

THE  
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DEVOTED TO  
EVERY DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE  
AND  
THE FINE ARTS.

Au gré de nos desirs bien plus qu'au gré des vents.  
*Crebillon's Electre.*  
As we will, and not as the winds will.

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## A VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD,

INCLUDING AN EMBASSY TO MUSCAT AND SIAM, IN  
1835-36 and 37,

By W. S. W. Ruschenberger, Surgeon U. S. Navy; author of  
"Three Years in the Pacific." Carey, Lea, & Blanchard,  
Philadelphia.

This voyage was made in the United States' ship Peacock, the second man-of-war, that under the "stars and stripes," has performed a voyage of circumnavigation from west to east. One object of the cruise was to exchange on the part of the United States, ratified treaties of commerce and navigation with the Sultan of Muscat, and with his Magnificent Highness, the King of Siam; thus opening new channels of commerce between the old and new worlds, and preparing the way for American enterprise.

A consul has since been appointed to Muscat, who is now on his way there, with the view of establishing in the dominions of His Highness, the Sultan, the first American factory, which is to be connected with a respectable mercantile house in New York.

Besides the Persian Gulf and the coast of Arabia, this treaty with the Sultan has opened to the commerce of the United States a line of coast reaching south in Eastern Africa from the straits of Babelmandel to Cape Delgado; the latitudinal limits of which exceed in extent, by several degrees, the Atlantic seaboard of the United States. But whether the commercial edifices, which American citizens may raise in this country, are to be built in the sand, or on a rock, experiment will soon decide.

The principal exports from the dominions of Syeed Syed bin Sultan, and which might find a market in the United States, are, Mocha coffee, wheat, raisins, drugs, horses, ivory, tortoise shell, ox and rhinoceros' horns and hides, gum copal, rice, cocoa-nut oil, and bees wax. While the necessities or fancies of his subjects create a demand for cotton and woollen goods, and many "Yankee notions."

A thrifty, trading people are the Yankees; (for when abroad, the southern, the eastern, and the western man are alike proud of this patronymic.) We, ourselves, have "put a girdle round about the earth," and we have never sailed on any sea, nor visited any people, whether savage or civilized, where was not to be found some enterprising, trading son of brother Jonathan's, with his ships, his schemes, or his notions. When a Russian navigator was congratulating himself with the discovery of the South Shetlands, a Yankee was there to pilot him into port. While John Bull was boasting of the honor of the first discovery of the same islands, brother Jonathan was there laying out the seal in lots, to kill, *flipper*, and skin.

We once made a visit to Robinson Crusoe's island, and not expecting any one there our "right to dispute," we had drawn largely on our juvenile favorite for reminiscences, and from the adventures of the skin-clad bucaner and his man Friday, we had conjured up a feeling of romance, to which the sight of herds of wild goats, clambering over the precipices, gave a zest. And the sea bird heightened it as she flew from her nest, screeched and sent an echo from the cliffs. Fancy took wing—and we were already indulging in the an-

icipated luxury of a visit to the island and cave, as solitary and as lonely as they were when Robinson Crusoe left them. Our vessel came to her anchor, and the spell was broken; for no sooner were we brought to, than appeared along side of us a long-legged, bare-footed "Tom Coffin" of a Yankee, who introduced himself as the lieutenant-governor of the island, and said he had come on board with the compliments of the governor, to offer us the civilities of the place, and cod-fish to buy.

These two functionaries were sons of New England; they had landed in a whale boat a short time before, with a crew of six Sandwich Islanders, and taken possession of the island in the name of the United States.

It is this ready spirit of adventure, and quick perception of expedients, that have made us the commercial nation we are. From the Arctic to the Antarctic circle, every breeze that blows upon the water, is a fair wind to American ships. They are found in all seas; and wherever the man-of-war goes, she finds herself always within the limits of American commerce, and within the sphere of usefulness to American citizens.

The Peacock has performed an important service, though in the early part of the cruise she came well nigh being wrecked near the Isle of Mazeira. In the event of shipwreck there, the officers and crew would have been massacred, or made slaves of by the Bedouin Arabs, who were hovering around the ship in their dâus.

"About twenty minutes past two o'clock, on the morning of the 21st," says Dr. Ruschenberger, "all hands, except the watch on deck, were roused from sleep, by a horrid noise, caused by the ship's bottom grinding and tearing and tossing on a bed of coral rocks. When she struck, the ship was sailing at the rate of seven and a half miles the hour, and her progression was not suddenly and fully arrested, but she ran on for some minutes after the helm had been put up. When I reached the deck, it was starlight, the breeze was fresh, and neither land nor breakers could any where be seen; the wind had been brought on the starboard side, and the sails, no longer opposed to it by their surface, were fitfully flapping and slashing as the wind swept past them. The ship rolled with an uncertain wavering motion, grinding and tearing the coral as her sides alternately came against it. The uncertainty of our situation, threatened as we were with destruction—the crashing of coral—the darkness of the night—the wallop, wallop of the sails—the fast succeeding orders of the officer of the watch, and the piping of the boat-swain and his mates, produced an impression not easily described nor forgotten. There was an appearance of confusion; but every thing went on with as much regard to rule as if the catastrophe had been anticipated. Every one asked, 'Where are we?' but no one knew, nor was it easy to explain, at this time, by what means we had got on shore.

"The first gleam of day discovered a low sandy desert, about three miles to the eastward of us. The water was in spots of a bright green, from its shallowness, but dark where it was deeper. The work of lightening the ship was continued. A raft was constructed of spare spars, and several ton of shot were thrown overboard.

"About 10, A. M. a large canoe, manned by four

men, approached the ship. We sent an unarmed boat towards her, with an indifferent interpreter. When near enough, he bailed the Arab, who manifested strong repugnance to communication. While our boat pulled rapidly towards him, his wild companions stood up, and we could see their broadswords flashing in the sun, as they flourished them over their heads, in a manner not to be misunderstood; our boat, therefore, returned, without opening any amicable intercourse, and the canoe anchored close to the shore.

"Later in the day, an officer was sent towards the beach to ascertain the state of the tide. Immediately on perceiving our boat near the shore, an Arab sprang from the canoe, and ran along the sand, brandishing his sword, intimating that he would offer opposition to the landing.

"About one o'clock, P. M. four large canoes were seen approaching from the northward. They joined company with the one above mentioned, and then they all anchored close to the ship, now very much careened from the falling of the tide. In this fleet, besides several negro rowers, we counted twenty-nine fighting men, each one wearing a 'khunger' in his girdle, and there were spears and broadswords and matchlocks enough in sight to fill their hands.

"After anchoring, several persons left the canoes in which they had come and assembled on board another, which was paddled near the ship. A tall old man, with a white beard, stood up, and throwing up his naked arms, and nodding his head, hailed us; from his gesture, we gathered that he demanded to know whether we would cut his throat, if he should come on board. After a few minutes consultation, they came along side, and two of them climbed on deck. \* \*

"The elder of the two was very talkative, and had rather a cunning expression of face; while the younger was more taciturn. His figure was slight, but every one, in strong terms, expressed admiration of his beauty. A thick fell of curling black hair, which reached to the shoulders, keen, dark hazel eyes, regular features, smooth, dark skin, white teeth, and above all, the intelligence of his countenance, imparted to the beauty of his face a feminine character; but the jetty mustache and curling black beard stamped him as a young warrior. \* \* They inquired how much money we had on board, and said forty more dâus were coming.

"In a few minutes they left us. The young warrior removed the 'khunger' from his girdle, and secured it by the folds of his turban to one side of his head, and then lowering himself by a rope down the ship's side, dropped into the sea, and swam gracefully to his canoe, followed by his companion. Soon afterwards they all weighed anchor, and stood away to the southward.

\* \* "Our situation was every hour becoming more critical. We were satisfied the Bedouins had not paid us their final visit, but were inclined to believe they would soon appear in greater numbers, to attack the ship; and though we were more than a match for them at this moment, when the ship was on an even keel, and the crew not very much fatigued, in the course of a few days the case would be different; our supply of water was inadequate to our necessities for more than a few days, and incessant labor must soon exhaust the powers of the crew. \* \* \*

"The prospect of getting the ship off was distant;

and as the surest means of obtaining relief, the second cutter was equipped with a crew of six picked men, and despatched early the next morning to Muscat. \* \*

"On Tuesday morning, the 22d, soon after the departure of the second cutter, the work of lightening was continued, and we saw, with feelings of regret, one-half of our guns cast into the sea.

"The upper spars and sails were sent down from aloft, and on renewing our efforts to heave, at the top of the tide, we discovered with pleasure, that the ship moved. This infused new life into all hands. The men broke forth in a song and chorus, to which they kept time, as they moved round the capstan, or hauled the hawser in by hand. \* \* And at 3 o'clock, P. M. we anchored in three and a half fathoms water."

His highness, the Sultan of Muscat, with much promptness and great liberality, despatched a frigate and squadron of dâus to the Peacock's relief. He proffered a sloop of war to bring the officers and crew of the Peacock home, in case she should be lost; and offered to send the United States' special diplomatic agent, Mr. Roberts, on his mission in one of his highness' own frigates. And after the ship had been docked at Bombay, she received her lost guns, which the Imaum had had weighed with much trouble, and sent at his own expense.

True, as our author apprises his readers before setting out, '*No vamos a bodas, sino a rodear el mundo.*' But though not bound in search of pleasure or adventure, he has entertained his readers with a very interesting narrative of incidents and facts. Every thing he sees and learns is told *off hand*, and in a way that at once turns the reader into a companion; and makes him feel that it is a feast he is at, which his 'patrón' only went round the world to cater for. And in this he has spared neither pains nor expense; for his work abounds with statistics, agreeable narrative, and just such information as the practical man would seek.

We have been puzzled to gather from his book, satisfactory ideas of the Doctor's peculiar sentiments with regard to the business of foreign missionaries, among whom he has been and seen much. Without being warmly in favor, or strongly opposed to their cause, he freely expresses his opinion of whatever passes under his own observation; which, however honestly intended, will nevertheless induce the missionaries themselves to consider his VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD less the work of a friend than of a foe.

"I have long entertained the opinion," says the Doctor, "that the little success attending the missionary labors in general, is owing to the demonstration of too much religious zeal on their part, without any attempt to show the worldly advantages attending on a full belief in christian doctrines. Greater success might be anticipated, if the minds of the misbelievers were first prepared by instruction in general knowledge, before attempting to convince them of the religious errors in which they live. We are not aware of more than three or four distinguished instances of conversion to christianity, effected by missionaries, where the individuals have been through the remainder of their lives, intrinsically pious." \* \* p. 126.

The experience of nations has shown, that knowledge, without a code of sound morals, to impose restraints, is a fearful thing. Witness the engines of per-

secution, which were set up in Spain and elsewhere by the evil passions of men, who were guided by knowledge that was neither tempered with the wholesome precepts of true religion, nor chastened by the moral influences of early religious education. Wisdom that is learned before the nature of religious errors is understood, only sets the passions of the human breast more cunningly to work. It teaches those who have the power, the art of drawing more closely around the *people* (who in few countries are *learned*) the chains which bind them to old habits and superstitious notions. One age back, and catholic Europe dispensed knowledge to the world. But the Bible was a sealed book to the *people*. The church preached example to them, only to set precept at nought, and to grind them the more with persecutions and oppressions.

The enterprise of foreign missions had its origin in the United States among the Congregationalists of New England. The American Board of Foreign Missions was organized, as it now exists, under a charter granted in 1812 by the legislature of Massachusetts. Though not itself an ecclesiastical body, the board of missions has acquired its ecclesiastical relations from the Congregational, Reformed Dutch, and Presbyterian churches, under the joint auspices of which it acts. Besides these, and independent of them, other denominations have also their missionaries.

The missionaries acting under the authority of the American Board, had in 1836 reduced seven languages to letters, made translations, printed, and taught reading and writing in them. They have raised up forty-nine churches, at which 2147 native members (heathen converts) go to worship. They have established 359 schools and seminaries, from which about 13,000 pupils receive instruction. More than 100,000,000 pages have been printed under the auspices of the Board, in twenty-five different languages, which are spoken by nearly 500,000,000 of people.\* This shows that the missionary has neither been idle, nor fruitlessly engaged; for all of it has been done in one-third of a life time, and that too by a feeble band of American citizens, (half of which is composed of women,) who, claiming no reward for their services, and craving no boon but the charity and prayers of their countrymen to sustain them, have nobly forsaken all the endearing ties of home, and boldly encountered, for the sake of their cause, dangers of the most appalling kind. The adventures in India of the accomplished Mrs. Judson, of missionary memory, exposed her to sufferings, in which she displayed a courage and devotion that seem more like fictions in the beautiful stories of romance, than sober acts of the staid missionary.

Setting aside its high and principal object, no institution is more national in its results, than that in America of foreign missions. And we may add, that no men, under the auspices of any association, deserve more than do the American missionaries, to be considered true patriots. Wherever these men have been,—and they pick out the darkest spots of the earth for their work,—they have nourished science and added to our knowledge by their labors. They have gained the respect, and often the confidence and esteem, of those with whom they sojourn. Abroad, they have always presented their nation in a favorable point of view; and

\*Missionary Herald.

in no one instance, have they failed to promote its interest, either directly or incidentally.

Within a few years, the missionary enterprise with its sister scheme of colonization, has done more towards suppressing the slave trade on the coast of Africa, than the laws of the most powerful nations on the globe, enforced with all the vigilance of their men-of-war, have been able to accomplish. Owing to the manner in which native Africans have been operated upon by colonists and missionaries, the slave-trade on the western coast has become a mere shadow of what it was.

With talents that would grace their country, with affluence, friends, and bright prospects at home, men conceive themselves called to labor in the missionary field. Without a murmur, they forego all considerations of a personal character, and enter upon the work with glad hearts. Nor is there any privation, or hardship, or danger, which they do not unhesitatingly encounter. In the midst of the murderous customs of India, and the idolatrous islands; among the cannibals of Sumatra; on the burning plains of pestiferous Africa; or wherever his duty calls him—we behold in the American missionary, the philanthropist and christian, on his beautiful errands, striving with the Bible, as with a lens, to throw rays of pure light upon the heathen darkness around him.—“Among the most agreeable hours spent at Bangkok, were those passed in the society of the American missionaries. \* \* \* \*

Dr. Bradley, assisted by his wife, dispenses medical advice and medicines daily, to at least one hundred afflicted Siamese. I spent several hours at their dispensary, and left with feelings of admiration and respect for individuals, who appeared more in the light of ministering angels of beneficence, than that of human beings. When I contrasted their present situation with what it must have been in the United States; and viewed their active and incessant labors in behalf of objects more calculated to excite disgust, than call forth active piety—the risk of health and life they were daily incurring—I could not help suspecting that they were acting under the influence of an enthusiastic zeal, tending rather to retard than advance their cause. Their efforts are too strong, and must defeat themselves: a more leisurely and cautious manner, for the first few years at least, ought to be pursued. Of the truth of this opinion they are inclined to be convinced, but say, ‘How can we thrust away from us the afflicted, who hourly petition our relieving charity?’ They are aware that their own unacclimated constitutions are incapable of long enduring so much fatigue: they know from experience, that over-zeal has been a rock upon which many bright prospects of the cause have been wrecked: they know that steady perseverance is likely to achieve more in this, as in every thing else, than interrupted efforts, however strong; yet they pursue the impolitic course, unable to repress the ardent desire of doing good, notwithstanding that ‘doing good every day’\* is contrary to the laws of the land.

\*The residence of the missionaries was moved, soon after their arrival, to its present place, by the Siamese authorities, because, as it was asserted, they were too near the residence of his Magnificent Majesty, who once a year passed that way. Besides, the missionaries were doing good every day, and thereby obtaining too much merit, which was contrary to law. His Magnificent Majesty himself, not being allowed to ‘do good’ for more than ten days successively.

"I accompanied Dr. and Mrs. Bradley from their humble dwelling, where they leave all the little comforts which circumstances allow, to the dispensary, a small floating house on the river. The voyage was made in a sanpan of the commonest kind, without shelter from a blazing sun.

"We found nearly a hundred individuals crowded under the veranda, and many still in their boats, awaiting the Doctor's arrival. Among the number was a considerable proportion of talapoins\* in their yellow robes, and I thought all manifested pleasure at our coming.

"The males on the veranda were separated, but a stranger would be unable to distinguish the sexes by their features, and, being aware of this, the Doctor very kindly said, 'These are females, and those the males.' The front of the dispensary is divided into two apartments,—one occupied by Mrs. Bradley, who dispenses prescriptions to the women, and, where the treatment of the case is continuous, manages the detail, thus leaving Dr. Bradley more time to bestow on new, or more urgent cases. In every instance, the prescription is written on a slip of paper, upon the reverse of which is a text from scripture, in Siamese, and the patients have acquired the notion, that this is an important part of the treatment. Whether this plan of disseminating the scriptures be a feasible one, I question; seeming very much like exhibiting chippings from the sculptor's chisel, as a sample of a fine piece of statuary, or a brick as a specimen of architectural structure. Besides it may lead to the impression that these texts are spells essential to the cure of the disease." p. 311-312.

Instead of likening these texts to 'the chippings from the sculptor's chisel,' the Doctor would have been more happy in his simile, had he compared them to specimens from the quarry, which may induce some to examine it carefully with the hope of finding a treasure there.

This plan of distributing texts is a beautiful little artifice, which the missionary, in honest zeal for his cause, resorts to. With him, it is an object of primary importance to disseminate the scriptures; accordingly he cuts them up into texts, disguises them under the forms of tracts, stories, incidents of conversation, and like the lapidary with his jewels, presents them in every light and shade, hoping to attract attention to his pearls.

The missionary's cause is the cause of humanity; and he has to resort to many little expedients to advance it. It is a scheme for nothing short of revolutionizing more than half the earth, and of crowning all people with the blessings of civilization. Like all great revolutions in the condition of men, much human misery must necessarily be involved in it; and though the sufferers themselves may not enjoy the price of their misery, those who come after them, will say the price is well worth the cost.

Philanthropists are in favor of speedy civilization; and justly so. Yet, nevertheless, that generation through which a nation passes from a savage to a civilized state, must needs be a miserable generation. The old see the social system of their fathers broken up; they are called on to cast forth their penates, and to resist the force of confirmed habits and early education, all of

\* Siamese priests of the Budha religion.

which have afforded pleasures in their way, and which are foregone by many, only with a broken heart: the young, without the predilections of their fathers, are pioneers in a new order of things; with yet no social relations established, without the proper checks and balances to their new condition, they resort to untried expedients; and while it is gradually regulating itself, they meet with reverses, are cast down, and in their generation, only succeed by many trials and disappointments in preparing the way for those who come after them.

We have had an opportunity of seeing the missionary plan for christianizing heathen nations in operation, and of witnessing it in practical detail. We have compared the system of the American Board with the system of England. A residence of several weeks among the laborers of each, served only to confirm first impressions, and to satisfy us that the American works much better than the English plan. The difference in result is mainly attributable to the difference in the organization of the two corps, and the manner in which the plans are carried out; for, philologists have shown that the two people among whom our scene is laid, are descendants from the same race; and their condition in all respects, when the missionary first made his appearance among them, approached as nearly to one and the same, as the influence of climate, the difference of latitude, productions and resources of countries will allow. Although on opposite sides of the equator, there is a striking resemblance, indeed scarcely any obvious difference, to the casual observer, between the Society and Sandwich islander, either in manners, customs, features, or language.

The English have a missionary station at the Society Islands; the Americans at the Sandwich. When we were among them, the laborers in the first field had been there thirty-four years; in the second, nine years. The latter had been more profitably worked, and gave promise of the better harvest.

Our voyage lay from the Marquesas to the Society Islands, and thence to the Sandwich. In it we saw the savage in his rude state of nature, and in his transition thence to civilization. We had an opportunity of contrasting the social condition of man in his *fig-leaf* state, as at the Marquesas, with his condition in his chrysalis state towards civilization, as at the Society, and in his dawning life of civilized existence, as at the Sandwich Islands.

At the Marquesas Islands, the climate is a delightful one of perpetual summer; the soil and the sea, of their own accord, yield fruits in abundance; no labor is required of the hospitable native, but to pluck the ripe bread-fruit, cocoa-nuts, and plantains, almost his only food, from the trees. With his smiling face and cheerful countenance, he has but few necessities, and knows no want: happy in his ignorance, he fulfils the conditions of the familiar apothegm, 'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.' His island is the dreamer's Utopia, where nature is law, and law is love. And if human happiness be that ideal thing which philosophers have described it to be; and if we estimate the condition of the savage, not by our, but by his, standard of what constitutes true happiness, by far a greater portion of it falls to the lot of the unlettered and simple-hearted Marquesan, than to the Society islander, who,

in his pilgrimage of thirty-four years towards civilization, has become familiar with the vices, but rude indeed in the virtues both of savage and civilized life. We speak of the mass; of course there are individual exceptions.

We shall not pretend to discuss the policy of the course pursued in the missionary system at the Society Islands. We only speak of what our own observations and conclusions have presented to us, without intending to censure, or disparage. For certain it is, that the labors of the missionary at the Society Islands, have not been crowned with success, by any means commensurate with the fruits of similar labor at the American station, on the opposite side of the line.

The thirty odd years of missionary labor at the Society Islands, seem to have brought the natives, (we speak of the mass,) to that state in which they are neither able to supply the new wants, which the change in their condition has made necessary to them, nor to substitute new sources of amusement and happiness for those they have been taught to despise. Like mischievous schoolboys, their principal study seems to be to cheat their teachers.

At church, we saw breechless wardens stationed among the congregation, with wands in their hands, which, by frequently goading and tapping remiss members, were used to preserve proper decorum. Some, whom we saw officiating at a prayer meeting afterwards, in "*puris naturalibus*"—because the dark would conceal their copper-colored skins from view—came to us by night, but with far other than Nicodemus' intentions. The views of the untutored Marquesan, we could pity; but the hypocrisy of these, we despised.

Filthy in their persons, the missionary has found it expedient to introduce the fashion of *shaven* heads, both for male and female. An assemblage of them in holiday dress, some with a shirt, some with a coat, some with breeches on, as an only garment; while here and there a few with the more comely rig of whole garments or the clean tappa, afforded to the unmissionary eye of the stranger by no means a pleasing sight; on the contrary, it presented to his mind, ideas of the squalid wretchedness and abject poverty, which would be called forth by the same motley group in more civilized countries.

Of less commercial importance, and consequently more isolated in their situation than the Sandwich Islands, the missionaries at Tahiti have neither attracted as much public attention, nor had the opposing influence of foreign residents among the natives, to contend against, which their brethren across the line have. This faction among resident foreigners has not failed to create partisans, and to make the missionary sensible of its strength; for it has exercised strong influences against him and his cause. True, the Tahitian missionaries have their enemies in the *Tuteoures*, a band of natives who will neither hear their doctrines nor receive their instructions; but these have neither the influence nor the cunning of foreigners.

The most sensitive nerve, and that which whenever touched, is sure to rouse man into action, has been placed by those who have studied the secret springs of human action, not among the blood vessels of the system, but in the pocket of the man. The collateral results of missionary labor have sometimes twitched

this nerve; and being irritated and inflamed, its tendency with all who have felt its influence, has been to make enemies of those who should be friends of the mission.

In the march to civilization, made under the wool-white flag of the missionaries, the islanders have learned duly to estimate the value of their property; and, consequently, under their improved system of barter and trade with foreigners, the latter are continually reminded by this delicate nerve, that the natives do understand the problem of "*quid pro quo*" in its practical operation.

We have heard such gravely urged among other reasons equally sound, as a cause why the foreign trader should oppose the missionaries, and triumphantly adduced as an instance of the injury which these have been to the Sandwich Islands. "The time was," said a respectable ship-master, who had been trading there for more than a quarter of a century; "the time was," said he to us, "in the days of old *Tommy-hommy-haw*, and before old Bingham, or any of his palm-singing crew had ever been here, when I could lay in a full supply of pigs and poultry for an old coat, and with a bit of red flannel, or a string of beads, buy *vegetation* enough to last a week. In 1804, I put in here for refreshments; and among other old clothes that I had, was a threadbare black coat; I had it brushed up and the seams inked, and traded it off with the king, who for it, supplied the ship with vegetables while we staid, and with live stock when she sailed. The coat was always too small for me, and the king was a much larger man than I am, and one day he came in great trouble, complaining that he could not fix the coat to look on him as it did on me; it did not meet by about a foot. So I told him it was because he was a *great* warrior, and that in Cook's country, soldier man wore blue ribbons in his button-hole. I put some loops of blue ribbon to it, and buttoned them up across his breast, and he went away much pleased with his soldier coat. But times are changed since then, and whatever you get here now, you must pay for. And its all owing to these missionaries."

As we approached Honolulu, but while yet in the outer harbor, and before we had any communication with the shore, we were boarded by a person, the only object of whose visit, appeared to be, to bespeak our prejudices in favor of the anti-missionary party. In a short time this worthy had read over to us the whole catalogue of charges and specifications against the missionaries, the most grave of which were that they lived meanly, and worked with their own hands. Nor did we afterwards hear any of a different character, except that of the oft-repeated Catholic missionary affair, and insinuations that certain of them had a back stairs' influence in the councils of state which they used to missionary purposes.

The principal missionary station is at Honolulu; though the condition of the *mass* has undergone more ameliorations at those ports and islands of the group that are less frequented by foreign shipping. At these latter, where the natives are not tempted by the lures of foreign vice, nor the missionary thwarted in his business by the example of white men, he gains more of their time and attention for his work, and consequently they are more industrious, less vicious, and

therefore in a more prosperous state on some of the other stations than they are at Oahu.

We visited several of these "out-of-the-way" stations, and no where, in a single instance, did we witness the slightest misdemeanor among the islanders; but on the contrary, a rigid and scrupulous adherence to honesty and morals was observed in all their dealings. "They learn the Bible by rote," said one of the missionaries, "faster than we can print it. It is distributed to them in single sheets just as we get it from the press. They are continually asking for more, and frequently want to know, if after learning the next one, they will not have learned all the books in the world. And in our walks, we are constantly called on to point out the right from the wrong." Every where we were forcibly struck with the improved and improving condition of the islanders, and had palpable proof that the missionaries had so far conducted their nine years of labor in the most judicious manner.

"The missionaries stationed at the Sandwich Islands, as a class, are inferior to all those whom it has been our fortune to meet at other stations during the cruise. Many of them are far behind the age in which they live, deficient in general knowledge, and I think I can trace in them more of the lineaments of the Muckle-wraths and Poundtexts of by-gone days, than is desirable in divines of the nineteenth century. Belonging to a sect, many of whose numbers, by some unusual combination of circumstances, have been made to reflect, and consequently change their manner of life suddenly, they have quitted their workshops to expound the scriptures; fancying all to be as bad as they themselves were previous to conversion, they go zealously to the work, and, feeling the deep importance of their subject, deal damnation and destruction, in a peculiar slang, to all whose opinions and course of life differ from their own. This is no sketch of fancy, and we can only lament there is no power to shield the pulpit from the vulgar spoutings of unlettered ignorance. It is heard in the United States, and I have no doubt, but the 'Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions' sends abroad the best they have at command. In some rare instances we find combined in the person of the missionary polished manners, knowledge of the world, unimpeachable piety, and a mind firm in solid learning, and graced by various acquisitions of elegant literature. But it unfortunately happens that such men have generally held the subordinate and least distinguished places in the missions, doomed to be ruled by the majority, and labor in the detail of systems which their intelligence will not approve. I might mention such an one, but I must not individualize." p. 475.

The manner in which the missionaries have reduced the Sandwich Island language to letters, does not show any deficiency of talent among them. In the structure of an edifice it is not essential, or even expedient, that all the laborers should be master-workmen. The missionaries had much rubbish to clear away at the Sandwich Islands, but they have laid the foundation of their edifice upon firm ground, and have built it up thus far in admirable proportions. The workmanship shows no want of skill. But "perfection is like the mountain of the talisman, no one has ever yet reached its summit."

We have been led unwittingly away by this interesting subject. If the missionary err, *humanum est*, and

over his faults, if faults he have, we would cast the mantle of charity, as long as it contains any virtue in its folds.

The Doctor's motto is, "Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance." And whenever the missionaries came up to his standard, which we think is pitched too high, he does not withhold from them their due meed of praise, nor deal it out grudgingly. He bears ample testimony of the devotion and success with which the American missionaries in British India have labored in their cause. He gives an interesting account of his visit to the missionary school at Bombay, in charge of Miss Farrar. Under the judicious management of this lady, her school constitutes the only neutral ground, which has ever been afforded where the haughty Mussulman, the persecuted, but honest fire-worshipper, and the exclusive Hindoo, with all his prejudices of caste, could ever meet on any thing like terms of equality. "Already," continues our author, in his interesting narrative, "the feeling against caste has received a shock, and the little girls associated together without much repugnance; and their parents, for the sake of what they learn from their worthy instructors, suffer them to attend the schools." p. 127.

The Doctor left Miss Farrar's school "fully impressed, that the plan of educating native females must succeed, and in the course of time be attended with very beneficial results throughout India"—and adds, "that the great obstacles which the missionaries have to contend against there, are the prejudices of caste; and these are incredibly strong." p. 125.

The *Monolithic* caves of India, are splendid temples of Hindoo antiquity, hewn, as their name signifies, out of the solid rock. They are found among the mountains of Elephanta and Salsette; they are adorned with verandas, spacious and elegant apartments, supported by pillars and columns; and ornamented with massive pieces of statuary, and numerous specimens of the sculptor's art on the walls and near the doorways, many of which are wrought out of the living rock.

The learned of different ages have in vain searched history, inquired of tradition, and tortured their own ingenuity, for some account of the origin of these caves. But the remotest history is silent on the subject, and the people who carved them out, are lost to tradition. All that is known of them is gathered from the stony idols and silent monuments, which a heathen people, at a remote period, and with immense cost of time and labor, had erected to their gods. From the grandeur, number and style of them, it is inferred that they were executed under some powerful dynasty in the East, which must have reigned many years before works of such extent could have been completed.

There is a striking similarity in the architectural style of these caves, and the *Monolithic* temples of Nubia. The manner in which they are decorated, the resemblance between the symbolical representations found in the two cases, and other traces of like forms of worship, favor the conjecture, that the people who hollowed out these temples in the mountains, had a common descent; for they bowed before similar idols, and worshipped the same powers of nature and spirits of the universe.

The recent discovery in ancient Edom of the Mono-

lithic city of Petra, adds plausibility to the conjecture that the upper Nile was peopled from Western India. Though the biblical history of early times rather favors the hypothesis, that the bloody Bozrah\* was the *fatherland*, whence commerce, by means of caravans, found her way into India and Nubia, carrying along with other customs in her train, the stone-cutting art.

The ancient temples of Hindoostan and Egypt, the city of Petra, and the ruins of Palenque, afford an interesting field of research to the antiquary, who shall seek among their remains for traces of similar architectural designs, or other monuments of art, that may serve as a connecting link between the nations of the old world and the aborigines of the new.

Besides the caves of Salsette and Elephanta, among the other subjects of general interest touched upon in the "SKETCHES IN HINDOOSTAN," are the policy of the English East India government, many graphic sketches of rides, scenes, manners and customs about Bombay, and a short account of the Parsees or fire-worshippers.

Without the avarice, or the Jewish curse upon them, the Parsees are among the heathen what the Jews are to the christian nations of the earth. Both of them have been driven from their land, and neither of them have a country. Conducting a thrifty trade wherever they are known, both people have preserved, among all nations, and through every revolution, their peculiar religion and forms of worship. The Parsees are celebrated for their upright dealing and honorable bearing. In some parts of the East, it is said, that sealed bags of money are received and passed currently among merchants, with no other knowledge or voucher of their contents, than that afforded on the outside by the brand of the Parsee merchant.

Moore's beautiful oriental story, the FIRE-WORSHIPERS, is familiar to every one. The deep-toned pathos with which this poem is sung by the young minstrel to his tulip-cheeked bride, delights the fancy, and, in the youthful mind, flings an air of romance around the gallant Hafed and his devoted band, which the mention of fire-worshippers in after-life always calls to memory.

They suppose the throne of the Almighty to be situated in the sun, which dispenses light and heat to the earth; hence the worship of that luminary; † hence also their worship of fire which is emblematical. The stated times for their devotions are at the rising and setting of the sun. They will kindle a fire, and make use of it in their household economy; but they pay it reverence, and will not extinguish it. We recollect an instance of grave offence to a Gheber, by a *squirting* son of brother Jonathan, who, on a visit to the "rebel son of fire," spit his tobacco juice into the blazes of that emblem of deity.

More than a thousand years ago the fire-worshippers were driven from Persia, their country, by the Arabs, under the father of the "dark-eyed Hinda." ‡ Fleeing from the persecutions of their Mussulman tyrants, they sought refuge in various countries of the East. At last they found an asylum among the Guzerates, who allowed them to exercise their religious rites, on condition that they would reveal the mysteries of their faith, and conform with the customs of the country. Whence, in the pursuits of commerce, they have emigrated to all parts of the East. At the age of

\* Isaiah lxiii.

† Lalla Rookh.

‡ Lalla Rookh.

seven years they are invested with the "Gheber belt" of goats' hair, which they never take off, or put on, without prayer. They believe in one God, and that Zoroaster was his prophet. After their expatriation they had no temples, "but morning and evening they assembled on the highways, or near some fountain, where they worshipped the rising and the setting sun. They are generous to all classes of men, without regard to their religious opinions: they often display their charity and benevolence by purchasing slaves, and, after instructing them in some useful art, giving them their liberty." p. 137.

Their number, their union, and their wealth, have excited jealousy, and sometimes made them objects of suspicion; but such is the mildness of their manners, and the rectitude of their conduct, that instances are rare of their being cited before a judge for any misdemeanor. They are fond of poetry. And a Parsee, while tolerant of all religions, has never been known to change his own. p. 133.

From Bombay the squadron proceeded to Colombo, (Ceylon,) and were the first American men-of-war that have anchored there. The officers were cordially received, and hospitably entertained. The Doctor's "SKETCHES IN CEYLON," are replete with valuable information, and entertaining accounts of incidents and things. "Spicy breezes,"\* salt, government, cinnamon gardens, commerce, pearls and missionaries, are only a portion of the varied and agreeable topics discussed in these delightful sketches. The chapter on pearl fishing is particularly instructive. The fishery is a government monopoly, and is farmed out for only a few days in the year, during which time alone, the pearl banks are fished. The oysters taken are sold on the spot to the highest bidder. And those who consider a pearl oyster a treasure, will be astonished to learn that a bushel of them may be purchased for a less sum than a bushel of common oysters costs at Faversham or Colchester. p. 190. The missionaries have met with more success at Ceylon than in any part of India. And what may be flattering to our national pride at least, is, that though the American missionaries there, have been passed over in silence by writers on British India, "they are acknowledged on all hands," says the Doctor, "to be more exemplary and more useful, and more eminently successful than any other religious people in India." p. 166.

Passing from Ceylon, the reader joins hands with our author, and is "shown about" Batavia, where his fruit-loving mouth waters for the delicious mangustin; thence he accompanies him to Bankok on many a pleasant jaunt, and amidst curious scenes and people. Here the treaty was exchanged with his magnificent majesty, the king of Siam.

Thence, on a short allowance of provisions, and with languid minds, under the exhausting influence of an enervating climate, to Turon, where they failed in the second attempt, on the part of the United States, to open a commercial negotiation with the Cochin-Chinese government; and from here they hie merrily on with a leading Monoon, to the celestial provinces of the cousin of the sun, and brother of the moon.

A few days after their arrival at Canton, they were called on to perform the last sad offices of friendship to

\* Vide Bishop Heber's Missionary Hymn.



Edmund Roberts, Esq., the diplomatic agent, who had executed the treaties on the part of the United States, with the courts of Siam and Muscat, and to Lieutenant Commanding Archibald S. Campbell, commander of the United States schooner *Enterprise*. The officers and American merchants at Canton, erected monuments over the remains of these two officers.

The kind attentions of the foreign merchants at Canton, served to divert the minds of the officers from these calamities, and the squadron again put to sea, after a sojourn of three or four weeks, of which the *SKETCHES IN CHINA* afford many interesting details. The cave, whence the gentle Camoens charmed his countrymen with the soft melodies of his verse—graphic sketches of scenes, manners and peculiarities—and the chapter on the "TEA PLANT," will all find favor in the eyes of the general reader.

After touching at the Bonin, the Peacock arrived at the Sandwich Islands on the 7th September, 1836—not, however, without leaving on her trackless way, the body of another gallant spirit. On the 25th July, the remains of J. D. Mendenhall, purser of the *Enterprise*, were committed to the deep.

"A funeral at sea is always impressive. The present was particularly so; for, we were paying the last tribute to one who had been generally beloved and respected by the officers of the squadron.

"The flags of both vessels were at half-mast; the coffin, covered by a flag, was placed in the lee gangway; the tolling of the ship's bell summoned the officers and crew on deck; a solemn silence every where prevailed, broken now and then by a slight swash of the sea against the vessel's side. While the service of the church was being read, the *Enterprise*, with tolling bell, passed under our stern, and came close under our lee. Her bell was silent; the officers and crew were gazing from deck—one plunge, and the broad blue bosom of the Pacific ocean, closed over the mortal remains of one much loved, leaving no trace to mark his grave." p. 451.

A few statistics and graphic sketches, other than those already noticed at the Sandwich Islands, with "*SKETCHES IN THE CALIFORNIAS AND MEXICO*," bring this interesting volume to the conclusion.

It has already been published in England. It is a more interesting, a better written, and a more valuable work, than "*Three years in the Pacific*," by the same author, which went rapidly through several English editions.

### IMPROMPTU.

Impromptus are generally, like much of Sheridan's wit, cut and carved for the occasion. The following is an exception to the general rule:

I love thee, girl, e'en as the saint  
Loves his bright dream of Heaven!  
And if such love were sinful deemed,  
For mine I'd be forgiven—  
For loving graces such as thine  
Is only loving what's divine.

[*Hesperian*.

### BRIDAL ADDRESS.\*

To E. F. M\*\*\*\*.

RECITED AT HER NUPTIALS BY HER SISTER.

'Tis done! their hands are joined—the vow is given—  
Angels are regist'ring that bond in Heaven!  
The blessing of the man of God ascends,  
Rebreathed by father, brothers, sisters, friends,  
And prayers of loving and of loved ones rise,  
Invoking richest blessings from the skies.

Hail to the bridegroom! hail to the youthful bride!  
Be rosy mirth and joy on every side;  
Let age forget its hoary hairs to-night,  
And revel youth in unrestrain'd delight;  
Let folly, gorged with pleasure, sink oppressed;  
Leave discontent, in frowning sadness dressed;  
But, here, let every lip new hope impart,  
And all be bliss, where *heart meets kindred heart*.

Bride of all happiness! in this bright hour  
What gift is left for man, or Heaven to shower?  
See—love-lit eyes their radiance round thee fling,  
Joys in thy path like early flow'rets spring;  
And—*more than these*—brighter than sunbeams ray—  
A father's holy smile illumines thy way;  
A parent's benison is on thy head;  
Oh! blest with that alone, though all were fled!  
He too—whose breast is throbbing wild and high—  
Whose soul is filled with love—whose speaking eye  
Sees through this mazy crowd *one form alone*—  
Who, than thy bosom, asks no other throne—  
He stands enraptured by thy side—*thine own!*

The bond—'tis sealed—thou'rt his; through good or ill,  
His wife, his counsellor, friend, companion still;  
To smile away the clouds—if clouds should come—  
And make an Eden of that dear spot, *home!*  
To weep that he doth mourn—and wake thy song  
Of mirth, that friends and blessings round him throng—  
To watch o'er him, like to a fadeless star,  
That lights the gloom and keeps dark grief afar;  
To have no thought, no will—no wish avow,  
Unsanctioned by his voice—meekly to bow  
Before his riper judgment—and fear nought  
On earth, save loss of love by gold unbought;  
When sorrow pales his manly cheek, or care,  
To soothe his anguish—tenderly to bear—  
By frets unvexed—and in thy heart to wear  
That love which baffles time or change—whose power  
Is strongest, firmest in the darkest hour.  
All this thou'lt be—and well shall he repay  
A love, too deep for minstrel to portray.

Behold! it fades—the veil of future years—  
In fancy's mirror, lo! *thy form* appears;  
Thou'rt ill, upon the couch of pain—but *he*  
Is by thy side, and all thy suff'rings flee!  
Thou weep'st—*he* cheers thee with his whispered words;  
Thou'rt sad—*he* touches memory's tend'rest chords—

\* This address was recited immediately after the ceremony of a marriage, which took place lately in the city of New York, before a large assemblage of friends. It was written for the occasion by a sister of the bride, and spoken by a younger sister nine years of age.—[*Ed. Se. Lit. Messenger*.