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THE VIRGIN WIFE.

AN OWER TRUE TALE.

One of the members of a large family always bore the somewhat dubious title of "Philosopher." It was not exactly a nick-name, for—being given more in compliment than in banter—it was acquiesced in and adopted by father and mother, brothers and sisters, and tolerated with a smile by the titular personage himself. Harry had received the appellation of "philosopher" from an old woman, whom in his infancy he used to tease with his questions, and amuse by his shrewd observations. From the old woman the name passed into the family, and amongst the neighbors; from thence it entered school; and though it began to drop out of familiar usage when Harry was sent to business, it was still recollected, and occasionally applied. He had, indeed, some claim to the title. Fond of books, he was reading when his companions were at play; and amongst his young fellow-workers, none were so sedulous, so quiet as he. All difficulties were referred to his decision; he was the living dictionary and encyclopedia of the workshop, and if a problem was started too profound for the "philosopher" to solve, it was generally dismissed, as being beyond the range of his companions' capacity.

When Harry was getting into manhood, it became a standing topic of debate between his mother and some neighbor matrons, whether the "philosopher" would ever take it into his head to go "a-courtin'." His mother stoutly maintained the negative; he was too much of a sober-minded she said, to think of wasting his time with the girls; and when any one, taking up the positive side of the argument, would say, "Wait a bit—let Henry alone; he'll look after the girls, I warrant ye, for all his philosophy!"—the mother generally retreated to her citadel of defence, which was, that Harry was fonder of poring over a *dried* skull, which he kept in a box under his bed, than of looking in the face of the prettiest girl in the parish.

This same *dried* skull and his other knick-knackeries were matters of common talk; and even the most incredulous were at last so convinced about the attachment of Harry to his books and "gimcracks," that it became matter of general belief that the young philosopher was destined to die a bachelor. The girls, therefore, took their revenge; he was called "a dry old stick," "a stupid-looking fellow," and a number of other complimentary epithets. At last, a waggish damsel, in allusion to the colour of a coat he had worn for a long period, dubbed him "Plum-color;" a nick-name which seemed likely to supplant that of "philosopher."

Harry, himself, was quite satisfied on the point of his bachelorship. Being rather in advance of his male companions in the matter of knowledge, and attaching an extraordinary value to intellectual capacity, he despised all mere accomplishments, and being, therefore, somewhat awkward in his general manners, he came to despise the "women," with whom these frivolous affairs seemed to have such an extraordinary influence. Had he been asked to profess his faith, he would have said, with Benedick, "Because I

will not do the women wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none, and the fine is (for the which I may go the finer) I will live a bachelor."

Business led Harry frequently in a different direction; and though usually absorbed in himself and his own meditations, he gradually became conscious that he was in the habit of seeing two full, lustrous eyes, which, as they met his, were always immediately turned towards the ground, and shaded by long, fringing eyelids. He was not very sharp in catching the external qualities of those he passed: had he met his mother in the street, he would have been puzzled, had he been afterwards asked what was the pattern or color of her gown. He must, therefore, be excused for only recollecting that he was in the habit of meeting merely a pair of most beautiful, modest-like eyes; and it required several casual meetings to enable him to imprint the image of those eyes on his fancy. One day, passing along a narrow foot-path bridge, which spanned a romantic stream, he became conscious that his eyes were approaching him; as the balustrade helped to confine his attention, he could see that the figure which bore the eyes towards him was handsome; and as it drew near, the eyes seemed seated in a very pretty face. A moment before, a passer-by might have said that Harry was a peculiar, but stupid, or, at least, heavy looking young man; but now a latent fire seemed to have blazed up, and his own eyes appeared like beacons shining through the darkness of night. Harry stood still, for something was coming over him which he did not rightly understand; and, as he leaned his hands on the balustrades, the figure which carried his favorite eyes passed him. She perceived that Harry was gazing; and maiden modesty threw over a somewhat pale face a flush that might have rivalled some of the hues of a sunset on a summer's eve. She passed on, and Harry turned to look after her. Up to this period he had hardly been conscious of a sentiment or feeling of beauty. Women had hitherto only been distinguished in his mind by being young or old, dark or fair; and his mother was the "best of the lot." Now, as he gazed after the sylph-like creature who was descending the slope of the arch, he thought he had never seen a more graceful figure; and when she disappeared from his view, he looked over the balustrade, and perceived, what he had never perceived before, that the wooden bridge on which he had stood was exceedingly light and elegant. Then the shadows which chased each other over the ripples of the water assumed the most fantastic and beautiful shape which imagination could conceive; and the whole outline of the river and its banks entered into his heart in a way which was like the imparting of a new sense. Harry moved gently onwards, but still occasionally looking back to where she had disappeared from his view; and he was now conscious of having in his fancy, not the mere impression of two beautiful eyes, but the whole-length portrait of a most lovely creature, whose soul, in looking out from the windows of her *arabesque* palace, had dispossessed him of his own. That night Harry caught himself trying to *make* poetry, and threw his pen down, half angry and half laughingly.

For about a week, the philosophic bachelor struggled with the fancy which had entered into his heart, and had he left his native place at that particular time, his fancy would have gradually become dim, until it faded away altogether. But ten days afterwards he met his "fairy" again, and she seemed even more lovely than at first. Harry could not criticise the details of her personal appearance; all he knew was, that somehow or other, though he could not exactly tell why—she was the most beautiful young woman he had ever seen in his life. Harry's "philosophy" at last gradually revealed to him that he was in love. His love, however, received a somewhat severe shock before he had contrived to become acquainted with the subject of it. Passing an open parlor window, through which he caught a glimpse of a number of young ladies' heads, he saw amongst them his own "sweet fancy," and distinctly heard her exclaim, "As I live, there's Plum-color!" Harry knew that he had been honored with the appellation, and though he had affected to treat "popular opinion" with a sturdy indifference, the *sobriquet* of "Plum-color" had made him change his coat. Still the nick-name stuck to him; and the idea that the first time he ever heard the damsel speak about him it should be with a scoff, was deeply mortifying. What! was there, after all, no soul to look through those impressive eyes? Was that graceful figure the habitation of a frivolous mind? He went home, and instead of trying to make poetry, or experimenting on his blow-pipe, he sat down, and felt as if he could cry.

Harry, however, was not quite a chicken; and so, like a man, he got over his mortification; and, like a philosopher, resolved to let the ascertaining of facts precede the construction of a theory. For a long time he was in great distress as to how to get introduced; he thought of writing her a sensible letter, and then he thought that was not the most sensible way of going about the business; then he wished he had courage to address her personally, and then he was afraid of a repulse; but at last he made a confident of his sister, and she took up the affair with an energy that was sure to result in success. One or two apparently casual meetings were contrived, during which "Plum-color" was successful in convincing the fair lady, that though he might be a philosopher, he was not quite a fool; and Harry, on his part, saw that, though the handsome girl laughed heartier and oftener than seemed becoming in the future wife of a philosopher, she yet had a heart, and her beauty was only the setting of a gem.

Eliza required a little time before she could fairly say that the "philosopher" had won her heart. She had shrewdness enough to remark, long before they became acquainted, that there was something uncommon about "Plum-color," and she often had wished to know "what kind of a fellow he was; but his supposed boorishness, his somewhat plain appearance, and the ludicrous associations excited by the nickname in the lively girl's fancy, had all tended to repress any sentiment of what may be termed "love." Gradually, as their meetings became more frequent, did all these repelling ideas vanish. Greater familiarity enabled Harry to

feel less restrained in her company; the desire of pleasing and the power of pride came to his assistance, and drew out characteristics hitherto unknown to exist in his disposition; and association with a graceful girl, whose intellect possessed a natural tact, and her manners a natural delicacy, gave a tone to Harry's own manners, which delighted his sisters, and made his mother wonder. He no longer shut himself up like an ascetic, as if despising all around him; he came out of his cell, and walked abroad. Light-hearted as Eliza seemed, and ready to make the air ring with her merry laugh at the veriest trifle, she yet could pause to listen to her "philosopher," when he descanted on higher and graver themes. Greedily she inclined her ear to hear him talk of wonders in the heaven above and in the earth beneath; and he, delighted with his apt and affectionate pupil, exerted himself till his voice became musical, and his language eloquence. Often and often have they walked under the starry canopy of night, he speaking of the boundless universe of the infinite God, and she listening, as if the spirit of awe had come down to abide in her heart. Often and often have they wandered by the banks of the stream, and talked of their meeting on the bridge; and then she, becoming a more enthusiastic philosopher even than he, would question him about the sun, and light, and heat, and the composition of the water that flowed at their feet, and the growth of the trees which shaded their path. To both a new world was opened; he, rich in the happiness which the love of a confiding girl creates; and she, richer even still in that exquisite joy produced in a pure-minded heart by reposing on the affection of one who was at once an instructor, a friend, and a lover. Yes! there is true, genuine, unalloyed pleasure in such a courtship as we have been describing; and more of it would be enjoyed, if we were less affected and more trusting—more anxious to establish an affection which will endure for a life, than to snatch a momentary admiration.

Some six months had elapsed since the courtship commenced; and to both the time had been but as a pleasant day. The winter set in, and one night, after attending a crowded meeting, the lovers were foolish enough to walk about till the cold drove them homewards, receiving on their way a drenching from a shower of rain. Eliza caught a cold, which settled into a dry, distressing cough; and after the spring had set in, instead of getting rid of it, as Harry had fondly predicted she would, it seemed rather to acquire greater strength. A roseate tinge began to play over her face; but Harry, with all his science, had not experience enough to enable him to understand the warning which it gave. He called one day, she was very cheerful; her eye had an almost supernatural brilliancy; the crimson of her cheek was of the richest dye of Heaven; and her transparent skin seemed scarcely to conceal the coursing of her 'eloquent blood.' Harry thought he had never seen a more glorious creature in human shape, and he burst out with "My angel!"

"Hush, Harry," she said, interrupting him, "why should you talk nonsense; you know I am not an angel, and it does

not become a sensible man like you to say so."

"Why, Eliza, I am so glad to see you so much better; I never saw you look so charming in your life; I am sure you must be much better."

"Do not be too sure, Harry, about any thing. Come here, Harry, and sit down beside me. There, that will do. Now, Harry, look me steadily in the face."

Harry laughed, looked her steadily in the face, and then kissed her. "Now, Eliza, will that do?"

"Yes, that will do; but I want you to be serious."

"Why, now, that is very good of you. Often have I wished you to be serious, and you have as often laughed in my face."

"Harry—would you like to lose me?"

He started to his feet, repeating "Lose you! lose you!"—what?"

He paused; and as he gazed on her solemn yet animated aspect, the truth suddenly flashed upon him; and he beheld the word 'consumption' visible in her lovely countenance.

Harry was at first stupified; but on learning that some chance yet remained from removal to milder air, he set to work to prove that his affection lay in his heart. Assiduous were all his attentions; he accompanied her on her journey, and put his invention to task to render absence as endurable as possible. The summer passed away drearily; hope and fear alternately counterbalanced each other; now would Eliza write, to say that she felt herself surprisingly well, and again would the mother send up a desponding message. After some months, homeward came the invalid, for she longed to see home once more, and she said, "If it is to be, I should like to have Harry beside me when I die!" And when Harry, on her arrival, took her in his arms and helped her up stairs, something seemed to whisper to him, "It is to be;" and so all he could say to her was, "Eliza!—dear Eliza!" and then he sobbed passionately.

Eliza had been dull and miserable in the country; but now that she was home again, and had Harry beside her, she became cheerful and even lively. "Harry," she said to him one day, "and so, my own philosopher, you are going to lose me!"

"Eliza—Eliza—do not be so cruel—Oh do not talk in that way."

"Nay, Harry," she added, "do not think I talk in a tone of bravado or affected carelessness. I perfectly feel that death is an awful thing, and I would wish to live, if it were only for you!"

Harry stooped forward and kissed her, and bathed her cheek with a tear.

"Harry," she again said, "do you remember that passage which you once repeated, and which I repeated after you without missing a word? Well, now, I will repeat it again, just to show you what a good memory I have—

'Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A knotted clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown, with restless violence round
about

This pendent world, or to be worse than
worst

Of those, that lawless and uncertain thoughts
Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death!"

There, now, Harry, that is all right, I think. Now, though I certainly have no such fearful ideas of death, fearful as death is, still I so far enter into the spirit of the passage—I know so much of this beautiful world, and so very little of a future state—that I could wish to live, for your sake—just to be your own little wife

Harry!" Then with a quick inclination of the head, she said, "Harry you are a philosopher—tell me, what is death?"

A death-like paleness overspread Harry's face, but he did not speak.

"Ah! it gives you pain, my dear Harry, to hear me talk in this way. Well, we will change the subject—what is life?"

Still Harry was silent, for "thick-crowding fancies" were struggling in his brain.

"Now, Harry," she continued, in a lower, graver tone, "ever since I became acquainted with you, I have lived in a new world. Often, when you have been explaining to me about the sun, and the moon, and the stars, and all the wonderful things of this earth, have I longed to be able to sail through the universe, to examine every thing, to understand every thing, to be able to comprehend something of the marvellous works of God. Then I have said to myself—What a poor stupid thing you are! you don't know any thing. Oh, I wish I were a man? Harry, why did God make us men and women?"

Harry replied, "Nay, my dear girl, you will exhaust yourself if you go on at this rate. You want repose."

"Well, I will take your advice. My body is weak, but I feel as if my mind was wonderfully active. Come to-morrow, Harry, for you have yet much to teach me before I die!"

On his way homeward, a dark cloud came over Harry's mind. "What a wonderful creature," he thought; "noble in body, generous and confiding in disposition, quick in intellect—a rare combination in ordinary life! And yet is all this combination of moral and physical beauty—is this glorious girl about to drop into the dust, and be as if she had never been?"

If Harry had no other source of comfort but his knowledge, he might have dropped in despair. But he did, as a good man of the olden time did, when he also had a cloud over his mind, when meditating on life and death—he "went into the sanctuary of God;" light pierced his darkness; he returned to Eliza next day, with a lighter step and a more cheerful heart.

"Oh, Harry," she said, "how I have been longing for you to return! I want you to answer my question; why did God make us men and women?"

"It was His pleasure, my dear, to do so, just as he has made the earth a globe, and surrounded it with an atmosphere."

"Yes, yes, I know all that very well. But what I want to know is what you would call the rationale of the question. I will put it another way—What sort of world would this be, if we had all been merely intellectual beings, without that division by which we are men and women?"

"All I can fancy of it is, that in this case, human beings would have resembled a forest of pine-trees—dull, dark, and uniform."

"Why, Harry, why? I want to know the reason why?"

"This division of the human race into men and women may be termed the kaleidoscope of humanity. It is a comparatively simple matter, and yet it produces that apparently infinite variety which diversifies human existence. The relation of parent and child—the care of the father—the love of the mother—the affection of the child—the attachment of brothers and sisters—family ties—social interests—national concerns—all spring from our being men and women."

"Good, good—go on Harry."

"Then that universe of mind which springs from the attachment of two such as we are—human love, the theme of so much thought and so much song—human love, given by God to adorn and elevate human existence, and which prevails in its noblest purity and power, where man is most advanced in principle and civilization."

"Now, Harry, I begin to understand. Let me try if I can express myself philosophically, as you would say. The division of mankind into men and women is a great means to a great end—is it not?"

"Exactly;" the end being, the endowing our humanity with moral sentiments—with thought, feeling, hope, effort, love, fear, forbearance, tenderness, &c."

"But, Harry, there will be no men and women in a future state of existence?"

"No Eliza, our Lord has assured us of that."

"Well, then, if there be no parents and children, no husbands and wives, no men and women to love and be loved, what state of existence will it be? There will be no hope, love, fear, as you express it; and what object can our division into men and women serve, when it perishes with this world?"

"Eliza, do you remember that passage in the Gospel where the Sadducees, who did not believe in a resurrection, came to our Lord with what they thought was a puzzling question. They supposed a case, where, according to the Mosaic law, a woman had been married in succession to seven brothers; and then they tauntingly asked, whose wife she would be in the resurrection? What reply did our Lord make?"

"I remember. He said, 'Do ye not therefore err, because ye know not the Scriptures, neither the power of God!—For when they shall rise from the dead, they shall neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels which are in heaven.'"

"Mark the words, Eliza—the power of God." The distinction of sex is the scaffolding of our moral existence; this life is but the first stage of our being; when our characters are built up, the scaffolding will be taken away, and then we enter a nobler, a higher state."

"But Harry, what I am afraid of is, that we will not know each other, or that at least we will become quite indifferent to each other."

"Nay, Eliza, nay! I rest perfectly satisfied that in a future state memory will be like night, revealing in our constitution those innumerable things which the light of the present life dims and conceals; that love, first created by our connection with an animal existence, will, when dissociated from it, act with a power of which we have no present idea; and that all the intellectual powers, expanding in a body freed from mere animal qualities, will make the human being a wonderful creature—one of the glories of God's universe!"

The vivid flashing of Eliza's eyes showed to Harry that her mind was in a state of peculiar excitement; he therefore retired, promising to return soon. During his absence, a thought took possession of the girl's fancy. "Oh," said she to herself, "if memory will be such a powerful reflector in a future state, how I should like to remember that I have been Harry's wife in this world!" Then suddenly blaming herself for being a mere selfish creature, she prayed, while the tears streamed from her eyes, that God would give her affectionate lover a good wife after she was dead and gone.

But the idea became strong: the thought of being Harry's wife before she departed, overcame all idea of singularity or of incongruity—she thought that if she died without bearing the name of "wife," she would depart from this breathing, bustling, working world, without a tie to link her memory even to the grave. She mentioned the idea to her mother, who could not comprehend her meaning, and thought disease had affected her brain. But when the mother mentioned it to Harry, he at once caught and comprehended the spirit of Eliza's wish. "Yes," said he, as he walked into the room, "yes, my own girl,

you shall be Harry's wife before you die."

One morning a coach drove up to the church—Harry and Eliza, his sister and her mother stepped out, and so elastic were the movements of the bride that a casual spectator never would have imagined that she was already married to death.

The proclaiming of the banns had attracted no attention, as it was done in a church, and not a soul, beyond the four individuals, was aware of the nature of this singular union. Several other couples were married at the same time; and as they stood up, Eliza seemed among them a being of another world. She went through the ceremony without evincing symptoms of exhaustion; though, when she reached home, she fainted repeatedly, and it appeared as if her wedding-day was to be her last. Next day she was better; and a momentary delusion came over Harry's mind that she might still live. But the "wife" felt that it was a delusion; she was done with this world, she said, and contented to be done with it—"Harry, my own husband, remember me when dead!"

Two weeks after the wedding, it appeared evident that her departure was at hand. Harry and her mother sat up during the night, reading at intervals portions of the New Testament. The light of morning had begun to penetrate the window-blinds, when Eliza said, in a whispering, but not complaining tone, "Mother, my feet are very cold—oh, mother, am I becoming so cold?" and then the mother, whose heart was too dry for tears, made a sign to Harry that Death had of a certainty entered the chamber, and was hovering over the bed.

"Where is Harry?" she murmured, and he took her hand in his. "Harry, read a verse to me;" and he repeated a verse from memory. "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

"Ah, that is good," she said; "science is very good, Harry, but that is worth all your science to me just now. Harry, come near me; I cannot see you—where are you?"

"I am here, dear Eliza."

"And mother?"

"Here, my child."

"May God bless you both—Harry, call me 'wife' before I die."

He leaned forward to whisper the affectionate word in her ear, and heard her muttering, "What we know not now, we shall know hereafter." Then a few incoherent expressions followed; a gentle sigh, and one or two sobs; and just as the rays of the sun illuminated the apartment, the spirit of a noble creature departed.

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Twenty one months have now elapsed since the Laplace Treaty became the law of this kingdom. It still continues to be a subject of discussion with all classes, particularly the propriety of insisting as a sine qua non, upon the insertion of Article Sixth—admitting ardent spirits in direct opposition to the enactments and interests of this government, and a portion of the mercantile part of the community. It is upon this point more than upon any other, that the controversy between its advocates and opponents has turned, and if we may judge of the tone of public feeling from the expressions of the press abroad, it has cast an odium upon it, which nothing but its entire abrogation can efface. Nominally it was inserted for the interests of French merchants, and to afford an additional market for her manufactures—but will the French nation continue to force it upon a weaker people, when it can be

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early shown to be destructive to their best interests, and admitting a deadly foe within their borders. We think not. Indeed we have been assured on the best authority, that a proper representation be made by this government to the King of the French, all objectionable features will be removed. We sincerely trust that such will be the result. In its most unlimited exercise, it could be the means of putting a few thousand dollars only into their pockets, annually; and a gallant nation like France permit a pecuniary consideration to stand between them and their character for honor and justice? God forbid.

Let us now examine briefly what has been the effect upon this nation, and upon those whose commercial pursuits are directed towards these islands. The American Treaty stipulates for all the advantages and privileges granted to the most favored nation; consequently the French Treaty has an equal bearing upon the citizens of the United States, and as regards the comparative amount of commerce, a far greater. If any benefit is derived from it, they experience the greater proportion, and vice versa; as such as it is injurious, the evil falls upon them in a corresponding ratio. The English Treaty claims no such privilege, but that government would doubtless make the demand, should a literal construction be put on that document.

There is probably no class of men upon whom liquor exercises a more deleterious influence than seamen. When ashore, revels among them, too often followed by brutal excesses, riot, fines and imprisonment, bringing delays upon the ship, and unnecessary expense to the owners, is the frequent experience of captains at these islands.—This is more particularly the case with whaling vessels, and to such an extent has the evil prevailed, that the masters have very generally united in petitioning His Hawaiian Majesty to prevent the introduction of ardent spirits into his kingdom, and have exerted themselves in the formation of temperance associations among their ships.—To be obliged to recruit in ports where liquor is freely sold, is to them an objection of so serious a nature, that necessity alone compels them to the choice. That this is the case we have been repeatedly assured; consequently in prohibiting liquor, this government setting aside the question of the morality of the traffic and the positive injury done to its own subjects, did but what its interests required, and enacted a wholesome regulation to attract commerce to these shores. The following statistics speak loudly as to its good effects.* In 1836, 45 American and 7 English whalers arrived at this port. In 1837, 59 of the former and 16 of the latter; in both of these years 12 to 14 dog shops were licensed, and some degree of order attended the sale. In March, 1838, the number was reduced to two, under severe restrictions prohibiting drunkenness, and in August ardent spirits were made a contraband article. American whalers that year, 63; English 2. In 1839, 59 of the former, 2 of the latter. 1840—the year in which no restraint whatever was put upon the introduction or sale, and the town was crowded with groggeries—the number of American whalships was reduced to 36; English 4. This year 10 only of the Americans have arrived, and 0 of the English. Thus we perceive that just in proportion as

*The statistics of English whalships are even more so to shew the comparative amount of the commerce of the two nations, touching at these islands, than as being dictated by the French Treaty. Their ports are principally at New Zealand and Sydney. It is with the American shipmasters that the petitions and movements in favor of temperance here, have principally originated; these islands being their principal and most necessary resorts, they are particularly obnoxious to any delays, troubles and expenses growing out of the abuse of the traffic in question.

the sale of ardent spirits was restricted, the number of whalers that put in here for recruits increased, and when through the influence of the French Treaty, all restrictions were removed, there was a great and immediate decrease. The difference in number between 1839 and 40 in American ships was 23—and as the average expenditures of these ships is between 7 and 800 dollars each, we find a loss of upwards of \$16,000 to the country; most of which amount would have gone into the hands of the natives for recruits of various kinds.

At Lahaina, Maui, since June 1, 1840, 40 American whalers have recruited; also two U. S. Ships of War have visited there, the crews of all of which numbered over 1200 men. During that time no vessel of any other nation arrived there, excepting an occasional trader.

Since January 1836, 11 French vessels, 5 of which were men of war, have visited this port; 31 English, 8 of which were government vessels; and 323 American—10 of which were U. S. Ships of war. These data are sufficient to shew to how much greater extent American commerce and interests are jeopardized and injured, than those of any other nation, by the evils which naturally result from the unrestrained license of selling spirits. We say jeopardized—for instance, at Lahaina, an open roadstead, subject to severe gales at certain seasons of the year, how could a master protect his vessel, or get to sea in time should one set in suddenly, while half or more of his crew were ashore drunk—an event by no means unlikely to happen. Could the right guaranteed in the Treaty have been confined exclusively to French liquors, the evil would have been comparatively light as yet. Between this country and France there is no direct trade, and the importation of French manufactures is very small. Thus while it has been but a matter of the slightest moment to those for whose benefit the Treaty was framed, it has caused the free ingress of the liquors of other nations, the governments of which would never have made a similar demand. Of the large amount of spirits imported within 18 months, by far the greater proportion has been English or American.

As a nation the Hawaiians stand as a most honorable exception in regard to the use of ardent spirits generally, to semi-barbarous people. Notwithstanding the temptation is constantly before them, they have as yet abstained, and are far, very far from being a race of drinkers. Melancholy examples there are among both sexes, of giving away to the pernicious examples set them; but as a general thing it appears to have operated upon their minds much the same as the drunkenness of the Helots did upon the sons of Sparta. Long may it continue so.

No more powerful argument need be brought against the clause of the treaty in question, than the contrast between the year before and the year after it went into effect. The year previous, the streets were quiet; families were undisturbed by the shouts and riots of those who indulged in intoxicating drinks. Nothing occurred to offend the eye of the most fastidious. Drunkenness and its attendant miseries were unknown, or practiced only in secret. Behold the reverse! The treaty signed and scores of groggeries start into existence at once. Every part of the town is filled with them. The government fearful of doing any thing which could possibly be construed even into an infraction of the spirit of the treaty, are fearful of imposing the slightest regulation to arrest the disorder. And thus it has gone on. Almost every week sees some new sign to tempt the poor sailor to his ruin. Even while acknowledging, as in a case that came to our knowledge of one of the best men on board one of the ships of war recently here, that "sailors are the d—d fools that ever were born to allow themselves to be so gullied." They drink—drink—get noisy—quar-

rel with the natives, are abused, robbed, injured, and are finally carried to the fort and fined, and add others to the hundreds of perplexing cases already on their Consul's hands, of the trouble, expense and distress arising simply from "taking a drop too much."

At Lahaina, the contrast is equally as great—and elsewhere where seamen resort in sufficient numbers to create a demand for the poison.

Honolulu seems to be steadily improving. Many fine buildings are now going up, including two handsome stone dwelling houses, and two stone stores, one of which is built after the Dutch fashion of the 17th century, with gable ends on the street—quite a novelty for this part of the world. Several other stores have been opened, which are very neatly arranged and add much to, or rather go far towards giving Honolulu the appearance of a town. There has not been a season for many years when a better stock of goods (at wholesale,) and at cheaper rates, was to be found here than at the present time. Our neighbors on the coast and elsewhere, would do well to call and select for themselves.

The General Meeting of the missionaries of the A. B. C. F. M. for the Hawaiian Islands commenced this week.

Considerable excitement exists in town in regard to the Gloucester, and anxious eyes are turned towards Diamond Hill, in expectation of "Sail ho!" She has now been out 136 days from Boston, a long passage, but not enough to create any uneasiness. The Alciope last year, was much longer. It is reported at Maui, that the Gloucester was spoken by the whaleship Favorite, a few days sail from Valpariso, 83 days out, and leaking! If this report is correct it is very probable that she was obliged to be repaired at that port, and perhaps hove down, which would sufficiently account for the delay in her arrival. We hope to welcome her passengers before another Saturday.

On June 5th the last number of the Polynesian will be issued. All those who wish communications or advertisements inserted before the expiration of our year, are requested to forward them in season. It is possible that the Polynesian may be recommenced at some future period, but for the present the want of a printer will oblige us to discontinue our labors.

EARTHQUAKES AT HILO, HAWAII. Last month several shocks were experienced at Hilo—one of which was the most severe that has happened for a long time. It occurred about midnight—and shook the houses violently, shattered the plastering, threw down stone walls, created quite an excitement among the crockery and all brittle ware, splashed about the milk in the milk-pans, and many like vagaries and eccentricities, to the alarm of the inhabitants. As an instance of the severity of the shock, it fairly waked all the native population; a circumstance heretofore unknown in the annals of earthquakes at Hilo. Had the houses been constructed of less yielding materials, they would have experienced much injury.

In the notices of the voyage of the French ship L'Uranie for scientific objects, is asserted that the sea water has been successfully distilled for practical purposes, and that a vessel, by the process followed, might circumnavigate the globe, using distilled water only, and at the expense of a very small quantity of fuel.

DEED.
In this village on the night of the 12th inst. Nathaniel Hutchinson, shipwright, formerly of Philadelphia.

MARINE NEWS.
PORT OF HONOLULU.

- ARRIVED.
May 9. Haw. Sch Kahalaia, Kauai.
" 10. Am. Whaleship Braganza, Waterman, New Bedford; 5 mos. 10 D B Ls.
" " Am. Whalebark North America, Richards.
" 11. " Whaleship Abigail, Cox.
" 12. " Brig Wayland, Lahaina.
" 13. " Haw. Sch Paulua, Lahaina.

- SAILED.
May 10. Am Whalebark North America,
" 11. " " ship Abigail, Cox.
" 12. " " " Braganza, Waterman

PASSENGERS.
Rev. Messrs. Alexander, Gulick, Whitney and families—per Kahalaia.

Notice.
All subscribers indebted to the Polynesian are requested to remit us the several amounts due, also all those who have bills against the Polynesian are requested to present the same for payment.
May 10, 1841. 4w.

Consulate of the U. States.
All persons indebted to the estate of Nathaniel Hutchinson, an American citizen, late resident at Honolulu deceased, are requested to make to me immediate payment; and all persons having claims against said estate will please present them for adjustment.
P. A. BRINSMADE,
U. S. Consul.
May 13. 3w

Volumes of the Polynesian in neat binding, can be had at the close of the year, (June 5th,) at the store of MARSHALL & JOHNSON. Price \$2 50.
ALSO:
Back numbers to complete sets. Price 25 cents each.
May 10. 4w

FRESH CORN MEAL
By the Barrel, or less quantity, constantly on hand and for sale by
E. & H. GRIMES.
Jan. 18. tf.

REMOVAL.
Dr. R. W. WOOD has removed his residence to the *Dwelling House* in the same enclosure with his Office.
Honolulu, Mar. 20, 1841. tf.

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
PERCE & BREWER.
Dec. 23, 1840. tf

POETRY.



For the Polynesian.

CONVERSATION.

Let the cold Eremite mid wastes unknown
Declare how sweet is life when spent *alone!*
How balm the gale that plays around his cell,
That gale which human voices never swell,
How dear to wander through the entangled
wood,

Where human foot ne'er broke the solitude;
And while mankind in woe and error stray,
Calmy to pass without a care his days.

What—and can this, (a stoic's joy at best)
Suffice to recompense the human breast—
For the dear intercourse of social life;
Potent to soothe the bosom's wildest strife?
Can solitude and quiet make amends
For the sweet converse of beloved friends?
Can nature's beauty fill the bounding soul
Formed for society, and friendship's sweet
control?

And oh! when sickness bends the aching
head

How mournful is that unattended bed!
Where the poor pallid sufferer lies him down
And meets the gloomy messenger alone!

At that dread hour when parting life retires,
And half-extinguished burn her fading fires,
How sweet on friendship's pitying breast to
lie,

While tender tear-drops gather in her eye;
Hear her soft voice pronounce the words of
love

And mark her finger point to worlds above.
Oh! then, if this is bliss—to live alone,
Grant that to me it never may be known.
No—'tis not bliss—go seek that hermit's
cell,

Where solitude and quiet round him dwell,
Where summer suns shed soft and genial
beams

And the cool brook runs rippling in the
gleams;

Oh! you will see beneath that placid smile
Dark discontent lowers on his brow the
while,

And by the sighs that oft his bosom swell
Show that he loves the *parted world too well!*
Grant him sincere—that hating human kind
He here retires to commune with his mind—
While in his bosom pleasure springs to birth.
And fond remembrance clings not to the
earth.

Oh! 'tis a cold, a dull, contracted soul,
Where mild benevolence has no control!
He hates the man, who, glorying in his
shame

Would curse the earth to give himself a
name—

He scorns the miser groping for his pelf,
While yet like them "concentered all in
self."

He loves and worships God, you say—what
then?

Can he love God, who hates his fellow men?
That men should in society combine,
And thence draw happiness, was Heaven's
design;

Else with propensities why is man endued
Tending to general happiness and good?
Why throbs the heart, with kindred hearts
to blend,

Why life, why joy, but on himself depend?
What is the charm, that boasts the power to
bind

Tis CONVERSATION. What were lofty
thoughts.

What the rich intellect, the feeling heart,
To happiness produce, or ill, control
Without thy aid, Expression of the soul?
This wakes the torpid feelings of the breast

From calm inaction, and ignoble rest,
Brings sparkling wit and fancy into play,
And manly sense and thought's excursive
ray

From mind to mind, while quick reaction
flies

And mutual benefit, and bliss supplies—
And hence (as when some force disturbs the
lake

Far o'er the wave extended circles break
Till spreading quite the ruffled surface o'er
They lash the billows on the distant shore.)
Hence, by degrees, towns, cities, states
arise,

And busy empires, cluster 'neath the skies!
Or like sweet instruments, whose thrilling
fire

Hangs undiscovered, round each silent wire,
But let a skilful hand, one harp awake,
Forth from the rest harmonious numbers
break,

The deep toned music, through wide ether
flies,
Rolls through the woods, and swells along
the skies.

GABRIELLA.

MERCHANDISE

FOR SALE BY

PEIRCE & BREWER.

Received from New York per Ship
Morea, etc.

- 10 Bales Brown Drills,
 - 30 " " Sheeting, 4-4
 - 17 " " Shirting
 - 1 Case Long Cloth
 - 1 " Colored Cambric
 - 1 Bale Scarlet Flannel
 - 1 " " Blankets
 - 10 Bolts Brusgins Duck
 - 20 " Ravens "
 - 10 " Russia Sheeting
 - 1 Cases Prints
 - 50 Baskets Champagne
 - 10 Boxes Muscat Wine
 - 4 Bags Coffee,
 - 6 Boxes Loaf Sugar
 - 150 Demijons, 5 galls.
 - 90 pair Venitian Window Blinds
 - 90 Window Frames, sashes, &c. com-
plete
 - 8 M. best Am. Shingles
 - 8 Hand Carts
 - Lot of Tin and Wooden Ware
 - 2 Bags Pepper
 - 50 Bbls. fresh Am. Flour
 - 50 Kegs White Lead
 - 1 Case Verdigris in cans
 - 5 Crates Crockery assorted
 - 3 Crates Glass ware do.
 - 1 Crate Dining sets, French ware
 - 2 Bureaus—3 Sofas
 - 1 Centre Table—1 Commode
 - 120 Molasses Shooks
 - 80 Bales Am. Leaf Tobacco
 - 15 Bbls Tar
 - 5 " Bright Varnish
 - 1 Box Powder in cannisters
 - 50 Kegs do.
- April 14, 1840. t. f.

Received per Lama, from Bos-
ton, and on hand.

- 20 Cases 4-4 Indigo blue Cottons
- 3 " 3-4 do. do.
- 20 " 3-4 Chickopee Cottons
- 1 " Linen fold Cottons
- 2 " Bleached Cotton Drill
- 4 " York and Satin Jeans
- 1 " Ticking
- 30 Bolts Am. Cotton Duck
- 2 Cases Merrimack blue Prints
- 1 " Orange Prints
- 2 " Furniture Chintz
- 1 " Linen Coats, &c.
- 1 " Marseilles Quilts
- 1 " Cotton Hdks.
- 5 " Cotton Thread
- 1 " Pink Cambric
- 1 Can Copal Varnish
- 20 doz. Swaim's Panacea

- 2 Cases Table Salt, in small boxes
 - 80 doz. Cider, packed in table salt
 - 5 Bbls. Linseed Oil
 - 20 doz. Olive Oil
 - 40 " tin boxes Seidlitz Powders
 - 2 Bbls. Spirits Turpentine
 - 3 Cases Friction Matches
 - 500 Boxes Soap
 - 10 doz. Hock Wine
 - 20 " Champagne
 - 2 Cases Loaf Sugar
 - 1 Cask Coffee
 - 10 qr. Casks Sicily Madeira Wine
 - 10 Boxes Pipes
 - 20 Sides Sole Leather
 - 4 " Patent "
 - 12 Morocco Skins and Binding Leather
 - 1 Box Shoe Thread—1 bbl. shoe Pegs
 - 50 Ox Bows—50 doz. Axe Handles
 - 2 Cases Fur Hats and Caps
 - 10 Packages Hard Ware assorted
- Also many other articles too numerous
to mention.

PEIRCE & BREWER.

April 10, 1841. t. f.

NEW GOODS.

HENRY PATY & CO., have just
received per Ship MOREA, from New
York, a large variety of New and Fash-
ionable Staple and Fancy Goods (selected
expressly for this market, by a Lady long
resident here), among which may be
found

Plain, Figured Colored, and Flor-
ence Silk—Pink, Stamped and other
Satin—French Crape—Black Bomba-
zine—Figured and Satin-Stripe Shally
—Paradise Mousline De Laine—Plaid
Swiss Muslin—Black Satin and other
Vestings, super quality—5-4 Silk Star
Blond—5-4 Silk Black Square Net—
Fancy Prints—Thibet M. De Laine,
Silk and Large Net Shawls—Silk, Me-
rino, Shally, Pic-nic, Gauze and Lou-
sine Scarfs—French Muslin, and Lace
Wrought Collars and Capes—Ladies
Open Work Lisle Hose—Blond Quill-
ing—Black Blond Footing—Green Lace
Veils—1-4 Length Kid and White Mo-
hair Gloves—Linen Cambric Handkfs
—Ladies Cravats—Lisle Edging—Blk
Neck Ties—French Cuffs—Head Bands
—Victoria Robes—Bonnet Fronts and
Crowns—Taffeta, Gauze, Satin, Silk,
Garniture, Cap, Belt, Plain, Figured,
and Velvet Ribbons, splendid assort-
ment—Stay Tapes and Lacets—Stay
Backs—Steel Busks—Black Silk Frogs
—Super White Spool Cotton—Hem-
ming's Needles—Scissors, assorted—
Silver Thimbles—Strawberry Emeries
—Inlaid Shell Card Cases—Fancy Al-
mond, Peach and other Soaps—Black
Silk Braids—Piping Cord—Linen Floss
6 dozen Pastebords—White Wax—
Children's Red and White Worsted
Socks—Saddle Cloths—German Co-
logne—Cap Combs—German Silver Ta-
ble, Tea and Salt Spoons and Butter
Knives—Hair Cloth Seating, 18, 20
and 22 inch, etc. etc.

Honolulu, March 1st, 1841.

For Sale.

- 100 Bbls. Salt
 - 20 M. Koa Shingles
 - 100 Ohia Rafters
- by B. PITMAN & SON.
April 24, 1841.

Wanted.

Spare Copies of Nos. One and Two of
the POLYNESIAN, to complete a few
sets. Inquire at this Office. t. f.

ON HAND.

Back Numbers of the POLYNESIAN,
for sale at this Office. t. f.

B. PITMAN & SON,
Have for Sale, which they offer on
reasonable terms:

- 20 Doz. Port Wine
- 25 " Sherry do.
- 10 " S. M. do.
- 20 " Claret do.
- 10 " Raspberry do.
- 5 " Sarsaparilla Syrup
- 10 " Lemon Syrup
- 5 " Assorted do.
- 5 " Stoughton's Elixir
- 25 Boxes Assorted Teas

Also—Just received
3 Lady's Splendid Riding Saddles,
50 Patent Leather Head Stalls.
April 24. t. f.

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.

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 Chintz.
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. Wickyarn, &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. Lemon
Syrup. Porter. Pale Ale. Stoughton's
Elixir. Wines, &c.

SUNDRIES.

Boots and Shoes. Writing Ink. Shoe
Blacking. Arrow Root. Epsom Salt.
Bench Planes. Brace and Bits. 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
Crockery, Glass, and Tin Ware.
Honolulu, Dec. 5, 1840. t. f.

FOR SALE.

The Brig MARYLAND—of 100
Tons, or 900 Barrels burthen.—
She is in good order and condition, and
may be sent to sea without any expense
for repairs, sails, rigging, &c. Apply to
PEIRCE & BREWER.
April 10, 1841, t. f.

Terms of the POLYNESIAN.

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