

bladed Barlow knife, which I put at a dime, and, besides, there is in his office a great big rat hole, which is worth looking into. And so," concluded the President, "although I don't know much about your claim, I think there may be a great big rat hole there which may be worth looking into, and I will look into it." The man laughed and went away well pleased.

"You knew John Quincy Adams quite well, did you not, Mr. Thompson?"

"Yes, I sat beside him in the House of Representatives for several years. He was a pleasant man, but a very dignified one. Life was a serious matter with him, and he spent little time in frivolity. Still, he was kind and gentle and fond of children."

"Yes," said Miss Thompson, who was in the library at the time I had this conversation with Col. Thompson. "Mr. Adams was very kind. I was with father during his stay in Washington, and when I was four years old he took me to the House one day with him. I had an album with me, and father sent me with this to John Quincy Adams, asking him to write a sentiment for me in my book. Mr. Adams took me upon his lap and, holding me with one hand, he wrote a poem for me with the other. It was a very pretty poem, too."

"Have you a copy of it, Miss Thompson?" I asked.

"Yes," was the reply. "I have the original, and Secretary Thompson's daughter thereupon fetched a faded yellow book from among her treasures and showed me a page covered with verses in a crabbed, trembling but legible hand. It was the handwriting of John Quincy Adams. Later on Miss Thompson kindly allowed me to have the poem photographed. The words are as follows:

TO MISS MARY GARDINER THOMPSON.  
Oh! had I, lovely maiden, but the power  
Here, on this page, thy destiny to write!  
With lavish hand, what blessings would I  
shower  
To fill thy future days with keen delight,  
Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, each in  
turn  
To thee the tribute of his joys should  
bring;  
For thee stern Winter's social fires should  
burn,  
For thee resound the minstrelsy of Spring.  
For thee should Flora shed her soft perfume,  
For thee her luscious fruits should Sum-  
mer yield,  
For thee should Autumn's waving harvest  
loom,  
For thee Pomona's vintage crown the field.  
And all the rolling seasons should be thine  
And thine they shall be, for thy soul is  
pure  
And Virtue shields with energy divine,  
From all the ills, that mortals must endure.  
Thus, as through life, thy fickle fortunes fly,  
Should Winter's frosts with pain thy bosom  
wring,  
Turn thou to Virtue's sunshine in the sky,  
And bloom afresh as never-fading Spring.  
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.  
Washington, 24th August, 1842.

The conversation here turned to Jackson, and Col. Thompson described for me his inauguration in 1829, speaking of the solemnity with which he kissed the Bible and giving a vivid picture of the scene. Said he:

"I was nineteen years old at that time and came to see the inauguration with my father. Father was a strong Jackson man, and he had a personal acquaintance with the President. I did not agree with father as to his political sentiments, and I told him I should never vote for a man like Jackson. A day or so after the inauguration father took me with him and went to call upon the President. He and Jackson chatted together for some time and then, just as he was about to leave, father horrified me by saying: 'Mr.

President, I want to ask you to give some advice to my son. He does not hold the same views concerning you as I do, and I wish you could say something to keep him in the traces of the party.'

"I expected a reproof from Jackson, for he had, you know, the reputation of being rather severe" and dictatorial. On the contrary he looked at me with a smile, which in a few seconds faded into seriousness, and then said: 'My boy, if I could give you any advice, it would be to think for yourself on political matters and to always act upon what you honestly believe to be right.' President Jackson was, indeed, so kind that day that I have never allowed myself to say a word against him. He was not the man whom the world knows as 'Old Hickory.' He was very gentlemanly and was not rough in manner or bearing. He was a man of ability and the stories of his not having written his inaugural are untrue. I have letters in my possession from President Jackson himself, Andrew Jackson Donelson and others which show this to be a fact."

I asked Col. Thompson some questions about Jefferson. He then told me his reminiscences of Jefferson, Madison and Monroe. He met Jefferson at Monticello. Jefferson's home was near the town, and it was in a country store that little Dick Thompson first saw him. He had heard of the great ex-President, and learning that he was in the store, he entered and went around behind the counter so that he could look Jefferson in the face, watching him as he bought goods for his farm. Monroe and Madison were friends of Mr. Thompson's father and his memory of them is very good. Mr. Thompson is, in fact, now engaged in writing the last volume of his 'Recollections of the Presidents.' He showed me a great mass of manuscript and papers upon which he is working, and told me that if he lived until spring he would be able to complete the work. He has already written two volumes, bringing his recollections down to Lincoln, and the third, 'From Lincoln to McKinley,' upon which he is now writing, promises to be the most interesting of the set.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

### ORIGIN OF THE POLYNESIANS.

[For the "Deseret News" by Charles Hardy, of Helensville, near Auckland, New Zealand.]

The Polynesians or Oceanians are a mixed race of islanders, having substantially the same superstitions, manners, customs and arts, and speaking languages derived from one stock. Not to speak of the admixture with the Oceanians, especially in Java, of Hindoos, Dravidians, Mongols, Mahomedan Arabs, and Europeans, there is an universal and far more ancient African negro element which must have been absorbed into the Polynesian race, not only before any of the others named, but before its migration into the island world took place. The region inhabited by this race extends from Madagascar in the western part of Indian Ocean near Africa to Easter Island in the Eastern Pacific not very far from America; from New Zealand in the South to the Sandwich Islands in the North Pacific; and from the New Hebrides to New Guinea. In the last named part the negro element prevails more largely than in any other, and it has received the name of Melanesia, the people being variously called Papuans (that is, frizzly haired) Negrillos, Negritos, and Oriental or Oceanic, or Polynesian negroes.

The original religion of all the Polynesian races included the belief in a future state, in which great reverence was paid to their ancestors. They were exceedingly superstitious and they practised sorcery. Their system of gov-

ernment was patriarchal. They were polygamists. The practice of circumcision was commenced in many parts. Cannibalism was practiced in many places. Their expressions of grief at a death were extreme, wailing loudly, and cutting and wounding themselves. They treated the dead with the utmost respect, and sacrificed animals, and sometimes human beings, at the burial. They were very revengeful and would harbor their desire for vengeance for an exceedingly long period of time. Sensitive to insult, grave in manners, they were polite and extremely hospitable towards each other, and, if implacable enemies, they were also faithful friends.

The manufacture of what has been called Otaheitean cloth was universal in Ocania.

The languages spoken by the Polynesian race all belong to one family or group, and spring from one stock or mother tongue. The antiquity of the Polynesian race must be very great, reaching far back beyond the commencement of the Christian era. The people could not have become so widely scattered, and the languages and dialects so diverse and multitudinous in a short period of time although the peopling of some of the islands is comparatively recent.

As a general rule the populations and languages of islands are represented by those of the nearest continent. In conformance with this Madagascar, that remarkable, and mysterious island, ought to have been peopled from Africa yet the Malagasy or language of Madagascar is entirely different from that of the African negroes. It is a remarkable fact that Madagascar and Malaysia although so widely apart are inhabited by the same race, speaking dialects of the same language. It is probable that that portion of the Polynesian race to which both belong, enigrated, at a very remote period of time, from the neighborhood of Arabia, hugging, after the fashion of the ancient mariners, on the one hand the coast of Africa as far as Madagascar, and on the other the coast of Asia as far as Malaysia.

Concerning the negro element in the Oceanic race, it seems certain that this element must have come originally from Africa, the only native home of the negro. Palgrave says that the Arabs, in southern Arabia especially, are of every shade—black, brown, copper colored, olive and yellow. Louis Figuler, speaking of the Arabs, says, "Tribes have been met with whose hair is woolly, and nearly analogous to that of negroes." The state of things in Polynesia is exactly the same. There are all shades of color, from light brown to black; and all kinds of hair, from long and straight to that which is woolly, nearly analogous to that of negroes. We cannot doubt that the same kind of thing prevailed in ancient times, and that when in the pre-Christian era the Shemites were supreme in civilization, their negro slaves were extremely numerous, and the negro element in the Shemitic race large. But as in Arabia, so in Polynesia, the race thus mixed is one in every other respect; that is as to language, religion, government, character, manners, and customs. In the islands of the sea as on the continent, we have the same two facts—the disappearance of the negro's language and the apparition of his unmistakable physiognomy, in varying degrees of completeness. It appears certain that the Polynesian race was thus more or less mixed before it migrated to the islands.

It can easily be shown that the Polynesian system of government is truly Shemitic. It is patriarchal. The description of the government of the