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A Sermon occasioned by the death of Lieut. Underwood, and Midshipman WILKES Henry, of the United States Navy, delivered on board the U. S. Ship Vincennes, before the Officers and Men of the U. S. Exploring Expedition, August 19, 1840. By JARED L. ELLIOTT, Chaplain U. S. N. Honolulu, Oahu: Mission Press pp. 28.

(Extract.)

Lieut. Joseph A. Underwood was born July 15, 1811. He entered the Navy of the United States in 1829, and since that time had been almost constantly employed in active service. He was one of the officers earliest attached to the Expedition in which we are embarked; and had been nearly four years connected with it at the time of his decease. With some of you he encountered the dangers and hardships incident to a passage round the Stormy Cape; and off Noir Island, saw and endured with manly composure the more appalling prospect that "tried men's souls." For a year previous to his death, with us who survive he shared the risks of the ship, in the boat, and on shore peculiar to a passage among the reefs and shoals that thickly stud this Southern Sea. With health unbroken he sustained the blighting heat and piercing cold of the torrid and the frigid zones, as we passed rapidly from clime to clime. He bore removed the arduous toils, privations and perils of our Southern cruise, when amid the ice Isles of the Polar Ocean we threaded our devious, and often dangerous way. With us he visited these barbarous Islands, and had been repeatedly engaged in the arduous and perilous duty in which he met his melancholy and untimely fate. Our lamented friend had been married but a few weeks, when he left his native land, and had completed his 29th year only two days previous to his leaving the ship for the last time. While I recognize the charitable sentiment, "Nought of the dead but good," I am happy to assure you that in relation to our departed friends it will be in perfect accordance with that sentiment, to say, Nought of the dead but truth. With the Roman Orator I can say, I come to bury our fallen friends, "not to praise them." And if a year's acquaintance and association can give me any opportunity to judge, I can testify to his amiability and worth. His deportment was distinguished by a studious regard to propriety and decorum, and in his conversation and conduct he respected the feelings and sentiments of those with whom he was associated. His manners and address were those of an accomplished gentleman. There was no affected distance or reserve or any manifest consciousness of superior understanding. His politeness was not merely external; but that of the heart. In his intercourse with men of every condition, his conduct was dictated by benevolence, and regulated by that great law of moral equity, "To do unto others as you would wish them to do unto you." And in all that intercourse his intentions were just, kind, generous and noble. In forming his opinions he was independent, in maintaining them he was firm. "Decision of character was inwrought in the very texture of his mind. He was afraid of no man." When he had assumed a position dictated by wisdom and prudence he maintained it unawed by any opposition which might be brought against him. His temperament was ardent, but under the discipline of that kindness and principle which led him to respect the feelings and

prejudices of others, it had been chastened and subdued. In the performance of duty he was remarkable for untiring diligence and unceasing perseverance. To a highly creditable knowledge of his profession he added various collateral attainments and polite accomplishments. His acquaintance with pure mathematics as applicable to Astronomy, Navigation and Surveying, was known to you all. He was familiar with several of the modern languages of Europe; and who has not seen the chaste, beautiful and faithful productions of his pencil, with which his port-folio was enriched? In regard to his intellectual character he possessed a mind of the first order. His conceptions were clear, concise and vivid. His judgment was remarkably correct. He reasoned with calm deliberation, and examined a subject with a prodigious grasp of mind in all its extensive bearings. If it embraced numerous and various particulars, he directed his attention to each, and suspended his decision until he had examined them all. Having thus with a well-balanced mind looked through a subject, he rarely had occasion to retrace his steps or renounce the conclusions to which he had arrived. A correct and refined taste enabled him to see and appreciate whatever was sublime and beautiful in nature or art. And his memory retained with fidelity the rich variety of facts and sentiments which his reading and observation had committed to its charge.

Such, my hearers, were some of the principal traits which distinguished the character of our lamented companion and friend. With his immediate relatives I had not the happiness of being acquainted, but from all I can learn he was a dutiful and grateful son, a kind brother, and a faithful and affectionate husband to the now widowed partner of his bosom.

I have thus briefly and imperfectly touched upon the character of the lamented Underwood. It only remains to say of the much loved companion of his untimely fate, that many of the traits which Underwood possessed belonged to Henry; with a due reference to the difference between them in age, and experience in the service. The loved and lost Henry, the cherished object of affection of his widowed mother, was deservedly dear to us all.

He was a youth manly beyond his years. He possessed in an eminent degree that propriety and dignity of demeanor, which commanded the respect of all his inferiors, and won, and retained the esteem and confidence of his superiors and associates. He was distinguished for zeal and devotedness to the service; disinterestedness, fortitude and courage; a varied combination of excellencies which rendered him an honor and an ornament to his profession, and afforded high hopes of future distinction. His memory is precious and will not be forgotten. And to you the junior officers of the Squadron, so lately his youthful companions and compeers, I would say, embalm his excellencies of character by imitating them in your lives. And if you have not chosen a better maxim for your guidance through life take this from one who loves you all. Dare always to do right, and only dread to sin against God.

It has fallen to our lot to lose two valu-

ed and endeared companions. Our messmate, and our ship-mates are gone. They have been snatched away by the unsparing hand of death, before they had reached the meridian of life, in the midst of their usefulness to the Expedition and the naval service. Our hearts bleed, and our spirits sink while we estimate the loss which we, their friends, and our country have sustained. But do we repine, while we think how God has blighted our hopes by this event, and find it difficult to reconcile with our conceptions of his wisdom, and goodness? And if that wisdom should defeat our plans or disappoint our hopes, shall we then, who

"One part, one little part but dimly seen,
Through the dark medium of life's feverish dream,

Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan

If but that little part incongruous seem."

Let us rather remember that the Almighty says, "as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." And feel assured that although "clouds and darkness are round about him, righteousness and judgment are still the habitation of his throne."

On the morning of the 24th of July, 1840, Lieut. Underwood went on shore at Malolo, (one of the Fiji Islands,) attended by a few of the men of his boat, who were only partially supplied with arms. He was soon joined by the lamented Henry, from another boat, that remained a short distance from the beach to keep afloat, and in which the precaution had been taken to obtain the son of a chief as a hostage. In the intercourse of the officers on shore with the natives, for a time all appeared fair, and peaceable; when suddenly the treacherous hostage sprung from the boat, and dashed through the shallow water for the shore. With a well meant, but unappreciated forbearance, a shot was fired over him to induce him to return; but in vain. His escape was the signal for the savages to commence their premeditated attack, and rushing under the fatal cry of *Turanga, Turanga*, on our unsuspecting companions, (who were securing the escape of the men to the boat) before they could more than once discharge their arms, overpowered them by numbers, and they fell beneath the murderous clubs of the treacherous and ruthless cannibals. Their remains are mouldering on one of a group of islets (that bears their names) hard by the inhospitable shore where they met their untimely fate. And the deep, loud-sounding, ceaseless roar of the Pacific wave tolls the knell of the lamented Underwood and Henry.

The parties which prevail around you differ in character, principles, and spirit, though far less than the exaggeration of passion affirms; and as far as conscience allows, a man should support that, which he thinks best. In one respect, however, all parties agree. They all foster that pestilent spirit, which I now condemn. In all of them, party spirit rages. Associate men together for a common cause, be it good or bad, and array against them a body resolutely pledged to an opposite interest, and a new passion, quite distinct from the original sentiment which brought them together, a fierce, fiery zeal, consisting chiefly of aversion to those who differ from them, is roused within them into fearful activity. Human nature seems in-

capable of a stronger, more unrelenting passion. It is hard enough for an individual, when contending all alone for an interest or an opinion, to keep down his pride, wilfulness, love of victory, anger and other personal feelings. But let him join a multitude in the same warfare, and, without singular self-control, he receives into his single breast the vehemence, obstinacy and vindictiveness of all. The triumph of his party becomes immeasurably dearer to him than the principle, true or false, which was the original ground of division. The conflict becomes a struggle not for principle but for power, for victory; and the desperateness, the wickedness of such struggles, is the great burden of history. In truth, it matters little what men divide about, whether it be a foot of land or precedence in a procession. Let them but begin to fight for it, and self-will, ill-will, the rage for victory, the dread of mortification and defeat, make the trifle as weighty as a matter of life and death. The Greek or Eastern empire was shaken to its foundation by parties, which differed only about the merits of charioteers at the amphitheatre. Party spirit is singularly hostile to moral independence. A man, in proportion as he drinks into it, sees, judges by the senses and understandings of his party. He surrenders the freedom of a man, the right of using and speaking his own mind, and echoes the applauses or maledictions, with which the leaders or passionate partisans see fit that the country should ring. On all points parties are to be distrusted; but on no one so much as on the character of opponents. These, if you may trust what you hear, are always men without principle and truth, devoured by selfishness, and thirsting for their own elevation, though on their country's ruin. When I was young, I was accustomed to hear pronounced with abhorrence, almost with execration, the names of men, who are now hailed by their former foes as the champions of grand principles and as worthy of the highest public trusts. This lesson of early experience, which later years have corroborated, will never be forgotten.—*W. E. Channing on Self-Culture.*

ARISTOCRACY IN RELIGION. What has all this pomp and pride, these Bishoprics and Archbishoprics, to do with the religion of Christ, with any religion whatever? What man of ordinary sense or ordinary meekness will not confess that in him who affects to approach God the nearest, (and in Established Churches, the higher the grade on earth, the nearer the supposed approach to Heaven, ("the Saint in crape is twice a Saint in lawn") the first requisite virtue is humility. So sensible is even the Mussulman of this truth, that he never ventures to approach his God in sumptuous apparel. The pomps and vanities of the world are scarcely to be assumed to its Creator. Nor is there any haughtiness so revolting as haughtiness of priestcraft which dares to play the aristocrat to the Omnipotent.

ALWAYS HAPPY.—An Italian bishop, struggling through great difficulties without repining, met with great opposition in his episcopal functions without betraying the least impatience. One of his intimate friends, who highly admired those virtues which he thought it impossible to imitate, once asked the prelate if he could impart the secret of being always easy. "Yes," replied the old man, "I can teach you my secret, and with great facility. It consists in making a right use of my eyes." His friend begged him to explain himself. "Most willingly," returned the bishop. "In whatever state I am, I first look up to heaven, and remember that my principal business here is to get there; I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind how small a space I shall occupy in it when I come to be interred; I then look around in the world, and observe what multitudes there are in all respects more unhappy than myself. Thus I