws of the *duello*, all the world over; and you may rely upon it I shall not select weapons with which I am not familiar, and with which my antagonist has been practising all his life. Such a proceeding on my part is not only not required by the rules of honor, which, after all is a mere chimera, but would be contrary to all the dictates of common sense. No; I shall fight with the weapons of honorable warfare, with which I have ever been accustomed. Swords and pistols indeed!"

"But, my dear Sir," cried the astonished Lieutenant, "we must proceed according to rule in this business. What weapon have you fixed upon?"—and in fancy's eye he beheld before him a huge blunderbuss, loaded, with buckshot.

Captain Lovett said nothing, but beckoned to Mr. Starbuck, who approached him with great alacrity, bearing the two harpoons. He seized one of the formidable weapons, and thrust it into the hands of Bigbee, who seemed absolutely paralyzed with astonishment.

"My weapon," said he, "is the *javelin*—such as the Grecian and Roman knights often fought with in olden times—a weapon which no man who challenges another, can refuse to fight with at the present day, unless he possesses a mean and craven spirit."

Thus saying, he took the station which had been assigned him, at eight paces distant from his startled antagonist. He coolly bared his sinewy arm—grasped the harpoon, and placed himself in an attitude. "I'll bet," said he, casting a triumphant look upon his friends, "a smoked herring against a sperm whale, that I'll drive the harpoon through that fellow's midriff the first throw, and will finish him without the aid of the lance."

Mr. Starbuck," fiercely continued Capt. Lovett, in a loud and rough voice, such as is seldom heard, excepting on board a Nantucket whaling-vessel when a shoal of whales is in sight, "stand by to haul that fellow in!"

The mate grasped the line, his eyes beaming with as much expectation and delight as if he was steering a boat bow on to an eighty barrel whale; while Captain Lovett poised his harpoon with both hands, keenly eyed the British Captain, shouted in a tremendous voice, "Now for it!" and drew back his arm, as in the act of throwing the fatal iron.

The Englishman was a brave man—which is not always the case with bullies—and he had often marched, without flinching, up to the mouth of a cannon. And if he had been met in single combat with an adversary armed with a sword or a pistol, or even a dagger or a Queen's arm, he would have borne himself manfully. Indeed, he had already acquired an unenviable notoriety as a duelist, and had killed his man. But the *harpoon* was a weapon with which he was altogether unacquainted; and the loud and exulting tones of the Yankee Captain's voice sounded like a summons to his grave. And when he saw the stalwart Yankee raise the polished iron, and pause for an instant as if concentrating all his strength to give the fatal blow, a panic terror seized him—his limbs trembled—his features were of a ghastly pallor, and the cold sweat stood in large drops on his forehead. He had not strength to raise his weapon; and when his grim opponent shouted "*Now for it!*" and shook his deadly spear, the British officer, forgetting his vows of chivalry—his reputation as an officer, and his honor as a duelist, threw his harpoon on the ground, fairly turned his back to his enemy, and fled like a frightened courser from the field, amid the jeers, the jibes, and the hurrahs of the multitude assembled by this time on the spot!

Captain Bigbee's duelling days were over. No man would fight with him after his adventure with the Yankee. He was overwhelmed with insult and ridicule, and soon found it advisable to change into another regiment; but his story got there before him, and he was soon sent to 'Coventry' as a disgraced man. He was compelled, although with great reluctance, to quit the service; and it may with great truth be said, that he never forget the lesson he had received from the veteran whaler, as long as his name was Bigbee.

LETTER FROM MR. ADAMS.

From the Baltimore Chronicle.

A Letter addressed by MR. ADAMS to the officers of a Literary Society in Baltimore.

WASHINGTON, June 22, 1838.

GENTLEMEN: I have no words to express my gratitude for the kind feelings and more than friendly estimate of my character contained in your letter of the 9th instant, and am not less at a loss for language to utter the humiliation of a deep conviction how little your panegyric has been deserved.

Were it even so far deserved that I could find myself qualified to give you the advice which you desire, it would afford me the most heartfelt pleasure to give it, but situated in life as you repre-

sent yourselves to be. I could scarcely name any list of books, or of authors, which I could recommend as equally worthy of attention to you all. The first, and almost the only book, deserving such universal recommendation, is the Bible—and, in recommending that, I fear that some of you will think I am performing a superfluous, and others a very unnecessary, office—yet such is my deliberate opinion. The Bible is the book, of all others, to be read at all ages, and in all conditions of human life; not to be read once or twice or thrice through, and then to be laid aside, but to be read in small portions of one or two chapters, every day, and never to be intermitted, unless by some overruling necessity.

The attentive and repeated perusal of the Bible, in small portions every day, leads the mind to habitual meditation upon subjects of the highest interest to the welfare of the individual in this world, as well as to prepare him for that hereafter to which we are all destined. It furnishes rules for our conduct towards others in our social relations. In the commandments delivered from Sinai, in the inimitable sublimity of the Psalms and of the Prophets, in the profound and concentrated observations upon human life and manners embodied in the Proverbs of Solomon, in the philosophical allegory so beautifully set forth in the narrative of facts, whether real or imaginary, of the Book of Job, an active mind cannot peruse a single chapter and lay the book aside to think, and take it up again tomorrow, without finding in it advices for our own conduct, which we may turn to useful account in the progress of our daily pilgrimage upon earth; and when we pass from the Old Testament to the New, we meet at once a system of universal morality founded upon one precept of universal application, pointing us to peace and good will towards the whole race of man for this life, and to peace with God, and an ever blessed existence hereafter.

My Friends, if all or any of you have spiritual pastors to guide you in the paths of salvation, do not imagine that I am encroaching upon the field of their appropriate services. I speak as a man of the world to men of the world, and I say to you *search the scriptures!* If ever you tire of them in seeking for a rule of faith and a standard of morals, search them as records of *history*. General and compendious history is one of the fountains of human knowledge to which you should all resort with steady and persevering pursuit. The Bible contains the only authentic introduction to the history of the world; and in storing your minds with the facts of this history, you will immediately perceive the need of assistance from geography and chronology. These assistances you may find in many of the Bibles published with commentaries, and you can have no difficulty in procuring them. Acquaint yourselves with the chronology and geography of the Bible; that will lead you to a general knowledge of chronology and geography, ancient and modern, and these will open to you an inexhaustible fountain of knowledge respecting the globe which you inhabit, and respecting the race of man (its inhabitant) to which you yourselves belong.

You may pursue these inquiries just so far as your time and inclination will permit. Give one hour of mental application, (for you must not read without thinking, or you will read to little purpose,) give an hour of joint reading and thought to the chronology, and one to the geography of the Bible, and, if it introduces you to too hard a study, stop there. Even for those two hours you will ever after read the Bible, and any other history, with more fruit—more intelligence—more satisfaction. But if those two hours excite your curiosity, and tempt you to devote part of an hour every day for a year

or years, to study thoroughly the chronology and geography of the Bible, it will not only lead you far deeper than you will otherwise ever penetrate, into the knowledge of the book, but it will spread floods of light upon every step you shall ever afterwards take in acquiring the knowledge of profane history, and upon the local habitation of every tribe of man, and upon the name of every nation into which the children of Adam have been divided.

There are many other subsidiary studies to which you may devote more or less of time, for the express purpose of making your Bible reading more intelligible to yourselves. It is a book which neither the most ignorant and weakest, nor the most learned and intelligent mind can read without improvement.

There are other books of great worth and of easy acquisition, which I suppose will be accessible to you all. The Libraries of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge, the Family Library, the Monthly and Quarterly Reviews and Magazines, which are in a continual succession of publication in this country as well as in England, will furnish you a constant supply of profitable reading; for the selection of which, time, inclination and opportunity will be your wisest counsellors. As citizens of a free country, taking an interest in its public concerns, I am sure I need not remind you how strong your impulse should be to seek an intimate knowledge of the history of America, from the voyage of Columbus, and even of his supposed predecessors, Prince Madloc of Wales, and the Northmen, down to the Olympiads of Andrew Jackson and Martin Van Buren. The American Hemisphere—the Continent of North America—the United States of America, before and since the acquisition of Louisiana, and every separate State of this Union, is a series of historical problems of which you should systematically seek the solution. Read the Constitution of the United States—the Commentary of the Federalist—the Constitution and History of your own States—Biographies, beginning with Langhorne's Plutarch, and thence proceeding to the History of John Smith; to the American Biographies of Belknap and Sparks; to Washington Irving's Life of Columbus; and to the Articles of Penn, and Calvert, and Locke, and Oglethorpe, which will lead you on to others in the Encyclopedia Americana or Conversations Lexicon. Then the *fashionable* Novels and Poetry of the present time; Scott, Byron, Moore, Rogers, Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, the two Montgomerys, Cooper, Paulding, Willis, Mrs. Hemans and Lady Blessington, Mrs. Sigourney and Miss Gould, and, worth them all, Miss Edgeworth—and lastly, the Reports of your countrymen, travellers in foreign lands—Dr. Dwight, Dr. Sprague, Mr. Bigelow, Lieut. Slidel and Dr. Fisk, with many others whose names do not at this moment occur to me. But I have given you more than enough, and, after all, hardly know whether the catalogue will meet your inquiries, or satisfy your expectations. After all, I must conclude with the advice of the serving man to the young Student of —, in Shakspeare—'Study what you most affect.'

And I remain your friend and fellow-student for life.
J. Q. ADAMS.
Messrs. Lewis Audoun, H. D. McCulloch, and C. L. L. Leary, a Committee of the Franklin Association of Baltimore.

THE POLYNESIAN.

SATURDAY, JAN. 16, 1841.

The meagreness of detail in the narratives of the early voyagers, of all that illustrates the manners and customs of the South Sea Islanders, must forcibly strike every one who peruses their pages. They seem to have recorded merely transient events, and have given us a full journal of every day oc-

currences, in which they performed the principal part, without troubling themselves to inquire deeply into the history, traditions, religion and customs of the strange race among which they were sojourning. This deficiency in their otherwise faithful pictures of new scenes and scenery, has left a wide blank in the history of Polynesia which research has as yet done but little in filling up. We read of religious festivals, of orders of priesthood, the tyranny of the rulers, and other matters of this nature, and yet there are no connecting links to enable us to form any adequate idea of them, by which we could compare these institutions with those of other nations. Perhaps there is not much left to be gathered, but enough has been told to stimulate our curiosity to secure the remainder. What do we know of their astronomy, poetry, songs, their polity—of the origin of the kapu system, their professions and trades! Little else but that they existed among them at such a date, and have now perished, to be revived no more. To form a correct opinion of their character, we should know whence their origin, their relations with one another, in short, the whole minutiae of their civil and domestic life. To a student of history such facts are no less important and interesting than the recital of the genealogy of their chiefs—their wars, and revolutions—indeed the attempt to innovate upon the established customs of a people has cost many a ruler his power. It is through them, too, that the principle of civilization is to be traced; the gradual development of human mind, shown in its progress after truth, or its sinking deeper into error. By collating facts of this nature, much can be done towards tracing the course of nations to their common origin, of unravelling as it were, the snarled thread of time. They are the guide-posts to historical research, telling the advance as well as direction of the different branches of the human race. With what interest do the nations that now direct the destinies of the earth look back upon the feeble dawning of their incipient powers; to that age when they roamed the wilds, as rude and free as nature herself; when they were a race of barbarians. Who would recognize the modern Germans in the description of the savages of that name given by Tacitus. Has England, all powerful and intellectual as she now is, forgotten the times when her shores were peopled by a race of cruel, dispirited *white* savages, equally as unable to defend their coasts from invasion as the Indians of modern days. They were a race looked upon with so much contempt by the then Mistress of the World, that Cicero in a letter to his friend Atticus, advised him "not to obtain his slaves from Britain, because they are so stupid, and utterly incapable of being taught, that they are unfit to form a part of the household of Atticus!" Where the metropolis of Scotland now stands, a race of cannibals once lived. What has come down to us of the history of those times carries with it the interest of a romance, and the pages of history are searched to trace the origin of that civilization, and those institutions which are now the glory and admiration of the world. If then so much importance is attached to the early records of a people, no time should be lost in securing all the remains of this nation. The race of ancient priests, orators, and poets, the knowledge of trades, the customs and traditions of former days, are rapidly passing away, and indeed may not now be said to exist, except in the memories of the aged. The young are growing up strangers to their fathers. Habits, thoughts, religion—all changed, or changing. Even now, the words of their former songs are unintelligible to them, and shortly, through the mingling of their race with the whites, the spreading of civilization, and advancement of Christianity, a new nation will be formed. It is the pulling down of an old building, to make room for a new. We do not speak of this in regret, far from it—but to call the attention of those who

have it in their power, to secure before it is too late, all that is valuable in the history of the past. The natives themselves have little or no feeling upon the subject, and like people undergoing a revolution of character and government, are more absorbed in the contemplation of the future, than in thoughts of the past. This duty must devolve upon those familiar with the language, and who intercourse with the natives will direct them to the best sources of information. No one has better opportunities than missionaries, and certainly adding their mites to the knowledge of the past, and thus increasing the intellectual store of mankind, would be an unworthy labor. Let all who can, collect: one, and that not the least important, the uses of a journal published here, to preserve all of this nature, that may be saved from oblivion—the attention of other foreigners will thus be drawn to this group, and an interchange of sentiments effected, valuable alike to both. No pains are spared to develop the commercial capabilities of the islands, and to foster the rising spirit of commerce. Then let us make a similar effort for its intellectual treasures.

Ka Iama Hawaii, the Hawaiian Language, is the title of a new paper printed at Lahainalona, Maui, in the Hawaiian language, and edited by Rev. L. Andrews. More properly speaking, it is the old paper of that name revived. The first volume was issued in 1834, when it was merged into *Kumu Hawaii*, and printed at Honolulu. The number we have received is No. Vol. 2; a neat, well-filled sheet, of the size of our own. It is published once a fortnight. We wish it success.

We have not been able to secure a translation of John II's Speech in time for this number.

COLD WEATHER! The night of the 11th is said to have been the coldest on record at Honolulu. The morning of the 12th the thermometer stood at 55°

MISS THOMSON, EMPRESS OF MOROCCO. Amongst other legends or anecdotes a romantic kind which Mrs. Blanckley records, we find a story of an Empress of Morocco that is quite as good as any that is furnished by the novelists. Truth, in this case, is quite as strange as fiction, and great deal more impressive.—*London Paper.*

Mr. Clark told me the following curious story:—That when he was at Cadiz a galley arrived, which had just escaped from Tangiers with the first and favorite wife of Muli Mahomed, the Emperor of Morocco, who had been assassinated by his rebellious son Muli Ismael. This lady, who, with attendants, was seeking a refuge in Spain, was originally a Miss Thomson, of Cadiz, and when on her passage from that city to Cadiz, on a matrimonial expedition she had been captured by a Moorish corsair, and made a slave. Her first intended bridegroom had been a Mr. Shee, an Irish merchant settled at Cadiz, who, during a visit which he had made to his native country, had become acquainted with and attached to, Miss Thomson, who possessed great charms; but as some impediments existed to their immediate union they parted, having first plighted their troth; and with the understanding that at some future period, she should join him at Cadiz, as it would be injurious to his commercial interests for him to absent himself again from the field of his speculations.

The lady, in fulfilment of her promise sailed to join her future husband, but just narrated, her destiny was changed by the capture of the vessel she was in by a Marroquin corsair, which carried her to Fez. Here Miss Thomson was detained as a slave, and closely confined, until report of her uncommon beauty had

ached the Emperor Muli Mahomed, she was by his orders, removed to the imperial palace, and every inducement held out to her to embrace the Mahomedan faith, and to accede to the Emperor's desire of making her his wife. Whether it was by persuasion, or from conviction that her fate was irrevocably decided, her various scruples were overcome, and she became the wife of Muli Mahomed, and subsequently the mother of two sons, who bore the names the eldest of Muli Ismael, and the younger of Muli Mahomed. She was the most favored of her imperial husband's wives, for he had many besides; and the number must have been great. I have heard both from Mr. Clark and Mr. Romans, who were at one time established as merchants in Morocco, that the Emperor Muli Mahomed actually formed a regiment composed entirely of his own sons, to the number of 523, most of them being blacks. Mr. Clark says that this wonderful fated lady, when he saw her in Spain, was dressed in the Moorish costume; and strange as it appears, she seemed in all respects to have adopted the tastes of her new country in reference to those of Christendom, for she afterwards returned to Morocco and there ended her days.

The following elegy was composed by Hoo-hano, a young Hawaiian, (since dead) and committed to writing, while watching the corpse of the deceased, to whom he was much attached.

THE KANIKAU

ka make ana o Gerita, ka makahiapo a Dauta Ieda ma; i make ma Honolulu Nov. 13, 1839.

NA HOOHANO o i haku.

loha wale ka pua nani,
ka Kauka kihapai,
haule ia, ua nalo no,
ka pua i opuu mua a mohala maikai ai,
ikea kona nani, a ala no hoi,
ka, hiki mai ka la wela a mae,
haule no ua pua nani nei.
nohau ka mea kihapai i ka haule ana o kekahi pua,
ia ia aole loa hou, ua nalo,
a palaha, ua huipu me ka lepo.
awe! aloha ino no na laau ohiohi,
tupu maikai ae a ua mae ka!
ulou na pua a pau, me ka heni a ala no--
lakou a puni me ka mihi nui,
awe! auwe! kuu pua e, i haule iho nei!
nau ke konohiki i kona ha'auaina,
ehea la kou mauao i kea pua no,
i kanu ai ma ko'u kuauna?"
lo mai ka haku,
la lawe au i ke aka o kona nani a pau,
haule kona opuu a huipu me ka lepo."
ni wale ka ulu ana o na laau.
loha ino ka hoana,
a una i ka mihi me ka mihi nui no,
ehea oe e Gerita i hele iho nei,
ehea oe, e hoi mai me on hoahana?
ele hookahi oe ma ke ala mehameha,
ele malihini ma ke ala ike ole ia.
Gerita e Gerita, eia no makou a pau,
a pua helele ia haule aku no.
ehea oe, e hele oe i kamaaina aloha no
makou nei a pau,
Gerita e Gerita e hele no oe ma ka make-
make o kou Haku,
ole no e hiki ke hoole i kou mauao.
hele oe, e hele oe a hele io no ma ke
ala mehameha,
pui ma ke ala hulili o ko ke Akua aupuni,
komo i ka pa nani o Ierusalem,
komo i ka malu o ko ke Akua aupuni;
himeni ana oe me na anela maikai,
e hana ho-maha ole kau hana malaila.
Gerita, e Gerita,
loha ino makou i ka ike ole ia oe;
ka nalo ana no na, aole hoi hou mai."

TRANSLATION-

ELEGY

The Death of GERRIT P. JUDD, Jr., at Honolulu, December 13, 1839. Aged ten years, eight months, and five days.

By HOOHANO, a Sandwich Islander.

REWELL to the beautiful flower of the Doctor's garden,
has fallen and vanished away;
the flower that budded first and blossomed fair,
whose splendor and fragrance were known;
and the burning sun came and it withered,
and that beautiful flower has fallen.
The occupant of the garden then wondered
at a single flower was gone from his sight.
He sought it but found it not again,

It was gone, it was decayed,
It was mingled with the dust.
Alas, what a pity for the plants to be plucked
They flourish well but soon wither.
All the flowers bowed their heads, smelling
the fragrance;
They stood around it in great sorrow.
Alas, alas, O my flower that has fallen!
The chief tenant inquired of his Landlord,
"What thinkest thou concerning this flower
Which thou didst plant in my border?"
The Lord replied, "I have taken away
The image of all its glory,
Its bud has fallen and is mingled with the
dust."
How beautifully the plants flourish!
Compassion for the tenant mourners, and
searching with grief,
"Whither, O Gerrit, has thou gone?
"When wilt thou return to thy birth-mates?
"Thou hast gone alone in the way that is
lonely,
"Thou has gone a stranger in an unknown
path.
"O Gerrit, Gerrit! Behold we all
"Are falling flowers, and soon to fall.
"Where art thou; go on a kind pioneer for
us all.
"O Gerrit, Gerrit, thou goest at the pleasure
of thy Lord,
"And none can forbid thy design,
"Go thou; travel on, till thou art wholly gone,
"Along the lonely pathway,
"And ascend the ladder of God,
"And go within the glorious walls of Jerusa-
lem,
"And enter into the peace of God's kingdom.
"Thou art singing hymns with good angels,
"And endless employment is thy employment
there.
"O Gerrit, Gerrit, how deeply we mourn
"Because we cannot now see thee,
"Because thou hast gone from our sight
"And will not return to us more.

From Foster's Cabinet Miscellany. PARLIAMENTARY REPORTING.

About the same time, the debate, which was about English labourers, being one evening unusually dull, Jack Finnarty, who had but a short time before been imported from Tipperary, said to the only other reporter in the gallery at the time, that he left very drowsy, and that he would be after taking a little bit of a nap, if he would tell him, when he awoke, anything which might take place. The other agreed; and Jack, in a moment, was fast locked in the arms of Morpheus. An hour elapsed, and after half-a-dozen yawns Jack opened his eyes.
"Has anything happened?" was his first question to his friend.
"To be sure there has," said the other, whose name was Morgan O'Sullivan.
"Has there, by the powers!" exclaimed Jack, pricking up his ears in the plenitude of his anxiety to learn what it was.
"Yes, Jack, and very important."
"By Jusus, then, and why don't you be after telling it me at once: What was it about?"
"About the virtue of the Irish potatoe, Jack."
"Was it the Irish potatoe you said, Morgan?"
"The Irish potatoe; and a most eloquent speech it was."
"Thunder and lightning, then, and why don't you tell it me?"
"I'll read it from my note book, Jack, and you'll take it down as I go on," said Morgan.
"Och, it's myself, that's ready at any time to write what any Member says about our paties. Are you ready to begin?"
"Quite ready," answered Morgan.
"Now then," said Jack, with an energy which strangely contrasted with the previous languor of his manner. "Now, then, Morgan, my boy."
Morgan affecting to read from his note book, commenced thus;—"The honourable Member said, that if"
"Och, be aisy a little pit," interrupted Jack; "who was the honourable Member?"
Morgan, hesitating for a moment—"Was it his name you asked? Sure it was Mr. Wilberforce."
"Mr. Wilberforce! Och, very well then. Morgan resumed. Mr. Wilberforce said, it always appeared to him beyond all question, that the great cause why the Irish labourers were, as body, so much stronger and capable of enduring so much greater physical fatigue than the English, was the surpassing virtues of their potatoe. And he"—
"Morgan, my dear fellow," shouted Jack at the mention of the Irish potatoe, his countenance lighting up with ecstasy as he spoke, "Morgan, my dear fellow, this is so import-

ant that we must give it in the first person."
"Do you think so?" said Morgan.
"Through, and I do;" answered Jack.
"Very well," said the other.
Morgan then resumed. "And I have no doubt," continued Mr. Wilberforce, "that had it been my lot to be born and reared in"—
"Did the member say reared?" interrupted Jack exultingly, evidently associating the word with the growth of potatoes in his own blessed country."
"He said reared," observed the other, who then resumed;—"Had it been my lot to be born and reared in Ireland, where my food would have principally consisted of the potato,—that most nutritious and salubrious root,—instead of being the poor infirm, shrivelled, and stunted creature you, Sir, and honourable gentlemen now behold me,—I would have been a tall, stout, athletic man, and able to carry an enormous weight."
Here Jack Finnarty observed, looking his friend eagerly in the face,—"Faith, Morgan, and that's what I call true eloquence? Go on."
"I hold that root to be invaluable; and the man who first cultivated it in Ireland, I regard as a benefactor of the first magnitude to his species. And my decide opinion is that never until we grow potatoes in England, in sufficient quantities to feed all our laborers, will those laborers be so able bodied a class as the Irish. ('Hear, hear!' from both sides of the House")
"Well, by St. Patrick, but that beats everything," observed Jack, on finishing his notes. "That's rare philosophy. And the other Members cried 'hear, hear!' did they?"
"The other members cried 'hear, hear!'" answered Morgan.
In a quarter of an hour afterwards the House rose. Morgan went a way direct to the office of the paper for which he was employed; while Jack, in perfect extacies at the eulogium which had been pronounced on the virtue of the potatoe of "ould Ireland," ran in breathless haste to a public house, where the reporters, who should have been on duty for the other morning papers were assembled. He read over his notes to them, which they copied verbatim, and not being at the time in the best possible condition for judging of the probability of Mr. Wilberforce delivering such a speech, they repaired to their respective offices, and actually gave a copy of it into the hands of the printer. Next morning it appeared in all the papers, except the one with which Morgan O'Sullivan was connected. The sensation and surprise it created in town exceeded everything. Had it only appeared in one or two of the papers, persons of ordinary intelligence must at once have concluded that there was some mistake about the matter. But its appearing in all of the journals except one, and that one so very obscure, that scarcely any body knew whether the speech was in it or not—forced, as it were, people to the conclusion that it must have been actually spoken. The inference was plain. Everybody, while regretting that the necessity should exist, saw that no other course was left but to put Mr. Wilberforce at once into a strait jacket, and provide him with a keeper. In the evening the House met as usual, and Mr. Wilberforce, on the Speaker taking the chair, rose and begged the indulgence of the House for one moment to a matter which concerned it, as well as himself, personally. "Every honorable member," he observed, "has doubtless read the speech which I am represented as having made on the previous night. With the permission of the House I will read it." (Here the honorable member read the speech amidst deafening roars of laughter.) "I can assure hon. members that no one could have read this speech with more surprise than I myself did this morning when I found the paper on my breakfast-table. For myself, personally, I care but little about it, though if I were capable of uttering such nonsense as is here put into my mouth, it is high time that, instead of being a member of this House, I were an inmate of some lunatic asylum. It is for the dignity of this House that I feel concerned; for if honorable members were capable of listening to such nonsense, supposing me capable of giving expression to it, it were much more appropriate to call this a theatre for the performance of farces, than a place for the legislative deliberations of the representatives of the nation."
It was proposed by some members to call the printers of the different papers in which the speech appeared, to the bar of the House, for a breach of privilege; but the matter was eventually allowed to drop.

EXPLETIVES.—It is a great pity that words cannot be painted; or rather that when spoken, they do not assume a definite and distinguishable shape—palpable to the touch and visible to the eye. If they did, the issues of the mouths of some profane swearers of our acquaintance would astonish the utterers. We leave discussion upon the sin and immorality of the practice to the clergy, our object is only to speak of the beastly and clownish appearance of the habit. However well bred and well behaved a man may be in all other respects, if he garnish his conversation with oaths and anathemas, he is a boor, and worse, in that particular. There is nothing more universally disagreeable; no sin against conventional forms more disgusting. Therefore, those who would with us pass for gentlemen must beware. A special edict—let it be observed.

TEA. The English are great tea-drinkers, It is computed that the average annual consumption of this herb, in different countries, is as follows; France, 230,000 lbs.; Germany, 2,000,000 lbs.; Holland, 2,300,000 lbs, Russia, 6,500,000 lbs.; United States, 8, 200,000 lbs.; Great Britain, 33,000,000 lbs.

It is estimated, according to the latest advices from England, that the stock of tea at present in London is 35,000,000 lbs.

A REGULAR YANKEE.—The Stamford Sentinel says, that they have got a man in that place y'clept Noah Webb, who is a real Jack at all trades. If the following is true of him, Noah could not have "held a candle" at least, to his great namesake of Ark building memory;—Besides letting out boats and repairing jewelry, opening oysters and teaching accoridian; cutting hair and dealing in s'oves, mending furniture, and cleaning watches, selling fruit and pulling teeth, selling fish and buying shares in the Atlantic Steam Packet Company, teaching dancing, and the best way to hoe potatoes, he lectures his customers on the science of phrenology, while he is descanting on the flavors of round clams. He also takes the papers.

DECLAIMERS AGAINST THE WORLD.—They declaim most against the world who have most sinned against it; as people generally abuse those they have injured.

MARINE NEWS.



PORT OF HONOLULU.

SAILED.

Jan. 10. Br. Brig Harlequin, Lonsdale, for China.

Jan. 14. Am. Brig Thomas Perkins, Varney, for California.

PASSENGERS.

In the Thomas Perkins, Messrs. Warren and Geiger.

For Sale.



The premises in Honolulu now owned and occupied by Capt. JOHN DOMINIS. This desirable

property is centrally and pleasantly situated—has an entrance from two different streets—a small garden, under good cultivation—good buildings, &c., and 90 years' unexpired lease of the land. Will be sold at a low price, and on a long credit if applied for soon.

For further particulars apply to
PEIRCE & BREWER.
Dec. 23, 1840. tf

Notice.

All persons having in their possession Books belonging to the Library of the Sandwich Islands Institute, are requested to leave them with the Subscriber, at the Store of Messrs. Ladd & Co., on or before the first day of February, 1841.

M. CALKIN, Librarian.
Honolulu, Dec. 29, 1840. 3w.

SAM AND MOW, BAKERS FROM CANTON.

Good people all—walk in and buy,
Of Sam & Mow, good cake and pie:
Bread hard or soft, for land or sea,
"Celestial" made; come buy of we.
June 15. tf

POETRY.



From the Laurel.
AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN.
BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

All hail! thou noble land,
Our fathers' native soil!
O stretch thy mighty hand,
Gigantic grown by toil,
O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore:
For thou, with magic might,
Canst reach to where the light
Of Phœbus travels bright
The world o'er!

The Genius of our clime,
From his pine-embattled steep,
Shall hail the great sublime;
While the Tritons of the deep
With the conch the kindred league shall pro-
Then let the world combine— [claim.
O'er the main our naval line,
Like the milky way, shall shine
Bright in fame!

Though ages long have passed
Since our fathers left their home,
Their pilot in the blast,
O'er untravell'd seas to roam.—
Yet lives the blood of England in our veins!
And shall we not proclaim
That blood of honest fame,
Which no tyranny can tame
By its chains?

While the language, free and bold,
Which the bard of Avon sung,
In which our Milton told
How the vault of heaven rung,
When Satan, blasted, fell with all his host;
While this, with reverence meet,
Ten thousand echoes greet,
From rock to rock repeat
Round our coast;

While the manners, while the arts,
That mould a nation's soul,
Still cling around our hearts,
Between let Ocean roll,
Our joint communion breaking with the Sun;
Yet still from either beach,
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech,
'We are one!'

THE MIDNIGHT REVIEW.

At midnight from his grave,
The drummer woke and rose,
And beating loud the drum,
Forth on his errand he goes.

Stirr'd by his fleshless arms,
The drumsticks rise and fall;
He beats the loud retreat,
Reveille and roll call.

So strangely rolls that drum,
So deep it echoes round,
Old soldiers in their graves,
To life start at the sound.

Both they in farthest north,
Stiff in the ice that lay,
And who, too warm repose,
Beneath Italian clay.

Below the mud of Nile,
And 'neath the Arabian sand,
Their burial-place they quit,
And soon to arms they stand.

And at midnight from his grave,
The trumpeter arose;
And mounted on his horse,
A loud shrill blast he blows.

On airy coursers then,
The cavalry are seen,
Old squadrons, erst renowned,
Gory and gashed, I ween.

Beneath the casque, their blanched skulls
Smile grim, and proud their air,
As in their bony hands,
Their long, sharp swords they bare!

And at midnight from his tomb,
The chief awoke and rose,
And followed by his staff,
With slow steps on he goes.

A little hat he wears,
A coat quite plain has he,

A little sword for arms,
At his left side hangs free.
O'er the vast plain, the morn,
A paly lustre threw,
The man with the little hat
The troops, goes to review.
The ranks present their arms,
Deep rolls the drum the while;
Recovering then the troops,
Before the chief defile.

Captains and Generals round
In circles formed appear;
The chief, to the first a word,
Now whispers in his ear.

The word goes round the ranks,
Resounds along the line,
That word they give is, FRANCE—
The answer, ST HELENE!

'Tis there at midnight hour,
The grand review, they say,
Is by dead Cæsar held,
In the Champs Elysees.

B. PITMAN & SON,
Have for sale,

25 boxes Souchong Tea.
20 boxes Hyson Tea.
10 boxes Hyson Skin.
15 doz. Raspberry Wine.
12 " Stoughton's Elixir.
10 " Lemon Syrup.
200 Ohia Rafters.
5 M. ft. Koa Lumber
25 M. Koa Shingles.

September 12, 1840. tf

B. Pitman & Son,

Have for sale on reasonable terms, viz.,
English and American Prints. Gingham.
Printed Muslins. White, Brown and Blue
Cotton Drill. White and Brown Linen
Drill. Bleached and Unbleached Cottons.
Cambric, plane and Figured. Swiss Mus-
lin. Lace Edgings. Insertings. Fancy
Gauze Hdks. and Scarfs. White Veils.
Garniture. Silk. Satin. Velvet and Belt
Ribbons. Wound Wire. Furniture Chints.
Hamilton Stripes. Bonnet Wreaths and
Flowers. Ladies and Gentlemen's Hosiery.
Gloves. Satin Neck Stocks. Nankeens.
Pongee Colored Hdks. Grass Cloth. Cot-
ton Hdks. Needles. Pins. Spool Cot-
ton. Thread. Buttons. Suspenders. Ready
Made Clothing. Wick yarn, &c., &c.

GROCERIES.

Molasses. Sugar. Lamp Oil. Tea.
Flour. Meal. Dried Apples. Raisins.
Citron. Prunes. Tamarinds. Pickles.
Vinegar. Nutmegs. Mace. Allspice. Cin-
namon. Cloves. Ginger. Sage. Pepper.
Mustard Honey. Tobacco. Cigars. Pipes.
Snuff. Soap. Sallad Oil. Olives. Lem-
on Syrup. Porter. Pale Ale. Stoughton's
Elixir. Wines, &c.

SUNDRIES.

Boots and Shoes. Writing Ink. Shoe
Blacking. Arrow Root. Epsom Salts.
Bench Planes. Brace and Bitts. Chisels.
Fish Hooks. Combs. Sauce and Fry Pans.
Iron Squares. Screws. Nails. Axe Han-
dles. Axes. Adzes. Hatchets. Writing
Paper. Blank Books. Quills. Corks, &c.

Generally on hand a good assortment of
Crookery, Glass, and Tin Ware.
Honolulu, Dec. 5, 1840. tf

HENRY PATY & Co.,

Have for Sale on the most reason-
able terms, for cash, approved credit,
or barter, a great variety of merchan-
dise, including.

DRY GOODS.

Silk, — Cambrics, — Gingham, —
Drillings, — Tickings, — Osnaburghs,
— Merino, Cheneille, Thibet and Cot-
ton Shawls, — Silk, Merino, and Cot-
ton Handkfs—Tuscan Bonnets—Silk,
Satin, Velvet and Gauze Bonnet and
Belt Ribbons—White and Green Veils
—Wound Wire, — Rattans, — Bonnet
Wreaths and Flowers, — Tabs, — Gold
and Silver Wheat—Lace and Muslin
Wro't Capes and Pelerines—Scarfs—
Ladies Cravats, — French Net—Blond
Lace—Insertion—Open work and
Common Ladies Hose—Elastics—
Picnic and Cotton Gloves—Petticoat
Robes—Silk, Satin and Bombazine
Neck Stocks—Hooks and Eyes,—Nee-

dles—Pins—Emery Cushions—Spool
Cotton—Buttons—Thread—Ready-
made Clothing, Suspenders.

HARDWARE.

Axes—Hatchets—Hand, Back and
Key-Hole Saws—Files—Rasps—
Knives and Forks—Sheath, Pocket,
Pen and Dirk Knives—Scissors—
Butts and Screws—Door, Chest Mor-
tice and Pad Locks—Bolts—Sad Iron
—Japan'd Lamps—Plated, German
Silver, Britannia and Iron Tea and
Table Spoons—Jewsharps—Brass
nails—Cut Tacks—Percussion Caps—
Stirrups and Bits—Rat Traps—Gun
Flints—Stew Pans,—Shot—Spikes.
Slide Rules.

MEDICINES, &c.

Extract Sarsaparilla—Extract Bu-
che—Epsom Salts—Calcined Mag-
nesia—Opodeldoc—Oil Spruce—Es-
sences—Cephalic and Maccaboy Snuff
—Stoughton's Elixir.

PROVISIONS.

Flour—Beef,—Ship Bread—Cod
Fish—Mackerel—Tea—Sugar—Cali-
fornia Beans—Pickles—Salad Oil—
Vinegar—Arrow Root—Corn—Pota-
toes.

FURNITURE.

1 Pr. Splendid Hair Cloth Sofas—
2 Side Boards—1 Bureau—1 Double
Wash Stand—2 Single Wash Stands
—1 Card Table—6 Doz. Wood Seat
Chairs.

SUNDRIES.

1 Elegant Waggon and Harness—
600 Sheets Sheathing Copper—2 M.
Am. Boards—8 M. Am. Shingles—
3 M. Birch Boards and Joists—12
Baskets Champagne—10 Cases Boots
and Shoes—20 Doz. Lemon Syrup—
20 Doz. Stoughton's Elixir—6 Caboo-
ses—Paint Oil—Chrome—Lamp
Black—Paint Brushes—Indelible Ink
Writing Ink—Sherry Wine—Riding
Whips—Bass Viol, Violin and Guitar
Strings—Silver Watches—Gold Breast
Pins—Harmonicons—Signal Horns—
Umbrellas—Men's and Boy's Blk. and
Drab Hats—1 Set Heavy heaving-
down Blocks—Bags—Twine—Brooms
—Rope—California Soap—Letter and
Bill Paper—Blank Books—Tobacco—
Axe Helves.

ALSO,

Just published, and for sale, by H.
P. & Co. the New Mexican Tariff
and Port Regulations.

Cash paid, as above, for Bills of Ex-
change on the United States, Eng-
land, France or Russia.

Honolulu, May 28, 1840. tf

E. & H. GRIMES,

Have on hand and for sale on reason-
able terms, an assortment of English,
American, and China Goods, among which
may be found the following, viz.

Brown, Blue, White, Cotton and Lin-
en Drills. Cotton Hdks. Black, Blue,
and White Linen and Cotton Thread.
Bleached and unbleached American Cot-
tons, different widths and qualities. A-
merican, English and French Prints.
Men's and Women's Cotton Hosiery.
India Rubber, Satin, and Cotton Suspend-
ers. Marking Ink, Belt Ribands, Bed-
ticking, Sailor Stripes, Black Hats, Men's
and Women's Shoes, Brogans, and Calf
skin Boots and Pumps. White Shirts,
with linen and grass cloth bosoms. Pet-
ticoat Robes, Ready made Clothing, Cot-
ton, Nankin, &c., Tassels, Bonnets,
Hair Brushes, Tortoise Shell Dress Combs.
Wick Yarn, Scotch Plaids, French Mus-
lin Prints.

CHINA GOODS.

Light Blue Cottons. Souchong, Hy-
son, and Pouchong Teas, Sewing Silk,
Blue and Yellow Nankins, White Grass
Cloth, Colored and Black Silk Hdks,
Grass Cloth Clothing, Muslin.

HARDWARE.

Shovels, Spades, Knives and Forks,

Jack Knives, Scissors, Pins, Needles,
Gimblets, Padlocks, Butcher Knives, Hat
Pins, Spring Balances, Iron and Brass
Seives, Iron Coffee Mills, Percussion
Caps, Braces and Bitts, Sad Irons, Back
Saws, Nails, assorted, Steelyards, Sheet
Iron, Fry Pans, Sauce Pans, Wrought and
Cast Iron Tea Kettles, Bake Pans, Tea
Trays, Jew's Harps, Razors, Hatchets,
Wood Axes, Spoke Shaves, Adzes, Door
Locks, Latches, Chest Locks, Nail No-
dles, Fish Hooks, Flints, Looking Glass-
es, Pistols, Fowling Pieces, 1 Rifle, Iron
Rivets, Brass Nails, Rim Locks, Screw
and Pod Augurs, Gunter's Scales, Pon-
der, Shot, Gun Locks, Globe Lanterns,
Coffee Roasters; Tin Pots, Tin Pans,
Harness Buckles, assorted, Currycombs,
Rat Traps, Tin Soup Turcens, Files, as-
sorted.

STATIONERY.

Memorandum Books, Cargo Books,
Letter Paper, Ruled and plain Cap Paper,
Quills, Wafers, Blue, Black and Red Ink,
Steel Pens, Shipping Papers, and Com-
mercial Blanks.

LUMBER.

Cedar Logs, Cedar Boards, American
Pine Shingles, Koa Boards, Plank and
Shingles, N. W. Rafters, and American
Pine Rafters.

SUNDRIES.

Olive Oil, Olives, Mustard, Spanish
Manila and Macao Cigars, Ground Sage,
Snuff, Tobacco, Stoughton's Elixir, Lem-
on Syrup, Nutmegs, Allspice, Black Pe-
pper, Box Raisins, Essence of Spruce and
Peppermint, Cinnamon, Ground Ginger,
Flour, California Beef, Beans and Pea-
Cut Tumblers, Macaroni, Vermicelli, Cal-
ifornia, American and English Soap, La-
cifer Matches, Capers, Ale, Old Port and
Sherry, Cordage, Fails, Buckets, Coats
and Fine Combs, China Pipes, Beads, Figs,
Lozenges, Molasses, Stone Jars, Violins,
Fine Heavy Blankets, Ship's Windlass
Jewelry, 1 hemp Cable, Pitch, Rosin, A-
row Root, Cutlasses, Soup Ladles, Brit-
tannia Tea and Table Spoons, White
Green and Red Flannel, Red and Blue
Twilled Wool Shirts, Mat Bags, Brooms,
Walking Canes, Axe Handles, Lavender
Water, Shaving Brushes, Handspikes,
Hour and Second Glasses, Jib Hanks,
1 China Bureau, 2 Chain Cables, 2 A-
chors, Filberts, Almonds, Prunes, Muscat
Wine, Mace, Rice, Fancy Chairs, Rattan
Bottoms, Capers, Steel Hoos, American
Pork, Shoe Blacking, English Duck, Fish-
ing Lines, Sewing Twine, Nutmeg Gr-
ters, Spirits Turpentine, Black Paint,
Cayenne Pepper, Razor Straps, Pen-
Cases, Pea Jackets, Ground Verdigris,
Indian Meal, Claret Wine, Cast Steel
Punches, 1 Cook Stove.

PEIRCE & BREWER,
Commission Merchants,

Honolulu, Island of Oahu,

HAVE Constantly on hand and for
sale on liberal terms, Merchandise impor-
ted from the United States, England,
Chili, and China, and adapted to the
trade of the

NORTH PACIFIC.

They offer to purchase the productions
of the Sandwich Islands, and of Califor-
nia; and Bills of Exchange on England,
France, Russia and the United States.

WANTED.

Six good Mules,
Enquire of LADD & Co
June, 6. tf

Terms of the POLYNESIAN.

SUBSCRIPTION. Eight Dollars per annum, pay-
able in advance; half year, Five Dollars; quar-
terly, Three Dollars; single copies, 25 cents.
ADVERTISING. \$2, 25 for three insertions of one
square; forty cents for each continuance; more than
half and less than a square, \$1, 75 for first three in-
sertions, and 50 cents for each after insertion. Half
square, \$1, 25 for first three insertions, and 20 cents
each succeeding insertion.
Terms of yearly advertising made known on applica-
tion to the editor.