

## THE PICTURE.

BY JOHN FROST, EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY MESSENGER, PHILADELPHIA.

Continued from page 24.

Some time in his junior year he became acquainted with the Greenoughs, and as a necessary consequence to one of his mercurial temper, he was inoculated with the love of art. His hortus sicus, minerals, and butterflies were now thrown aside, and all his conversation was of "Corregios and stuff." His summer afternoons, instead of being spent in a ramble to sweet Auburn or Fresh Pond with a tin box under his arm, were agreeably whiled away in the study of Horatio, to whom he sometimes bared his elegant bust or well turned leg, and repaid by his services as a model for the delightful lessons on art, which he drew from the conversation of the young sculptor. This agreeable occupation was varied by an occasional call upon John Greenough, the brother of Horatio, who occupied apartments in a pleasant little cottage in the western part of the town. From this talented artist he imbibed no small degree of enthusiasm for painting. He sat for his portrait, gave orders for sundry pictures, and became quite learned in the history and peculiarities of the old masters. By means of his constant intercourse with the Greenoughs, and by visiting every fine collection of pictures in the neighboring city, he had become, before the end of his senior year, quite a connoisseur.

"Of what use," said his guardian, an old grey headed bank director in Boston, "of what earthly use can this everlasting picture hunting be to you, Jerry?"

"Oh!" replied my friend, "it will come in play some time or other, I dare say. At any rate it is a source of pleasure now, and the knowledge I acquire will be safely laid up. Keep a thing seven years, you know, guardy, and you will have use for it, as you told me about the shooting jacket."

Years after he took his degree, Jerry lost his whole fortune, or at least he appeared to have lost it, by an extensive fire in Boston, which laid in ashes a dozen stores, all situated in the same row. His agents had neglected to insure the buildings a whole week after the policy had expired, and during this time the conflagration had taken place. Fortunately Jerry did not owe a cent. After taking a survey of the ruins, and recollecting that he had not a dollar towards rebuilding his stores, he walked into a friend's counting-house, and offered himself for the situation of supercargo in a ship which was to sail the next week for Malaga. His offer was promptly accepted, and in a few days he had taken leave of his friends and was dashing away before a fine breeze on the broad Atlantic.

Arrived at Malaga, he found the Spaniards "in the midst of a revolution." The Constitution had just been proclaimed; and turning and overturning was the order of the day.—Fortunately the disordered state of politics did not interfere with the success of his voyage.—All his affairs went on prosperously, and he was already counting upon a few hundred dollars, fairly earned, as the reward of his toils.

One evening, when the ship was just ready to sail, there came on board a half-tipsy Spanish sailor with a picture under his arm, which he offered to sell. Jerry glanced at it, and by the dim light of his cabin lamp, he could only make out that it was an old painting of the Madona, very well coated with smoke and dust.

"Where did you obtain this?" said he to the sailor.

"It came out of the monastery which was broken up and riddled last week," was the reply.

"Then, I suppose, the long and short of the matter is, that you stole it."

"By no means, Senior. The people,

it is true, made some reprisals on the priests, who have been for many centuries plundering them. This picture was taken from the monastery by the proper officers of state, and sold at auction. I bought it for a dollar. You may have it for five. What say you to the bargain?"

"Done," replied Jerry; and the sailor took his money and departed, remarking quietly that he was very content with his five hundred per cent. profit.

While Jerry's mania for art had lasted, he had learnt how to clean old pictures in the most perfect manner. Indeed, he never did things by halves; and when laughed at by his classmates for the painstaking assiduity with which he applied himself to the acquisition of this accomplishment, he had only replied by quoting the old say of his guardian, which was now to receive its application. On his passage home he cleaned the picture, and when this interesting process was completed, he became fully convinced that the Madonna must have been painted by some great master.

His next voyage was to London, and the picture remained hung up in his cabin. Unfortunately the ship was wrecked on the coast of England, and the officers and crew were barely able to save their lives and their lightest valuables, by taking to the boats. Jerry had learnt to love his picture; and when they refused to let him take his portable desk, on account of its bulk and weight, he hastily seized the Madonna, saying, "surely you will not object to my taking this." The sailors laughed at his odd fancy, and permitted him to convey it on board the boat.

How it escaped ruin in such a scene I could never clearly learn; but one thing is certain, viz:—that Jerry, well assured of its value, held on to it until he reached London. A few sovereigns, a letter from his friend, Horatio, to a great London artist, and the picture constituted the sum total of his personal estate when he reached the metropolis.

"N'importe," said Jerry, when the captain quizzed him about his last incumbrance, "N'importe, keep a thing seven years and you will have a use for it."

The first thing he did after presenting his letter to the artist was to show him the Madonna. He was enraptured. It was a real gem of art—an unquestionable Raphael. Jerry's long kept connoisseurship had not misled him. The artist like many other artists that I know, had soul. So instead of taking advantage of Jerry's penniless condition, to cheapen the picture for himself, he set about making a grand breeze among the connoisseurs and artists of the metropolis, with a view of raising some money for him by selling it. He invited all his noble patrons to his studio to admire it; wrote about the grand discovery of "the hitherto unknown production of the divine Raphael" in the magazines and newspapers; and finally consigned it to Christie, to form the grand attraction in a coming sale of paintings.

The sensation was prodigious. All the amateurs with long purses were at the auction; and when the Madonna, cunningly reserved till the last, was set up, the competition was unprecedented. Two thousand pounds was the first bid, three thousand the next. The artists themselves held their breath with amazement, at the eagerness of their titled competitors, by which they were soon distanced and at the end of fifteen minutes hard bidding, it was knocked down to a noble duke, at ten thousand pounds.

"There, now," said Jerry, "I did not make myself a connoisseur for nothing. Keep an item of knowledge seven years and you'll have a use for it."

So Jerry's stores were rebuilt; and he now, when he is tired of looking at the pictures in his fine gallery of the American painters, occasionally amuses himself with botanical rambles and chemical experiments.

## THE POLYNESIAN.

Honolulu, Saturday, August 11, 1841.

Letters by the Harlequin of date May 10th speak of the supposed loss of the great Atlantic Steamer President, with one hundred souls on board. She had at last dates been out 43 days, and had not been heard from.

The war-talk was revived between the United States and England, with considerable acrimony on both sides, but not having received any regular file of papers, we are not able to give the particulars. President Tyler's message, to the People of the U. S. is decidedly warlike, as will be seen by referring to its contents on our first page. We would gladly give the late President Harrison's message, but the smallness of our columns, and other matters forbid.

A new Chaplain has been engaged for the Seamen's Chapel of this place, to supply the vacancy occasioned by the death of the Rev. J. Diell.

The Chinese Admiral Kwang, in an interview with Capt. Elliot, proposed, that as the Emperor expected a battle from him, it was necessary for him to have one, but says he, "spose you no put the *plumb* in your gun, I no put the *plumb* in mine." This anecdote will serve to show the sincerity with which the "son of Heaven" is served by his officers. From all accounts we should judge that he is the most *humbogged* of all monarchs and that the present war, will be the means of breaking up a system of peculation, deceit, and oppression far more disastrous in its results upon the country, than years of warfare. China, like a man long disturbed by some painful disease, requires a powerful remedy for its deep seated malady—or rather maladies, the deepest and most inveterate its political world is heir to; pride, ignorance, and falsehood.

Owing to the call for back numbers of the Polynesian, we have reprinted No. 1 of Vol first, and consequently have been able to complete a number of volumes, which hereafter will be sold at the low price of \$5 the Vol. in plain binding.

The advertisements which one sees in the newspapers of the day are odd enough. Witness the following from a New York paper. Such a man must be a host in himself, and in a few days would inoculate a city with knowledge.

## THE GREAT TEACHER.

CHEAP TEACHING—Music, dancing, penmanship, and 50 other arts, sciences, and languages, are each taught better, in a few hours, on the new system, than in years on the old, by the Great Teacher, 520 Broadway, for whatever the pupil may please to give in cash or trade.

## COMMUNICATED.

DRIPPINGS FROM MY JOURNAL.—No. 7.  
ADDRESS BY PETER GOABOUT TO HIS COUSIN  
JOB STAYATHOME.

Seven miles from Hanapepe to the west, lies the village of Waimea, the capital of the island, and residence of the present Governness, Amelia, formerly wife of Kamehameha's veteran gen'ral, Kaikioewa, ruler of Kauai. She is now married to a common native. Waimea is a dusty village, situated on the beach, and west bank of the river of the same name. Its population has dwindled to a third of its former number, when ships made it a recruiting place, and it is still rapidly decreasing. A soil is now rarely seen in its roadstead, and its barren soil, which is of a dark red hue, and excessive heat, make it one of the least desirable residences on the islands. But one or two foreigners reside there, besides a mission family, (Mr and Mrs Whitney) who are stationed here, and have occupied the ground with great zeal and faithfulness for 20 years.

Another family was connected with them but a few years since, it was deemed desirable that they should remove to Koloa. The house which they occupied, which was a two story wooden building, and erected considerable expense, is now left a prey to the elements, and of no use to any one, might be made useful as a schoolhouse, for some reason has never been occupied since the family for whom it was built moved from it.

The Governness has also a very good walled dwelling house, prettily situated upon a hill, which was built for her late husband, and foreign mechanics; but it is kept in very poor repair, and is but seldom occupied. However good houses the chiefs may have they prefer to sleep in thatched huts, with the good old custom of their ancestors, while their finer dwellings are kept only as matters of state, and to gratify their pride in the eyes of foreigners. To use them is quite as inconvenient as it is to a common native to mount a pair of tight pants; a penance which he will endure for an hour or two of a Sunday or holiday, but which he is very glad to lay aside for the *malo*.

Amelia, however, prides herself upon possessing the finest thatched house after the Hawaiian style, upon the islands. It was work of gallantry on the part of her late husband and one of his last works of any nature. Not long before he died, which was in 1833 she expressed a wish to have such a building erected. Gov. Kaikioewa, who by the way was a bit of a taskmaster, and Napoleon-like had a most aristocratic, or rather despotic contempt for the word impossible, issued his orders, and the work was commenced. Amelia with an equal disregard to any obstacles which nature might present, or moved by that spirit which enhances the value of an object by the effort to obtain it, selected just the site which was the most eligible and of which there was abundance, to wit, dry ground, but the miry beds of some fish ponds and kalo patches. Many months labor were spent in filling these up, notwithstanding the high dignitaries of the land, as a most edifying example of labor, by occasionally exerting themselves to deposit a handful of earth therein, by way of encouragement to their vassals. Portly dames and lusty kanakas might have then been seen wending their way to the pit, in full living suits of dame nature, puffing and panting under the efforts to move their unwieldy limbs, while boys and girls, men and women all that could get above a creep, vied with them in—laziness. However the work advanced, under the eyes of the old governor and a foundation was at last made. The building erected was 110 feet in length, 30 in breadth, and 30 to the ridge pole. It is a neat and pretty house, with an air of savage grandeur about it which is pleasing. The interior was one fine hall, but has since been divided into two rooms, and from the fineness of the cinet, and the neatness with which it was laid on, the whiteness of the rafters, even size of the great posts, smoothness of the thatch, and good proportions of the whole, presents quite a regal appearance, and is well worth the attention of a traveller, particularly as such governors as Kaikioewa are getting scarce and the chance of there being more such buildings erected somewhat small. In it was deposited a canoe belonging to Moses the governor apparent, of most beautiful workmanship. It is made of one Koa log, and is 44½ feet long, 3 feet deep, and 21 inches wide, with high prow and stern neatly attached to the main body by fine cord. The whole is finely polished, and from the care with which it is preserved, can be but seldom used.

On the east bank of the river is the stone Fort, now almost in ruins, which was built by the Russians in 1815 for Kaumuali'i. It still mounts a considerable number of small guns, and is of sufficient strength to resist any attacks from the islanders, should they be inclined again to rebel.