The Dresden Gallery
THE ROYAL DRESDEN GALLERY:

BEING

A Selection of Subjects Engraved after Pictures,

BY

THE GREAT MASTERS,

BERCHEM, BOL, CRANACH, CANALETTI, CARAVAGGIO, CARLO DOLCE, CLAUDE LORRAIN, CORREGGIO, GUERCINI, GUIDO RENI, METZU, MIERIS, NETSCHER, OSTADE, RAPHAEL, REMBRANDT, RUBENS, TENIERS, VANDYKE, WOIVERMAN, Etc., Etc.

WITH ACCOMPANYING NOTICES,

CONSISTING OF

TALES, BIOGRAPHIES, Etc.

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INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.

Notwithstanding the clamours and complaints that are heard on all sides, the prosperity of the human race is evidently on the increase. Cities, towns, and villages are swelling in size, and increasing in number; while in all quarters of the civilized globe, intercourse, connexions, views, enjoyments, necessities, pretensions, and knowledge, are spreading abroad, expanding and advancing with a power and progress unparalleled in the history of mankind.

This aspect of the condition of men and things, includes likewise the prosperity of the fine arts, the culture and appreciation of the beautiful, as the only means of refining the sense and perceptions of man, and enhancing his taste for the enjoyment of a life of peace and repose.

This feeling or taste for the beautiful, may now be said to have taken deep root, and to have extended itself far and wide. It has become vivid and general, and if the popular sense of the fine arts is not so perfected amongst us who dwell in these latter days, as it was in the great era of classical antiquity, still their appreciation has become characteristic of all civilized nations; and every day is calling forth by the spell of poetical powers, something new and beautiful in the luxuriant fields of art.

The patronage of the arts of the south, extends to other regions. Nor is it confined there, as formerly, to a few individual amateurs. On the contrary, the productions of art constitute some of the chief pleasures of general life, and although the spirit of useful knowledge and investigation progresses, yet, in the quiet possession of means, the public mind shews it can find time to study and care for something besides Journals, Ironfoundries, Banks, and Steamboats, and can admire and value mental refinement, and the gentle achievements of Art.

The immense wealth, which the discovery and conquest of America poured among the European nations, at a time when the artificial luxuries of physical life, had not as yet claimed the consumption of almost the entire pecuniary earnings and possessions of man, was one of the principal means of raising the fine arts to that high
degree of eminence, which is the marvel of the present day. And it is not unreasonable to hope and expect, although wealth is not necessarily either the patron or protectress of Art, that in the present state of things, amidst an equally intellectual power, greater progress in general knowledge, more ample means of refinement at disposal, and a higher sense of relative duties, the arts may hereafter equally flourish and develop themselves amongst us.

It must however not be forgotten, that in order to accomplish this, some preparation of the eye and the mind, are alike necessary. What the Greek possessed as the intuitive gift of nature, must amongst us be the result of education. That even although the gift be there, education does much, nothing can more strongly testify, than the remarkable contrast which is known to have existed between the Athenian and the Spartan. Both were placed in the same happy climate, under the same sky, with the same language, the same religion, the same mythological traditions, and yet, how opposite in the imaginative creations of the mind! The one was the enthusiastic worshipper of art, the other a cold, and comparatively indifferent spectator. With us, the case is somewhat otherwise. There is a perfect thirst already created for a knowledge and understanding of all that is beautiful in art. This begets the desire of possession, and it is the pleasing duty of governments, societies, and individuals, to aid and assist in its right direction and supply. Thus may education and the arts go hand in hand, act and react, and mutually refine, promote, and elevate each other.

We are not unaware that it has often been asserted of the aristocracy and upper classes of all nations, that art is only the appanage of rank and wealth. This would however appear to be a great mistake. Taste and knowledge are not unfrequently found elsewhere, combined to as great a proportion and extent. Take for example the middle and lower classes amongst ourselves. If they cannot possess a painting, still there is scarcely a house you now enter, in which some engraving at least, is not found, that a short generation or two ago, would have been held good enough for a palace. Yes! and the love of art has even found its way into the dwellings of the poor. How often do we see the old, worthless, tawdry prints of dramatic, or more questionable incidents, now displaced by scripture illustrations, or other engravings of a purer and better character.

It is the growing appreciation of this department of the fine arts, which herein more especially claims our attention. In the progress made towards the attainment of the great object at which we have hitherto looked, engraving is one of the first steps it has already done much, — and will yet do more. It is precisely this, which, by multiplying the creations of one gifted mind, awakens the intelligence, and educates the eye; and by placing within their reach the works of the most renowned artists, opens up, and greatly enlarges the sources of enjoyment to thousands, to whom they would otherwise be unattainable.

The intention of the present publication is, to aid still further this work of artistic reproduction, by promoting an extended acquaintance with some of the most celebrated
paintings in the Dresden Gallery, and which it is proposed to bring forward in a form more generally accessible than hitherto, or than that, in which such works can for the most part appear.

In the diversity thereby afforded both of subject and style, it is presumed every taste will find abundant gratification. This will be evident from a single glance at the selection that has been made. Among the engravings will be obtained many from pictures already well known and highly esteemed throughout the world; so much so indeed that engravings of them, though sold at a great price, have obtained a very extensive patronage. Notwithstanding some of these were of larger size, the characteristic qualities of the pictures are not on that account more justly represented. The following series will be found to have preserved the most perfect faith with the paintings, and neither effort nor expense has been spared, to make the engravings in every respect worthy representatives of the far famed originals.

We feel it to be a bold attempt on the part of the Projector to put the public in possession of such a work at such a price; and it could only be done in the steadfast hope, that the patronage earnestly sought for it, will be such, as to warrant an enterprise, which under the most favourable circumstances must necessarily involve a very considerable outlay.

Having now thus far fulfilled one agreeable duty, in placing the matter fairly before the public, it only remains to say, that we confidently commit to their favour the present undertaking. Repeating the oft-quoted Apothegm that,—

"He who makes good Art cheap, is employing it in discharging its best and highest duty, by teaching and delighting the eye or reforming the manners, instructing the mind and purifying the heart" — and it might be added, — he thus becomes a public benefactor.
DRESDEN.

In setting forth to the reader the following engraved subjects, selected from the Dresden Gallery, it appears neither irrelevant, nor undesirable, that something be said about Dresden itself, since it is probable many of those, into whose hands the present volumes may fall, have not yet visited that interesting repository, wherein so many works and treasures of art are preserved.

Although every visitor must be pleased with the city, it is not that the ecclesiastical buildings are so very remarkable, neither that its palaces are stately. The Royal Palace, who can describe it? It is as strange and wilful a pile of building as ever the eye rested upon, running up one street and down another; the principal object seeming to have been, to mask every portion of it, that might be called either impressive or interesting. But the Frauenkirche possesses a beautiful dome, which together with the lofty tower of the palace, form remarkable objects from whatever point you choose to view them.

The two spacious squares or market-places, wear an aspect peculiarly their own, and there is a general air of freshness and cleanliness, and brightness, all about Dresden. A noble river sweeps broadly past it, spanned by a noble bridge, which long set at defiance all the efforts of the Elbe to disturb it, and would probably have remained entire until this very day, could it only have resisted as efficaciously French gunpowder!

Summer upon it when the day is declining, and the moon in the blue vault of heaven, and the out-twinkling stars are beginning to enmirror themselves on the surface of the stream; look up and down the river; Towers, Palaces, Domes and Pinnacles, are reflected in its unruffled bosom. The fertile plain recedes awhile from the opposite bank, then swells into gentle slopes and uplands, laid out in vineyards and pleasure gardens, and sprinkled far and near, with villages, and clean, peaceful, happy looking dwellings; while towards the distant south, the summits of Saxon Switzerland, a branch of the Bohemian mountains, close in your picture. The view is renowned, and deservedly so, throughout the country.

The Bridge which commands this beautiful view of the valley of the Elbe, was originally built out of the proceeds of Papal Dispensations for eating butter and eggs during Lent. As the river at particular seasons of the year is often known to rise
from fourteen to sixteen feet in less than twenty-four hours, it is necessarily of the most solid construction. In a recess which is still pointed out, Napoleon sat for three hours, watching the progress and defile of his troops preparatory to his retreat upon Leipzig in 1813.

Few splendid equipages are rattling over the stones of Dresden, but the streets and buildings have a regularity, that is, a pleasing regularity, and an appearance, space, and height, which are inviting to the eye of a stranger. Then, besides the many temptations to allure him to the Saxon Capital, wood and water, mountain and plain, precipice and valley, corn and wine, are glowing around him in bright profusion, beneath a climate pleasant and genial. We have indeed found but few who have professed themselves disappointed with it; and they have mostly belonged to that discontented and capricious class of beings, of whom specimens are now and then to be met with; and these, the garden of Eden itself, would, in all probability have failed to charm.

The city formerly occupied only the left bank of the Elbe, which now can be said to divide it. The original portion, as may be expected, is the most characteristic and interesting, and although some of the streets here are narrow, others are amply broad, and at times afford some fine specimens of the civil architecture of Germany; nor do we know anything of its kind in this country more imposing than the Altmarkt of Dresden. The New Town on the opposite bank is more open, but the style of building is modern, and therefore, alas! that it should be so trivial, when compared with the bold and beautiful remains of other days. But while people will insist upon throwing together Pilasters, Columns, Entablatures, and Pediments, where there is no space for them, and where there would be neither utility nor beauty, if space were even afforded, we cannot expect here, or any where else, that a pure taste can ever again be worthily revived. The street which runs continuously with the bridge is the finest in Dresden, and might have been made something more than a rival of the celebrated street in Berlin, Unter den Linden, had it only been better laid out and planted.

Of the churches and their architecture, but little need be said. The Frauenkirche is reported to have been built after the model of St. Peters at Rome! The only resemblance however that can be discovered, is that both have domes, the proportion being about that which a pea bears to a pumpkin! Its construction is admirable, being built entirely of stone, and so solid, that the bombs discharged against it by Frederick the Great in 1760, rebounded harmlessly from its surface. The catholic church, one of Chiaveri's designs is in the most corrupt and degenerate Italian style, profusely ornamented but utterly tasteless, and the only thing that redeems it, if we except the harmonious details of the lower portions, is its situation just at the entrance of the bridge.

The Palace of Brühl should be visited by all lovers of art, if only to see the 50 Canaletti, many of which are views of Dresden and its vicinity, and principally of a very high order. A similar attraction will also be found at the Royal Palace, in the Frescoes designed by Borchmann, and representing the progress of the Human Race.
Beyond these, there is nothing which may not be found in all Palaces, and therefore nothing to merit in our limits any particular description.

The armoury of Dresden, (which is not like most armouries, merely a museum to contain a few unimportant plates of iron and brass, fastened anyhow together, in order to show what kind of things coats of mail formerly where; but is more like what an armoury must have been in the middle ages, and) is one of the most interesting, perfect, and complete in Europe, standing only second to that of the Anbras collection at Vienna. It contains all the weapons, offensive and defensive, of chivalrous warfare; all the costly trappings and caparisons of the tournament, and other equally wild and poetical sports of feudal times. The elaborate workmanship of gold, silver, and ivory, on gunstock, sword, bit and stirrup; the splendid damasking of the plate armour, together with the profusion of inlaid ornament, excite both wonder and admiration; and wealth and skill appear to have exhausted every possible material and decoration, in the display that has been made. The suits of armour are countless, and of all sizes, from that adapted to the strength of a boy 10 years old, when the education of a knight appears to have begun, to that of Augustus the second, adorned the strong, clad in which, few men of these degenerate days could move, and whose cap is as heavy as a small iron cauldron. It was this Augustus who in wooing a maiden beautiful, but somewhat coy, evidenced at the same time both his wealth and power, by presenting a huge bag of gold with one hand, and breaking a newly made horse shoe with the other.

It is a great and rare pleasure to visit the Green Vault. Crowns and Regalia rich with the most costly gems; ancient and extensive services of massive embossed plate; goblets and vases of antique forms, precious enamels, inlaid cabinets; old watchs, called Nuremberg eggs, from their shape, and the place, where they were first made in 1500; the finest canoes: quaint and grotesque toys, made of the coral, the topaz, the emerald and the pearl. Many articles of veru also of the most curious and ancient workmanship are here; and some carvings in ivory so beautifully relieved, that the infant bacchanal, the fair full form of woman, and the withered lines of age are given with a grace, a truth, and a life, which equally astonish and delight. These are highly interesting as mementos of a very difficult art, and of the minute labor with which German artists could mould the most relucant materials into difficult forms of variety and beauty. There is no catalogue of the contents of this vault, and the objects to be viewed are so numerous and bewildering, that it is almost impossible in half a dozen visits, to make notes or to separate and fix in your mind, those that you would fain remember. But the Hall of the Throne, the Cavalcade of the Court, the Board of the Festival, the chamber and the cabinet of other days, were furnished out from a treasury like this. You gaze undoubtfully on the past; and the effect, as a whole, is long thought of, and to the curious, fancy illustrates periods that have long since passed away.

Laid out in a long range of chambers, on the lower floor of the Japanese Palace you may inspect the Dresden China, a not unimportant exhibition consisting of about
60,000 specimens, in which is to be traced the rise, progress, and varied improvement of an art, which furnishes a most innocent and elegant convenience, not to say luxury to many; a luxury indeed, which, in its degree is felt throughout society at large. The effect produced on the mind of the middle and humbler classes throughout Europe, by the increasing elegance of form and pattern, of the articles of China or Earthen ware, now in common use amongst them, is in a high degree civilizing. There is something not only pleasing to the eye, but improving in these apparent trifles, and if they be elegant, they will beget a refinement and gentleness in those who daily gaze upon and use them. One set of China contained in this collection was given to the Elector Augustus the second, by Frederick the first of Prussia, in exchange for a regiment of dragoons fully equipped! In the same building is the Hall of Antiquities, which, although it may disappoint a traveller fresh from Rome or Florence, contains nevertheless some works of a very high order, and instructingly illustrative not only of ancient art, but also of ancient history.

Although owing to the limited space allotted thereto, it is impossible to do more than glance generally at the various objects of interest to be found in Dresden, we must nevertheless devote a few lines to the Library. This comprises about 300,000 volumes exclusive of between two and three thousand early printed books, from the invention of the art, to the end of the 15th Century. It contains also nearly 3000 manuscripts and many volumes of Autograph letters, among which are some of Luther, Melanchthon, Erasmus, Grotius, Sixtus the 5th, Bianca Capello, and others. Then there is the costly collection in 19 folio volumes, made by Frederic Augustus II. of portraits of the Princes and Princesses of the 17th Century, with maps of various countries, and plans of the principal towns; three volumes representing the Dresden Tournaments from 1457 to 1564; a volume of miniatures of the most celebrated and learned men of the 15th, and 16th centuries, the work, it is conjectured, of the younger Cranach: and last, though not least, one part of Albrecht Dürer's treatise on the proportion of the human body, in his own hand writing, and illustrated by one of his sketches. The other part is, where this should also be, in Nuremberg, Dürer's native town.

The Cabinet of engravings deserves the notice of all lovers of the fine arts. It is the most complete collection of Copper Plates in the world. It comprises at the least 250,000 about which nothing more need be said than, that whoever wishes to study the history and development of this beautiful branch of art, can find no better school than the rich and overflowing treasury in the Cabinet of Dresden. All these things however pleasing and highly important as many of them undoubtedly are, sink into comparative insignificance when we turn our eyes to those great productions which adorn the Dresden Gallery. It has been universally styled "the German Florence;" and although the Saxon Capital possesses not the "world enchanting statue," neither has founded nor formed a school of painting or sculpture, yet, in its appreciation of the arts, and the encouragement it has afforded them, it has indeed been to Germany,
REMBRANDT AND HIS WIFE.

Painted by Rembrandt.

Paul Rembrandt (or in the Flemish language, Rymbrant) van Rhyn, was born in the year 1606 near Leyden. This painter, who ranks as one of the most celebrated and original of the Flemish School, was the son of a miller. He was instructed in the rudiments of his art by Jacob van Schwamensburg in Leyden, and gave proofs in early youth of that talent for effect and deep colouring, by which all his later performances are distinguished. At Amsterdam he acquired under the tuition of Peter Lastmann, and Jacob Pinas, two painters of no mean celebrity, a knowledge of the higher technicalities of the art, in so far indeed as these are to be learnt.
Paul Rembrandt however, from the very beginning of his artistic studies displayed so original a talent both in the composition and execution of his subjects, that he kept aloof from his brother artists, fixed his abode in his father’s solitary mill, and neglecting every thing but his love of art, commenced painting with no other assistance than his own self-confidence, and unwearied application. He had come to the firm conclusion, that Nature in whatever shape she may choose to appear, must be the only guide for the Artist, and he did certainly arrive at the highest degree of external truth in his art, in consequence of which, his fame spread forth through the whole of Holland and France.

Paul Rembrandt married a peasant girl of Bamsdorp, in whom he believed he had found his ideal of beauty, if a painter of so material a turn of mind, can be said to have had an ideal at all. As his expences increased, he betook himself to the Hague, where his pictures were already fetching prices equal to those of Rubens.

At the Hague he still continued to keep aloof from all his contemporaries, frequenting only the society of the lower class — his originals — and by his representations of low life, became from day to day richer, more celebrated, and more covetous. What he gained however by painting, he squandered on a collection of the best works of the the Italian and Spanish Masters, and died in poverty at Amsterdam, 1664.

Paul Rembrandt’s original and somewhat eccentric character, was very injurious to his efforts as an artist. Unversed in what is so necessary for a painter, — a knowledge of history, mythology, etc., and unlike Rubens and Van Dyck, inspired by no ideal and sublime imagination, he, whose sole endeavour was, to be true to nature and her startling effects of light and shade, remained partial, and almost repulsive; particularly as engrossed by his favorite colouring, he seldom bestowed much pains on composition and drawing.

His power of expression and colouring, equalled by few, are great and worthy of the highest admiration, more especially in the management of his lower tones. His great knowledge of Chiar-oscuro, displayed in his wonderful effects of light and shade, irresistibly attracts the beholder. Rembrandt’s heads, figures and drapery, as well as the subordinate objects and staffage, are generally most beautifully and carefully worked up; but although his faces and hands — those touch stones of the Artist — are most exquisitely painted, he did not excel like Rubens, in painting naked figures, being ignorant of anatomy, and having but an imperfect idea of flesh-tints. His drapery is rich and flowing, and the various kinds of stuffs artfully imitated, although too much ornamented, and seldom distinguished by antique and graceful simplicity; while his perspective is often defective.

On taking into consideration the turn of mind and education of this celebrated artist, we cannot be surprised, that of his very numerous pictures, the portraits, and groups taken from real life, have greatly the pre-eminence over those of his ecclesiastical and historical subjects.
After observing that Rembrandt, who was as famous an Engraver as a Painter, produced at least 400 etchings, most of them unrivalled, and on that account much esteemed, and after making honourable mention of Ferd. Bal. G. Dow, Van der Eckhout, Ph. Konink, Drost van Gerlee, the best among his numerous pupils, we turn to the accompanying plate, representing the artist and his wife, which after having several times changed owners, now ornaments the Gallery at Dresden.

Almost every painting of Rembrandt's represents a scene he has taken part in. He chatted, smoked and drank with the subjects of his pictures; he sat cheek by jowl with these eternal Dutch forms in the chimney corner; he was a sharer in their antediluvian merry-makings, he bargained and haggled with them at his unrivalled fairs and wakes, and listened to the strange music of his ragged fiddlers, clarionet-players and bagpipers. If the pictures of Rembrandt are somewhat too broadly delineated to be considered as mere talented copies of real life, the reflective observer may easily discover the somewhat coarse humour, to which these compositions owe their origin. Rembrandt never painted without introducing these touches of broad humour, and when they did not accidentally present themselves, he industriously sought them out.

The accompanying picture of this celebrated Fleming, clearly points out the influence of such an temperament, and of a particular circumstance which has given rise to it, in its speaking and palpable delineation of real life, and in the countenances of the two figures.

The picture relates a part of the story, which we are about to give to our readers in all its genuine Flemish humour.

Paul Rembrandt and his young wife had at the commencement of our story but lately settled at the Hague. They inhabited a small dwelling near the Cathedral, in a narrow but much frequented street; the passers-by had no sooner espied some of the painter's immortal pictures displayed at the casement, than they literally besieged his house from early in the morning till late in the evening. By this expedient, so unusual at that time, the painter contrived in the course of a few days, to let the whole town know, who had taken up his abode among them. In this way he evaded the necessity of seeking out the great patrons and amateurs of art: they thronged uninvited into his small, but well fitted studio, and notwithstanding the monopoly, which that Prince of Flemish painters, Peter Paul Rubens, and his pupils, Van Dyck, Teniers, Vainck and Andre, had till then exercised, the young painter soon found himself almost overwhelmed with the most flattering and lucrative orders.

Rembrandt, proud and averse to all restraint, had not thought proper to seek an introduction to his brother artists. He felt, that, notwithstanding he stood alone and opposed to this school of painters, he was yet strong enough to force his way, without (as was generally the case) being compelled to pay court to Rubens, or even like most of his great pupils, to work from his sketches, under his direction, and for his benefit. On this account he was for a long time treated by those of his contem-
puraries, who were at the zenith of their fame, in the same manner as the Author of "the Robbers", was treated by Goethe — in being utterly disregarded.

Rembrandt, avoiding the better class of society, and residing in preference to taverns, low alehouses, and to the haunts of beggars and gypsies, was forced at last by chance into contact with the painters of the Hague.

In one of the suburbs of the town, stood an old, dilapidated, and somewhat extensive building. This was a smithy. Rembrandt had in the course of his evening rambles long since found out this picturesque building, with the still more picturesque employment that was carried on within its walls; but although he often directed his steps thither, in order to take a sketch of it with its Cyclops, he had not as yet been favoured with that conjunction of circumstances, necessary for displaying the scene, in all the brilliant effects of light and shade capable of being imparted to it. One evening in spring, Rembrandt had laid aside paint-brush and palette, taken off his favorite fur cap, wrapped himself up in his coat of marten's fur, and seated himself in an arm-chair at the fireside. He was awaiting the return of his beautiful young wife who had gone into the town to make some purchases.

When she at last made her appearance, she complained of the weather, which had detained her longer than usual.

"Does it rain?" inquired Rembrandt.

"Yes quite fast, a fine mizzling rain!" replied the fair Jantje. "I am glad you are not going out this evening, but have made up your mind to stay at home with me."

"Oh! oh! my pretty dear!" said Mynheer Rembrandt, not so fast if you please — "Is it very dark out of door's?"

"As dark as pitch."

"Did you observe what sort of a light the lamps give?"

"Oh! yes, Paul; they give a horrid light, and look quite red."

"All right! Jantje. It is not yet nine o'clock. They are still at work, but I must make haste, that I may not lose the opportunity."

"Where are you going to, Mynheer?" anxiously inquired Jantje.

"Give me my cap and portfolio, I am going to the smithy in the suburbs. In two days time, I shall have made a picture of it, and then my Jantje will have a few hundred florins to pop into the money bag."

Rembrandt was not deceived in his expectations. When he arrived at the Smithy an exclamation of joy and surprise burst from his lips. The darkness without, presenting a strong contrast to the sons of Vulcan, working at their glowing forge, brought them into wonderful relief. — The painter leaning upon the low hatch, his eyes sparkling with excitement, began his sketch. He threw a little money into the smithy, thereby prompting the herculean and swarthy men, to place themselves in the different positions he required. The sketch completed, he closed his portfolio, and remained leaning on the hatch in an attitude of deep attention, contemplating the scene with the eye of a connoisseur.
"Mynheer, will you permit us to take your place for a few moments?" said some one in his ear, and Rembrandt felt a hand gently laid upon his shoulder.

He turned and perceived two young men, wearing beards, standing close behind him. Rembrandt recognized the noble countenance of Van Dyck, and the marked features of Van Schuk. He drew back with a smile.

"You intend painting that," muttered he. How unfortunate that Rembrandt has also tried his hand at it!

The two artists commenced sketching. Rembrandt continued to stand near them, watching their progress and exhibiting sundry signs of disapprobation.

"My sketch does not seem to please you Mynheer", said Van Dyck looking round.

"It would be a wonder if it did! Finish the picture Master Painter, and then see whether it will please you any better than it does me."

So saying, Rembrandt took his departure.

Three days after this memorable evening, Van Dyck and Schuk were standing before Rembrandt's dwelling. His "Smithy" was hung up for sale.

"What d'ye say to that, friends? inquired Van Dyck. This man paints shadows equal to Carregaos and Rubens, but he surpasses them in his bold and masterly arrangement of the lights: This dark picture is a masterpiece. Come Schuk, let us go in. Though his pride has prevented him coming to us, he shall see that Van Dyck at least is artist enough, to pay him the homage due to genius. This Picture and my Smithy! — What a contrast! — I must get this gem into my possession, even though I should be compelled to give him my very best picture in exchange for it.

Schuk, however was not to be prevailed upon to accompany him, and Van Dyck went in alone. "I am Van Dyck, brother", said the handsome artist extending his hand to our fat little friend. "I have come to see you and to learn of you." You were right, I can make nothing of my smithy, and have come to fetch yours. Are you willing to take one of my pictures in exchange for it? Come with me to my studio and select whichever one you like best.

Rembrandt thus addressed could hold out no longer. He showed Van Dyck all his pictures, and defended his style for being in such decided opposition to all that was considered grand. When he had done, he took Van Dyck's arm and accompanied the latter to his studio.

Rembrandt scarcely cast a single look at pictures distinguished by the grace and seraphic purity of Raphael; he passed coldly by the beautiful and ideal compositions of his contemporary, only stopping occasionally to praise the masterly handling of technicalities; and completely overlooked those paintings in which the young artist had endeavoured to portray the human mind in all its different phases and aspirations.

Give me this picture in exchange for my Smithy, and I shall be satisfied with the bargain, said Rembrandt at length, pointing to the "Reapers" (Les Moissonneurs dans
les Flandres) which was lying on the easel. "The Reapers" was a picture from real life, and therefore congenial to his taste. It was unfinished.

"This is the very worst of all my paintings", said Van Dyck. "Choose another Mynheer."

"Say the very best, and you will have hit the mark. In this you have more nearly approached reality."

"But I only aim at the reality of art, Master Rembrandt."

"You aim at surpassing Nature, and have no chance of equaling her", rejoined Paul Rembrandt. "She alone is the immortal mother of art. She can create; man never can. He may indeed from her separate features, patch together a sort of whole, and call it painting from imagination; when in good sooth he only produces a monstrosity. We can paint nothing but what we copy or steal from Nature; this picture is really excellent, like life itself! Look at those reapers. — What superb Flemish lasses! one is tempted to kiss and hug them; they appear to be laughing, joking, loving and drinking, as well as capable of boxing the ears of audacious sweethearts. — What do you think of doing with this unfinished figure in the foreground, Mynheer Van Dyck?"

"It is the Queen of the Reapers! She personify the Ideal in my picture, she is to impress this scene of every day life with her divine stamp.

"Do you really intend to introduce a monstrosity into this picture also, — In that case you may keep it."

"No, simply an ideal form," replied Van Dyck, but my conception of it is not yet sufficiently clear to enable me to paint it."

"Well, why not go and hunt after a Queen for your Reapers, and when you have caught one to suit you, take her portrait, and then give me your Moissoners."

"It is of no use hunting after one; for a living woman can never come up to my ideal."

"Oh, Boaster!" said Rembrandt greatly excited, take care that you do not meet with a girl who will put your pencil to shame, before whom you will be forced to exclaim: "My art is dead in comparison with such nature as this."

Van Dyck drew himself up proudly. Rembrandt took his leave laughing, and advising him not to lose time, in looking out for a handsome and living model, for the Queen of the Reapers. When Rembrandt got home he said to his wife.

"Do you know Van Dyck?"

"I have seen his portrait", replied Janje.

"Do you know the gilded pew next to that of the King's in the Cathedral?"

"Of course I do, it is Rubens's."

"Make haste and dress yourself as becomingly as you can, and then go to mass. Rubens and Van Dyck are sure to be there. Scat yourself opposite them, and contrive to let Van Dyck have as good a view of my handsome wife as possible. Do you understand me?"

"But why am I to do this?"
"Because he wants a model, which he will not choose from God's beautiful world, but from his own crackbrained fancy. But when he has seen you, he will paint you, and paint you too in my picture. I wish to give this conceited fellow a lesson. Go, Jantje, exert your powers of pleasing; but not too much so, 'dye hear?"

Jantje understood his meaning, laughed, and adorning herself as a Queen should do, went to church and took the seat agreed upon. Van Dyck soon made his appearance at the side of Rubens. His glance fell on the blooming and radiant face of the jovial painter's loving spouse, who met the ardent gaze of the young painter with a gentle smile. Van Dyck, who notwithstanding his love for Miss Van Maleder, was anything but indifferent to the charms of others, appearing to be quite struck with her, the sly mnx did all she could to heighten the impression, which her quick eye soon perceived she had made upon the senses of the celebrated painter.

When the service was over, and she was leaving the Cathedral, Van Dyck came up to her, and doffing his plumed hat, begged permission to carry her prayer-book for her. To this Jantje consented, and proceeded to the house of a relation, in order to deceive the painter as to her identity. These meetings were repeated for several days. Jantje grew thoughtful, and Van Dyck was fast losing his heart, when the fair lady proposed putting an end to the affair. — Van Dyck swore he could not part from her, before he had taken her portrait; Jantje was forced to sit to him, and he verified Rembrandt's prediction by painting her as "La Reine des Moissonneurs."

The same evening Rembrandt sent Van Dyck an invitation to sup with him at his house, and to be sure to keep his promise by bringing "the Reapers" with him. The young Painter kissed the portrait of the Fair Unknown, and with a sigh accepted the invitation.

It was late when he entered Rembrandt's dwelling, and throwing aside his cloak produced his picture. Rembrandt dressed in his holiday suit, his plumed hat on his head, and his sword by his side, was seated near a table, with a slender female form magnificently attired upon his knee. Van Dyck could not see her face, for her back was towards him; she was hunched at the table which was set out ready for supper, and upon which stood a beautiful peacock with extended tail.

Rembrandt cast his eyes on the picture.

"The Queen of the Reapers is superb!" said he laughing, and looking at Van Dyck's serious countenance. "It is a good thing Mynheer that you followed my advice and painted a portrait instead of an ideal."

"That is my ideal!" said the painter.

"And mine too! The only difference is, that you have it merely in ideal, and I, in its delightful and palpable reality. Turn thy round fair Jantje!"

The young woman turned her smiling face towards the astonished painter with a mixture of archness and earnestness.

"Here's to the health of Jantje van Rhyn! Van Dyck's Queen of the Reapers!" said Rembrandt raising his glass. Hurrah for Nature! and all those who follow in her
footsteps, and may all films and fancies vanish! Hurrah! for the whole fraternity of Painters."

"I must confess you are in the right this time, said Van Dyck regaining his wonted composure, and kissing the hand of the fair Jantje, he pledged Rembrandt in a bumper."

* * *

A week after the foregoing scene Rembrandt had completed the picture of himself and his wife, to serve as a remembrance of his triumph. It was for a long time in the possession of Gaevart Fluiks, of whom Van Dyck made many unsuccessful attempts to purchase it.

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**THE VILLAGE ALEHOUSE.**

Painted by David Teniers the Younger.

The name of Teniers is one of the most renowned in the history of Flemish Art. There are two Painters of this name, Father, and Son. David Teniers the elder, is usually distinguished from his more eminent son, by the surname of "il Bassano." He obtained this cognomen in consequence of his close imitation of the style and manner of the Italian master Giacomo Ponte, surnamed Bassano.

David Teniers the younger, was born at Antwerp in the year 1610, and died at Brussels in 1690. At the time of his death he held the office of Director of the Antwerp Academy of Art. He received his first instruction in painting, from his father, and afterward became a pupil of Peter Paul Rubens, and executed several historical and religious subjects in the style of the new Flemish school founded by that master. — Teniers has shown in some of these pieces that his imagination was capable of a certain degree of elevation; on the whole however, his paintings of Ideal and Religious subjects are feeble, and his Sea and Cattle pieces are defective, and not unfrequently failures.

In subjects relating to common life however, Teniers is the greatest of the Flemish masters. He grasps the reality, and places it before us with all the truth of a portrait. He paints the life and manners of the people; Alehouses and Guardrooms, Assemblies of Boors, and Village festivities are his favorite subjects.

In the choice of effective situations, in the natural purity of his colouring, as well as in the broad and irresistible vein of humour that pervades the whole of his works, he stands almost without a rival.

In this class of subjects David Teniers is on his strongest ground. The Grand Duke Leopold of Austria who appointed this master to the office of his first Cham-
berlain, confined his commissions exclusively to these scenes from the life of the lower classes. That Teniers must have intimately studied the character of the classes from which most of his scenes are drawn while seeking for the originals is certain, but as he was a stranger to the cynicism of Rembrandt, it is probable that he took not more share in such scenes, than it was necessary for an observer to do.

Let us follow our Artist in one of his wanderings. He strolls from the time-honoured walls of Antwerp, towards a village situated on the Scheldt and enters the Alehouse, which has already furnished him with so many original sketches, and is not likely to fail on the present occasion.

Four guests attended by the toothless old servant of the house, are seated at a table of rough oak; but their discourse is of such a deeply interesting character that they take no notice whatever of either Host, Hostess, or Guests. It only requires us to listen to the discourse of these four men for a few minutes, in order to ascertain who they are, what they are called, and what the subject is, in which they are so deeply interested.

On the right of the table, sits an old Scheldt fisherman, with a dilapidated high crowned hat on his head, a decided countenance, which is shaded by an ample beard; his well used pipe of brown clay, together with its accompanying bag of tobacco are stuck in his girdle like weapons of war. This man is called by the other Jan van Rerius. On the other side of the table sits the son of the old boatman, a powerful looking fellow about thirty years old, with an open cast of countenance. He wears the old Flemish Jacket without arms, and an old fashioned head dress, which is not dissimilar to a Doctor's coat. This man's name is Willem.

In vain has the son importuned the father, to permit him to marry the prettiest but poorest Maiden of the Village. The father of the bride, Mynherr Taaks, has taken his place opposite to the boatman; he is a mild looking man with long brown hair. We had almost forgotten to mention the fourth guest, who is visible between the father and son; it is a bearded son of Israel, and the negotiator of the present affair.

He has promised the bride Katerina to advance the necessary dowry, on condition that the bridegroom will take the debt upon himself. All three have consequently combined to persuade the boatman to take their view of the case.

"I will give my Katerina two thousand golden florins!" cries Taaks.

"But I have not yet said, Ja", replies the boatman.

"Have you any thing to say against the Maiden."

"Nothing at all", replies the boatman. "I like her very well if she has got money. But I object to you Mynherr Taaks, because you are not able to drink a proper quantity of beer: do you think I am going to have a relation that will annoy me all the days of my life instead of being a comfort to me?"

That winked at Taaks.

"As for that", said Taaks. "I believe I can drink more than you Mynherr!"
"I should like to see you do that", said the boatman dryly.

"But I will only drink on a proper understanding. — Is my daughter to marry your son if I prove myself to be a good toper?"

"How can I tell what you call a good toper?" cried Jan, "but I am willing to have one bout with you, and if you can drink a single glass more than myself, I shall say you are a good fellow, and you may bring your daughter to my house to morrow." — He however whispered to Izak; — "Taaks will soon be under the table, and that alone will be well worth a hundred Florins."

The landlord brought Beer and Chalk. The topers emptied the glasses in good earnest, and scored each glass on the table beside them. At length the old boatman beckoned to Taaks who was laughing heartily, but had for some time left off drinking, and was regarding him with an air that shewed he was confident of victory.

"The battle is over!" cried Jan, "I can drink no more. We will now count the glasses. "Oh! Mynherr", cried Taaks, "I have got the most scores!" Jan sprang on his feet, bent over the table, and compared his score carefully with that of his opponent.

"What witchcraft is this?" roared the boatman clenching his fist. "You have not scored too much, because I have watched you the whole time, and I have as surely not scored too little, and yet you have drunk two more glasses than I? 1! that was never beaten at beer-drinking before?"

Willem his son reckoned the score after him, the old servant who saw the joke, glanced slyly over his shoulder at the scene, while old Izak observed the conical fury of the old boatman with a very knowing look.

The fact was, that Izak had secretly contrived to rub out part of old Jan's score as soon as he had marked it down.

Jan called the Host as a witness: the Host took the chalk, went to the doorpost and began to reckon; but the rogue had been drawn into the plot, and he completed the joke by making his reckoning agree with that of the others.

Jan von Bierlieb, was compelled as a man of his word, to strike his colours.

Five minutes afterwards Willem and the pretty Katerina were betrothed, and a few moments later David Teniers returned to Antwerp, carrying in his pocket the sketch of this charming picture.

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THE WRITING MASTER.

Painted by GERHARD DOW.

Gerhard Dow or Douw, was born at Leyden in 1613. He was the son of a Glass Painter, and received instruction himself in this art, after he had learned the elements of drawing under Bartolomeus Dolend, a Designer and Engraver at that time of some
eminence. He subsequently entered the school of Rembrandt, where in about three years he acquired such an amount of technical skill, as served to make him tolerably famous. In the lively tones and harmony of his coloring, as well as in his knowledge of Chiar' oscuro he resembled his great master, but at these points all similarity ceases. Rembrandt was full of enthusiasm and genius, — Dow an indefatigable and patient imitator of nature, whose finer or even trivial peculiarities, he was never tired of displaying. To accomplish this, he exhibits in his works the most unwearied execution, even down to the very minutest details, and seems to have attached the greatest importance to a high style of finish. — It is perhaps to this peculiarity that he is indebted for the greater portion of his renown, indeed, had he adopted a lighter and quicker mode of execution, one can readily imagine that he would have remained in comparative obscurity. The time he bestowed upon some of his subjects stands without a parallel; for instance, he required on one occasion four days to paint a lady's hand, and he himself told a brother artist, J. von Sandrart, that it cost him three day's incessant labor to delineate and paint the handle of a broom which, he had introduced into one of his own family pictures.

The great peculiarity in Dow was his abhorrence of dust, which he carried to an almost ridiculous extent. He however considered it in the highest degree prejudicial, and took every pains to protect his pictures from it. He locked up all in an air-tight chest, together with palette, pencils, and the colours themselves, which latter he always rubbed down with his own hand upon pure crystal. He allowed no one to set a foot in his Atelier, till he had put on a pair of slippers which he kept for the purpose, and when he entered it himself, he stood by the chest "till the dust", as he used to say, "had subsided", and then brought forth his pictures and colours with the greatest caution. He set about a drawing with the most extreme care, and in order to prepare his outlines with the greatest precision and clearness, he often made use of finely woven silk net, instead of the canvas commonly used by artists, and even for this he occasionally substituted a convex mirror on which he made his first sketches! In Dow's pictures, an apparently light style of execution is made to conceal the most laboured diligence. His colouring is lively, the chiar' oscuro beautifully developed, the light, well, indeed admirably preserved, and the tout-ensemble attractive and full of nature.

His subjects were for the most part chosen out of citizen life, of which he gives the most faithful representation. He also painted small portraits, but his tardiness of hand destroyed all desire of sitting to him. Countenances otherwise amiable, changed during the tedious process, and became morose and unfriendly-looking, and frequently caused the portraits to represent anything rather than the natural expression of their owners. He valued his pictures rather highly for the period. His charge was from 700 to 1000 Dutch guilders for such a portrait as above described, — and for others in proportion to the time he required to work them up to their last finishing; and for every hour thus occupied he charged 3 pounds Flemish,
about 3½ Rix dollars or 10s, English Money. Dow must have conscientiously employed every minute of his time in the art which he followed, or it would have been impossible to have produced so many pictures as he did. To be sure most of them were of small size, — frequently not exceeding twelve inches square. That he could however handle larger subjects, is amply proved in one we remember to have seen at Bowood in Wiltshire, representing the return of Tobias and the healing of his blind parent. The size of this picture is six feet by four or thereabouts, and is, we believe, the largest ever painted by this Artist.

Mieris and Metzu were his most celebrated pupils.

Gerhard Dow is said to have departed this life in 1680, but the time and manner of his death seem to be involved in uncertainty.

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Dutch Boors.

Painted by A. v. Ostade.

Adrian v. Ostade, first saw the light at Lübeck in 1610. In education and artistic style he belongs to Holland. The first incident we learn in this artist's career is, that he and A. Brouwer were pupils of F. Hals, whose niggardly starveling habits eventually drove them both from his roof. Yet ere this happened it would appear young Adrian had contrived to acquire considerable efficiency in the technical parts of his profession. He exercised his art long and satisfactorily at Haarlem, and appears to have been doing very well there, till the arrival of the French troops, on whose approach, he hastily disposed of all his effects, in order to travel with less incumbrance to his native town. Something however occurred to detain him in Amsterdam, where he afterwards took up his abode, and ended his days there in 1685.

The subjects represented by Ostade, are almost exclusively taken from rustic life, and of these particularly such as depict country ale houses where the peasants are all sitting together, and entertaining themselves with music and song. He seldom satisfies in the description of active humour, and when he quits the limits of low life he is at times seen to great disadvantage. He regarded not beauty of form; his heroes are, on the contrary, frequently ugly, coarse, ragged and dirty, and he has supplied them with features which nature might exhibit as leading examples of hideousness. If he found a drunken fellow with a red nose, bleary eyed, and with a toothless mouth, he always painted him still more ugly, as if he wished to personify the vice of drunkenness in its most wretched and degrading condition. In his pictures you see the lower classes in their daily lives and doings, in their labours and pleasures,
in their displays of anger, passion, fun and frolic; but the most beautiful figures he ever painted would be found repulsive by the sentimental friend of ideal beauty. On the other hand these scenes are not unfrequently grouped in the most picturesque manner, painted in a masterly style, in warm, powerful, and harmonious combination of colouring with an easy finish, knowledge of perspective, and force of light and shade which are perfectly astounding. His skill in displaying the Chiaroscuro and in harmonious colouring is of the highest order. Even when compared with Teniers, he fully maintains his position, and if, as has been observed, Teniers was the greatest painter in the silvery and cold tone of colouring, Ostade was of equal excellence in the opposite style, which he so successfully pursued. The number of his works is immense, — where is there any great collection of pictures in which some of his are not to be found, — or if not, it is alone owing to the taste of the proprietor, which disdains the homely but truthful subjects chosen by the Artist.

**THE BROTHERS.**

Painted by Christian Leberecht Vogel.

Christian Leberecht Vogel, was born at Dresden in 1759; he exhibited in early years such decided talent for drawing, that Schönau, at that time Professor of the Academy at Dresden took him as a pupil, although his father who was the Court saddler, had originally intended him to follow his own trade.

Later in life, he became Professor of the Dresden Academy, and remained so till his death in 1816.

He was particularly happy in portrait painting, yet his large picture of "Christ blessing little children", which now adorns the Church at Lichtenstein, in the duchy of Schönburg, proves that he could produce pictures of a higher character. As was the case with Sir J. Reynolds, he no doubt experienced, that although his large paintings might be much admired, they did not so readily supply him with the necessary funds.

The accompanying engraving is from a painting by him, of his two sons, the elder of whom, is now the Painter to the Saxon Court.
THE GAMESTERS.

Painted by Caravaggio.

When the Painters of the Italian school choose to descend from the Ideal style of Art to which they are accustomed, and to exhibit themselves as delineators of the Natural and the Real, there is still a vast difference between them and the masters of the Flemish school, both in Subject, Form, and Expression.

Both paint from the Life; but from Life seen under different circumstances. The Fleming confines himself to depicting what may be called physical existence; while the Italian possessed of the more fervid genius of the South, attempts the higher task of delineating the emotions of the Mind.

Michael Angelo Amorighi or Marighi, surnamed da Caravaggio, is one of the painters of the Italian school, who has obtained the most fame for the impressive truth and almost tragic pathos of his productions. He was born at Caravaggio near Milan in the year 1569, commenced life in the humble capacity of a bricklayer, and began his career as a painter, by a careful study of the works of the Venetian masters; he afterwards visited Rome, where his vigorous style formed a powerful contrast to the feeble and diffuse manner of his rivals. His pictures display the workings of the deeper and darker emotions of the human heart in their most rugged and unmitigated form, and in order to impress them more easily on the mind of the spectator, his originals are taken mostly from the lower and ruder classes of society. When the subject is suited to his peculiar style, the pictures of Caravaggio are indeed excellent, while his colouring and arrangement of light and shade, are in the highest degree powerful and striking.

The life of Caravaggio seems to be in some degree depicted in the productions of his pencil, — like them it was passionate, gloomy, and intricate. He was neither a Russian nor a Gamester, but the impetuous violence of his character was such that it was impossible he could be long tolerated anywhere. When in Malta he was created a Knight by the Grand Master of the Order, but his conduct was too wild for even the licence of a military life. On his return to Rome, he was in consequence of some earlier adventure, waylaid and mortally wounded, and died in 1609.

The story of the Picture will be perhaps best illustrated by the following sketch from the life of the Painter.

Caravaggio was still young when, (having visited Milan and Venice) he arrived at Rome. The greatest Master of the Roman school at that time, was Giuseppe Cesari usually called Josephin il Cavaliere d'Arpino, a Roman by birth; whose brilliant colouring and unusual celerity of hand, had procured him the favour of Pope
Clement VIII. and of the Cardinal-Bishop Ollohoni of Palestrina. Caravaggio sought the acquaintance of this Master, and notwithstanding their professional rivalry, a strong feeling of friendship arose between the two Artists, a sentiment rendered stronger by the circumstance of Caravaggio conceiving a violent affection for the beautiful Teresina, the only sister of Cesari. But the capricious violence of Caravaggio's temper, soon broke the bonds of Love. He forsook Teresina, and associated himself with a party composed of the most dissipated Cavaliers and Artists of Rome, and became in a short time a perfect specimen of the Roman debauchee.

This dissolute course of life, far from destroying the energies of his mind, appeared only to add strength to his genius, and to furnish him with the peculiar materials necessary for the wonderful creations of his pencil.

The powerful and characteristic manner in which Caravaggio delineated the living manners of the Italians, made the powerless and over-wrought Idealities of Giuseppe Cesari and his followers, appear by contrast still more feeble, and a war of life and death began between Caravaggio and the school of his former friend.

After a time however, Michael Angelo who had hitherto stood alone, received a powerful reinforcement in the persons of Agostina and Annibale Carracci, who had arrived in Rome in order to undertake the works in the Farnese Gallery. As the characters of Agostina Carracci and Caravaggio were in many respects similar, an immediate friendship took place between them, and all three Artists with their followers placed themselves in opposition to the school of Giuseppe Cesari.

It is impossible to describe the deadly hatred which Cesari from this time forth conceived against Caravaggio. Up to this time he had hoped that Michael Angelo would soon become tired of his dissolute course of life, that he would soon return to the sorrowing Teresina, and should this take place, it would then be easy to prevail on him to alter his style, to moderate the ruggedness of his pictures, and to join the ranks of the "Mannerists."

Once however in the hands of the Carracci, Caravaggio was lost both to Teresina and to himself.

The desire of revenge that now arose in the heart of the Master, communicated itself to his brother Balsamo d'Arpino, a Captain in the Pope's Life-guard; but the cowardly Roman feared to meet his enemy face to face.

He therefore applied to an acquaintance, an Officer of the Shirri, and one of the best swordsmen in Rome. This man whose name was Hans Hassh, a Swiss by birth, undertook for a price to provoke the painter to a duel, certain of thus finishing his career.

The Cesars pointed out to the Swiss, the place where Caravaggio held his nightly orgies, and Hassh went attended by one of his soldiers, to the designated house.

Although no company had yet assembled, Caravaggio the truest guest of the fat old Sicilian Landlady was already there; around him stood several ladies of suspicious
appearance, to whom the Artist, evidently in high spirits, was exhibiting a considerable sum in gold, which he had just received for a picture.

At the sight of this gold, Hassli who was about to commence hostilities by a box on the ear, changed his tactics. If he killed the painter at once, he would get none of this money, and he therefore resolved if possible to plunder his victim before he murdered him.

Hassli soon entered into discourse with Caravaggio, and a few minutes later they were seated at table with cards in their hands and a heap of gold pieces beside them; while Hassli's attendant wrapped in his cloak, looked on with an air of apparent indifference.

Both were good players, but Hassli who was playing with the money he had received to murder the painter, contrived to draw the sequins to his side of the table, while the treasure of the artist sunk in a corresponding degree, and in a short time, he had not more than a dozen gold pieces remaining. Caravaggio threw the cards furiously on the table, but as he arose, he discovered the Shirri standing behind him, and at once perceived by what means he had been robbed. His sword was drawn in an instant, and in the next, Hans Hassli lay dead at his feet. Caravaggio fled and fortunately escaped.

Giuseppe Cesari continued to paint in his accustomed manner, without regard to the new school of Art, but while the truthful creations of Caravaggio's pencil remain eternally new, Cesari had long before his death outlived the fame even of his best pictures.

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**METZU AND HIS WIFE.**

Painted by G. Metzu.

Some of the Old Masters seem to have been exceedingly fond of painting their own portraits. There are at least twenty-five portraits of Rembrandt alone, besides etchings existing, and not content with representing himself so often, he has also painted his father, mother, wife and children, many times.

In the picture before us, Metzu has chosen to represent himself with a champagne glass in his hand and his wife by his side, as particularly happy, neither will he destroy his own idea of bliss, by taking any notice of the Vrow, who is adding some very suspicious looking marks, to others already existing on the large slate. — Not so however with respect to the lady; she appears to be eating her strawberries under the impression that her husband will have to work many a tedious hour to make up for this unusual extravagance.
THE SMITHY.

by Philip Wouvermann.

When we contemplate the long list of celebrated names, which constitutes what is usually called the Dutch school of Art, the recollection of the vast treasures of genius, which these great Masters have bequeathed to posterity, fills our minds with astonishment.

The painters of this school founded their style on a close and elaborate observance of Nature, and in the peculiar departments of Art to which they confined themselves they are the greatest in the world.

The Dutch school was founded by Lucas von Leyden, who died in 1533, and by the side of this great artist, by the side of Rembrandt the great magician of light and shade, and of Jacob Buysdael the inimitable landscape painter, Wouverman takes his position in the first rank of the painters of Holland.

Philip Wouvermann, was born at Harlemen in the year 1620, and died in 1668; he received his first instructions in Art from his father Paul Wouvermann, and afterwards became a pupil of Johann Wynant. He painted Landscapes, Battle-pieces, Hunting-scenes, Fisheries etc. with astonishing fidelity, decision and rapidity, and the excellence of his drawing is only to be exceeded by the exquisite harmony of his colouring. One of his principal excellencies consists in the admirable manner in which he portrays the horse. Horses are to be found in most of his pictures, and he not infrequently introduces a white one with skill and effect. The Landscapes of Wouvermann are remarkable for the peculiar aerial effect of his distances, and in the arrangement of his backgrounds he shews himself to be a perfect master. He painted a vast number of pictures in consequence of his having had a large family to support, as it was not until after his death that his pictures obtained a high price, when they were collected by the Prince-Elector of Bavaria, who was at that time Governor of the Netherlands. A great number however had already been sent out of the country, through the medium of the picture-dealers. The Royal Gallery at Dresden possesses a greater number of the best paintings of Wouvermann than any other collection in the world, and to this gallery the picture before us belongs.

The greatest work of this Artist is however in the Museum at the Hague. He destroyed the whole of his studies and sketches before his death; in order as far as possible, to prevent any of his children from becoming painters.

In the delicacy and strength of his characteristic touches, Wouvermann is excelled by no master of the Dutch school.

The times in which he lived are accurately reflected in his pictures.
In his Conversation pieces, are depicted the carriage and demeanour of the higher classes of his time; his Battle-scenes breathe the fierce passions and unbounded party fury of that stormy period, while his pictures of Fairs and Markets afford admirable studies of the manners and customs of the Dutch during the 17th Century.

Wouvermann's compositions are full of dramatic effect; they are always complete, decided, and full of life. The situations that he makes choice of, exhibit not alone the present scene, but that which has preceded it, and that which will follow it. To really depict Action, is perhaps the greatest difficulty to be overcome in the whole circle of Art; and in the admirable manner in which he overcomes this point, lies the secret of the charm, that as it were, chains us before the pictures of this Master.

This Painter possesses the wonderful power of relating a complete History in one scene, and in one second; and what is still more extraordinary, he relates it differently to each spectator, after he has thoroughly understood and comprehended the picture.

The picture of "the Smithy" which we have now before us, like all the paintings of Wouvermann, tells its own story, which we leave to the imagination of the observer. It however reminds us of a tale belonging to the first twenty years of the 17th Century, which is so appropriate to the subject of this painting, that we proceed at once to place it before our readers.

At the time when our story opens, the Prince of Orange, the Stattholder and Captain-General of the Netherlands, had reached an advanced period of life, and the continual troubles of the stormy times in which he lived, had changed the bold, ardent, and victorious Hero, into the cold, hard and embittered Tyrant. The disputes between the parties generally known as the Remonstraters and Gomerists had been suppressed by the terrible severities of the Prince, who had caused Jan van Oldenharenveldt, the Grand Pensionar of Holland, and one of the most zealous supporters of Dutch independence, to be unjustly executed as a traitor.

From this moment however the Stattholder became gloomy, ferocious, and misanthropic. The assassination of his father Wilhelm the first, appeared to be ever present to his mind, and he dreamed of nothing but plots, conspiracies, and attempts against his life. He surrounded himself with spies, and passed his nights in parading the streets, armed Cap-a-pie at the head of his life guards. No person dared to show himself in the streets after ten o'clock, and if a light was observed in any of the houses after that hour, the inmates were immediately arrested. The people who had formerly almost adored the Prince, began to tremble, and to curse the tyrant in their hearts.

The republican party who wished to make the Prince subordinate to the Law, began to assemble in secret, and the conspiracies that the Prince feared, began in reality to take place.

At the head of the enemies of the Stattholder, stood the sons of the late Jan van Oldenharenveldt, Wilhelm and René. A conspiracy formed by them, and directed against the life of the Prince, remained undetected by his numerous spies, but was betrayed and rendered futile by the impatience of Wilhelm van Oldenharenveldt.
Moritz, whose natural melancholy was increased by the repose which a peace of thirteen years had imposed on him, had plunged deeply into the strong Calvinistic dogmas of the Gomernists, and devoted all his energies to suppress the free-thinking sect of the Remonstrates. It was his custom frequently to pass the evening in the society of a clergyman of the "grosse Kirche" at the Hague, in order to discuss theological questions with him. One evening as wrapped in his mantle and plunged in profound thought, he traversed the streets leading from the house of the Pastor, to his own residence, he suddenly came upon a group of persons closely wrapped in long cloaks, who discussed earnestly, but in a low tone of voice, some apparently important subject. The Stattholder trembled with passion, he had strongly forbidden even two persons to converse together in the streets, and here were eight. He glanced suspiciously around in search of an approaching patrol, and called his bearded myrmidons to seize the presumptuous strangers. Then with the reckless courage for which he was remarkable, he turned to the group and exclaimed in a voice of thunder — "Are you not aware of the orders of the Stattholder — Do you suppose you can break his commands and yet escape unpunished! — What mischief are you doing here? — By heaven! if the Stattholder's guards are asleep, the Stattholder's self is awake, to see that his orders are obeyed. — You are arrested; — walk on before me. The men retreated before him, but one of them drew his sword and made a thrust at the heart of the Prince; "here Tyrant is my answer", cried he, "here is my revenge for the blood of Oldenbarneveldt."

The Prince staggered, but the blade of his assailant flew into shivers, and the next moment Moritz "the Harnessed" had seized his opponent by his long hair and hurled him to the ground. At this moment a party of Carassiers made their appearance and the group made off, without giving their comrade any assistance. The disarmed man however sprang on his feet, succeeded in extricating himself from the grasp of the Prince, and vanished in an instant.

"It is Wilhelm van Oldenbarneveldt", cried Moritz! "the serpent still lives! — no matter! I will yet tread it under my feet."

Every means possible were taken to secure both Wilhelm and his brother René, but without success, they had succeeded in escaping to Antwerp; and as they did not believe themselves safe in that city, they shortly afterwards left it, and all attempts to discover their place of retreat were useless.

About the same time, the Stattholder disguised as a common soldier, and attended only by a single servant, set out on one of the secret expeditions to which he was so much addicted; his object being to ascertain the opinions of the people, and by unexpectedly visiting his various fortresses, to discover how his officers conducted themselves. Late one evening he arrived at a lonely Inn, situated deep in the forest in the vicinity of Luxemburg. A party of travellers had however occupied every apartment, and monopolized every accommodation — neither a room nor a bed were to be had, and Moritz was about to avow himself and take by force, what he could not
obtain for money, — when the appearance of two of the travellers, caused his words to die upon his lips. — The two brothers, Wilhelm and René Oldenbarenveldt, stood before him.

The Stattholder who had not been recognised, returned to the stables and took council with his servant, as to the possibility of preventing the escape of the traitors into Germany. This appeared however to be no easy matter, no help was to be found in the neighbourhood, and it would have been madness for two persons however brave, to have attempted to arrest six armed men.

The Prince who was a perfect adept in the stratagems of war on a large scale, now showed that he was not less cunning in smaller affairs. He waited till the servants of the Oldenbarenveldt's were asleep; then going quietly to the horses, he drove a nail into the hoof of each of the animals. He then left the house with his servant, and took the road which the travellers would be compelled to follow in the morning.

About three leagues from the Inn, he was fortunate enough to fall in with a patrol of Walloons, which had been established for the security of the country people. Moritz placed himself at the head of these soldiers, and returned in the direction of the Inn.

Near the entrance of a small mountain village, lay at that time a ruinous castle which formerly commanded the high road. Some of the apartments were still habitable, and a smith had established his forge in the lower part of the building, where the roar of the chimney and the thousand sparks that flew from the anvils, showed that the son of Vulcan was in full employment.

The two Oldenbarenveldts had halted before the door of the Smithy, while the wife of René bearing her child wrapped in her mantle and a parasol over her head, ascended the hollow-way by which it was approached, mounted on a halting steed, and followed by a servant.

René remained on horseback, while the smith examined one of the animal's forefeet. Wilhelm had dismounted while the shoe was removed from the hinder foot of his steed, in order to allow the village farrier, (whom the smith had called to his assistance) to examine it. They had just succeeded in extracting the cause of the animal's lameness, when Moritz and his Walloons sprang upon them.

René was taken on the spot. Wilhelm however fled through the ruins on foot, and fortunately escaped.

Inexorable to the entreaties of the prisoner's aged mother, the Stattholder caused him to be executed in the year 1623.
Caspar Netscher was born 1639, at Heidelberg. His father John Netscher a Sculptor and Engineer, had married the daughter of the Bargemaster there, but quitting his wife's native town, he some time after resided at Stuttgart. It is not known whether want of occupation or an unsettled habit of life led to further changes, but a few years later we find him at Prague, whence he subsequently withdrew into Poland. Here he appears to have been employed in the capacity of military architect, until his death which happened not long afterwards. His wife who was left with three children and in the greatest misery, sought refuge in a fortress, which having to endure a siege, she underwent the horror of seeing the two eldest perish with hunger. Ultimately however she succeeded in saving herself and her infant son, the subject of this sketch, and arrived at Arnhem, the chief town of Guelderland on the right bank of the Rhine. Here a physician named Tullekens, by some said to be a relation of her late husband's, adopted the boy, intending to make him a disciple of his own. But the incipient genius of the artist rendered this impossible. When he should have been studying the medical works of Hen, Regius and Sylvius, then in the zenith of their reputation, he was absorbed in the writings of Gerard Lairesse, Dürer, and others who had treated on the principles of art, and whose theories he endeavoured to illustrate by sketching or caricaturing his master's patients, when he should have been compounding their medicines. It is even said that "old Tulli" as Netscher used to call him, being seated one day after dinner in his elbow chair, left his pupil in charge of certain prescriptions and — fell asleep! On waking he was not a little chagrined to find the boy gone, the prescriptions covered with sketches, the medicaments not yet compounded, and his own portrait dreadfully travestied, lying at the bottom of the large stone mortar! All this was of course sufficiently provoking, but finding every effort to divert the taste of his pupil utterly fruitless, Tullekens withdrew all further opposition, and taking a more hopeful disciple in his stead, left Netscher at liberty to study the profession which he afterwards embraced.

His first instruction in drawing had been derived from a glazier. The reader will however be grievously mistaken, if he forms his opinion, as to the value of such instruction, by comparing it with what one of that fraternity in the present day, would probably be able to impart. The style of glass painting at that period, presented many opportunities of acquiring, and indeed demanded from those who put the work together, (often the painter himself) the possession of much artistical as well as practical knowledge, and he was therefore enabled to give the young artist some valuable
THE NEEDLEWOMAN.

information preparatory to his going to Utrecht, where he for a time took up his abode, in order to study the elements of painting under Koster.

His new instructor painted little or nothing beyond birds and dead game, and Netscher soon becoming tired of these studies, and longing for something higher, quitted him for G. Terburg at Deventer, with whom he acquired such proficiency, that in some respects he soon surpassed his master; it is said also that he derived considerable advantage from the study of Gerhard Dow's works.

It was on a cold cheerless autumnal evening, that Caspar Netscher passed the Seagate, and entered the ancient City of Bordeaux. Netscher was at the time of our story, in his twenty-fifth year, and possessing a fine face and figure, drew many glances of approbation from the fairer portion of the inhabitants of Bordeaux, who came to their windows to gaze on the foreign garb of the Painter. The Flemish jacket profusely slashed with crimson silk, and the immensely wide pantaloons were eminently calculated to set off his lofty stature, while the broad brimmed slouched hat, showed his noble and regular features to the best advantage. But even the rapidly increasing twilight did not entirely conceal the fact, that the dress of the painter was not only dusty and travel-stained, but also considerably the worse for wear; while the smallness of the knapsack which he carried on his shoulders, showed that he bore the greater part of his wardrobe on his person.

A fervent desire to improve himself in his art, had induced Netscher to leave the Hague, where he had been for some time studying, and to make an attempt to reach Italy on foot, in order to see the master-pieces of genius contained in the Eternal City. He had however teribly miscalculated his means; his slender stock of money soon became exhausted, and it is probable that few travellers have entered Bordeaux under more discouraging circumstances than those of our Artist, as weary, foot-sores, and penniless, he traversed the streets in the forlorn hope of finding quarters for the night. Netscher had already been repulsed by several inn-keepers, to whom with true German simplicity, he had told his story, and offered his service as a portrait painter in exchange for lodging and refreshment. — He had left the better part of the town and was passing through a narrow lane, when his attention was attracted by the noise of mirth and jollity proceeding from a small public house; the landlord of which, stood at the door, and solicited in the most flattering manner the custom of the passers by. — "We have no money" replied three seamen, who were a few paces in advance of the painter, in answer to the importunities of the Host. "We have no shot left in the locker, and consequently are not of much use to you old fellow." — "For shame" cried the Host patting the foremost seaman on the back; — "how long has old Bonnet refused to trust an honest sailor who has fired away his last powder? Walk in my sons! drink and be merry, and don't trouble yourselves about the reckoning." As may be supposed, the seaman found the Host's reasoning irresistible, and steered at once into the haven of the White Pigeon.
Netscher, who had not lost a word of this conversation, fancied he heard the voice of an angel, in the harsh croak of the Publican, and lost no time in repeating his story to so convenient a landlord.

Père Bonnet surveyed the painter from head to foot during his narrative, and replied: "It is a pity you are not a soldier, in that case you would be twice as welcome, — as it is however, walk in and refresh yourself, and whether you paint me or not, your thirst will scarcely empty my cellar." Netscher pressed the hand of his Host in requital for his kindness, and a few minutes later found himself seated at table, before a good supper, flanked by a bottle of excellent wine. Père Bonnet seated himself by his side, pressed him to eat and drink, and in return inquired concerting the news from Holland; this led to a conversation in which other persons joined; more wine was called for and produced, and a hearty drinking-bout took place, which did not end till long after midnight.

The next morning when Netscher awoke, he found himself bound hand and foot on a wretched bed of straw; he sought to collect his faculties in vain, he found it impossible to recollect the events of the last evening, or to account for his present position. The apartment in which he was confined was totally dark, but high above his head a bright sunbeam gleamed through a chink, apparently in a shutter. — After a time his eyes became accustomed to the darkness, and he now perceived he was not alone; stretched on the stone floor around him, by several wretched looking objects, whom he at once concluded were prisoners like himself. From his companions in captivity, he learned that he had fallen into the hands of one of those infamous dealers in human flesh, usually denominated "kidnappers"; whose intention doubtless was to transport him to the colonies. If he had entertained any doubts on this subject, they would quickly have been put an end to, by the appearance of Père Bonnet accompanied by a French officer; who endeavoured to persuade the painter, that during the past evening, he had enlisted in a French regiment destined for the coast of Africa, and who insisted on his signing a paper to that effect.

For eight days Netscher resisted both persuasions and threats; but worn out at length by hunger and imprisonment, he consented to sign the paper. From this moment he received somewhat better treatment, and at length the day arrived on which he was to embark.

It was evening when the party of soldiers arrived to escort him to the vessel which was to convey him to his destination; his fetters were taken off, and he was brought into the street; no sooner however did he find himself in the open air, than he resolved to make one effort for his freedom. Suddenly striking the man who held him to the earth, he rushed into a doorway that stood open, in the hope of finding some means of exit at the back of the house; failed in this, he ascended the stairs, closely pursued by the soldiers and on arriving at the top, found that his only means of escape, lay in passing through a window on to the roofs of the adjoining houses. Here the unfortunate painter climbed, leaped, and scrambled from roof to roof, without once venturing to look behind
him. Forced at length to stop for want of breath, he found that none of his pursuers were in sight. Still his position was bad enough, he could not pass the night like the cats, on the roofs of the houses; and if he ventured into the streets, he was liable to be arrested as a deserter. While these reflections passed through his mind, it had become quite dark, and he perceived a light in a window at a short distance from him; approaching it cautiously, he was struck motionless as it were, by the delicious picture which the interior of the room presented to him.

A lovely girl in the first bloom of youth and beauty, was the only inhabitant of the chamber; she was simply but elegantly dressed, and held on her lap a silken cushion of that peculiar kind used by ladies when engaged in needlework. Her foot-stool was before her, and by her side a large work-basket, containing the usual apparatus of feminine labour.

After contemplating the fair unknown for a few moments, Netscher ventured to tap gently at the window, although somewhat startled the beautiful needlewoman was bolder than he had hoped: she arose and opened the casement. The Painter now told his story, and entreated her assistance; Fanchette (such was the fair girl’s name) was moved to tears by his narrative, and readily promised him all the help it was in her power to bestow. He remained concealed in the chamber of his benefactress three days and nights, during which time he learned that he was in the house of one of the principal Noblemen of Bordeaux; and that all the neighbouring houses had been searched in order to arrest him. As Fanchette was frequently visited by other members of the household, it was often necessary for Netscher to pass hours together under the bed of his patroness. At length however Fanchette, had the pleasure of informing the Painter that he was a free man. She had contrived to see the Dutch Consul and to interest him on Netscher’s behalf; and although the Painter was not a Dutchman by birth, he succeeded in procuring his discharge, and also permission from the authorities, to remain in Bordeaux as long as he thought proper.

Three weeks after this happy occurrence, Netscher married the pretty Needlewoman, gave up all idea of visiting Italy, and set out on his return to the Hague, where he continued to practise during the remainder of his life.

This adventure led to many jests on the part of Netscher’s fellow Artists, who were wont to say when any one praised his works: —

“Caspar Netscher has been in Italy.”
In the year 1667, the Court of Charles the second, or rather that of his mistress the infamous Countess of Portsmouth, was held at Whitehall in a style of reckless profusion and extravagance, that has probably never since been equalled.

At no period of her history, has England been in greater peril, than at the time of which we are now speaking. The combined navies of France and Holland had swept the English fleet from the channel, and the citizens of London looked forward with terror to the appearance of an hostile armament in the Thames. But the dangers of the country only afforded a source of amusement to the worthless minions of the Court; and the sums that should have been employed in equipping the fleet and preparing for the defence of the coast, were squandered by the profligate Charles on his still more profligate favourites and mistresses. We must state however, in justice to the "merry monarch", that he on this occasion made a feeble attempt to overcome the difficulties by which he was surrounded. In order to gain time, he caused negotiations with the Dutch to be commenced at Breda; and in the mean time applied to his Parliament for a large sum of money, to be applied to refitting the almost ruined navy. Although the Parliament had been already a hundred times deceived by their Sovereign, they did not hesitate in this alarming state of affairs, to again place the necessary funds at his command.

A magnificent entertainment, given by the Countess of Portsmouth, to the principal persons of the Court, drew near its close; at five in the morning the greater part of the guests, together with the Countess herself had retired, and no one remained but the King and a few of his more intimate associates.

At this period Charles possessed a figure at once elegant and robust, but the naturally harsh expression of his features, was increased by the pallor of habitual dissipation and the strong lines that passion had marked upon his countenance. On this occasion he was dressed in a suit of black velvet, and a hat of the same material decorated with a snow white feather, was drawn deeply over his brows; his countenance expressed the deepest gloom and despondency, and he walked silently to and fro, without paying the slightest attention to the witticisms of the cavalier on whose arm he leaned. This cavalier was the celebrated John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester; whose wit, satire, atheism, and profligacy, together with his subsequent conversion, have made him at once notorious and renowned. At this time he was still young and handsome, and the total absence of beard, gave his features an almost feminine style of beauty. The unsteadiness of his gait as well as the negligence of his magnificent dress of white
La Devoueurre.

La Fourniére.  La Mahault.
and gold, showed that on the present occasion he had been indulging too freely in wine.

By the side of Rochester, and leaning on the arm of Buckingham, was the celebrated Bishop Blond, while the Earl of Shaftsbury seated on a settee, surveyed the group with a most rueful countenance. As these gentlemen were seldom serious except when their pockets, or what was nearly the same thing, those of the King were empty; and as on this occasion the party were extremely so, it was evident that the royal exchequer was by no means in a flourishing condition.

"All is lost!" exclaimed Charles, turning to Rochester, whose business it was to supply the never failing wants of the King's privy purse; "we have nothing left but this diamond ring, and yet I must have money."

"The diamond box in which the citizens of London presented your majesty with the freedom of the City, may perhaps help us over the difficulty," said Rochester.

"Ah, that ridiculous idea of the Lord Mayor's was too comical" cried Charles. "We have given the box to her." To the Countess of Portsmouth? said Rochester, Charles nodded. Rochester shrugged his shoulders, and hummed part of the song commencing "Go away my wealth and fortune," — —

"Do you know of how much you robbed me, during the last eight days, accursed vampires!" cried Charles, in a tone that showed his habitual good-humour had departed.

"King Charles!" said Bishop Blond, who had obtained the greater part of the plunder, "I have fasted during the last four weeks."

"And is that the reason why you swallowed six thousand pounds at a meal yesterday!" said the King. "and I have paid your debts too" cried Charles, turning to Rochester, and "God's Blood", — what debts! and you too Shaftsbury! "The sums that your four Roman festivals in Ashley-House have cost me! — I believe you are the most scandalously extravagant patron in our Kingdom."

"If your Majesty speaks only of such as are subjects", replied Shaftsbury, "I think it probable you are right, without however pretending to rival my Lord of Rochester, in that particular."

"And you Buckingham!" continued the King, "you have lent me money, but you have cheated me in play; when I gave you up my cards for a few moments, you lost five hundred guineas to Blond on my account, that you might afterwards share the plunder with him. What can a King do when surrounded by such a shoal of Sharks! you deserve that I should clap you all into the Tower, or rather have you hung at Tyburn! I advise you for your own sakes to disgorge your plunder, or it may be the worse for you! — you have swallowed every farthing of the money given me by the parliament for the arming of the fleet.”

"The chaste, modest, and clever Charles, is too moderate in his demands", said Rochester mischievously.

"England is defenceless!" cried the King, who had worked himself into a perfect fury, "and if Geand, Ruyter, and De Witt appear in the Thames, am I to send a gang of scoundrels like yourselves to drive them forth? — either give me money, or relieve me from these accursed Hollanders, or by God's life", —
"Money shall be procured and the Dutchman shall not come," said Rochester at
length; "give me full power to treat, and the people of England shall see no Dutch flag
floating on the Thames; but on the contrary, her Sovereign shall see a goodly number
of broad Dutch ducats."

"Do you intend to go to Breda, to take part in the negotiations for Peace?" asked
Charles.

"God preserve me from mixing with that honourable company!" said Rochester, I in-
tend to go as your secret agent to Cornelius De Witt at the Hague, make him a few
promises in your name, and borrow from him the money you require. It will only
cost England a trumpery island or so, nothing more.

Hardened as Charles was, he did not consent to this shameful barter of the National
possessions without a feeling of shame; pressed by his necessities however, he did con-
sent, and gave him the necessary powers under his hand and seal.

The extravagance of his scheme delighted Rochester; who declared he would not lose
a moment in putting it into execution, and having bent his knee before his Sovereign was
about to depart, when Charles, whose ill humour never lasted long, exclaimed "Farewell my
lord of Rochester, you will still think on our petits plaisirs even when you are abroad?"

"Without doubt your Majesty" replied he, "and as a proof of it I promise on my
return to present to you one of the finest women in Holland."

"We all know how you keep your word", said the King; "but I swear to you that if
you do succeed in bringing Peace, Wealth, and Beauty, from Holland to Whitehall, I
will bestow on you a rank only second to the princes of the blood."

"The affair begins to be interesting," said Buckingham, "and I will wager a thousand
pounds, that so far from succeeding, he will ruin everything that it is possible to ruin."

"Well! we shall see! Dieu et mon bonheur, pas mon droit," cried Rochester gaily,
"as to King Charles's promises I of course hold them for nothing, but your thousand
pounds are lost, like the soul of a Jew money lender! Farewell!"

Two days later Rochester landed at the Hague, and betook himself at once to the
residence of Cornelius de Witt.

The frugal Hollander could at first scarcely believe that a mere court butterfly like
Rochester, could be the agent employed to negociate so secret and important a treaty.
The latter however who, notwithstanding his extravagant life, really possessed some ability,
soon found means to make De Witt attend to him.

Rochester represented to De Witt, that King Charles was willing to barter the Indian
possessions of England to the Dutch, in consideration of an immediate cessation of hostil-
ities, and the payment of a large sum of money. And as the possession of these co-
lonies was of great importance to Holland, De Witt lent a ready ear to the proposal,
and before they parted, the principal articles of a treaty of Peace had been agreed on.
But an accident prevented these negociations from ever being resumed. As Rochester left
the presence of the Admiral, he paused a few moments to admire the Paintings which
decorated a gallery, through which he passed. While thus employed, a slight rustling
of silk caused him to turn his head; when he beheld a Lady of such astounding beauty, that the susceptible Wilnot stood as it were, fixed to the spot with astonishment. Minna De Witt the daughter of the ancient Hero, for such was the lady who now stood before Rochester, was at this time in her twenty-second year, and was considered the most beautiful woman in Holland. Her tall and exquisitely proportioned figure, her brilliant complexion, her large blue eyes, her regular and expressive features, overshadowed by a profusion of auburn hair, formed indeed a picture, that few persons could look upon with indifference.

Minna De Witt gazed at the handsome Englishman for a moment, and then with a slight smile and courtesy was about to pass on, when Rochester murmuring a few words, threw himself at her feet, and seizing her hand began to cover it with kisses. The lady astonished at this boldness, endeavoured to extricate herself, and not immediately succeeding, called aloud for her attendants. The next moment Cornelius was at her side; taking her by the arm he released her from her assailant, and then turning to Rochester, he exclaimed in a voice of thunder; “you are no Cavalier but a scoundrel! — away with you instantly! — fellows of your stamp bring only infamy and disgrace! — remain in Holland more than twenty-four hours, and I will have you, — who call yourself the Earl of Rochester, — hanged.

This attack had the effect of speedily bringing Rochester to himself; he threw a kiss from the tips of his fingers to the lady, who had retreated to the other end of the gallery, and carelessly adjusting his sword-knot, he bowed to the irritated Dutchman, with a scornful laugh.

“I beg your pardon my good friend”, said he, “but I had forgotten that I was in the land of Sea-dogs, and Dutchmen, who are naturally no admirers of gallantry. — I assure you however, that your threats of swords and halters will not prevent me from doing my best to amuse myself, while I remain here.” So saying he turned on his heel, and left the house. On reaching his hotel, Rochester began seriously to reflect on the awkward results of this adventure. He had lost all hope either of concluding a peace, or obtaining money for his Sovereign; he resolved however to make an effort to fulfil the third part of his promise; — and it occurred to him, that if he could succeed in carrying off Minna De Witt, he would be able at once, to keep his word to the King, and gratify his revenge on the Admiral.

Sending for his landlady, he commenced questioning her concerning the principal persons residing at the Hague, and having at length adroitly turned the discourse on the family of De Witt, had the satisfaction of learning that Minna was in the habit of consulting a celebrated female fortune-teller, at that time residing in the suburbs of the city.

The same evening Rochester visited the Sybil in her lonely habitation; he found her surrounded by the usual paraphernalia of her art, and to his eager inquiries, she at first opposed a mysterious silence; but on the appearance of a well-filled purse,
the Jewess, (for such she was) soon found her tongue, and gave Rochester all the in-
formation he desired.

It appeared that an attachment had existed for a considerable time, between Minna
De Witt, and a brave and experienced naval officer named Brakel. The dislike which the
Admiral had always felt towards Brakel, on account of his low origin and his poverty,
was redoubled when the seaman ventured to raise his eyes towards his daughter. Pro-
hibited from seeing each other in public, the lovers were in the habit of meeting at the
house of Mara the fortune-teller, who, to have a better opportunity of performing her
office of go-between, was in the habit of frequently visiting Minna, under the pretence
of telling her fortune on the cards.

Rochester was delighted with this information, he was not slow in perceiving how
these circumstances could be turned to account; and the old Jewess, who would have
sold her soul for money, was easily prevailed on to assist him. It was evening, and
the charming Minna De Witt, sat in her magnificent chamber, and amused herself by
singing an Italian love-song, accompanying her voice, occasionally by a few notes on
the lute. The evening dress that Minna now wore was eminently calculated to set off
her peculiar style of beauty, to the utmost. A short upper dress of blue, worn over a
robe of white satin, allowed the dazzling whiteness of her neck and arms to be seen,
and to contrast not unfavorably, with the pearls that glittered in her hair. As her
song concluded, she laid the lute on the table and sighed heavily; — at this moment a
low tap was heard at the door and in the next, Mara the fortune-teller, stood before
her. The old Jewess handed Minna a small billet, and observed with a meaning smile,
that her hand trembled as she endeavoured to break the seal; — "I shall see him to-
night, cried Minna, — and yet why are my spirits so depressed. — I feel as if some
dreadful fate were hanging over me." Show me your palm, beautiful, proud, and yet
timid maiden! said the Jewess, as she took Minna's left hand, between her own. After
observing it for some moments with attention, the sybil moved a step or two, so as
to place herself on the opposite side of the table to Minna, who remained with her head
leaning on her hand, in an attitude of deep thought. "Mark me! beautiful lady!" said
the Jewess, "this fear and trembling must cease! you are the daughter of the bold
De Witt, and must show yourself worthy of the race from which you have sprung;
it is clearly written on your hand, that you will never be happy until you are united
to the man of your choice; fly then with your lover, and your dream of love and
marriage, will be fulfilled! — Follow me at once, the captain expects you!" To that
I will never consent", exclaimed Minna, who nevertheless rose, wrapped herself in a
mantle, and followed the fortune-teller. At the outer door she was received by Rochester
in the disguise of a naval officer, and whom she did not consequently recognise. "Cour-
rage!" said he, perceiving she trembled; "Captain Brakel and myself are comrades, he
awaits you on the beach." Minna pressed the letter to her heart as if to draw courage
from it, and silently followed her conductors.
On arriving at the beach however, she was met, not by her lover, but by eight stout English sailors, who at a signal from Rochester, seized her in their arms and hurried her into a boat that stood ready to receive them. Rochester sprang in after them, and in a few moments, Minna found herself in the cabin of an English Frigate; whose cable was immediately slipped, and the vessel put to sea.

Before day-break however, a Dutch frigate hove in sight, and fired a gun as a signal, for the English vessel to lay to. This was done, and in a few moments a fine manly-looking officer hailed the English captain, but being answered in a satisfactory manner, the English vessel was allowed to resume her course. Minna had till this moment been sunk in the quietude of despair, she had armed herself with a poignard which she had found in the cabin, and had sworn to the Earl, that she would use it on herself, if he ventured to approach her. The bustle occasioned by the approach of the Dutch vessel had in some degree roused her from her lethargy; but how shall we describe her feelings, when she recognised in the voice of the Dutch captain, that of her lover, Moritz Brakel. Pushing Rochester on one side, she flew to the cabin window, and as the ships passed, extended her arms, and cried aloud — Moritz! Moritz! rescue me or I perish! Although Brakel only saw her for a moment, and did not distinctly understand what she had said, the instinct of Love informed him at once of what had happened, and he called loudly to the English captain, again to shorten sail. It was however too late, the questions had been asked and answered, and the English frigate shot a-head under press of sail; and without regarding the cannon-shot fired by the Dutchman, stood towards the English coast.

Captain Brakel having communicated with the shore by signal, continued his pursuit of the English frigate, and came up with her in the mouth of the Thames in time to prevent her entering the harbour of Sheerness. As the Dutch vessel was very superior in force to the English one, Rochester and most of the crew abandoned her and succeeded in reaching the shore in the boats; leaving the ship and the lady as the prize of the bold Captain Brakel.

De Witt who had put to sea with six ships of War, the moment he heard of the abduction of his daughter, soon joined Brakel in the Thames, and that officer had the pleasure of restoring Minna to her father, on his own quarter-deck. We need scarcely add that the gallantry of the Captain, conquered the prejudices of the Admiral, and that Brakel and Minna were affianced from that moment.

It so happened that King Charles and his Court had visited Sheerness on this occasion, in order to inspect the fortifications; and as De Witt to revenge the insult offered to him, thought proper to throw a few shells into the town, the confusion of the royal party may easily be conceived. The King had already entered his carriage to depart, when Rochester presented himself.

"Is this the peace you bring me?" cried the King pointing to a bomb which at that moment described a beautiful arch over the heads of the party.

"Ah, the Devil!" cried Rochester.
“Or is this fellow, loaded with Dutch ducats?” continued the King, as another burst at no great distance.

“Hear me king Charles!” cried Rochester whose impudence now fairly forsook him; while Buckingham laughed loudly at his distress.

“Where is the beauty of the Netherlands?” cried Charles, — “Mercy, most gracious Sovereign!” cried Rochester, “had I succeeded in that point, I could have died content!” — “Drive on Coachman!” said the King, and the carriage rolled away leaving the unhappy Rochester on his knees in the dust.

In revenge for this reception Rochester wrote the terrible satire called the, “The Restoration” or “the History of Fools”, and continued for a long time out of favour.

On the return of the Dutch fleet to Holland, the nuptials of Captain Brakel and Minna De Witt were celebrated with great magnificence, and the bride caused the scene to be painted, in which the prophecy took place, that met with so singular a fulfilment.

THE CHILDREN OF CHARLES I, OF ENGLAND.

Painted by Antony Vandyke.

On a lovely summer evening in the year 1639, Antony Vandyke, the prince of portrait painters, sat in the sumptuous apartment which the munificence of his patron Charles the first, had assigned to him. Although still young, for he had not yet attained his thirtieth year, the countenance of the painter had lost all the freshness of youth; care or dissipation had already traced furrows on his lofty forehead, and quenched the lustre of his large and expressive eyes.

Vandyke wore the elegant and picturesque costume, that his pictures have made so familiar to after ages; but the negligence visible both in his dress, and in the arrangement of his hair, not less than the jaded and fretful expression of his features, gave him the air of a man who was completely dissatisfied both with himself, and everything around him.

The entrance of two persons into the apartment, caused Vandyke to rise from the couch on which he had hitherto been half sitting, half reclining; — the new comers were Lord Digby a friend of the painter, and his patron the Duke of Buckingham, the prime minister and favourite of the King. — “I have the honour to inform you, Sir Antony Vandyke, that his Majesty commands your attendance at Whitehall”, said the Duke; — “His Majesty also assures you through me, of the continuance of his gracious favour, and that nothing can alter his Majesty’s disposition towards you. *Humph! —
I know what the favourable disposition of an Englishman means," said Vandyke petulantly,— "my first reception here showed me that,— for my part, I am tired to death of England — and of everything English, and of King Charles, and his Court most especially. I shall depart for Antwerp to morrow, where if I must die of ennui, I shall at least be allowed to die in peace."

"What is it you require!" exclaimed Buckingham somewhat hastily, "of what do you complain? the King honours your Genius as it deserves to be honoured; there lies the portrait set with diamonds, which he has presented to you, and you have already been created a knight of the Bath; — to my thinking, you can scarcely complain of want of liberality on the part of the English!"

"If I were inclined to boast", replied Vandyke, turning hastily towards the Duke, "I might reply, that I have received nothing in England, that I have not richly earned. I have over-worked and exhausted myself to meet the demands of your King, for whom I have executed more than a hundred paintings: and yet — when three weeks since I demanded for weighty reasons, a private audience of his Majesty — I was told I must come another time; as if I were a menial, rather than an Artist who owns no one for his superior.

"My good friend" replied Digby, "who now took up the conversation; you must not forget, that at the present moment the King's time is almost entirely occupied with public affairs. At a time when the throne is shaken by the English republicans, and the Scotch are on the verge of rebellion, it may surely be excused, if the welfare of the Nation is preferred to the wish of an individual."

"Besides! resumed Buckingham" the King's health is far from good, and if I am to believe my friend Digby here — you are too much in the habit of viewing ev'ry circumstance in the most gloomy colours."

"It is but too true", said Vandyke with an air of despondency, "I see only strongly contrasted tints — green and red — sky-blue and black!"

"Well, well, I am glad to hear you admit so much!" said Buckingham, "especially as Digby and myself have come to act the part of faith confessor to you."

Vandyke shook his head mournfully.

"Yes Anthony", said Digby, "grasping the hand of the painter"; we come if possible to save you from yourself, — to withdraw you from the vortex of dissipation into which you have plunged, and which is evidently destroying your health, and debilitating your mental powers; and which will assuredly prove your destruction, unless you make an energetic effort to overcome it.

"Ah my friend" replied Vandyke, greatly moved, "leave me in peace I pray you, I am tired of everything, even of life itself."

"God forbid!" said Buckingham laughing, "you will now first begin to live, for 'by our lady' we intend nothing less than to marry you, and that forthwith."

"A new course of life is necessary to you", resumed Digby, "you feel yourself, that dissipation is not pleasure, and that you are wretched in the midst of what is intended
for enjoyment, — the divine fire of genius burns in your breast, and yet heaven knows when you have touched either palette or pencil."

"Am I then a boy!" said Vandyke, "that you can point out to me, what I cannot find for myself, — how do you know that the lady you have selected will please me, — I suppose at least, I am to be allowed a voice in the matter!"

The Duke of Buckingham drew from his pocket a richly mounted miniature, and handed it to Vandyke; "look at that first", said he, "and then we will resume the discourse."

Vandyke took the portrait, and observed it for a moment with great attention; — suddenly the almost extinguished fire again sparkled in his eyes, — his cheek flushed — he examined the portrait closer, — involuntary murmurs escaped him, and he appeared altogether to forget the presence of his companions.

Digby laid his hand lightly on the shoulder of the Painter, who awoke from his reverie and exclaimed, "ah my friend this is indeed a lovely portrait; but I feel certain the original is a hundred times more beautiful, — who is she?"

"If you will but listen to reason", said Buckingham, "I will answer for it, that you may obtain this lady for your wife." — It is Mary Ruthven the daughter of the Earl of Gore, — and between ourselves, the lady has already admitted that you are not indifferent to her. If you will accept the invitation of the King, and accompany us to Court, you may this evening be introduced to your future bride."

Vandyke's apathy vanished in a moment; he sprang from his couch, and called aloud for his servants.

"Softly Sir Anthony", said Buckingham, "you will not find the lady Mary in the audience chamber, she is only to be seen in the apartments of the Queen; as her guardian I have hitherto objected to her public presentation at court. She is the governess of the young prince of Wales and his brother and sister, and has hitherto led the life of a Nun, although within the precincts of the Court. You have only therefore to take your painting materials, and under pretence of painting the royal children you will have every opportunity of seeing and speaking to the lady, without any chance of interruption. Vandyke obeyed. He accompanied Buckingham and Digby to Whitehall, and presented himself before the King, who received him in the most gracious manner; on a sign from the Duke, the King took the painter on one side, and looking on him with his usual melancholy smile, observed, when you are inclined to undertake a picture Sir Anthony, you will oblige us by painting our children."

"Ah! Sire you make me too happy", stammered the painter.

"Buckingham has doubtless already informed you of our wishes in this respect, but I fear you will find the children somewhat restless sitters; however", added the King, with an arch smile, "I have no doubt that Lady Gore will do her best to make them obedient."

Taking the painter familiarly by the arm, the King led him to the apartments of the Queen, and presented him to Lady Gore; the dazzling beauty of the young Scottish
Countess, and the peculiar circumstances of the introduction, entirely deprived Vandyke of his self-possession, and when he recovered himself, the king had vanished.

Vandyke commenced his picture of the Royal children, but notwithstanding he spent the greater part of his time at Whitehall, he made but slow progress towards completing it. During these repeated visits however he found an opportunity of telling his tale of love, and became the accepted suitor of the beautiful Countess; the picture now made better progress, and shortly after its completion Vandyke led Mary Ruthven to the Altar.

A new and happy course of life was now opened to the painter; but alas! the kind efforts of his friends Buckingham and Dudley, had been made too late. A long course of dissipation had already undermined his constitution, and finding his health decline he made a journey in company with his wife to his native city Antwerp. He afterwards visited Paris with the intention of painting the Gallery of the Louvre, but on arriving there, found that Nicolaus Poussin had already received the commission. He then returned to England, where he commenced a series of Cartoons which were intended to be executed in tapestry, he did not however live to complete them. Vandyke expired in the arms of his amiable wife, in London, in the year 1641.

GERHARD DOW.

Painted by himself.

The atelier of Gerhard Dow in Leyden, presented a perfect epitome of the mind of that pains-taking and laborious master. Instead of the wild and picturesque disorder visible in the work rooms of Rembrandt and Teniers, here everything showed that Order was the presiding genius of the place. The apartment was elegantly furnished, and the walls hung with tapestry, on which were arranged, (with every attention to the amount of light required by the subjects,) some of the best works of the master. Easels, lay-figures, and other instruments of the painter's art, were grouped in various parts of the room, with an evident effort at effect, and the folds of the ample window curtains were ordered in such a manner as to form a perfect study in themselves.

The easel of the master was of mahogany, richly inlaid with ebony and mother of pearl, and on the wall beside it, hung a violin, the peculiar outline of which showed it to be from the hand of the famous maker Amati di Cremona; Gerhard Dow, being at once one of the best painters, and violin players of his time.

On the occasion of which we are speaking, the master was not present in the stu-
dio, but his two pupils Franz van Mieris, and Gabriel Metzu, were labouring at their respective easels.

Gabriel Metzu possessed an elegant figure, and a somewhat long but extremely good-humoured countenance, set off by a profusion of long and curly hair; he was dressed with extreme neatness, and appeared to give the same amount of care to his toilette, as (after the example of his master) he bestowed on his pictures.

Franz van Mieris though extremely handsome, was in every other respect the reverse of his companion; young as he was, he had already entered on a course of dissipation that a few years later conducted him to an early grave. On the present occasion he seemed to be labouring under some powerful excitement, that he strove in vain to control. This was shown by his continually rising from his work, and then as suddenly seating himself, — by the nervous manner in which he passed his hands through his bushy hair, and more especially by the continual sighs and broken sentences that escaped him. At length apparently unable longer to control himself, he threw his palette and pencils aside, and commenced pacing with long strides, up and down the apartment.

"What is the matter with you to-day," asked Metzu turning round, "that you cannot remain a single moment quiet; are you impatient to be at the tavern with your giddy acquaintances."

"Would to God it were only that," exclaimed Mieris with great emotion, "would to God it were only a desire for cards and good company, that plagued me at this moment. — I tell you Gabriel that my sufferings will kill me, they have already half deprived me of reason." So saying he fixed an indescribable look on a portrait that was hanging on the wall of the apartment, and which represented Brigetta the beautiful second wife of the master Gerard Bow. Mieris seemed as if it were impossible to remove his gaze from this picture. Metzu observed the direction of his companion's eyes, shrugged his shoulders sorrowfully, and continued his works in silence.

At this moment the clear sounding voice of the master's wife, was heard without. — Mieris turned his hat and cloak, and hastily sprang into the hall lighted corridor. Startled at his sudden appearance, Brigetta would have retired, but the youth advanced boldly, took her hand and pressed it to his lips. — Brigetta was a lovely creature, in the first bloom of youth, and even more beautiful than her picture would have led a spectator to suppose. She gently disengaged her hand from the grasp of the youth, and said with a peculiar and sorrowful smile, — go, van Mieris, — I cannot hear you, — this is the anniversary of my wedding day, and I feel how culpable I have been to listen to you even for a moment, — at this very hour the master and myself entered the church where I vowed to him eternal truth. Go, van Mieris, that I feel for you I admit, but my duty is vowed to my husband, and I will keep my vow, — for the future avoid me; Holland has manners enough, who will grant you the love that you must not expect from me.

Van Mieris threw himself at the feet of his mistress, and with a voice faltering with
passion exclaimed. "Oh Brigetta do not deceive yourself — do not make us both wretched. This is the day that must decide our fate; to day, must the bond that separates us, be broken, or I must expire at your feet."

"What mean you?" exclaimed Brigetta trembling in every limb.

"I mean that you must leave this house, — this city, — this land, — and fly with me to Italy!" cried Mieris, whose passion had now completely got the better of his reason.

Before Brigetta could reply to this proposal, the house door opened, and the step of Gerhard Dow was heard at no great distance; this brought both parties to their senses, and they instantly separated.

At this moment the door of the atelier was gently closed, and Gabriel Metzu who had heard the whole of the conversation between Mieris and Brigetta, exclaimed "good, gentle, unsuspecting, master! how shall I avert your ruin? I will inform him of what is intended."

A few moments later Dow entered the atelier. Although in his fiftieth year, Dow might still be considered a handsome man, time had but slightly bleached his chestnut hair, and his cheerful countenance and conversation, gave him the appearance of being much younger. — After examining the work of his pupils with every appearance of satisfaction, he clapped Metzu in a friendly manner on the shoulder.

Gabriel sought for some means of turning the conversation that ensued, in the wished for direction, but before he had an opportunity of doing so, they were joined by Mieris, and Gabriel was compelled to forego his intention.

"Go my children", said Dow, laying several pieces of Gold on the table, go, and pass a merry night with your friends, on this occasion I wish to spend the evening with my wife, that we may talk over past days together, you however will not fail to drink our healths, and above all to fill a bumper to the success of Art." Then turning to Mieris he exclaimed, "take care however Franz, that you keep within bounds on this occasion."

The two scholars heard this proposal of the Master, with very different feelings. Mieris saw that it gave a death-blow to his hopes, at least for the present; while Metzu rejoiced at the circumstance, as allowing him more time to consider what steps it would be best to take in so delicate an affair. Both however thanked the master for his kindness, and left the house in order to invite their friends to the night's festivity. As they went out, the head of the beautiful Brigetta was visible at one of the casements on the ground floor; Mieris lastly left his companion, stepped to the window, and whispered in a voice houseth with emotion, and laying his hand at the same time on the hilt of his sword, "this weapon shall pierce my heart if you refuse me." Brigetta raised her hands to heaven, and instantly disappeared.

Although Mieris had spoken in a very low tone of voice, his words were overheard by Gabriel, who resolved to argue with his fellow pupil on the folly and wickedness of his conduct.

Mieris was however far too adroit for the good natured, but simple minded Gabriel, he affected to laugh at the whole affair as a jest, and exclaimed in his usual flippant manner, — "are you a simpleton Gabriel, that you mistake jest for earnest? — are you not aware
that Franz von Müters would joke with the Devil himself, rather than be always grave, I assure you that I should long since have died of ennui in the cloister of the good Master Bow, had it not been for this face between the excellent Mistress Brigetta and myself.

"You are not in earnest then?" said Gabriel, who seemed not to know what to think of the matter.

"God forbid!" replied Müters, "besides you know, that I have long since lost my heart to the black-eyed Barbara."

"But it is very wrong to disturb the peace of mind of our good mistress", said Gabriel.

He laughed aloud.

"Brigetta is as little in earnest as myself", said Franz "but as she is alone the whole day, while the master is pursuing his studies, it is natural she should wish for some better amusement than playing with her parrot. — You must admit that there was some degree of piquancy about our dialogue this evening."

Gabriel shrugged his shoulders, with the air of a person who is only half satisfied.

"It is not your intention, then, toelope with Brigetta to Italy?" asked Gabriel, earnestly.

"What will you fancy next?" said Müters, "but thank God here we are, at the sign of the "Painters' Palette", where I feel myself in my element, and where I hope to pass a merry evening."

Our young painters were warmly received by a numerous circle of acquaintances; the wine circulated freely, song and jest succeeded each other rapidly, and Gabriel heated with wine, soon forgot his determination, to keep an eye on the movements of Müters. The latter seized the first opportunity that occurred to leave the room, and returned with all possible speed to the house of the master; entering the garden, he concealed himself in a small thicket of shrubs near one of the windows, and clapped his hands loudly twice.

The master himself opened the window, but not seeing any one there, quietly closed it again, and resumed his seat beside his wife. Brigetta heard the noise and her heart told her it was a sign from Müters. Pale and trembling, she remained seated beside her husband, a prey to the most cruel fears and apprehensions.

The last words of Müters haunted her as it were; she pictured to herself the handsome youth for whom she really felt an affection, pursing by his own hand; and overcome by the emotions which this idea gave rise to, she made an excuse to leave the room, and descended with the rapidity of a hunted deer to the garden. It was the intention of Brigetta to reason with her lover, to persuade him to give up his criminal pursuit, and above all not to attempt his own life.

Franz von Müters however gave her no time to put this excellent plan in operation; the moment she entered the garden he caught her in his arms, and poured forth such a torrent of vows, oaths, and entreaties, that Brigetta far from having any opportunity of arguing with her lover, found that she could only reply to his importunities by a flood of tears.

In such cases, when a woman weeps, resistance is at an end. Brigetta no longer attempted to disengage herself from the embrace of her lover; she permitted, and even returned his caresses; trembling like an aspen leaf, she suffered Müters to half lead, half carry her
towards the gate of the garden, where a carriage was in waiting to assist them in their flight.

The first step had now been taken, and in another moment that step would have been past recall; but at the instant that Brigetta turned to take a last look at the home she was forsaking, a strain of delicious music floated on the clam summer air, it was a sweet but melancholy prelude, and as the tremulous notes were borne on the evening breeze, they sounded like the voice of an angel calling on the fugitives to return. Brigetta stood as if arrested by a charm, and even Mieris looked in the direction of the sound, with an air of surprise and indecision.

It was Gerhard Dow, who to amuse himself during the absence of his wife, had taken his violin, and was now pouring forth with the hand of a master, the sounds destined to have so great an influence on his future life. — The prelude was concluded, and with a few masterly touches, the air changed to a minuet by Roland Lasco, one of those pure pieces of melody, that are favorites in every age and country.

This air recalled Brigetta to herself, she disengaged herself from the arms of Mieris, and gasping with emotion, exclaimed, “it is my wedding minuet” and immediately darted off towards the house with all the speed of which she was capable, entering the room where the master was still playing, she threw her arms about his neck and confessed the whole.

Mieris stood for a few minutes like one entranced; from this state he was aroused by Gabriel, who had missed, and was come to seek him.

“Everything is lost!” said Mieris, and in a few words he explained to Gabriel what had occurred.

“On the contrary everything is won!” exclaimed Gabriel, “you have been saved from the commission of a great sin, Brigetta has been restored to her husband, and you will learn in future to command your passions.

The good-natured Gerhard Dow, readily pardoned his young wife the error she so candidly confessed, and by the mediation of Gabriel the amnesty was also extended to Mieris. From that time forth the Master seemed to have an almost superstitious respect for his violin, and when a few months later he painted his own portrait, he represented himself as he appeared at the moment, when through the magic of its tones, he recovered his dearest earthly treasure.
THE MADONNA AND CHILD.
Painted by Murillo.

Bartolomeu Esteban Murillo, the prince of Spanish painters, was born at Seville in the year 1618, and received his first instructions in Art, from his relative Juan del Castillo. His earlier productions, although in the Florentine style (which was at that time extremely popular in Spain) gave ample promise of the originality and excellence so conspicuous in his later works. Attracted by the fame of Vandyke, who was at that period engaged in England, he undertook a journey to that country, in order to place himself under the instruction of that master. On arriving in London however, he found that the great Flemish master was already dead, and he consequently returned to his native country, and arrived at Madrid in the year 1643. Here he commenced a laborious course of study of the works of Vandyke, Rubens, and other great masters, under the guidance of his friend and countryman Velazquez, whose grand and simple manner he admired and adopted.

In this period belong the vast number of small pictures of saints, and other religious subjects which bear his name, and attest that even at this early period Murillo possessed the hand of a master. After a residence of two years in Madrid, he returned to Seville, where after great exertions he succeeded in the year 1660, in founding an Academy of Panlurers, which soon became famous, not only in Spain, but also in other countries, and had a considerable influence on the progress of Art throughout the peninsula.

Between the years 1670 and 1680 Murillo painted his eight great pictures of the Works of Mercy destined for the Church of the Hospital of St. Jorge de la Caridad. The liberal commissions of the superiors of the8Master of the Capuchins, and of the Church de la Venerables, stimulated Murillo to many noble creations, and it is to this period that the best pictures of the master belong. The whole of the paintings by Murillo in the royal gallery at Madrid were painted at this time.

In this picture the genius of Murillo is exhibited in its highest and noblest aspect; for although, from the truthfulness with which he grasps both the national and individual characteristics of his originals, he produces in such pictures as the Beggar Boys, (now in the Prado at Madrid) an effect on the mind of the spectator, which is not always attained even by the greatest masters of the Italian schools; yet the very nature of such subjects prevents their ever being reckoned among the highest productions of genius.

In the Madonna however he has attempted and reached the highest pinnacle of his Art. The sentiment of beauty seems as it were to pervade every lineament of this wonderful production, a sense of holy awe creeps over us, as we gaze on this extraordinary picture, and the charm which the painter has thrown around us by the simplicity and purity of his outline, is increased by the mellowness of his colouring, and the harmony of his tones. It has been observed that the beauty which pervades this great picture is more human beauty, and that it is wanting in the reality and spiritual graces of the Italian school. It is true that the beauty is human — but at the same time it is human beauty.
La Madone et l'Enfant.

Madone : "Matera" ; 

Enfant : "Bébè".

Panne : "Sacro Sacro".
of such a noble and exalted character, that we may hesitate to decide, whether the godlike daughter of Earth by Murillo, or the ideal queen of Heaven, by Raphael, best deserves the palm.

This Madonna is no half Moorish beauty, on the contrary in the chestnut brown hair and dear blue eyes, are shown the peculiar characteristics of the ancient gothic race; and Donna Maria Segueze who served Murillo as a model for this picture, is well known to have belonged to one of the most ancient families of Spain.

In conclusion we may remark that the Madonna of Murillo is one of those creations of Genius that can never be fully described in words, and that every new critic will probably find in this picture some new charm, which has remained unnoticed by his predecessors.

The choicest collection of the works of Murillo is probably that, in the royal gallery at Madrid. Seville, his native city, possesses also some of his best productions. The collection of Marshal Soult in Paris, is rich in Murillos, which he collected during his Spanish campaigns, and the Louvre contains no less than 40 works by this master. A considerable number are also scattered through the various English collections, and in the gallery at Vienna, and in that of Prince Esterhazy are several of the earlier pictures of this Master.

Murillo died at Seville in the year 1682. If the popular story is to be believed, he was taken to the public hospital of that city in a dying state, and remained there some days without being recognised, and only discovered himself in his last moments when confessing to the attendant priest. The story adds, that Murillo having observed some symptoms of incredulity on the part of the clergyman, took a piece of charcoal from the censer, and sketched the head of a dying Christ on the wall, as the best proof he could give of his identity.

Certain it is, that whether this sketch was made by Murillo or not, it was thought worthy of being preserved under a glass case, and was shown for many years as a relic of this great painter.

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**DUTCH WINTER SCENE.**

Painted by A. VANVERVELDE.

This is one of those scenes of familiar life, as seen in the Netherlands, that this great painter delighted in transferring to his canvas. As we shall shortly have an opportunity of referring at some length to the works of this master, we refrain on the present occasion from any remarks on his peculiar excellencies.
THE VILLAGE ALEHOUSE.

Painted by Cornelius Bega.

Cornelius Bega was born at Harlem in 1620, and died of the plague in that city in the year 1661. His father was a sculptor named Peter Begeyn, from whom he probably received his first instructions in Art; he afterwards became a pupil of Adrian Bistade, and is considered one of the best followers of that master. His subjects are rustic festivities, the labors of shepherds, and scenes of a similar character; his engravings on copper are also much admired, indeed all his works are eagerly sought for, and usually fetch enormous prices.

The erratic and dissipated career of this artist, led to his early expulsion from the paternal roof, and it is probable that this circumstance led to his assuming the name of Bege, by which he was invariably known in after life.

The picture before us possesses all the characteristics of this painter in an eminent degree, and while we admire the masterly skill and fidelity to nature, which this artist always exhibits, we shrink from the coarse and almost repulsive character, of the scenes he delights to portray.

FRANZ VAN MIERIS.

Painted by himself.

On the evening of Shrove Tuesday 1659, the burgheers of the good city of Leyden, were seen pouring in immense numbers from the magnificent church of St. Peter, where they had been listening to the sermon, which is generally delivered on the recurrence of this festival. The noble Brete Strasse, one of the finest streets in Europe, was filled by the motley crowd, which consisted not alone of those who had been attending to their religious duties, and who now prayer-book in hand, were proceeding slowly and with a pious mien towards their respective dwellings, but of numerous parties of frolic-loving students, and pupils of the Academy of painting, who had come to gaze on the fair waves and daughters of the citizens.

In the midst of the crowd might have been observed a tall and handsome young man of about sixty-two years of age, whose glance wandered in every direction through
La "colère du village

A. Adam. Text. Paul Dejean.
Frans Hals, 1638

Noording of Hals is de naam die meestal wordt gegeven aan zijn atelier, 

ook vanwege de manier waarop hij zijn schilderijen kreeg aanwezig 

het eerst door zijn vrienden.
the throng, as if he sought some person whom he feared might escape his observation. By the light of the street lanterns, and of the wax torches that were carried before some of the more wealthy citizens, it was easy to perceive that he was at once richly and elegantly dressed, and a peculiarly shaped cap of black velvet ornamented with silver, showed him to be a painter. Rich clusters of dark ringlets surrounded his pale, but noble and intellectual countenance, his short velvet cloak was thrown negligently over one shoulder, and his left hand was thrust carelessly into the pocket of his huge pluderhosen.

The elder citizens of both sexes shook their heads with an air of peculiar meaning as he passed them, their daughters however cast many a stolen glance at his handsome figure, and whispered to each other in tones that indicated considerable interest: — that is the gallant painter, — that is Franz Van Mieris.

Meanwhile two young men of about the same age, met and accosted our artist. "Where are you going to, Franz?" asked the first, who was the celebrated painter Johann Veen, and one of the bosom friends of Van Mieris. — "Come with us to the Italian coffee-house" cried the other, a handsome young man with a remarkably fine beard, whose name was Gottfried Schalken, and who had studied under Gerhard Dow at the same time with Van Mieris.

"I thank you for your invitation" replied Franz, with an air of absence, "but I have something more interesting on hand this evening than either the Coffee or Wine of the good Signor Berlinit; do not remain standing, either bid me farewell or walk with me."

"Some new intrigue I suppose", said Johann Veen with an air of vexation. "I put it to you Schalken, if there is any use in this eternal roving about? For my part I only require good wine to make me feel like a saint in paradise!"

"In Bacchi sedem feramers pudem" — Come Mieris, let your charmer find her way home alone for once."

"You are mistaken" said Mieris, "the lady whom I seek is not my mistress."

"She is about to become so I suppose"; remarked Schalken. "That is, as it may happen" replied Franz — "you know the rich burgher Mynheer Vanderwerff, whose factory is on the old Rhine?" — his friends nodded assent — "well, this honourable citizen possesses not only the finest gallery of art in Leyden, but in his daughter Julia, one of the most beautiful girls in the seven provinces. This however would interest me but little, were it not that this charming creature who is only in her eighteenth year, young, rich, and beautiful, has been seized with an absurd whim to become a saint, and really intends within the next fourteen days to bury herself alive in a cloister at Brussels: I intend however to make an attempt to rescue her out of the claws of the Munks, and if I can once make her feel the sentiment of Love, I have little doubt of convincing her that there is yet something in the world worth living for."

"Consider what you are doing!" cried Veen who notwithstanding his dissipated life
was unusually superstitious, "you are about to commit a deadly sin." Schalken smiled ironically; Franz Van Mieris laughed aloud.

"Never was an adventure begun on more moral grounds!" said Mieris, "I intend not only to save Julia Vanderwerff but also myself. At present I am so harassed by my creditors that in order to have a quiet hour for study, I am forced to convert my Atelier into a fortress, and defend it with as much obstinacy as these old walls were defended against the Spaniards; without the hope of being relieved by a William of Orange in the shape of a well filled purse. Consequently I mean to snatch the beautiful Julia out of the hands of the friars, and in return I hope to be rewarded with her fair hand and some twenty thousand Gold pieces: — on the principle that "one good turn deserves another" — stand aside my friends! here comes Mynheer and the future Nun — my adventure has commenced." The two friends departed grumbling, while Mieris followed a group of three persons who had just passed.

The centre of this group was Mynheer Cornelius Vanderwerff, a wealthy cloth manufacturer of Leyden, who was descended from the famous Bürgermeister Werff, who in the year 1567 defended Leyden in such a heroic manner against the Spaniards. As Mieris stated, he was possessed of a magnificent collection of paintings, sculptures, and medals, and besides being an admirable judge of art, was himself a painter of no mean powers, having spent a considerable time in Italy in the study of the great masters. Vanderwerff was a zealous, indeed a bigoted Catholic, and he appeared to have transmitted these qualities with increased intensity to his daughter. In other respects he was an amiable, although a somewhat eccentric and melancholy man.

On the right side of the merchant walked his sister, an elderly spinster, who since the death of his wife had filled the office of housekeeper, and judging from the rigidity of her features and bearing, she was probably the most zealous Catholic of the family. On the other side was his daughter Julia, a tall and handsome girl, with a figure of such wondrous symmetry, that the experienced eye of Mieris was unable to detect a fault, her carriage was proud and stately, and her features although extremely handsome, had an expression of inflexible determination, that augured ill for the success of the handsome painter.

Mieris had provided himself with a beautiful bouquet of flowers, and a pair of perfumed and embroidered gloves, and approaching the lady with the most unembarrassed air in the world, he offered them to her, as if he had just seen her drop them.

"I thank you Mynheer," was Julia's simple answer. "I carry neither ornaments nor bouquets, and consequently cannot have dropped these."

Franz Van Mieris bowed and retired in silence, the boldness with which he usually accosted the other sex had forsaken him, — the glance of her eye, — the tone of her voice seemed to pass through him like an electric shock. He sought in vain to master the tumult of emotions that took possession of his soul, and he abandoned himself to the crowd of romantic ideas that followed each other with startling rapi-
duty through his mind. He looked on Julia as a sacrifice offered to the gloomy bigotry of Cornelius and his haggard sister, and the adventure, which originated in the mere whim of making love to a future Nun, ended in a chivalrous determination to rescue a beauteous victim from her fancied persecutors.

In this excited state of mind, Mieris felt certain that if he could once obtain an opportunity of speaking with the lady alone, he should be certain of victory; he felt himself capable at the moment of pouring forth a torrent of eloquence, which he believed no woman could resist, and he was strengthened in this opinion by the recollection of the success that had always attended him in similar adventures.

This last reflection restored to him all his former audacity; he resolved to make an attempt to procure an interview, and revolving in his mind the methods most likely to succeed, he resolved that the shortest way was the best, and followed the family to the splendid residence of the merchant.

Approaching the house, for the purpose of ascertaining whether there was any probability of obtaining an entrance either by bribing the domestics or otherwise, Mieris was surprised and delighted to find that the door had been left unfastened; hailing this as a fortunate omen, he immediately entered, with the rash resolve to seek the apartment of Julia, throw himself at her feet, and try if his eloquence was sufficient to induce her to prefer an earthly to a heavenly bridegroom.

Mieris however soon found that this plan was much easier imagined than put in practice; groping about in total darkness, he soon lost himself in the various corridors of the house, and uncertain whether to advance or retreat, he remained standing in a ludicrous state of perplexity, which was not lessened by the reflection that if discovered by any of the domestics, he would be looked upon and treated as a robber.

While debating with himself what course to pursue, the town clock struck eleven, and immediately afterwards he heard the house door closed and locked, and his heart beat quickly as he became aware that all means of retreat were now cut off.

Suddenly the melodious tones of a harpsichord were heard issuing from an apartment at no great distance from the spot on which he stood; a load seemed lifted from his heart, and his star was again in the ascendant; this was doubtless the apartment of the lovely Julia, he should see her, plead his cause, and doubtless be triumphant.

Cautiously approaching the door from which the sound issued, Mieris paused a moment to collect himself, and then boldly entered the apartment: — his surprise and disappointment however may be readily imagined, when instead of the fair object of his hopes, he beheld the old merchant Cornelius Vanderwerff in person, who employed himself in mechanically playing on the harpsichord, while his eyes and thoughts wandered to the works of art by which he was surrounded.

The Merchant who was probably as much surprised as the painter, sprung from his seat and demanded with some abruptness the cause of this untimely visit. Fortunately the self-possession of Van Mieris did not forsake him; observing that a beautiful bronze statue of the Laocoon formed the principal ornament of the apartment, he declared that his
object, was to solicit permission to copy this masterpiece; at the same time making a plausible excuse for the lateness of his arrival.

In this excuse, Mieris had unconsciously attacked the merchant on his weakest side, he readily admitted the apologies of the painter, and late as it was, commenced a discourse on art which lasted a considerable time, and ended in his giving Mieris a commission to paint a picture of his heroic ancestor. The subject was to be the gate of the old Town-house of Leyden; at the moment when the brave Bürgermeister Vanderwerff exhibited his naked feet to a crowd of famished mutineers, and exclaimed;

"I have already eaten my boots; and have nothing to give you but my body, take it if you will, and divide it among you, but speak not to me of surrendering Leyden to the Spaniards!"

In addition, he permitted Mieris to take with him the statue of the Laocoon; and while returning to his lodgings, he was overtaken by Johann Veen who laughed heartily over the adventure.

From this time, Mieris was a frequent guest in the house of the Merchant, he was introduced to Julia and made the most strenuous exertions to induce her to alter her determination, but in vain. Franz Van Mieris gave up his dream of love with a sigh, but still remained on the most friendly terms with her father.

In due course of time, the painting ordered by the merchant was finished, and to mark his high sense of its excellence, he presented the painter in addition to a large sum of money, with the beautiful statue of the Laocoon, one of the masterpieces of Lorenzo Ghiberti.

At the moment when Vanderwerff was taking a view of the finished picture in the vaulted atelier of the artist, two of the latter's most embittered creditors succeeded in forcing their way into the apartment.

A word however from the rich merchant, who assured them of immediate payment, was sufficient to send them bowing out of the room. "I will settle their demands" said Vanderwerff "on condition that you paint me another picture, — paint us both, with this atelier and all it contains, above all with this picture on the easel. — I give you but perishable metal, continued the merchant; "in return you give me a treasure that will remain till the name of Van Mieris is forgotten, — and that will never he!"

Six weeks later, this picture was deposited in the gallery of Cornelius Vanderwerff.
THE FISHEALER.

Painted by Hendrik Martens Sorgk.

In an apartment on the second story of one of the picturesque looking houses that overlook the great canal of Amsterdam, sat one afternoon in the year 1614, Hendrik Sorgk, and worked with praiseworthy industry on a picture, which was placed on an easel before him.

The painter who was apparently about twenty-four years of age, arose from his employment with an air of fatigue, and cast a melancholy look upon the unfinished painting. And yet the picture in question was undoubtedly a work of genius, and appeared likely when finished, to be worthy of being placed beside the best productions of the renowned David Teniers. Indeed, in the wonderful delicacy of his finish, and the, at once natural and artistic arrangement of his subjects, Sorgk is thought by many critics, to have excelled his great master. The artist sadly contemplated his work, and reckoned the time he had bestowed upon it. Nearly a year had elapsed since he had commenced it, and much still remained to be done.

Hendrik Sorgk expected every thing, from the success of this picture. On it he depended, not alone for fame, but for the means of existence. Nor was this all, he expected from it the fulfilment of the hopes, that alone gave value to that existence. He trusted it would give him the means of completing his long deferred nuptials, with Barbara Buren, the lovely daughter of an honest fisherman of Amsterdam. He again took a view of his picture, he perceived that during the last week he had only been able to finish the head, and part of the drapery of a child; and his heart sunk within him, as he considered how long a time must still elapse, before his hopes could be attained.

To add to his troubles, he was considerably in debt to his landlady, the rich and handsome widow Hingst. This fair dame, had cast an eye of affection on the handsome painter, and had in fact, supplied him with board and lodging for upwards of a year, in the hope that he would repay her for her kindness, by an offer of his hand and heart.

The fair widow had often visited the atelier of the artist, under the pretence of witnessing the progress of his picture. On these occasions she had not failed to indicate her wishes, with as much distinctness as feminine delicacy permitted, but the bashful painter, borne down by the consciousness of his debt, had hitherto avoided coming to an explanation that must necessarily have ended in the destruction of her hopes.

This circumstance pressed like a load of lead, on the heart of the young artist. Often had he resolved to inform the widow of his love for Barbara, and as often had
his resolution failed him. The time, however, had now arrived when the circumstance could no longer be concealed.

On the day previous, he had seen the fisherman Buren, the father of his intended bride; who had informed him with true Dutch frankness, that he wished his daughter married, that should the courtship continue longer, it might be injurious to the reputation of Barbara; and finally that if Sorgk did not choose to marry her immediately, he would bestow her upon one of his young comrades, who had spoken with him on the subject.

Sorgk's remonstrances were altogether lost upon the frank-hearted, but obstinate old man, and the painter saw himself under the necessity of either finding the means of marrying instantly, or of losing his beloved Barbara for ever. Both positions seemed to the enamoured artist equally impossible, and he found himself in a situation, that did not permit him to take a step in any direction whatever.

It was necessary at all events to come to an explanation with the widow, and while Sorgk thought over this difficulty with a heavy heart, a slight tap was heard at the door of his apartment, and the next moment the fair object of his meditations stood before him. The poor artist sprang from his seat, and handed his best arm chair to his hostess, with whom he at the same moment exchanged a confused glance. This act of civility accomplished, a painful and embarrassing pause ensued on both sides.

This pause we may as well occupy by giving a slight sketch of the fair visiter. The widow Meta Buningst, was a tall, handsome, fair complexioned woman, in the thirtieth year of her age, her beautiful brown locks were parted smoothly and carefully on either side of her white and well formed forehead, and the snowy cambric handkerchief that concealed her full developed bosom, was fastened with a heavy golden broach. In her hands she held an instrument used for making lace, or some similar production of female ingenuity; but no sooner however had she fixed her eyes on those of the painter, than she forgot her accustomed occupation, and suffered the ivory sticks to have a moment's respite.

"Mynheer Sorgk," at length began the widow after a pause, that seemed to the anxious painter, to have lasted a full hour. — "My honoured hostess" interrupted the artist hastily, "the moment has at length arrived, when I feel myself compelled to confess to you a secret, which I have too long concealed in the inmost recesses of my heart."

The widow's cheeks were crimson with blushes, and the next moment she became deadly pale, her eyes however glistened with joy; the long desired moment had arrived, and the love of the painter had at length found a voice.

"Oh! Hendrik" exclaimed the widow, trembling.

"Yes, continued the painter with greater confidence, I feel all the obligations which I am under to you, I feel how kindly, how generously you have behaved to me. How magnanimously you have treated the poor struggling artist. Certainly, if I ever do become a great master, I shall owe to you the greatest part of my fame, as without your kindness I should never have been able to have continued my studies."

"Oh! Hendrik," said Meta deeply affected, "this is nothing, — nothing at all, — to the happiness you have this moment given me."
"My dear Madam", continued Sorgk, "I am convinced from your former kindness, that you will not refuse to put the finishing stroke to your good work, by allowing me still a little longer time, to repay the money I am indebted to you."

The widow listened with intense anxiety. Hendrik proceeded,

"I will be no longer a burden to you; I have too long taken advantage of your kindness. In one word I love Barbara Buren, the daughter of a fisherman, and unless I marry her this week, she will be for ever lost to me. In future I shall live in the house of my father in law, who will support me till my picture is finished, and I shall then be able to pay what I am indebted to you, with many thanks.

Meta arose silently from her seat. Her whole appearance seemed changed as if by magic: every passion that a slighted and disappointed woman can be supposed to feel, was depicted on her countenance, which a moment before had looked so beautiful. She reached the door, turned, and would have spoken, but finding herself unable to command her voice, quitted the apartment with the haughty step of a queen.

No sooner however, had she reached her own apartment, than her pride forsook her and she gave vent to her emotions in an agony of tears. On recovering herself, she determined to be revenged on the artist, whom she now looked upon as a contemptible deceiver, who had abused her kindness, and who now that his picture was nearly finished, thought he could safely throw off the mask which had deluded her for more than a year. She persuaded herself, that Hendrik was about immediately to dispose of his picture, in order to raise the funds necessary for his marriage with Barbara; and this idea had no sooner taken possession of her mind, than she determined to prevent the sale of the painting, and consequently as she supposed, the celebration of the nuptials. It is probable also, that notwithstanding the widow's indignation at what she considered the perfidy of the painter, she was partly urged to this course, by the not yet extinct hope, of eventually superseding the fisherman's daughter, in the affections of the handsome artist.

Scarcely an hour had elapsed since the departure of the widow, when a small, important looking, bald headed man, entered the apartment of the painter, followed by a sturdy assistant, and proceeded to take possession in the name of the law, of the whole worldly effects of the unhappy Sorgk; not of course, forgetting the unfinished picture. This done, he gave the bewildered artist, formal notice to quit on the following day, at farthest, the house of the honourable widow Gertrude Meta Hingst; and retired with his attendant myrmidon. Previously however, informing the painter in very learned terms, that his property would be restored to him, provided he could pay both debt and costs before a certain day.

In vain the unfortunate Sorgk sought to soften the heart of his enraged and pitiless hostess; she obstinately refused to see him, and he left the house in a condition bordering on phrenzy, and repaired to a tavern in order to take council with his friends.

These, who consisted of young artists, as poor, and for the most part considerably more in debt than himself, treated the affair very lightly; — "Begin a new picture", said they
"we will supply you with the materials. In the mean time marry Barbara, live in the house of your father-in-law, and in a short time all will be well."

Hendrik arose from his seat impatiently, and exclaimed. —

"Do you intend this for a jest? because I work slowly, and my pictures require a long time to finish: but no!" added he sorrowfully. "No! it is impossible for you to understand the ardent desire I have to finish this painting, on which I have expended so much labour. You cannot understand, that in losing my picture, I have lost everything; — I can paint no more! Good night!"

So saying, he left the house, in order to pass a sleepless night, in his desolate lodgings.

With the first dawn of day he betook himself to the house of the old fisherman, who laughed heartily at the distress of the poor painter; his daughter however who both saw and felt more deeply than her rough but really kind hearted parent, wept bitterly. "Well Hendrik! what do you intend doing in this case?" asked Buren, who was not at all disturbed in his merriment by the tears of his daughter.

"I will do anything that is possible" replied Sorgk, "until I can again obtain possession of my picture. For instance, I am willing to go out with you, and assist you in fishing; — fear not! I am man enough to earn bread for myself and bride, although fortune has been adverse to me in my art."

"What!" exclaimed the fisherman with admiration, "you are willing to go to work with me, you are then no lazy fellow, no mere half-woman, as I have always looked on you painters to be. "Well! all the better! trust me, it will not be long before our four arms have won sufficient to redeem your picture."


The presence of Barbara helped to give the painter courage to sustain this new and to some mode of existence, the marriage was celebrated, and the old fisherman assigned the young couple a room in the upper part of his house, as their bridal chamber. Time wore on; meanwhile Sorgk might be seen daily in the coarse garb of a fisherman, sharing the toils of his father in law; while Barbara whose business it was to take the finny spoil to market, reproved, as she daily added a trifle to the sum destined to release her husband's painting.


One morning, Barbara had taken her place by the side of the Canal, that ran past the house of the Widow Hingst. She had chosen this station because she knew that the boat containing her father and husband would pass that way; in due time the boat appeared, and Sorgk sprang on shore, in order to place his last booty in the hands of his loving spouse. At this moment, Meta, elegantly dressed as usual, passed along the quay on her way home; she blushed deeply as she recognised the young couple, and then as suddenly became extremely pale; she collected herself however, and approached the painter, while Barbara, not it must be confessed, without a little womanly triumph in her heart, greeted her in a friendly manner, and invited her to become a purchaser of her wares.

When the widow recognised her former lodger, in the rough fur cap and coarse dress of a fisherman, she felt a return of all her former tenderness, while her heart bitterly reproached her for the cruelty she had been guilty of towards him. So strongly was she
affected, that she with great difficulty repressed her tears; but in order to conceal her emotions, she busied herself in selecting a quantity of fish from the basket of her successful rival; while Sorgk drawn up to his full height, looked coldly on.

As she turned to depart, she said to the painter in a trembling voice; —

"Why have you never called on me Mynheer Sorgk, I should have been most happy to have been introduced to your bride; besides, I have a rich English lodger, who wishes to purchase your picture. Call on me this evening, and I will introduce you to him." Then, turning to Barbara she said, "pray accompany your husband, and do not let him disappoint me." So saying, she hastily departed.

A family council was now held, at which it was decided that Hendrik and his wife should accept the widow's invitation.

They were received in the most friendly manner; Meta's rage had entirely departed, and had left in its place a tender melancholy, that made her appear more interesting than ever. She introduced the painter to Mr. Dangevilliers, a rich English brewer, who immediately purchased his picture, for a sum that at once put an end to his pecuniary difficulties.

Sorgk paid his hostess the sum which he was indebted to her, but the noble hearted widow instantly presented it to Barbara as a wedding gift. The evening was passed in song and merriment, and the worthy brewer after singing the old English ditty of, "The Barley Mow" declared, that Sorgk would soon take his place beside the most renowned painters of every age and country.

The enthusiastic amateur was right, Sorgk now commenced a series of pictures that commanded the admiration of every lover of Art. He continued to labour with astonishing diligence in his profession, till death put an end to his exertions at the too early age of 61.

THE BEAR-HUNT.

Painted by Franz Snyder.

In the Autumn of the year 1606, the wild plateaus and gloomy ravines, of the Sierra de Guaderama, the range of mountains that forms the northern boundary of the kingdom of Old Castile, were the scene of a spectacle whose character was as peculiar, as it was magnificent.

On a mountain, which rises to the height of nearly 5000 feet above the level of the sea, King Philip the third, of Spain, had directed that a splendid royal camp should be formed.
The place chosen for this purpose by the Royal master of the horse, Don Jose de Ximanez, was a tolerably level spot near the summit of the hill, which was surrounded on all sides by romantic valleys, whose sides were clothed with noble forests of Pine, Cypress, and Cork-tree. Here the emblazoned banner of Castile floated proudly over the magnificent tent of the Sovereign; near it was placed the long row of green and white striped pavilions occupied by the all-influential favourite and minister, the Count de Lerma, and his followers. At a somewhat greater distance were placed the tents of the grandees and cavaliers of the court; while at a short distance from the general mass of the encampment were seen the pavilions of the Queen of Spain, and the ladies of her household. Still more remote from the royal quarters, were erected a species of barracks, for the accommodation of the servants and hunters, of whom a vast number were in attendance. Around these barracks were to be seen the fiery steeds of Andalusia, and the patient mules of Aragon, in great numbers, the former being intended for the cavaliers and the latter for the ladies of the court; while in kennels erected expressly for them, hundreds of bear and wolf hounds, testified by loud howlings their impatience for the chase.

The inhabitants of this temporary city led a pleasant life; groups of splendidly dressed nobles strolled through the canvass street of the camp, and the ladies of the court glittering with pearls and jewels, were seen between the waving plumes of the cavaliers. Here they could laugh and jest, and for once in their lives allow themselves to act and speak in a natural manner; for at the express command of the King, the formal etiquette of the Spanish court, was on this occasion left behind in the palace at Madrid.

At the time of which we are speaking, Philip the third, who had for a long time submitted to be a mere puppet in the hands of the Count de Lerma, began first to show symptoms of an inclination to throw off the yoke; this, as might have been expected from such a prince, was not shown in any attempt to raise Spain from the pitiable position into which she had sunk during the reign of his predecessor Philip the second, but simply in matters that affected his own private pleasures and amusements.

It required a peculiar circumstance however, to awaken the sovereign of two worlds even for a moment, from his unworthy lethargy. Philip the third, like many better kings of Spain, both before and since, was an especial patron of the Arts; but singularly enough, he looked with an eye of aversion on the productions of the Spanish school. Although under Juan de Castillo, the master of the great Murillo, it already gave promise of that great excellence which it afterwards attained. Philip the second, was the cruel and unrelenting enemy of the Netherlanders, and under his rule few Flemish pictures found their way into Spain. Philip the third however, seemed to value both Flanders and the Flemish painters, in exact proportion as the bonds that united that country with Spain became loosened, and he seemed only to have discovered the worth of the Netherlands, at the moment when he was in imminent danger of losing them for ever.

Although this was undoubtedly the most brilliant epoch of the Flemish school; the works of Rubens, Teniers, Caspar de Crayer, or Peter Ness, produced little effect on the mind of the weak and luxurious Philip. But the bold and vigorous animal pieces of Franz Snyders
had a peculiar fascination for the mind of the Spanish monarch, and so delighted was he, with the truthfulness with which this young master represented hunting scenes and wild-beast fights, that he invited him from Antwerp to the Court of Madrid.

A short time before the period of our story, Franz Snyders had arrived at Aranjuez, and had been received by Philip in the most flattering manner; from the moment of his appearance, the thoughts of the King were entirely devoted to inventing subjects for the pencil of the Artist. Wolf, and wild-boar hunts without number were held for the purpose of affording him studies, but still the King was not satisfied, he resolved that Snyders should paint a bear-hunt, and that he should have an opportunity of doing so from the life.

Count de Lerma made no objections when the King announced his intention of giving a grand bear-hunt in the Sierra Guadarrama; on the contrary the Count was glad to see him occupied with any subject, that would prevent his turning his attention to public affairs.

The painter on whose account this expedition had been undertaken, made a singular appearance amidst the splendid circle by which he was surrounded. Snyders was a middle sized robust young man, with a grave, and almost melancholy expression of countenance, a brilliantly fair complexion, and a profusion of flaxen hair. His dress although rich, was according to the custom of his country, composed of dark coloured materials, and when seen among the tawdry dressed, black and yellow complexioned Spaniards, he had much the appearance of Prince Hamlet in the celebrated court scene.

The melancholy and poetic demeanour of the painter, found favour however with the ladies of the court, many bright eyes looked with pleasure on the handsome Fleming, and many a kind glance informed the timid artist, that he would not sue in vain. The brilliant glances of the Spanish ladies were however thrown away upon Snyders: on the first day of his attendance on the King at Aranjuez, he had lost his heart to the fair Donna Mencia d’Albucalde, a lovely creature in the first bloom of youth and beauty, who for gracefulness of manner, and elegance of person, was inferior to no lady at the Spanish court.

Most of the Court ladies prided themselves on being real old Spaniards, that is, on having Gothic blood in their veins; Donna Mencia however belonged to a Cordovese family, and was descended on the mother’s side from the noble but unfortunate Moors; the late remnant of whom, Philip the third and the Count de Lerma, sought with barbarous tyranny to drive from the peninsula. Donna Mencia possessed not alone the slender form, the graceful movements, and soft, black, gazelle-like eyes of an eastern beauty; she possessed all the warmth of sentiment, the glowing, reckless self-abandonment of character, peculiar to the oriental race from which she was descended; — such was the divinity which the Flemish artist worshipped in silence. One glance from the handsome painter was however sufficient to betray the secret to Donna Mencia, who returned his passion with all the fervour and self-devotion of which her character was susceptible; she did more; by the means of her nurse she contrived to give Snyders an opportunity of seeing her in private, and consequently of declaring his love. At the moment however that our Artist told his tale, and heard with rapture an admission that the passion was reciprocal, he learned that an almost insuperable barrier was opposed to the fulfilment of his wishes.
The guardian of Donna Mencia was no less a person than the Count de Lerma, who under the pretence that the family estates could not be inherited by a female, sought to appropriate them to himself, and compel his ward to take the veil.

Mencia d'Albucalde fancied she had found in the person of her beloved Snyders, who was now the avowed favorite of the King, an instrument sent by heaven, to shield her from the threatened injustice of the minister, and the painter on his part lost no time in laying the circumstances of the case before his Majesty. Philip readily promised to prevent any attempt to force the inclinations of Donna Mencia, and in five minutes had probably forgotten the whole affair. Not so the Count de Lerma, to whom his creatures had repeated the conversation between Snyders and the King, within a quarter of an hour after its occurrence; distrusting however the veracity of his informants, he resolved to watch the conduct of the painter and judge for himself.

The absence of etiquette during the journey to Guaderama gave the Count every opportunity he desired, he entered into conversation with Snyders on the subject of the famous siege of Ostend by Spinola, and on the character of the Prince Moritz of Orange, and then adroitly turning the conversation from the country of the painter, to the artist himself, he sought to glean from his observations some corroboration of his suspicions. Snyders however was on his guard, and was fortunate enough to escape from the presence of the prime minister without confirming, although certainly without removing them.

Foiled by the caution of the painter, the Count de Lerma resolved to watch the motions of Donna Mencia, and a circumstance soon occurred that made his ward's secret but too apparent. On the second day after the arrival of the Court in the mountains, the Gallego, as the north wind is called in this part of Spain, caused an almost winterly degree of cold to be felt in the Guaderama. The hunters having declared this weather to be favourable for the sport, the hounds were un kennelled, the horses saddled, and the whole Court, with the King, the Count de Lerma, and Franz Snyders at their head, set themselves in motion. Each person was armed with a long bear-spear, and a merrier, or more splendidly equipped party never disturbed the solitude of the mountains, as with song, and jest, and the sound of the bugle, they wound their way through the romantic ravines, towards the place appointed for the chase.

They soon arrived at a large plateau, on the skirts of a thick wood, to which according to the account of the hunters, a pair of immense bears had been tracked on the preceding day. Here the hunting party was formed into a half circle, with the ladies in the rear, and behind those at the distance of about fifty paces, the hounds were led in couples, ready to be slipped the moment the bear showed himself.

The horns now sounded the signal to advance, and guided by the huntsmen, the whole party entered the wood in order to rouse the game; they had not advanced far, before a terrific roar was heard in the rear, and on turning their heads they perceived an enormous bear, which a deep cleft in the rock had concealed from the vigilance of the hunters, issue from his den, and look around with flaming eyes for the means of escape.

Philip sprang forward and gave orders to loose the dogs, and in an instant six powerful
hounds were hanging on the furry coat of the bear. Rearing himself on his hinder legs however, Brün at each stroke of his powerful talons stretched an adversary bleeding on the ground, and then howling with fury, bounded forward in the direction of the hunting party.

The ladies who as we before observed, had been placed for greater safety in the rear of the Cavaliers, were by this unlooked for accident, exposed to the first attack of the enraged animal, and a scene of confusion ensued that defies any attempt at description. The ladies naturally endeavoured to retreat, and the cavaliers as naturally to advance, while the horses frightened at the unusual spectacle, plunged, reared, and refused to obey the signals of their riders; in the mean time the screams of the ladies, the yelling of the dogs, the roaring of the bear, and the outeries of the cavaliers and attendants, formed an appropriate accompaniment to the scene.

The enraged bear with four huge dogs still hanging on his flanks, flung himself into the midst of this chaos, — the horses mad with terror, sprang in every direction, and that of Donna Mencia reared with such violence, that its fair rider was thrown from the saddle, and slighted within five paces of the irritated monster.

The fate of Donna Mencia seemed sealed, but at this moment Franz Snyders sprung with the velocity of lightning between the savage and his victim, and with all the ease and grace of a practised Matador, plunged his sword into the heart of the bear, which instantly fell dead at his feet. All this occurred so suddenly, that the spectators had not recovered from the surprise occasioned by the first appearance of the monster, before they saw him rolling in blood upon the ground.

A loud shout of applause now burst from the assembled court, while Snyders forgetful of everything but his love, raised Donna Mencia from the ground, and clasped her with inward thanksgivings in his arms; while she, equally oblivious of surrounding objects, not only permitted, but returned his caresses.

The lovers were aroused to consciousness by the approach of the King, who warmly congratulated the painter on his skill and gallantry, the Count de Lerma also paid him his compliments, although in a cold and constrained manner.

Meanwhile a kind of litter having been formed of the lances of the hunters, the noble quarry, profusely decorated with green boughs, was borne in triumph to the camp. The next day a feast was given by the King; on which occasion Snyders exhibited his sketch of the bear-hunt to the inspection of the court; the King was enraptured; but the Count de Lerma observed with a sarcastic smile: —

"It is a pity Señor Snyders, that you do not possess the talent of painting figures as well as animals; as in that case you would have an excellent subject in yesterday's adventure, which you would find the more inspiring from the circumstance of your heart being concemed in the matter."

Snyders blushed deeply; the secret of his love was discovered, and he well knew that the mighty and unscrupulous Lerma, would soon take measures to place an insurmountable barrier between Donna Mencia and himself.

The forebodings of the painter were fulfilled: two days after the return of the court to
Aranjuez, Lerma informed the weak minded Philip, that Donna Mencua had retired to the
Cloister of “our Lady of the Deliverance”, which notwithstanding his promise to Snyders,
he heard without making any observation on the subject.

The affair however pressed heavily on the spirits of the painter, who remained but a
short time in Spain after finishing his picture of the bear-hunt. The loss of Donna Mencua
had made that country hateful to him, and he returned with a heavy heart to his native land.

A LADY SINGING.

Painted by Cailean Netscher.

In the spring of the year 1655, the Pope’s legate, Cardinal Cesare Dotti Barberini, gave
a magnificent banquet to the principal personages at the Hague. The entertainment took
place in the splendid apartment which the States-general of Holland had placed at the
disposal of the Papal representative.

The vast salon was thronged with dancers, comprising the youth of all the noblest
families of the Netherlands; while in a neighbouring apartment the Prince of Orange,
surrounded by groups of steady Dutchmen, flattering Frenchmen and cunning looking
Italians, discussed affairs of state with the same intense interest, that the gayers guests
in the ball-room, spoke of Love and Pleasure.

Beside the chair of the Statholder, was seen the imposing figure of Barberini, a man still
in the prime of life, and attired in that peculiar costume of his rank which is known as the
“lesser toilette.” Although the mission which had brought him to Holland was known to
have failed, no signs of the mortification and chagrin which he really felt were visible
on his noble and intellectual features. The Prelate appeared on this occasion merely as
an Italian gentleman, and man of the world.

His cousin however, Giovanni del Monte, a tall dark man, in the dress of a Colonel of the
Pope’s life-guard, showed by the glowing expression of his countenance, how much he
was annoyed by the miscarriage of the embassy.

As if however the genius of Italy was never to be defeated at all points, Viola del Monte,
the Colonel’s daughter, carried off on this occasion, the palm of beauty from all her Flee-
nish rivals. Viola was a blonde, and her rich mass of flaxen ringlets was arranged with
a taste that added to their natural beauty in no small degree. Strings of Oriental pearls
formed the bands that restrained their luxuriance, and from the crown of the head, dropped
a silvery plume of hero’s feathers. It is impossible to conceive anything more charming
than the delicate complexion of this fair daughter of the South; while the faultless
regularity and noble expression of her features, joined to the matchless symmetry of her
A LADY SINGING.

negligently veiled bosom, formed a model fitted to inspire the pencil of the most fastidious artist. Her arms were bare, and the exquisite beauty of their outline was in perfect keeping with her small and delicately formed hands.

Viola appeared on this occasion as the queen of the festival; few however, among her numerous admirers, enjoyed the pleasure of leading her to the dance, as she retired from the Saloon at an early hour, in order to perform her duties as hostess, in the apartments devoted to conversation.

Not a few, both of the Flemish and foreign Cavaliers, left the Saloon at the same time, and betook themselves to the other apartments, in order to have an opportunity of seeing, and perhaps conversing, with the fair Italian.

Among the more ardent of the admirers of Viola, two had especially distinguished themselves by the unceasing attentions they bestowed upon her. The first was Geraart Van Sluits, a lieutenant in the Dutch marine; the second, Quentin De Chavigny, a lieutenant in the musquetaires of the French guards.

Geraart Van Sluits was about two and twenty years of age, tall and elegant in person, with a profusion of light brown hair. His features were handsome and expressive, and, his short, and well-formed upper lip, was shaded by a slight silky moustache.

The Frenchman on the contrary was below the middle height, but broad-shouldered and deep-chested, with a figure at once robust and elegant, splendid black eyes, and a superb sable beard. In addition to these personal advantages, Chavigny enjoyed the reputation of being one of the best dancers, and most formidable fencers of his time.

These gentlemen from the moment they had been introduced to Viola, looked on each other with the deadly hatred of rivals, and it appeared certain that one or the other was eventually destined to be the happy man; the balance of the lady's favour however which seemed for a long time to waver between the two, at length decided in favour of the mild, but nevertheless heroic minded Geraart Van Sluits. To him the fair Italian accorded her sweetest smiles; smiles of that peculiar character, that have been termed the "laughter of the heart." Chavigny was furious, but still hoping that all was not yet lost, he determined that this night should decide his fate.

Geraart Sluits, and Quentin Chavigny were naturally both influenced by the same wish, that of being as near as possible to the goddess of their idolatry; they therefore both took their places at the table, nearest to that occupied by the principal guests. Here they were joined by some other gentlemen, cards were proposed, and the whole party commenced playing the old-fashioned game of "Landsknecht." It so chanced that Van Sluits held the bank, and Chavigny actuated by a feeling of pique towards his rival, played such large stakes, that he attracted the attention of the other guests, who from a feeling of curiosity began to assemble round the table.

Neither of the blind Beites however were on this occasion propitious to Chavigny; equally unsuccessful in play as in love, in a short time he had lost all his ready money to his rival. He now demanded to be allowed to play on credit, a favour that was readily gran-
ed by Van Sluys. Chavigny's run of ill-fortune however continued, and in less than an hour he had lost several thousand Guilders.

A pause now took place in the dancing, and the guests streamed from the Saloon into the adjoining apartments, in order to partake of refreshments. The card tables were deserted, and no sooner had the company refreshed themselves, than it was proposed to play at the, then fashionable game, of "Colin Maillard." Here Chavigny was quite in his element, he watched intently the events of the game, and at length succeeded in possessing himself of the hand of Viola. To his great indignation she hastily snatch ed it from him, and at the same time put an end to the sport, by declaring that the company were about to amuse themselves with Music and Singing.

Several ladies sang, and accompanied themselves on the harpsichord with great skill, and received in return the compliments of the assembly. The murmurs of applause, however, instantly gave way to the silence of expectation, as Barbarini with all the grace of an accomplished cavalier, led Viola forward, and presented her with a note-book, and a splendid Neapolitan lute.

Viola looked round the circle; her eye sought Geraart, whom she well knew to be a perfect master of the instrument, — and taking up the lute, she asked, "will any one oblige me by playing the accompaniment."

Sluys stepped forward, bowed, and took the instrument. Now began a performance that perfectly enraptured the auditors. Viola gave one of the noble melodies of Battaglini, with all the delicacy of tone and feeling that the theme required; — while the eyes of Geraart were fixed on those of his mistress, with an expression that spoke the feelings of his heart, plainer than words.

When the piece had concluded, Chavigny stepped forward to pay Viola his compliments on her skill, and as he was a perfect master of the Viol di Gamba, he requested her to accompany him on the harpsichord, in a duet.

Annoyed at the pertinacity of the Frenchman, Viola replied with some emphasis on the words, "I am too fatigued, but I have no doubt that Herr Van Sluys will be happy to play with you."

Irritated at what he supposed to be an allusion to his losses at the gaming table, Chavigny replied, "I shall be happy to play with Herr Van Sluys, but it must be at another game."

So saying, he immediately left the room, and in passing, beckoned Geraart to follow him. Van Sluys well understood the look that accompanied this gesture, but remained a moment to take leave of Viola, who now understood for the first time, the effect that her words had produced.

Geraart took with him his trusty comrade Captain Bloom, and Chavigny was attended by his friends, the Marquis de Gramont, and Monsieur De Bernonville.

The two Flemings followed the Frenchman at a short distance, and a few minutes' walk sufficed to bring them to the "Bosch van Haag" a beautiful wood near the city, which was at that time, a mere village.
The Frenchmen halted under a noble Linden tree, and made a sign to Geraart and his companion to approach.

"Well gentlemen!" said Monsieur de Dernouville, glancing upwards at the full Moon, that shone on this occasion with almost Italian brightness, "I never recollect a finer night for cutting throats, in the whole course of my experience in such matters."

Geraart remained silent; Bloom examined the swords and made the necessary arrangements for the Duel. These completed, the combatants threw aside their cloaks, received their sword from their second, and saluted each other by lowering the points of their weapons.

"Mynher van Sluits," said Grousllttac as he placed his principal before his antagonist, I have the honour to present to you, the best pupil of the immortal Marmée, the first fencing master in Paris; and one who I have no doubt will do honour to his training.

Geraart bowed, and the next moment his sword was crossed with that of his opponent. The combat lasted some minutes, and was supported with great skill and coolness on both sides; but at length Chavigny in spite of his boasted skill, received a thrust in the breast, that stretched him bleeding at the feet of his rival.

Bloom now stepped quietly forward. "Gentlemen of Paris" said he, "I think you will admit that this thrust although not learned in the School of Marmée, is at any rate sufficient for the purpose."

Chavigny died the next day, in spite of the best medical assistance that could be procured. Geraart was compelled to fly from the Hague, he however found means to procure a parting interview with Viola del Monte, and received from the Cardinal Legate a recommendation to the Grand Master of the knights of Malta.

Geraart departed in the full hope of meeting his mistress ere long in Italy. Viola however felt that their separation was eternal; her anticipations were fulfilled, and she survived the parting but a few months.

On hearing this intelligence, Geraart van Sluits took the vow of celibacy, and entered the order of St. John of Jerusalem.

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The Chemist.

Painted by David Teniers.

In the "Warmoen Straat", which is situated in one of the most ancient quarters of the city of Amsterdam, stood at the time of our story, a building that was not less remarkable for the peculiar style of its architecture, than for being the residence of a man, to whom popular report ascribed the possession of the most extraordinary learning and abilities.
The building stood at some distance in the rear of the other houses in the street, and the space thus left, was planted with linden trees, and in a great measure concealed from observation by a screen of trellis work, the materials of which were so arranged, that they formed a great variety of complicated and curious geometrical figures.

The house itself was not large, but the profusion of ornament with which it was decorated, and the costly materials of which it was built, showed that no expense had been spared in its construction. The principal front was composed of black and white marble, the pointed windows were filled with exquisite tracery, and decorated with carvings of grotesque heads, while between them were niches, containing statues by the best sculptors of the time. The panels under the windows were filled with alto-relievo representing scenes from Scripture history, while others contained sculptures of a strange and mystic character, and apparently of Indo-Persian, or possibly of antique Egyptian workmanship. These portrayed the life of Zoroaster, or the still more ancient Mythra, the deeds of fabulous demi-gods, and the mysterious ceremonies of the Magi.

This building was invariably known among the common people, as "the Wise man's house", the better classes however, generally spoke of it as "the house of the Alchemist."

Here resided Erasmus de Potterus or Potterus, one of the most famous chemists of his time; he however seemed to practice the wretched charlatanism so common at that period; when, under various impudent pretences, so many imposters succeeded in obtaining wealth, rank, and temporary fame, at the courts of the different sovereigns of Europe. Potterus was a man of real learning, he pursued his chemical researches from a true love of science, and never, like his contemporaries, strayed for a moment into the dark paths of mysticism or alchemy; yet he was really in possession of many secrets which if proclaimed to the world, would have thrown the knowledge of the famous Johannes Pelleagus the Dane, and the whole host of court Astrologers and Alchemists into the shade.

The belief that Potterus possessed the art of transmuting the baser metals into gold, was so firmly fixed in the minds of the good citizens of Amsterdam, that on one occasion when the Girobank of that city was in temporary difficulties, in consequence of having advanced large sums to the States General, a deputation was secretly sent to the chemist, to induce him to transform a quantity of iron or copper bars into gold. Potterus laughed heartily at the absurdity of the request, which he plainly told them it was impossible for any human being to comply with; his refusal was however ascribed to other motives, and from this time forth, the popular belief in his extraordinary powers became stronger than ever. His ascetic and laborious mode of life, added not a little to the strange rumours that were current concerning him; but one thing was certain, that if he denied himself all worldly pleasures, his motives for so doing, arose neither from poverty nor avarice, for when the Magistrates of Amsterdam determined that the "Kalver Straat" and the " Kayssers Gracht" should be pulled down, in order to widen and improve the thoroughfares of the city, Potterus presented them with a sum of no less than fifty thousand Guilders for that purpose. Added to which, he was generous to the poor, went regularly to church, and supplied the neces-
sitous sick who resorted to him from a considerable distance, freely, both with medicines and advice.

Potterus resided entirely alone; he had neither wife, children, nor relatives, and the servants who assisted him in his laboratory, left him in the evenings, and returned to their homes.

At the time of our story, a Venetian ship which had arrived in the harbour of Amsterdam with a cargo of goods from the Levant, brought as a passenger, a certain Doctor Gaetano Trombona. This Italian empiric took up his quarters in an hotel that was situated immediately opposite to the dwelling of Erasmus Potterus; and shortly afterwards large placards were exhibited, vaunting the extraordinary skill, knowledge, and learning, of the new comer, who according to his own account, had possessed himself of all the secret wisdom of the East. Crowds of patients attended the levees of the stranger, who for some time continued to extract a considerable amount of fees from the pockets of the worthy Hollander. At length a report got abroad, that this pretended Italian was a Walloon by birth, and had formerly been a soldier in the Condottieri of Spinola, and that the only knowledge he possessed, was that of drawing money from the pockets of simple minded persons.

This report soon reached the ears of Trombona, who resolved to make an effort to recover the reputation, of which this fatal rumour was rapidly depriving him. It appeared to him that the best mode of effecting this, would be to form if possible, an acquaintance with Potterus; whose reputation for learning, would in that case he conceived, be in some degree reflected on himself.

In consequence of this determination Trombona took an early opportunity of visiting the chemist, who received him with all the kindness and suavity of manner for which he was remarkable. Potterus was a man of about sixty-four years of age, and rather inclined to be thin than otherwise; his beard was long and flowing, on his head he wore the Barret or peculiar cap of a doctor of medicine, while the rest of his person was enveloped in a species of Caftan or loose robe, trimmed with the fur of the Martin, and his feet were encased in slippers which were ornamented with gold. The laboratory in which the interview took place was a strange looking apartment, and Potterus noticed with a smile of satisfaction, that the stranger seemed not a little surprised on his first entrance. The chemist was seated in an arm-chair near a furnace, around him lay crucibles, retorts, and other apparatus connected with his labours. Behind him stood a table covered by a piece of rich tapestry, on which lay philosophical instruments, bottles containing elixirs, and various volumes of books, most of which were on subjects connected with the mysteries of the Cabala. A second furnace, a huge Alembe, and a collection of the skulls and bones of animals, constituted the remaining furniture of the apartment.

Gaetano Trombona was a powerfully built, but somewhat undersized man; he wore on this occasion the costume of a Bolognese Doctor, and was followed by two swarthy Corsican attendants, who carried between them the stuffed skin of a large and most peculiar shaped fish. He saluted the chemist respectfully, and stated that the fame of Potterus had induced him to solicit his acceptance of this unique specimen of the animal kingdom. The
Joy of the Netherlander may be conceived when on examining the present, he discovered that it was really an hitherto unknown creature, and one that from the singularity of its organic structure, was scarcely less remarkable than the famous winged serpent so long exhibited at Antwerp. With this important difference however, that this was the remains of a real animal, while the Antwerp specimen was eventually proved to be a work of art.

From this time forth Trombona became the sworn friend, and daily guest of the chemist. Erasmus soon discovered that the Italian had no very intimate acquaintance with the science of medicine; but on the other hand he had travelled through Egypt, Arabia, and Persia, was acquainted with most of the Oriental languages, and understood the Cabalistic books so perfectly, that Potterus who was ever eager after knowledge, soon found the presence of his new friend indispensible to his existence.

Erasmus repaid the information he received from Trombona, by instructions in the deeper mysteries of chemistry; the Italian proved an apt pupil; and step by step he acquired a large amount of that secret knowledge, which it had cost the Netherlander years of labour to attain.

There were however some secrets that Potterus hesitated to impart to any one; it seemed as if he felt a presentiment that the discovery of these mysteries, would be attended by some dreadful consequence to himself; and so strongly was he possessed by this feeling, that it was in a voice trembling with emotion, that he at length gave Trombona to understand that he was about to communicate to him a secret, which he had hitherto concealed in the utmost recesses of his heart.

Taking the Italian by the hand, he led him to a secret chamber, where he pointed out to him an enormous quantity of gold: — "Look here! my friend," said the chemist, "all this wealth have I obtained by the secret power of my art." — Trombona listened with breathless anxiety; "but," continued Potterus, "you must not suppose that the possession of this wealth indemnifies me for the misery of carrying in my breast a secret which I have never yet dared to communicate to a human being. You however my friend will see and comprehend the immense power that this secret gives me, and after a short probation, if I find you as true and worthy as I have reason to believe you to be, you shall share my knowledge and my power, and I shall no longer be compelled to explore the cold regions of science, unfriended and alone."

Many weeks however elapsed, and still Potterus showed no inclination to satisfy the curiosity of the Italian, whose impatience to learn the important secret increased daily; at length one evening after the workmen had retired, and the two friends were alone, Erasmus took the lamp, and beckoned his companion to follow. They descended to an apartment on the ground floor, here on pressing one of the panels in the wainscoat in a particular manner, it flew aside and discovered a narrow stair-case, which from the rush of cold air that ascended from it, evidently led to the vaults beneath. Shading the lamp with his hand, Erasmus descended followed by the Italian, who trembled in every limb with anxiety and expectation. The stair-case led to a large vaulted apartment, in the centre of which stood a tank filled with water; raising the lamp, the Hollander showed his compa-
tion that a large number of living muscles were lying at the bottom. Erasmus then stooped, selected one of the largest, opened it with an instrument, and the astonished Italian saw that the shell contained a beautiful pearl, of the most perfect colour, and unusual size.

"Behold!" exclaimed the chemist, "each of these muscles will produce me such a jewel as this; and my art is, to compel these my unconscious labourers, to produce their treasures according to my will."

From this time, Trombona scarcely ever entered the laboratory, he spent several hours each day in the subterraneous vault; he examined the muscles, the water, and the tank itself with the greatest care, but could find no traces of the means employed by the chemist to produce his end.

"It is false Erasmus!" exclaimed he, at length tired of the long continued silence of the Hollander, "you are deceiving me! these muscles already contained the pearls, when they were brought from the sea"; "but no!" continued he, "here are holes that you have made in the shells to allow room for the growth of the pearls. I beseech you Erasmus, tell me at least, is this story true or false?"

"True!" exclaimed the chemist, "in this iron chest is a paper containing the most minute instructions for performing the experiment, with the result of which you are already acquainted. "But", added he "this is a treasure, which I do not at present think myself justified in confiding to you, you are at present too young, or at least too inconsiderate, and above all too much wanting in self command, to be yet entrusted with a secret of such importance."

Baffled and disappointed, the Italian returned gloomily to his hotel: he threw himself on a couch, and resolved in his mind a thousand schemes for obtaining the much desired secret. Night came on, but Trombona scarcely noticed the circumstance; a tremendous storm of wind and rain burst over the city, the hurricane howled through the streets, and the rain beat against the casements with a force that threatened every moment to force them from their hinges, but Trombona heard it not. The demon of avarice had taken possession of his soul, and he was deaf to every thing but its promptings. Suddenly in one of the pauses of the storm, a church clock was heard striking the hour of Ten; the sound recalled him to himself, he recollected that Potterus had at that hour an appointment to visit a patient, who resided near the "Alten Deich", and the crisis of whose distemper he was desirous of watching, and he knew well that the storm would not deter him from his purpose. Trombona's resolution was taken, and no sooner taken, than acted upon. He rang his hand bell, and one of his trusty Corsicans stood before him.

"Bastelika! you know Mynheer De Potterus?"
The Corsican nodded assent.

"Take this dagger, wait for him between the 'Alten Deich' and the 'Warmoen Straat', and if you meet him stab him to the heart. There are a hundred Guilders!"

Bastelika shook his head, glanced at the weather, as if his principal objection to the business arose from the circumstance of its being a stormy night, took the weapon and the money, and withdrew in silence.
Who can describe the feelings of Trombona as he sat alone in his apartment listening to the wailing of the wind, and awaiting the return of the assassin? He felt himself unable to breathe the close air of the room, but regardless of the storm, threw open the casement, and with pale face and bristling hair, looked out into the street. Presently a figure was seen approaching with rapid, but unsteady steps, the right hand stretched out as if to aid its fading sight: Trombona withdrew from the window, but the next minute the door opened, and the unfortunate Poterus sank mortally wounded at the feet of his treacherous friend, and after a few vain attempts to articulate, expired.

However horrified Trombona might have been at this unexpected appearance, it would seem that he lost no time in taking advantage of the circumstance. Hastily snatching a number of keys from beneath the cloak of the murdered man, he flew to the laboratory, opened the iron chest, and with hands trembling with excitement, drew forth a packet bearing on its outside the superscription “Pearls.” To tear open the envelope and glance at its contents, was the work of an instant; but who can paint the feelings of horror and disappointment which that glance inflicted on the mind of the Italian. The papers, to obtain possession of which he had murdered a generous and confiding friend, were written in Cipher, and consequently utterly unintelligible to him: while the tongue that alone could have explained the mystery, was silenced for ever.

In a phrensy of despair Trombona fled from the house, making no attempt to possess himself of the gold or other valuables of his victim. Both he and his attendants disappeared in the course of the night, and nothing was heard of him for more than two years. At the end of that time, a letter which he had confided on his death bed, to a priest in Smyrna, and which contained a full confession of his crime, was received by the magistrates of Amsterdam. This letter completely removed the veil of mystery that up to that time, had surrounded the circumstances of the death of the chemist.

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A SKIRMISH OF CAVALRY.

Painted by Philip Wouvermann.

The Spanish camp which in the year 1604, extended itself on every side around the walls of Ostend, presented to the eye of the spectator a sight that was at once majestic and fearful: while the broad trenches of the besiegers seemed like a circle drawn by death, around the devoted city. For three years and three months, had the brave citizens of Ostend defended themselves successfully against the utmost efforts of their assailants. The City was reduced to a heap of ruins; but the inhabitants seemed resolved rather to bury themselves beneath the wrecks of their houses, than to deliver it to the Spaniards.
The eyes of all Europe were fixed on this extraordinary contest, which had already cost the Spaniards more than a hundred thousand men; their leader, the famous Ambrosio Spinola, felt that his future military reputation depended on the result; and he consequently persisted in the attack with a pertinacity, that was only to be equalled by the obstinacy of the defence.

Perfectly unscrupulous as to means, Spinola had sought to win by treachery, where he had failed by force; but so intense was the national and religious hate of the Dutch to their oppressor, that the prisoners who fell into the hand of Spinola, preferred death, to the alternative of giving the Spaniards the least intelligence likely to be useful to them.

It was with feelings nearly akin to despair, that Spinola rode one evening round the walls of Ostend, in order to reconnoitre the city for perhaps the thousandth time. As escorted by a party of his Walloon guards, he passed the tents inhabited by the Spanish and Navarrese soldiers, the complaints that he had for some time been compelled to hear, instead of being confined to murmurs, rose into an uproar; and with threats and curses, they demanded to be immediately led back to Spain. Many of the soldiers even levelled their muskets at him, but Spinola did not lose his self-possession; pointing to the walls of Ostend he exclaimed, “there lies your reward! Ostend has treasures enough, richly to requite your toils.” — “We shall see”, said the soldiers moodily; silenced but not satisfied by the firmness of the general: no sooner had he turned from them however, than they resumed their threatening gestures, and murmured savagely — “Carajo!” — “Italian hound:”

With a still heavier heart the general proceeded on his way; opposite to him lay the deep and well-filled ditches of the besieged, and behind them, the walls of Ostend looked as firm and unshaken as on the first day of the attack. To make the situation of Spinola still more critical, several Dutch vessels laden with stores had succeeded in entering the harbour, in spite of the Spanish blockading squadron; while the ever active Moritz of Orange, had assembled a considerable body of troops with the intention of compelling him to raise the siege.

A few minutes’ riding, brought him to an important outpost of his army. It was situated near a windmill which stood on a rock at the side of a brook, and which in consequence of its being useful to the Spanish army had hitherto been spared. Reining in his steed, Spinola approached the party of Basque musketeers and pikemen, who occupied the bridge leading from the Mill to the opposite side of the brook, and while his escort watered their horses, he again threw his eagle glance in the direction of the fortifications of Ostend.

On this side, the city had been simply blockaded, because a large piece of water extended to such a distance from the walls, as to render the battering cannon useless, even if the ditch had been less deep than it was known to be.

On this occasion however Spinola observed the city carefully from this point, and was about to alight from his horse in order to ascend to the Mill, for the purpose of getting a better view, when he observed a young and beautiful peasant girl, in the gallery to which
he was about to climb. After casting a look of indifference at him and his escort, she shaded her eyes with her hands from the blinding rays of the setting sun, and looked intently in the direction of the city,

"What do you see there?" cried Spinola, wondering at the earnestness of her gaze; one of the soldiers instantly mounted to the gallery, seized her by the hand, and in spite of her struggles placed her before the general. Spinola had in the first instance put the question out of mere curiosity, but when she was confronted with him, he soon saw by the constraint of her manner, that she had some secret cause for anxiety. He now questioned her closely, and the poor girl after stammering a few inarticulate sentences, turned suddenly round and sought for safety in flight: — she was however almost instantly overtaken and brought back.

Spinola now grasped the hand of the peasant girl, and exclaimed sternly, "now then Carissima, we must have a little serious conversation."

The poor girl stood silent and trembling,

"Answer me instantly, and speak the truth; why were you looking so earnestly in the direction of Ostend? I believe that you, whose house and mill I have spared, have some reasonable understanding with yonder hand of heretics: Corpo de Baco! Madre de Dios! I believe you make signals to the enemy as soon as my soldiers' backs are turned; confess however, and you shall be well paid — If not, despite your youth and beauty you shall die."

The poor girl threw herself at the feet of Spinola, and pressed her hands to her bosom as if to still the violent beating of her heart. The Spaniards gathered round the lovely heretic with looks of compassion, but dared not make remarks in the presence of the General.

"Must I die then," cried she, scarcely knowing what she said, — "well! it is better it should fall on the poor miller's maid, — I die for him, — but he at least is saved!"

"What does she say?" cried Spinola, turning round to his attendants.

A Walloon translated her answer: — "He is saved!" repeated Spinola thoughtfully: — "It seems I have not been deceived in the matter; this affair may prove of importance! — Let this girl be carefully guarded, remove every living thing from the mill, and let a sharp watch be kept on every side, — you understand me, — on every side."

Scarceiy had the necessary sentences been placed, when one exclaimed, "Capitano! I see something moving in the canal, but cannot make out what it is."

In an instant Spinola had given his orders, and the cavalry sprang forward, and dispersed themselves along the banks of the stream. In a few minutes they returned bringing with them a handsome young man, whom they had captured as he issued drooping with mire and water from the canal.

Spinola forgot in this moment all the airs of grandeur which he usually assumed; he gesticulated violently, and cried aloud in a tone of exultation as the youth was placed before him:

"On foot! my young friend, on foot! you have marched directly out of Ostend through
a Canal that I well know is sixteen feet deep! I would embrace you, if you were not so wet. — Spaniards, I tell you that to-morrow Ostend is ours! —

And proudly he stretched his gauntletted hand towards the distant city.

The youth, who was the lover of the Miller's maid, after obtaining a promise of safety for himself and the girl, explained that at the place where he crossed, there existed a dam, which in consequence of the inundations caused by the besieged, was at present under water, and had consequently hitherto escaped the notice of the besiegers.

Spinola sprung to his horse, in order instantly to make the necessary dispositions for attacking Ostend on this side.

This scene had taken place on the side of the brook opposite to the mill, and at the moment that Spinola turned to recross the bridge, the noise of a body of horse advancing at full gallop was heard, and the next moment a party of Dutch cavalry dashed from under the broad arch, and fell upon the Spanish soldiers with sword and pistol, making at the same time the air ring with the well known war-cry of, "Orange hoor.

"Save the General!" cried the Walloons, as they sprung forward to shield Spinola with their swords and persons.

"Where is the Spanish murderer?" cried a stern voice that was heard above the tumult of the fight, and at the same moment a cavalier on a splendid grey horse, sprung towards Spinola, firing his pistol as he advanced. Spinola gave his horse the spur, the animal reared, received the pistol ball in its breast, and instantly fell dead. The Dutchman now drew his sword, but ere he could strike, Spinola had disengaged himself from his horse, grasped a pistol, and returned the fire. But at the instant he pulled the trigger, the Navarrese pikemen who were advancing to assist their general cried, —

"Moritz! it is Orange himself! Lay no Casteel down with him comrades." Orange! the word acted like an electric shock on Spinola, it was his great rival, and the two first generals of the age, were fighting like common troopers. He started, missed his mark, and Orange was saved by the magic of his name.

Spinola instantly seized a riderless horse, and hastened to escape from the mêlée.

In the mean time, a party of Dutch infantry had come to the support of their cavalry, and attacking the Navarrese, drove them back to the mill; which however from some cause or other, soon afterwards took fire.

The skirmish continued for some time under the bridge, in the brook, and around the burning mill. It was put an end to by the advance of a Spanish regiment, on whose approach the Prince vanished as suddenly as he had appeared, each of the Dutch horsemen carrying off an infantry soldier behind him on his crupper.

This was one of those bold attempts, for which Moritz of Orange was so justly celebrated. On this occasion he succeeded in reconnoitring the position of the Spaniards, although he failed in his principal object; that of making Spinola prisoner.

The miller's maid and her lover, had both found means to escape during the confusion, and Spinola considered the annoyance of finding Moritz in his neighbourhood, as more than compensated by the discovery of the dam across the canal. He lost no time in causing
fortifications to be thrown up, to prevent his camp from being surprized by the Prince, and the consequence was, that when on the following night Moritz ventured an attack, he was repulsed with considerable loss.

At the same moment a body of Spinola's best troops crossed the dam, and surprised Ostend on a side on which the garrison had always thought themselves secure, and after a desperate conflict, the Spaniards were masters of the city.

The name of Spinola became renowned throughout Europe, when it was known that the Spanish flag waved over the towers of Ostend; but whenever the eventful skirmish by the windmill was spoken of in his presence; he was wont to say:

"At the moment when the sword of Moritz of Orange waved over my head, I felt that I was a general and not a common soldier; I admit that for the moment I felt the sensation of fear, and thought rather on my plans as a commander, than my conduct as a trooper."

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**THE MAGDALEN.**

Painted by Correggio.

Antonio Allegri, surnamed Correggio, was born at a small town of that name near Modena, in the year 1494. Of the circumstances of his life little is distinctly known, it is probable however, that he received his first instructions in art from his uncle Lorenzo Allegri. The opinion that he was the pupil of Francesco Bianci Frari is unfounded, that artist having died in 1506, at which time Correggio was scarcely twelve years of age. It is evident from several of his works, that Correggio was well acquainted with architecture, and possessed a noble and refined taste in that art. He also devoted some part of his time to the study of sculpture, but if he ever executed any works in marble, they are at present unknown. There is however on the tomb of his friend and assistant Antonio Begarelhi, in the church of St. Margaretha in Modena, a group of three figures, modelled in clay and coloured, representing the holy virgin supported by the two Maries, which is universally attributed to Correggio.

It is usually related of this painter that while studying at Rome, he saw the St. Cecilia of Raphael, and after gazing on it earnestly for some time exclaimed, "Anch'io sono pittore" (I too am a painter) and from that moment devoted himself with extreme ardour to the art. It is however very improbable that he ever studied at Rome, and there is indeed no direct evidence that he ever visited the eternal city.

His first pictures were painted at Modena, from whence he removed in the year 1518, to Parma; in which city or in Lombardy, it is believed the whole of his subsequent works were executed. Correggio was twice married, and had a family by both wives, but
beyond this, nothing is known with certainty of the events of his life. With regard to his death, Vasari relates that it occurred in consequence of overheating himself and drinking cold water, after a walk of twelve miles to receive payment of sixty Scudi, for executing the fresco paintings in the church of St. Giovanni in Parma, the sum having been given to him in copper.

This story has however long since been exploded, the payment in question took place in the year 1524, ten years before the death of Correggio, who expired in 1534.

Perhaps no painter ever existed, whose works have given rise to such various and voluminous criticisms as those of Correggio. While Richardson prefers the works of this master to those of Raphael d'Urbino, Speth speaks of him as immeasurably inferior to the mighty Roman. It may perhaps be observed, that the grand and majestic style of Raphael, presents few points of comparison with the almost voluptuous manner of Correggio, whose gracefulness of outline, harmony of colour, and excellence in what is technically called "handling" has seldom been approached, and certainly never surpassed. In the management of his half tones, in the artistic arrangement of his light and shade, the softness and roundness of his flesh, and the exquisite arrangement of his draperies, he is confessedly unapproachable; and after a lapse of more than three centuries, his works are still objects of wonder and admiration, both to the artist and the connoisseur.

The principal works of Correggio were executed in fresco, and still decorate the walls of the various churches in Parma. The productions of his easel are scattered throughout Europe, and there are few collections of any importance that do not contain one or more pictures by this master. The Royal Gallery at Dresden contains several of his best paintings, they all however with the exception of the Magdalen, have suffered more or less from time, accident, or the atrocities of the so called picture "restorers."

This beautiful painting is executed on copper, is in a fine state of preservation, and is justly considered one of the principal gems of this noble collection. We have no wish to add to the many criticisms that have been written on this picture, it is sufficient to say that it is a perfect impersonation of the woman, who washed the feet of Jesus, and dried them on her hair.

The national gallery in London contains several excellent paintings by this master. Mercury instructing Cupid in the presence of Venus, is a noble picture; the two studies of heads, have been pronounced by Barry to be "of the highest gusto and truly divine." 'The Holy Family' is on the same authority "a beautiful and delicately executed picture." The 'Ecce Homo' and 'Christ on the Mount of Olives', are both fine productions. A duplicate of the last named picture is in the possession of the Duke of Wellington.
OSTADE IN HIS STUDY.

Painted by himself.

This picture is one of the most excellent, and at the same time one of the most pleasing pictures ever painted by this master. Here we can contemplate the warm and delicious colouring, the correctness of perspective, and almost magical mastery of light and shade, for which this painter is so deservedly famous; without being forced at the same moment to look upon a group of drunken hours, or hideous old women, which form the subjects of the greater part of the pictures by this artist, who seemed to delight in throwing the charm of his genius around the most ugly and repulsive specimens of the human race.

It is also interesting, not only from its introducing us as it were personally to the painter; but from its also giving us a glance at his ordinary mode of existence. We here perceive that the study of Ostade, was a large desolate looking room, almost without furniture. In the foreground, the colours and various materials of his art are thrown about in a most picturesque and artist-like state of confusion, while in the background an assistant is seen grinding the materials for the future productions of the master. From the left side of the picture, the light streams through a casement ornamented with stained glass, full upon the person of the artist; whose coarse and almost sordid dress, as well as the cheerless look of his atelier, form a curious contrast to the magnificence with which Rubens and Vandyke delighted to surround themselves during the exercise of their art; a contrast which seems to extend itself to the works of the respective painters, for while the last named artists throw an air of nobility about the most common-place subjects of their pencils, Ostade seemed to delight in making ugliness still more hideous, and not unfrequently approached the verge of caricature.

A LADY PLAYING ON THE LUTE.

Painted by Egton Van der Meer.

On a lovely autumnal evening in the year 1679, a large party of guests were assembled at the house of the worthy Aardt Van Jongh, one of the richest and most esteemed burghers of the good city of Rotterdam. As Myndheer Van Jongh was a widower, the honours of the table were performed on this occasion by the beautiful Helene Du Chatel, a native of Brabant and a distant relative of the host.
Adrien Ostade
(Ado en son atelier)
his Study
(in seiner Werkstatt)
in praxem
La Joueuse de luth.

The Lute Player.  

Julietta
Helene was at this time in her twenty-fifth year, and was universally acknowledged to be one of the handsomest and most accomplished women of the seven provinces. Like the famous Maria Van Schurman she was celebrated at once as an Authoress, a Musician, and a Painter; in the latter art indeed, she excelled to such a degree, that her miniatures are said to have rivalled in finish, the most elaborate works of Dow, or Van Hieris. Helene's dress on this occasion was at once elegant and rich; a robe of Venetian velvet trimmed with ermine embraced her well formed bust, and a skirt of Brabant lace, worn over an under-robe of some rich material, formed the lower part of her costume.

Her complexion was extremely fair, and her beautiful light brown locks, were arranged with such skill, that the result of art was made to appear like the effects of a charming negligence.

Helene performed the part of hostess in a manner that gave the liveliest satisfaction to the assembled guests; to each of whom, as they were successively presented to her, she addressed a few words of welcome, with a grace and suavity of manner, that sufficed to place even such as were entire strangers, completely at their ease.

Among the visitors who came under the latter category were two, who seemed in an almost equal degree to have attracted the attention of the fair hostess; the first was Adrian Goldensteen, a young Doctor of the University of Leyden, the second was Eglen Vanderneer, the son of the famous landscape painter Artus Vanderneer, and himself one of the best artists of his time.

Goldensteen, who was looked upon as a kind of Dutch Adonis by the ladies of Rotterdam, was indeed a magnificent specimen of the Exquisite of the seventeenth century. He wore more lace, embroidery, and brocade, than the Stattholder himself; the arrangement of his hair and the cut of his pointed beard, were admitted to be perfect even by his rival beaux, and he was constantly surrounded by an atmosphere of perfume, that reminded his neighbours of the flower beds of Harlaem. In spite of his foppishness however, Goldensteen was both a learned Physician, and a clever man, but what he principally valued himself upon, was his skill in Music, and he would probably rather have had the reputation of poisoning a patient, than of striking a false note on either the Lute or the Viola di Gamba, which were his favourite instruments.

Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that Helene Du Chatel, who notwithstanding her beauty and accomplishments, was now approaching her sixth lustre, without having found a heart congenial to her own, should have been in some degree impressed by the handsome person and showy talents of the learned Doctor.

The costume of Vanderneer formed a singular contrast to that of the splendour loving Goldensteen; it being as remarkable for its simplicity, as that of the Doctor was for its magnificence. In consequence of the recent death of his wife, he was dressed in deep mourning, and an expression of gentle melancholy gave an air of unusual interest to his pale but expressive countenance.

A lively discourse on art which had arisen between the painter and Helene Du Chatel, and in which Vanderneer had succeeded in leaving a most favourable impression of his
talents on the mind of his hostess, was interrupted by the announcement that music was about to commence; and Goldensteen informed the company, that Helene and himself were about to perform the at that, time new and popular duet of —

"Wilhelms Van Nassaunen
Ben ick van dautlichen Blucd."

The lady took her place beside a tapestry-covered table, near a beautiful Ionic portico that formed the entrance to the banquetting room, and with an air that showed the certainty of an approaching triumph, ran her fingers carelessly over the strings of an Italian mandoline. Goldensteen took a guitar, and amidst an expectant and flattering silence on the part of the company, the duet began.

The composition was one of those, which are expressly intended for persons who possess at once a powerful, and well-cultivated organ. The first strophe ended in a magnificent quaver, and it was at this part that Helene hoped at once to astonish and delight her audience. On coming to this part, Goldensteen naturally paused, and Helene commenced her splendid trill; but by some unfortunate blunder, the Doctor recommenced the accompaniment too soon, the quaver was interrupted in the middle, and the effect intended to be produced by the fair singer, totally spoiled.

Conscious of his error, which he probably saw in a worse light than any person present, the unhappy Goldensteen sat for a moment like one petrified; but on perceiving the eyes of Helene fixed on him with a reproachful and indignant expression, he sprang from his seat and hastily left the room, amidst the suppressed laughter of the company.

Vanderneer now advanced, took up the guitar, and offered himself as a substitute for the unlucky Doctor. After a little persuasion Helene was induced to recommence the piece, which by the assistance of the painter was brought to a triumphant conclusion, and received the well-merited applause of the assembly.

This trifling incident effectually put an end to the hopes of Goldensteen, whom the fair Helene could never forgive for the involuntary annoyance he had caused her; and shortly afterwards it became generally known that Vanderneer was her accepted suitor. She was indeed somewhat startled when she learned for the first time, that the painter's first wife had left him no less than sixteen living children; but on consideration, this did not deter her from pledging him her hand and heart at the altar; and eventually she added nine additional "olive branches" to the already large family of her husband. She continued to devote herself to painting until the time of her death, and her exertions tended essentially to improve the narrow circumstances of the Master; but while the works of Vanderneer continue to ornament the best collections, those of his wife are altogether lost and forgotten.

After the death of Helene, Vanderneer led a third wife to the altar, his spouse on that occasion was a lady named Broekwelt, who was also celebrated for her skill as a painter. During the latter years of his life he held an honourable post at the Court of the Palatinate in Dusseldorf, and died in that city, in the year 1702, in the sixtieth year of his age. He also held the office of Painter to the Court of Spain.
David
DAVID WITH THE HEAD OF GOLIATH.

Painted by Alessandro Turchi, l'Orbetto.

The combat between the youthful Jewish hero and the gigantic champion of the Philistines, is a favourite subject of the painters of the Italian school. In the picture before us it is treated in a simple and masterly manner, it represents the future King of Israel at the moment of his triumphant return from the fight, bearing with him the head of his fallen enemy, as a trophy of victory. The composition is so arranged, that the eye of the spectator is rivetted at once upon the handsome countenance and martial bearing of the boyish victor; while the head of the giant as a repulsive object, is judiciously kept in a subordinate position.

Alessandro Turchi surnamed l'Orbetto, was born at Verona in the year 1582, and died at Rome in 1647. He was justly considered one the best pupils of his master Felice Ricci.

THE LAWSUIT.

Painted by Christoph Pauditz.

Early on a lovely summer morning in the year 1648, the musical tones of a silver handbell, sounded through the lofty corridors of the splendid Episcopal palace of Freising. This was the signal that the Lord Bishop required the attendance of his favourite page, through whose medium, he generally issued his commands to the other members of his household.

Obedient to the summons, Stellio Riccanelli a handsome Italian youth, attired in a fanciful costume of brown velvet slashed with white satin, with a collar and ruffles of rich Flemish lace, flew through the vaulted gallery and entered the cell of the Bishop. The apartment bearing this humble designation, had little except the name, in common with the residence of an anchorite. It was large, handsomely proportioned, and magnificently furnished; the walls were decorated with masterpieces of the painter's art, exotic plants in vases of porcelain diffused their odours through the chamber, and between the leaves and flowers, were seen brackets of black marble supporting busts and miniature statues of eminent men, or copies from the beautiful sculptures of the ancients. The only article that indicated the residence of a churchman, was a picture of Christ driving the money
changers from the Temple. Before this picture, which was one of the best productions of Christoph Pauditz, burnt two massive wax candles, and between them stood a golden crucifix of Spanish workmanship.

The Prelate, Clamor Chrysostomus Bernardus, was seated in a large and thickly cushioned arm-chair, the lofty back of which, displayed above his head the mitre and armorial bearings of his diocese. In person he was tall and handsome, and his lofty and dignified bearing was not free from some indications of clerical pride. His countenance was pale and thoughtful, and his hands which were small and well shaped, were decorated with numerous rings, in addition to the massive signet indicative of his office. It may be stated in addition, that the Bishop was apparently about forty-six years of age.

On the present occasion, both the attitude and countenance of the Prelate were expressive of the deepest melancholy, his velvet bonnet was drawn deeply over his brows, and his eyes fixed upon the floor of the apartment, while the manner in which he from time to time pressed his hand upon the region of the heart, showed that his sufferings were of a mental rather than of a physical character.

Stellio entered the apartment, and bowed reverently before the Prelate. "My son," said the latter, laying his hand kindly on the shining tresses of the youth, "I have passed a wretched night, and feel exhausted and miserable."

"I will summon Doctor Reinhardus!" cried Stellio with sparkling eyes, thinking he had anticipated the commands of his master.

The Bishop shook his head: "no my son, summon my Court painter, I have something of importance to communicate to him."

The page bowed and retired.

After the lapse of a few minutes, the painter Christoph Pauditz or as he was sometimes called Pauditz, appeared before his friend and master. Pauditz was at this time in the prime of life and in the zenith of his fame; his figure was slender even to meagreness, his countenance was earnest and thoughtful, and expressive in no small degree of self confidence and the pride of art. His features were overshadowed by a profusion of light brown hair, and his beard as is common with persons of fair complexion, had a slight tinge of red. His accent showed him to be a native of lower Saxony, and his dress was of dark coloured velvet, handsomely trimmed with fur.

The painter greeted the Bishop with an air that was at once respectful and friendly. Bernardus signed to his companion to be seated; and after a long pause, during which he appeared to be struggling to regain his self-possession, he commenced as follows: —

"Master," said the Bishop in a tone of voice expressive of the deepest melancholy, "I have been indebted to your conversation and your art, for some of the most pleasant hours of my existence, assist me now to bear the bitterest moment of my life."

The countenance of the Prelate assumed at this moment an expression of such intense suffering, that the master arose and assured him of his sympathy, promising at the same time to assist him by every means in his power.

"Listen to my story," said Bernardus, "but preserve my secret to the death. I am of obscure
origin, and was reared as a foundling in the house of the Baron Von Spiegelburg. I was not destined to the priestly garb which I now wear, but my youth was devoted to martial and chivalrous exercises, and it was not till I had attained my sixteenth year, that my friend and foster father informed me, that he intended me to study the law; and pointed out to me the wealth and honours, that well directed talent might procure by following that path. I obeyed in silence, for I saw that the Baron pointed out this course, only because my unknown origin did not permit of my entering the army, or pushing my fortune at any of the catholic Courts of Germany. And thus while my youthful companions were engaged in the glorious task of driving the Svedes, Danes, and French, from the bosom of the Fatherland, I was condemned to the dry and inglorious study of Jurisprudence in the cities of Paris, Prague, and Bologna. My industry however was crowned with the most brilliant success; I visited Munich, and my knowledge opened to me a path, which had been denied to me by my birth. I was introduced to the Elector, and undertook for that prince some secret and important diplomatic arrangements; success still attended my efforts, and I saw that the day was not far distant, when my name would be enrolled among those of the most distinguished statesmen of the time. I hoped soon to arrive at a position, from which I could securely stretch my hand towards the prize, which had formed the secret stimulus to my exertions.

Here the Bishop arose, and took several strides through the aparment, in order to master the emotions which had made the latter part of his story scarcely audible; and at length wrapping his robe around him with the air of an Emperor, he seated himself and recommenced his narrative.

"The Baron had a daughter, who as his possessions were for the most part female-fiefs, was the heiress of his Rank, Titles and Property. With her I had passed through the enchanted land of childhood, and as we farther advanced in age we loved each other with all the boundless ardour of youth's first passion. The unfortunate circumstances of my birth however, caused us to throw a veil over our intercourse, and the Baron never dreamed even for a moment, how high the poor foundling had dared to raise his eyes; but I had ever hoped, that when I had once achieved rank and fortune, I might boldly venture to claim the hand of the fair Valentina."

"Under these circumstances, you may judge what my feelings were, when I heard that my mistress was about to be immediately united to the Bavarian chamberlain, Von Dettenbach. Scarcely knowing what I did, I flew to the Baron, and in a few words informed him of our long concealed passion. Deeply moved, he left me without speaking a word, but ten minutes later, a few broken lines informed me that I was his illegitimate son, and that the bonds of blood for ever forbade my union with Valentina. In addition, he entreated me out of regard for the future peace of his daughter, to preserve inviolate the fatal secret of my birth."

"I obeyed! but the disappointment of my long cherished hopes, was too great to be easily borne, I became ill, lost my senses, and for months was confined to my chamber; on recovering, I felt disgusted with the world, and took refuge in a cloister."
"Valentina was induced by the entreaties of her dying father to give her hand to Von Dettenbach, but her heart belonged to me then, now, and for ever. Dettenbach fell in battle against the French, and since that time Valentina, who in mature age still cherishes the passion of her youth, has tried every means to induce me to break the chains that bind me to the church."

"Meanwhile my spiritual career has been not less rapid than my temporal one, and at the present moment, I stand but a few steps removed from the throne of St. Peter. Notwithstanding this, I have been weak enough to forget everything, and as though I had again lost my senses, to give way to the recollections of my early passion. — Valentina is now in Freising, and I have promised to return to the world, and to lay aside the Mitre, though to do this I must abjure my faith, and become a protestant. — Yet more — I have concealed the accursed secret that separates us, and have promised to marry her. — And to-day! on this very day, was this crime to have been consummated: — But I have struggled in prayer, and have been victorious, — and though my heart is dead, I have again become a Man, a Priest, and a Bishop. But I am still too weak to look on Valentina, and myself give this death blow to her hopes. You my friend must undertake this mournful office. Go to Valentina, show her this ring, and say to her — whatever may seem best; — I leave the matter in your hands."

So saying the Bishop arose, and with faltering steps withdrew from the apartment.

The worthy Painter after taking a short time to collect his ideas, set out with a heavy heart on his mission, and betook himself to the hotel of the "Grosser Adler". The servants assured him that their mistress was engaged, but on his mentioning the name of the Bishop, the doors immediately flew open.

The saloon was empty, but the door of an adjoining cabinet stood half open, through which the Painter could perceive the lady in splendid costume, wearing a hood and veil, which were however thrown back, so as to allow her beautiful blond hair, richly decorated with pearls and diamonds to be visible. Before her sat her friend Justus Eccerus, the principal Jurist of the Episcopal court, who seemed to be listening to the lady's statement with the utmost attention.

"Write, Master Eccerus", said Valentina, with a vehemence that brought a still more lively colour into her face; "that all I possess shall become the property of the man, to whom I shall this day be united."

"But his name Gracious Lady, — that is above all things necessary!"

"You will soon learn that Doctor! — but first announce to his Highness the Elector, and his Majesty the Emperor, that I, a free Baroness of the Empire, in the event of their refusing their consent to my nuptials, do declare myself a protestant, and as such, place myself under the protection of Saxony, and demand that my rights be secured according to the terms of the Congress of Münster and Osnabrück."

"This shocks me more than I dare say!" murmured Eccerus. "Gracious Lady! this is unnecessary, unless indeed you intend to marry an outlaw, or one guilty of high treason."
“Listen, Doctor Justus,” said Valentina — It is none other than Bernard, Bishop of Freising, — you comprehend now?

Pauditz would by his sudden entry have prevented this word from being spoken, he was however too late. Eccerus arose from the table with the air of a man utterly bewildered, clasped his hands together, and left the apartment.

The painter took his place, and remained nearly two hours in conversation with the lady. When he left the chamber she had fainted.

The next day however Valentina was sufficiently recovered to take her departure from Freising. Shortly afterwards, she gave the whole of her property to the Church, and retired to a Convent of Ursuline nuns, in upper Austria.

Bernardus remained invisible for some days, he then sent for the painter.

“You have seen her?” asked he gloomily.

“Yes, my lord Bishop!”

“Paint me her portrait, that I may at least possess her resemblance.”

Pauditz painted the scene to which he had been a witness, with a mastery of light and shade which reminds us in some degree of the works of his instructor Rembrandt.

Christoph Pauditz died in 1666. His works which are highly valued, are to be found in the best European collections. His death is said to have been occasioned by vexation, he having painted a picture for a wager in opposition to Franz Rosner, and the decision having been in favour of that master.

Pauditz also obtained considerable reputation as an animal painter.

THE TRUMPETER.

Painted by FRANZ VAN MIERIS.

Franz Van Mieris, surnamed the elder, was born in the year 1633, at Leyden, (according to other accounts at Delft). After receiving during his earliest youth, instructions in drawing from the well-known painter Jacob Toorenvliit, he chose Abraham Van Temple and Gerhard Baw as his instructors in painting, and became the intimate friend and the best pupil, of the last named master.

His compositions, which consist generally of scenes from the domestic life of the higher classes of society, are remarkable for the exquisite taste, and lively feeling for the beautiful, which they display both in form and colour, as well as for the careful finish bestowed even on the most inconsiderable details. These properties give the works of Van Mieris a peculiar value in the eyes of connoisseurs, and induce many to prefer them to those of his celebrated teacher.
The paintings of Van Mieris brought very high prices, even during the life of the master, who is said to have valued every hour's labour at a ducat. The money which he thus obtained, he squandered in the company of the celebrated painter Jan Van Steen, and other dissolute companions, in orgies which destroyed his health, and were eventually the cause of his death. Having fallen into a deep trench, while returning home at night in a state of intoxication, he was rescued by a poor shoemaker, to whom he in return presented one of his pictures, which was sold for 800 Florins. The effects of this accident ultimately caused his death, which occurred in 1681.

In the present composition, a trumpeter is seen comfortably smoking his pipe in the guard room. His uniform, consisting of a violet coloured jacket with yellow under-sleeves, a breast plate, and green small-clothes, indicates that he belongs to one of the Spanish regiments, which the revolt of the Netherlands had summoned to that country. But the fair complexion and broad good humoured countenance, in which no trace of Spanish pride is to be seen, show that we have before us a true son of the soil, at least as far as physical characteristics are to be trusted, while the cards and pipe lying on the table give the idea, that he is about to be instantly rejoined by a comrade.

A GIRL EXAMINING EGGS.

Painted by Gottfried Schalken.

The painter of this wonderful little picture, was born at Dortrecht in the year 1645, he studied under Gerhard Dow, without however reaching the elegance of manner or clearness of colouring, for which that master was remarkable. Although not gifted with a great amount of creative power, nor invariably happy in his choice of subjects, he nevertheless possessed the art of giving an air of truth and nature to his compositions, that is not always attained by artists of greater strength of imagination. The fame of this master however, rests principally on the wonderful power he possessed of depicting the effects of light and shade, especially in night-pieces, of which the picture before us is an excellent example. Here we see a girl, who from her dress and the basket on her arm, as well as from the onions lying on the table, may be supposed to be a kitchen-maid, engaged in examining eggs by the light of a lamp. The countenance of the girl is not remarkable for its beauty, but the extraordinary manner in which the painter has mastered the peculiar difficulties of the subject, cause this picture to be justly considered as one of the gems of the collection to which it belongs. Schalken resided during several years in England, in which country he was liberally patronised, and acquired considerable wealth. He painted with
ease and rapidity, without neglecting the details of his subjects, in attention to which he was only second to his great master and instructor. After his return from England, he established himself at the Hague, and died in that city in the year 1706.

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**ESTHER AND AHASUERUS.**

Painted by Bernardo Strozzi.

Bernardo Strozzi, better known by the names of "Cappucino Genovese," and "il Prete Genovese," which he received in consequence of his belonging to the order of Capuchins, was born at Genoa, in the year 1581. At the death of his mother, the maintenance of his sister devolved upon him, and he consequently refused to re-enter the Cloister. As a punishment for this contumacy, he was sentenced to three years' imprisonment; but he succeeded in escaping from prison, and fled to Venice, where he resided till his death in 1641. He was the pupil of the Sienese master Sorri, but did not follow the style of that artist, or indeed that of any other; depending for the most part on his own observations of nature.

In drawing, Strozzi is remarkable neither for correctness of detail, nor grandeur of outline; his colouring is however soft, natural, and harmonious, and his handling vigorous, and masterly. His male heads generally bear the stamp of great power, and those of his saints are very happy in the expression of devotional feeling. His female countenances are however too frequently liable to the objection of being commonplace and vulgar.

The greatest work of this master, a scene representing Paradise, decorates the walls of the church of St. Dominico, in Genoa. An excellent picture, representing the Art of Sculpture, is also to be seen in the library of St. Mark at Venice. His easel pictures are scattered through the various public and private collections of Europe.

The picture of Esther interceding with Ahasuerus for her people, presents a favourable specimen of the powers of this master. As according to the well known scripture story, the King granted the request of his fair petitioner before it was made, the moment chosen by the artist seems to be that immediately previous to her entering on the subject, as she appears to be gazing on the venerable countenance of the aged Monarch, with an air of anxious uncertainty.
CHRIST CALLING MATTHEW.

Painted by Pordenone.

Giovanni Antonio Licinio, surnamed from the place of his birth Pordenone, first saw the light in the year 1481. It is not known with certainty, from whom he received his instruction in art, but according to Rimoldi he was the scholar of Giovanni Bellini, and the fellow pupil of Titian, to whose style that of Pordenone bears a considerable resemblance. Whether they were fellow students or not, it is certain that in later years they were rivals, and that their rivalry was carried to such an extent of personal hatred, that on some occasions, when they were employed in the decoration of the same buildings, Pordenone found himself under the necessity of working with arms constantly within his reach. The opinions of their cotemporaries appears to have been greatly divided with regard to the merits of these two artists, but later critics have invariably concurred in considering Titian as the greatest master of the Venetian school.

Pordenone was patronised by the Emperor Charles V., who conferred on him the honour of Knighthood. Hercules II., Duke of Ferrara, summoned him to that city, for the purpose of designing the Cartoons for the tapestries which he presented to the cathedral, these Cartoons (possibly in consequence of the death of Pordenone) were however eventually executed by the brothers Dossi.

Pordenone expired at Ferrara, (it is said from poison) in 1539 or 1540. "The picture before us, representing Christ calling Matthew from the receipt of custom, is an excellent specimen of the powers of this master, with regard both to colouring and chiaroscuro, while the expression of the heads, more especially that of the Apostle, is of the highest degree of excellence.

A GIRL READING.

Painted by Peter de Hoogs.

Little can be stated with certainty concerning the life of this Painter, who is known by the several names of Hoogs, Hooge, and Hooghe. It is probable he was born about the year 1612, but the place of his birth is unknown. The same uncertainty exists with regard to his instructor, he is however generally supposed to have been a pupil of Nicholas
Le Christ et St. Matthew
Christ and Matthew
Christus und Matthäus
La Dentelleuse

La Dentelleuse
Berghem. He afterwards studied the works of Mieris, Metsu, and Sluygeland, but without changing his own broad and free manner, for the more delicate style of those Masters. His compositions consist for the most part of small groups, frequently only of single figures. Many connoisseurs declare his colouring to be cold, and his drawing to be negligent, but all agree, that no artist ever represented the pure light of the Sun with greater truth and fidelity; or understood how to mix the deepest shadows, with the most dazzling lights, with more magical effect than Peter de Loozhe. This is shown in an especial manner, in a picture representing a woman sitting in an arbour, which is at present in the collection of Sir Robert Peel, and was purchased by that gentleman for the sum of 950L. Many other excellent works of this Master, are to be seen in the Pinakotek in Munich, in the Museum of Paris, and in various private galleries in England. He died in 1708.

The present subject represents a Girl standing at a window, and reading a letter, which she holds with both hands. Her pleasing and expressive countenance is shown in profile, while the front face is reflected on the panes of the open window. She is dressed in a yellow spencer trimmed with black velvet, the wide sleeves of which are edged by a broad band of the same material. The lower part of the figure is concealed by a table, covered by a party-coloured cloth, on which stands a dish containing fruit. A piece of green silk drapery forms the foreground on the right of the picture.

Both the conception and execution are in the highest degree simple and true; the breadth and boldness of the handling, remind us in some degree of the style of Rembrandt; while the effect of the sunlight streaming through the window, is at once forcible and natural.

THE LACE MAKER.

Painted by Gabriel Metsu.

This great master of the Dutch school, was born at Leyden in the year 1615. Of the particular circumstances of his life, little information has descended to us, he is however known to have founded his style on a careful study of the works of Gerhard Dow and Terburg. His usual place of residence was Amsterdam, where his amiable manners, and invariably honourable conduct, caused him to be universally respected and esteemed. The latter years of his life were embittered by frequent and painful attacks of calculus, and he died in consequence of an operation which he underwent for that distemper in 1658.

The works of this master, which consist for the most part of conversation-pieces, are extremely valuable, not only from the unusual talent which they display, but also from their great rarity. His compositions are remarkable for their simplicity, and his colouring
for its vigour and softness, has been compared to that of Vandyke; while for the breadth and freedom of his handling, many critics prefer his works to those of Gerhard Dow.

The picture of the lace maker, displays all the excellencies of this painter in the most striking manner. It represents a lady in the morning costume of the period, whose attention is diverted from her employment of making lace, by a woman who exhibits a fowl, apparently for sale. From the neatness and elegance of the lady's dress, as well as from the furniture of the apartment, she appears to belong to the more affluent classes of society; while her employment, and the nature of the interruption to which she is subjected, gives a pleasing idea of the simplicity of manners at that time prevalent in Holland, and for which that country is still in some degree remarkable.

THE DEPARTURE FOR THE CHASE.
Painted by Philipp Wouvermann.

The first grey dawn of an autumnal morning, broke slowly over the proud towers and delicious gardens of the Chateau la Tour, one of the most magnificent hunting seats of the kings of France. The Sun had not yet risen, and the beautiful valley of the Adour, lay still slumbering in the holy twilight; thick wreaths of mist rising from the river obscured the distant landscape, but high above them, shooting upwards as it were into the expanse of heaven, bright streams of ruddy light, announced the coming of the God of day.

The deep silence that reigned over the scene, was suddenly broken; from one of the turrets of the Chateau, over which the banner of Henri of Navarre, heavy with morning dew, swung slowly in the breeze, a lively burst of sylvan music sounded the " reveillez" to the chase.

"Reveillez-Vous preux Chevaliers! Reveillez-Vous Demoiselles!"

Thus sounded the horns, according to the ancient melody of Provence, and the inhabitants of the Chateau hastened to obey the summons.

The grooms were soon seen hurrying along the wall of the park towards the stables, in order to make the horses ready for the chase. Spruce pages in splendid liveries hastened to assist their masters at the toilette, or to offer them the first "dejeûné." Soon the great gates were thrown open, and a pack of noble hounds, gaping and sniffing the morning air, began to pace slowly to and fro on the open space before the Chateau, while he horses shook themselves and neighed lustily to each other, as the attendants busied themselves either in grooming them, or in arranging their gaily ornamented saddles and briddles.
Among the many beautiful steeds assembled on this occasion, none showed such absolute perfection of form, as an Andalusian horse that was at this moment brought out by the attendants; like many of its race however, it seemed to be extremely vicious, and resisted all attempts on the part of the grooms to prepare it for the chase.

A tall handsome man, who appeared to fill the office of Master of the Horse, advanced to the spot, and exclaimed in a tone of ill-humour. —

"What are you doing with that animal?"

"I am about to groom it," replied one of the attendants.

"Let it alone, Coquin! Sang de Dieu! if the Spanish hound will have his horse groomed, let him do it himself: away with it!"

"Tant mieux! My arms make you their most humble compliments on your decision Monsieur Le Clou!" replied the groom.

"Take care my fists do not return the compliment!" was the answer.

While the groom muttered in his beard something about the "Maitre" having risen "with the wrong side foremost," Le Clou giving vent to his ill humour in broken sentences, crossed the open space, and began with hasty steps to ascend the ivy-covered staircase, which according to the custom of the period was on the outside of the building.

Here he was met by a charming little waiting maid, who on his approach turned from him with an air of mingled anxiety and aversion, and made way for him to pass. As Le Clou however stopped and laid his hand upon her arm,—she appeared to be embarrassed for a moment, but recovering herself, said with some indignation. —

"You will not detain me Monsieur Le Clou."

The countenance of the 'Maitre' assumed a most pathetic aspect.

"Ah! Mademoiselle Jeannette!"

"Eh bien!"

"Ah vous, si vous m'aimas un pau."

"Plaignis m'un pau" — murmured Le Clou.

Jeannette seemed to be somewhat moved.

"What have you to do with this Spaniard!" exclaimed Le Clou. "He does not, and cannot love you, for such gloomy minds are only susceptible of hate. Why have my words ceased to have an echo in your heart! why have you become so cold towards me, your most affectionate friend!"

"Ah! Monsieur Le Clou," replied Jeannette archly, "you seem to be in an ill-humour this morning. Thank God however, I do not belong to the people under your orders. Adieu!"

Le Clou struggled for a moment with his feelings. he seemed strongly inclined to put his arm round the slender waist of the maiden, and revenge himself with a kiss upon her ruby lips. Jeannette's eyes however, afforded no encouragement to this undertaking, and he replied with a most malicious air. —

"Take care what you are about my pretty Demoiselle! you have set your inclinations on
this arch-catholic scoundrel, who is perfectly capable of making use of you for his purposes, do you understand me? I warn you, not to allow yourself to be made the tool of the Guises. You are simple enough at the suggestion of your Spanish lover, or rather of his reverend patron the Archbishop of Luron, to be made use of to poison the King and his gracious lady, as one would hame rats.

During the latter part of this speech, Jeanette had clasped her hands with horror, and her face became as pale as marble.

"Recollect Le Clou, that you are speaking to a huguenot," stammered she.

"To a huguenot, who has a catholic lover, and that means a catholic heart," retorted Le Clou.

"And if I have," replied Jeanette, "it is no sin; the King himself has become a catholic."

"But he received la belle France as his reward!"

"And if I receive a heart that is worth as much to me?"

"Ah bah!" exclaimed Le Clou, and passed hastily onward.

Jeanette looked after him for a moment, as if she was half inclined to recall him, pride however prevented her, and she descended the stairs, while Le Clou with the swiftness of the wind rushed in the opposite direction.

Arrived at the first gallery, or rather terrace, the master of the horse found himself in the presence of the worthy Archbishop of whom he had just been speaking, and whose active exertions for the conversion of heretics, made him by no means a favourite with Monsieur Le Clou.

"Pax Vobiscum!" said the priest in a nasal tone.

Le Clou bowed, and muttered something which he possibly hoped might be taken for a compliment, although it certainly sounded very little like one.

As if everything combined against him, he had scarcely passed the priest, before he stumbled on his rival, Don Diego Lascara, the Spaniard. A single glance at this personage was sufficient to show, that he was by no means a contemptible candidate for a lady's love. Though small in stature, he was light and elegantly formed, and his countenance though swarthy, was impressive from the regularity of his features, and the unusual brilliancy of his large black eyes; while his beautifully formed mouth, seemed made for laughter and kisses. Le Clou waited for a word from the Spaniard, in order to find an excuse for quarrelling with him, and if possible running him through the body. Lascara however gave him no such opportunity, but gazed as quietly on the irritated Frenchman as though he had been one of the sandstone pillars of the portico. Le Clou seeing no hopes of a quarrell, proceeded to wait upon the King; while Lascara joined company with the Archbishop.

"So early on foot my son," said the Prelate, with a peculiarly searching glance at his companion, "I thought that we alone, left so soon the downy cushions of repose."

"Par la Madonna! do you jest with me," replied Lascara with a furious glance, "do you rejoice in having made me the thing I am? without rest either day or night, I tell you priest, that the Hell you talk so glibly about, is child's play to what I suffer."
"Oh, these youngsters!" said the Archbishop, changing his watchful mien to a laugh, "but it is ever so in the days of youth." —

"Que de commun avec moi! I am at present Don Diego de Lascara, but I shall assuredly not be so a single day longer, look you, my honoured lord Archbishop! human strength is limited! and mine I confess, is nearly exhausted by this eternal suspense. I have now been here eleven days, and the cry is still to-morrow! to-morrow! I tell you my strength is sufficient for my purpose, and your plans; this is all however, I want all the strength I have, and have not a hundred times more than is necessary."

"What does this mean?" asked the Prelate.

"Famos Senor! You know well what I mean. To speak more clearly however, what is to take place, must take place to day, or it will not occur through my means; for this simple reason, that by to-morrow, this continual suspense will have left me neither courage, strength, nor will, to do the deed."

The Archbishop, walked up and down the terrace several times, apparently in deep thought, he then drew the Spaniard towards him, and whispered a few words in his ear.

"You go at once?" asked the young man.

The Prelate nodded.

"And will bring me your commands and blessing?"

"Quien sabe?" muttered Lucon, and shrugging his shoulders withdrew from the terrace.

During this dialogue Jeannette had remained concealed by the ivy, within a few paces of the speakers. Her heart had at length compelled her to follow Le Clou, in order to speak a few words of comfort to him. Her feelings were in that state of uncertainty, that she could not determine to which of her lovers her heart belonged, but she at least felt that it would give her great pain to lose Le Clou.

As the Spaniard re-ascended the stairs, and the Prelate entered a door leading from the terrace, she issued from her place of concealment pale and trembling, and ran with the speed of a hunted deer, in search of the master of the horse, whom she overtook in the anti-chamber of the King's apartments.

"Jaques!" whispered she, laying her hand without ceremony on his arm, and that in a very decided manner.

Le Clou looked at her with no little surprise.

"I have seen Lascara."

"Well! said the master of the horse gloomily.

"And the Archbishop also — how shall I say it — I have heard nothing, and yet I could swear I have heard everything, remember what you said but now Jaques, you were right." —

"How infamous! how horrible! — Jaques, I tell you that if the King rides to day to the chase, he is lost."

Le Clou seemed to be altogether bewildered by this unlooked for confirmation of his words.

"But what did you hear?"
"Nothing, and yet everything! — their looks spoke their meaning plainly, they meant murder! the murder of the King!"

"Very good," said Le Clou slowly, "very good, I could embrace you for your intelligence, if you had not sworn enmity to me."

"Ah Jaques, that I could never do."

"Well then, Soi le dan d'amoureux merri."

Jeanette hastened away, holding her snow-white apron to her lips, which the kiss of Le Clou had made even redder than before.

As the master of the horse entered the apartment of the King, he caught a momentary glance of the white robe and whiter arm of the celebrated Gabriele D'Estrees, as she hastily left the room. Henri IV. was at this time in the prime of life, and on the present occasion in the best possible humour.

"Eh bien Le Clou," cried the King, as the latter entered the apartment, "what news? I see by your eyes that my horse Omar is ill."

"On the contrary my gracious liege, the noble steed was never in better condition."

"Ventre saint gris! what ads you then Le Clou, the formality of your speech, and the solemnity of your looks, are altogether admirable."

"My gracious liege, I have the honours to announce that everything is ready for the chase. On me be the blame, if anything is wanting."

"Well Le Clou! and now to the point."

"Your Majesty?"

"The point, the affair whatever it is, that sticks in your throat, out with it!" cried Henri somewhat impatiently.

Le Clou now began with much hesitation, and various turnings and windings, to relate the little he knew, and the great deal he suspected, until at length the opinions which both himself and Mademoiselle Jeanette held with regard to the Archbishop and Lascara, were fully laid before the King.

Henri with his hands folded over his knees, and his handsome countenance inclined towards the speaker, listened to the story with every appearance of attention. At its close, he tapped gently with the heel of his slipper on the floor with an air of ennui, and after a moment's pause said; —

"And for these reasons you would have me stay at home this morning?"

This question was put with a very serious air, but Le Clou did not fail to perceive that the tone of voice in which it was spoken, conveyed a considerable amount of quiet irony. A moment's reflection sufficed to convince him that he had allowed a very trifling circumstance of suspicion against Lascara, to be greatly magnified by his own jealous feelings towards that individual; and he now stood before the King, with considerable confusion depicted on his countenance.

"Go, go, my son!" said Henri with great good humour, "and believe that I attribute this somewhat overweening care for my person, to your love and loyalty."
THE DEPARTURE FOR THE CHASE.

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The master of the horse retired in silence, and at the same moment the Archbishop entered the apartment.

"My dear Luron," cried the King, as the Prelate bowed before him, "I seem to have made a great mistake."

"How so? your Majesty," said the priest with some surprise.

"I thought our Chateau of La Tour was a hunting-seat, a place devoted to the 'menn plaisirs,' but of late it has become a place of state secrets, and cabinet councils. Do me the pleasure to change your priestly garb for a green hunting suit, I am in no danger of forgetting that there is such a thing as Mass. Meanwhile green be the forests, green our hopes, and green our clothing!" The Prelate did not permit this heretical rhapsody to deprive him of his self-possession.

"Your Majesty," said he slowly and pointedly, "is not yet accustomed to the sight of the priestly garb."

Henri bit his lips at this retort, which derived its keenness from the circumstance of his having within the last fourteen days, changed his religion from protestant to catholic. The priest continued:—

"I trust to see your Majesty fully reconciled to the sight of this dress; meanwhile I must again humbly intreat you, to listen to the prayers of your catholic subjects: that if all France is to be given up to the heretics, Paris at least may be purged from their presence."

"That means, that whoever is master of Paris, is master of the rest of France; does it not?"

"Your Majesty has shown that to be the case," replied the priest bowing," but catholic France expects this act, as a proof of her Sovereign's conversion to the true faith."

"It is quite unnecessary my dear Luron, no one would believe me. France knows as well as I do, that I shall never become a good catholic in this world; but, Ventre saint gris! here am I staying and conversing with your reverence, when I ought to be on my way to the forest."

"I pray your Majesty to pardon my importunity," replied the Prelate in a tone of intreaty, "but here is a petition from more than three hundred nobles of your realm, praying you to quiet the minds of your catholic subjects, by imposing some trifling restrictions on the protestants. This petition contains the prayers of fifteen millions of Frenchmen, at whose head are these names:" —

Here the Archbishop drew from his bosom a roll of parchment.

"Not a word more," exclaimed the King waving his hand with an air of authority. "I will not know the names of my enemies, bigots are they all — Ventre saint gris! and conspirators to boot. You are dismissed."

The Prelate bowed, and sullenly returned to his apartment, in which a kind of miniature altar indicated the residence of a churchman. After a moment's thought, he directed an attendant to summon the Spaniard to his presence.

"To day!" cried Luron with flashing eyes, as Lascara entered the room.
"I wish you had said so yesterday," murmured the young man, as he knelt before the priest.

"Why so?" asked the latter, as he made the sign of the cross upon his forehead.

"Because I am no longer prepared to die! I love! reverend father, and am beloved again. Yesterday I could have shot Henri in the midst of his assembled court; since then, a single pressure from a soft hand, has shown me that life still has charms, and I am no longer ready to throw away my existence. To day I must take measures for flight and personal security, which I should yesterday have disdained."

The Archbishop rubbed his hands anxiously.

"But my son, where then are your solemn resolves, your awful vows of self-devotion, which resembled those of the holy martyrs; where is your holy inspiration to become the hero of the suffering church, and of the broken sanctuary? — are all these high resolves to be forsaken for a fleeting phantasy? all these vows broken for a — I will not repeat the word."

"It is your fault if I have given way to phantasies," replied Lascara. "What will you have? you might as well reason with a somnambulist on the peculiarity of his habits. Enough that I feel hate enough in my breast for your purpose:" —

"Dieu merci" muttered Luron.

"Hate against this double faced Henri of Bern; this broken reed of Egypt, that wounds the hand of him who leans upon it. I have given you my word, and pour la Madona I will keep it, that is, when I have a probable hope of escape."

The Archbishop shrugged his shoulders, he almost despaired of inducing Lascara to attempt the deed in his present state of excitement. Furiously he glanced at the small and well formed hands of the Spaniard, which he had hoped were destined by fate, to work such a mighty change upon one of the greatest empires of the earth. Resolved to make one more effort, the priest pointed out to Lascara all the earthly and heavenly rewards which the perpetration of the act would secure to him, painted a vivid picture of the noble domain which should reward him if successful, and assured him of the crown of martyrdom if the attempt should cost him his life.

Lascara listened to the Prelate in silence, and then throwing himself again on his knees, he entreated his blessing and absolution; which having received, he hastily descended to the open space before the Chateau. As he passed along the terrace, he observed Jeannette leaning over the balustrade in company with one of her female companions, in the act of throwing an alms into the hat of a beggar who solicited her charity. Lascara would not run the risk of having his determination shaken by a discourse with his charmer, but the violence of the passion that filled his breast, was shown in the ardent gaze he bestowed upon her in passing.

His rival Le Clou, was already mounted on horseback with his gun thrown over his arm. Lascara's Andalusian had also been made ready by an attendant, who now amused himself by teasing the noble animal with a cane. Henri himself stood in the centre of the group formed by his attendants, and jested with one of his ancient servitors. Nevertheless it might be seen that since his conversation with Luron, a shade of anxiety had darkened his
brow; and as his eye caught the form of the Spaniard, he bestowed on him a side glance, highly expressive of the mingled craft and resolution of his character.

"Couchez!" said he to a handsome spaniel that sprung upon him caressingly, while its four-footed companions stood in picturesque groups around, or sought the fountain in order to lick the drops of water from its margin.

"Couchez!" repeated David the master of the hounds, with whom Henri was conversing.

"It is a noble hearted hound" continued the old Gascon, as Diana in obedience to the command, laid herself at the feet of the King, and placing her head between her paws, only indicated her pleasure by a slight motion of the tail.

"My good David," said the King, "so loud that Lascara who was examining his horse's girth, involuntarily looked up; you know not half the good qualities of this noble hound, she has one in especial, that would he of great service to either my cousin of England, or his most catholic Majesty of Spain."

"And that is" —

"She barks at no one, except an assassin," said he pointedly.

Then addressing Lascara, he exclaimed, "I see that you intend to accompany us Ga-ballero!"

"I believe I had the honour to receive on the day before yesterday, the most flattering praise from your Majesty —"

"It was well deserved! your shot at the wild boar was most excellent."

"And your royal permission to join every following hunt, induced me to —""Point de favo(u)r, Chevalier Lascara, you will join our party; but bring no fire arms with you, we intend to make acquaintance with some fugitive fair ones to-day. Ventre sain(t gris)!"

"With your royal permission, I will hunt according to the Spanish method," replied Lascara.

"And this maniere singuliere, may we be curious concerning it, or must we wait to be surprised?"

"It would be more interesting to the King, if he saw it performed, without being, previously aware of the method."

Henri made a gesture of impatience.

"I understand your Majesty," said Lascara, whose page had just fastened a pair of holsters in front of his saddle-bow; "in the mountains of Biscay, it is the custom to ride full upon the boar, and shoot him down."

"With what?"

"With these!" said the Spaniard, and throwing open the holsters he showed a pair of long Spanish pistols.

This movement of the young nobleman was so sudden, that Diana which stood beside the King, shrunk back and began to bark furiously.

"Tranquille! this time you forget your part," said the King, bringing thee, "thou hast before thee one of the noblest knights of Spain."
Lascara made a deep reverence, and then busied himself in arranging his saddle cloth, in order to conceal the confusion with which this incident covered him.

Attended by old David, whose honourable office it was to hold the royal stirrup; Henry threw himself by a graceful effort into the saddle, in which he appeared to greater advantage than in any other situation, he having been undoubtedly one of the best horsemen of his time.

The cavalcade now set out; first went the Piqueurs with the hounds, followed by the King and the principal persons of the court, among whom rode Lascara. They were followed by a number of sumptier horses and mules, the former loaded with arms and provisions, and the latter whose eyes were hoodwinked, were equipped with pack-saddles, in order to bring the expected booty home to the Chateau.

The cavalcade took its way along the banks of the beautiful Adour, the praises of which form the theme of so many songs of the Troubadours; until it reached a noble forest of chestnut trees, where the chase immediately commenced. The King fired unsuccessfully at a noble stag, and with his usual impetuosity threw away the firelock, and set off at full gallop in pursuit.

Le Chou, who had marked with the most suspicious attention every movement, both of the King and of his friend Lascara, followed the former as fast as his steed could carry him, he soon found however, that his had little chance of competing with the gallant Arabian which the King bestrode, and in spite of all his efforts he soon lost sight of his Sovereign, who seemed to fly through the forest with the swiftness of the wind.

But there was one steed in company, that yielded not in fleetness, even to the light footed Omar; this was the Andalusian of Lascara, who saw in this sudden disappearance of the King, an indication that the hour had arrived for the perpetration of his design. After a gallop of twenty minutes, he perceived the milk white horse of the King flying like an arrow through the trees, but a short distance in advance. He stopped and listened, the hunting horns sounded faintly in the distance, he and the King were alone; with a muttered prayer to the holy virgin, he dashed through the brushwood that had hitherto concealed him from Henry, the latter had at this moment entered a large open space in the forest, and before him the Stag stood at bay surrounded by the hounds; he had already grasped his bugle, and breathing deeply from the rapidity of his ride, had turned himself in the saddle to listen if any of his attendants were near.

Lascara rode directly towards the King, removing as he did so, the covers from his holsters.

One glance however of the eagle eyes of the Navarrese, was sufficient to show him the intention of the Spaniard, and his resolution was taken with the same rapidity as his glance; cracking his whip loudly in the air, he turned sharply upon Lascara, whose horse startled at the noise, reared and plunged with great violence.

"Mordicus! cried he in his gascen dialect, what a horse you have Chevalier, you have kept up with me, and he has scarcely turned a hair, while mine is covered with foam!"
dismount Chevalier, or if you will show off his paces, Ventre saint gris! I will admire them at my leisure!"

In an instant the King had dismounted and stood beside the assassin. Lascara was now in his power, for Henri had grasped with one hand the bridle of the horse, while he laid the other in a friendly manner on the wide splatterdashes of the rider.

Lascara losing all presence of mind by finding himself thus face to face with his intended victim, dismounted likewise; scarcely had his feet touched the earth, when Henri vaulted into the saddle, and after making the horse go through his paces as if in the menage, he drew forth the pistols of the Spaniard, fired them in the air, and threw them on the ground.

Then dismounting, he approached Lascara with a majestic, but at the same time indignant air, and returning him his horse, exclaimed: —

"Mount Sir! and may God bless and strengthen the swiftness of your horse, which you will find necessary to your safety; but tell your friends to beware of the lug of the Bear of Bearn, if they again hunt him in this manner."

Lascara said not a word, but springing on his horse, he plunged his spurs into its sides, and disappeared in an instant.

Le Clou soon came up, who took up the pistols, and examined them with an anxious mien.

"The hunt is over," said the King, we will now go to the nearest village and hear Mass. — "How many deer have fallen?"

"This is the third!"

"Enough for our fair Dames, and for the mules at the same time. Allons Messieurs!"

Instead of Mass however, a banquet was arranged in the nearest village, which after it had lasted some time, was disturbed by the appearance of the favourite page of Gabriele d'Estrées, who, covered with dust and perspiration, threw himself at the feet of Henri, exclaiming —

"You are safe my Lord and King!"

He then, in reply to the questions of Henri, explained that Jeanette had been thrown into such a state of anxiety by seeing Lascara depart in company with the King, that she had informed her mistress Gabriele d'Estrées, of her suspicions with regard to that individual and his patron the Archbishop. That this story had excited the greatest possible alarm and confusion in the Chateau, which was not diminished by the fact, that on its reaching the ears of Luron, that worthy had taken an early opportunity of making his escape, and flying through the Park on foot; and that messengers had been sent in every direction to seek for the King.

Henri immediately sent off one of his attendants to quiet the alarm of his mistress, and shortly afterwards the train set out on its return. Henri could now jest over the baffled designs of the conspirators, while his courtiers loudly expressed their horror and indignation. Thanksgiving for his escape soon overcame every other feeling, and the whole party arrived at the Chateau in the highest good humour.
Here Gabriele was awaiting the arrival of her lover, and hastening to welcome him the moment he alighted from his steed, stood by his side, while the pages removed his sword, spurs, and splatterdashes.

"Our ladies have been anxious for our return to day," said Henri as he affectionately embraced his mistress.

Le Clou now rode up, and doffing his hat reverently before Gabriele, exclaimed —

"Gracious Lady! I pray you, as we are now free from this Spanish surround, to speak a good word for me with the fair one here," pointing to Jeannette, who stood behind her. "I pray you, do not refuse me!" continued he, or I shall certainly vanish like my rival.

"Oh Jaques!" whispered Jeannette, "do not be impatient."

The sumptuous mules and hounds now came up, and as the booty was exhibited and admired, "let it be given to the poor! Henri," whispered Gabriele, leaning on the arm of the King.

"You are an angel!" replied the enamoured monarch.

By the command of Henri, the poor of the surrounding villages were summoned to the Chateau, a large fire was kindled by the attendants at which the deer were roasted whole; wine and other refreshments were furnished from the stores of the Chateau, and the evening was spent in mirth and revelry; Henri and Gabriele surveying the picturesque scene from the terrace.

The glimmer of the numerous lights and the distant noise of revelry reached the Archbishop, as after wandering some hours in the woods, he at length reached a ferry at no very great distance from the Chateau.

"All has failed through the folly of that idiot Lascara!" muttered he, "but I swear by the eternal mother church, that this rotten branch shall yet be cut off, and cast into the flames."

That the threat of the priest was eventually fulfilled, through the medium of Ravaillac, is a matter of history.

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THE RETURN FROM THE CHASE.

Painted by Philipp Wouvermann.

This is a companion picture to the last, and the incident which it represents, is embodied in the above story.

The contemplation of the works of Wouvermann, rarely fail to leave an agreeable feeling of cheerfulness and satisfaction on the mind of the spectator. This is especially the
case with the two subjects now before us, the scenes which they portray being in the highest degree suggestive of that total freedom from care and anxiety, as well as from the restraints of form and ceremony, which is supposed to accompany the pleasures of the chase.

POULTRY ATTACKED BY A HAWK.

Painted by Melchior Hondeköter.

This artist was the son of Gisbrecht Hondeköter, a landscape and animal painter of mediocre ability, from whom he received his first lessons in art. On the death of his father in 1653, the young artist who was then only seventeen years of age, boldly took nature for his instructor, without however rejecting the advice proffered to him by his uncle, J. B. Weenix.

Hondeköter's strength lay chiefly in animal painting, and his favourite subjects were the denizens of the poultry yard, the peculiar plumage and characteristic movements of which he portrayed with wonderful truth and ability. The menagerie which he kept for the purpose of study, contained the choicest specimens of their respective species, and among these was a hen, which he had taught to remain before his easel in any position that he indicated.

The Landscapes which compose the backgrounds of his paintings are conceived and executed in a very superior manner. His handling is soft and free, and his colouring vigorous and natural. These excellencies cause the pictures of this master to be highly prized, and on the rare occasions on which they are offered for sale, they invariably fetch enormous prices.

An unfortunate marriage put an end to the reputation which this artist had long maintained for unwearied industry and spotless morality: to avoid the vexations to which he was subjected by his worthless wife and her sister, he sought diversion in a round of dissipation, which put a premature end to his existence, in the year 1695.

The picture before us represents a Brabant Hen, that with ruffled feathers and extended wings, opposes herself to a Hawk that has just pounced on one of her chickens, which he holds in his claws. Although a handsome cock has hastened to her assistance, and the rest of the chickens seem to be ready to give battle on behalf of their companion, they do not dare to approach the terrible intruder, who with all the confidence of superior strength calmly awaits the attack; meanwhile the rest of the poultry seek for safety in flight.

This scene is depicted in a manner that shows the wonderful fidelity to nature and the almost unrivalled facility of hand possessed by this painter. The landscape in the background, exhibits the great ability which the artist possessed in this department of art.
A LADY WASHING HER HANDS.

Painted by GERARD TERBURG.

Gerhard Terburg, one of the most famous painters of the Dutch school of art, was born in the year 1608, at Zutph in the province of Ophussel. He received his first instructions in Art from his father, who seems to have been an artist of some note in his time, but whose works are now entirely forgotten; nor is anything more known of his history than that he resided during some part of his life in Italy. He appears however to have bestowed an excellent artistic education on his son, who quitted the paternal roof at an early age, and after travelling through part of Germany, repaired to Italy for the purpose of studying the treasures of Art for which that country is renowned. The masterpieces of the Italian artists appear however, to have produced but little effect upon the genius of Terburg, who remained during the whole of his career, firmly attached to the peculiar characteristics of the Dutch school.

His great talents, and unwavering industry, had already procured him an ample amount both of fame and fortune, when in the year 1638, he undertook a journey to Münster; the Congress held in that city, having assembled together a vast number of eminent men from every country in Europe. Here he painted his celebrated masterpiece generally known as "The Peace of Münster," which contains portraits of the eighty-six ambassadors who formed the Congress.

The Spanish ambassador Count Guzman Pemoranda, for whom the picture was executed, introduced the painter to the Court of Madrid, where he was received with great distinction, the King conferred on him the order of knighthood, and himself presented him with the golden spurs, chain, medal, and sword, of his new dignity, while the greatest nobles of the realm thought themselves but too happy, if they could obtain a picture from the hand of this honoured and renowned artist. The envy which these distinctions awakened in the minds of some of the members of the Spanish Court, and the jealousy which his handsome person excited in the minds of others, soon rendered his stay in Madrid dangerous, and he saw himself under the necessity of making a hasty retreat from that city. After visiting both London and Paris, and adding to his wealth and reputation by the works which he executed in those cities, he returned to his native land, and took up his residence in the city of Deventer, by the inhabitants of which he was elected to the office of "Bürgermeister." He expired in that city in the year 1681, to the great regret of his fellow citizens, by whom his remains were removed amidst great demonstrations of respect, to the place of his birth.

The paintings of Terburg are extremely rare, the great labour he bestowed in finishing his pictures, and the time occupied by his official duties, rendering him more remarkable for the excellence, than the number of his productions.
Terburg's subjects consist entirely of scenes drawn from the noble, or at least from the more wealthy classes of society, and he delighted to clothe his female models in dresses of white satin, the peculiar texture of which material he depicted with astonishing fidelity and success. Both his choice of subjects and style of execution, exercised considerable influence on the later painters of the Dutch school, and not alone his celebrated pupil Caspar Netscher, but also Dow, Mieris, and many other eminent masters, may be classed among the followers of his particular manner.

In the picture before us, the artist introduces us into the boudoir of a young lady of quality, whose tall and elegant figure is enveloped in a robe of white satin, ornamented with Flemish lace and gold embroidery; her flaxen hair is secured at the back of the head by a band of black velvet, from whence it falls in light ringlets on her neck and shoulders. The young beauty is in the act of washing her hands, for which purpose a female attendant pours water on them from a silver ewer, and receives it in a basin of the same material. The attendant is simply dressed in a dark green gown, with an apron of white linen, and a kerchief of similar colour and materials, and her smoothly combed hair is covered by a cap of some transparent material, trimmed with black silk.

In truth of composition, correctness of drawing, and unsurpassable delicacy of finish, even in the smallest details, this picture deserves to be considered as one of the most perfect productions of the Master. The tone is warm and harmonious, the handling, free and broad, and the exquisite finish of the details is not permitted in any respect to injure the unity of the general effect. The satin especially, has been finished with a degree of care, that would almost lead us to suppose that the artist intended it as a specimen of his power in depicting this beautiful material, the peculiar lustre of which, and the minute lights and shadows occasioned by the folds, are portrayed in a manner that may truly be said to be inimitable.

A WINTER LANDSCAPE.

Painted by Isaac Van Ostade.

Isaac Van Ostade, born at Harlaem in 1612, was the younger brother of the more famous Adrian Van Ostade, from whom he received his artistic education. His works for the most part consist of landscapes with figures and cattle; he however occasionally painted interiors, country festivities, and similar subjects, in the style of his brother. One of his best pictures in this department of art, is in the possession of Sir Robert Peel, and was purchased by that gentleman for the sum of four thousand pounds. Isaac Van Ostade
died in the prime of life, the exact year of his decease is however unknown; he was still alive in the year 1615.

The fame of this painter has suffered greatly, in consequence of the works of various indifferent and unknown artists of the Dutch school, being constantly attributed to him by picture dealers and others, in order to obtain a higher price for the paintings which they offer for sale. The genuine works of this artist are of a very high degree of excellence; if inferior to those of his brother in softness of outline, and judicious management of light and shade, they are often superior in correctness of drawing, and vigour of handling.

His landscapes and cattle pieces will frequently bear a comparison with those of the celebrated Paul Potter, and of his skill in the treatment of winter scenes, the picture before us affords an admirable specimen.

THE DENTIST.

Painted by Gerard Daw.

This picture forms a companion to that of the writing master, which has already been given in this selection. In both instances the artist has exhibited his subjects at an open bow window with red curtains. On the present occasion we are allowed a passing glance at the study of one of those humble disciples of the healing art, who may be said to find employment for their own teeth, by extracting those of their fellow creatures. The Doctor appears to have just succeeded in withdrawing a most refractory "Molar," which he exhibits with every appearance of self-satisfaction to the eye of the spectator. The triumphant air of the operator would almost induce us to believe, in spite of his fur-cap and brown coat, that we had before us a learned professor of the art, did not the stuffed alligator hanging from the ceiling indicate, that he belongs to that class of practitioners, usually distinguished by the name of charlatans. Be he what he may however, it would be difficult to find a better illustration of such a scene, than that which is here exhibited.

The unhappy patient on whom the Doctor has proved his skill, forms a perfect picture of that kind of fear and anxiety, from which few persons are free during an operation of this description, and which appears to have taken such complete possession of his faculties, that he scarcely seems to be aware that the cause of his misery is at length happily removed.
A LADY PLAYING ON THE HARPSICHORD.

A LADY PLAYING ON THE HARPSICHORD.

Painted by Caspar Netscher.

The slightness of the details that have descended to us of the life of this Master, prevents us from stating with certainty, whether Caspar Netscher was in reality a musical performer; from the circumstance however, of his frequently painting himself in that character, as well as from his having several times represented his children as taking part in musical performances, it is probable, that like Gerhard Dow, and many others of the old Masters, the study of painting did not prevent him from paying some attention to the sister art of music.

The pictures of this master consist for the most part of what are usually called “Conversation pieces,” and rarely contain more than four, or at the utmost five figures, and he appears to have delighted in representing his models as engaged in the performance of amateur concerts; an amusement that was indeed extremely fashionable among the higher classes of society, during the whole of the seventeenth century.

The picture at present under consideration, which is described in the catalogue of the Dresden gallery as the “Harpsichord player,” represents a scene of this description. A young and handsome Lady, in a dress of white satin, is accompanying on the Harpsichord the voice of a richly dressed Cavalier, who is seated by her side. Near them is seated an elderly female in a dress of blue silk, who may be supposed to be a friend or relative, who is “playing propriety” to the young couple. In the middle ground, behind a table covered by a piece of rich Turkish tapestry, is seen a servant who is approaching with refreshments, while several statues and bas-reliefs in the back ground, complete the details of the picture.

The excellence of conception, harmony of colouring, and exquisitely artistic management of light and shade, for which the works of this master are so justly famous, are carried in the painting before us to their highest degree of development, and the most eminent connoisseurs have agreed in pronouncing it to be, if not the best, at least one of the most perfect creations of this truly great artist.
LOT AND HIS DAUGHTERS.

Painted by Guercino del Cento.

Giovanno Francesco Barbieri, surnamed Guercino del Cento, was born at Cento, near Ferrara in the year 1590, and died at Bologna, in 1666. This artist is generally reckoned among the masters of the Bolognese school, but without sufficient reason, as he never appears to have studied under the Carracci. After receiving instruction under his countryman Cremonini, during a short time in Bologna, he returned to Cento, where he became the pupil of Benedetto Gennari, to whom he afterwards allied himself by marriage.

Guercino's manner appears to have constantly wavered between the style of Caravaggio, and that of the Carracci, that is, between a kind of conventional ideality, and a vigorous, but common-place reality. His female heads often remind us of handsome peasant girls, and those of his old men, rather of beggars, than of the saints and apostles which they are supposed to represent, and his scriptural characters are frequently clothed in the costume of the seventeenth century.

Notwithstanding these defects, the pictures of Guercino have always been greatly admired. The vigour and correctness of his drawing by which he was enabled to give an idea of grandeur even in small pictures, the admirable manner in which he represents the softness and roundness of flesh, and the truly masterly style of his handling, have given him a high rank among the later Italian masters.

His works in fresco display even greater powers than his paintings in oil; his picture of Aurora, which decorates the walls of the Villa Ludovisi, is especially famous, and has been compared by many connoisseurs to Guido's celebrated painting of the same subject.

The rapidity with which this master completed his works is indeed extraordinary. In the course of his long career as an artist he painted no less than 106 altar pieces, and 144 large pictures for princes, or other great persons; besides an immense number of smaller subjects, including portraits, half-figures, and small landscapes, which latter he threw off with astonishing boldness and facility of hand. In consequence of this wonderful fecundity, there are few collections that do not contain one or more paintings by this artist; the gallery at Dresden possesses no less than ten, from which the subject before us has been selected, as affording the most favourable specimen of his peculiar powers.
Lot of ses Filles.

Lot and his Daughters  Lot and some Sodites
A PEASANT'S WEDDING.

Painted by David Teniers.

The peasantry of North Holland, including those of Friesland, and the almost amphibious inhabitants of the sandy islands on the coast of the north sea, are remarkable for the extreme pertinacity with which they cling to the manners, customs, and usages, of their forefathers.

The farm-houses in these districts, are in all essential respects constructed in precisely the same manner as they were three hundred years ago; and the pictures of Teniers, Ostade, and Bega, are scarcely less faithful representations of the present generation, than they are of that which existed at the time they were painted.

In these houses, the horses, cows, pigs, and poultry, reside under the same roof, and live on the most patriarchal terms of familiarity with the family. The smoke which arises from the huge hearth around which the inmates assemble, is seldom permitted to escape through a chimney; on the contrary it floats about among the various articles suspended from the roof of the long, low, one-storied building, of which these farms generally consist; where it ripens the bundles of corn, and plays a principal part in giving the true flavour to the hams and bacon, for which these districts, as well as the neighbouring country of Westphalia, have long been celebrated: and a smoky house which in other countries is looked upon as a domestic calamity, only inferior to a scolding helpmate, is here a thing of usual every-day occurrence.

As the habits and modes of thinking of this simple race, have remained as unchanged as their houses and costume, it follows that on occasions of high festivity, such as Weddings or Christenings, the rejoicings are of a character which seem rather to belong to the middle ages than to the nineteenth century.

For the former of these important ceremonies, the custom of centuries has established a form of etiquette, which on the occasion of a "grosse Hochzeit" or Wedding with the accompaniment of feasting music and dancing, is still rigidly adhered to; even to the contents of the various dishes, and the order in which they are set before the guests.

The preparations for celebrating a Wedding of this description, are necessarily of a most extensive character, for it is by no means an unusual occurrence for from three to four hundred guests, exclusive of children, to be assembled on these occasions. The rejoicings continue from the afternoon of the Sunday on which the young couple are united, until the following Wednesday evening, when the guests retire to their respective homes. Three or four fat oxen, half a dozen sheep, as many swine, and a host of poultry, are slaughtered on these occasions; nor are the drinkables forgotten; a formidable row
of barrels containing a good store of beer, rum, and schiedam, invariably graces the principal apartment.

A few days before the ceremony, the "Bruid Bitter," a kind of official whose business it is to invite the guests, makes the round of the intended party, and addresses to each of the individuals an oration in rhyme, which contains an elaborate account of the preparations making for the reception of the guests, and occupies about half an hour in the delivery. "This Bruintrede" which is a very ancient production, breathes the true spirit of the old Dutch, or rather old Saxon mother-wit, but we fear that a translation would scarcely be tolerated by "ears polite."

The wedding-day of a Dutch peasant, would seem to be by no means the happiest day of his life; girded with a white apron he must act the part of waiter to the whole party, and notwithstanding the assistance of the bridesman, whose duty it is to aid him in this office, it generally happens that long before evening he is scarcely able to stand from fatigue; while on the second day of the festivities, the bride and bridesmaid are expected to take their turn to wait upon the visitors.

The dances of the guests on the first day, are arranged according to the same antiquated program, as the order of the dishes. First on the list comes the "dance of honour" in which the young couple must dance with all the grandfathers, grandmothers, and other ancient relatives who may be assembled in the company; to make a rapid end of such a dance on the score of fatigue, or for any other reason, would be looked upon as an insult never to be forgiven, and the etiquette has therefore fixed certain rules, as to how long the bride and bridegroom must dance to the honour of each particular person, according to their different degrees of affinity.

In some parts of North Holland and Friesland, the custom of holding what is called a "Bruntafel" (Bride-table) is still not unusual. In this case notice is given to the Clergyman or schoolmaster of the village, and on the second day of the feast a large dish is placed on a table, before which the guests pass in single file, each depositing as he passes, his offering in hard cash, and as no one will give less than the person who preceded him, it sometimes happens that the guests are made to pay rather dearly for the hospitality they experience. When this is the case, the demeanor of the company undergoes a sudden alteration, and the part of guest and host becomes as it were reversed; they dictate in what manner the remainder of the feast shall be conducted, give a sharp eye to the stock of provisions and drinkables; and not unfrequently insist that another ox, or a few more barrels of beer, shall be added to the stock.

As a considerable part of the entertainment consists of sturdy drinking bouts, it follows that on some occasions most extraordinary freaks are performed by the company while in their cups. Little however has been left for the present generation to invent in the way of drunken extravagance, their forefathers having anticipated them in almost every contrivance of this kind. One of the most favorite pranks is the dance of "the long row;" in this dance, the men and women are ranged alternately in a long line, each holding the person before him by the gown or coat, the musicians take their places at the side, and
Das ist das erste Zeichen, das Jesus tat, geschehen zu Cana in Galiläa und offenbarte seine Herrlichkeit.

_Los Noces de Cana_
_The Wedding at Cana._
_Die Hochzeit zu Canaan_
_Gody w Kanie Galilejskiej._
away the party go, with a strange mixture of hopping, jumping, running, and staggering, through the streets of the village, over hedges and ditches, into the houses by the door, and out again by the window; it is indeed not uncommon for these bacchanalian processions to pay a visit to other villages in this fashion, and should any opposition to their movements be offered by the inhabitants, a general fight is not unfrequently the result.

We have said enough to give a general idea of these festivities, which however they may vary in minor details, are ever essentially the same. The highly humorous and characteristic picture of Teniers, speaks for itself, and needs no particular description, but a notion of the spirit that animates the party he has depicted, may be gathered from the above sketch.

THE MARRIAGE IN CANA.

Painted by Paul Veronese

The first miracle of our Lord, has furnished this great master with a subject in every way suited to his peculiar genius, which delighted in portraying feasts, marriages, and other festal ceremonies, in which a large number of persons are brought together. Even if the usual glory around the head of the Redeemer had been omitted, we should have no difficulty in deciding which of the guests is intended for the divine person; his noble bearing and the celestial cheerfulness beaming from his features, being amply sufficient to distinguish him. The moment chosen by the artist is that, in which “the governor of the feast” is addressing the remonstrance to the bridegroom: “Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine; and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse: but thou hast kept the good wine until now.” The appointment of this officer for regulating their more public entertainments, was probably borrowed by the Hebrews from the Greeks; among the latter people he was called the symposiarch, he was one of the guests distinguished by his agreeable manners and pleasant address, and his duty was to preside over the feast, to prevent disorder, and while he promoted hilarity, to discourage intemperance. He gave particular attention to the drinking, and noted how the several guests were affected by their wine; and when he observed that some were more liable to be disordered by it than others, he mixed more water with their wine, to keep them equally sober with the rest of the company. Thus the symposiarch took care that none should be forced to drink against his will; and also that, although there was a general liberty of drinking, none should, even by his own consent become intoxicated. Such seem to have been the offices of this “governor of the feast;” and, in accordance with it, we observe that the wine was taken to him to taste, before it was presented to the guests.
It may perhaps be interesting to some of our readers to learn, that the Cana of the sacred text, still exists as a very neat little village, about eight miles to the north of Nazareth. It is pleasantly-situated upon the declivity of a hill, facing the south-east: it enjoys the blessing of a copious spring, and is surrounded with plantations of the olive and other fruit trees. The spring is alleged, with sufficient probability, to be that which supplied the water that was turned into wine; for which reason pilgrims usually stop and drink from it. This spring is about a quarter of a mile from the village. At Cana there is a neat Greek church, and the ruins of another, which was built by the Empress Helena, over the spot where the marriage feast was supposed to have been held.

"In walking about the ruins of the church," says Dr. Clarke, "we saw large massy stone pots, answering the description of the ancient vessels of the country, not preserved or exhibited as relics, but lying about disregarded by the present inhabitants, as antiquities with whose original use they were not acquainted. From their appearance, and the number of them, it was evident that a practice of keeping water in large stone pots, each holding from eighteen to twenty-seven gallons, was once common in the country." It would seem however that these pots have not been wholly neglected, as Dr. Clarke supposed; for Dr. Richardson, on visiting the modern Greek church, says, "Here we were shown an old stone pot, of the compact limestone of the country, which, the hierophant informed us, is one of the original pots which contained the water, which underwent the miraculous change.

THE TRIBUTE MONEY.

Painted by Titian.

This composition, in which the great Venetian Master has represented the well-known biblical scene, of the temptation of Christ by the Pharisees and Herodians, is remarkable for its extreme simplicity. It consists of only two half-figures, those of Christ, and the Pharisee, who is putting to him the insidious question, "Is it lawful to give tribute unto Cesar or not?" a question which involved one of the most cunningly devised snares ever laid for the Redeemer. If he had answered in the affirmative, they calculated rightly that he would alienate and offend his disciples and all the people, for there never was a nation by whom the yoke of bondage was felt more heavily than by the Jews: which may be easily accounted for by their peculiar institutions, and the recollection of the signal privileges they had enjoyed, and the deliverances with which they had been favoured. Their servitude was hateful to them; and they questioned whether it was lawful for them to live in bondage to idolaters and foreigners, and whether their duty to God and their Country
did not require them to throw all fear aside and assert their independence, looking to heaven for such support as their fathers had received.

On the other hand had Christ declared the tribute unlawful, or let fall a word which might have been tortured to that meaning, they would doubtless have denounced him to the Romans as a promoter of sedition; and under the reign of Tiberius, his death would have been the inevitable consequence of such an accusation.

This subject has been painted by Rubens, Caravaggio, and many other eminent artists both ancient and modern; but though they have invariably represented the scene by means of several figures, none have succeeded in telling the story with such life-like truth as Titian, notwithstanding the simplicity of the means he has employed. In gazing on this picture, we feel impressed with the belief that such, and such alone, must have been the appearance of the Saviour, as he lived and breathed, and the painter has succeeded in producing a countenance worthy of a God, without forgetting the peculiar characteristics of the race from which he was descended. The face of the Pharisee is scarcely less wonderful, from the astonishing contrast it affords to the mildness and majesty depicted in the head of the Redeemer. One glance at the half closed eyes, the sneering expression of the mouth, and the long pointed beard of the tempter, is sufficient to show the extraordinary power which Titian possessed, of portraying the qualities of the mind in the outward form of the features. This picture is in the most admirable state of preservation, and is remarkable for the wonderful freshness and transparency of the colouring; and on the edge of the Pharisee's garment, is seen the name of the Master.

The magnificent city of the sea has preserved amid the wreck of time, trophies, prouder than those which the warrior paraded on the day of his triumph. Venice still retains the hallowed pencil, the palette, and the last picture which with enfeebled powers, the aged Titian touched. Three centuries have elapsed, during which the winged lion of St. Mark has felt the sad vicissitudes of fate. Glory and ruin have alike struggled for ascendancy, still has she cherished the name and fame of one of her noblest sons, whose genius has shed over her a lustre that neither misfortune nor decay can efface. In the year 1480, in Cadore, a province tributary to Venice, was born Tiziano Vecelli; descended from a family ennobled by having their names enrolled in the Libro d'Oro, as one of the Nobile della Guerra di Genoa. He received his classical education from Giovanni Egnazio, a man of distinguished merit as a scholar, and the first rudiments of that art, in which he was destined to excel, from Antonio Rossi. At nine years of age he gave such promise of excellence, that he was sent to Venice, that he might enjoy the opportunity of pursuing his studies. Under Sebastiano Zuccati, Giovanni Bellini, and the patronage of one of the family of the Barberini, he made most rapid progress, and laid the foundation of his reputation, by obtaining the commission to paint the portrait of Caterina, the abdicated Queen of Cyprus, which was to adorn the ducal palace. From this moment the fame of Titian spread rapidly and widely, and many pictures which he painted at this period, and which still decorate the walls of various churches and cloisters in Vicenza, Padua, and Venice, show that this fame was nobly and honourably achieved. The richness of imagination
which he displayed in profane and mythological subjects, was not less wonderful than the expression of sanctity and devotion, with which he invested his saints and martyrs; and his excellence in landscape is still an object of wonder to connoisseurs, and of imitation to artists.

During his life, Titian was admitted to be if not the greatest, at least one of the most talented painters of his time, and he stands alone and unsurpassed through succeeding ages for the magical truth and beauty of his colouring. In the course of his long career, he executed an immense number of beautiful works which are disseminated over Europe, and it was not until he had attained the age of ninety-six, in the year 1576, that he yielded up a spirit which had been remarkable for all the nobler qualities which adorn those, who are destined to delight and instruct mankind.

It has been remarked by those authors who have watched the progress of art, that during different periods of his life he was remarkable for the alteration of his manner; and that four epochs are distinctly traceable: the first was somewhat stiff, in imitation of Bellini, but when he had seen the brilliant effects produced by Giorgione, he became free and full of force; experience improved him, and a third stage of vigorous and striking beauty was the consequence; old age chilled the impetuous ardour of his mind, and though knowledge and judgment were predominant, the combination of skill and labour did not produce the same effects. His works now fetch enormous prices, but it does not appear that during his life-time he was possessed of that wealth which should follow upon success in art. He is said to have first derived independence from Charles V., who three times sat for his portrait to Titian, or in his own language to the painter, "Thrice have I gained immortality from your hands." On one occasion it is narrated that Titian dropped his pencil, which the monarch picked up and presented to him, with this expression, "Titian is worthy of being served by Cesar."

CHRIST ON HIS WAY TO GOLGOTHA.

Painted by PAUL VEJONESE.

If the traditions current among the Christian inhabitants of Jerusalem are to be credited, there existed during the early part of the first century, in the street which is now called the Via Dolorosa, a magnificent mansion, the residence of a wealthy Hebrew named Abbassus. This man was one of those, upon whom Fortune seems to delight in pouring her bounties; young, for he had scarcely completed his thirtieth year, handsome in person, and rich even to a proverb, he had added to these accidental advantages, the reputation of being one of the most learned and accomplished men of his time. As one of the
Le Christ sur le chemin de Golgotha

Christ on the way to Golgotha.

Christus auf dem Wege nach Golgota.
leaders of the powerful and popular sect of the Pharisees, his influence on the multitude was immense, while he was respected by the better classes of his countrymen, and even by the Roman authorities, from the circumstance of his being allied by the double tie of blood and marriage, with the family of the reigning tetrarch, Herod Antipas.

In common with the whole of the Herodian family, the predominating principle in the character of Ahasuerus was pride; he sympathised with the majority of his countrymen in the impatience with which they bore the galling yoke imposed on them by the Romans, whom he hated as oppressors, and despised as Gentiles; and he shared in the hope at that time prevalent, that the season for the appearance of the Messiah was at hand, who would again collect the scattered seed of Israel, into a powerful, independent, and victorious nation.

Nothing could however exceed the scorn which he both felt and expressed, when he heard that an individual had appeared who announced himself as the promised Saviour, in the person of a man in humble circumstances, whose proselytes consisted for the most part of members of the poorer classes, and who far from calling his countrymen to arms, preached peace on earth, and goodwill towards all men.

The haughty character of Ahasuerus, prevented him from taking any part in the miserable plots of the Chief Priests and Scribes, who sought to betray the Redeemer to a shameful death; and he heard of the seizure and condemnation of Jesus with the same contemptuous indifference, that he had heard of his preachings and his miracles.

On the morning of the most eventful day that ever dawned upon the earth, of that day on which the Son of God, yielded himself as a sacrifice for the sins of all mankind; Ahasuerus sat in an apartment in his mansion, the furniture of which displayed the gorgeousness of Oriental taste, softened and refined by the influence of Grecian art. One window of this apartment opened on the street, while another afforded a view of the court yard, which according to the custom of the East, occupied the centre of the building, and in which a fountain of living water, communicated by its murmurs an air of refreshing coolness to the surrounding chambers. Seated on a couch of costly workmanship, covered with the richly embroidered webs from the looms of Damascus, with the long scrolls of the Law open before him, the haughty Pharisee employed himself in inditing a commentary in favour of the peculiar tenets of his sect. He was disturbed in his labours by the noise of an approaching multitude, and rising from his seat he opened the casement and looked forth; when he beheld a sight that must have moved any heart, not hardened like that of Ahasuerus both by temporal and spiritual pride.

Dragged forward by a brutal Carnifex, and fainting under the weight of his cross, the Redeemer tottered feebly towards the gate of judgment; while the sainted Veronica, heedless of the rudeness of the soldiers, pressed forward to wipe from the countenance of the sufferer with her handkerchief, the blood that trickled from his thorn-pressed brows (which handkerchief according to the legend, ever afterwards retained the impression of the divine features); while behind her Mary, supported by the apostle John, stretched her arms in speechless agony towards her beloved son.
Unable any longer to support the weight of his burden, the Saviour rested his cross for an instant, on the steps leading to the rich man’s door: when Ahasuerus with fiendish cruelty exclaimed. —

"Away Imposter! loiter not here, from thy deserved doom."

Fixing his tearful eyes on the face of the Pharisee, our Lord replied. —

"I will rest my cross here, but thou shalt never rest until I come."

Gathering his fringed garments about him, the Pharisee turned away with a gesture of contempt; while the soldiers compassionating the weakness of Jesus, compelled Simon the Cyrenian to bear the cross.

The heart of Ahasuerus was untouched either by the pious scene he had witnessed, or the judgment that had been pronounced on him by the Redeemer; and again seating himself he resumed his employment: but when at the sixth hour, the foundations of the city shook beneath the shock of an earthquake, and the veil of the Temple was rent in twain; when the Sun was darkened, and a supernatural night overspread the earth; when the graves were opened, and the forms of those who had long slept, ran shrieking through the streets; a nameless horror: an awful feeling of dread and remorse, caused his blood to run like an icy current through his veins, and forced from him the involuntary exclamation. — "This man must indeed be the Son of God!"

The thought that followed this exclamation was horrible. — "If so, I have denied him the wretched boon of a moment’s rest, and his words will assuredly come to pass."

And now the unhappy man felt the full force of the awful judgment that had fallen on him. Tormented by a violent and irresistible desire for change of scene, he left Jerusalem on the same evening, and commenced a pilgrimage which is destined never to terminate, until the last trumpet shall sound, and the heavens and the earth shall pass away.

Thirty-seven years had flown by, during which the Pharisee had wandered over every part of the known world; when as if he was destined to see the fulfilment of the prophecies he had despised, he felt himself impelled once more to visit the city of his fathers. On entering Judea he found the country in a state of insurrection against the Romans, the land had been overrun by bands of robbers and insurgents, and the ravages of fire and sword were everywhere visible. Vain however had been the efforts of the Jews against the mighty power of the Roman Empire, and at the moment he entered Jerusalem, the forces of Titus were already drawing closer, day by day, the cordon which they had formed around the devoted capital.

Within the "holy city," the ravages of war were still more perceptible than without, the two northern quarters of the town had been taken and plundered by the Roman prefect, Cestius, nearly three years before; and since that time the furious and continual conflicts of the factions within the walls, had reduced a great part of the city to ruins; of the splendid mansion of the wanderer, nothing remained but the blackened walls, the factions having in their woful contests, frequently set fire to the houses, either to dislodge their opponents or to clear a space for their future operations. Of the friends of his youth, the greater part had perished either by violence or in the course of nature; the few who re-
remained were miserable old men, broken alike by age and sorrow, while since the day of the crucifixion, the effects of age had been suspended in the person of Ahasuerus, who still retained the form and vigour of his youth, his hair had not grown grey, nor was his natural strength abated. Of his numerous family none remained, with the exception of his youngest daughter Miriam, whom he had left an infant at the breast; she was now a widow with one child, living in the most abject state of poverty.

To add to the miseries of the city, the usual multitudes who came yearly to celebrate the Passover, arrived, and the scarcity of food that had long been left within the walls, was aggravated to a famine; the Romans chose this time for investing the city closely and commencing the siege, that was to end in its total destruction.

The wretchedness of the inhabitants now increased to an extent, that probably has never been equalled, either before or since. Wealth became useless, a morsel of bread could not be purchased for its weight in gold, every thing that could be tortured into the means of subsistence, such as vermin, grass, and old leather, was held as a luxury and purchased at an enormous price. The factious Zealots, who tyrannised without mercy over the wretched inhabitants, broke into their houses and tore from them the last morsels of food they had secreted; if a person appeared in good health, he was seized and tortured to make him produce his store, and then murdered for having concealed it. The defiles around the city were choked with the dead bodies which were thrown over the walls, and pestilence soon added its scourge, to that of famine.

During all these miseries Ahasuerus still survived; in vain he sought death in defending the walls against the Romans, some unseen hand ever turned aside both the swords and missiles that were directed against him. The Zealots stripped his house of the last morsel of bread, but famine weakened him not; the pestilence turned aside from his path; he was denied the repose of the grave.

Meanwhile his wretched daughter Miriam, reduced to utter desperation by the Zealots, who had repeatedly robbed her of such miserable food as she had been able at rare intervals to procure, entreated or endeavoured to provoke the mercy of death at their hands; but they refused it. In the madness of her despair, and the agony of her famine, she took the child which clung to her bosom, slew him, and roasted the corpse. Scarcely had she satiated her hunger when the Zealots, attracted by the scent, rushed into the house, and threatened death unless she produced her store. She did produce it. She placed the remains of the child before them, and bade them eat and be satisfied. Even they were disgusted and departed trembling from the house, leaving her in full possession of her horrid fare.

When the wanderer returned shortly afterwards to snatch a moment's repose from the labours of the fight, he heard what had occurred from the mouths of the horror-stricken neighbours. Uttering a cry of agony he rushed wildly from the spot, and never again appeared within the city.

The story adds, that throwing himself from the walls, he passed through the Roman host without receiving molestation, and that he still continues his wanderings over the earth, which are destined never to cease until our Lord's second coming.
Such is the Syrian version of the legend of the "Wandering Jew" and a some what similar story is told concerning Herodias the wife of Herod, who procured the death of John the Baptist. It is singular enough, that this story in some form or other, is to be found in almost every country of Europe, and a considerable part of Asia. In most of these legends he is represented as a beneficent being, borne down with grief, and only wishing for the repose of death. In others he is represented as still denying the Saviour with the characteristic obduracy of his race. However the story may have originated, it has ever had a charm for poets and writers of fiction, and has consequently left its traces on the literature of almost every country; to it, we are indebted for one of the most beautiful passages in Rogers' Italy, and it has since formed the foundation of one of the powerful romances of Eugene Sue.

We have introduced it here, as not altogether inappropriate to the magnificent work of Paul Veronese, more especially as that master has taken the materials for his composition, rather from the legends of the Romish church, than from the simple narratives of the Evangelists.

EVENING.

Painted by John Both.

This beautiful landscape represents a scene in the Campagna of Rome. A pond, the clear surface of which, reflects the luxuriant vegetation on its banks, and a gently rising hill which is crossed by a road, form the fore-ground of the picture; the airy distance is bounded by a chain of mountains, to which the eye is conducted on the left by a series of wooded heights, and on the right by an extensive plain; while a stone bridge leads to a ruined tower which is very similar in appearance to the tomb of Metellus at Rome.

Only a few figures enliven this charming picture, these consist of three horsemen, one of whom waters his steed at the pond, the second is assisted by a peasant to arrange some part of his accoutrements, while the third continues his journey. On the bridge is seen a herdsman with his charge.

The composition, which shows in all its details the hand of a master, is illuminated by the rays of the declining sun, which gild every object they encounter with a ruddy light; while the long clear shadows, and the air of repose that pervades the whole picture, show that the sun is near the horizon, and evening in solemn stillness is descending to the earth.

Johann Both, the painter of this glorious landscape, was the son of a painter on glass, and was born at Utrecht 1610. After receiving instruction in the rudiments of art from his father, he became (together with his brother Andreas) the pupil of the well known
Madelena
Magdalena Magdalenæ
painter Abraham Bloemaert. Johann devoted himself, to the study of landscape, and Andreas, to compositions of rustic figures; but united not less by fraternal affection, than by an ardent zeal for excellence in art, most of their pictures were the result of their combined talents, each painting that part of the subject best suited to his peculiar genius. They visited Italy early in life, where Andreas chose Peter de Laar (surnamed Bambocchia) for his model, and Johann became the scholar of Claude Lorrain, without however attaining to the poetic beauty, which we admire in the works of that master. Through his simple exhibition of nature, as seen in that delightful country, as well as through the warmth of colouring, and the fresh and transparent tone that distinguishes his paintings, he obtained the by-name of "the Italian Both"; while from the elegance of his arrangement, the airiness of his distances, the luxuriance of his foliage, and the carefulness of his handling, his works deserve a place beside those of Claude Lorrain.

Johann Both was also famous for his skill as an engraver. Ten etchings of landscapes from his own designs, and five plates representing the senses, from those of his brother, are still admired as master-pieces, and when the impressions are good, are sold for enormous prices.

A melancholy accident separated these affectionate brothers for ever. Andreas having in the year 1650, fallen into a canal at Venice, where he was drowned. On the occurrence of this event, Johann forsook Italy, and returned to his native country, where he sunk into a deep melancholy, and shortly afterwards expired.

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THE MAGDALEN.

Painted by FRANCESCHINI.

This is the second time, that the subject of the penitent Magdalen has appeared in this selection; the present picture however, differs most essentially in the method in which the artist has treated the subject, from the master-piece of Correggio. There, the painted sinner is seen calmly reclining in the shade, intently studying a volume, the contents of which we may suppose to be of a sacred character; while an alabaster box standing near her head, affords the only indication as to what particular saint is intended by the painter. In the work of Franceschini, we see the fair penitent surrounded by her friends or attendants, into whose arms she has fallen in a fainting state, from the severity of the self-inflicted penance of flagellation. The female figure who is standing by the side of the sufferer, is intended to represent Faith, who is pointing out the rewards promised by
Religion to the contrite sinner; the broken mirror, and cast off ornaments at her feet, indicate the rejection of the vanities of the world, while the Moorish servant who is raising them from the ground, is probably intended to represent either worldliness, or sensuality.

There is perhaps no scriptural personage, with the exception of Christ and the Holy Virgin, which painters have taken more delight in delineating, than Mary Magdalene. This personage appears to belong to that class of historical characters, with regard to which, the mistakes or fictions, of poets and painters, have more weight on the public mind, than the sober voice of history or of truth. Few persons ever think of Richard III, as anything but a deformed and cruel tyrant; or of Macbeth as ought but a treacherous assassin and usurper, merely because Shakspeare has in defiance of history, represented them as such. The character of Mary Magdalene is in a similar predicament; because painters choose to represent her as a penitent, she is almost universally confounded with the woman "which was a sinner," who washed the feet of Jesus with her tears, dried them on her hair, and afterwards anointed them: so that "Magdalen" has become the established designation for a repentant harlot throughout the Christian world.

A reference to scripture (Luke VII) will show however, that there is not the slightest reason to suppose, that this person was Mary Magdalene, unless indeed from the circumstance of her name being mentioned a few verses farther on, in the next chapter, among those of the females who followed Christ, and "ministered to him of their substance." These were surely women of property, and as Mary is mentioned even before the wife of so considerable a person as Herod's steward, we may perhaps infer, that she was a woman of superior station and wealth; and all the less likely to have been a harlot, which was probably the case of the woman who anointed our Lord's feet; although there were certainly many other acts of less moral offence, or only of ceremonial offence, which among the Jews brought upon a woman an ill-fame. Mary's surname of Magdalen, probably denotes that she was a native of Magdala, near Bethsaida, on the coast of the Lake of Tiberias; whereas this woman appears to have belonged to Capernaum. Mary doubtless "loved much" for even as to this world she "had received much," Jesus having cast out of her seven devils; and whether on this account, or because of her superior character and station, she is usually the first named by the Evangelists, when they have occasion to mention the female friends of our Saviour. The fact that till Jesus knew her, Mary Magdalene had been a demoniac, affords another and the strongest possible reason against identifying her with a woman who is supposed to have been a harlot, until her heart had received the purifying doctrines of Christ.

Those who carefully compare the accounts given by the Evangelists of the anointings of Jesus by women, will probably see reason to conclude, that they do not all relate to the same transaction, but that at least two, and probably three different actions are recorded. It is evident that the accounts in Matthew XXVI, and Mark XIV, relate to the same event; this occurred in Bethany at the house of Simon the Leper; that recorded in John XII, also took place in Bethany, four days previous to that above mentioned, in the house of Lazarus; while the event related in Luke VII, is evidently a different trans-
action from either of the events detailed by Matthew, Mark, and John; so different indeed, that it appears no less wonderful that the sinful woman there mentioned, should ever have been supposed the same as Mary the respected sister of Lazarus, than that she should have been identified with Mary Magdalene. The first of these anointings in point of time, was evidently that recorded by St. Luke, which took place in Galilee, in the house of Simon the Pharisee. The second, at Bethany, in the house of Lazarus, whose sister Mary, gave this proof of her reverence for Christ who had raised her brother from the dead; and the third, four days later in the same place, at the house of Simon the leper, when the head of Christ was anointed by a woman not named, and when some of the disciples objected to the circumstance on the ground of the extravagant waste of the precious ointment.

Marco Antonio Franceschini, the painter of this picture, entered the world at Bologna, in the year 1663. He may be considered as the last follower of the school of art founded by the Carracci; he was instructed in the rudiments of art, by Galli-Bibiena, and afterwards became the scholar, and intimate friend of Cignani. Under the guidance of this master, his progress was rapid, and he founded his style upon the study of his works and those of Guido. A considerable portion of many paintings that bear the name of Cignani, are the work of this artist, who possessed the power of closely imitating the manner of his instructor, for whom he also designed a considerable number of Cartoons.

After remaining for some years in the employ of Cignani, he sought to obtain a reputation for himself, and in the year 1702 was summoned to Genoa; in 1711 Pope Clement XI. called him to Rome, to design Cartoons for the decoration of the church of St. Peter, works which procured for the artist the rank of Chevalier of the order of Christ. In Rome he acquired the friendship of Maratti, and many other persons eminent either for their talents or their influence, his amiable manners making him universally popular wherever he resided. In 1714 he again visited Genoa, the rest of his life was spent for the most part in Bologna, where he expired in 1729.

He received through Giordano an invitation to the Spanish Court, which together with another from the Court of the Palatinate he declined; he resided however some time in Vienna, where he painted the ceilings of the Lichtenstein Gallery, in which collection forty-two of the best paintings of this master are preserved.

The works of Franceschini are correct in drawing, but are by no means remarkable for variety of expression, on the contrary his countenances are for the most part obnoxious on the charge of monotony. The same may be said of the attitudes of his figures, more especially with regard to the positions of the hands, while his representations of children are perfectly twin-like.

Notwithstanding this fault, he was not altogether deficient in originality, but his imagination was not rich enough to prevent him from too frequently repeating the same idea. In colouring, his earlier works are close imitations of the style of Cignani, but in his later productions, his study of the works of Guido led him to adopt a peculiar brilliancy and elegance of manner, which has met with universal approbation. His pencilling is
hold and free, and the effects of light and shade in his pictures, ever exhibit the hand of a master. He understood how to fill the largest space in an effective and agreeable manner, and for this purpose always executed the Cartoons for his works in grey, of the same size as the intended picture, in order to estimate their effect without the influence of colour.

His greatest work in fresco was the ceiling of the Council-chamber in Genoa, which was destroyed by fire in 1777. The picture before us is considered one of his best efforts in oil, it was probably painted before he studied the works of Guido, as the influence of that master is not perceptible in its execution.

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THE MONASTERY.

Painted by JACOB RUSDAEL.

In seeking for materials for the biography of the great painters, whose works have contributed so much to the refinement, improvement, and delight, of the human race, it is mortifying to find how little concerning the personal history of these eminent men has descended to posterity. In a great majority of instances all that remains of these mighty minds, with the exception of their works, is such slight information as may be gathered from the meagre record of a parish register —

"where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor, makes all the history."

In numerous cases, more especially with regard to the masters of the Dutch school of art, even this slender information is not to be obtained, and we are left in ignorance, not only of the dates on which they entered and left the world, but even of the exact designation which they bore when living. This arises doubtless in a great degree, from the quiet and unobtrusive tenor of their lives, added to the circumstance that few of them were fortunate enough to have their merits sufficiently appreciated while living; the rewards of Fame and Fortune which should ever follow Genius, have too frequently been withheld till its possessor has descended to the tomb; then indeed, barren laurels have been plentifully showered on his grave, enormous prices have been willingly paid for works, for which a moderate remuneration would have been refused during the lifetime of the artist, and the wealth that should have rewarded modest and too frequently indigent merit, has become the prey of the picture dealers, who fatten on the miseries of the votaries of art. Who can read without indignation of such a man as Wouwerman being reduced by poverty, and the expenses of a numerous family, to the condition of a slave;
until a good priest named Cornelius Cats, lent him six hundred Florins, in order that he might not be forced to sell his works, for the wretched prices which these Harpies bestowed upon him.

A better acquaintance with the history of eminent painters would doubtless bring many such painful stories to the light; still it would not be uninstructive to be able to trace the course of Genius through the paths of poverty; to record the bright aspirations that cheered them through a career of indigence, obscurity, and neglect, and to watch the steps by which persevering talent, at length achieved excellence and renown.

Jacob Ruisdael or Ruysdael, was the son of a cabinet-maker, and first saw the light at Harlaem in 1633, and died in 1681; according to other accounts however, his birth took place in 1640, and his death in 1670. The talents of this artist developed themselves at an unusually early age, and it is related that before he had attained his twelfth year, he had executed several paintings, the excellence of which excited the wonder of every person who saw them. His love for art was not less great than his ability, and on his arrival at Amsterdam, whither he had been sent by his father to study Surgery, he determined to devote himself to painting. In this city he made the acquaintance of Bercem, whose works he studied with advantage, but it is uncertain whether he received instruction from that Master; his principal teacher was evidently Nature, under whose guidance he obtained an amount of reputation, that has continued undiminishe

The Marine pieces of Ruisdael are rare, and consist almost entirely of scenes on the Dutch coast; they are not less faithful and admirable transcripts of nature, than his landscapes; the motion, liquid character, and transparency of the water, being especially admired.

Nature as depicted in the works of Ruisdael, is nature in the garb she assumes in the North of Europe, it does not appear that he ever had an opportunity of visiting Italy, and consequently the gorgeous aerial effects which we admire in the paintings of “the Italian Both,” and the still more magnificent works of Claude Lorrain, are not to be expected from an artist however talented, who confined his studies to the aspects in which nature reveals herself to her admirers in Holland, and the neighbouring countries. Those persons who have never had an opportunity of observing the wonderful sharpness and distinctness which even the most distant objects assume in the clear and lucid atmosphere of the South, are apt to pronounce the landscapes of Southern artists to be “hard,” and
indeed they not unfrequently appear so to the eye of a person accustomed to a climate like that of England or Holland, where the constant presence of watery particles in the atmosphere, gives a softness to the distant details of the landscape, which is seldom to be witnessed in countries more favoured with regard to climate, except when the Sun is near the Horizon; then indeed, nature appears bathed in a flood of soft and golden brilliancy, an idea of which can only be conveyed to those who have not witnessed it, by the splendid works of Claude Lorrain, or the still more wonderful productions of our own Turner.

This ethereal robe, which at the decline of Day, invests the details of a Southern landscape with its magic hues, is of a very different character from that misty veil that lends its softness to the distant objects of a Northern Scene; the prevalence of this misty softness, in some of the noblest landscapes of the English school of art, has led continental critics to pronounce them “foggy,” although they have no such appearance to an eye accustomed to the peculiarities of the English climate.

The facilities which have been afforded to travellers during the last thirty years, have had considerable influence on the progress of art, more especially on landscape painting. Instead of confining their studies to their own land, our artists now visit the most distant parts of Europe in search of materials for their compositions, and return with their sketch-books filled with the inspirations they have received beneath the glorious skies of Spain and Italy; to such inspirations we owe the many noble landscapes that early grace our exhibitions, and have raised the fame of the English school to its present elevation; and which, when time and death have sanctified their labours, will cause the names of Turner, Stanfield, Calcott, and many others, to be inscribed among the proudest names of departed genius.

The picture before us, is remarkable for the air of tranquility and repose, that Ruisdael so well knew how to transfuse into such of his subjects as required it; indeed the whole sentiment of the picture, is in perfect accordance with the peaceful lives of the inhabitants of the half-ruined Monastery, that forms the principal object in the composition.
THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

Painted by Claude Lorrain.

In turning over the slender records that time has left us of the lives of eminent painters, it is curious to observe the various methods in which the talents of these extraordinary men have developed themselves. In some, the palette and pencil have taken the place of the toys of childhood, and their earliest ideas have been directed towards art, in a manner that rather resembles the workings of instinct, than the efforts of intellect. The majority however, commencing their career in early manhood, have advanced by slow and toilsome steps towards eminence; while others like the painter of the magnificent landscape before us, have remained till a comparatively late period of life, before the inspiration of Genius has descended upon them.

Claude Gelée, better known by the by-name of Claude Lorrain, was born at the Castle of Champagne, near Toul, in the year 1600. His father, a poor pastrycook in a small town in Lorrain, endeavoured in vain to initiate him into the mysteries of his own profession and continually complained to his friends and neighbours, of the misfortune of having a son who was too stupid to learn how to construct a Paté, or even properly to heat an Oven. Driven to despair at length by the losses, which his son’s blunders continually entailed upon him, he took council with his brother, who thinking possibly that it required less ability to make a good Priest, than a good Pastrycook, advised him to devote Claude’s abilities, or rather his want of them, to the Church. The advice was acted upon; but alas! Claude gave even less promise of being able to minister to the Spiritual, than to the Temporal wants of his fellow creatures; it was with difficulty he could be taught even to read, and disheartened by the trouble this first acquirement had cost him, he fled from his instructors, and hired himself as servant to a Flemish painter, whom he followed in that menial capacity to Rome.

In the house of this artist, the gastronomical talents of Claude, which had refused to awake under the paternal roof, at length developed themselves, and on one occasion when his master gave an entertainment to some brother artists, the Paté of the man who was destined to take precedence of them all, elicited such universal applause, that Agostino Tassi, a Roman painter, whose taste was unexceptionable both in pastry and painting, was induced to bribe Claude by somewhat higher wages to forsake his Flemish patron, and enter his service, in the double capacity of cook and colour grinder.

In the atelier of his new master, Claude felt the first call to a higher, and a nobler destiny; the cloud which had obscured his interlacks during his earlier years, melted gradually
away, and the man who a few years previously had been found incapable of kneading a piece of dough, or spelling through a homily, now taught himself the truths of Geometry, without any other assistance than one of the wretched school books of the time, and employed his mind in abstract calculations, with regard to aerial perspective, the reflection of light, and the projection of shadows, and Tassi lived to see the simpleton whom he had employed in the meanest offices of his household, the favourite of Popes and Princes, and the companion of the most talented and intellectual men of his time.

In his thirty-sixth year, Claude still fried cutlets, and ground colours; ten years later he appeared before the world, as the honoured friend of the talented and powerful Cardinal Bentivoglio.

As the avowed favorite of Pope Urban VIII, he became as it were, painter to the whole Aristocracy of Europe; while the enormous prices which he demanded, restricted the purchase of his works to the very wealthiest. The way to his atelier, according to a cotemporary, was closed to all but persons of the highest rank; and at length Popes, Kings, and Princes, were the only persons who could hope to obtain a picture from his hand; and the Public were altogether excluded from the enjoyment of paintings, for the possession of which, three successive Popes strove with the reigning Princes of Europe.

As he only attained to this pitch of good fortune by degrees; so, it was by no means at one effort that he became a great artist. By study and reflection, he had indeed formed a theory of effect, but owing to want of instruction, he was unable to impress his ideas and perceptions on the canvas, and his finest paintings were held in much the same degree of estimation as his finest Patés. In vain he studied day and night, in vain, he hastened before day-break to the fields and woods, in order to watch the rising Sun, and then hastened home to place the result of his observations on the canvas; the pictures he produced by this means, were so feeble that no one would purchase them even for the veriest trifle, and he consequently suffered all the miseries attendant on the most abject poverty.

Accident at length revealed the secret, that had denied itself to industry. One morning at Tivoli, Claude in passing through some bushes came suddenly upon the famous painter Sandrart, who was engaged in transferring that lovely scene, to the canvas before him; intently he watched the proceedings of the Master, and at once the sanctuary of art seemed opened to him. Timidly he approached and put a few questions, the German artist answered him affably, and illustrated his remarks by his practice. Claude now seated himself by his side, and painted the scene according to his instructions. From this moment a bond of friendship was formed between the painters, which only ended with their lives; as long as Sandrart remained in Italy they inhabited the same house, and painted the same scenes together, from nature. When the latter returned to Germany, Claude presented him with his best picture, which Sandrart preserved with care until the last moment of his existence.
Claude passed the greater part of his life in Rome, and on the gently declivity of the Janiculums, opposite the Aventine hill, his Villa is still to be seen, surrounded by a group of lofty pines, which were probably planted by himself. He resided however some years at Munich, having been employed by the Bavarian Court, and built a villa near that city, which however no longer exists; he also visited his native province of Lorrain, after which he returned to Rome, and died in that city, of the gout, in the year 1678.

The pictures of Claude Lorrain, are representations of nature, as she appears when invested in the gorgeous ethereal robe, which the rising or setting sun of Italy, throws around the landscape of that delicious country. A golden vapour seems to float between the eye of the spectator and the azure distance, making the very atmosphere as it were, visible to the senses. Instead of gazing on a flat surface, the eye seems to range over immeasurable space, till it is again drawn to contemplate the warm and genial foreground. In painting the effects of atmosphere and light; in investing the objects of earth with the hues of heaven, Claude is confessedly, the first and greatest painter, of all times and countries.

The wonderful aerial effect which pervades the productions of this great artist, is produced by the process which is technically called glazing; this consists in painting with transparent colours over those which are opaque, and it is this circumstance which renders the works of this master so liable to be injured, or indeed spoiled, by the atrocities of picture cleaners, a class of persons whose office is, to use the words of Reynolds, "to assist time, to destroy excellence". Many of his best pictures, have had a great part of the glazing, to which they owed their principal charm, removed by the operations of these Goths; and the consequence is, that the warmth of the colouring has been destroyed, and the forms which were originally soft, brilliant, and ethereal, now appear hard, distinct, and heavy; in a word, the soul of the picture has been ruined.

While the works of Claude are admitted to be unrivaled in delicacy and brilliancy of colouring, it must be granted that in grandeur of composition, he never attained the height of either Poussin or Salvator Rosa. In throwing an air of historic truth around his compositions, he was also inferior to the first of these masters, and the architecture which appears in some of his classic scenes, is greatly wanting in solidity and antique grandeur.

Little can be said in praise of the figures that occur in the greater part of his pictures, of which indeed he himself thought so little, that he was wont to say that he sold his landscapes, and gave away his figures; in many instances they were painted by Lauri, A. Both, and others. Many critics are of opinion, that Claude did not draw with facility, this can scarcely have been the case however, as his etchings show great freedom and flexibility of hand, and he left behind a considerable number of drawings, the greater part of which have been engraved. He was in the habit of making a sketch of each of his paintings in Indian ink, which he preserved in a book which he called his "Liber veritatis", or book of Truth; the object of which was, to be able to show to connoisseurs, who not unfrequently purchased copies or imitations of his works for originals, what had really been composed by him. This precious volume is in the possession of the Duke of

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.
Devonshire; the sketches it contains were engraved by Earlam, and published by Boydell in 1774—1777.

England is especially rich in the works of this master. The National Gallery, according to Passavant, contains eight undoubted originals from his hand; that of Narcissus and the Echo, appears in the Liber veritatis as No. 77, it was formerly in the collection of Peter Delmo. The second picture of Ilagar in the Wilderness, is from the Duane gallery. A small study of trees, with herds of goats in the distance, is from the collection of the Marquis of Londonderry. A large landscape, the figures of which represent the death of Procris, is in good condition, and together with three drawings, was presented by Sir G. Beaumont. The picture of Sinor brought before Priam, is from the Palace Chigi. The five large pictures which came into the gallery from the Angerstein collection, are believed to be merely copies.

In the Dulwich Gallery, are a great number of pictures which are attributed to Claude of which the Harbour of Ostia, and the landscape with the figures of Jacob and Laban, are the most preferable.

The British Museum contains a vast number of drawings and sketches by this Master; only a few of which are of doubtful authenticity. They are for the most part taken from his smaller sketch-books, but there are also some larger studies of groups of trees, and compositions for pictures.

A vast number both of Paintings and drawings, are scattered through the private collections of the nobility and gentry in England, and the galleries of almost every Capital in Europe are enriched by one or more specimens of his genius; that of Dresden contains three, from which the "Flight into Egypt" has been selected as affording the best example of his peculiar merits.

It represents a beautiful Italian landscape, illuminated by the rays of the morning Sun. The horizon is bounded by mountains, which on the right elevate themselves into rugged and precipitous heights. Over the distance, in which a city and Roman aqueduct are visible, floats a mist, which the rays of the Sun transforms to a veil of gold. A broad stream flows through the valley, and forms a number of small cascades over the rocky foreground; on the left bank of the stream, are seen a few ruins, and rustic dwellings; and on the right, a beautiful meadow agreeably broken by trees and bushes, expands itself before us; near which, under the shadow of a group of Pines, the Holy Family are seen guided by an angel on the flight, from which the composition derives its name.
The Sinner di Scroba
Potiphar's Wife

Eva Putifar
POTIPHAR'S WIFE.

Painted by CIGNANI.

The story of Joseph, as detailed in the book of Genesis, is one of the most curious and interesting narratives to be found in the sacred writings, and it is probable that no portion of the inspired volume, has furnished more subjects for the pencils of the painters of all schools and periods, than that which relates to the personal history of this patriarch. This arises from the great variety of scenes and incidents, which the narrative affords; in it we are introduced not only to the simple tents, and pastoral manners of the first founders of the Jewish nation, but also to the court, and principal personages, of the comparatively refined and civilized, people of Egypt.

The scene represented in the picture before us, is too well known to all readers of the scriptures, to need any explanation here. The manner in which the artist has treated the subject, is at once simple, natural, and masterly, and the colouring, more especially the carnation is in the highest degree soft and delicate, without being at all deficient in the freshness and vigour so conspicuous in the school of art, to which he belonged.

Carlo Cignani, the author of this beautiful creation, and one of the most famous masters of the latest epoch of the Bolognese school, was born at Bologna, in the year 1628. He was the pupil of Francesco Albano, and his earlier paintings present so close an imitation of the style of that master as to render it difficult to distinguish their respective productions.

The richness of imagination, and unwearied industry of this artist, procured him early in life the favour of Pope Clement IX, and various other Italian princes, by whom he was loaded with honours. During many years he held the office of director of the academy of Bologna, and instructed a vast number of pupils in the principles of his art, among these Crespi, Franceschini, Felice Cignani, his son, and Paolo Cignani, his nephew, were the most celebrated. He passed the last years of his life at Forli, the commission to paint the dome of the church of the Madonna del fuoco, having called him, together with his numerous pupils, to that city. In this picture, on which he expended the labour of twenty years, Cignani left behind him the best monument of his genius. He expired at Forli in 1719, at the unusually advanced age of 91 years.

The works of Cignani exhibit a fervour of imagination, and an intense feeling for the beautiful, which is not often met with, even in the most talented of the Italian masters. Although he worked slowly, and finished his pictures with remarkable care, his paintings bear no appearance of being laboured, on the contrary they seem to have been executed with great ease, and lightness of hand. Like the Carracci also, he had the art of making his compositions appear of a greater size than they really were.
In his drawing he followed the manner of Correggio, but in the vigour of his outline, the noble and pleasing character of his countenances, and the bold and decided folds of his draperies, there is a peculiarity which distinguishes his works, from those of the great master of Lombardy. His colouring is as vigorous, brilliant, and lifelike, as that of Correggio, while at the same time, it scarcely yields to that of Guido in softness and transparency, and by a peculiar management of the chiaroscuro, he gives an unusual appearance of roundness to the limbs of his figures. His works in fresco are of so high a degree of excellence, that it is difficult to decide, whether these, or his paintings in oil are to be preferred. Among his frescoes, the above named picture in the church of the Madonna del fuoco, representing the assumption of the Virgin, some fables representing the power of love, in the Ducal gardens at Parma, and a grand tableau of Francis I, healing the scrofula, in the saloon of the Farnese palace, are the most celebrated.

THE MADONNA OF ST. SIXTUS.

Painted by RAPHAEL DA URBINO.

Surrounded by a glory composed of innumerable angels; majesty throned upon her brow, and a holy serenity beaming from her features; the Queen of Heaven is seen descending to the Earth, bearing in her arms the infant Saviour of the World. In the wondrous expression stamped upon the countenance of the godlike child, we seem to read the glorious mission he has undertaken,—that of reconciling a sinful World, with its offended Maker. Clad in the gorgeous robes of his sacred office with the Tiara at his feet, the painted Pope Sixtus kneels before the descending divinity; while the opposite side of the picture is occupied by the graceful form of St. Barbara. Hangings of green silk form a border at the sides of the painting, and a kind of parapet on which two angels are leaning completes the composition.

Criticism on such a picture as this, would be both superfluous and useless, it is sufficient to state that it is one of the most perfect creations of one of the mightiest minds, that ever dedicated genius to art. A mere fleeting glance, is insufficient to discover a tythe of the beauties of this wonderful production, the excellencies of which only reveal themselves fully, upon careful and repeated examination; while the effect which it produces on spectators, must necessarily vary according to the peculiar bias of the mind of each individual.

Raffaello Sanzio da Urbino, was born on Good-friday, the 22nd of March, 1483. His father Giovanni di Santi, was a painter of mediocre abilities, but at an early period of his son’s life he was led to observe the taste that he evinced for his art, and gladly taught him its rudiments: he then placed him under Pietro Perugino, whose style Raffaello soon imi-
tated to such perfection that their works could scarcely be distinguished; but his genius quickly taught him to soar far beyond his instructor. He studied with ardour the sculptures of the ancient masters; he minutely examined the works of Leonardo di Vinci, and of Michael Angelo; he availed himself of all that could be collected from the artists of his age, and at last struck out a manner that has been acknowledged as perfect. His conception was admirable, and his execution full of grace, elegance, and ease; correct in drawing and design, the minutest objects are expressed and disposed with simplicity and dignity; and his portraits are remarkable for the air of nobility which he has thrown around his originals, while they still remain true to nature and to life. His sacred and historical subjects were treated with the utmost care, and exquisitely finished; yet that he must have executed his various and extensive works with great rapidity, is proved by the number of them to be found in various public and private collections throughout Europe, and by those that still adorn the churches and palaces of Italy.

Feelings of veneration and wonder are, and ever will be excited in the minds of the lovers of art, by the contemplation of the works of Raffaello; grace, majesty, ineffable beauty and softness, are their enduring characteristics.

Throughout his too brief career, for he was allowed to dwell amongst men but for a short period, he was beloved and honoured by all who approached him; his manners were in the highest degree winning and attractive, while the beauty of his countenance and form struck every beholder; length of days was however denied him, and at the early age of thirty-seven, in the year 1520, Raffaello to whom the epithet "divine" has not unfrequently been applied, completed his earthly pilgrimage. His funeral was conducted with the utmost pomp and magnificence, his body was laid out in state before his immortal work of the Transfiguration; Rome thronged around his bier to pay the last tribute of respect, and his remains were then consigned to the church of St. Maria Rotunda, formerly the Pantheon; there in holy repose rests his skeleton, but his skull was afterwards placed in the academy of St. Luke. Over his tomb is placed a bust, and the epitaph written by Cardinal Bembo.

"Ille hic Raphael, timuit quo sopite vinci
Magna rerum parens et moriète mort."

A WILD BOAR HUNT.

Painted by Jacobsen.

Greta Vandelft, the daughter of an old Dutch Sea-captain, was the wonder of the neighbourhood for some miles around the lonely old Flemish Chateau in which she resided; that she was the richest and handsomest heiress of the district, formed but a small part of her
fame; her daring feats of horsemanship, and the wild and irresistible passion that she exh-
hibited for the pleasures of the Chase, formed the theme of a hundred stories, with which
the good folks of the neighbouring villages amused themselves during the long winter
evenings.

If a tythe of these tales were to be credited, this Dutch Diana was indeed one of the
most matchless Amazons that ever followed the hounds, and the pastime of hunting in the
seventeenth century, was an affair of somewhat more danger than at present; the Stag
was then roused from the forest, hunted till it turned to hay, and it then required a bold
spirit, or at least steady nerves, to approach the desperate animal in order to despatch
him with the short hunting sword. The Chase was then really an image of War, although
necessarily a very faint one, which can scarcely be said of the hunting of these degene-
rate days, when a Stag that is nearly as tame as a sheep is brought to the place of meet-
ing in a cart, its horns having been previously sawn off in order to prevent the possibility
doing out, and when the poor animal can run no longer, the Chase ends in throwing a
halter over its horns, and conducting it to the nearest stable.

If danger attended the hunting of the timid Stag, it was increased tenfold when the grisly
boar was roused from his lair; at all times more inclined to fight than run, the wild boar,
when fairly brought to bay was as formidable an opponent as any one would wish to meet
with, armed with no other weapon than the short boar spear, or shorter hunting sword.
He seldom yielded his life without making some of his canine enemies pay dearly for their
temper in attacking him, and serious accidents both to men and horses, were by no
means uncommon during the pursuit of this dangerous sport.

It is true that the etiquette of a Flemish hunting party, if properly attended to, was and
still is, admirably adapted to prevent these accidents from befalling any persons but those
best adapted to meet the emergency; the fact is, that no one but the master of the hounds
and the principal sportsmen follow the pack, the rest of the party always remaining in the
rear, nor do they under any circumstances venture to advance before the acknowledged
leaders of the hunt: the consequence is, that the greater part of the company, may be
said rather to be engaged in hunting an elderly gentleman in a green coat, than the no-
minal object of pursuit.

Greta Vandelft however, was notorious for setting this wise regulation at utter defiance;
led away by the ardour of her feelings she dashed boldly into the foremost rank, rode
well up to the hounds, and prided herself upon being the first "in at the death." This not
unfrequently led her into situations little suited to one of the fair sex, but she invariably
extricated herself with a coolness and presence of mind, worthy of the most experienced
Nimrod.

It was truly an inspiring sight to observe the dashing young Amazon, as she swept by
on her gallant bay hunter towards the head of the party; the skirts of her riding habit
and the feathers in her saucy looking slouched hat streaming in the wind, the riding whip
brandished in her small well formed hand, and her lovely countenance glowing with youth,
exercise, and excitement. A gentle lady-like canter was her aversion, she loved a "bold
burst” in which regardless of the obstacles opposed to her career by hedges, ditches, or running brooks, she could give her steed the rein, and scour at full gallop across the country; and nothing gave her more amusement than to witness the astonishment of the honest peasantry, as with clasped hands and open mouths, they gazed at her as she swept by, on her headlong course.

Mynheer Vandelft, the father of this wild huntress, spent the greater part of his time in smoking a huge Meerschaum pipe, and involving his intellects in some profound study, the subject of which he never communicated to any one, possibly because it was not worth the trouble of communicating. In the mean time he permitted his daughter to amuse herself after her own method, and only laughed and shook his head, when he heard of her having made some extraordinary leap, or of her meeting with some hunting adventure with a desperate Stag or irritated Boar.

“You laugh Mynheer;” said his old housekeeper Catherina, who had formerly been Greta’s nurse; after relating one of these stories to the old seaman. “You laugh Mynheer, but you do not seem to observe that Greta’s strange behaviour drives away all the young gentlemen who would otherwise aspire to her hand. She is your only daughter, and the richest heiress for many a mile around, and yet she will certainly become old without getting a husband, for what man in his senses would marry such a mad-cap; and then I fancy Mynheer, that you would laugh as little as Greta; we may then pull up the draw-bridge, and turn the chateau, which in my youth was always full of gay company, into a Cloister; indeed we may as well do so at once, for with the exception of the Junker Vanzevl, we now never see a visitor. I must tell you also Mynheer, that Jaques Vanzevl said to me only yesterday, that he was nearly tired of submitting to the unfeehed caprices of such a crack-brained girl, and that if she did not shortly turn over a new leaf, she would never become Madame Vanzevl, but that he should rather recommend her to enlist in the Walloon horse guards, or the Chasseurs of Lorraine."

Mynheer Vandelft had a high opinion of the judgment of Catherina, and this speech made in consequence no small impression upon his mind, and the worthy housekeeper declared that she never in the whole course of her life, saw such a tremendous cloud of tobacco smoke, as the old Hollander at this moment puffed from his Meerschaum.

“Very true!” muttered he. “Now I think of it, the girl is neither a Sea-cadet, nor a Cornet of Dragoons; her vagaries must be put an end to, and that immediately."

Shortly after he had arrived at this sage conclusion, Greta entered the apartment, which in its furniture and general arrangement bore no small similarity to the cabin of a Dutch man of war; the old seaman notwithstanding his rough voice and manners, received his only child in a most affectionate manner; her wild glance however recalled to his mind his conversation with Catherina, and he gave her to understand in a manner that showed he was in earnest, that from this moment she was to consider herself as a bride. This piece of information came like a thunder-clap upon poor Greta; it was not the fear that every maiden may be supposed to feel on finding the weightiest step of her whole existence suddenly before her, that oppressed her breast, she felt rather like one
who is suddenly awakened from a dream of happiness, to the consciousness of some terrible reality.

After a long pause, Greta collected herself sufficiently to ask:

"As whose bride am I to consider myself Mynheer!"

"That is nothing to the purpose: you are to consider yourself a bride; and as such, you will no longer be permitted to mount on horseback, and go scouring over hedges and ditches like a bedlamite."

Greta however pressed so earnestly for some further information concerning an affair in which, according to her notions, and perhaps those of other young ladies, she was the principal person concerned, that at length Mynheer Vandelft replied:

"Well! if you must know, Jaques Vandelft is your future husband — and there’s an end of the matter."

"I will not marry a Coward!" exclaimed Greta vehemently, "and you father, one of Holland’s Heroes will not expect me to do so."

"There are no Heroes now girl; we are at peace, and one is now as brave as another."

"There you are mistaken father! I am not afraid of a wild boar, but Mynheer Vanzeyl when he shot a bare yesterday, put on his glove before he would lay hold of it, and asked me with great earnestness if hares would bite."

The old sailor laughed heartily.

"He might as well have asked if a fish could speak; but seriously, Vanzeyl is no Coward."

"Will you put him to the proof?"

"If you wish it, certainly."

"And if he does not dare to face a boar?"

"He will be no Son-in-law of mine; that follows as a matter of course."

Here Catherina who had been listening to the conversation, approached, and asked with a tone of peculiar meaning —

"Who is Mademoiselle Greta thinking of, when she wishes her hand to be won by a real Nimrod?"

Greta blushed to the very tips of her ears.

Catherina continued: "Is it the abandoned son of the old Rittmeister Tollekens, that can barely afford himself a new coat, — the young scamp Alexius?"

Greta made several imploring gestures for the old lady to be silent.

"I will not be silent, Alexius is an impudent rascal, he had the assurance to tell me, that I used to go hunting seventy years ago."

Mynheer Vandelft smiled.

"Ah Mynheer! you may laugh;" continued Catherina mischievously. "you may laugh; but if Alexius and Greta go on as they have done of late, we shall see who has most cause to laugh in the end."

A cloud passed over the countenance of the old Hollander, not only figuratively but literally, for the thick wreaths of smoke from his pipe completely concealed his person,
presently from out this fragrant darkness, a hand was seen like that of the cloud-compelling Jupiter, waving Catherina to quit the apartment.

"What story is this?" thundered he, the moment the door had closed behind the house-keeper. What is this you have been doing behind my back, foolish, headstrong girl!"

"I have done nothing, father," — stammered Greta.

"You have fallen in love."

Greta was silent.

"And with a good-for-nothing Scapegrace, like this Alexius; have you lost your senses? are you really mad?, — hark'ye my lady, I have promised to put Vanzeyl to the proof, this shall take place to day, and if he has only the courage of a tailor, in fourteen days you shall be his wife. If however he is the Coward you say he is, I will send you to your Aunt in the Cloister at Antwerp, and there you shall stay till I have found you another bridegroom."

Vanzeyl was shortly afterwards announced, and heard with a tolerably steady countenance the old seaman's demand, that he should prove himself by an heroic deed, to be worthy of his daughter's hand. Everything was quickly got ready for the Chase, and Greta trembled in her saddle, as she saw the care with which her admirer examined his boar-spear, before placing it in the rest attached to his stirrup. Mynheer Vandelft made one of the party, in order to see fair-play between the boar and the lover; once mounted however, he showed all the clumsiness that a sailor proverbially exhibits in such a situation, and tugged at the reins, as though they were tiller-ropes, till his horse by kicking and rearing, began to show his disappprobation of such rough treatment.

"The horse will throw you!" cried his daughter in alarm, "consider my dear father, you have a bridle in your hand, and not a rudder."

"Plague take the beast!" cried the irritated seaman, "I have steered a three-decker, and surely can manage a horse for once."

Mynheer Vandelft was nevertheless practically convinced before the end of the day, that a man may be a good steersman, and yet but an indifferent hunter. The party at length put themselves in motion; Greta took the lead, Vanzeyl followed with a thoughtful countenance, and the seaman brought up the rear in the best manner he could, which to say truth, was as bad as could well be, every motion of his long-legged, hard galloping steed, threatening to shake him out of the saddle, while to mend the matter, some of the younger hounds expressed their admiration of this unusual spectacle, by barking at the horse's heels; thereby making him more unmanageable than he otherwise would have been.

The border of the wood was however reached without accident, and the dogs dashed into the thicket to find the game; after a short interval, a wild-sow followed by several young ones rushed through the underwood; Vanzeyl lowered the point of his spear, and galloped towards her:

"Halt!" exclaimed Greta, "that is a female, wait till the boar is driven out, and then meet him on foot: on foot Mynheer if you please."

"Who is to hold my horse," said he, dismounting sullenly.
"I will!" replied Greta, taking the bridle.

Meanwhile, Mynheer Vandelft galloped towards the wood, flourishing his whip, and exclaiming—

"Ho! fellow! what are you doing there? I have a word or two to say to you."

This somewhat uncomplimentary speech, was addressed to a tall handsome young man, in a plain hunting suit, who surrounded by several dogs, was leaning against an oak, at some distance. The youth was unarmed, and a glance at the tell-tale blush upon the cheek of Greta, was sufficient to show that this was her favoured lover Alexius, and no one could deny that the young lady had shown good taste in her choice. Slender, muscular, and active as a deer, few men could boast such an elegant figure as Alexius Tollekins, while his bright black eyes glistened with the same energy and vivacity, as her own, and his short upper lip curled with the same expression of almost supercilious pride and defiance. He took no notice whatever of the threatening words and gestures of Vandelft, but bowed with an air of profound courtesy towards Greta and glanced at Vanzeyl with a slight expression of derision, his rich dress and laced collar and ruffles, being rather out of character with the sylvan sport in which he was engaged. At this moment the noise of the approaching pack showed that the game could not be far distant, and Alexius called out to the seaman—

— "Back! Mynheer, back! you are not master of your horse."

— "What's that you say! saucy rascal," exclaimed the sailor in g reath wrath.

"You are pleased to be uncivil Mynheer," replied Tollekins, "you had better address yourself to this gentleman, who will probably be your match at rudeness;—"

He pointed to the forest; and while he was yet speaking, amidst the crashing of the underwood, the rustling of the autumnal leaves, and the barking of the dogs, a huge boar, his ample jaws while with foam, his small eyes glowing like coals of fire, and the steam rising from his broad sides into the cool air, dashed among the disputants, and ran directly between the legs of the horse on which Vandelft was mounted. The next moment the old seaman was stranded; his attention was however so much engrossed by Tollekins, that he had scarcely seen his new enemy; his horse had fallen in such a position as to prevent his rising, even if his corpulence would have allowed him to do so without assistance, and he lay on the ground roaring to Vanzeyl;—

"Jaques! Jaques! knock this infernal rascal down; knock him down I say! I have got a shot between wind and water."

Meanwhile the boar had turned upon his prostrate foe, and at one gash tore one of the wide boots of the seaman from the ankle to the knee, inflicting at the same time a slight scratch upon the leg within it. Greta instinctively rode forward, while Vanzeyl dropping his boar-spear, clasped his hands together in an agony of terror.

"Mynheer Tollekins!" screamed he, "Help! Help!" for God's sake.

Alexius had not yet come up, his dogs however had already attacked the boar, and succeeded in diverting him from a second attack on the defenceless Vandelft.

The boar shook off his assailants, and continued his course; but at about the distance
of fifty paces, turned savagely to bay. Now ensued a fearful combat, and more than one gallant hound bit the dust, while the boar roared aloud with pain and fury.

Tollekins after assisting Vandelft to rise, caught up the boar-spear that Vanzeyl had abandoned, and hastened to take part in the fray.

Greta embraced her father with tears of joy, but the old man rubbing the sand from his eyes, exclaimed —

"Time enough for that girl! let us first see the end of the battle; — take care of yourself youngster! — the lad was not to blame."

"Alexius had now come to the assistance of his dogs; seize him Ajax! Hold fast Juno!" shouted he.

Then seizing a favourable moment, one dextrous thrust with the spear brought the monster to the ground, the last gleam of fire flashed from his eyes, and the fray was at an end.

When the excitement of the moment allowed the party to bestow a thought on Vanzeyl, that worthy had vanished, and was already some distance on his way home.

It is scarcely necessary to relate, that from this moment Alexius and Vandelft became sworn friends, that ere' many weeks had elapsed, the former led the fair huntress to the Altar, that on that happy day the hams of the wild boar were ate and praised, and that this gave occasion for relating all the incidents of the hunt for the hundredth time, that the scratch which the old seaman received on that day, did not prevent him from opening the "Dance of Honour" with his daughter, and that as the story books say, Alexius and Greta "lived happy ever afterwards."

A MUSICAL REHEARSAL.

Painted by P. Van Slingeland.

In the year 1662, the name of Peter Van Slingeland, was already known as that of one of the most promising young artists of the day; at this time however an accident happened to him, which sooner or later in life it is the fate of most individuals to encounter, and which seldom fails to have an important influence on their future career, — it has transformed Cowards into Heroes, and reduced bearded Warriors to affeminacy, has taught Fools wisdom, and betrayed the wisest to folly, and if it never lighted the flame of genius in the breasts of ordinary mortals, it has often developed talents which were previously unknown both to their possessors, and to the world; — without farther circumlocution, he fell in love.
Marie Nederhout, the object of his passion, was herself a genius of no common order, her talents lay however, in another department of Art; while nature denied to Slingeland the power of pouring forth his feelings in song, Marie possessed not alone a charming voice, but unusual abilities as a composer and instrumentalist. Genius has fortunately many modes of developing itself; poetry, painting, sculpture, and music, are only different methods by which its divine inspiration is revealed to the world, and those whom providence has blessed with the power of climbing the highest steps of the temples of either of the sister arts, will ever be looked upon as equally the benefactors, refiners, and civilizers of mankind.

This is a truth so obvious, that it might be supposed it would be permitted to remain undisputed; Mynheer Nederhout, the father of Marie, would however by no means admit this self-evident proposition, and although his opinion on this or any other subject would under other circumstances have been a matter of perfect indifference to Van Slingeland, the impression which the charms of his fair daughter had made upon the heart of the painter, rendered it necessary for him to conciliate the old gentleman by every means in his power.

Slingeland loved Marie with all the enthusiastic ardour of an artist's nature, and he was happy in the belief that his passion was responded to. It is true he was unable to kindle the same warmth of sentiment in her breast, that glowed within his own, but she toyed, laughed, and jested with him, was happy when he was present, and melancholy during his absence, and these symptoms constitute what is usually called being in love. Slingeland therefore determined to bring the affair to a conclusion, or in other words to make Marie his own, with as little delay as possible.

To this determination however, the prejudices of Mynheer Nederhout opposed an almost insurmountable obstacle; himself a musician, he had bestowed the greatest possible care upon the musical education of his daughter, who under his tuition, had become so perfect a mistress of the violin, that he had determined only to bestow her hand upon an artist of the highest eminence.

"She can only marry a master like myself!" cried the vain old man, "or she will be the superior of her husband, and that will never answer; in my opinion, in order to be happy, the husband must always be the superior of his spouse."

It might have been supposed that Slingeland would have suited the old gentleman's idea on this subject tolerably well, as he was an artist of undoubted ability, and of rising fame; under the word artist however, Nederhout could only he made to understand a musician; he would scarcely admit even a poet's claim to that sacred title, and as for painters and sculptors, he looked upon them as little better than mechanics who worked in colours and stones; consequently, the application of Slingeland for the hand of his daughter, was met by a decided refusal.

Again the painter sought to bring the stubborn old man to reason, but in vain, he remained inexorable to all his arguments, and entreaties.
"Marie must and shall he mine!" at length exclaimed Slingeland with vehemence, surely Mynheer, there must be some way of inducing you to comply with my wishes."

"Of course there is, my friend?" replied the musician with an ironical smile.

"Demand what you will;" returned the painter, "my love is all-powerful, it shall go hard but I will satisfy you."

"We shall see! I have no personal objection to you, Mynheer Van Slingeland; on the contrary: — do me the favour to show that you are likely to excel as a musician, and Marie is yours."

"Ah, Mynheer! that is too unreasonable, you well know that I cannot sing three consecutive notes correctly."

This demand on the part of the musician, nearly drove Slingeland to despair; after a moment's thought however, a gleam of hope glanced through his mind —

"Perhaps Mynheer, if you would undertake to be my teacher, I might under your valuable instructions make sufficient progress to induce you to comply with my wishes."

The musician shrugged his shoulders.

"We can try at all events," replied he.

"I remember reading," continued Slingeland more hopefully, "that Raphael Sanzio, when attacked by brigands on the banks of the Tiber, was saved from being murdered by a blacksmith. If I remember rightly, this smith was in love with the daughter of a painter, who refused to bestow her hand on any one but an artist."

Nederhout made a gesture of impatience.

"Listen a moment! his case was not unlike mine; the blacksmith told the painter his story, and Raphael out of gratitude became his teacher, and — pity that I forget the name of the new master, but this I remember, that this smith made such rapid progress in the art, that he soon obtained the prize for which he had laboured. This man was a blacksmith, and surely it must be easier for me to become a musician, than for such a man, to become a painter — from this day Mynheer, I am your pupil."

Slingeland commenced his studies by learning to distinguish the various musical characters and signs from each other, and acquiring a proper knowledge of their value and signification. Light days of hard labour passed, without his being permitted to touch the sacred body of a musical instrument; at length the master gave him a Theorbo, and after eight days more of incessant practice, he contrived to produce such a series of excruciating discords from the tortured catgut, that Nederhout snatched the instrument from him, and recommended him in heaven's name to try something else. This recommendation he complied with, and all the instruments known in the orchestras of those days, took their turns in being tormented, without any better result than showing what horrible sounds human ingenuity is capable of producing, and driving the neighbours into a state of open insurrection against the continuance of this diabolical nuisance.

Slingeland would now have certainly received an irrevocable dismissal, had he not adroitly contrived to enlist the vanity of the musician on his side, not a day passed, but he prevailed on Nederhout to play to him one of his own compositions, and repaid this
labor of love on the part of the musician, by the most hypocritical flatteries; he had found out the weak side of his intended father-in-law, had grasped as it were the handle of his character, and nothing but an unfortunate accident, could have prevented him from turning him in any direction he wished.

“What do you think Marie!” asked Nederhout of his daughter one day in confidence, “do you think we shall succeed in making a musician of Peter?”

“How can I tell father? I wish you would let me marry him as he is, or I assure you I shall soon be tired of the whole affair.”

“He will certainly become a great musician,” continued Nederhout, “or rather an excellent composer, there are many examples of great composers not having been gifted with an ear: it is evident that he possesses wonderful discernment with regard to musical excellence, he was yesterday positively enraptured with my masterpiece; indeed, such enthusiasm I have seldom witnessed. No doubt he will be a great composer, meanwhile however he must learn an instrument, though I really scarcely know which to propose next; —”

I should think a boy’s whistle would suit him best,” said Marie maliciously.

Nederhout glanced at his daughter for an instant, as if he strongly suspected she was jesting; but immediately rejected the thought, that a child of his could jest on so serious a matter. After a moment’s reflection he proceeded —

“You would say a Piccolo, or perhaps a Flageolet; right girl, right! it must evidently be some simple instrument, and in that case I think the Flageolet, is most to be recommended.”

Marie turned aside to conceal her laughter.

Nederhout began his work of teaching the painter the Flageolet, and on this occasion his efforts met with some success; Slingeland made some progress on the instrument, and considerably more in the good graces of the musician. They became daily more intimate, and Marie was now allowed to take part in their studies, joining them with her Violin, in duets and trios, and causing Slingeland to sound many a false note, while studying her fair countenance instead of the music-book. When the master was too much engaged, Marie alone undertook the instruction of her lover, and in this way many months flew by, until at length, Nederhout resolved that Slingeland should give a public exhibition of the progress he had made. This was to consist of several pieces from the works of Viotti and Baltazar, and to conclude with one of the masterpieces of Salomon Nederhout. The first two pieces were to be played by Slingeland alone, the remainder either with the master, or with Marie.

The Italian pieces Slingeland learned with facility, but the masterpiece of the worthy Hollander being filled with scientific difficulties, nearly drove the poor painter to his wit’s end. He felt as if bewitched by this horrible production, the thoughts of it haunted him in his dreams, and the vexations he suffered from it during the day, were repeated with tenfold horror during the night.
Nederhout ordered daily rehearsals of his hideous work, but luckily a fit of the gout prevented him from superintending them in person; that task was left to Marie, and under her instruction, Slingeland at length conquered all the seeming impossibilities with which it was crowded. Meanwhile the musician was not without his sufferings; his bed-room was immediately over that in which the rehearsals were held, and at every false note that Slingeland played, he growled out anathemas, against the wretch who was thus ruining his favorite composition. At length however he was satisfied, the air was played over for perhaps the fiftieth time, and on this occasion it was really admirably performed; this repaid him for all former failures, and put him into such good spirits that he rose from his bed, slipped on his dressing gown and slippers, and descended to the music room; he reached the door at the moment the last note was sounded.

"Bravo! Bravissimo!" muttered he enraptured, with half closed eyes, and folded hands.

A glance at the proceedings within the apartment however, soon put an end to his raptures, no sooner was the piece finished, than Slingeland sprang three feet into the air, flung the music-book and Violin on a chair, and embraced his mistress ardently, waving his Flageolet at the same time triumphantly round his head.

"Hurrah! hurrah! I have conquered at length, you are mine at last Marie! Shout! as I do."

So saying he swung himself round, and in so doing lost his balance, and in recovering himself, nearly trod the Bolognese lap-dog of his Mistress, to death.

Marie took up the dog, seated herself on a chair, and called on her lover to moderate his extacies, although she herself was scarcely less pleased at the termination of the season of probation.

"Talk not to me of moderation!" exclaimed he, "when this musical purgatory is at length at an end. Oh Marie! Marie! what have I suffered for your sake! And this last horror, your father's infernal Concertino, think what I have endured in whistling this Devil's march for the last four weeks."

He would have embraced his mistress, but the dog flew forward, and nearly bit him in the face, barking at the same him with all his might.

Not less furious was the countenance of the worthy musician, who now made his appearance on the scene.

"What's that I hear?" thundered he, "Purgatory! Infernal Concertino! Devil's March! do you apply these terms to my masterpiece? Barbarian! Gipsy! Heathen!"

So saying, he seized the bewildered painter by the arm, and thrust him out of the house, in spite of all remonstrances on the part of his daughter. A letter which Slingeland addressed to him, was returned unopened, and the next morning he departed with his daughter to Mons; and when he returned six months afterwards, Marie had been some weeks the wife of the Organist of the Cathedral, in that city.

Slingeland took the best mode of comforting himself for his loss, he attached himself to another lady, whose parents required no musical probation before bestowing her hand upon him, Marie was forgotten, and his unfortunate courtship was only called to remem-
brance, by a flageolet that hung by a rose coloured ribbon on the wall of his apartment; he often showed it to his friends, and related the story of his musical wooing, the last scene of which furnished him with the subject of one of his finest pictures.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

Painted by C. W. E. Dietrich.

Christian Wilhelm Ernst Dietrich, the most eminent artist of the German school during the last century, was born at Weimar in the year 1772: he was the son of Johann Dietrich, a painter of moderate abilities, from whom he received his first instructions in Art. He afterwards studied landscape painting under A. Thile, but it would seem that he owed his renown more to his native talent than to the efforts of his instructors: he soon attracted the attention of the celebrated Count Brühl by whom he was summoned to Dresden, and decorated the various palaces and country seats of that nobleman, with a considerable number of pictures, most of which however, were destroyed during the Seven years' war. His patron introduced him to Augustus, King of Poland and Elector of Saxony, from whom he received several commissions, but jealous of the preference shown to some Italian artists, he left Dresden, and under the pretence of visiting Holland, returned to his native city, where he devoted himself diligently to the practice of his Art. After the lapse of a year his increasing fame caused him to be again summoned to Dresden, and in the year 1742, he was sent by the King to Italy.

He studied the works of the great Italian masters in Rome and Venice with great industry, but without losing any of the peculiarities of his own manner, although he executed pictures in the respective styles of Watteau, Rembrandt, Ostade and Poelenburg, imitating the various peculiarities of these masters with wonderful fidelity. The works he executed in Italy established his fame, and his pictures were eagerly purchased, in England, France and Germany. On his return to Dresden, he received the appointment of painter to the Court, and Professor in the Saxon Academy of Art. His paintings are remarkable for a greater degree of simplicity and a stricter attention to Nature, than was common among the German artists before his time.

The school which he founded has the especial merit of having produced a great degree of improvement in the treatment of landscapes, both with regard to arrangement of forms and to the distribution of light and shade, but neither his own pictures or those of his scholars, are free from a certain degree of mannerism. The productions of his pencil are of the neighbourhood, and receives with proper dignity the glass containing a specimen
La Vierge et l'Enfant Jésus
Sur mont de Syrie
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extremely numerous, the Dresden Gallery alone contains thirty-four pictures by this master, which for the most part possess a high degree of excellence, and from which the flight into Egypt, has been selected as affording a good specimen of his peculiar style. In what may be called the technical branches of his art, Dietrich arrived at a high degree of perfection, his colouring is harmonious and pleasing, and his handling free and masterly. The Royal cabinet of engravings in Dresden contains several hundred drawings by this artist, an examination of which affords a curious example of the great facility with which he could imitate all the peculiarities of the various schools of Art.

One of his most imposing pictures is in the possession of Herr Lampe, in Leipsic, it represents the interior of a peasant's house, and is altogether a work of great merit, it is about nine feet long, by six feet high; the large pictures by this master are extremely rare. Dietrich etched a great number of his designs on copper, and the impressions of these plates are now highly valued. He expired at Dresden in the year 1774.

A DUTCH ALEHOUSE.

Painted by A. Van Ostade.

We are here introduced to one of those scenes of rustic festivity which afforded the masters of the Dutch school so many subjects for their pencils; it represents what is called a "Bierprobe," and it may be perhaps necessary to explain, that in the rural districts of Holland, it was and still is the custom for the landlords of Village Alehouses, to present their customers, after every large brewing, with a barrel of the generous fluid, in order that they may have an opportunity of forming an opinion with regard to its future excellence, when time shall have ripened and matured its invigorating qualities. This weighty event has drawn together on the present occasion a numerous assemblage of the thirsty villagers, and given ample scope for the display of the rich but somewhat coarse vein of humour, that characterises most of the works of Ostade. If we are to judge from the various phases of intoxication represented by the painter, the company have done ample justice to the liberality of their host, while many of the incidents show what a perfect knowledge of the habits of the lower orders of his countrymen, and what a keen eye for their grotesque peculiarities, was possessed by this master; who can help smiling at the air of intense satisfaction exhibited by the figure who is picking his teeth, or at the old gentleman who inspired by the potent juice of "Sir John Barleycorn," is proffering his hand and heart to the young peasant girl beside him.

The principal group is in the highest degree characteristic; here we have a perfect specimen of a true Dutch "Boer-vraw," she is probably the wife of the richest farmer.
of the new brewage, from the hands of the smiling and attentive landlord, who seems
to be aware that the most able connoisseur of the district, is about to pronounce judg-
ment on the quality of his liquor, the effect of which on the Schoolmaster, who is
removing the chairs in order to open the dance with the fat peasant woman is very
apparent. A feeling of jovial, rollicking, good humour, seems to pervade the whole
company, and the incident of the peasant who is kissing the old maid is worth noticing,
as showing that Ostade understood how to give all the humour of such a scene as the
present, without descending to the vulgarities which too often render the pictures of
Bega, and some other painters of the Dutch school positively repulsive.

THE ORDINANCE.

Painted by GAEBEL METZU.

On a dark stormy October night, in the year 1648, two horsemen stopped before the
western gate of the ancient and strongly fortified city of Rothweil. Pans of blazing pitch
placed upon the nearest bastion threw, notwithstanding that the rain descended in torrents,
a glare of ruddy light upon the persons of the strangers; they were both tall, powerful
looking men and their large cloaks of a light grey colour, their Fox-skin caps, and light
coloured boots, indicated that they belonged to the heavy cavalry of the Bavarian General
Von Werth.

The two travellers brought their dripping horses close to each other, and conversed
together in a low tone of voice, and in the French language.

“Eh bien, Sans-Regret!” exclaimed one of the Warriors, “you have no doubts about
the matter! you are certain you know the street in which according to her own account
this crafty girl resides?”

“Have no fear on that account Marshal,” replied the other, “I have been too long a
prisoner in Rothweil, not to be able to find my way blindfold to every corner of the old
Rat’s nest.”

“Bon!” returned the Marshal in a clear musical voice, “and what is the unpronounceable
name of this Bavarian Lieutenant.”

“Schachte!”

The Marshal made several useless attempts to pronounce this somewhat difficult name
properly, and at length exclaimed impatiently. —

“The first attempt I make to speak this accursed jargon will assuredly betray that I am a
Frenchman; I dare not therefore attempt to present myself before the Bavarian officer.”

“I have always said so!” remarked Sans-Regret coolly.
L'Ordinance
The Ordinance  La Ordinance
"You therefore Monsieur Le Trompette," continued the Marshal, will have the honour of presenting this Ordinance, this new letter of Uriah, alone.

And you, Marshal?

"Do not continually call me Marshal, — Coquin that you are," returned the other.

"Shall I call you Uncle Québriant then?"

"Hush! hush!" replied he, "it seems as if these dark bastions and gloomy towers, shrunk together at that word. To-morrow the name of Québriant shall ring in Rothweil, so loudly, that the honourable Lieutenant, the favorite of my Bavarian bosom friend the General Mercy, shall be glad to stop his ears with both hands."

Sans-Regret threw back his cloak, produced a bright cavalry trumpet from beneath it, and looked significantly at his companion.

The Marshal nodded, and the next moment the shrill signal of the Bavarian cavalry, sounded through the night air, and called the watch to their posts at the Sally-port at the corner of the bastion.

"Wer da? Wer da?" exclaimed a voice from the ramparts.

Sans-Regret repeated the signal, and rode with the French Marshal Québriant to the Sally-port.

"An Ordinance from General Johannes Von Werth to the Commandant of Rothweil, Xaverius Shacltne," cried Sans-Regret in the South German dialect.

"The watch-word!" said a soldier advancing towards the strangers.

"Are you mad? how should we know what your watch-word is?" replied the trumpeter.

"Back then! back! or you will get a salute from our Arquebusses.

"Certainly!" cried Sans-Regret, "I swear to you however, that General Québriant will make you pay dearly for this."

"Who?"

Québriant intends to march on Rothweil to-morrow night, and I bring orders to the Commandant,

"Well! well! comrade, the Commandant will be here directly, and you can tell your story to him. In the mean time, wait without."

"These dogs are watchful," muttered the Marshal, "when I look at the strength of these outworks, and think of my Cuirassiers, I pity the poor fellows who will have to knock their heads against them."

"Bah! let us once make good our entrance into Rothweil," replied Sans-Regret, "and I will undertake to open the gates, and keep them open too, in spite of a whole company of these Bavarian Lanzknechts, until the cry of 'Vive la France' rings in the streets."

After waiting a few minutes, the gates were opened, and Québriant and his companion were admitted into the town. The trumpeter dismounted, gave his horse to the Marshal, and an Officer conducted him at once to the guard room.

Here after some little delay, he was ushered into the presence of the Commandant and his adjutant. The former wore a large white felt hat, which appeared to have seen some
service, a cuirass, and wide pluderhose, which together with his shoes, indicated that he belonged to the Bavarian infantry. Schachte fixed his large blue eyes on the face of the trumpeter as he entered, but without the least appearance of mistrust, indeed the perfect coolness which Sans-Regret exhibited throughout the whole transaction, even at the moment when he gave the forged Ordinance of which he was the bearer, into the hands of the Lieutenant, might have deceived a more suspicious person than Herr Von Shachte. The trumpeter was a handsome soldier like looking-fellow, a native of Picardy, and formed an object worthy of a painter's study, as he stood before the Commandant, and watched his face as he read the order. Notwithstanding his appearance of coolness however, his mind was far from being at ease; he recollected that his trumpet was a French one, which as it differed in form from those used by the Bavarians, might possibly lead to his detection, and above all he had just remembered that the clasps of his swordhilt, were ornamented with the Lilies of France. The former was however, covered by his cloak, while the latter he concealed by holding his military cap in front of his person.

"Are you acquainted with the contents of this paper?" asked the Commandant.

"Yes! Johannes Von Werth is within a mile of the western gate, and Marshal Québriant is marching upon Rothweil from the east."

"He is called the General Freiherr Von Werth," and the adjutant who was quietly smoking his pipe, "the French rascal you may call shortly Québriant."

Sans-Regret bowed to conceal an ironical smile.

The Commandant issued the necessary orders for strongly occupying the eastern suburb of the town, and making every arrangement for a vigorous defence in case of attack; he then turned to the trumpeter, and said, —

"You ride back, I suppose."

"No! Herr Commandant, I have orders to remain here, and provide quarters for my regiment, which will shortly enter the town."

"In that case, you had better go to the main guard in the market place, where I will visit you, and give you farther orders."

Sans-Regret saluted, left the apartment, and sprang upon his horse, and followed by the Marshal rode towards the interior of the city. As they proceeded, he informed his companion of what had taken place in the guard-room, when the latter exclaimed —

"But we will not go to the market place! we must first find out Caroline."

"There is plenty of time for that Uncle! let us first see if our money will procure us a dozen bold fellows to assist us to open the gates when our people arrive."

"Bon! Caroline will be the best person to give us that information. Where does she live?"

"There!" said Sans-Regret pointing to a street at a short distance before them, "but I beg of you Uncle to let this accursed girl alone for the present, believe me she is altogether intractable."

"That is the very thing that interests me!"

"The trumpeter shrugged his shoulders with an air of the most intense dissatisfaction,
as he followed the Marshal into the street which he had indicated as being that in which Caroline resided.

Meanwhile it is necessary to relate the circumstances that had caused an officer of such high military rank, to be personally engaged in such a dangerous and desperate enterprise as the present.

A few days before, one of the foraging parties of the French army, had captured a remarkably beautiful girl, whom they conducted before their commander the Marshal Québriant, who as soon as he understood that she was a native of Rothweil, proceeded to question her closely concerning the strength of the Bavarian garrison in that city. These questions she however refused to answer, and earnestly demanded to be set at liberty. Québriant however ordered her to be detained, and on a second examination, she told him plainly, that she would rather die than give the slightest information to the French, who had so infamously joined with the Swedes, to plunder and oppress her native land. In these interviews with Québriant she exhibited so much courage, and such a charming simplicity of manner, that joined to her personal beauty, it completely effected the conquest of the old soldier's heart, and he became what is vulgarly called "overhead and ears in love," with the beautiful but self-willed girl. His mode of wooing certainly savoured strongly of the camp, but had he been twenty years younger, and had the heart of Caroline been disengaged, it would perhaps have not been ill-suited, to her simple and energetic character.

"I love you!" said Québriant, abruptly entering the apartment in which his fair captive was confined. "I love you! look at me, --- if you think you can return my passion, say so, and I am ready to make you the wife of a Marshal of France."

"I cannot mein Herr," replied Caroline sobbing, "I already have a lover, who is no Marshal of France certainly, but he is much younger and handsomer than you."

Québriant caressed his long mustache, which time had already streaked with grey, between his finger and thumb for a few seconds, and then turned and left the apartment, if possible more in love than ever; humming as he did so the words of the old French song —

"Et si le Roi savait
La vie que nous mènons,
Il descendait du trône
Et se ferait Cragon."  

The Marshal now employed Sans-Regret as his emissary, who from the circumstance of his having been some time a prisoner in Rothweil, was acquainted with many of the inhabitants of that city. He so far succeeded in obtaining her confidence, that she informed him of her name and place of residence, but when he began to speak in favour of the hopes of the Marshal, she refused to listen to him. When he repeated his visit Caroline had disappeared; she had effected her escape by some means, but how, could never clearly be ascertained.
Before the house of this lady the two Frenchmen now halted; Quévriant dismounted and threw his reins to the trumpeter, who remained in a state of no little fear and anxiety, while the Marshal boldly entered the house and ascended the stairs.

"Is Caroline at home?" asked Uncle Quévriant with great simplicity, of a servant whom he encountered.

The girl glanced at the coarse trooper's dress which he wore, and replied perily —

"The daughter of the house is so called, but she does not receive company at this time of night."

"Show me to her apartment nevertheless, you will see that she will give me better reception than you do."

To this however, the servant would by no means consent, and a lively dispute arose in consequence, in the midst of which a door was suddenly opened, and in the centre of a large party of ladies and gentlemen, the Marshal espied a figure that he at once recognised as that of the person whom he sought.

"Caroline!" exclaimed he, "I trust you will bid me welcome to Rothweil."

"Who is this?" said the master of the house, coming forward.

"Silence, Monsieur et allez-vous-en!" replied the Marshal.

"Quévriant! Marshal Quévriant! screamed Caroline clasping her hands together. The French! Merciful God, help us! The French are in the city!"

Quévriant stood for a moment perfectly bewildered by this outcry, time was precious however, the clang of weapons began to be heard, mixed with military commands in German; the Bavarian and Imperial soldiers who were quartered in the house were evidently arousing themselves, and the only course to be pursued was to make a hasty retreat; he swung himself into the saddle at the moment a party of infantry appeared upon the stairs. Ere they reached the door however the Frenchmen had galloped from the spot as fast as their horses could carry them, Sans-Regret pouring forth a torrent of curses on the stupidity of the "Uncle" that would have made the hair of that worthy person stand on end, had they not been drowned in the clatter of the horse's hoofs.

"Halt!" cried the Marshal pulling up his horse, — "Let us listen a moment."

It was evident that something of importance had taken place, musket shots were heard in the distance, presently orderlies were seen galloping through the streets at full speed, trumpets sounded and drums beat in every direction, and the alarm bells sounded from the churches. In a few moments the troops who had been ordered to the eastern suburbs, were seen hastening en masse towards the western gate; it was evident that the French had commenced their attack without waiting for the signal from their comrades within the town.

Plunging into the midst of the mass of confusion that filled the streets, Quévriant and the trumpeter made their way as fast as possible in the same direction. Arrived at the gate it was evident that a party of French were without, and that as yet but few German soldiers were on the spot to receive them, but as they were increasing every moment it was equally plain that unless the gate was speedily forced, the French would he repulsed.
"En avant!" shouted the Marshal; "dismount comrade, here Uncle Quebrion is only a common soldier!"

Drawing their swords, the two Frenchmen with loud shouts of "Vive le Roi" commenced hewing a path through the astonished Bavarians, towards the portcullis. These were instantaneously seized with a panic, they believed themselves attacked by a French column in the rear, and fled in every direction. Meanwhile the Marshal and his companion reached the portcullis, the lock of which Quebrion forced by firing a pistol into it; the grating was soon raised, and the Swiss infantry and the Musqueteers of Orleans, came pouring through the opening, and a confused mass of plumed hats, helmets, muskets and halberts, was seen rushing into the streets of the city, amidst deafening shouts of "Vive le Roi! Vive la France!"

The Bavarian troops from the other side of the town however now came up, and a fearful contest ensued; twice the French were driven back to the gate, but reinforced by fresh masses, they at length became masters of the city.

Some time elapsed before the absence of the commander was remarked, each officer supposing him employed in another part of the town. He was however nowhere to be found, and it was not until the next day, when the bodies of the slain were removed, that the corpse of "Uncle Quebrion" was discovered near the gate; beside him lay the faithful Sans-Regret; the Marshal had been killed by a musket ball, and the trumpeter by the thrust of a halbert.

The loss of their "Uncle" was long regretted by the French army, in which he was universally popular; the Duke d'Enghien undertook the command, until the arrival of Turenne; under whose orders it remained during the last scenes of the thirty years war, which was however soon after concluded by the peace of Münster and Osnabrück.

SIMEON IN THE TEMPLE.
Painted by G. VAN DER ECKHOUT.

The scene here represented, is that recorded in the second chapter of the Gospel according to St. Luke. Joseph and Mary have brought the infant Messiah to the Temple in order to sacrifice two turtle-doves, according to rites required by the Jewish law; the inspired Simeon has taken the divine infant in his arms, and is giving vent to the celebrated exclamation "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace according to thy word; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all people; a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel." Joseph and Mary are listening with wonder to the words of the devout priest, whose associates are observing the scene with gestures of curiosity and doubt, while the aged
prophetess Anna is seen ascending the steps in order "to give thanks unto the Lord, and to speak of him to all them that looked for redemption in Jerusalem."

It has been the opinion of many eminent divines, that the Simeon of the sacred text is identical with Rabban Simeon the son of the famous Hillel, and father of Gamaliel, at whose feet Paul sat. He was the first person who bore the distinguished title of Rabban, and certainly lived about this time. He was a very eminent man, being president of the council; in which office he succeeded his father, and was himself succeeded by his son; and some of the Jewish writers mention that Jesus of Nazareth was born in the time of this Simeon; as however Simeon was by no means an uncommon name among the Jews, there are perhaps no very strong grounds for this conjecture. One circumstance that has been adduced in support of it is, that although the Jewish writings are full of the opinions, dogmata, and praises, of Rabban Simeon's father and son, very little is said about himself, and no traditions are ascribed to him. This is an extraordinary circumstance, and would seem to show that he was little esteemed by the Jews, and the fact that he had acknowledged Jesus of Nazareth to be the Messiah, would furnish a very sufficient reason for the singular neglect with which his memory has been treated.

With regard to the prophetess Anna, no information is to be obtained, in addition to the few words recorded by St. Luke; it is evident however from that passage that she must have been a very aged woman. Girls according to the Jewish law were considered marriageable at twelve years of age; she had been married seven years when her husband died, and had remained a widow eighty-four years. She could not therefore have been less than a hundred and three years of age, and may have been several years older. The number of years she had remained a widow are no doubt mentioned as a matter of commendation; for although widows were quite at liberty to marry again, it was considered praiseworthy in them to abstain from doing so; and a woman who became a widow when still young, and remained the rest of her days in widowhood, was regarded with great respect and admiration.

Gerbrant van den Eckhout the painter of this picture, was born at Amsterdam in the year 1621, and is considered to be the most eminent of the numerous scholars of the celebrated Rembrandt. During the early part of his career, he devoted himself to portrait painting and obtained considerable reputation in that branch of art; his pictures being remarkable for their truthfulness, as well as for their lively and agreeable colouring. He afterwards attempted historical subjects with equal success, his performances showing great richness of imagination, power of expression, and good taste in the arrangement of the groups. In profound knowledge of chiar'oscuro, and brilliancy of colouring, he approached his great master nearer than any other of his pupils, his drawing is however occasionally negligent, and he paid little attention to propriety of costume.

Besides the present picture, another of the same subject in the Museum at Berlin, and a Christ disputing with the Doctors, in the Pinakotek at Munich, deserve to be honourably mentioned; he also left behind him numerous etchings, which are now highly valued. He expired in the year 1674.
We here see the legendary Champion of England, "thrice renowned Saint George," engaged in his famous combat with the fiery Dragon. According to various ancient traditions, legends, and romances, this personage was a kind of Knight Errant, whose business it was to travel about for the purpose of righting wrongs, and redressing grievances. In the course of his wanderings he visited Egypt, which at this time was afflicted by the ravages of a tremendous Dragon, which devastated the whole country, and was only to be kept in good humour by the daily sacrifice of a young virgin. How his taste in this particular was discovered, or how this singular compromise between the monster and the inhabitants came to be arranged, the story does not inform us; but it appears that even Royalty was not exempted from furnishing these unusual rations, and at the moment of the Knight's arrival, the King's daughter was about to supply a supper to this troublesome customer. St. George however, considered it to be his duty as a good Knight, to interfere in the matter at once; and after a desperate battle, he succeeded in slaying the Dragon, and rescuing the Princess.

How this legend, which notwithstanding its absurdity, was devoutly believed during the middle ages, came to be applied to St. George, the real circumstances of whose life are better known than those of most catholic saints, it is difficult to explain; it is possible however, that it conceals under the veil of allegory, certain real facts: we have only to suppose that the King of Egypt's daughter represents the suffering church in that country, which was rescued from being devoured by the Dragon of Paganism, by the exertions of the saint; and the story becomes sufficiently probable and intelligible. Or as St. George was an Arian, it is not unlikely that the Princess represents the city of Alexandria, and the Dragon his great orthodox rival St. Athanasius. However this may be, there can be little doubt that to the marvels of this story, when taken in a literal sense, St. George owes the greater part of his renown. As far as facts are concerned, St. George flourished in the fourth century; during the exile of St. Athanasius, he was elected to the vacant Episcopal throne of Alexandria, and was murdered in a popular tumult in that city A. D. 361. The first Catholic who acknowledges him as a saint is Pope Gelasius (A. D. 494), in the sixth century however, his name was already revered in Palestine, in Armenia, at Rome, and at Treves in Gaul. His fame and popularity in Europe, and especially in England, proceeded from the Crusades.

We subjoin the real biography of this famous Saint and Martyr, in the nervous language of the great historian of the Roman Empire.
George, from his parents or his education, surnamed the Cappadocian, was born at Epiphania in Cilicia, in a fuller's shop. From this obscure and servile origin, he raised himself by the talents of a parasite; and the patrons whom he assiduously flattered, procured for their worthless dependant a lucrative commission, or contract, to supply the army with bacon. His employment was mean; he rendered it infamous. He accumulated wealth by the basest arts of fraud and corruption; but his malversations were so notorious that George was compelled to escape from the pursuits of justice. After his disgrace, in which he appears to have saved his fortune at the expense of his honour, he embraced with real or affected zeal, the profession of Ariantism. From the love or the ostentation of learning, he collected a valuable library of history, rhetoric, philosophy, and theology; and the choice of the reigning faction promoted George of Cappadocia to the throne of Athanasius. The entrance of the new archbishop was that of a conqueror; and each moment of his reign was polluted by cruelty and avarice. The Catholics of Alexandria and Egypt were abandoned to a tyrant, qualified by nature and education, to exercise the office of persecution; but he oppressed with an impartial hand the various inhabitants of his extensive diocese. The primate of Egypt assumed the pomp and insolence of his lofty station; but he still betrayed the vices of his base and servile extraction. The merchants of Alexandria were impoverished by the unjust, and almost universal, monopoly which he acquired, of nitre, salt, paper, funerals etc., and the spiritual father of a great people condescended to practise the vile and pernicious arts of an informer. The Alexandrians could never forget, nor forgive, the tax which he suggested on all the houses of the city, under an obsolete claim, that the royal founder had conveyed to his successors, the Ptolemies and the Caesars, the perpetual property of the soil. The Pagans, who had been flattered with the hopes of freedom and toleration, excited his devout avarice; and the rich temples of Alexandria were either pillaged or insulted by the haughty prelate, who exclaimed in a loud and threatening tone, "How long will these sepulchres be permitted to stand?". Under the reign of Constantius, he was expelled by the fury or rather by the justice of the people; and it was not without a violent struggle, that the civil and military powers of the state could restore his authority, and gratify his revenge. The messenger who proclaimed at Alexandria the accession of Julian, announced the downfall of the archbishop. George, with two of his most obsequious ministers, Count Diodorus, and Dracontius the master of the mint, were ignominiously dragged in chains to the public prison. At the end of twenty-four days, the prison was forced open by the rage of a superstitious multitude, impatient of the tedious forms of judicial proceedings. The enemies of gods and men expired under the most cruel insults; the lifeless bodies of the archbishop and his associates were carried in triumph through the streets on the back of a camel; and the inactivity of the Athenian party was esteemed a shining example of evangelical patience. The remains of these guilty wretches were thrown into the sea; and the popular leaders of the tumult declared their resolution to disappoint the devotion of the Christians, and to intercept the future honours of these martyrs, who had been punished, like their predecessors, by the enemies

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

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Jacob and Rachel

Jacob and Rachel
of their religion. The fears of the Pagans were just, and their precautions ineffectual. The meritorious death of the archbishop obliterated the memory of his life. The rival of Athanasius was dear and sacred to the Arians, and the seeming conversion of those sectaries introduced his worship into the bosom of the Catholic church. The odious stranger, disguising every circumstance of time and place, assumed the mask of a martyr, a saint, and a Christian hero; and the infamous George of Cappadocia has been transformed into the renowned St. George of England, the patron of arms, of chivalry, and of the garter."

Gianfrancesco Penni, the painter of this picture, entered the world at Florence in the year 1488, and received his first instructions in art in that city. He afterwards removed to Rome, and became a pupil of Raphael d’Urbino; next to Giulio Romano he was the most intimate friend and most trusted assistant of that great master, and to this circumstance he was indebted for his by-name of "il Fattore." He assisted Raphael especially in drawing cartoons for tapestry, and executed the colouring of the picture of Abraham and Isaac in the colonnade of the Vatican. Many of the works of Raphael that remained unfinished at the death of that artist, were completed by Penni; among these is the assumption of the Virgin, at present in the Vatican, the lower part of the picture was however painted by Giulio Romano. He executed several works in fresco at Rome, all of which have been destroyed by time, and his easel pictures are now extremely rare even in Italy. He transferred his conceptions to the canvas with great ease, and worked out the details with much grace and elegance, he was also celebrated for his skill as a landscape painter. After the death of his friend and master, he visited Mantua where he wished to unite himself with Giulio Romano, but being coldly received by that master, he after a short stay, continued his journey to Naples. Here he exerted a considerable influence on the progress of art, partly by the exhibition of his admirable copy of Raphael’s transfiguration, now in the palace Chiara Colonna at Rome, and partly by means of his celebrated scholar, Lionardi il Pistoja. Penni departed this life in the year 1528.

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JACOB AND RACHEL.

Painted by Giorgione.

The subject of this picture, is the first meeting between Jacob and his cousin Rachel, as described in the twenty-ninth chapter of the book of Genesis. In a lovely valley, enlivened by the presence of numerous flocks and herds, the Patriarch encounters his future spouse, and salutes her with the kiss of relationship; and in the tender manner in
which the painter has represented this kiss as being given and returned, we seem to see the first dawn of that ardent passion, which made the tedious probation of seven years service pass so lightly, that "they seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had to her.

Perhaps nothing affords a more incontrovertible proof of the truth of the sacred writings, than the fact that the manners and customs described in them, still continue to exist in the East even at the present day; thus Burckhart mentions in his "Travels in Syria," that it is still the custom in that country for an unprovided young man, such as Jacob was at this time, to serve the father whose daughter he seeks in marriage, instead of making the presents or payments, which are expected from an Oriental bridegroom. In his account of the inhabitants of the Ilouran, a district to the south of Damascus, this traveller says, "I once met with a young man who had served eight years for his food only; at the expiration of that period he obtained in marriage the daughter of his master, for whom he would otherwise have had to pay seven or eight hundred piasters. When I saw him he had been married three years, but he complained bitterly of the conduct of his father-in-law, who continued to require of him the performance of the most servile offices without paying him anything, and thus prevented him from setting up for himself and family." In his account of Herek also, the same traveller describes it as a customary thing for a young man without property, to serve the father five or six years, as a menial servant, in compensation for the price of the girl; and it is well for him, if the warmth of his affection enables the time to glide by with the same rapidity as it did with Jacob.

The scriptural reader will no doubt recollect, that when Jacob made the proposal to Laban, to serve him seven years for his daughter Rachel, that he replied, "It is better that I should give her to thee, than that I should give her to another man." This is perfectly in accordance with existing Arab usages; the propriety of giving a female in marriage to the nearest relation who can lawfully marry her, is still generally recognised among the Bedouins and other Oriental tribes. It will be observed that Jacob was the first cousin of Laban's daughters, and in that character had the best possible claim to the hand of one of them in marriage. Among the Arab tribes at the present day, a man has the exclusive right to the hand of his first cousin; he is not compelled to marry her, but she cannot be given to another without his consent, and the father of the girl cannot refuse him if he offers a reasonable payment, which is always something less than would be demanded of a stranger.

The deception which was practised upon Jacob on the day of his marriage, by substituting Leah the elder daughter of Laban, instead of Rachel, is still not uncommon in Asiatic countries, where the custom of veiling the bride closely during the marriage ceremonies, affords every facility required for the purpose. The Rev. John Hartley in his 'Researches in Greece and the Levant' relates an anecdote of a young Armenian in Smyrna, who solicited in marriage a younger daughter who had obtained his preference. The girl's parents consented to the match; but when the time for solemnizing the mar-
riage arrived, the eldest daughter was conducted by the parents to the altar, and the young man was quite unconsciously married to her; nor was the deception discovered until it was too late to rectify it. Mr. Hartley adds that the excuse of the father on this occasion, was precisely the same as that of Laban, "It must not be so done in our country, to give the younger before the first born." Jacob however had one advantage over the young Armenian, inasmuch as the marriage with Leah did not prevent him from also uniting himself with Rachel, although he was compelled to purchase her by a second servitude of seven years. The marrying a second sister during the life time of the first, was subsequently forbidden by the law of Moses, but it continued to be common among the Arabs until the time of Mohammed, by whom such connexions were declared unlawful.

The costume in which Giorgione has clothed the figures of Jacob and Rachel in this picture, cannot fail to strike every observer as singularly inappropriate; but it must be recollected that this painter in common with the whole of the ancient masters, were completely ignorant of the manners and customs of the East, and that it is only within the last twenty years, that the researches of numerous travellers have established the probability, that the dress of the patriarchs was in almost all respects similar to that of the Bedouin Arabs of the present day. In their ignorance of such matters, which however they do not seem to have considered as of much importance, they either dressed their figures in the costume of their own times, or invented a dress for the occasion such as was never worn by any people on the face of the earth. Raphael who appears to have felt the absurdity of exhibiting saints and apostles in modern dresses, evaded the difficulty by adopting a kind of conventional costume for his figures, which from its simplicity, was admirably adapted for giving dignity and grandeur to his compositions; in this respect he has been followed by the majority of modern painters, the more readily as the researches of the curious have not been able to ascertain what style of dress was used among the Jews during the later periods of their history, although the probability is, that its general form was not unlike that which is still in use in the East at the present time.

Many of the anachronisms of the old masters would appear however, to be the effect of wilfulness or of indifference, rather than of ignorance. In an ancient picture of the crucifixion, in the Dresden gallery, a clumsy matchlock gun is seen in the foreground, forming part of the accoutrements of the Roman soldiers who are casting lots for the garments of the Redeemer, and in the beautiful painting of St. Simeon in the Temple, by Eckhout, in the same collection, a Jewish priest is contemplating the features of the infant saviour through the medium of a huge pair of spectacles; yet it is scarcely possible that either of the painters of these pictures, could have been ignorant that fire-arms and spectacles, are articles of comparatively recent invention. Errors of this description do not of course render these pictures less valuable as works of Art, but it must be admitted that by destroying the illusion which a good painting ought to produce, of making us for the moment, imagine we see the real scene which the artist has portrayed,
they detract considerably, from the effect which the painting would otherwise produce on the minds of ordinary spectators.

Giorgio Barbarelli, surnamed from the place of his birth Giorgione da Castelfranco, was born in the year 1477, he was a pupil of Giovanni Bellini, and a cotemporary and rival of the famous Titian. While still a pupil, the knowledge of his own powers led him to despise the strict attention to minatura, which formed so large a portion of the study of the earlier painters, and he introduced a bolder and more rapid method of handling the pencil. As he advanced in life, his style became grander, his outlines holder, and his countenances more full of life and nature. He was the first to discard the hard and dry manner which had hitherto been the characteristic of the Venetian school; he introduced the softness of outline, the more flowing style of drapery, the brilliancy of colouring, and exquisite roundness in the limbs of his figures, that were afterwards carried to their highest perfection by Titian and his successors. He adorned the exterior of his house in Venice with fresco paintings, and induced many of his fellow citizens to follow the example; his portraits are inimitable, those of the two Doges of Venice, Barberigo and Loredano, have been considered the perfection of the art; they have been characterized as possessing every excellence which mind, dignity, truth, freshness, and contrast, can confer: a portrait of the famous Scanderbeg, and another of the satirist Berni have also obtained the warmest approbation. Having been told on one occasion that painting was an inferior art to sculpture, because in the former art, all sides of a figure could not be made visible, Giorgione undertook to represent the human form, so that all sides should be seen; this he executed in a very ingenious manner, by drawing the back of a figure, whose form and face were reflected in a fountain, while a polished suit of armour reflected the left side, and a mirror the right. The style in which this painting was executed met with great commendation.

The greater part of the works of Giorgione consisted of fresco paintings on the fronts of the houses and palaces of Venice, few if any, of which now remain; his easel pictures are also extremely rare; the best extant, is said to be a "finding of Moses" in the Episcopal palace at Milan, but his most admired work is that from which the engraving before us is taken: here the master accomplished that which he conceived, and exhibited that which he felt: it is impossible for the fervour of a kiss to be exhibited in a warmer or more lively manner. The career of Giorgione was unfortunately a short one, a too ardent passion for the fair sex, deprived the world of his talents at the early age of thirty-four years. He died in 1511.
THE MAGDALEN.

Painted by Francesco Gessii.

This favorite subject of the Italian masters, appears for the third time in this selection, but although Gessi, like Correggio and Franceschini, exhibits the fair penitent in all the bloom of youth and beauty, the treatment of the subject is still essentially different from that of either of these masters. In the one we have seen the lovely sinner seeking comfort in solitude, and the study of some sacred book; in the other, she is sinking exhausted from the effects of self inflicted penance, in the arms of her friends or servants. We now see by the expression of trustfulness and confidence, which beams from her features as she gazes on the crucifix, that mercy and forgiveness have been sought and found; and the glory that streams around her beautiful head, indicates that the church has already enrolled her in its army of saints.

Francesco Gessi, the author of this beautiful creation, was descended from a noble family of Bologna, and was born in that city in the year 1583. He was intended by his parents for the legal profession, the dry study of which was however little suited to his restless and turbulent disposition. He soon forsook the desk for the easel, and became successively the pupil of D. Calvart, and J. B. Cremonini; his violent temper, and dissipated conduct, caused him to be expelled from the Ateliers of both these masters, and he then placed himself under the guidance of G. Reni. He now made rapid progress, and the elegance and beauty of his style attracted the attention and procured him the applause of the celebrated Guido, who declared his works to entitle him to a place beside the Bolognese master G. Semenza, this applause was however repaid by Gessi with unthankfulness and abuse. He continued nevertheless to follow the style of that master, and his designs were full of spirit and genius; in technical facility Gessi was even superior to Guido; but like most rapid painters he misused his abilities in this respect, and although his picture of St. Francis, in the Nunziata in Bologna, procured him the by-name of "the second Guido," the execution of many of his paintings is careless, and even slovenly, and the drawing is not unfrequently incorrect; a certain grace and elegance of manner is however always to be observed even in the most negligent of his works. He endeavoured to imitate Guido's second manner, but his style is drier and less vigorous than that of his original; some of the less happy performances of Guido, are however difficult to distinguish from those of Gessi. His school at Bologna was visited by numerous scholars, but not until after the departure of Guido. Gessi expired in the year 1649.
Four Nymphs returning from the chase, accompanied by their dogs, are met and accosted by three Satyrs or Fauns, richly laden with fruit, which they appear to be offering to the fair Huntresses either as a gift, or in exchange for the spoils of the chase. The foremost of the Nymphs, from the richness of the ornaments in her hair, and the nobility of her general appearance, seems to be of a higher rank than her companions, and perhaps notwithstanding that she carries a spear, instead of the bow which is the usual attribute of Diana, we have before us the painter's ideal of sylvan Goddess. To her it is that the followers of Bacchus are making their offerings, and judging from the manner in which the principal Satyr turns, as if to accompany the Nymphs, they have been accepted, and the hairy demi-god is about to bear them to the resting place of the beauteous votaries of the chase. The forms of the graceful, although certainly somewhat plump Huntresses, contrast well with the grotesque ugliness of the Satyrs, and the naked flesh and rich colours of the fruit, afford the artist an excellent opportunity for exhibiting the softness and brilliancy of colouring, which together with the unfailing richness of his imagination, have made the name of Rubens one of the most famous in the history of art.

Many and long have been the disputes concerning the birth-place of this great master, and the seven cities of Greece never disputed the honour of having produced Homer, with greater zeal than Antwerp and Cologne, have urged their respective claims to that of being the natal city of the "Prince of Painters." The dispute was finally set at rest in 1840, by the discovery of an autograph letter of the master, dated the 23rd of July, 1637, in which he states that he had always a great affection for the city of Cologne in consequence of having resided there until the tenth year of his age. Rubens enjoyed from his earliest childhood the advantage of the most careful and well directed education; his father Johann Rubens, was a Doctor of Laws, and held the office of Judge in the city of Antwerp, but in consequence of the troubled state of the Netherlands, he gave up his post, and retired in 1568, to the city of Cologne. Here his wife Mary Pypelinks, bore him his first son Philip in 1574; and here on the festival of St. Peter and St. Paul, in the year 1577, our artist first saw the light. The family of Rubens remained in Cologne until the death of Johann, which occurred in 1589, shortly after which event, the widow removed with her seven children to Antwerp. Here Rubens became for a short time the page of the Countess Lalaing, but this service not being to his taste, he returned to his mother. His relatives now destined him to follow the same career as his father, he however employed all his spare time in drawing, and after some difficulty procured his mother's consent to devote himself to painting. His first teacher was the landscape painter Theodore Verhaegt, he afterwards studied under Van Oort, who enjoyed a good repute
as a colourist, but whose rude manners soon disgusted his pupil. He then became the scholar of the respected and highly educated Otto Van Veen (O. Venius), and under his guidance, the talents of the young artist developed themselves with extraordinary rapidity; and by his advice Rubens repaired in the year 1600, to Italy, in order to complete his artistic education.

Few painters have visited Italy, so thoroughly prepared to appreciate the advantages which a residence in that country affords to the student of art, as Rubens. He was well acquainted with classical antiquity, and a perfect master of the Latin language; from Verhaegt he had acquired a considerable knowledge of landscape painting, Van Oort had instructed him in the secrets of colouring, and to Venius he was indebted for a well grounded cognizance of Anatomy, Perspective, and Chiar, oscuro, together with much important information with regard to composition. Previous to his departure, he had produced several pictures of a high character, among which an “Adoration of the Magi,” and another representing “the Trinity” had excited universal approbation. Rubens first visited Venice, and after a short stay in that city, repaired to Mantua, where he entered the service of the Duke Vicenzo di Gonzaga. Here he enjoyed an excellent opportunity of studying the works of Giulio Romano; in the latter part of the year 1601, he visited Rome, but remained on this occasion but a short time. Soon after his return to Mantua, he obtained leave from the Duke to return to Venice, in order to study the works of Titian and Paul Veronese, and the fruits of this study were shown in three pictures, which he executed at this time for the church of the Jesuits in Mantua. The excellence of these paintings induced the Duke to employ him to copy several of the most famous works of art at Rome, and while employed on this commission, he found time to execute three large pictures for the Archduke Albert. In 1605 he was recalled to Mantua, in order to undertake the presentation of a magnificent state carriage and six horses of extraordinary beauty, to the King of Spain. Rubens was received at the court of Madrid in the most gracious manner, both in his capacity of ambassador, and as an artist; he painted the portrait of Philip III., and those of the principal persons of the court; and it is probable that his copies of the three pictures by Titian, the Venus and Adonis, the Diana and Acteon, and the rape of Europa, were executed during his residence in Spain.

On his return to Mantua, he again obtained permission to visit Rome; here he met with his brother Philip, who was engaged in studying the Architectural antiquities of that city. Philip published a work on this subject in 1608, the drawings for which were executed by Peter Paul, who also contributed his assistance to the literary department. From Rome he repaired to Genoa, where in addition to numerous paintings, he executed drawings of the most remarkable churches and palaces in that city; these drawings were afterwards engraved, and published by him at Antwerp, in 1622.

His residence at Genoa was disturbed by the intelligence of the dangerous illness of his mother, on the receipt of which, he returned with all possible speed to Antwerp, his haste was however of no avail, his mother had died some time before his arrival. This event preyed so deeply on his spirits, that he retired to the Abbey of St. Michael,
where he resided upwards of four months in the closest seclusion. At the end of this
time he determined to return to Mantua; in the meantime however, he received so pressing
an invitation from the Archduke Albert, to accept the office of painter to the Vice-regal
court of Brussels, that he consented to remain, on condition that he should be permitted
to reside at Antwerp. The patent appointing him painter to the court, was dated the
23rd of September, 1609, but the document is no longer in existence. Rubens now built
himself a house, which from its external architecture, and its internal arrangements, was
a worthy residence for a great artist. Between the court-yard and the garden, he erected
a spacious rotunda, the interior of which received its light from a window in the dome,
and in this apartment Rubens exhibited the productions of his genius to public inspection.
In 1609, he led his first wife Elizabeth Brant to the altar, she presented him with a
son in 1614, who received the name of Albert, in consequence of the Archduke having
held him at the Font. The number of pictures executed by Rubens at this period of his
life is truly wonderful, and nothing but the most untiring industry, combined with the
most astonishing rapidity of execution, could have enabled him to produce the astounding
quantity of works attributed to him, and of the authenticity of which there can be no
question.

Among the most famous of his pictures of this period, is the Descent from the Cross,
at present in the Cathedral at Antwerp. The history of this painting is thus given by
Gachet.

In the year 1610, Rubens purchased a piece of ground of the company of Arquebus-
siers in Antwerp, a dispute subsequently arose concerning a boundary wall, and Rubens
to accommodate the matter offered to paint a picture for the chapel of the company.
According to the registers of the association this proposal was accepted in 1611, and
the life of St. Christopher, the patron saint of the Arquebusiers, was to form the sub-
ject of the painting. Instead of this, Rubens painted the Descent from the cross, in
which St. Christopher appears as the man who is hearing the body of Jesus. This
however the worshipful company of Arquebusiers could by no means understand, they
declared they had bargained for a St. Christopher, and a St. Christopher they would have.
The matter was arranged after some difficulty, by the proposal of a friend of of Rubens,
that he should paint a colossal figure of the saint, on the doors of the wooden case that
enclosed the picture. To this he agreed, and as a mark of his sense of the wisdom of
the company, added the figure of a large Owl.

Through the execution of the Descent from the cross, and other pictures of similar
excellence, the fame of Rubens rose daily higher, and in 1620, Marie de Medici sum-
moned him to Paris, to decorate with his works the newly erected palace of the Luxembourg;
his first commission was twenty-one pictures of the most remarkable circumstances in
the life of the Queen. Rubens made the sketches on the spot, and also painted the
portraits of the Queen and her parents; the paintings were however, for the most part
executed by his pupils. In 1625, he took the paintings for the first gallery to Paris,
where he painted two other pictures. The Queen took great delight in seeing him paint,
but he had nevertheless great difficulty in procuring payment for his works. He was also dissatisfied with the description of the paintings, which appeared in the form of a poem entitled "Porticus Maedicae," in 1626, by an author named Morisot. These pictures are of various degrees of excellence, according to the various degrees of ability possessed by the pupils by whom they were painted, they are all in the absurd mythological taste of the time, in which modern persons and costumes, are mixed up with representations of the Gods and Heroes of antiquity. Rubens also received a commission to paint the second gallery, which was to consist of scenes from the life of Henry IV. but these were not executed, in consequence of Marie de Medecis being compelled to leave France.

While in Paris, Rubens became acquainted with the celebrated Duke of Buckingham, to whom he sold his collection of antiquities and works of art, for which the Duke paid no less a sum than ten thousand pounds. He however began again immediately to collect, and in a short time was in possession of one of the finest cabinets in Europe. In 1628 Rubens commenced his career as a diplomatist, having been sent by the Archduke Albert to the court of Madrid, to urge upon its consideration, the dangerous state of the Netherlands. Rubens succeeded in winning the confidence of the king, and that of the prime minister, the Duke of Olivares, but the negotiations for peace with England were broken off in consequence of the indecision of the court. While in Madrid, Rubens painted portraits of the whole of the royal family, together with an equestrian picture of the king. Philip IV. loaded the painter with honours, and appointed him to the post of secretary to the privy council, but money was so scarce at this time at the Spanish court, that even for his travelling expenses, he could only procure an order for repayment on the treasury in Brussels.

After the return of Rubens, the affairs of Spain became so threatening, that he was appointed to visit England to renew the negotiations for peace. The choice of Rubens for this office was occasioned by the well known love that Charles I., had for the fine arts, as well as for the literary and classical accomplishments, of which Rubens was so perfect a master. The painter found means to make himself personally agreeable to the king, who listened readily to the proposals for peace of which he was the bearer; nevertheless the diplomatic arrangements occupied so long a time, that Rubens found leisure to paint several pictures; the first, which he presented to the king, represented St. George rescuing the Princess of Egypt from the Dragon, the figure of the knight being a portrait of Charles, and that of the Princess, a portrait of his Queen. He also painted an assumption of the Virgin for the Earl of Arundel, and in all probability made the sketches for the ceiling of the banqueting room in Whitehall. The king created him a knight in 1630, and presented him with a valuable sword, and on the conclusion of the peace, he received a service of silver, and a portrait of Charles, attached to a chain of gold, which he was in the habit of wearing ever afterwards, it also appears that he received three thousand pounds for the pictures which he executed for the king.

Rubens had conducted his diplomatic business at the English court with such success, that on his return to Madrid, he was loaded with rewards and praises, and obtained the
promise that his post of secretary to the privy council, should be continued to his eldest son. After painting several pictures, and obtaining commissions for others to be executed at Antwerp, he returned to that city, and shortly afterwards married his second wife, (his first having died in 1628,) a rich and beautiful girl only sixteen years of age. He employed her frequently as a model, and her likeness may be recognised in many of his historical pictures. In the later years of his life, he was overburdened with commissions, and in most cases he did little more than make the sketches and put the finishing touches, to the pictures which were painted by his pupils. From the year 1635, he was subject to frequent and violent attacks of the gout, which prevented him from painting anything but small easel pictures, and these were for the most part landscapes. He now lived entirely and only for his art; his house was open at all times to artists who required his advice or assistance, and though he seldom went abroad, he was ever ready to visit the houses of his brother painters, in order to give his judgment on a new work of art. He gave his opinion with candour and kindness, he knew how to find some beauty in almost every picture that was submitted to him; and where the artist had failed, he pointed out the cause of the failure, and not unfrequently illustrated his remarks by working on the painting with his own hand. In this manner he visited the best artists of the time in Holland, such as A. Bloenart and Poelenburg, praised each of them with judgment, and purchased several pictures of the last named painter.

The great wealth of Rubens, and the magnificence which he loved to display, naturally led to envy, and envy to detraction; the display of these feelings, he ever met with dignity and mildness: when Roubouts challenged him to paint a picture for a wager, and allow all connoisseurs to decide which was the best; Rubens replied that it was unnecessary, as he had for many years exhibited his pictures to the judgment of the public, and advised him to do the same. When a report was industriously spread abroad that Rubens employed Snyders, Uden, and Wilder, as his assistants, only because he was unable to paint either landscapes or animals; he replied by painting four landscapes, and two hunting scenes, which effectually put his detractors to silence.

The last days of his life were embittered by almost incessant attacks of the painful disease under which he laboured, and on the 20th of May, in the year 1640, death put an end to his sufferings, at the age of sixty-three years. His funerary obsequies were performed with the utmost splendour, and as the prince of painters a golden crown was carried before him to the grave. The spot where his ashes rest, in the church of St. James at Antwerp, is marked by one of the best productions of his hand; it represents the adoration of the Virgin by St. Bonaventura and three women, two of which are portraits of the wives of the painter, and Rubens himself appears in the character of St. George; in the foreground is St. Jerome with the lion. A simple marble tablet, contains his epitaph in the Latin language, stating his worth as a man of learning, a painter, and a statesman; and that the chapel and monument were erected to his memory by his widow.

Rubens left behind him a princely fortune; his collection of paintings, statues, and
Un Troupeau
A Herd  Eine Herde
medals, was sold after his death, pursuant to the directions contained in this last testament; they realized no less a sum than 1,010,000 Florins. His drawings he bequeathed to such of his sons as should devote themselves to painting. His eldest son obtained considerable reputation for learning, but survived his father but a few years; of his younger son and his daughter, little is known. His widow married the Flemish Baron, Von Brigeich.

The criticisms on the works of Rubens are countless, and neither our space nor our inclination, permits us to add to the number; it may be sufficient to state that for the exhaustless richness of his imagination, and for the warmth, brilliancy, and transparency of his colouring, he stands almost without a rival. His treatment of flesh is especially worthy of admiration, and fully justifies the exclamation of Guido Reni, who on his first seeing a picture by Rubens, asked. — “Does this master mix blood with his colours?” In subjects requiring elevation of sentiment he was by no means successful, he was incapable of comprehending the ideal, or of treading out of the circle of ordinary life, his goddesses and heroines are mere handsome Flemish girls, and even his copies of the Italian masters, display the same Flemish countenances, and the same fulness of outline, which invariably characterise his original productions.

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A HERD AT REST.

Painted by J. H. Roos.

Among the painters of German origin, whose abilities have added to the lustre of the Dutch school of art, the name of Johann Heinrich Roos is one of the most considerable. He was born at Ottendorf in the Palatinate in 1681, and like Caspar Netscher was the son of a painter of mediocre abilities. In 1640 his family removed to Amsterdam, in consequence of the religious persecutions in Germany, and here the talents of young Johann attracted the attention of the historical painter Du Jardin, from whom he received his first lessons; he afterwards became a scholar of De Rye, and while with this artist, he painted a scene in the Palatinate from recollection, in such an excellent manner, that master counseled him to devote his attention solely to this branch of art.

Roos followed the advice, and until later in life when the love of money induced him to paint portraits, he dedicated himself entirely to landscape and animal painting. The excellence of the figures both of men and animals with which Roos invariably enriched
his pictures adds not a little to their worth, and this rendered his works the more admired, as at that time it had become the fashion for landscape painters to entrust the figures in their pictures to other hands. An especial charm in the works of Roos is the harmony that exists between the figures and the landscape, and this harmony gives a life and reality to his pictures, that has seldom been equalled. His paintings are consequently free from that air of passiveness and phlegm, that too often characterizes the landscapes of the Dutch masters, and they have a certain degree of relationship to the charming and graceful creations of Berchem. Roos however avoids the contrasts in the composition, in which that master delighted; his colouring is neither so warm nor so luxuriant as that of Berchem, it is however clearer, of a more aerial character, and appeals more directly to the understanding of the spectator.

Berchem, although a good animal painter, exhibits a nervousness and anxiety in the execution of his landscape figures, from which those of Roos are entirely free; he painted his figures on the contrary with a bold and full pencil, his groups are free transcripts from nature, transferred to the canvas with mingled vigour, grace, and elegance.

In the year 1657, Roos was seized with a desire to revisit his native land, and the neighbourhood of the court of Hesse and that of the Bishop of Mainz, induced him to fix his residence at Frankfort. Here he obtained ample employment as a portrait painter, he also painted several pictures of fairs, markets, etc. His portraits are not of a high degree of excellence; but they were merely undertaken for profit, while his landscapes and animal pieces were inspired by a true love of art. It would seem that Roos had at some part of his life found an opportunity of visiting Italy, as many of his pictures represent scenes in that country. He met with his death in 1685, himself and house having been destroyed by fire.

His brother Theodore, who assisted him in many of his works, more especially his portraits, was also a pupil of De Bye. His two sons Johann Melchior, and Philip Peter, also possessed considerable abilities, but they were of dissipated and idle habits, and their works are not to be compared in excellence with those of their father.

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A PORTRAIT.

Painted by Anthony Vanbyke.

It is to be regretted that the name and rank of the original of this noble portrait have been lost in oblivion. By some it has been supposed to represent a Hospodar, or Prince of Wallachia or Moldavia; by others it has been held to be the portrait
of an artist, a friend and cotemporary of the painter. The richly furred robe, the
green velvet cap, and golden chain, together with the lordly air of the figure, renders
the first of these conjectures the most probable; but as no historical information is to
be obtained on the subject, it is possible that both ideas are equally far from the truth.
Whoever the original may have been, the expression of the countenance, the simplicity
and dignity of the attitude, and the admirable manner in which the subject has been
treated by the artist, renders this picture one of the most admired works of the first of
portrait painters.

Anthony Vandyke was born at Antwerp in the year 1599, he imbibed the rudiments
of art during his earliest boyhood, his father having been a painter on glass, who occa-
sionally executed landscapes, in which he was assisted by his wife. After receiving some
instructions from Van Balen, the fame of Rubens induced Vandyke to become a pupil of
that master, who soon perceived his ability, and employed him to execute parts of some
of his best pictures. That Vandyke was considered the best painter in the school of
Rubens, with the exception of the master, is proved by his being chosen by the rest of
the scholars to repair an accident which happened to the celebrated painting of the
"Descent from the cross." As the pupils were observing this painting while in an un-
finished state, one of them pushed Diepenbach, who fell against a part of the picture
where the colours were still wet, and obliterated part of the foreground; Vandyke was
persuaded to repair the damage, and he is said to have imitated the handling of Rubens
with such fidelity, that the master did not discover the alteration.

By the advice of Rubens, Vandyke resolved to visit Italy, and previous to his departure
he presented that master with three of his best pictures, and received in return a valuable
horse. Arrived at Brussels however, he became enamoured of a beautiful peasant girl,
who resided in the village of Savethem, and delayed his journey a considerable time on
her account. During this delay he painted two altar-pieces for the village church; one
representing St. George, contained portraits of himself and horse, and the other a Holy
Family, represented his mistress and her parents. With great difficulty Vandyke at length
tore himself from his rustic charmer, and proceeded on his journey to Venice, where he
studied the works of Titian and Paul Veronese.

From Venice he repaired to Genoa, where he obtained numerous commissions, and
many of his best works were executed in that city. Here in the Durazzo Gallery, is
still to be seen his magnificent portrait of the Duke of Monaco on horseback, which is
well known through the excellent engraving by Raphael Morghen. After some stay in
Genoa, Vandyke visited Rome, where he painted the portrait of Cardinal Bentivoglio, and
executed several other works for private individuals, but having involved himself in some
disputes with the members of the academy, he returned to Genoa; and after a short
stay, repaired to Sicily, where he obtained ample employment, but having been driven
from that island by the outbreak of the plague, he returned to Flanders.

The first great work of Vandyke after his return, was a St. Augustin in cestacy, in which
he displayed the improvement resulting from his study of the ancient masters. He also
obtained from Roger Bray, the canon of the collegiate church at Courtrai, a commission to paint a large altar-piece. The chapter however were not pleased with the picture, and expressed their dissatisfaction to the painter in a most uncourteous manner; but having been assured by several connoisseurs, that the painting was of a high character, they covered their want of taste by a commission for two other pictures. Vandyke however informed the chapter that he intended in future "to paint for men, and not for Asses;" and the commission was consequently given to Caspar De Crayter. Vandyke now renewed his acquaintance with Rubens, who offered him his daughter in marriage, which was declined by him, it is said in consequence of his having conceived a passion for her step-mother. His reckless, and dissipated conduct, having involved him in various disagreeable affairs at Antwerp, he accepted an invitation from Prince Frederic of Orange, to visit the Hague. Here he painted all the principal persons of the court, several Ambassadors, and many of the more wealthy Merchants. He afterwards visited England, but not meeting with a warm reception in that country, he returned to Antwerp. With his second visit to England however, commenced the most brilliant epoch of Vandyke's career; he was received in the most distinguished manner by Charles 1., who created him a knight, and presented him with a golden collar decorated with brilliants. He was appointed painter to the court with a liberal salary, and a residence at Blackfriars for the Winter, and another at Eltham for the Summer.

Vandyke executed an immense number of works in England, and that country is still extremely rich in the paintings of this master. Charles himself sat to him several times, and from an early hour in the morning until four o'clock in the afternoon, a constant succession of visitors crowded the house of the artist, in order to solicit the honour of being immortalized by his hand, and they awaited their turns for an audience, in a saloon in which music was performed, and refreshments provided. At four o'clock he dined, and the evenings he devoted to pleasure, which he pursued with an eagerness which injured his health, and eventually shortened his days. From this dissipated career, his friend the Duke of Buckingham sought to wean him, by promoting his marriage with Lady Mary Ruthven, the daughter of the Earl of Gore, a lady of great beauty and accomplishments.

Soon after his marriage, Vandyke revisited his native country, and after a short stay, proceeded to Paris, where he hoped to obtain the commission to paint the Gallery of the Louvre; but being unsuccessful in this object, he returned after an absence of two months to England. A long course of dissipation had however undermined his health, which after his return from Paris rapidly declined, and he expired at London in 1641, in the forty-second year of his age, and was buried with great pomp in the Cathedral of St. Paul.

Vandyke exhibited during the latter part of his career, the same love of magnificence and lavish expenditure, that distinguished his great master Rubens. The enormous prices which he obtained for his pictures, enabled him to support a princely establishment without involving himself in pecuniary difficulties, notwithstanding the large sums that he expended on his private pleasures. At this time however, he painted for money rather than for fame, and he seldom allowed himself more than a day for the execution of a portrait.
That the income he derived from his works must have been very great, is proved by the circumstance that in spite of his expensive habits, he left behind him a fortune amounting to upwards of thirty thousand pounds.

As a portrait painter, Vandyke occupies the highest pinnacle of his art, and in this department he is considered to be equal if not superior to Titian. As an historical painter his genius was inferior in vigour and fertility to that of his instructor Rubens; but his drawing is more correct, and his compositions exhibit a nobler and more ideal character. His colouring is warm, genial, and life-like, and his handling is light, rapid, and graceful; in his portraits he possessed the power of throwing an air of dignity and grace about the most common-place countenances, without detracting from the striking truthfulness of the likeness. The number of his historical paintings is considerable; his drawings are on the contrary rare, and the few sketches that are in existence are of so slight a character, that it is scarcely possible they could have been understood by any one but himself. He also etched a few plates, the impressions of which are now much sought for, and invariably fetch high prices. Vandyke had several scholars, none of whom however, arrived at a very high degree of eminence.

THE CHOCOLATE GIRL.

Painted by J. E. Liotard.

This beautiful little picture is executed in Crayons, and from the charming simplicity of the composition, the brilliancy and delicacy of the colouring, and the exquisite finish of the details, is justly considered as one of the Gems of the noble collection to which it belongs. Perhaps there is no painting in existence which is better known to the public through the medium of copies and engravings than this; on articles of Porcelain, Snuff-boxes, Fire-screens, everything in fact that is capable of artistic decoration, this subject is constantly recurring, and it is scarcely possible to look over any collection of engravings however small, without finding one or more of this favorite picture.

Jean Etienne Liotard, the author of this truly popular work of art, was born at Geneva in the year 1702, and commenced his career as an artist, by studying without instruction, the works of J. Petitot. In 1715 he found means to visit Paris, and enrolled himself as a pupil in the school of the celebrated Masse; here he attracted the attention of the Court painter Lemoine, who introduced him to the Marquis Pysieux, and he afterwards accompanied that nobleman to Naples. Here he employed himself in painting portraits in Crayons and also miniatures on ivory, he afterwards visited Rome, and while in that city painted portraits of the Pope and the Stuart family. In 1738 he accompanied the Earl of Leshorough, at that time Lord Duncannon, to Constantinople, where he resided four years, during which time he suffered his beard to grow, and adopted the Turkish costume;
which he never afterwards relinquished. In 1742 he was summoned by the Prince of Moldavia to Jassy, where he remained ten months, at the end of which time he proceeded to Vienna, where he was patronised by the Empress Maria Theresa, who rewarded him richly for his portraits of the imperial family.

After residing some time in Vienna, Liotard returned to Paris, and his magnificent beard and oriental dress made him for a time the "Lion" of that capital, and procured him the bye-name of "the Turkish painter;" curiosity induced many ladies of the highest rank to sit to him for their portraits, among others the celebrated Madame Pompadour, who is said to have been by no means satisfied with the likeness, and to have remarked to the painter as she presented him with a hundred Louis'd'or, that his principal merit lay in his beard. Indeed the servile manner in which Liotard followed nature in his portraits, even to representing freckles, or other accidental blemishes, was by no means calculated to make his pictures popular with the fair sex. From Paris he repaired to London, where through the recommendations of Lord Edgecombe and the British Ambassador at Constantinople, he obtained numerous commissions from the nobility and gentry: the best picture he executed in England is said to have been a portrait of the Princess of Wales and her sons. In 1756, he visited Holland, and while in that country he sacrificed his long cherished beard on the altar of Hymen, without however, laying aside his Turkish dress. In 1772, he returned to England with a collection of paintings which he had purchased on the continent, and a number of painted glass windows of his own execution, all of which found a ready sale among the English connoisseurs. On this occasion he remained in England two years, during which time he painted numerous portraits, for the most part in Crayons; his best works are however, his paintings in Enamel, some of which are more than a foot square. His works which are very numerous, are scattered through the various public and private collections of almost every country in Europe. He is believed to have died in the year 1790.
A ROMAN GUARD ROOM.

Painted by CARRAVAGGIO.

The declining rays of the glorious sun of Italy, were gilding the marble palaces and colossal ruins of the "Eternal city," as two figures were to be seen pacing to and fro in earnest conversation, on the Monte Cavallo.

The first of these was the celebrated painter Michel Angelo Amerighi, surnamed Carra-

vaggio, who had just commenced in conjunction with the Carracci, his celebrated oppo-

sition to Giulio Romano and the school of the "Mannerists." Caravaggio was still young, and his tall and muscular figure, his handsome countenance, and the elegance of his attire, drew forth many glances of approbation from the fair Romans who passed and repassed him on the promenade.

His companion also, from the singularity of his appearance, and the peculiarity of his costume, attracted as much, or perhaps even more attention than the handsome painter. He was one of those wandering merchants, who under the name of Armenians, overrun Turkey, Greece, and Italy, and have given rise to the proverb, that the Armenian is at home in every country except his own. The companion of Caravaggio was a man of about forty years of age, his complexion and features betrayed at the first glance his eastern origin, and Rome notwithstanding its great antiquity, had probably never beheld a more magnificent beard, than that displayed by the stranger; his dress consisted of a loose robe or caftan, of dark coloured cloth, and on his head he wore a rich shawl twisted into the form of a turban, the lamb skin cap which at present distinguishes the Armenians, not yet having become the fashion.

"How old, did you say Anani?" asked the painter with an air of considerable interest.

"Not more than eighteen years," replied his companion, with a strong foreign accent.

"And blond, you say?"

"Blond."

"And in male attire?"

"Certainly."
But if this be true, the girl can scarcely be worth my attention, both herself and her brother must belong to the lowest class of the people.

"Be it so!" returned Anani, who seemed annoyed at this remark of the painter, "let us change the subject. I know not why you returned to it."

"Ah! you little think how much this story interests me," replied Caravaggio, "Italy has become torpid, cold, and fade, no one now dares to tread an hair's breadth out of the dull circle of ordinary life, except now and then, when a crack-brained artist like myself dares to laugh at the solemn twaddle of these wooden headed citizens. Judge therefore what a magical effect this strange story has had upon me."

"If you had but seen this Charitisa," began Anani, then suddenly stopping, he pressed the arm of the painter, and pointed silently before him.

"What is it?" asked Caravaggio.

The next moment the question became needless.

A party of the Papal life-guards were before them, on their march towards the gate of the city. Nothing in the way of a military spectacle, could be finer than the appearance of these troops, which were composed of picked men from every country in Europe; and the magnificence of their dress and armour set off their handsome persons to the best advantage. The frequent appearance of fair hair and blue eyes, showed that a considerable number of these warriors were either Swiss or Germans; the countenances of these strangers were invariably fierce and haughty, and they showed openly their contempt for the Italians with whom they marched.

These last were generally inferior to their comrades in size and strength, but by no means so, either in personal beauty, or martial bearing.

This was especially the case with three soldiers who marched in the foremost rank of the party.

The first, was a tall brown haired man, who commanded the leading troop, his armour which was richly inlaid with gold, was worn over a white doublet, the sleeves of which alone were visible, and these were ornamented by a stripe of black velvet, in his hand he carried a beautiful Milan sword, and on his head he wore instead of the helmet, a slouched hat and feather.

"Mark this officer," said the Armenian to Caravaggio, in an ironical tone, "he will become your friend."

By the side of the leader, marched a remarkably handsome young man, with a true Neapolitan countenance, rosy cheeks, large black eyes, and a coal black beard and mustachios, and whose bearing was in the highest degree soldierlike, and chivalrous.

"Beautiful! beautiful!" cried the painter, as with the quick eye of his profession, he surveyed the noble forms of the two soldiers; but his attention was far more strongly attracted by the third, who marched immediately beside the Neapolitan. This young warrior seemed to be scarcely more than fifteen years of age, his fair and almost angelic countenance showed no trace whatever of a beard, and his large, clear, blue eyes, had
notwithstanding his extreme youth, a thoughtful and earnest expression, worthy rather of a youthful anchorite, than a trooper of the Pope's life guard.

"Corpo di Bacco!" exclaimed Caravaggio to the Armenian as the soldiers passed by, and the martial music that accompanied them permitted his voice to be heard, "Corpo di Bacco!" that is surely a woman.

"It is the girl of whom I spoke," replied Anani, "it is Charitia, or rather Guidetta Angela, the sister of the black bearded soldier beside her, I have seen them both in the palace of their father the old Compte di Parigiano in Naples. I knew that to avoid a marriage with the old Marchese Nicoletti, she had fled from her father's house, that her brother had accompanied her, and that she was here in Rome disguised in male attire, but I did not expect to find they had both become soldiers."

Caravaggio was gloomy and thoughtful.

"Why do you tell me this, laughing devil that you are," cried he at length, "do you suppose I will pay you, for again setting my heart in flames."

"I demand no reward," returned the Armenian, until the adventure is ended.

"How do you mean?"

"Guidetta shall be yours, but you must then pay me what I demand."

"And what may that be?"

"A picture of the Holy Virgin, for the church of my native village."

Though not much given to scruples of conscience, Caravaggio could not help being struck by the contrast, between the service to be rendered, and its reward.

"I will paint you one before hand!"

The Armenian shook his head.

"Be it as you will," replied the painter who seldom entertained a serious thought longer than a minute, but how will you perform your part of the contract.

Kyrie eleison! that is my affair, but I have your promise about the picture?

"Yes, but —"

"Let us part for an hour or two, and if good fortune attends me, I will in that time visit you, in company with the handsomest soldier Rome ever saw."

The two companions separated, Caravaggio went home to dream of Guidetta, and Anani went directly towards the gate of the city, to which the soldiers had proceeded.

Before the gate stood a guard house, at the door of which were posted two sentinels, and Anani saw with pleasure that they were both Germans. The one, a young Frieslander had the limbs and muscles of a giant, although time had not yet graced his countenance with a beard; the other a slender but wiry figure, with a handsome beard, and glancing blue eyes was a Swiss. Anani approached them, and by way of commencing the conversation, offered some Turkish tobacco for sale.

"Too dear!" said the Frieslander, "money is not so plentiful with us, that we can afford to pay such a price for tobacco."

"On one condition you shall have the tobacco for nothing, and a handful of Sequins into the bargain."
“Let us hear the condition” said the soldiers, who were now all attention. 
“You know the fair young soldier, the Neapolitan!”
“Angelo! certainly, he is now in the guard room.”
“A lady is in love with him,” continued the Armenian, “bring the younger either by fair means or force, within an hour to the house which you see yonder, on the other side of the Tiber, and this purse is your reward.”
“The soldiers looked at each other doubtfully.”
“You do not intend to murder him?” asked the careful Freeslander.
“What a question!”
“Well we agree, on condition that no harm is intended him.”
“Enough said, follow me,” replied Anani, as he entered the lofty but narrow apartment, used as the guard room.

Here around a marble table, formed from a fragment of some ancient building, and which still exhibited some remains of sculpture, sat five soldiers with their officer, all of whom were engaged in playing either at cards or dice, and for the sake of convenience, or in consequence of the heat they had all laid aside the greater part of their armour. Guidetta or Angelo, sat between her brother and a grey bearded warrior who was playing with dice; and the whole party including the two fully armed sentinels, and Anani in his oriental garb, formed one of the most picturesque groups that can be conceived.

“Capitano,” said the Armenian, “I am come to entreat you for a guard of three soldiers. I am about to visit the other side of the Tiber for the purpose of receiving a large sum of money, and I fear to return alone.”

“We will go Captain,” said the two Germans, “and will pay Tomasso and Antonio for keeping watch in our stead. It is good for us Germans to be in the open air, during this intense heat.”

“I will go also,” said Guidetta, this card playing and eternal silence makes me wretched, Capitano,” continued she, pointing to the door, “have I your permission to be of the party.”

The Captain gave his consent with a peculiar smile, saying at the same time in a low voice, “the Turk is a fool, everything is quiet on the other side, it will however get a few Sequins in your purse.”

Guidetta took her halbert, Anani laid a piece of gold on the table, for the benefit of those who remained, and the party put themselves in motion. A few minutes later they crossed the Tiber at a ferry, the Germans laughed and jested during the whole of the passage, but as they spoke in their native language, Guidetta did not comprehend the cause of their mirth.

Before one of the houses on the other side, Anani recognised the figure of the painter, who however was deterred from approaching, by the appearance of the two German soldiers.
"All is well!" cried the Armenian, these gentlemen are friends, and the other will I trust soon become one also."

They now stood before the house, but Guidetta hesitated to enter, a vague suspicion that some wrong was intended, seemed to have entered her mind.

"I will remain here," said she, leant on her halbert.

"Bring the youngster in!" cried Anani, and the two Germans seizing Guidetta, hurried her into the apartment of the painter.

"You will remain here fool!" cried the Swiss.

"In the name of the Madonna, I beseech you to let me depart," exclaimed she in great terror.

"Be without care Signor Turk," said the Frieslander, "he shall remain here for an hour, after which you must let him loose. Give us the tobacco and money."

Carravaggio sought in vain to quiet the fears of the handsome soldier, his eyes told her but too plainly that her secret was discovered, and suddenly drawing her sword she sought to fight her way to the door, she was however instantly seized and disarmed by her comrades.

"I will tell you what we will do," said the Frieslander coolly, holding at the same time both the hands of Guidetta, we will bind the young spark to this pillar, and then his fair dame can admire him at her leisure.

Guidetta now screamed and called for assistance with all her might, but finding this useless, exclaimed; "Comrades I am a — I am —"

"You are a fool!" thundered the Swiss, proceeding to bind her to the pillar.

At this moment however, the door flew open, and the Captain appeared on the threshold, he had long suspected the sex of Guidetta, and this feeling had induced him to follow her on the present occasion. Guidetta fell fainting into the arms of the officer, exclaiming, "you have saved the life and honour of an unfortunate girl!"

"What?" asked the Germans.

A few words from the Captain, explained the mystery.

"Let us at least knock these scoundrels on the head," cried the Germans, enraged at having been made partakers in the plot. Carravaggio, and his companion, had however already escaped, the Armenian left Rome; and the painter concealed himself several months in a hut in the Campagna. When he ventured to return to Rome, Guidetta and the Captain were already married.
A LANDSCAPE.

Painted by Nicholas Berghem.

Perhaps there is no department of Art, which affords so much delight and gratification, to the great bulk of Mankind, as landscape painting. While we admit the higher claims of the painter of historical and religious subjects, and do not presume to place a Berghem or a Claude on the same elevation with a Michael Angelo, or a Raphael, it must nevertheless be admitted, that to fully understand and appreciate a work of what is called “High Art,” requires a degree of imagination which must bear some affinity to that possessed by the painter; or an amount of mental cultivation with regard to artistic subjects, which comparatively few persons in this “Working-day World,” have opportunities of attaining. It is with Painting as with Music; many thousands of persons, who would be moved to tears by the plaintive air of a Ballad, or be unable to hear a Scotch Jig without beating time with their feet, would listen without any other sensation than that of drowsiness, to a Symphony by Beethoven or an Oratorio by Handel; and many who gaze with delight on the simple representations of nature exhibited in the pictures of Ruisdale or Gainsborough, and with admiration and wonder on the gorgeous aerial effects of Claude or Turner, would turn with indifference, or disappointment, from all the wonders of the historical school of Italy.

It is by no means surprising, that this want of ability to comprehend the higher attributes of Art, should prevail among a large proportion of the Public; many painters who have attained a high degree of excellence in the peculiar branches to which they have devoted themselves, have still been utterly incapable of understanding the merits of the great masters, or have only acquired the power of doing so, after a long course of study and investigation. Hogarth, one of the greatest masters of expression that ever lived, and whose “Analysis of Beauty” contains many valuable hints on composition, could never be persuaded that the praises bestowed on the works of the ancient masters, were anything but the effects of prejudice; and Sir Joshua Reynolds, who had acquired a considerable degree of proficiency previous to his visit to Italy, was overcome by the feelings of disappointment, which he experienced during his first visit to the Vatican. The bitterness of this disappointment, was aggravated by the raptures which he heard expressed by those around him, and he began to imagine that nature had denied to him the power of distinguishing the sublime and beautiful in Art. An experienced friend that accompanied him, and who probably read in his countenance what was passing in his mind, comforted him with the assurance, that few persons were really impressed by the first view of these great works, which require to be repeatedly seen and studied, before their grandeur is impressed upon the mind; and that the exclamations of “beautiful!” and “divine!” which had caused him so much annoyance, were mere ebullitions of mock enthusiasm, under which would-be connoisseurs disguise their insensibility or their ignorance.
In truth the deeds of Saints and Martyrs, of Heroes and Demi-gods, which form the usual subjects of the Italian masters, meet with but little sympathy among the practical and matter-of-fact people of England; to whom such personages appear much in the same light as the Mastodon or Leviathan, things curious enough in their way, but having little to do with the present state of the world. Added to this, the simplicity of the protestant mode of worship, does not require the accessories of pictures and altar-pieces, and few English houses contain apartments of sufficient size to admit the immense pictures that historical painters delight in producing. While high art has consequently met with but little patronage in England, landscape painting has ever received the warmest encouragement, and in this department the English school is justly famous throughout the world. Our artists have studied with praiseworthy industry the works of the Dutch masters in this branch of art, and in many instances have succeeded in rivaling, if not in surpassing their originals; and there are few, if any, among these masters, whose works will better repay the trouble of a careful examination, than those of Berghem, the painter of the beautiful picture from which the engraving before us is taken.

Nicholas Berghem, or as he is sometimes called Berchem, entered the world at Harlaem, in 1624, and received his first instructions in his profession, from his father Pieter Klaasze, a painter of still life, from whom he learned but little. He afterwards attended the schools of J. Van Goyen, N. Moojaert, P. Grehber, and J. B. Weenix, under whose able tuition he completed his artistic education. Many stories have been told, concerning the reasons that induced him to change his paternal name for that of Berghem, the most probable of which is, that it is a by-name, originating in the following circumstance. While studying under Van Goyen, he was followed to the atelier of that master, by his father, who wished to chastise him for some youthful misdemeanour, and Van Goyer who was attached to Nicholas, called out to the other scholars to, "Berg hem," i.e. hide him; a name by which he was generally known in after life. Of his career as an artist, little can be stated with certainty, the number of his works prove however, that he must spent the greater part of his time in labour. The latter years of his life are said to have been embittered by the covetous and tyrannical conduct of his wife, who allowed him no recreation, except that which he derived from conversation with his pupils, with whom he lived on the most intimate and affectionate terms. Berghem transferred his subjects to the canvas with astonishing ease and rapidity; his colouring is warm and brilliant, and his chiaroscuro of inconceivable transparency. His favorite subjects were landscapes with groups of cattle, which display great taste and variety in their composition, and his animals are correctly drawn and carefully finished, and in the airiness of his distances, and the warm and agreeable tone that pervades his pictures, he is excelled by no painter of the Dutch school. His historical pieces are rare, and both his paintings and drawings are now sold at enormous prices. He also executed upwards of three hundred etchings, for the most part of animals, good impressions of which are much sought for. He died in the year 1683.
A LION HUNT.

Painted by Peter Paul Rubens.

In the year 1605 Peter Paul Rubens, surnamed the "Prince of Painters", ambassador on a special mission from the Court of Vicenzo di Gonzaga, Duke of Mantua, to that of Philip IV King of Spain, arrived at Madrid, and attracted the universal attention of the Spanish Court, at that time the most splendid in Europe. Rubens was at this period about twenty-eight years of age, and his handsome person, his winning manners, and his persuasive eloquence, added to a knowledge of mankind that was almost intuitive, seemed to indicate that nature had intended him rather for a diplomatist than an artist. Wedded however heart and soul to his profession, he did not permit the splendour of the court, the attractions of the capital, or even the picturesque banks of the silvery Manglesares, to long detain him from seeking materials for those noble creations that have since made his name immortal. The genius of this great master, which delighted rather in grasping and transferring to his canvass the glowing and vigorous realities of nature, than in labouring after the ideal, and his exhaustless imagination, which had already discovered subjects for his pencil in almost every branch of history and mythology, was still unsatisfied. He longed to discover some less beaten tract for the exercise of his talents, and to view mankind in a phase in which they had been less frequently represented by his predecessors. Where however was this land of promise to be found? Europe had already for the most part become old and tame; steady plodding Germany, frivolous and artificial France, and soft, sensual, and luxurious Italy, could offer little that was original to the observation of the seeker after novelty. Spain however, Spain, the chosen land of romance, was still unexhausted.

Even at the present day, the name of Spain calls up a thousand ideas in the breast of the lover of Romance, which are not awakened by the mention of any other country. Its very history seems to belong to the world of fiction, rather than to reality; its Albencrases and Zegriz, the eternal monument of whose power and civilization, is to be seen in the fairy-like palace of the Alhambra, throw an Oriental colouring on the sober pages of truth, that gives them all the attraction of an eastern tale. The deeds of Roland, of the Cid, and of our own Black Prince, lend to the Spanish annals all the charms of a tale of chivalry; while those of Pizarro and Cortez, exceed in strangeness the wildest efforts of the imagination, and prove beyond dispute the truth of the remark of the old Greek philosopher, that "Truth is stranger than Fiction"; while the descendants of the wild children of the desert, who under the name of Moors, so long ruled the destinies of Spain, have impressed upon its population a fiery passionate and chivalrous character, which never fails strongly to impress the visitor from northern Europe.
Rubens felt that this Oriental element in the Spanish character, and which he had observed to be reflected although dimly, in the works of the Spanish school of Art, claimed a kind of secret affinity to his own Genius; little of this element was however to be observed in Old Castile, the population of which prided themselves upon their Gothic origin, and where the cruel and unjust expulsion of the Moors from Spain, had been looked upon with no other feeling than that of approbation. There was still however a part of Spain, in which the Arabian element still existed, in even greater purity than in the former Moorish capitals of Cordova and Grenada; this was the ancient Calpe, the Gebel al Tarak, of the Arabs, the impregnable rock that first echoed to the tramp of the fierce cavalry of the Moslem host, which was destined to carry the sword of the Prophet even beyond the Pyrenees. Even now Gibraltar and Algesiras, may be considered as the portals of the East, and the spot that first received the Mussulmans, retains to this day the strongest traces of their empire. In the inhabitants of this district, we still see the relatives of those Moorish fugitives, who on being driven from Spain took with them the keys of their houses, in the vain hope that their children would return, and wrest their inheritance from the hands of their Christian spoilers.

This circumstance induced the Flemish master to repair to Gibraltar. He found the pillars of Hercules guarded by Spanish soldiers, who oppressed the unfortunate inhabitants of the neighbourhood without mercy or remorse. He hastened to Algesiras, the centre of the trade carried on between Spain, and the African cities of Fez Tetuan, and Kaloh, where the mode of life, and the manners and customs of the inhabitants, were completely oriental. Rubens gazed with delight on the strange, wild, and not unfrequently savage and ferocious looking groups, which met the eye in every direction. Here he at length met with models which possessed all the freshness and originality for which he had long sighed, and this circumstance fettered him irresistibly to this nook of earth. The neighbourhood of the old Moorish city was indeed barren and rocky, but on a lonely hill near the town stood the massive ruins of an ancient Roman fortress, telling its proud tale of the deeds of the Masters of the World. These classic fragments, noble even in their desolation, towering proudly over the slender minarets and vaulted roofs of the Mosques of the departed Moslems, while around lay a stern and savage wilderness, the silence of which was only broken by the occasional report of a cannon, as some gallant ship, or proud galley, left the harbour of Algesiras, to seek the deep violet coloured expanse of the Mediterranean; formed a picture which possessed an indescribable charm for the enthusiastic Fleming. And what alone was wanting in this peculiar landscape, to make the spirit of the painter glow with all the fervour of the sun above him; that, his eye sought without ceasing behind the narrow lattices of the white flatroofed houses of the city, which recalled to the imagination, all the brilliant fictions of the "thousand and one nights." Behind the closely grated windows of the houses, the painter caught occasional glimpses of the slender forms, and brilliant black eyes of the Moorish beauties, whose eastern blood rushed in still more rapid currents through their veins, as they gazed on the brilliant complexion, and noble bearing of the handsome stranger.
When the thoughts of these transient glances of the fair inhabitants of Algesiras recurred to his mind, the Roman ruins were no longer visited, but pulling his slouched hat deep over his brows, he plunged into the labyrinth of dark lanes and alleys, of which the city was composed, and often stopped involuntarily, as ladies clad in long closely drawn cloaks of black silk passed noiselessly by him, or mounted on mules rode past as immovable as statues; and the dreams of his early youth often returned, as seated beneath the awnings before the coffee-houses near the harbour, he watched the groups of females, as they took their evening walks upon the Quays, to inhale the cool sea-breeze, and caught through the thick folds of their veils, a momentary glance of their bright eyes, or the pearly whiteness of their teeth.

In vain had Rubens sought to approach one of these fair creatures; as in Constantinople or Bagdad, they flew the moment a stranger attempted to address them, and to follow them would have been as useless as dangerous. In an extremely ill humour the painter would then retire to his gloomy looking lodgings, and attempt with a master hand to sketch the half seen features of these unapproachable beauties; or resign himself to "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies." with regard to some only partly seen, and wholly unknown, Cynthia of the moment."

One evening, while employed in one of these unsatisfactory attempts at recalling that which he could scarcely be said to have seen, the pencil and the chalk seemed to have suddenly become as hard and unyielding as a metal stylus, the outlines of the artist seemed to partake of this hardness, and the full voluptuous contour for which the works of Rubens are remarkable, had become stiff, feeble, and meagre, his practised eye appeared to have lost its magic power over the movements of his hand, and disgusted at his own efforts, he threw the picture from him. After sitting a few minutes in silent thought, he suddenly rose, took a new canvas, and commenced sketching with astonishing rapidity a new subject. On this occasion however the mighty master was urged to his task by no mere artistic inspiration, but by the feelings of the heart; his sketch on this as on the former occasion was from memory, but it was memory strengthened and rendered infallible by love. After labouring some time, he retired to a short distance, and remained absorbed in mute admiration of his own production.

The back-ground of the picture represented the harbour of Algesiras, the sea was rough, and the vessels within the haven rolled uneasily on the agitated waters, while in the distance a galley was seen hastening to take shelter within the mole. The shores of the harbour were almost deserted, only a few figures could be descried either hurrying to the shipping, or hastening to the town, and these were sheltering themselves as they best could from the fury of the storm. The principal figure in the composition was that of a young girl who had been overtaken by the hurricane; her head was bare, and her silken mantilla floated in the wind around her beautiful head, adding fresh charms to the regularity of her features, and the perfectly oval outline of her countenance. The gust of wind which had torn the loose cloak from her grasp, pressed the under clothing, which as usual in warm climates was of the thinnest possible kind, so closely around her
slender and graceful figure, that all the charms of her perfectly proportioned person were revealed to the eye of the spectator. Rubens gazed at his sketch, till he felt that he could almost like an ancient idolater, bow down before the work of his own hands; he laboured at the picture till near midnight, when throwing himself upon his bed, he fell asleep, but the object of his waking thoughts, re-appeared to him in his dreams, and it was not till near morning, that he fell into a sound slumber.

Early the next day, one of the painter’s acquaintances entered the apartment, and found the master still asleep. Henarez de Calderaio, contemplated the picture for a moment, and then broke into such a lively expression of surprise, that Rubens awoke, and gazed with considerable astonishment at the Spaniard; then rising he would have removed the sketch, but his friend prevented him exclaiming:

"Santa Trinidad! Don Pedro will surely have the courtesy to permit me to admire the portrait of my fair cousin Estrella Menoria d’Alheiras?"

"Estrella Menoria? cried Rubens, you know this lovely creature then? You know where she resides? How is it that you have never mentioned this pearl of Spanish beauty to me — a painter? Perhaps however, you are in love with her yourself?"

Henarez laughed in his usual half sarcastic, half friendly manner, as he replied —

"By St. James of Compostella! I was mistaken when I thought that you Germans and Brabouters had no need of a father confessor; and that we Spaniards, are the only people who let our passions run away with us. What has become of your Excellency’s discretion, and its train of attendant virtues? — but I see that I am wrong; you would marry your charmer. In that case my dear friend, mark what I am about to say. You have seen Estrella; she is truly a Goddess in outward beauty, but inwardly she is possessed by a whole Legion of Devils: not mere sportive imps, such as are said to haunt the banks of the Ebro, and Guadalquivir, but real Devils with goat’s horns, and monkey’s tails, such as you may see in the altar-piece of the Cathedral;"

Rubens made a gesture of impatience.

"Ah!" said the Spaniard quietly, "My sketch does not seem to please you; you will find out its truth however. I again warn you not to fall in love with Senora Estrella, unless you wish to be driven to despair by her caprice and cruelty. I know her well, and rejoice that I have had strength to break the chains which she once threw around me;"

"Ah! Henarez!" cried the painter, "You are still in love, and would prevent me from becoming your rival, by drawing this hideous picture of the Dragon that guards the enchanted treasure. I assure you however that we men of Flanders, are too good Knights to be frightened at fabulous monsters."

"As you please!" replied the Spaniard, "If you are determined to attempt the adventure, I will make no further effort to prevent you. You have only to take my arm, and I will immediately introduce you to my uncle, Don Francisco d’Alheiras, and his lovely daughter Estrella; on one condition however, that you will not reproach me, if the introduction fails, as it certainly will, to add to your happiness."

Rubens overthrew his friend with thanks for his kindness.
“It is a kindness you will ere long regret having accepted,” replied the Spaniard; and Rubens having hastily dressed himself in his richest apparel, they set out together for the house of Don Francisco.

This adventure possessed a charm of an unusual character for the Flemish master; at the various courts at which he had resided, his success with the fair sex had been so brilliant, that he had adopted the belief that the might of a man’s love over the heart of a woman, was sufficient in all cases, to enforce unqualified and almost slavish obedience; and where this was not the case, he believed it arose either from caprice, or from the wish of the fair one to set a higher value on her charms, and more effectually enchain the heart of her lover. Rubens erred however, and he was destined to see his whole Art and Theory of love, set at nought, by the wildness of a young Spanish girl, in whose veins ran the blood of the fierce children of the desert.

The painter met with a most cordial reception, both from Estrella and her father. The former was even more beautiful than Rubens had believed her to be, from the fleeting glance he had obtained of her during the storm. Such native grace, such an irresistible power of fascination as leamed from the dark eyes of this lovely girl, Rubens had never conceived, much less seen. It was evident that Estrella wished to make an impression on the heart of the new guest, and she succeeded to her utmost wishes.

The painter left the house of Don Francisco, in a perfect intoxication of passion.

“Estrella must and shall be mine, or I will never lead a bride to the altar!” exclaimed the Fleming to Henarez, as soon as they had gained the street.

“I congratulate you in that case,” replied the Spaniard dryly.

From this time Rubens was a daily guest at the house of Señor d’Alheiras, the brave and honourable descendant of a noble Moorish family of Grenada. The passion of the painter was too openly displayed to be long a secret to Don Francisco, who one day took an opportunity of asking —

“Do you intend to marry Estrella? Don Pedro.”

Rubens answered in the affirmative, and entreated the fatherly blessing of the honest Spaniard.

“Believe me you had better think twice before you take an irrecoverable step,” replied Don Francisco. “In Estrella, you take a Panther of the Desert for a wife, — you have however my consent.”

Rubens could scarcely believe his ears, he had attributed the warnings of Henarez, to the pique of a rejected lover, but a father would scarcely speak thus of his daughter without cause; and yet he had never perceived anything that could induce him to believe that Estrella possessed the fearful passions attributed to her. By degrees however she lifted the mask which she had worn during the first days of their acquaintance. He soon discovered that this girl who had just completed her sixteenth year, ruled her father, and the whole household with a rod of iron. She was cruel as a Turkish Pacha, and this horrid vice, was not softened by any compensating virtues. Sareely a day passed in which some of the household were not cruelly punished by her orders, and she delighted
in witnessing the severe flagellations that were inflicted by her commands. She herself frequently beat and scratched her maids for the most trifling fault, and would become insensible from the effects of her fury, if her father ventured to interfere to protect them. In short, the "Legion of Devils" of which her cousin Henarez spoke, seemed really to have taken up their abode in her beautiful form.

Often would Rubens turn from her with disgust, as he witnessed some new trait of her cruel and violent disposition; but to him she was ever all gentleness, he read in her eyes that she loved him, and love like charity covers a multitude of sins. He again visited her, and again became the victim of her ever changing caprices. "Catch me a Monkey," was one day the absurd command of his charmer, and Rubens spent a whole day in company with his friend Henarez, in hunting amidst the precipices of Gibraltar, in order to capture one of the so-called Dog's-head monkeys, that abound in those fastnesses; but when the enamoured Fleming returned in triumph with his captive, the humour had passed, and she could no longer bear the sight of such "horrid creatures."

"I have never seen a Dolphin!" exclaimed the wilful beauty on another occasion, and Rubens held this hint sufficient cause to undertake an excursion to sea, in order that this new caprice should not remain ungratified. Then followed milder, but not less vexatious exactions; she determined to embroider flowers, and the master must make some hundreds of designs for that purpose, not one of which however suited the taste of the fair tyrant. As Henarez had foretold, Rubens was often driven to the verge of despair, and yet found it impossible to break his chains, or to fly the presence of his fair enslaver.

A letter from the Infanta Isabella, the consort of the Arch-Duke Albert, the viceroy of Flanders, commanding his immediate return to his native land, at length compelled the painter to come to some understanding with his mistress. In vain he threw himself at her feet, and exerted all his eloquence, to obtain an admission that his passion was reciprocated: Estrella maintained an obstinate silence.

"You do not love me Pedro!" whispered she at length.

"What shall I do to assure you of my love?" cried the enamoured painter. "Speak, I implore you!"

"It is useless, you will not obey me;"

"I swear to do so! kill me if you will, but say at least you love me."

"Ah! I love you Pedro, give me but a proof that your love is sincere, and I will follow you to the world's end."

Rubens clasped his mistress in his arms, and gave vent to his raptures in a thousand kisses.

Estrella gently disengaged herself from his embraces, and fixed her eyes upon his face, with a strange, wild, and almost fearful expression, —

"See this carpet at my feet Pedro!" cried she; "you painted it that I might tread on that which is worthy to decorate the palace of a monarch: — it has become indifferent to me;" she added; spurning it at the same time slightly with her foot.
Rubens gazed at her in silence.

"Zindu, you remember Zindu; the swarthy slave from Tetuan, this creature has boasted that in her own country, she has had a carpet, such as the emperors of Rome, and my fathers the Caliphs of the East, were wont to use. Such a carpet would I possess;"

"And what kind of carpet is that?"

"A Lion's hide! the robe of the monarch of the desert, whose teeth are hard as diamonds, and whose claws are tempered like the steel of Damascen;" cried Estrella, her cheeks reddening, and her eyes flashing with excitement.

Rubens felt relieved, the demand was infinitely more moderate than he had expected.

"Dearest Estrella!" exclaimed the painter, "a galley from Fez, now lies in the harbour; I will hasten on board, and in three days you shall have what you desire, if I pay the hunters a thousand Piasters, for securing it.

"Pay!" exclaimed the haughty beauty with a contemptuous glance, "I could myself purchase the article, if that were all!" So saying she hastily left the apartment.

After a moment's consideration, Rubens repaired to Henarez.

"Will you accompany me on a Lion Hunt, my friend?" asked the Fleming.

"Ha ha ha! my fair cousin has no lack of invention I perceive," cried the Spaniard; "but you surely will not indulge her in such madness?"

"I will! I must!" exclaimed Rubens; "if you will not accompany me, I will go alone to Africa."

"The Devil! the world will soon have one great painter the less. Recollect, that Lion hunting, is no child's play."

Finding however that Rubens was determined on the expedition, Henarez resolved to accompany him; and while they were still conversing on the subject, Don Francisco joined them, and on learning the determination of the young men, declared his intention of joining the party.

"I have some experience in such matters," said he, "and should I fall, it may perhaps have the effect of bringing Estrella to reason."

On the following morning, the three Cavaliers, with their servants, embarked for the African coast; where Don Francisco introduced his companions to a Moorish chieftain, to whom he was distantly related; and who readily agreed to afford the strangers an opportunity of seeing the desired sport. Abdalla presented his kinsman Don Francisco with a beautiful Barabesque horse, called "al Djaldern," or the lightning, and took care that his companions were also properly mounted and equipped for the chase. On the eventful morning of the hunt, Rubens and his friends placed themselves at the head of the cavalcade, they were armed like the natives with long lances and javelins. Henarez and his servant wore their armour, but Don Francesco who found it impossible to endure the weight of his harness in such extreme heat, remained in his ordinary clothing, as did also Rubens. Abdalla were the usual flowing dress of his country, with a white turban. The leader of the party, a Christian slave, was on foot, and almost naked, his fearful office was to attract the attention of the Lion, and thus give the horsemen an opportunity of using their weapons.
A LION HUNT.

It was with sensations of no ordinary character, that Rubens observed the motions of this man; he was no coward, but when he gazed on the naked limbs and pale countenance of the slave, the blood rushed in more rapid currents to his heart. Henarez in his glittering armour, his eyes sparkling with excitement, and his arms bared on account of the heat, seemed the very impersonation of the love of strife. His servant on the contrary, showed a stern and immovable coolness; and both bore themselves in a manner that became soldiers, of the, at that time, famous Spanish army. Don Francesco who was no stranger to the sport in which he was engaged, rode coolly forwards, with a calm, but somewhat gloomy countenance, carrying his spear in an upright position, balanced on his right foot. Before the chase began, Rubens thought on Estrella, the cause of the position in which he now found himself; afterwards however he had no thoughts for anything but the combat.

For this they had not long to wait, from out of one of the clumps of stunted bushes, which are scattered at rare intervals over the sandy waste, arose a gigantic Panther, which glared furiously upon the advancing hunters, and sought by a series of enormous bounds to reach the shelter of some distant sand hills, but finding its retreat cut off by its enemies, it turned towards a group of rocks; by this means it lost ground, and Henarez who followed it at full speed, came sufficiently near to thrust his lance through its body; the weapon however broke, and howling with pain, the animal continued its course, but with slow and staggering steps, towards the rocks. The other hunters now approached, and the Christian slave springing before Henarez, thrust his spear into the Panther's neck. At this moment a terrific roar was heard, and with the swiftness of an arrow, a huge male Lion sprang upon the unfortunate man, and beat him to the earth. The horses plunged and reared fearfully, Abdalla however spurred his steed forward, then wheeling sharply round, the horse threw out its hinder feet and struck the Lion on the head; half stupefied by the blow, the Lion glared around him, still holding however his victim in his talons; again wheeling his horse, Abdalla threw his javelin, and wounded the monster in the back.

Meanwhile the attention of the other hunters was attracted by the appearance of another Lion, which with a Lioness, and three cubs, rushed from the same group of rocks. The Lioness and her young ones, sought safety in flight, but the Lion, apparently to cover the retreat of his partner, dashed furiously among the hunters, and fixed himself upon the steed of Don Francisco, which in its efforts to shake of its burden, fell to the earth, and horse, rider, and lion, rolled over each other upon the bloody sand. The servant of Henarez now rode up, and with one blow of his sabre completely severed the animal's spine, and the Lion rolled over, still living but utterly powerless.

In the mean time Rubens and Henarez, had despatched the first Lion, and rescued the slave still living, but badly wounded from his clutches. Don Francesco was less fortunate; severely wounded both in the breast and shoulder by the claws of the Lion, his skull had also been fractured by a blow from the hoof of his affrighted horse, and he expired a few minutes afterwards in the arms of the painter. The spoils of the chase,
were left to the Africans; Rubens feeling that it would be impossible to present to his mistress, trophies stained with the blood of her parent.

He never saw Estrella again; on receiving the news of her father's death, she loudly accused herself as his murderess, and abandoned herself to the most poignant grief. When Rubens endeavoured to procure an interview she refused to see him, and to prevent his importunities departed secretly in the course of the following night to Cordova, leaving a letter, in which she informed the painter of her determination to spend the rest of her life in a Cloister.

On receiving this intelligence, Rubens immediately departed for his native land. The excitement of travel, and the constant exercise of his profession, enabled him to bear his loss with fortitude, and in the year 1609, he united himself with his first wife, Elizabeth Brant.

In the former portrait of Gerhard Dow which appeared in this selection, this highly gifted artist has chosen to represent himself in the character of a musician. We here see him in his capacity as a painter, employed on a sketch; while around him are thrown in picturesque confusion, the objects indicative of his various talents and pursuits. The love of order which formed so remarkable a trait in the character of Dow, renders it improbable that this confusion was accidental; on the contrary, the position of every article was doubtlessly carefully studied by the artist, with regard to its influence on the general effect of the picture; and from the circumstance of his favorite musical instrument the violin, with its accompanying note-book, being placed in a prominent position in the foreground, we may conceive that the object of the artist in this picture, was to give the spectator an idea of his ordinary occupations and amusements, at the same moment that he placed before him a faithful transcript of his features, and an enduring specimen of his abilities as a painter.
THE REDEEMER.

Painted by Carlo Dolce.

This truly beautiful picture exhibits the Redeemer in the act of instituting the ceremony of the holy communion, a rite which has been adopted by Christians of all denominations, in perpetual remembrance of the new covenant between God and Man, founded on the reconciliation of a sinful world with its offended Maker, and sealed with the blood and agony of the Saviour of Mankind. Admirably indeed has the painter succeeded in expressing the thoughts and feelings, which may be supposed to have occupied the mind of the "Son of Man" on this most important occasion. Holding the bread in his left hand, and the cup in his right, he looks upwards to the Eternal Father, with an expression of thankfulness and adoration, in which the Christian will find a blessed assurance of his belief, of his love, and of his immortal hopes.

Carlo Dolce, one of the most famous painters of the seventeenth century, was a native of Florence and first saw the light in the year 1616. He was a pupil of J. Vignoli, and holds the same rank with regard to the Florentine school, as Sassoferatto, does to that of Rome. His works are distinguished by the sweetness and mildness of their expression, and he never sought the applause of the multitude by exaggerated imitations of the greater masters, as was too often the case with his cotemporaries. His delicate and graceful style, is calculated to excite admiration, rather than wonder, and the expression of patience and resignation, which appears in his representations of Saints and Martyrs is worthy of the highest praise. He possessed a lively sense of beauty, but was incapable of expressing the deeper and more tragic emotions of the mind; or of imparting to his works the grand and godlike character, which is impressed on the creations of Raphael. His drawing is correct, and his colouring is soft, natural, and agreeable; his large works are rare, as he preferred confining himself to subjects of a moderate size, which perhaps accounts for the preference his works have ever met with among the English connoisseurs. Repetitions exist of almost all his best pictures, some of these were painted by himself, but the majority by his daughter Maria, others by A. Lomi, B. Mancini, etc. Dolce expired in 1686.
In the year 1691, Maria Anna Louisa di Medici, the lovely daughter of Cosmo III, Duke of Florence, be-towed her hand upon John William, the Prince Elector of the Palatinate. Although scarcely a year had elapsed since their nuptials, the influence of the cheerful and liberal minded daughter of Italy, had already effected a most surprising change in the habits and manners of the hitherto solemn, gloomy, and priest-ridden court of the Elector.

During the life of his former consort Anne of Austria, the daughter of the Emperor Ferdinand III, the gloomy catholicism, and almost ascetic habits of that Princess, lay like a nightmare, upon the spirits of the court of Düsseldorf, and the beautiful provinces of the Rhine. No sooner however did Maria di Medici fill the place of the departed, than a new life, like the breath of a milder heaven, seemed to pervade the princely circle, and gradually extend itself to every other class of the community. The Elector was ardently attached to his new bride; and he, who well knew the feelings of the Italians, fancied that when at moments she sunk into a kind dreamy reverie, that she sighed for the splendours of her native Florence, the majestic and lovely mother of the Arts. Anxious to reconcile his partner to her adopted country, he issued his commands, and Düsseldorf began to assume an appearance worthy of a princely capital; handsome streets, took the place of the narrow and crooked lanes, of which the city was composed, and in the new town, palace after palace rose in rapid succession, in obedience to the will of the Prince. Maria smiled indeed, as she gazed on these evidences of her husband's love, but Düsseldorf in spite of these improvements was, and still is, far from being a Florence; above all, the dark and gloomy spirit that pervaded the inhabitants shocked the fair Italian, who like most of her compatriots, preferred to look on religion on its most cheerful side. Here, the iron yoke of the Clergy lay heavily upon the land, and the splendid church and extensive college of the Jesuits, attested the power which this formidable order had attained in the Palatinate.

Although John William, was wont to pride himself in secret on the independence of his course, and the strength of his character, he had hitherto been nothing more nor less, than an artfully managed tool in the hands of the disciples of Loyala; and the extent to which they carried their intrigues was shown by the part they played in the disputes concerning the succession to the Duchy of Julich. By an arrangement entered into in 1666, Saxony obtained the title, but the Palatinate retained the possession, of the States of Brandenburg, Cleve, the March, and Ravensburg. But as John William, the last representative of the line of Pfalz-Neuburg, had no issue, the intrigues of the Jesuits were
La jeuneuse du Juthe

The Lute Player

Die Lautenspielerin

Ltenstewa
directed to render this arrangement abortive, in order to place these States under a

catholic Prince, and thus gain a new domain for themselves.

The vanity of John William, induced him to believe, that he was destined to perform

an important part in the history of Europe; and the Jesuits availed themselves of this

weakness to such an extent, that they became the rulers of his cabinet, and employed

the power thus obtained, exclusively in behalf of their own order. The political schemes

of the Elector made little progress, while the power of the Jesuits was daily increased

and consolidated; under the influence of his priestly advisers, the mind of the Prince

became gloomy and misanthropical, and he was guilty of harsh and even tyrannical con-
duct towards his subjects, which was altogether foreign to his natural disposition.

The personal and mental charms of Maria di Medici, produced however a great and

favourable change in the mind of the Elector. The ceremonies of the Church, which had

hitherto occupied the greater part of his time and attention, were abandoned for courtly

festivities, and the prosecution of his Architectural undertakings; the band of intriguing

priests which had previously surrounded him, now withdrew to their own houses, from

which they watched the course of events with falcon eyes, to discover the proper moment

for again appearing on the scene. Above all the conduct of the young Princess was

subjected to the most rigid scrutiny; they had hoped to have found in this young and

artless creature, a ready instrument for the furtherance of their designs, or she would

assuredly never have been allowed to find her way to Dusseldorf; their rage at their

disappointment knew no bounds, and their present object was to discover some failing

in her character, which by artful management, might he made the means of effectually

ruining the influence she had obtained over the mind of the Prince.

Maria di Medici had however been reared from her earliest childhood, amidst the most

crafty courtiers in the world; and although young, her glance was deep and penetrating;

she saw from the first moment of her arrival, the object of her enemies, and opposed

a bold and open front to their machinations. Italy was at this time of all catholic coun-

tries, the least catholic; or in other words, the country in which the Pope and the

Roman priesthood possessed the least power; and in which the arrogance of the “Servants

of Christ” was restrained within the narrowest limits. Maria was a perfect Italian, and

by her power over the Elector she daily drove the Jesuits nearer to those bounds within

which in her opinion it was necessary to confine them. She even went so far, as to

cause the famous “Lettres Provinciales” of Pascal, which had hitherto been prohibited, to

be publicly read in the evening assemblies of the Court; and openly expressed her con-
currence in the sentiments of this bitter enemy of the order of Jesus.

This last act of the Princess, was the more irritating to the Jesuits, from the following

circumstance. Father Bondal, the confessor to the Elector, having been present at one

of these readings, declared the witty Frenchman to be a “Slanderer”; to which the Princess

replied; “Why then do you not disprove his assertions? If however you like the rest of

your order confine yourself to abuse, I as a good catholic Christian, will myself attempt

the defence of those who cannot, or will not, defend themselves.” Thus attacked, Father
Bondu was compelled to enter the field in defence of his order, but either from the task being too great for his abilities, or from the circumstance of the whole court taking the side of Pascal against him, the reverend Father received so humiliating a defeat, that even the Princess could not refrain from sincerely pitying him. From this moment the hostilities of the Jesuits towards the Princess, took a more bitter and decided character; living or dead this enemy to the order must be removed; all their vigilance however, failed for a considerable time, to find a point on which they could venture to attack her, with any probability of success. — At length the favourable moment occurred. —

The new town of Düsseldorf had been erected at the sole expense of the Elector, who intended afterwards to dispose of the buildings. As however these buildings had been constructed rather with regard to the beauty of the city, than the wants of the inhabitants, the purchasers who presented themselves were few in number; added to this, the expense of the undertaking, as is not unusual in such cases, had greatly exceeded the estimate; the funds of the Prince became exhausted, and as he conceived that his honour was concerned, in completing the project, he became more gloomy and discontented than ever. In vain the Princess disposed of many of her most valuable Jewels, the sums thus raised, could not long cover the enormous expense, and it became necessary to discontinue the buildings. Irritated at this circumstance, John William upbraided his consort, with having been the cause of his quarrelling with the Jesuits, whose secret traffic with the Indies placed enormous sums at their disposal, with which they would have been only too glad to have assisted him, had they continued to remain in their former position at his court. This was the first of a series of steps, by which the Elector endeavoured to reconcile himself to the order; the Jesuits however showed no inclination to meet the advances of the Prince; the proper moment for action had not yet arrived.

While the pecuniary affairs of the Prince were in this state of confusion, an Italian Abbe, a Tuscan by birth, appeared at court in order to pay his respects to his illustrious countrywoman. Abbé Pauli, or as he was generally called brother Giuseppe, was a member of the order of St. Benedict, who had resided for a considerable time in Florence, Rome, and Paris; he recommended himself to the Princess, not less by his open and candid manners, and agreeable conversational powers, than by his intimate knowledge of even the most secret affairs, at the court of Cosmo di Médici. He informed the Princess that he was at present engaged in the service of the Monks of La Trappe, and was the bringer of important despatches from the Cloister of Buona Solasso near Florence, to the Trappist establishment, which existed in the immediate neighbourhood of Düsseldorf.

Giuseppe related many curious, and interesting anecdotes, of this singular and gloomy order, which had experienced considerable opposition, from a large portion of the catholic world. Maria listened with intense interest as he related the history of one of the inmates of Buona Solasso, but she shuddered when the priest mentioned the name of this unfortunate, a name that recalled the dreams of her earliest youth, dreams which she had long since forgotten, in the duties and pleasures of her present station.
"It is no mere caprice of bigotry, no unnatural invention of a gloomy creed, this eternal silence of the brothers of La Trappe!" cried the Priest, "believe me Madame, there are many men whose hearts are so weighed down by their misfortunes and disappointments in life, that they feel no regret in giving up the use of speech during the rest of their existence. Such for instance was the case with brother Gabriel, one of the handsomest and most talented men in Italy, who gave up the brilliant career of a courtier's life, for a simple cell in the monastery of Buona Solasso."

The Princess had hitherto listened to the reverend Father, rather out of regard for the admirable style of his conversation, than from any interest in the subject of his discourse; the name of Gabriel however seemed to startle her like a thunder clap; while the Priest whose every word was weighed and calculated with the greatest nicety, with regard to the effect it was intended to produce on the mind of the Princess, preserved an immovable composure.

"Gabriel! Gabriel!" gasped she, as she gazed on the Priest with pale cheeks and glancing eyes, while every feature betrayed an emotion such as she had never before exhibited, at least since her arrival in Düsseldorf.

"Gabriel!" repeated brother Guiseppe quietly, "or rather number thirty-six, which singularly enough according to the Cabala, signifies "Silent Love."

We are far from Italy, Illustrious Lady! and yet the thought of number thirty-six of Buona Solasso, the only son of my friend the Marchese Luigi di Ricci, is seldom long absent from my mind. I pity him from my heart, although I am the ambassador and friend of the brothers of La Trappe."

The Princess took the earliest opportunity of dismissing the Italian, in order to indulge in secret, the crowd of recollections and emotions, which his discourse had awakened in her mind. She scarcely dared to admit even to herself, the power which the long forgotten name of Gabrieli di Ricci, still possessed over her heart. She recalled with a strange mixture of agony and rapture, the early days of her youth, when the handsomest and bravest stripling of Tuscany, had dared to raise his eyes to the daughter of his Sovereign, and Maria had in secret admitted that the affection was mutual. The stern destiny which rules the career of Princes, had however directed that the young Princess should share the Electoral throne of the Palatinate; and doomed the ardent black-eyed son of Italy, to the living death of a Trappist Cloister.

Maria di Medici loved her husband sincerely, but it was with the measured, every-day affection of ordinary life. The godlike and spiritual Ideal, that sooner or later awakes in the souls of most human beings, and which once awakened, ceases to exist but with life itself, had awoken in the breast of the Princess, and taken the form of Gabrieli di Ricci. The force of this feeling was increased by the intense desire to revisit her native land, which had long possessed her mind; and these emotions combined to throw a shade of the deepest melancholy over her spirits. — The spell of brother Giuseppe had began its work.

At this time also the Elector whose mind was completely occupied by his pecuniary
difficulties, had little time, and less inclination, to bestow much attention on his consort. He neglected her entirely, in order to attend to the various schemes for raising money, which were proposed to him by Jews and Money-lenders. Maria by no means regretted this circumstance, it enabled her to pass whole days in the indulgence of her melancholy reflections, and the only recreation she allowed herself, was a solitary ride during the dusk of the evening. An involuntary feeling made her always bend her steps towards the gloomy portals of the Trappist Monastery, she delighted to imagine it to be that of Buona Solassa, in which the idol of her youth was immured, a delusion that was heightened by the somewhat similar appearance of the surrounding country. It must be stated in justice to the Princess, that if she had conceived it possible that this Cloister contained the object of her passion, she would rather have avoided than sought it; but while she conceived herself perfectly secure in this respect, she abandoned the reins to her imagination, and this fantastic world in which she now lived, had too many charms, to induce her to wish to exchange it for the sober realities of life.

Meanwhile, brother Giuseppe, had been received as an honoured guest, in the Jesuit's College, had been presented to the Elector, and had succeeded in exciting considerable interest in the mind of that potentate. A report had been secretly but industriously circulated, that Giuseppe was a member of the mysterious order of Guerines, a kind of secret society, which was supposed to devote itself to the study of Magic, or at least of the more hidden secrets of Nature, and the members of which claimed to be inheritors of the occult knowledge of the Alhambraos of Spain, the Rosicrucians, Templars, Egyptians, and Magians, and of which the Illuminati of the eighteenth century, appear to have been the last remains. These reports increased from day to day, and at length were reduced to certainty by a reclamation from Rome, demanding the person of the Italian as a Magician, a Heretic, and a Blasphemer. Giuseppe now implored the protection of the Elector, notwithstanding that the Jesuits had the courage, through the means of the General of the order in Rome, to refuse obedience to the Papal mandate.

John William promised the reverend Father his protection, on condition of his informing him of the particulars of the offences with which he was charged. He consented; and his confession redoubled the interest with which the Prince had hitherto regarded him. He admitted himself to be a Guerinet, declared himself to be possessed of the art of transmuting the inferior metals into gold, and boasted that he had the power of reading the most secret thoughts of any person, provided he was only in possession of a few lines of their handwriting.

This last assertion was one that admitted of immediate proof. The Prince instantly took a paper from a heap which lay on the table, and demanded an analysis of the character of the writer. The Italian took the paper and after studying it attentively for a few minutes, drew such a vivid picture of its author, an ancient official well known to the Elector, that the latter was glad to dismiss the Priest, in order to recover from the amazement into which this proof of his skill had thrown him. On the same evening however he caused him to be again summoned to his presence; and from this time, long
and frequent conversations took place between them, on the subject of the occult sciences.

By some ingenious piece of legerdemain, Giuseppe made, or rather appeared to make, in the presence of the Prince, a mass of Gold which was afterwards coined into upwards of twenty thousand Florins; and this the adept requested his patron to retain as a mark of his respect, asserting he could always supply his own wants in a similar manner. This act gave Giuseppe such an absolute influence over the Prince's mind, that he determined on becoming his Neophyte, and subjecting himself for a time, to a blind obedience to his master. Such being according to the Italian's assertions, the only means by which the secrets of the Guerinet's could be acquired. He now insisted that the Prince should refrain from interfering in any spiritual affairs, inasmuch as the Pope had declared, that the holy Church stood in natural enmity with such pursuits as he was at present engaged in; which Giuseppe nevertheless declared to be perfectly innocent. John William preferred the knowledge of the Guerinet's, to the favours of the Pope, and gave up the management of such matters to the Rector of the Jesuit's College, in order to devote himself with greater energy to his new employment.

Maria, to whom the Elector related the greater part of the fabulous power, claimed by Giuseppe was sufficiently clear sighted in everything that related to ordinary affairs, but in anything that portook of the romantic or marvellous, she was somewhat given to credulity, and when the Elector described the facility with which the Italian could read the characters of men from their handwriting; her only thought was, "Would that I had but a few lines written by Gabriel, that I might know what the unfortunate thinks of me in his living grave." This idea had no sooner been formed, than she caused the Italian to be sent for, and a few minutes afterwards he presented himself.

Never had the Princess looked more beautiful than on this occasion, she wore the costume of her native country, and the graceful Italian veil set off her splendid brown ringlets to the best advantage. Her eyes glistened with expectation and curiosity, but she received the Priest with an air of studied coolness and indifference, running her fingers from time to time carelessly across the strings of a large Roman lute which she held in her hands. Having invited the Father to be seated, she proceeded to put various questions with regard to Gabriel, in reply to which he in his softest tones, proceeded with the history of his unhappy young friend. As he proceeded, he became warmer and more impressive, he painted the former sufferings and present wretchedness of the youth in such frightful colours, and with such consummate art, that Maria losing all her assumed indifference, in real and painful interest exclaimed —

"In Mercy reverend Father, spare me the rest of this dreadful story! Eternal God! is it possible that I can have been the cause of such misery, and yet live? — Look upon me, Father Giuseppe, and tell me — am I not a Murderess?"

The Priest threw himself, with every sign of the deepest emotion, at the feet of the Princess.

"Mercy, Illustrious Lady!" cried he, "forgiveness for my boldness, you have heard
Gabriel's story, condemn me not that I have had pity on his fate, that I have assisted him to escape from Buona Solasso, and have conducted him with great danger and difficulty to this city. Within the influence of that bright star, which alone can give him light and life. In one word Gabriel is here, he has found a place of refuge in the College of our kind friends the Jesuits, where he is at present concealed, and awaits a single word from you to give him new hopes of life!"

This unexpected declaration of Giuseppe, filled the breast of the Princess with mingled astonishment and alarm. While she had believed Gabriel to be far distant, and lost to her for ever, she had permitted her former affection to revive, and had a right to preserve alive the recollections of the by-gone time. The words of the Priest, revealed to her with the suddenness of a flash of lightning, the precipice upon which she stood. She felt unable at the moment, to decide on what course to pursue, and she dismissed Giuseppe, to seek for counsel in the solitude of her chamber. She however never doubted for a moment the course which her duty to her husband prescribed to her, and as little whether she would follow it. She resolved immediately to acquaint him with the story.

When she sought the Prince for this purpose, she found him in his laboratory, and apparently in an extremely ill humour. There was an evident constraint in his manner towards her, that she had never before witnessed, and this convinced her that the present was not a favourable opportunity for her purpose, and she resolved to postpone it to a future moment; a decision which had nearly caused her to fall a victim to the dark intrigues of her enemies.

One of the first uses that Giuseppe made of the confidence, which his pretended knowledge had procured him in the mind of the Elector, was to attack by means of dark hints and insinuations, the character of the Princess. When John William pressed for an explanation of these hints, he related the story of Gabriel, but implied that it might ever be concealed from the knowledge of Maria. The distrust thus excited in the soul of the Prince against his consort, was artfully inflamed from day to day; gradually he was informed that Gabriel had broken his vows, and fled from the Cloister, then that he was in Düsseldorf, and finally that this circumstance was known to the Princess, whom it was hinted still retained all the fervour of her first passion.

When the Prince became acquainted with Gabriel's place of refuge, it needed all the eloquence of the Italian, to prevent him from causing Gabriel to be arrested, and from cooling the rage and jealousy that possessed him, in the blood of his rival. He also declared he would revenge the part played by the Jesuits in the affair, by banishing that order from his dominions. Giuseppe protested the innocence of the Order of Jesus, whom he declared to be perfectly ignorant of the cause which had brought Gabriel to Düsseldorf, and at length prevailed on the Prince to suspend his resentment, until he should be perfectly convinced of the guilt of the suspected parties.

On the evening which followed this conversation between the Elector and the Priest, the principal members of the College of Jesuits, were assembled in solemn council,
Giuseppe on this occasion wore the costume of the order, and seated at the head of the table, above the Rector of the College, related with mathematical precision the exact state of the intrigue in which he had involved the Elector and his consort:

“And with regard to the future, most reverend Father-General?” asked the Rector with a humble reverence towards the pseudo Abbé and Adept.

“That the Princess will grant an interview to this enamoured and enthusiastic boy is certain,” replied Giuseppe, “not less certain is it, that the sight of her lover, his glowing words, and impassioned entreaties, added to the sufferings he has endured for her sake, will recall all the fervour of her old affection, against which she ever now struggles but feebly. Let her once listen to the pleadings of Gabriel, and the affair must end as such scenes between an ardent lover, and an enamoured woman, ever do end.”

And this conversation? — asked the Rector, with a glance of apprehension.

“Will be listened to, by John William himself!” said the Italian coolly, “that illustrious Prince will then finish the matter in his own way; and we shall be the masters of the land, instead of this frivolous, church-hating Florentine!”

Giuseppe waited patiently until he was summoned to the Princess, who appeared to be labouring under an almost feverish state of excitement.

“I must see Gabriel, Signor!” exclaimed Maria, “I am unable longer to endure my sufferings. My strength is at an end, take pity on the martyred heart of a woman, and procure me an interview with my unfortunate friend — if possible to-day.”

The Jesuit bowed low to conceal the triumph, which he feared even his practised features would be unable to conceal. He remained but to fix the place and hour for the meeting, and then took his leave, in order to carry the information to the Prince. John William received the intelligence with great calmness, but the experienced eye of the reverend Father read what was passing in his heart.

“Signora Maria, and Signor Gabriel,” thought he, “your death-warrants are written in those eyes.”

“She will meet him in the garden, you say?” said the Prince after a pause.

The Priest nodded.

“At eleven o’clock?”

“So the Princess has informed me.”

“It is well! you are dismissed,” said the Prince, and turned away to conceal his emotions.

John William could not rest; he betook himself to the apartment of his consort. The Princess complained of illness, and wished to retire to her chamber; the Prince gently detained her; never had he shown himself more tender and affectionate, he seemed to seek by his caresses, a return of her confidence. She however remained silent; and the Prince with hate and fury burning in his heart, took his departure. No sooner had he left the room, than the Princess burst into a flood of tears.
She had however taken her determination. As the appointed hour struck, she threw her mantle around her, and descended by a private staircase into the gardens of the palace. The night was dark and stormy, and as she passed along the alleys, the wind shook the heavy rain-drops upon her from the trees. As she approached the place of rendezvous, her attention was caught by a low whisper, she stopped, and the next moment her lover threw himself silent and sobbing at her feet, and covered the hand which she extended towards him with his kisses.

"Rise, unfortunate man;" said the Princess, with a calm and collected voice; "I have demanded to see you in order if possible to rescue you from the death, or what is worse, from the life of despair to which you have devoted yourself. Do not deceive yourself however, I can never forget you, but the love of a Wife to her Husband has conquered for ever the passion which as a girl, almost as a child, I had conceived for you. Were I this moment free, I swear to you, that my husband John William, and not yourself, would be the man of my choice. This is the truth, a daughter of the Medici is too proud to descend to deceive; were it otherwise I would not conceal it; but would myself, whatever might be the consequence, inform the Elector of the truth. — But now to your affairs, my Gabriel, — is the Italian Priest in the neighbourhood?"

Gabriel who stood silently during this speech before the Princess, and who seemed as it were, petrified by the unexpected tenour of her words, replied in answer to a repetition of the question, that Giuseppe had remained in the palace.

"Then hear me!" said Maria with energy, "fly, fly this moment, from those in whose power you at present are. I know not why, but an inward feeling tells me they intend your ruin, — are you here by your own free will?"

"Ah! adorable Maria," cried the youth again sinking on his knees, "how can I conceal anything from you? I had yielded to my wretched fate. My heart was already dead, and I should long since have expired in the Cloister of La Trappe, had not Giuseppe again set my heart in flames, and induced me to fly from the Monastery to your arms. Wretched madman that I am, seduced by this artful Priest, I again gave way to the delusions of Hope, and my love seemed to become more glowing from the crime which it has caused me to commit. Yes, I well know that danger threatens me. Since I have been here I have learned that I am only used as a tool for some hidden purpose, but I was too weak to resist the temptation of once more beholding you. My dream of love is now past. I take leave of you for ever Maria, but listen one moment, and keep the secret — for although I fear not death, I would not perish by the poison of these Jesuits. — Giuseppe is the General of the Order."

Before the Princess could reply, a scuffle was heard in the bushes beside her, and the voice of the Elector faltering with fury exclaimed —

"Traitor and Sconndrell take the reward of your villany!" Then followed a crashing of the bushes, while the voice of Giuseppe in piteous accents implored for mercy. The Princess hastened to the spot, but the Jesuit was already writhing in his blood at the feet of the indignant Prince, who now embraced his consort with exaty.
“Oh Maria! Maria!” exclaimed he, you know not what I have suffered from the machinations of this double-faced villain. You see not the gulf in which he would have plunged us all. I came here with the intention of dyeing my sword in your heart’s blood, and that of the Chevalier de Ricci; but heaven be praised, the villain’s deeds have returned upon his own head."

Father Giuseppe still insensible from the wounds he had received from the Prince, was removed to the Jesuit’s College, he eventually recovered, and as soon as he could hear the journey returned to Rome. Gabriel departed for Malta, where he joined the Knights of St. John, and fell some years afterwards in battle against the Turks. The Jesuits made no farther attempt to recover their influence in the councils of the Elector, who retained to his latest hour a well grounded antipathy to the order.

The government of the Elector, from henceforth free from all sinister influences, was calculated to ensure the happiness and welfare of his subjects. His reign was long and prosperous, and the memory of “the good Elector John William” is not yet forgotten on the banks of the Rhine.

A HUNTING PARTY.

Painted by PHILIP WOVERMANN.

A hunting party, composed apparently of high-born Dames and Cavaliers, have arrived at the place where they propose to refresh themselves after the fatigues of the Chase. A crystal spring welling from the earth, affords the means of quenching the thirst of the dogs and horses, and of diluting the wine, which an elegantly dressed Page is pouring into a silver goblet. The Diana of the party has approached the fountain, and one of the Cavaliers gives her his hand, apparently to prevent her wetting her foot; while her female attendant is procuring her a draught from the spring. Another of the hunters is engaged in watering his horse, and the dogs are eagerly lapping the refreshing stream. A statue of Pan seems to be gazing with a roguish leer upon the scene, near which stands the white steed of the Cavalier, and the jennet of his Lady. Heavy clouds cover the horizon, and conceal the distant features of the picturesque valley, affording us the assurance that the party have had favourable weather for their sport.

This picture affords a favourable specimen of the peculiar manner of Wouvermann, who delighted in representing scenes of a similar character to the present.
A MOTHER AND CHILD.
Painted by Bartholemew van der Helst.

A few minute's contemplation of this excellent portrait, is sufficient to convince the spectator, that he is gazing on the work of one of the greatest masters of this department of Art. The penetrating glance and gracious expression of countenance, with which the worthy lady whose portrait we have before us returns our gaze, would almost persuade us that she has read the agreeable impression she has made upon us, in our eyes: and indeed, if there be any truth in physiognomy, the original of this picture must have possessed a clearness of understanding and goodness of heart, not often found among the human race, or at least not often so visibly stamped upon their features. Her dress, according to the custom of the period in Holland, is simple and altogether without ornament; unless the large and carefully plaited ruff around her neck, can be considered as such; in her right hand she holds a Bible or other devotional book, and with her left her beautiful and gaily dressed daughter, in whose features we seem to see a younger portrait of the mother.

Bartholemew van der Helst, the most distinguished portrait painter of the Dutch school, was born at Harlaem in 1613. His manner, more especially with regard to colouring, is extremely similar to that of Vandyke; the arrangement of his pictures is at once spirited and natural, his drawing correct, and his draperies easy and flowing. His most famous picture is in the Museum at Amsterdarm, representing the banquet given by the Burglar-guard of that city to their leader, in honour of the Peace of Münster, in 1648. It contains twenty-four figures of the size of life, and for the characteristic truth of the portraits, the admirable treatmcnt of the draperies, the armour, and the furniture, as well as for the natural and effective grouping of the figures, deserves the highest praise. A scarcely less famous picture, painted in 1657, is in the Museum at Paris, it represents four Burgomasters, adjudging the prize to the victor in a shooting match. Van der Helst remained during his whole life in Holland, and resided for the most part at Amsterdam. His son was also a painter, but never approached the excellence of his father; the exact time of the death of both these artists is unknown, the father however seems to have been still alive in 1668.
La Mère et l'Enfant

Mother and Child

Bau und Buol
THE TOOTH DRAWER.

Painted by GERHARD HONTHORST.

In the momently decreasing twilight of an autumnal evening in the year 1620, two persons engaged in earnest discourse, paced to and fro the quaintly furnished entrance hall of one of the principal mansions of the city of Amsterdam. The first of these persons was a robust and powerful man about fifty years of age, he was attired in the full gala dress of the period, but the magnificence of his habiliments contrasted strongly with the coarseness of his features and the sensual expression of his countenance, as well as with the long grizzly elf locks that escaped from under his slouched and plumed hat; and his light grey eyes sparkled with a brilliancy, that either indicated the presence of intense excitement, or the existence of a slight degree of insanity. His companion was a youth who seemed scarcely to have attained his eighteenth year, he was slightly and elegantly formed, with the peculiar bearing that is supposed to distinguish gentle birth, and he was attired in a handsome hunting suit, with its accompanying short sword suspended by a richly embroidered scarf.

Notwithstanding the vehement, and even angry nature of their conversation, both speakers addressed each other in a low tone of voice, until as they gradually became more excited their voices became louder: —

"The old fellow is Mad! Mad as a March hare!" exclaimed the younger of the speakers. "I tell you Mynheer Slyker, that no one but a bedlamite would presume to make such a proposal to me, and —"

"I assure you Mynheer Van Schuiring," interrupted Slyker, "That these tulips which I request you to present to your Sister, are the rarest of their kind, and cost no less than three thousand Florins, but what are a hundred thousand Florins, compared to a smile from the lovely Charlotte? So saying he endeavoured to press upon the young man an elegant Casket, richly ornamented with silver and mother of pearl."

"Mynheer!" replied Van Schuiring, impatiently stamping with his foot, "This exceeds a jest, I repeat that no one but a Madman —"

"I believe you are right?" cried the old Gallant with an air of comic pathos, "But if I am mad, the charms of your fair Sister are the cause, and —"

"Go! Go!" exclaimed the other with still greater impatience, "If Leuwenbrók were to meet you here, it might lead to disagreeable consequences:"

"Let the Baron come!" replied Slyker, raising his voice, "I will not depart until I have heard a few words of comfort from the fairest Lady in the Seven Provinces. I would rather risk being murdered by your Brother-in-law."
"There is little risk of your being murdered!" replied the young man bitterly. "Leuwenbrok would simply order his servants to dismiss you with a sound cudgel, and if you do not take yourself off, I in the absence of the master of the house, will take upon myself to give similar orders. What! is the fair name of a respected and virtuous Lady, the wife of a honoured Nobleman, to be endangered by the folly of an old Lunatic like yourself? I declare I lose all patience!"

Slyker did not appear to be irritated by these terms of reproof, on the contrary his whole demeanour showed the greatest possible depression. He replied quietly —

"I request ten minute's private conversation with the Baroness Leuwenbrok; this you can procure me; in return I am willing to grant anything you require. I am rich: you have only to name what you desire, and receive it."

"Another word, and I will strike you in the face!" cried Van Schuring furiously, "which I would long since have done, had not your age and station protected you."

"And I," replied Slyker coolly touching the hilt of his sword, "Would have run you through the body on the first offensive word you applied to me, had I not hoped you would have been useful in procuring me an interview with your Sister."

A pause now ensued; the young Nobleman appearing to be too much astonished at the coolness and pertinacity of his companion, to know what to reply. Slyker resumed —

"I again entreat you to present this Casket to the Baroness, tell her of my sufferings; you need not even conceal the conversation you have had with me, it proves more than all assurances the ardour of my passion, and if you in addition will promise to speak a good word for me" —

During this speech Van Schuring stood gazing at the aged Lothario with a droll mixture of rage and uncertainty, but while Slyker was yet speaking, an elderly female domestic silently descended a broad flight of stairs that led to the upper apartments, and stood between the speakers.

"Mynheer Hendrik," said she, "And you also Mynheer Slyker, ought to know that no one should speak of such affairs, so that they can be overheard."

"Ah Agatha!" cried Slyker, rejoiced as he recognised the waiting woman of the Baroness, who had always shown herself favourably disposed towards him.

"And besides," continued the waiting woman, "Such matters are always badly managed by men, I have a word or two to say in the affair; with you especially Mynheer Slyker. I have overheard the whole conversation, and know how the game stands, and I will tell you my ideas on the subject in three words. You Mynheer Slyker, for the present will go home and take your tulips with you, and in the mean time I will endeavour to come to an understanding with Hendrik. At all events you are certain of obtaining an interview with the Baroness, she could not refuse that to a man of your rank, even if she were the Queen of Spain."

"You give me my life again Agatha!" exclaimed Slyker. "I again feel my Hope and Courage revive."
"We will speak of that another time," said Abigail, "meanwhile the Baron is expected to return every moment, and your presence here would spoil all."

"I understand you, but —"

"You shall hear from me shortly, in the meantime you must have patience: —"

"Ah, Patience! Patience!" groaned Slyker. You refuse my request, and then preach Patience —

"Who knows!" said Agatha, with an arch look.

"Procure me the rendez vous Agatha, and I will show myself as grateful as though I were the King of both the Indies, instead of an humble Town Counsellor of the city of Amsterdam."

So saying, Mynheer Slyker looked round him with an expression of proud humility.

A strange expression passed over the wrinkled features of the waiting woman, as she gazed for a moment on the enamoured greybeard. It was but for a moment however, and they then resumed their usual cold, hard, and passionless appearance.

"Rendez vous? you ask what is impossible, and yet who can fathom the heart of a Woman — I will see what can be done at any rate:"

Slyker grasped the hand of Agatha with enthusiasm, she however hastily withdrew it, exclaiming —

"Now go, — you shall hear from me shortly."

"For Mercy's sake, one more word — When?"

Agatha considered for a moment, then fixing her eyes which glistened with a strange expression of malicious triumph on those of Slyker, she replied, "Hold yourself in readiness to hear from me in the course of the evening — and now Farewell."

Perfectly intoxicated with joy, Slyker now took his departure, and such was the excitement of his feelings that on reaching the street, he was compelled to stop and collect himself before he could remember the way to his own house, although he had been born and bred in the good city of Amsterdam.

Arrived at home, this hitherto cold and unsusceptible old bachelor abandoned himself to the fever of hopes, fears, and desires, which seldom attacks the human breast after the first spring-time of youth. Bewitched by a single glance from the bright eyes of the Countess Leuwenbrück, he now spent the time in pacing his apartment, and only suspended this employment to gaze at himself in a mirror, and fancy every approaching footstep was a messenger from Agatha. While thus engaged, and like a new Demosthenes carrying on an animated conversation with himself, the door was quietly opened, and Agatha herself entered the apartment.

We must now go back for a moment to the Mansion of the Baroness; no sooner was Slyker out of sight, than Agatha and Hendrik Van Schuiring, glanced at each other and burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, which seemed as if it would never subside; each of the parties had guessed the ideas of the other.

"But how? my good Agatha," cried Hendrik at length, "How is this old Fool to be punished for his impertinence. I see that compared with you, I have played but a silly
part in the affair. I therefore leave the chastisement which he must undergo for his own good, and our revenge, to your discretion. To answer the first purpose it must not be too slight, and on the other hand we must not treat him cruelly."

"A little Cruelty is the Spanish fashion" as Moritz of Orange said to the Cardinal Legate when he begged the life of Oldenbarenvelt," replied Agatha laughing. "I assure you that you shall be satisfied and Mynheer Slyker also; let us set about our work at once however."

"What work is that?" asked the Baroness, who now joined them.

Charlotte Leuwenbrûk, was indeed young and handsome enough to turn the heads of the whole town council of Amsterdam, although that body have never had a very great reputation for gallantry. She smiled half earnestly at the description of Slyker's visit; but although she was informed of the whole extent of his extravagance, she peremptorily forbid any attempt to punish him.

"I request you will do nothing of the kind?" exclaimed she, when Hendrik mentioned their intentions. "Such Madness is rather calculated to excite pity than revenge."

Van Schuring muttered between his teeth, and Agatha shook her head, as the Countess departed.

"We will do it for all that?" said the youth with an inquiring glance at Agatha.

"Certainly!" replied the waiting woman. The Countess pardons the folly of the old idiot, in consideration of his admiration of her beauty; but for all that, I will wager a trifle, that Mynheer Slyker will not annoy another fair Dame with his homage, for some time to come. Let Pieter, Diek, and Jan, provide themselves each with a good cudgel, and follow us. We will set about the business at once.

"But you are not going to have the old fellow beaten!" cried Hendrik.

"The sight of two or three cudgels is a wonderful incentive to obedience," said Agatha, "leave the rest to me."

The domestics now appeared, Jan the cook was young, and wore a thick fur cap. Diek the huntsman was a powerful fellow, with a truly weatherbeaten countenance, and Pieter the coachman was a stout grey-headed old man, with a long beard. They all seemed to consider the affair as an excellent joke, and the expedition set out at once; Agatha in advance, and Hendrik and his Myrmidons following at some distance. We have already announced the arrival of the former at the house of the Counsellor.

"Follow me Mynheer!" exclaimed the waiting woman with mysterious brevity, on entering the apartment.

"Has Charlotte consented to see me!" cried Slyker in a rapture.

Agatha nodded. "Lay aside this finery also," continued she, "your being recognized, might be attended with danger."

"That is true," murmured he, and with astonishing rapidity he proceeded to change his dress; then drawing a cap deeply over his face, and taking a stick in his hand, in consideration of a slight attack of the Gout, he announced himself to be ready.
Agatha led him through a vast number of by-lanes and alleys, Hendrik and the servants following at a sufficient distance to avoid being recognised. At length they stopped before the door of a small house in the suburbs, and Agatha invited her companion to enter; after a moment's hesitation he complied, and found himself in an apartment of moderate dimensions, which from various articles that lay scattered about appeared to be the residence of a veterinary surgeon or farrier. Slyker looked round with astonishment, but the appearance of Hendrik and his Trabants rendered any explanation unnecessary. He saw that he was completely in the toils of the enemy.

The master of the house, a powerful good-humoured looking man, who appeared to perfectly understand how affairs stood, now made his appearance and with much politeness placed a chair for the involuntary patient.

"Which Gentleman requires my services?" cried he laughing heartily, and taking down at the same time a pair of formidable looking pincers from the wall.

Hendrik and Jan, pushed the unhappy Slyker forwards.

"What me?" roared he, "I never had the toothache in my life."

The exertions of his enemies, and the significant flourishes of their cudgels, induced him however to seat himself.

"You say that, because you are afraid of the pain," said the farrier; "but out it comes, as sure as Amen at the end of a sermon."

"Of course!" said Hendrik taking a wax-light from the table and approaching the struggling victim. "Now Mynheer, do you intend to open your mouth or not?"

With a deep groan Slyker yielded to his fate.

"Which is it?" asked the operator, tapping with his pincers on several of the tremendous row of "ivories" displayed by the patient.

"That's it?" cried Agatha pointing to an obstinate looking molar in the lower jaw.

Slyker would have spoken, but the pincers were already in his mouth; the operator stood behind him, Hendrik held the light; Pieter with his hands on his knees gazed earnestly at the operation, the Huntsman had mastered the right hand of the sufferer, and the Cook held his purse in his hand ready to pay the fee. Agatha withdrew into the back ground, but the farrier and Hendrik, laughed heartily at the fearful struggles of the wretched Slyker.

The next moment a loud crack was heard, the tooth had yielded to the efforts of the farrier, Slyker threw out his arms and legs as if he had been galvanised, and bursting through the circle of his tormenters gained the door, and with a roar like that of a baited Bull, disappeared in an instant, while the operator held aloft a perfectly sound three-fanged tooth, to the admiration of the laughing confederates.

As might have been expected, this rough discipline effectually cured the worthy Town Counsellor of his passion for the fair Countess. He now went to the other extreme, and during the remainder of his life, was notorious throughout Amsterdam, as a confirmed woman-hater.
THE TOILETTE.

Painted by Caspar Netscher.

The fast thickening shades of evening, had given the signal for the cessation of labour in the atelier of the celebrated painter Caspar Netscher; whose pupils with the exception of Aart De Sluyner, the most promising of these young aspirants for fame, had departed; and the master now found himself alone with his favorite scholar. The countenance of Netscher on this occasion was earnest and sad, and the glance which he from time to time threw in the direction of De Sluyner, indicated that he had something to communicate, which he was aware would be by no means well received.

The mien of the young painter, who had remained behind his fellow students in obedience to a signal from the master, showed that he anticipated the subject of the conversation which was about to take place; and his features assumed such an expression of sullenness and obstinacy, that Netscher hesitated for a moment whether he should persist in his intention, or permit his wilful and self-opinioned scholar, to take his own course. The amiable and friendly temper of the master at length prevailed; he approached his pupil slowly, and laying his small, white, and almost transparent hand upon his shoulder, said in a soft and winning tone of voice: —

"Aart, my son, forgive me what I am about to say — you stand at this moment on the brink of a precipice, that will lead to ruin and perhaps to crime!"

The scholar who had hitherto sat before his easel, gazing with closely knit eyebrows on the half-finished picture before him, now arose, and with a strange mixture of pride and confusion depicted on his countenance, turned towards the master:

"Mynheer!" stammered he.

"It is well Aart; I see that you feel the truth of my words. Forget these follies my son; the mind of a youth who like yourself is destined to climb the highest pinnacles of art, must be strong enough to master an unrequited passion; and to hold the maiden who prefers gold to fame, as unworthy of his father's pursuit."

"Ah, Mynheer Netscher!" cried Aart, his voice trembling with emotion; "all this I could do, were but one thing possible."

"And what is that?"

"Give to Jacobea other eyes; another mouth, whose smiles and whispers have a less magical effect upon my mind! Take from her the charms and graces which she possesses; charms such as never before visited the imagination of a youthful painter, even in his dreams; do this Mynheer Netscher: and my dream will then be at an end, and my madness cured!"
De Societies
In Societies Do Things
Gallantry
The master looked upon the scholar, whose emotions had given an indescribable pathos to his last words, with an expression of sincere pity.

"You have still hopes then?"

"An unfortunate passion is ever the most hopeful!" replied the scholar.

"Aart!" cried Netscher in a somewhat stern tone; "Floribert Van Möllern is the acknowledged bridegroom of Jacobea De Thouens."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Aart.

"Floribert has been here to-day, and has given me a commission to paint a portrait of his bride."

"But she will never permit it!"

"Infatuated Boy! she accompanied him, and hung upon his arm."

The young painter staggered backwards as if he had been struck.

"Did she say anything?" asked he with a trembling voice.

"She said — I shall expect you to-morrow morning Mynheer; and I will endeavour to look as handsome as possible. Mynheer Van Möllern has made me a present of some beautiful jewels, and I am determined to be painted in full bridal state."

"I observed," continued Netscher, "that it would be best to introduce a kind of situation, in order to give the picture a species of dramatic effect; and after a long conversation, it was determined that she should be painted at her Toilette; as nothing would satisfy her but that the whole of her bridal presents should be introduced into the picture. I trust my son that you are now convinced, that the poor but talented Aart De Sluyner, must give up all hopes and pretensions to the hand of the wealthy but vain Jacobea De Thouens."

The young painter remained silent for a considerable time; he then replied with a firm voice and collected manner:

"I have heard that no man in the world ever completely understood the heart of a woman. Who knows but that the deepest recesses of the heart of Jacobea, may yet conceal my happiness? I am Jacober's first lover, and never did woman inspire a deeper, purer, or more unextinguishable passion, than that which fills my breast."

"You still hope then?"

"My hopes can cease but with my life; I will at least once more try my fortune!"

Netscher shrugged his shoulders, and turned away to conceal his vexation.

"Good night Mynheer!" said Aart, and left the atelier.

"All good counsel is thrown away upon fools!" grumbled Netscher, as with hasty strides he paced up and down the deserted apartment.

Meanwhile De Sluyner traversed rapidly the streets of the Hague. Arrived in the suburbs, he stopped pale and breathless before a large and handsome mansion, the extensive gardens of which reached to the borders of the wood, at that time known as the "Bosch van Haag." Here resided Mynheer De Thouens, and here Aart De Sluyner the son of a poor relation of the wealthy merchant, had been permitted daily to visit the fair Jacobea, and drink the intoxicating draughts of love from the eyes of his mistress.
No sooner however, did the old merchant discover that the poor artist dared to raise his eyes to his daughter, than he forbade him the house without ceremony.

It was with a throbbing heart that De Sluyner entered the forbidden doors of the house that contained all that was dear to him on earth. In the hall, the blaze of light, and the long row of liveried menials announced that company were expected; and the servants glanced at the neat but well-worn dress of the painter, with looks of mingled pity and ridicule. He blushed deeply as the thought crossed his mind, that his faded velvet cloak was indeed anything but a wedding garment; but he soon rallied his energies, "I am now here, and will go through with what I have begun," thought he, and rapidly ascended the stairs.

Here, the first person he encountered was his adored Jacobea; one of those cold and stately beauties, whose charms rather impose than attract; but who nevertheless in the eyes of the enthusiastic young painter, was the Ideal of all past, present, and future female beauty.

"You here Aart!" cried Jacobea rising from her seat with enviable self-possession, "I thought at least you had sense enough not to appear here again without invitation."

Aart breathed more freely than he had done for some days, he fancied that even in this cold reception he could discover some traces of affection. He was soon undeceived; the wealthy Jacobea who although only a year older than De Sluyner, was now in the full bloom of her corporeal beauty, treated him like a wayward child, and by the cool superiority which she assumed made him feel how greatly he was mistaken, when he fancied he possessed the slightest interest in her heart.

He felt as it were crushed and humiliated, he could have borne anything but this; anger, abuse, or openly expressed scorn; but this quiet assumption of undoubted superiority, completely subdued him, and he stood like one in a dream, as Jacobea continued as with an air of pity, —

"I will order some new clothes to be made for you, and then you will be able to appear with decency at my wedding; I will give you a new cloak also, and my Floribert another, he must have several which he no longer uses — and then Aart, if you are industrious and frugal, you will become a great artist, and be rich like Rembrandt, Rubens, and Bow. And then, when you can make your mistress a present such as Floribert has made me — then my poor Aart — you can marry also. Look here! these are the kind of offerings that brides expect now-a-days from their adorers.

Aart gazed with an air of bewilderment on the fair speaker, who displayed before him a splendid set of diamond ornaments, which sparkled in the light of the numerous lamps, with a brilliancy that oppressed the eye. After a short pause, he turned and left the house without speaking a word; and ran through the streets like a madman, in the direction of his own lodgings, pursued by the demons of hate, jealousy, and wounded pride.

The next morning Aart appeared as usual in the atelier of his master, but he avoided
all conversation with the rest of the pupils. His countenance was stern and thoughtful, and his heart brooded over his imaginary wrongs, and the means of vengeance.

With a presentiment of coming evil, Netscher betook himself according to appointment to the house of Jacobea. He found the fair dame seated at her toilette, her charms heighthened by every supplementary advantage that art could supply; and these he commenced transferring with his usual striking truth and wonderful minuteness to his canvas. During this and the following sitting, Jacobea turned the discourse upon Aart De Sluyner, whom she praised for the gentleness of his character, and the unwearied patience with which he had submitted to her various caprices; until at length Netscher who had repeatedly endeavoured to change the subject, replied —

"It would almost seem as though you have not found the same pliability of character in Mynheer Van Müllern."

"You are perfectly right! Floribert is a tyrant, and at times I am absolutely afraid of him; we quarrelled desperately three days ago, and this set of pearls is his peace offering. He is as jealous as the Turkish sultan; and when I think of that, I positively shudder, I am sure Aart De Sluyner would be incapable of such unreasonable conduct — Floribert will be here directly, I will turn the discourse on jealousy and you must take my part, and tell him that a bride should not be plagued with such absurd suspicions."

When Netscher returned to his atelier it was again evening, the scholars had long since departed, but Aart still remained. He wished to learn from the master what had occurred in the house of De Thouens during the sitting; and he entreated Netscher not to conceal from him a word that had fallen from Jacobea. The violent agitation of the unhappy youth, and his swollen eye-lids, which showed he had been weeping bitterly, induced the master to conceal from him the circumstance that Jacobea had praised him, on the ground that it could only give rise to false hopes. He however related to him what his mistress had said concerning the jealous temper of Van Müllern, and earnestly warned his pupil from any unadvised step, which under these circumstances might easily lead to disagreeable and even fatal consequences.

Sluyner retired with a kind of sullen composure depicted on his countenance; he had found the weak side from which his vengeance could be most effectually directed both against Floribert and Jacobea, the latter of whom had not only become hateful to him by rejecting his love, but also by the mortal affront she had offered to his pride. From this time he seldom visited the studio of Netscher, assigning illness as the reason of his non-attendance, and he was indeed really and truly sick at heart. He made another attempt to see Jacobea, but this ended even less fortunately than the last; he was met upon the stairs by Van Müllern, whose jealous temper was roused to fury by the sight of his rival; some bitter words passed between them, and Floribert losing all command of his passions, ordered the menials to expel the young painter by violence from the house.
Driven to despair by this treatment, Aart resolved immediately to put his plan of revenge into execution; a plan which was admirably contrived to drive a person of so violent and jealous a temper as Floribert to distraction. On the same evening he contrived to enter the house of De Thouens, and to penetrate unseen by the domestics to the houn-
door of Jacobea; here he had not long to seek for what he wished to possess, she had a few hours before given her last sitting to Netscher, and the pearls and diamonds which she had received as presents from Floribert, lay still upon the toilette. Eagerly he grasped the glittering baubles, and then fearing to descend the stairs, he dropped from the balcony of the corridor, into the garden.

Before Floribert had left his bed on the following morning, a letter and packet were brought to him by his servant; the letter ran as follows —

**Mynheer!**

Cease to persecute with your addresses and presents the mistress of another person. Jacobea has been compelled by the cruel constraint of her father to accept you as her lover, and has hitherto not had the courage to confess you the truth. I now inform you that Jacobea who has sacrificed everything for my sake, is irrevokably mine. This very night she has sworn to me, rather to perish than to be yours; and as a proof of the truth of this assertion, I inclose to you the wretched trinkets with which you hoped to purchase the heart that was already the property of another.

Aart Van Sluyner.

Two hours after the receipt of this letter, Floribert pale and agitated, his hair and clothing in the wildest disorder, entered the house of De Thouens, and hastily ascending the stairs, burst into the apartment in which Jacobea was sitting; without speaking a single word he drew a pistol from his breast, fired, and the unfortunate girl fell wel-
tering in blood to the earth. He appears to have had the intention of destroying him-
self at the same time, as he instantly drew a second pistol; but on seeing Jacobea fall, he threw the pistol away, and fled.

He succeeded in effecting his escape, and was supposed to have entered the Spanish army; but this is a matter of uncertainty. Jacobea expired a few minutes after receiving the wound. De Sluyner the author of this melancholy tragedy, also fled from the Hague, he is supposed to have repaired to Italy; and some writers on art have imagined they have discovered him in various painters of that country. This supposition which is founded on the similarity of style between some of the Italian masters, and those of the Dutch school, is not entitled to much attention.
THE SPINNER.

CATTLE.

Painted by Adrian Vandevelde.

Adrian Vandevelde born at Amsterdam in the year 1639, was the pupil of the celebrated landscape painter Wynant. The works of both these artists display the unwearied industry and profound attention, with which they devoted themselves to the study of nature; but the mind of Vandevelde was infinitely more comprehensive than that of his instructor. The figures and animals of Wynant are invariably below mediocrity, and he was so well aware of his want of ability in this respect, that he generally had recourse to the assistance of another artist, to enliven by a well-placed group of men or cattle, his admirable transcripts from inanimate nature. Vandevelde on the contrary, displayed not less skill in designing and executing groups of rustic figures and animals, than in the other departments of landscape painting; and out of gratitude for the instructions of Wynant, he readily afforded that master the assistance he required; an office which had previously been performed by Wouvermann. The landscapes of B. Monchelon and Vanderheyden, to whom Vandevelde in numerous instances afforded similar aid, are indebted to this circumstance, for no small amount of their attraction.

The productions of this master are distinguished by a warmth of colouring, a transparency of the atmosphere, and a general truthfulness of character, which renders them irresistibly attractive. His animals, more especially his horses, sheep, and goats, are drawn and coloured with truth, vigour, and correctness, and his groups are always admirably arranged.

The exact period of Vandevelde's decease is unknown.

THE SPINNER.

Painted by Caspar Netscher.

Instead of leading us according to his usual custom, into the apartments of the wealthy and noble; Netscher introduces us on the present occasion to the abode of a woman of the humbler classes, who is employed in the formerly common occupation of spinning thread; an employment which the inventions of modern science, have almost entirely banished from Europe at the present day. The admirable manner in which the artist has treated the subject, reconciles us however without difficulty to the change of scene; and in addition to the pleasure we derive from observing the skilful handling and exquisite finish which he has displayed in this picture, the person of the female is far
from being without interest. Her expressive features display amiability and intelligence, her dress neatness and cleanliness, and her employment activity and industry; qualities and virtues which derive even additional brilliancy, from appearing in the garb of decent and unavoidable indigence.

CHRIST CROWNED WITH TH ORNS.

Painted by Guido Reni.

In this beautiful picture, the great master of the Bolognese school, has exhibited his conception of the appearance of the Saviour of mankind, while exposed to the cruel mockery and brutal insults of the Roman soldiers; previous to his sealing the great work of redemption with his blood: and admirably has he succeeded in transferring his noble conception to the canvas. With an expression of bitter pain, the godlike sufferer lifts his head towards his heavenly father; but this expression is not extorted from him by mere corporeal agony; we there read the grief and soreness of heart, with which he regards the stubborn blindness of the race for which he has offered himself a willing sacrifice. Hence, even under the pressure of the crown of thorns, no indication of rage or impatience is visible on the noble brow of the Messiah; but with pious resignation to the will of the divine Author of his being, he endures all things patiently until the end, and blesses his persecutors even under the torments of the cross. As we gaze on this wonderful representation of mortal agony, refined and dignified by more than mortal love, we almost imagine we hear the words of the divine intercession. "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do."

The circumstances preceding and attending so important an occurrence as the death of Jesus, have naturally occupied a large portion of the attention of commentators and writers on scriptural subjects, and some sceptics have objected to the probability of the circumstance of the Roman soldiers crowning Christ with thorns, and clothing him in a purple or scarlet robe; on the ground that such a proceeding was foreign to the customs of the Romans on such occasions. It is true that such a method of deriding pretensions to sovereignty, supposed to be unfounded, or which have proved unsuccessful, is more in accordance with Oriental than Roman usages. But a reference to the account of St. Luke, (chap. XXIII, v. 11) will show that this mockery was suggested by Herod, who by clothing him in a "gorgeous robe" previous to sending him for judgment to Pilate, gave the soldiers the idea of a mode of ridicule, which would probably never have occurred to them spontaneously. The purple robe was a kind of round cloak, which was fastened on the right shoulder by a clasp, so as to cover only one side of the body, and under which the other articles of dress were worn. It was used by generals and other officers, and was called by the Romans paludamentum, sagum.
The *paludamenta* of the Emperors was longer than those worn by the military. It was probably some cast-off garment of this kind, belonging to a general or officer, that the soldiers of Pilate put upon Jesus, in order that its colour might convey the idea of the assumption of royalty; and having crowned him with thorns and given him a reed for a sceptre, they bowed the knee in mockery before him, crying, “Hail, king of the Jews.”

Philo relates a curious instance of this kind of ridicule being applied to Herod Agrippa, the nephew and successor of the Herod above mentioned; who had been invested with the title of king, and permission to wear a diadem, by the emperor Caligula. On arriving at Alexandria on his way to take possession of his dominions, the inhabitants of that city being filled with hatred and envy at the idea of a Jew bearing the title of king, expressed their feelings in a very insulting though expressive manner. There was in the town a poor distracted creature called Carabas, who in all seasons of the year wandered naked about the streets, and was the common laughing stock of the boys and idlers of the city. This man they brought into the theatre, and set him on a lofty seat that he might be conspicuous to all. They then clothed him with a mat for a regal robe, put a paper crown upon his head, and gave him a piece of reed for a sceptre; and some young fellows with poles in their hands, surrounded him as his guards. Then people came around him, some to pay him homage, others to ask justice from him, and some to learn his pleasure concerning affairs of state. Meanwhile the crowd shouted “Maris! Maris!” being as they understood the Syriac word for “Lord”; thereby indicating the person, whom by all this mock show they intended to ridicule.

In Persia, where there have been perhaps more pretenders to royalty, than in any other country in the world, this kind of mockery has always been common. The following account of a modern instance, is from Morier’s travels. “Mahomed Zemaun Khan was carried before the king. When he reached the camp, the King ordered Mahomed Khan, the chief of his camel artillery, to put a mock crown upon the rebel’s head, haunchbends or armlets upon his arms, a sword by his side, to mount him upon an ass, with his face towards the tail, and then to parade him through the camp, exclaiming “This is the fellow who wanted to be the King!” After this was over, and the people had mocked and insulted him, he was led before the king, who called for his looties, and ordered them to turn him into ridicule by making him dance and make antics against his will: he then ordered that whoever chose might spit in his face. After this he received the bastinado on the soles of his feet, which was administered by the chiefs of the Cager (or royal) tribe, and after some time he had his eyes put out.”

Guido Reni, the author of the wonderful work of art now under consideration, was born at Bologna in the year 1615, and studied under Dionysius Calvert and the Caracci. The extraordinary talents he possessed, would undoubtedly at another period, have enabled him to ascend the very highest steps of art; but a tendency to imitate the manner of the various celebrated masters of his time, and a too scrupulous attention to the antique, fettered his genius, and too often caused him to sacrifice the truth of nature, to
what he considered ideal beauty. He possessed a vivid perception of grace and beauty, and this is especially perceptible in those pictures in which he suffered nature to be his guide; while in correctness of drawing, and softness and brilliancy of colouring he has seldom been approached and assuredly never surpassed. The style of Guido varied considerably at different periods of his life; his earlier works bear the stamp of force and grandeur, the figures are majestic, the composition sublime, and the shadows deep and broad: and the productions of this earliest period, bear considerable resemblance in style, to those of Caravaggio. From this manner, Guido passed to one of a more natural and simple character, without abandoning a certain facility and lightness in the handling, which was almost peculiar to him. The pictures of this period are unfortunately rare, they are distinguished by the remarkable clearness and warmth of the colouring, especially in the flesh. Afterwards the local tone of his naked figures took a colder and redder tone, which often became grey or blackish in the shadows. Still later, his works were distinguished for a kind of silver-grey tone, which is often charming and harmonious, but not unfrequently insipid and feeble. The figures in his later pictures are slender and graceful, but the countenances rather of common-place than ideal beauty. Perhaps the most surprising quality in the works of Guido, is the great variety both of expression and attitude which the richness of his imagination, and industry in study, enabled him to supply. He delighted in painting countenances looking upwards, and asserted that he had made a hundred different studies of heads in this position. The folds of his draperies are as various as they are broad, natural, and true, and the same variety is exhibited in the arrangement of the head dresses of his female figures. He expressed the hair by a few bold strokes of the pencil, but the effect is admirable at a certain distance. In the treatment of flesh he displayed wonderful delicacy, and the harmony of colour which he produced, may easily excuse certain mannerisms with which he has been reproached. The blamable inequality visible in many of his works, is not to be attributed to a want of knowledge of the principles of his art, but rather to the negligence arising from ill-humour, occasioned by heavy losses at play; a violent passion for which, threw a shade over the many virtues he otherwise possessed.

Guido had numerous scholars in Rome, but in Bologna they amounted to upwards of two hundred; and although few of them approached their master in excellence, they have at least introduced his soft and pleasing style of colouring, into the whole of the modern schools. Guido did not permit his pupils to commence their studies with his own works, but caused them to first copy the paintings of Ludovico Carracci, and the earlier masters, in order that they might learn the principles of art, without being diverted from the pursuit, by the less important technicalities of his peculiar manner. Among his more celebrated scholars may be classed, Semenza, Domenico, Gessi, Maria Canuti, Simone, Cantarini, and Gignani.

Guido Reni expired in the year 1642 at Bologna, and was buried in the church of St. Domenic, in that city.
Le camp

Le campement de

...
THE ENCAMPMENT.
Painted by PHILIP WOEVERMANN.

We are here introduced to a scene of military life, in which the horrors and excitements of war are for the moment forgotten. A group of cavalry soldiers are assembled before the tent of a sutler, and appear to be enjoying to the utmost, the respite from the fatigues and dangers of their dreadful trade. Notwithstanding the energy with which the trumpeter is sounding his instrument, it is evident that it is no call to military duty, and still less a signal for the combat; as his companions do not permit his clamour to disturb them for an instant, in their respective employments. The cuirassier behind him quietly finishes his liquor, and another within the tent continues in the tranquil enjoyment of his pipe; while a third appears to be bandying a jest with a peasant girl, and a comrade who is mounting his horse. Before the group stands an officer, whose attention is occupied by a handsome grey charger, while a poor cripple approaches him to solicit charity. Beside these two representatives of vigour and decrepitude, are seated a woman and a girl, employed in some peaceful occupation becoming their sex. The camp which extends to a considerable distance in the back-ground of the picture, is enlivened by numerous groups of small figures, and the whole scene affords a lively picture of military life during the seventeenth century.

THE FEAST OF AHASUERUS.
Painted by PAUL REMBRANDT.

We have here a representation of the feast made by the "great King" Ahasuerus, on the occasion of his preferring Esther to the dignity of his Queen, in the room of his repudiated consort Vashti. (Esther chap. II. v. 17. 18.) At the upper end of the table we perceive Esther, attired in all the magnificence of her new rank; while on the left, Ahasuerus dressed in flowing garments, with his head crowned with flowers, appears to be relating to his courtiers the circumstances which have given rise to the present festivities. The air of unrestrained mirth which the painter has thrown around the party, seems to indicate that the hearts both of the sovereign and his satellites are merry with wine, and that the potent juice of the grape has already broken down the barriers of courtly etiquette.
However we may admire the artistic skill, which the greatest of the Dutch masters has displayed in this picture, it must be admitted that as the representation of a real occurrence, it probably bears even less resemblance to an ancient Persian feast, than it does to a modern English banquet. From the statements of the ancient author Athenaeus with regard to the royal usages, it would appear that when the sovereign gave an entertainment he did not admit more than twelve persons. The king then usually ate apart, after which an enmarch, summoned the guests to come and drink with the king, which they did, but not from the same wine. They sat upon the ground (which was doubtlessly carpeted) and the prince reclined upon a couch with golden feet, answering to the "beds of gold and silver," mentioned in the first chapter of the book of Esther. But the king usually ate alone, or sometimes his wife or some of his sons were admitted to his table; and it was the custom of the young women of the harem to sing before him at his meals.

With regard to costume, the ancient sculptures at Persepolis, which both from historical and internal evidence were certainly executed during the reign of the dynasty to which Ahasuerus belonged, and which are engraved in Ker Porter's travels, afford the only authorities of which we are aware. In these the Persian monarch and his attendants, are represented clothed in a long robe or gown descending to the ankles, over which is apparently a kind of jacket reaching to the waist and fitting closely to the breast and shoulders, which is furnished with extremely wide hanging sleeves. The beard of the monarch is long and apparently divided into numerous small plaits, those of the attendants are short and bushy. The hair descends upon the shoulders, and the head dress is a cylindrical cap, that of the king being somewhat higher than those of his attendants; he bears in his right hand a long staff or sceptre, and in his left the sacred vase, which was one of the royal distinctions, like the orb of our own sovereigns.

According to Dr. Hales, the word Ahasuerus is a royal title and not a proper name; and is consequently applied to the whole of the Persian sovereigns. The prince who is mentioned under this title in the book of Esther, is the Artaxerxes of Ezra and Nehemiah, and the Artaxerxes Longomans of profane historians. He succeeded (B. C. 464,) Xerxes the celebrated invader of Greece, to the Persian throne, and is more repeatedly mentioned in scripture than any other Persian king. The Jews began to build the walls of Jerusalem early in his reign, but the letters of the hostile Samaritans induced the king to send an order for them to desert from the work. In B. C. 458, he made Esther his queen; and the year following sent Ezra to Jerusalem, with full civil and ecclesiastical powers, but without any expressed permission to build the walls. This permission was however granted B. C. 444, to Nehemiah, the king's cup-bearer; who was then appointed governor of Judea. He exercised that office twelve years, during which he rebuilt the walls and the city, and then returned to Persia, his commission having expired. His old master Artaxerxes still reigned, and ultimately allowed him to return to Jerusalem. Soon after (in 423,) the king died and was succeeded by Xerxes II.
The memory of Esther has ever been held in great reverence by the Jewish people, and the feast of Purim which was instituted in commemoration of the deliverance which they obtained through her means, (Esther chap. IX, v. 26—28,) has to the present day continued to occupy a very conspicuous place in the Hebrew calendar. The feast is celebrated on the fourteenth and fifteenth of the month Adar; but when the year happens to be an intercalary one, there are two celebrations — the first called the little Purim, with comparatively little ceremony in the month Adar; and the other in the usual manner, in the intercalated month of Ve-adar. On each day of the feast the book of Esther is read in the synagogues from beginning to end, and all Jews of every age and sex, to whom attendance is not quite impracticable, are required to attend, for the better preservation of the memory of the important deliverance it records. Whenever the reader pronounces the name of Haman, there is a terrible uproar raised in the Synagogue: the whole congregation clap with their hands, and stamp with their feet, exclaiming, “Let his name be blotted out; may the memory of the wicked rot!” The children at the time are instructed to hiss, and to strike the forms with wooden mallets provided for the occasion. When the reading is finished, the whole congregation exclaim, “Cursed be Haman! Blessed be Mordecai! Cursed be Zeresh! Blessed be Esther! Cursed be all idolaters! Blessed be all Israelites! And blessed also be Harbonah, at whose instance Haman was hanged!”

The days of this festival have formed the carnival and bacchanalia of the Jews, in which they give way to riotous living in a manner remarkable in a people so much distinguished for general sobriety. The Talmud indeed seems to indicate that as a matter of duty a man should be so far gone in liquor as to be unable to distinguish between “Cursed be Haman!” and “Blessed be Mordecai!” and this direction has been pretty well acted upon. Among other extravagancies on this occasion, it was formerly the custom among the younger Jews, to put on fool’s coats, and dance in the Synagogue while the book of Esther was being read. Others disguised themselves in strange dresses; men in the habits of women, and women in those of men, with their faces concealed by masks, or disfigured with paint. At present, especially in England, the feast is celebrated with great hilarity; but not with greater excess than attends the ordinary festivities of Christmas. Alms are given to the poor; relations and friends make presents to each other; and all furnish their tables with every luxury they can command: and they think it no sin to indulge largely in their cups, some of them indeed to intoxication, in memory of Esther’s banquet of wine, in which she succeeded in defeating the sanguinary designs of Haman.
MARIE DE MEDICIS.

Painted by Giovanni Fasolo.

Apart from its interest as a work of art, this portrait possesses a powerful attraction to the student of history, as affording a faithful transcript of the features of one of the most celebrated members of the Medici family; a dynasty not less infamous for its crimes, than renowned for the brilliancy of its talents, and the liberal encouragement which it afforded to learning and the fine arts; and whose annals fill so many dark pages in the chronicles both of Italy and France. The exact period at which Fasolo executed this likeness is unknown, but the costume would seem to indicate that it must have been after her arrival in France, while the youthfulness of the features, and the fulness of the form, show that it must have been during her earlier years, before the unholy passions and bitter experience of a turbulent and restless life, had marked her brow with furrows, or banished the roses from her cheek.

Marie de Medici, the daughter of the Grand-Duke Francis II. of Tuscany, entered the world at Florence, on the twenty-sixth of April 1573. On the sixteenth of December 1600, she was united in marriage with Henri IV. king of France, who had recently divorced his first wife, the infamous Margaret of Valois. The second marriage of Henri was little less unfortunate than the first; Marie de Medici was handsome in person, but passionate, ambitious, and quarrelsome, and the affection which the king showed towards his consort, during the first months of their marriage, was soon changed to all the bitterness of mutual hate. After the birth of the Dauphin (afterwards Louis XIII), Henri abandoned his wife entirely for the society of other females, and the wisdom and eloquence of the prime minister Sully, were insufficient to appease the domestic discord. A result which is attributed to the sinister influence which the favorite Leona Galligai and her husband exercised over the mind of the queen, whom they had followed from Florence.

In the year 1610, when Henri was about to put himself at the head of his army, in order to interfere in the war of succession which had broken out in Germany, Marie was appointed regent of the kingdom, and at the suggestion of her lover Concini, insisted upon being crowned. This ceremony which was agreed to with great unwillingness by the king, took place on the thirteenth of May, and on the following day Henri fell a victim to the dagger of the assassin Ravaillac. Marie showed on this occasion neither grief nor surprise, and shared with the Jesuits the suspicion of having been implicated in the deed. By the assistance of the Duc de Epernon, Marie now seized the reins of power, and caused herself to be proclaimed regent of France and guardian of her infant son. Sully, Jeannin, and the other faithful councillors of the great Henri, were now
dismissed, and their places filled by the Italian favorites of the queen, at whose head stood Concino Concini.

Seven years had elapsed since the murder of Henri IV, during which the reckless extravagance of Marie, and the insatiable greediness of her minions, had reduced the finances of the kingdom to the lowest possible ebb; while the enormous and constantly increasing burden of the taxes had exhausted the patience of the people. The nobility irritated at seeing the wealth of the nation squandered upon foreigners, while they were excluded from the sweets of power, began to arm themselves for the purpose of enforcing what they considered to be their rights, and at the head of this movement was the Duc de Luynes, the unworthy favorite of the young king Louis XIII. Meanwhile Concino Concini had rapidly climbed from step to step: in quick succession he became chamberlain, councillor of state, governor of Peronne, Montdidier, and Roye, possessor of the marquisate of Ancre, and the barony of Lusigny; and at length although he had never drawn a sword, marshal of France and prime minister of the kingdom. Concini and his wife Leonora Galligai, were the virtual sovereigns of France, and their yearly income was estimated at three millions of livres.

On the twenty-fourth of April, 1617, Marie de Medicis sat in a magnificent apartment in the Louvre, the profuse splendour of which, would have shamed the boasted luxury of an eastern harem, in earnest conversation with her favorite Concini. The splendid dress of the marshal afforded a striking contrast to the gloom and despondency depicted on his features, and his utmost efforts were insufficient to shake off the dark presentiment of approaching evil that had taken possession of his mind.

"Dearest Concini," said the queen, "tell me what sorrow preys upon your mind, and has robbed you of your accustomed gaiety."

"It is nothing, nothing of importance, dearest Marie."

"Be candid Concini. Your eyes once clear and laughing as the heaven of our lovely fatherland, are dark and troubled. Confess to me the cause of this change, and if it be ought that wealth can purchase, or power command —"

"I am a most unhappy man," said the Marshal with a heavy sigh.

"You unhappy! do you not stand on the very pinnacle of wealth and power — have I not done all that is possible to make you the greatest in my kingdom. Would you climb still higher?"

"Climb? no! on the contrary, I already tremble lest I should fall from the height I have attained, to my former insignificance."

"Who will dare to attack you, you the mightiest in my realm?"

"I have enemies, many enemies:—"

"Laugh their impotence to scorn!"

"They will calumniate me Marie — and you will believe them. And should you withdraw the sunshine of your favour, I shall fall still more rapidly than I have risen. Nightly do I dream of the fate of Robert Devereux, and fancy I see the Earl of Essex, as he fell from the height of his power to the depths of a dungeon."

MARIE DE MEDICIS.
*The Earl of Essex was an ingrate, and a rebel — that will never be the case with Marshal d'Ancre. Elizabeth of England was a fury —*

*Maria de Medicis is an Angel, but even an Angel may be provoked. Calumny has a thousand means of changing love to hate; both the people and the nobles have sworn to effect my overthrow, they will invent a thousand accusations against me, you will at length believe them, and like Elizabeth offer my head as a sacrifice."

"Oh, tell me Concini, what can I do to remove this terror from your heart? I know but of one means. Elizabeth gave her favorite a ring and said to him — 'Though you should have sinned against me and against the law, show this ring and I will forgive you.' When he was sentenced to death, he gave the ring to the Countess of Nottingham, and said, 'Show Elizabeth this ring and she will pardon me.' The Countess however, instigated by jealousy, withheld the ring and Essex was beheaded. Take this ring Concini, I give it you as a talisman against my anger, and should you have broken every law human and divine, show this ring and I will forgive you."

"A thousand thanks, my guardian angel!" exclaimed d'Ancre, "I feel my heart again beat freely, the anxiety which has so long oppressed me has vanished in an instant, and I feel that I shall yet trample on my enemies. Farewell Marie, business now calls me from you, — your servant lies now at your feet, soon your lover will lie in your arms."

He bent the knee before his mistress, kissed the hem of her robe, and took his departure.

In the anti-chamber stood a captain of the Royal guard named Vitry, attended by three soldiers.

"A word with you Marshal!" said the captain as he made the usual military salute.

"Well, what do you want?" replied the haughty favorite.

"Your sword, you are my prisoner!"

"Your prisoner? at whose command?"

"By command of the king."

"Ridiculous! where is your warrant?"

"Here it is."

"That is soon answered," said d'Ancre, as he tore the order and scattered the pieces on the floor.

"Soldiers, seize your prisoner!" cried the captain.

"The first who approaches me dies!" said the Marshal as he drew his sword.

"Marshal d'Ancre, will you obey the order?" asked Vitry.

"Impudent varlet, never!"

"Fire, in the name of the king!"

The reports of the muskets drowned the last words of the officer; and Marshal d'Ancre fell to the earth, pierced by three bullets.

"What has occurred?" asked the queen-regent as she rushed with a countenance pale as death into the anti-room.
Concini lay writhing in his blood.

Gracious God! Concini dead? who has dared —

"The king," replied Vitry.

"Louis, I curse you!" screamed Marie de Medicis, as she threw herself upon the body of her paramour.

"Thanks friend," said Louis as he received the report of d'Ancre's death, "I now feel that I am a king. Marquis de Vitry, for the service you have this day performed, the king appoints you Marshal of France."

The body of Concini which had been buried without ceremony, was torn from its grave by the infuriated populace, who dragged it through the streets to the end of the Pont-neuf, where they hung it by the feet to one of the three gibbets which he had erected as a terror to his enemies.

_Vive le Roi!_ shouted the exasperated rabble, _à bas les Italiens!_ Then they took the body from the gibbet and dragged it to the _Place de Grève_, where they tore it to pieces, every one being desirous of possessing a piece of the "excommunicated Jew." These miserable fragments of mortality were publicly sold for money, and the ears fetched considerable sums. It is even said that the people so far forgot the feelings of humanity as to roast the heart upon the coals, and publicly devour it. The mutilated remains of the corpse were burnt at the foot of the statue of Henri IV. on the Pont-neuf, and the next day the ashes were sold to the curious by the ounce.

Leonora Galligai the wife of Marshal d'Ancre, was accused of witchcraft; in her house was found hard cash to the amount of 2,200,000 Livres, besides jewels which were estimated at half a million: and on the body of the Marshal was found paper money to the amount of twenty millions, which he invariably carried about him. No better proof of witchcraft could be found against the Duchesse d'Ancre, than that she wore an Anagnus Dei round her neck, which her accusers chose to assert was a talisman. As she refused to confess her guilt, she was placed upon the rack, and bore its tortures in a manner that excited the unwilling admiration of her enemies.

When the president of the parliament asked her what means she had used to bewitch the queen, she answered with haughty firmness:

"My magic was the power which a strong mind has over a weak one."

On the 8th. of July 1617, she was condemned to death, and burnt as a witch upon the _Place de Grève._

Marie de Medicis was arrested, and after having been kept in close confinement for some weeks, was allowed to retire to the Chateau de Blois. From this place she escaped through a window on the night of the 22nd. of February 1619, fled to Angouleme, and by the aid of the Duc de Epernon, raised an army and declared war against her son. Louis XIII. advanced against her in person at the head of his forces, but by the mediation of Richelieu, at that time Bishop of Lucon, the quarrel was amicably settled. On the death of the king's favorite De Luynes in 1621, she again returned to Paris and took her place at the head of the council of state. To strengthen her party she brough
Richelieu into power, but that crafty statesman soon wrested the sceptre from her grasp, and became the virtual ruler of the kingdom. She now used her maternal influence and every other means in her power to overthrow the minister, but in vain; Richelieu having persuaded the king that she wished to place her youngest son Gaston on the throne.

On this charge she was arrested in February 1630, and imprisoned in the castle of Compiègne, from which she escaped in the July following and fled to Brussels, where she was joined by Gaston the Duke of Orleans, who raised an army and entered France, where he was joined by many of the nobility who were discontented with the tyranny of Richelieu. But his forces having been defeated on the 1st. of September, 1632, at Castelnau-Pardi, the cowardly Gaston made terms with Richelieu for himself, and abandoned his followers to the fearful revenge of the implacable minister.

From this time Marie de Medicis led a wandering life; driven from place to place by the unceasing intrigues of her enemy Richelieu, the once all-powerful queen-regent, was often in want of the common necessaries of life. In 1638, she took refuge in England, but even the hospitable shores of that country could not long afford her an asylum, and in 1641, she arrived in a state of utter destitution at Cologne.

Here in the fourth story of a half-ruined house, which the painter Rubens had inherited from his father, and which was probably the birth-place of that artist, lay in the seventeenth year of her age, upon a wretched bed of straw, Marie de Medicis, the daughter of the Grand-Duke of Tuscany, the widow of Henri IV., and the mother of Louis XIII. and of the queens of Spain and England.

She, who twenty years earlier had summoned Rubens to Paris, to decorate the Palace d'Orléans, and had loaded him with gold and honours, now inhabited a room in the house of that artist, which had formerly been the chamber of one of his lowest domestics.

The only servant who remained true to her in her misery was a Jew, who when Louis was still a minor, and Marie was the regent of France, had been entertained at her court as a physician and astrologer. Eleazer who like most learned men of his time, devoted himself to alchemy and astrology, had foretold that she would die among strangers in a foreign land. He had been the voluntary partner of her exile, had shared her imprisonments at Blois and Compiègne, had accompanied her to Brussels and London, and had vowed never to forsake the patroness who had formerly so liberally rewarded his services. He shared with her the little he possessed, attended her with affectionate assiduity, and comforted the unhappy mother and dethroned queen, with hopes which were never destined to be fulfilled. He had addressed himself to her daughters but they remained deaf to the voice of misery, and all letters which were addressed to the king were intercepted by Richelieu or his agents; pressed by necessity they had parted with every valuable they possessed for the means of subsistence; and more than once Eleazer had been compelled to solicit alms in the streets, in order to purchase a morsel of bread for his wretched mistress.

Few persons have existed on whose heads the iron hand of destiny has pressed so
heavily as on that of Marie de Medicis. Her haughty spirit had at length yielded to despair, and her daily prayer was that heaven would relieve her from the load of an existence, which seemed only prolonged that she might drain the bitter cup of poverty and humiliation to the dregs.

On the night of the second of July 1612, Marie de Medicis lay on her miserable pallet and slept. A small lamp threw its feeble light on her pale and meagre countenance, on which years of misery and despair had stamped their indelible impression. Although her eyes were closed in slumber, her lips still moved as if in prayer, and in her almost skeleton-like hand she held a rosary of wooden beads. By the side of her bed sat Eleazar, who passed the weary hours of the night in reading the famous work, “De Occulta Philosophia” of Cornelius Agrippa. Still in his abject poverty his thoughts were busied with the philosopher’s stone and the art of making gold; but notwithstanding the attention he bestowed upon his favorite author, not a movement of the sleeping queen escaped his observation. After an hour of sweet repose she awoke from a dream.

“Where am I?” asked she, looking eagerly about her.

“Your Majesty is in Cologne.”

“Not in Paris, not in the Louvre? Ah, Eleazar I have had a lovely dream. Methought my son had at length given me permission to return to France.”

“Perhaps your Majesty’s dream may be soon fulfilled.”

“I have also dreamed of my daughters. Elizabeth of Spain and Henriette of England, knelt beside my bed, bedewed my hands with tears, intreated pardon for their neglect, and begged my blessing. Ah, I have always said that Elizabeth and Henriette are good and dutiful children. Only the will of their husbands, and the policy of their courts, prevents them from assisting their parent. Oh, if you had heard how they prayed, entreated and wept, even you Eleazar had wept with them and joined your prayers to theirs. Come my children, cried I, come to the heart of your mother, she forgives you all that you have done. I kissed the foreheads of my children and blessed them.”

“The blessings of a mother are heard before the throne of God,” replied the Hebrew.

“Oh, could I once more see my children before I die! Of all the judgments with which heaven afflicts us for our sins, the worst and bitterest is to die among strangers, and in a foreign land. Oh, Louis my dear first-born son, hear the prayers of your dying mother, suffer her to die in France and in your arms. Curses on you Richelieu, that have banished a sovereign from her realms, and a mother from her children! Curses on you that have torn asunder the holy bonds of nature, and stifled the voice of filial affection!”

“Amen,” murmured the old man.

Marie de Medicis sunk exhausted on her bed of straw. The physician replaced her head carefully on her pillow, felt her pulse, and listened to her breathing.

“Poor broken hearted queen,” murmured he, “heaven grant you a quiet slumber.”

On the evening of the following day, a courier whose horse covered with blood and foam indicated the speed with which he had travelled, stopped before the house of Ru-
hens, dismounted, and rapidly ascended the broken staircase; he found Eleazar in fervent prayer beside the bed.

"What have you brought?" said the Hebrew rising.

"A letter from the king."

"What are its contents?"

"At the request of our beloved queen Anne of Austria, the king permits the queen-mother to return to Paris."

"You are too late. An hour since Marie de Medicis was gathered to her fathers, and the poor Jew Eleazar closed her eyes:—announce that to your master, Louis the just."

Thus ended the career of a woman who was destined by providence to experience the utmost extremes of wealth and poverty, of power and weakness. Whose tyranny and ambition twice plunged France into the horrors of civil war, and whose extravagance and that of her unworthy favorites reduced that kingdom to a state of weakness, from which nothing but the talents and energy of a Richelieu could have retrieved it. Almost the only redeeming trait in her character was her love for the fine arts, which she possessed in common with all the members of her family. The allegorical paintings by Rubens in the Louvre were executed by her commands; the palace of the Luxembourg was erected by her, on the model of the palace Pitti at Florence; and many other public works attest her taste and munificence.

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A ROCKY LANDSCAPE.

Painted by Nicholas Berghem.

From the margin of a clear mountain stream, several stupendous masses of rock rear themselves in severe and simple dignity towards heaven, the central mass bearing the remains of an ancient fortress like a diadem upon its lofty brow. In the foreground a group of peasants, with a horse, a dog, and several sheep and goats, appear to be preparing to cross a ford leading to a mountain path which seems to be concealed between the gigantic precipices on the other side of the stream. A herd of cattle has already entered the water, and near them a peasant with rustic gallantry is carrying his mistress dry-shod over the brook. On the right, the eye is allowed to wander up a rugged mountain glen, which is crossed in the distance by a Roman aqueduct; which together with the costume of the peasants, suggests the idea that the original of the picture is to be found in Italy. The whole composition has an air of simple grandeur, which is at once pleasing and impressive; and which is heightened in no small degree by the admirable manner in which the groups of men and animals are introduced.
shout of a hunter, seems to have disturbed the hitherto unbroken silence of the forest; the largest of the deer starts and looks with an eager and suspicious glance in the direction of the sound, while one of the licorous rises on the wing to seek a still deeper solitude. An indescribable air of sylvan quiet and repose pervades the whole of this composition, and only the action of the animals indicates that the great destroyer Man has ever disturbed with his presence this beautiful sanctuary of Nature. The drawing of the animals is at once spirited and correct, and the treatment of every part of the picture, shows that the painter must have drawn his inspiration from a careful study of the peculiarities of forest scenery.

Carl Ruthart a painter whose works are now highly valued, and of whose abilities one or more specimens are to be found in all large collections, appears to have flourished between the years 1660 and 1680, but the circumstances of his life are altogether unknown. It is probable that he was a native of Germany, although some writers on art reckon him among the painters of the Flemish school, to which however his works bear but little similarity in style. They consist almost entirely of hunting pieces, and forest scenes with groups of wild animals; and are remarkable for the life-like truth and energy which they display. He also executed several etchings on copper, of similar subjects, impressions of which are extremely rare, but numerous drawings and sketches by this artist, are to found in the various German collections.

THE BURIAL OF CHRIST.

Painted by Salviati.

A peculiar but highly poetical idea of the artist, which may probably be traced to the circumstances attending the resurrection, has induced him to represent the body of Christ as being conveyed to the tomb by Angels. While one of these celestial messengers bears the body of the redeemer in his arms, the second kisses the still bleeding hand, and the third raises his tearful eyes towards heaven, in silent prayer to the eternal Father, who gave his only son to be the atoning sacrifice of a sinful world.

Giuseppe Porta, was born at Castelnovo della Grafagnano, and received his artistic education in Rome under the guidance of Francesco Rossi surnamed Salviati, a by-name that was extended to Porta, who became known under the name of the younger Salviati. Nevertheless his style bore little resemblance to that of his master, his compositions being in the manner of the Florentine school, while his colouring resembled that of the Venetian artists. Porta followed his master to Venice, Rossi having received a commission from the Patriarch Grimani, to paint the celebrated picture of Psyche, which is still to be seen in his palace, and on either side of which is a picture by his pupil. On
Descente du Christ au tombeau

J.-B. Oudry

Musée des Beaux-Arts
the completion of this work, Rossi returned to Rome, but Porta remained at Venice, where he established for himself a reputation beside those of the first painters of the time. Pope Clement IV. recalled him to Rome to decorate the Sala regia with the productions of his pencil. Here he painted his celebrated picture of Alexander III. administering the absolution to Frederic Barbarossa in the square of St. Mark at Venice, and the Roman Court became enraptured with his genius which was supposed to exceed that of any of his cotemporaries. Later critics judge less favourably of his works, preferring the paintings of Zuccaro in the Sala regia, to those of Salviati, but this probably arises from the former having stood the test of time better than the latter.

Salviati resided during the greater part of his life at Venice, where his talents were appreciated by Titian, and he was employed in conjunction with other eminent artists to decorate the library of St. Mark. He also received numerous commissions from the nobility and clergy, and several altar-pieces from his hand are still to be seen in Venice. A repetition of the most celebrated, representing the descent from the cross, is in the Dresden gallery. Salviati also devoted considerable attention to engraving on wood, but the numerous works bearing his name or initials, were probably for the most part executed by his pupils or assistants. He expired in the year 1570, or according to other accounts in 1585. That he lived after the first named year is indeed almost certain, as his treatise on the volutes of the Ionic capital was not published until 1572. He destroyed another work which contained mathematical figures, shortly before his death. It is supposed to have been on the subject of Alchymy, to the study of which he devoted much of his leisure time.

**DANAE.**

Painted by Anthony Vandyke.

Great as are the changes which have taken place in every part of the British metropolis since the year 1639, no portion of the modern Babylon has suffered a greater metamorphose than the space lying between Charing cross and Westminster-hall. Here stood at the time of our story the vast irregular mass of buildings known as the palace of Whitehall, and which with the adjacent abbey of Westminster afforded specimens of almost every style of architecture which had prevailed in England, from the days of Edward the Confessor, to those of Charles I, which unfortunate monarch at this time filled the English throne; and the Italian architecture of the newly erected banqueting house, the only portion of the beautiful palace designed by Inigo Jones, which was ever completed; formed a striking contrast to the quaint but picturesque gateways of tesselated brickwork, which had been erected by Henry the eighth, from the designs of Hans Holbein.
On a dark disagreeable and foggy November night, in the year above mentioned, a clumsily constructed, but highly ornamented carriage, such as was used at this period by the nobility and cavaliers of the court, rolled from under the gateway of the palace, and proceeded towards the heart of London. The huge vehicle which resembled not a little a carved and gilded model of Noah's ark, was drawn by four splendid horses, but nevertheless did not proceed at a greater pace than enabled the running footmen who bore torches before and on either side of the carriage, to easily keep up with it. Notwithstanding the splendour of the equipage and the number of footmen who attended it, it's owner who reclined upon the ample cushions within the vehicle, was no member of the wealthy aristocracy of England: he was a man who although born at a time when court favour was almost exclusively monopolized by those of gentle birth, had raised himself to wealth and to the companionship of Princes by the force of his genius; in a word it was Anthony Vandyke, the painter to the Court, and the favorite of Charles the first.

On arriving at Charing cross, the equipage of the painter instead of proceeding along the Strand towards the splendid residence at Blackfriars, which had been bestowed upon him by the King, took its way through St. Martin's lane and Long Acre, to Lincoln's inn-fields. At this period and for at least a century later, this neighbourhood was the chosen residence of a large portion of the nobility and wealthy gentry, who attended the court of their sovereign. Chancery lane was at this time the head quarters of people of rank wealth and talent, in which representatives of the Episcopacy were not wanting; the Bishop of Chichester still resided in his palace near Lincoln's inn, and his immediate neighbour was Count Arensburg, the Ambassador from the Emperor of Germany to the Court of Whitehall. To the mansion of this nobleman, Vandyke betook himself on this occasion, and although the deep-toned bell of St. Paul's had already tolled midnight, the wide folding gates leading to the court-yard of the building still stood open, and the blaze of light streaming from the numerous windows, indicated that the company which had on this evening honoured the Court with their presence, had not yet departed. On either side of the portal stood a gigantic Westphalian porter bearing in his hands a long silverheaded staff, while within the mosaic-paved hall, and on the marble staircase, stood a numerous train of French and English servants, in readiness to receive and announce the guests.

Alighting from his carriage, Vandyke passed through the double row of liveried menials who formed a kind of lane from the door to the stairs; where he listened with patience to the set compliment of the major domo, smoothing as he did so, the splendid collar of Flemish lace, which formed part of the costume of the period; then throwing his velvet cloak into such folds as only a painter can produce, he removed his plumed hat and disclosed a head and set of features which for beauty of form, and nobleness of expression, would assuredly not yield to those of any individual in the high-born company he was about to join. His hair which according to the then prevailing fashion was worn extremely long, fell in a heavy mass of ringlets on his shoulders; and a certain air of
depression visible in his features, afforded a pleasing contrast to the fiery expression of his bright hazel eyes, and the warlike effect of his large brown mustachios, and Spanish imperial.

The formal etiquette with which it was the custom of people of rank to surround themselves, ceased in the house of Count Arensburg, on the threshold of the apartments devoted to the reception of company; and when Vandyke had heard his name passed with various alterations of sound from one attendant to another, and had suffered himself to be half carried up stairs by two sturdy footmen who had seized him by the elbows, he was aware that all restraint was at an end; and he smiled and breathed freely, as he glanced around the small but brilliant circle which was here assembled.

About sixteen ladies and gentlemen received the painter with that peculiar grace and suavity of manner which is calculated to set the new comer completely at his ease; a manner which since its first appearance in France has made a voyage round the world, but since the revolution has vanished from the land of its birth, to make way for an affected earnestness of manner, or the mere grimace of politeness. The handsome painter who had now laid aside his cloak, and appeared in full court dress, without any other arms than a slender rapier, was met on all sides by glances expressive of admiration for his person and respect for his genius; these he acknowledged with the ease of a well bred cavalier, and in obedience to a scarcely perceptible signal from the fair hand of Lady Venetia Digby, placed himself behind the chair of that lady, whose charms he had already immortalized in a picture which now ornaments the royal castle at Windsor.

On the entrance of Vandyke the company were engaged in play, the ladies and the more elderly gentlemen were seated at a long narrow table, while the younger cavaliers among whom were the celebrated wits of the day, Carew and Killigrew, leaned over the high backed chairs of the fair gamsters, and whispered their soft nothings at the same time that they risked a few gold pieces on the game. We have already seen that Vandyke had placed himself behind Lady Digby, to whom he addressed his conversation, while he at the same time watched the varying fortunes of the game, on which he played deeply. Fortune at first favoured the painter, his stakes were doubled, he suffered them to remain and again he was the winner. Lord Edgefield who held the bank, lost hundreds on a card with the most perfect indifference, but the poet Killigrew and his friend Carew, withdrew from the game as the stakes became higher, and at length confined themselves to playing on words. Not so the young Earl of Arundel, who by constantly increasing the stakes brought the play to such a height, that he lost at one coup five hundred pounds, while Vandyke became the winner of a like sum.

The fortunate painter stooped over the white shoulders of the Lady Venetia to receive his winnings, which were paid in gold pieces, the modern convenience of bank notes being as yet unknown:

"Hold both your hands!" cried the fair Countess, as she glanced towards Vandyke with a look which showed how much interest she took in his good fortune.

He obeyed, and stretched forth his hands which were scarcely less white and delicate
than her own, to receive the prize; Lady Digby filled them with gold, but at the moment he was withdrawing them, she rose hastily to reach the remainder, struck her shoulder against his hands and their contents fell in a golden shower upon her snowy bosom. A few pieces fell to the earth, but the greater number were destined for a time to inhabit a place worthy to be the prison of *Angels*. The dresses of the ladies at this period, were less accurately fitted to the bosom than those worn at the present day, while a kind of fan shaped ruff of stiffened lace, rising from the front of the dress to a considerable height at the back of the head, afforded every facility for the escape of the fugitive pieces, most of which disappeared within the silken zone of the Countess.

"A new Danae!" cried Carew, as the lady startled by the coldness of the coin, sprang hastily to her feet.

"Jupiter was never so seductive as when he descended in a shower of gold!" added Killigrew, while the company laughed alike at the accident and the conceit, which derived its point from the attentions which Vandyke had on several occasions paid to the Lady Venetia.

As a gallant Cavalier, Vandyke replied to the excuses of the lady with regard to the impossibility of immediately restoring the money, by some expressions of envy at the good fortune which had fallen to the lot of the insensible metal; and the play was resumed. But the fickle goddess now turned her back upon the painter, and in a short time he had not only lost the whole of his winnings, but also all the money of which he was at the moment possessed. By this time the night was far advanced, and Lord Arundel, Killigrew, and the painter retired, leaving Lord Edgefield still at play with the host.

Vandyke now proceeded through Chancery lane and Fleet street, towards his residence, but he had scarcely accomplished half the distance before he heard some one call him loudly by name, and a young man rushing forward, succeeded in opening the carriage door, and springing into the vehicle while it was still in motion. No sooner had he done so than he threw himself on the breast of Vandyke and remained speechless.

"Is it you Fiamingo?" cried Vandyke in the Italian language.

The young man who appeared to have been running for his life, answered only with sobs.

Carlo Fiamingo who is thus unceremoniously introduced to the reader, was one of the most devoted friends, and talented pupils of Vandyke; whom he had followed from Genoa to London. His talents were in all probability scarcely less extraordinary than those of his master, but unfortunately the power of applying himself steadily to the study of his profession was entirely wanting; he was possessed of a "fatal facility" of hand, which enabled him to produce a battle piece or hunting scene, which were his favorite subjects, in a few hours; and these he handled in the broad and masterly manner observable in the best pictures of Vandyke. Although he had not yet attained his twenty-third year, he had already squandered a handsome property in dissipation, and it was the hope of weaning him from these courses, that had induced Vandyke to
persuade the young Italian to follow him to England. Unfortunately the Master himself was ill calculated to act the part of a Mentor, the dissipations of London had completed the work begun upon the Continent, and Fiamingo appeared to be completely lost both to Art and to himself.

Vandyke now threw his arms around the sobbing youth, but instantly recoiled with horror. "In heaven's name what is that?" cried the Master, holding up his right hand which he had laid upon the breast of the youth.

"Blood, Signor, Blood!" replied Fiamingo, "would to God that the thrust had been better aimed, or that the wound of Lord Wentworth had been equally slight!"

In reply to the questions of Vandyke, Fiamingo related that he had quarrelled in a tavern with his bosom friend Lord Wentworth, that being both heated with wine they had resolved to settle their differences at once with their swords, and that the consequence was, that Lord Wentworth had been killed on the spot, while he had escaped with a slight wound in the breast.

This story threw Vandyke into great alarm for the safety of his friend, the severity of the English laws against duelling, would in this case he increased both by the rank of the sufferer and the circumstance that the combat had taken place without witnesses. It was evident that the only safety of the Italian lay in instant flight; but for this purpose money was necessary. Fiamingo was utterly penniless, and Vandyke had just lost all his ready money in play. Under these circumstances the Master resolved to apply for assistance to Count Aremburg, and ordered his coachman instantly to return to Lincoln's inn fields. Here the mansion of the Count was found to be already closed, and unwilling to disturb the family, Vandyke drove to the house of Lord Henry Digby on Ludgate hill.

Here he found at least open doors; and alighting he demanded to see Lady Venetia, who instantly appeared, she apparently having arrived at home only a few minutes before. Vandyke told in a few words the story of his unfortunate friend, stated the urgency of the case, and concluded his relation by soliciting the loan of a hundred pounds.

Lady Venetia heard the tale with sympathy, but alas! her ill fortune at play had been equally great with that of the painter, and she was at the moment utterly unable to assist him from her own purse. She however rung her hand-bell and summoned an attendant:

"Is my lord at home?" asked she:
"His lordship left London yesterday evening."
"Send the house steward here." The servant bowed and retired, and in few minutes the steward who had evidently been roused from his slumbers, made his appearance. Setting aside the costume, he was much such a figure as Hogarth upwards of a hundred years later introduced into his Marriage à la Mode.
"Let me have a hundred pieces immediately!" said the lady.
The steward shrugged his shoulders, but returned no answer.

"Is the man deaf?" cried Lady Venetia impatiently.

"My lady," replied the old man, "it grieves me to inform you, that I have received the most positive orders from my honoured lord not to advance you the smallest sum until his return, under pain of his deepest displeasure. I am consequently under the necessity of refusing your ladyship; in every other respect I am at your service."

"You may go!" cried she, her eyes flashing with indignation, as she turned her back upon the steward, who instantly availed himself of the permission.

"Be comforted, Sir Anthony!" cried she after a moment's pause, I must have sufficient for your purpose about me, recollect that I have this evening enacted the part of Danae."

So saying she retired to her boudoir, while Vandyke waited in the anti-chamber. Her waiting woman was in attendance and she immediately commenced laying aside her dress, and in a few moments nothing but the bodice prevented her from grasping the hidden treasure.

"One moment, Eliza!" cried she, "we have no time to spare, and if I remain standing the coins will roll into every corner of the room, and we shall lose an hour in seeking them."

"Have you money in your bodice?" cried Eliza, with surprise.

"Certainly! take care it does not fall."

She then threw herself on or a splendid sofa, and in this position Eliza removed the rest of her clothing and collected the gold; which in obedience to the command of her mistress she immediately carried to Vandyke. Whether the waiting woman was ignorant of the exact whereabouts of the painter, or whether the surprise of finding so large a sum in the dress of her mistress had deprived her of her recollection, we are unable to state with accuracy; but certain it is that she threw open the folding doors opposite to which Vandyke was seated, and allowed the enraptured artist a momentary glimpse of the unveiled charms of her lady.

The master collected himself, took the money and departed. Fiamingo furnished with golden wings reached Dover in safety, from whence he took his passage to France and from thence to Milan, in which city one of his best battle pieces is still to be seen.

Vandyke found it impossible to banish the events of this evening from his recollection, the more especially as Lady Venetia refused from this time to admit him to her presence. To console himself for the loss of her society he painted his magnificent picture of Danae, as the Lord of Olympus descended to her arms in a shower of gold. The princess of Argos and her nurse, were represented by portraits of Lady Venetia and her attendant, and the picture was no sooner finished than Vandyke sent it to the fair original, with a note containing these lines:

"Why should Beauty blush to own that she has been immortalised by Art?"

The next day Lady Venetia visited the painter at his residence in Blackfriars to thank him for his present, which was exhibited to the admiration of the fashionable world at the residence of Lord Digby.
The Fishery.  Der Fischfang

Plate 195
La Marchande de pêches

Le Grand'Vendeur de Volontézardière
A WOMAN SELLING GAME.

A WOMAN SELLING GAME.

Painted by Gabriel Metsu.

We have here one of the ordinary scenes of everyday life which the painters of the Dutch school delighted in transferring to their canvas; the incident represented is one of no greater importance than a servant girl bargaining for a hare, and yet such is the power of art, that this picture attracts the attention of the spectator, in a far greater degree than many others which represent events of the greatest historical importance. To the great mass of the public indeed, pictures of this character are far more interesting than those belonging to a higher walk of art, which necessarily require some amount either of natural taste or artistic education in the spectator, to enable him to comprehend them; nor is this preference confined to the uneducated classes, many minds retain under all circumstances a love for the simple and natural, in contra-distinction to the poetical and sublime, and it is this feeling which leads to the apparent incongruity of our meeting with pictures representing the most ordinary and sometimes the coarsest incidents of common life, in the apartments of those whom wealth has rendered fastidious, and who would probably turn with indifference if not with disgust, from the real scenes from which these pictures have been copied.
Like all the works of Tintoretto, this picture is remarkable for the wonderful care and industry bestowed upon the finish of even the most trifling details, while the perfect air of simplicity and truthfulness which pervades the whole composition, show how unceasingly the master must have had recourse to the great instructor nature.

SUSANNA AND THE ELDERS.

Painted by Paul Veronese.

Paul Cagliari surnamed Veronese, entered the world at Verona in the year 1528; he received instructions in the art on which his genius was destined to exercise so great an influence, successively from his father, the sculptor Gabriel, and his uncle Antonio Badiale. His earliest efforts afforded ample promise of the brilliant talents which he afterwards developed, but he met with so little encouragement in his native city, that with the exception of an altar-piece in the church of St. Formo, and a picture of the holy virgin between two female saints, he left behind him no works of any importance in Verona. The genius of Cagliari was however perceived and fostered by Cardinal Gonzaga, at whose invitation he repaired to Mantua; here he executed two paintings of the temptations of St. Anthony, which at once procured him a reputation superior to that enjoyed by any of his rivals in that city. He soon afterwards proceeded to Venice, where he entered into successful competition with the best artists in the world, and established for himself a name beside those of his great rivals Tintoretto and Titian. The latter of these great masters acknowledged his ability, and recommended him as one of the artists to be employed in decorating the library of St. Mark. Cagliari carried off the palm on this occasion from the whole of his competitors, and received a golden chain from the Venetian senate, as a testimony of his superior merit. His next triumph was the execution of the ceiling of the sacristy of St. Sebastian, with which the monks were so delighted, that they resolved to have the whole of the interior of their church decorated with the productions of his pencil. A short visit which he made at this time to Verona, gave him an opportunity of leaving a worthy monument of his genius in his native city; this was a picture representing Christ and St. Simon, which he executed for the refectory of the convent of St. Nazaro; and after the completion of which, he returned to Venice in order to continue his works in the church of St. Sebastian. The earliest of these paintings exhibit only the first dawn of his peculiar style, his handling was at this time timid, and the colouring rather remarkable for the careful blending of the tints, than for the light bold and masterly manner which he displayed in the later pictures of the same series. Those on the ceiling of the church, representing the history
of Esther, excited special approbation, and procured him an honourable commission from
the senate.

In the mean time he found leisure to visit Rome, in the company of the ambassador
Grimani; and the study of the works of art both ancient and modern in that city,
seemed to give a new impetus to his genius. This he displayed in the magnificent
picture of the apotheosis of Venice in the Ducal palace. Here the “Queen of the
Adriatic,” is represented crowned by Fame, guided by Honour, Freedom, and Joy, and
attended by Ceres and Juno, as the celestial witnesses of her power and glory. The
distance is composed of gorgeous buildings, and the foreground of mounted warriors,
trophies, etc. This wonderful composition is a compendium of all the brilliant qualities
which at once charm and astonish the spectator, while gazing on the works of this
great master. Strozza, Mignard, and other talented painters, have accorded to this picture
the praise of being one of the finest in the world, and it is certain there are few that
produce so great an effect upon the beholder. During the occupation of Venice by the
French, it was cut out of the ceiling, and transported to Paris; but was restored to its
original position in the year 1814.

The reputation which Cagliari obtained by the execution of this picture, was increased
by his famous compositions of feasts, among which his favorite subject was the marriage
in Cana. One of these painted for the church of St. Maggiore at Venice, contains one
hundred and thirty figures, mostly portraits of princes, or other eminent cotemporaries
of the painter; it is said to have originally cost only ninety Ducats, and is at present
in Paris. Another called the feast of St. Matthew, is in the church of St. John and St.
Paul, and is famous for the wonderful execution of the heads. A third, representing
the feast of St. Simon, is in the church of St. Sebastian. A fourth, of the same
subject, was sent to Louis XIV., and deposited at Versailles. This picture in the op-
inion of the Venetian connoisseurs, was the best of the whole, and has been the most
frequently copied; one copy by Cagliari himself, or more probably by his brother, was
executed for the refectory of the convent of St. Nazarius and St. Celsius, and was after-
wards in the Dorian collection at Genoa. Various copies of this and other pictures, are
scattered through Europe, and frequently bear the repute of being originals.

Cagliari executed a considerable number of works in fresco. In the palace of Catajo
near Botaglia, all the principal apartments are decorated with the productions of his
pencil; and the same was the case with that of Soranzo near Castle Franco; this palace
was pulled down in the year 1825, and the paintings by an ingenious process were
removed from the walls, and transferred to canvass, by an artist named Vendramini.
The pictures, twenty-two in number, were sent to England. Many other frescoes of
Cagliari are to be seen in the Villa at Asolo, formerly the country residence of the Doges
of Venice; as also in several other palaces in Venice and its neighbourhood.

During the sixty years of his life, Cagliari painted a large number of pictures, but no
one too many for his fame. All his productions are worthy of him, and there scarcely
exists one, which some painter has not considered worth the labour of copying. He painted with astonishing rapidity and certainty, and his colouring derives not a little of its vigour and clearness from the readiness with which he at once applied the right tone. He rarely resorted to the expedient of glazing, or painting with transparent colours over opaque ones, and consequently his works have suffered less from the atrocities of picture cleaners, than those of most of the ancient masters. Like Titian during his best period, Cagliari generally employed a full light, and avoided dark shadows; yet nevertheless gave all objects their proper distance and roundness, by his perfect knowledge of the effects of the colours and lights upon the eye. All his compositions display grandeur of thought and luxuriance of imagination; and the heads of his saints are at once dignified and natural. These qualities induce the spectator to pardon or forget the occasional want of correctness in drawing, and the invariable neglect of the costumes, manners, and customs of the ancients, visible in his works. His scriptural and historical personages appear invariably in the dresses of the sixteenth century, and he is guilty of the same anacronism with regard to the furniture and architecture represented in his pictures, which are always such as he saw daily around him. In the picture of Susanna and the Elders, now before us, the bath of the fair Jewess is a fountain on a terrace, such as is frequently to be seen in the palaces of Italy; in the back ground is part of a gothic church, and in the middle ground a Roman statue of the sylvan god Pan. The national characteristics of the Jewish countenance are admirably preserved in that of the principal figure, but the Elders are evidently studies from Italian monks. But these anacronisms are forgotten in an instant, as we gaze on the gorgeous colouring, the softness and roundness of the flesh, and the indescribable air of grace and beauty which pervade the whole composition.

A considerable number of paintings by Cagliari are still to be seen in Venice, but many of them have suffered greatly from the ravages of time, and some have been retouched by more modern artists. Verona also contains several paintings by this the greatest of her sons, some of which have been injured by age, but they have all hitherto escaped the hand of the so-called renovaters. Dresden next to Venice possesses the best collection of the works of this master, the gallery containing no less than fourteen paintings from his hand, which for the most part are in good preservation. The national gallery in London contains one of his best pictures, that of the consecration of St. Nicholas, which was originally the altar-piece of the church dedicated to that saint at Venice; as also a small but exquisite painting of the rape of Europa. The Gallery at Munich contains eight pictures by this master, that at Madrid ten, and few of the principal collections of Europe are without some specimens of his genius, which are justly considered among the most invaluable of the treasures they contain. Cagliari was assisted in many of his works by his brother Benedict, also in the latter years of his life by his two sons Charles and Gabriel. The original works of these artists are difficult to distinguish from those of Paul Veronese, who is believed to have frequently put the finishing touches to them. Such works of Cagliari as were unfinished at the time of his death,
were completed by his sons and brother, who continued for some years to work in partnership.

Paul Cagliari expired at Venice, in the year 1588.

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**THE STALL.**

Painted by Philip Wouvermann.

In the interior of a large rustic building, which seems to answer the purposes of an inn, a barn, and a stable, several travellers already mounted on horseback, are awaiting their companion who is engaged in drawing on his boots, while his white horse is held by a boy. The host is in the act of presenting his departing guests with the stirrup cup, a woman probably his wife, is seated by the fire nursing a child, and an older boy is romping with a goat. In the back ground are seen several horses at their mangers, and in the entrance stands a wagon loaded with hay. On the road which the travellers are about to take, a loaded mule is seen approaching, and the dwellings which appear in the distance, seem to indicate that the scene is laid in a rude district, to which few of the conveniences of civilized life have hitherto extended themselves.

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**A WILD BOAR HUNT.**

Painted by Peter Paul Rubens.

In the year 1596, the heroic efforts of the Dutch to shake off the galling yoke of Spain, had been crowned with a degree of success, which afforded ample promise that notwithstanding the inequality of the contest, they would eventually succeed in establishing their independence. Maurice of Orange, the Cromwell of the Netherlands, had already raised himself to the lofty but dangerous post of Stattholder or Dictator of the seven provinces, and had established his head quarters in the city of Antwerp. The first act of this great drama had ended in the triumph of the national party; and the combatants exhausted by six years of almost incessant warfare, now rested for a moment on their weapons, in order to gain strength for renewing the contest.

Ever suspicious of plots and conspiracies on the part of the catholics, Maurice subjected the good citizens of Antwerp to police regulations of so severe a character, that these alone were sufficient to provoke, and perhaps to justify, the measures they were intended to prevent. From sunset to sunrise parties of cavalry patrolled the streets, in
order to arrest all persons whose appearance might be considered suspicious, every passenger was compelled to carry a lantern, and at ten o'clock all fires and lights must be extinguished; and woe to the unhappy wight who was detected in infringing even by a hair's breadth on the tyrannical ordinances of the Prince.

On a wretched November night in the year above mentioned, a party of twelve soldiers were engaged in their usual duty of patrolling the streets. This service which was always a disagreeable one, was especially so on the present occasion. A keen north-east wind, bearing with it a perfect deluge of mingled rain and sleet, swept through the streets of Antwerp, making even the hardy warriors of the Stattholder, bow to their saddle-bows to avoid the cutting blast. With the exception of these military guardians, the streets were completely empty, or at least appeared to be so, for the thickly descending rain rendered it almost impossible to distinguish any object, even at the distance of a few yards. No sound disturbed the silence of the night, but the howling of the wind, the clank of the horses' hoofs upon the pavement, and the rattling of the accoutrements of their riders, except the challenge of their leader, and the hearse reply, as occasionally other parties similarly engaged crossed their path. The inclemency of the weather appeared to have the effect of redoubling the vigilance of the officer commanding this detachment; in spite of the cutting blast and blinding sleet, he held himself proudly upright in the saddle, and his eagle glance seemed to explore every corner in which there was any possibility of a person concealing himself. With untiring zeal he led his companions from street to street, leaving them occasionally to spur his horse through some narrow lane, or to inspect more closely some suspicious looking alley.

The soldiers seemed by no means to share the ardour of their leader for this irksome and disagreeable duty, but wetted to the skin and chilled to the bone, their discontent began to find vent in low murmurs.

"I should like to know what is in the wind to night," growled one, "that the 'Old one' is poking his nose into every corner like a terrier at a rat-hole."

"Midnight is long past!" said another, "I wonder how long this devil's hunt after nothing is to continue?"

"The 'Old one' feels neither wind nor weather when he has the Spaniards in his head, and one may see with half an eye that that is the case at present," whispered a third.

"Like enough," replied the first speaker, "Maas and Overyssel are now won, but Nester and the fortress of Grove are still thorns in his side. I'll wager he is turning the matter over in his mind at this moment."

"What matter is he turning over?"

"How to drive these yellow Spanish dogs from the Netherlands — you will see that this state of things will not last long; I know that by the way he shakes his plumes, and we old soldiers have a saying, 'when Maurice shakes his feathers, it is time to take leave of your mistresses.' I'll wager we have orders to march within three days."

"God send it!" cried the second, whose horse at this moment stumbled, "better
meet one's death from a Spanish bullet, than break one's neck in patrolling crooked lanes and blind alleys, at midnight."

The leader at this moment turned his head, and gazed for a moment at the bearded countenances of the two last speakers:

"Why do you not announce to me that there are lights in the windows yonder, instead of gossiping about my feathers?" said he, in a tone of good humour, and pointing at the same time to a large building at some distance.

"My Prince — Captain, I would say, I assure you that when you shake your plume as you did but now, I can see nothing else, and should be blind to all the lights in the Netherlands."

The Prince muttered something about "discipline" and "obedience," and rode forward in the direction of the forbidden lights, while the soldiers nodded to each other as much as to say; "There he had his answer." Then stroking their beards, they looked after him with an expression of veneration and affection, which might almost be said to amount to tenderness; and added, "After all, he is the father of his country, the sword of the Netherlands, and the shield of the Protestant faith."

The whole party now halted before the building, from the second story of which the lights which had attracted the attention of Maurice, still continued to shine clearly and brightly through the darkness of the night. The soldiers entered a kind of fore-court, and glanced upwards with expectant countenances, at the illuminated windows.

"Who resides here?" asked Maurice, in a tone of voice which boded no good to the offenders.

"Comte de Lalaing;" answered one of the soldiers, "and that means in other words, a catholic and a Spaniard."

With a hasty movement the Prince swung himself from the saddle.

"Dismount!" cried he, "knock at the door and if it is not instantly opened, force it open with your axes, or fire a pistol into the lock."

The soldiers sprung forward to obey the orders, but at the same moment they perceived a figure muffled in a cloak, which appeared to be endeavouring to escape observation by keeping close to the wall of the building. A soldier endeavoured to seize it, but it eluded his grasp and would probably have escaped, had not two others thrown themselves in the way in such a manner as to cut off its retreat. Thus surrounded, the stranger slipped with the rapidity of thought the cloak from his right arm, and drew a long Spanish rapier, in order to make his way through his assailants by force. At the same moment a third soldier sprung forward and opposed his drawn sword to that of the stranger, crying at the same time:

"Equal weapons! blade to blade! Do your best my friend, but you are lost to a certainty, if my trick of fence be the better, there is an end of the matter; but should luck attend your Spanish bilboa, you will be hanged forthwith!"

The last premise of the soldier proved to be most correct; the blades seemed scarcely to have crossed each other, before the weapon of the latter was wrenched from
his hand, with a force which made it fly several yards into the air. Although this scene had lasted but a few seconds, it had given time for the other soldiers to come up; and the stranger now found himself surrounded by his enemies, who praised his parade and laughed heartily at their defeated comrade; but at the same time seized his person, and deprived him of his weapon.

Prince Maurice now stepped forward and addressed the prisoner.

"You are a bold fellow and a good swordsman!" said he, as he gazed attentively at the features of the young man; "But by the body of Calvin, that gives you no right to wander about the streets without a lantern, to refuse to answer when challenged, or above all to draw your sword against the soldiers of the Stattholder. We will teach you to conduct yourself in future, in a manner more becoming a peaceable citizen; clap a pair of hand-cuffs on the prisoner, and let him be secured to one of the horses with a cord."

On hearing this order, the youth stepped forward with an air of indignation, and addressing himself to the Prince, exclaimed —

"I am a peaceable citizen Mynheer! and as you appear to be an officer, I trust you will protect me from unworthy treatment. If you grant me five minute's private conversation, I will convince you that I had no intention of doing anything offensive either to yourself or the Prince of Orange. I appeal to the justice of the Stattholder, who will not permit an innocent man to be treated like a thief or a murderer!"

"Indeed!" replied Maurice; "are you then so well acquainted with the Prince?"

"I know him only as he is known to the whole world; but I am convinced that the conqueror of Don Juan of Austria, and the Duke of Parma, is not inferior in chivalrous qualities to either of his rivals."

"There you may possibly be in the right, most eloquent Sir!" said Maurice drily, as he led the stranger a few paces on one side. "Now he pleased to give short and direct answers to my questions — your name?"

"Peter Paul Rubens."

"Rubens; there was a Judge of that name in this city."

"He was my father;" replied the youth, "I am myself a painter."

"And may I ask what you were about to paint here at midnight, — do you reside in this house?"

"No."

"What business have you here then?"

"Mynheer," replied Rubens with some confusion, "I perceive that you are more the Cavalier, than I judged to be the case from your first orders — "

"You have a peculiar manner of being complimentary, Mynheer!" said the Prince, as he bowed half ironically to the painter.

"Give me your word of honour that you will make no ill use of my communication," continued Rubens, "and I will tell you the naked truth; and I think my story will afford you sufficient reasons for setting me at liberty."
With a slight smile the Prince replied, "I give you the required promise; make your tale short however, as I have a few words to say to the owner of this house."

The young painter passed his fingers through the long locks of hair which descended on his shoulders, and which were thoroughly saturated by the rain; and after a short pause commenced his story:

"In this house resides the Countess Lalaing."

"Ah! it is a love affair I perceive; you have an appointment with the fair Countess?"

"By no means Mynheer; besides the Countess is a widow."

"That matters not, my friend!"

"And sixty-five years old."

The Prince's features relaxed into a slight laugh as he added:

"That alters the case truly, my good Sir."

Rubens continued: "I had the honour to be the page of this lady before I felt that I was destined to be a painter. In the Countess I found a kind mistress, and in her son the Count an agreeable companion; the only daughter of the Countess inspired my breast with a passion to which it had hitherto been a stranger; my passion was reciprocated, and for some months I lived as it were in a delightful dream. I was destined to be rudely awakened; our loves were discovered; and to make a long story as short as possible, I was dismissed from the service of the Countess, and Maria to expiate the crime of having loved a page who was neither rich nor noble, was sent to a cloister of Ursuline nuns in Ysseland. I then became a painter—"

"Under what Master?" asked the Prince.

"Under Theodore Verhaegt, and Mynheer Van Oort."

"Neither of which run any risk of being burnt for conjurors," said Maurice; "but proceed with your story."

"Two years have since flown by, during which I have received three letters from Maria, in which she complained bitterly of her sufferings, and expressed her hopes that the Dutch troops would burn down the convent, and set the nuns at liberty."

"This Maria seems to be a sensible and well inclined young woman," said the Prince, "but my — I would say our, troops have been in that district, and as I hear have been pretty active in clearing out the cloisters."

"You are right Mynheer! the convent in which Maria was confined, was plundered by the Prince of Orange—"

"Oh! oh! I suppose he took no part in the affair himself."

"However that may be, the convent was plundered; and Maria escaped and put herself under my protection. Yesterday however, her relatives discovered the place of her retreat, and procured legal authority to remove her forcibly from my house. A few hours since she found means to send me a note, in which she states that unless I can find means to release her to night, she is lost for ever; as at day-break to-morrow she is to be removed to a convent at Valenciennes. There is her window, and here am I!"
"Humph! And do you still love this young lady with all the warmth of your former affection? Answer me truly, and you will have no reason to repent that you have made me your confidant."

"No Mynheer!" replied the painter, "I love her still, but Art is now the sovereign mistress of my soul; to it all my thoughts and affections are now devoted; yet I would venture my life and everything that is dear to me, to preserve Maria from a position which will make her the most wretched creature in the world, and in which during two long years she has rather vegetated than lived."

Maurice turned to his soldiers:

"Jacob, give an eye to the prisoner!" cried he in a tone of command, "and let some of the others force open the door of this house, as the inhabitants seem in no hurry to volunteer making our acquaintance."

At the first blow on the door, it was thrown open by a party of domestics, who appeared to have been listening with great anxiety, to ascertain if the nocturnal visit of the military was intended for them. The young Count also appeared in his dressing gown, and demanded with not a little hauteur the cause of this unusual proceeding.

"Have you never heard of the orders of the Stattholder with regard to extinguishing fires and candles?" cried Maurice, enraged at the haughty manner of the Count, "I will take care that for the future they shall be impressed upon your memory!"

"Conduct yourself with civility, or I will complain of your behaviour to the Prince," replied the Count, "with the exception of this taper which I have just lighted, there is not so much light in the house as a glow-worm gives on a summer evening."

Without deigning to reply, Maurice followed by two soldiers ascended to the second floor:

"It must be here!" cried he, as he endeavoured to open a door.

A scream was heard from within, and it was only after repeated threats that the door was at length opened. In the lighted chamber was a handsome young man in a travelling dress, who stood pale and trembling before his unexpected visitors. Maurice saw at a glance how affairs stood, but Laing did not immediate recognise his sister.

No sooner however did he perceive that the young stranger was no other than Maria in disguise, than he guessed the cause of its assumption, and overwhelmed her with a torrent of reproaches. He was interrupted by the Prince, who observed coolly:

"As this young gentleman exhibits considerably more light than a glow-worm, I shall take the liberty of arresting him, in order that he may receive the punishment due to such a breach of subordination."

The Count was in despair.

"I assure you that this is my sister!" cried he, and if you dare to arrest her, I will immediately complain to the Prince.

"You have a most extraordinary looking sister my friend. The whole affair has a most suspicious appearance; and to cut the matter short, sister or no sister, this page will accompany me to the guard-house. Forwards, March!"
Under these circumstances the Count had no alternative but to submit; but he swore by everything holy and unholy to be revenged upon the officer. He insisted upon being also taken to the guard-house, and was consequently immediately removed by two soldiers, but without being permitted to accompany his sister.

More dead than living, Maria descended to the court-yard; here she saw the young painter, and almost instantly recovered her spirits; she suspected the real state of affairs, and hoped that they would eventually turn out to her advantage. Maurice walked beside the two prisoners, who endeavoured to comfort and console each other; after a few minutes he dismissed his attendants, with the exception of two, and enquired into the circumstances of the tyranny exercised by Lalaing over his sister.

"And you would be free?" asked he, after listening to Maria's account of the matter.
"My freedom is dearer to me than my life!"
"Would you like to retire to the Hague? there you will be secure."
Maria willingly agreed to this arrangement, and the Prince whispered a few words to one of the soldiers, who instantly set off at full gallop. In about ten minutes he returned with a coach, which stopped at the corner of a street, at which the Prince and his companions had halted scarcely a moment before.

"You must now take leave of each other!" said Maurice, "but quickly, or I will not answer for the consequences."

The lovers obeyed, and Rubens assisted Maria into the vehicle, notwithstanding her tears at being compelled to depart without her lover. The Prince now leaned forward and whispered a few words in her ear; she uttered an exclamation of surprise, and the next moment the carriage rolled away.

"May I ask the meaning of all this?" said Rubens, who felt very much like one in a dream.
"You forget that I have to ask questions and you to answer them! I must now ascertain if you have told me the truth; who knows but that your story may be as false as that of Count Lalaing with regard to the light. Where do you reside?"
Rubens conducted him to his lodgings, which were at no great distance.
"I reside here!" said the painter.
"Knock at the door, in order that we may be certain."
The tradesman with whom Rubens lodged opened the door, and the Prince ascended to his apartment.
"And these are your productions?" said Maurice, as he glanced at several paintings, and a mass of sketches and drawings which lay scattered about, without appearing to be much enraptured with the talent displayed by his prisoner. Some ground-plans of cities and buildings appeared however to excite more interest in his mind, and he pronounced these to be by far the best productions of the artist. He examined the whole of them carefully, and at length holding up one of them, said:
"Perhaps you would have no objection to sell this?"
"What is it?" asked Rubens.
"The fortress of Grove!"

"I shall be happy if you will accept it, as a slight mark of my gratitude, for the service you have rendered to Maria."

Maurice now examined the painter minutely with regard to the correctness of the plan, and appeared satisfied with his assurance that he had himself made it on the spot. He then bade him a short "Good Night," and retired without making any farther allusion to the circumstances which had introduced them to each other.

Rubens remained behind, completely bewildered by the various occurrences of the night, and for some time heard nothing more either of Maria or the officer. Meanwhile the Stattholder had hastened to the seat of war, and the first blow which he struck was the conquest of Grove. A few days after this event, the painter received from an unknown hand, a packet containing a hundred Florins and a letter from Maria, in which she informed him that she was satisfied with her present position, but afforded no clue to the knowledge of her place of abode; and some months elapsed before the mystery was cleared up.

At length the Prince returned to Antwerp, and one morning as he was about to take his usual ride, Rubens accidentally passed; and to his great surprise recognised in the Stattholder the former officer of the watch. Maurice at the same moment perceived the painter, and beckoned him to approach.

"I have a few words to say to you my Son," said the Prince with dignity, "but I have little time to bestow upon you—perhaps you will accompany me on my ride?"

Rubens bowed.

"Charles," added the Prince turning to his attendant, "give this gentleman your horse. You can yourself remain at home—Mount, Mynheer Rubens, that is your name I believe."

The painter obeyed, and followed the Prince who rode forward at a sharp pace for upwards of an hour. On reaching the skirts of a wood the latter slackened his speed, and addressed his companion:

"It will no doubt my friend be agreeable to you to learn, that Maria has been received into the house of the worthy Senator Benrhem at the Hague; where she is free and I trust happy. You however will see her no more; devote yourself to Art. Flanders has need of men of ability who will render her famous and independent even in painting. You have done me a service of no small importance, to you and your drawing I am indebted for the possession of Grove, although your plan was by no means so correct as you boasted it to be. You will therefore permit me to place you under the tuition of Otto van Veen, and to recommend that he keeps an observant eye upon you."

Rubens was in the act of expressing his thanks to his patron, when his speech was interrupted by a loud "Hollo! Holllo!" from the Prince. At the same moment a herd of wild swine burst from the wood, pursued by a noble pack of hounds and a numerous party of huntsmen; who endeavoured to cut off the retreat of an enormous boar. Irritated by the pack, the furious animal turned suddenly upon his pursuers and with his
jaws dropping with foam, and his bristles erected, dashed among the dogs and stretched several of the foremost in rapid succession bleeding on the ground.

Maurice of Orange was no less enthusiastic as a hunter than as a warrior; and while Rubens looked upon the scene with an artist's eye, and contrasted the picturesque grouping of the animals in the fore-ground, with the appropriate forest scenery in the distance, the Prince spurred his horse into a gallop, and drew his sword in order to attack the boar.

"But this is a stranger's hunt!" shouted Rubens, as he also put his horse into a gallop and drew his sword, in order if necessary to support the Prince in a contest, which was never without danger.

"I pass my whole life in hunting the Spaniards and their allies, who are the enemies of the Netherlands; they must forgive me if by way of change, I to-day hunt their swine!" cried Maurice, whose face was already flushed with a sportsman's arour.

"This is the estate of the Count Lalaing!" cried Rubens.

"Lalaing? Well, he was forced to endure our carrying off his sister, and I do not see how he is to prevent us from settling the business of this ugly looking gentleman in black."

Maurice made several blows at the boar without success, and the animal with half a dozen dogs hanging on different parts of his body, turned and endeavoured to again reach the shelter of the wood. At this moment several horsemen came up at full gallop, the first of whom was Count Lalaing. He rode full upon the boar, and wounded him slightly in the neck; but unable to pull up his horse, he rode over several of the dogs; and only succeeded in mastering his steed at the moment in which he found himself face to face with the Prince. The boar meanwhile was despatched by the rest of the hunters, and the peculiar blast on the horns, called the "Hallohi" proclaimed that the chase was at an end.

Lalaing seemed not a little astonished at recognising the officer of the watch who had carried off his sister, and for whom he had so long sought in vain, in company with Rubens; and the discovery that they were acquainted, seemed at once to remove the veil from his eyes.

"At length I have found you!" cried he, as he rode sword in hand towards the Stattholder.

"Yes," cried Rubens, "you at length see the Prince of Orange, who set bounds to the cruelty of yourself and mother, towards a defenceless girl!"

"Foolish boy! why were you not silent?" cried Maurice, as he parried a thrust aimed at him by Lalaing; "but no matter Count, my being Stattholder shall not prevent me giving you all the satisfaction you desire!"

Count Lalaing however broke off the combat, turned his horse's head, and rode at full speed from the spot; nor did he rest until he had passed the French frontier, so greatly did he fear the revenge of the Prince.
REMFRANDT’S DAUGHTER.

Painted by Paul Rembrandt.

Early one fine summer morning the great magician of light and shade, the famous Rembrandt van Rhyn, stood in his atelier apparently in the act of commencing an unusually earnest lecture for the peculiar benefit of two of his scholars who stood before him.

Every one is familiar with the expressive but harsh features of this great master, whose head on the present occasion was covered by a huge fur cap, which added in no small degree to the grim and almost repulsive expression of his countenance; the rest of his person was wrapped in a once handsome, but now tattered and colour-stained dressing-gown of velvet, which descended to his ankles; and as he stood with his arms folded behind his back, gazing with an air of magisterial severity upon his pupils, his whole appearance seemed in admirable keeping with the air of neglect and disorder, visible throughout the apartment.

The attire of the scholars on the other hand, presented a marked contrast both to the negligent costume of the master, and the dilapidated and neglected appearance of his studio. Notwithstanding the earliness of the hour, they were in full gala costume, and had evidently taken no little pains to set themselves off to the best advantage.

These youths were Philip Koningk and Gerbrand van der Eeckhout. The former was attired in a doublet and closely fitting pantaloons of white velvet, slashed with orange coloured satin; his short cloak was of light blue velvet, and his cap of the same colour and materials, was ornamented with two long white ostrich feathers; while at his side hung a long Spanish rapier with a gilded handle. Van der Eeckhout wore a jacket and

Maurice had now time to look about him: the boar was dead, the principal huntsmen had followed the Count, and the attendants were busied in coupling the hounds.

“The quarry belongs to us!” said the Prince, “we first brought the beast to bay. Bring it after us to the palace of Orange, and you shall be well rewarded.”

At the feast which was held in consequence, the painter was among the guests. It was the first time that he appeared in the higher circles, in which he afterwards both as an artist and diplomatist, played so distinguished a part. The Stattholder according to his promise, caused Rubens to place himself under the instruction of Otto Venius, who soon pronounced him to be his best pupil; and on several occasions in after life, the Prince showed that notwithstanding the increasing melancholy of his disposition, and the tyranny of his government, that he retained a pleasing recollection of the nocturnal adventure in the streets of Antwerp.
La Filha de La Rochefoucauld

Carmen, a gálicia Roubraques. Tinta.

M. M. P. H. des. D. A. B.
wide trunkhose of black velvet, slashed with yellow satin, and decorated with at least fifty ells of ribbon; which in the form of innumerable small bows, fluttered from the breast and arms of his jacket, and the sides of his nether garments. His cloak and hat were of black velvet, and at his side he wore a handsome silver mounted hanger. Van der Eeckhout was a tall robust young man, with a profusion of long flaxen hair, and whose eyes and features gleamed as it were, with the signs of redundant health; but neither these advantages, nor the martial style of his costume, prevented him displaying an equal degree of embarrassment, with his smaller and less showy looking friend and colleague, who now stood before the master with an air which plainly showed how gladly he would have been any where else; a feeling which seemed to be in some degree occasioned by the possession of a roll of canvas which each of the artists endeavoured to conceal beneath his cloak, from the sharp and suspicious glance of Rembrandt.

"Pray gentlemen, may I ask the meaning of this absurd Masquerade?" said the master, eyeing his pupils at the same time from head to foot, with a glance of grim contempt. "Heaven keep me in my senses! Who would believe that this Spanish Don and Venetian Signor, are two hopeful youths who are learning to paint under old Rembrandt?"

Königk muttered something about "Forgiveness," and Eeckhout stammered out a few words of which "Weighty reasons," alone were audible. Rembrandt continued:

"I should say nothing about it, were not the taste displayed in this finery so truly detestable. Who the deuce has persuaded you to dress yourselves out like the fat ox which the butchers parade round the town at Whitsuntide? To whom are you indebted for the wonderful harmony of colours which your dress displays? You might at least have dressed yourselves in a characteristic manner; were Philip dressed in black, he would look not unlike a Venetian nobleman, and were Gerbrand in Philip's dress, he would look less like a hog in armour."

The master concluded his criticisms with a scornful laugh; and then added:

"You of course intend to belittle yourselves to your easels?"

The two youths who still preserved some presence of mind under the unmerciful rabble of the master, exchanged glances; and Philip Königk stepping forward, replied:

"No Mynheer, with your permission we do not intend to work to-day!"

"You intend I suppose to join one of the drinking-bouts of these still-life gentry. Of these painters of Hams and Cucumbers; who fancy themselves masters, because they find fools to purchase their rubbish?"

"You know us better I trust Mynheer, our thoughts and exertions are directed to something higher." replied Eeckhout.

"And on that account — " interrupted Königk:

"On what account?" asked the master sharply.

The two youths remained silent.

"What brings you here;" cried Rembrandt impatiently, "do you intend to drive me frantic?"
The two youths looked at each other, but neither had the courage to reply. At this moment the door leading to the private apartments of the master opened, and a lovely girl about seventeen years of age appeared upon the threshold, and fixed her bright eyes with an expression of some astonishment upon the group before her.

This apparition appeared to add in no small degree to the embarrassment of the young artists, and while Eeckhout's cheeks glowed like a furnace, Königk became extremely pale. After gazing at them for a moment, the maiden retired without speaking; but the confusion of his pupils had not escaped the quick eye of Rembrandt, to whom the circumstance seemed to afford a new light.

"Oh, oh!" muttered he to himself, and then added aloud: "Pray be seated gentlemen, and let us endeavour to understand each other."

The scholars seated themselves with heavy hearts.

"We must take courage!" whispered Königk to his companion.

"That we must!" replied Eeckhout, who unconsciously spoke aloud.

"Will you speak first?"

"No, you!" whispered Gerbrand.

Königk collected himself for a moment, and then threw himself into an attitude which he had probably copied from some study of Paul before Agrippa, but unfortunately the eloquence of his great original was entirely wanting.

"Mynheer Rembrandt van Blun," began Königk, "I will speak directly to the purpose."

"That will be the most agreeable to me," remarked Rembrandt.

"Gerbrand and myself are bosom friends, who at the same time enjoy the advantage of receiving your instructions —"

"Shorter, Philip, shorter!" interrupted Rembrandt.

"I will endeavour to be as brief as possible; I would say that Gerbrand and myself are united in all things."

"That is to say, our souls are united!" interrupted Königk, "we follow the same lofty aspirations, we strive towards the same glittering goal; our ideas in this respect are one and the same —"

"God bless the lads!" cried Rembrandt, "your minds are as differently constructed as your bodies; for heaven's sake paint no pictures in partnership, let each take his own course and you bid fair in time to become good painters, each in his peculiar manner."

This remark by breaking the thread of the orator's discourse, had the effect of producing a momentary pause; but Eeckhout almost instantly resumed the argument with some warmth.

"Mynheer Rembrandt;" exclaimed he, "the most different characters may choose the same ideal, and arrive at the same end; although they may take different paths to reach it."

"Ah! you have learned to reason upon Art, before practising it!" cried Rembrandt contemptuously, giving way to his habitual dislike of all theorists.
"Our highest object is Love," continued Eeckhout growing warmer as he proceeded; Love is the Queen of Art, and the sovereign of the universe."

"Spare us your theological notions I entreat you," interrupted the master, "I am aware that in biblical matters, you are infinitely more learned than myself."

Eeckhout however who was much given to abstruse theological disquisitions, was now fairly mounted on his hobby, and was not to be prevented from riding it. He therefore replied:

"The Bible agrees in this respect with the world; that is, with the world as seen by the artist. I am no catholic, but as a painter I am inclined even to respect the traditions of the church, which allow me to think of the Queen of heaven in the same manner that I contemplate the Queen of my earthly affections. This object Philip and myself have discovered, she is no mythological person, no ideal; she lives and breathes and has her being. This Madonna, this sovereign Queen of our affections, who combines within herself all that is necessary to inspire an artist with dreams of grace and beauty, we have found in your daughter Catherine. We have therefore come to solicit her hand of you, leaving to yourself and Catherine the decision of which is to be the happy man."

Rembrandt listened to this rhapsody in silence, which he did not immediately break at its conclusion. Notwithstanding the harshness of his manners, he was really fondly attached to his pupils, although he seldom permitted it to be perceived; and this declaration gave him the more pain as he was well aware that the charming Catherine had no longer a heart to bestow upon either of these enthusiastic candidates. A few moments' consideration showed the master the best course to pursue under the circumstances, which was to conceal this from the youths, and to make use of their passions as means to urge them forward in their career as artists.

No sooner had he taken this determination, than he rang his hand-bell, and demanded wine and glasses; then seating himself between his pupils, he took each of their hands and addressed them as follows:

"I thank you my sons for the honour which your proposal has conferred, both upon my daughter and myself; for assuredly the Stattholder need not be ashamed of having two such brave youths for his sons-in-law. But I can make no attempt to influence the affections of my daughter, who when she chooses a husband shall do so of her own free will; nor can I accept either of you as her bridegroom, before you have given me proofs that you have attained to mastery in our Art. I am willing to believe that you have executed better works than those which the routine of the atelier has permitted you to produce here; if so show them to me, and we will then speak farther on the subject."

Meanwhile the wine was brought, and the glasses filled:

"No toasts gentlemen!" cried Rembrandt, "until you have shown me some original work, we will be silent on the subject."

The important moment had now arrived, and the youthsbashfully produced their rolls.

"We have expected this demand on your part Mynheer," said Koningk, "and have each
prepared a picture for your inspection, but in order that neither might have an advantage on that score, we have selected the same subject."

The rolls were now opened, and displayed two portraits of the beautiful Catherine.

"Ah, I thought so!" murmured Rembrandt, as he examined the pictures; "the first masterpiece of a young painter is usually the portrait of his mistress; but I can assure you my son, that in after life he looks upon it with very different feelings than he did at the time it was painted. I can assure you of that from personal experience; I have still the portrait of my first mistress, the servant in my father's windmill, and you are at liberty to laugh at it whenever you please."

"But your Judgment!" stammered both the youths, to whom the time during which the master examined the pictures, seemed a century.

"That I will not speak, but show!" replied Rembrandt. "I have myself painted a portrait of Catherine, as she appeared on her seventeenth birthday."

So saying he opened a large closet, and commenced searching among a number of pictures. After the lapse of a few moments, during which the scholars stood with downcast eyes and despairing looks, Rembrandt produced his picture, which the youths seemed almost to devour with their eyes.

"That is indeed a picture worthy of the original!" cried Eeckhout, as he quietly removed his own from the disparaging contrast.

"That is indeed a masterpiece!" sighed Königl, as he replied to the downcast looks of his companion.

"You see my sons, you have still much to learn before you can be considered masters of your Art?" said Rembrandt.

"Everything, everything!" cried the scholars.

"You are brave lads!" cried the master, grasping the hands of his pupils, you know that I love you, and that it is my wish to educate you for immortality, and I feel that you are worthy of my care. Come then my sons, throw aside this finery, don your blouses, and resume your labours!"

"We are ready to do so!" replied Eeckhout; but dearest master, leave us at least a gleam of hope of eventually possessing Catherine, and we will rival Hercules himself in perseverance.

"You have the full sunshine of hope as far as I am concerned;" replied Rembrandt, "but Catherine will herself decide on whom she will bestow her hand."

Encouraged by this hope, the two young artists laboured with indefatigable industry for upwards of six months; at the end of which time, thanks to the carefully grounded education they had previously received, they could place their works beside those of the best masters of the Netherlands without blushing.

Catherine however bestowed her hand upon the handsome son of a rich merchant of Amsterdam; and the two young painters after the first burst of grief and disappointment, learned gradually to console themselves for their loss, by the successful and profitable practice of the art they had acquired.
La malade

La malade

Le kranke Frau

Chère
La Fille d'Hérode
Hérodiás Daughier. Herodias, Fröhler.
Ostia. Munich
THE SICK LADY.
Painted by Caspar Netscher.

The famous Dutch master introduces us on this occasion, into the chamber of a fair invalid, whose disorder however does not appear to be of a very serious character; as we may judge, not alone from the circumstance of her receiving her medical adviser in an arm chair, but also from the countenance and arm of the fair sufferer, neither of which have lost the fulness and roundness attendant upon health; while the features although pale, have a calmness and even cheerfulness of expression, incompatible either with bodily pain or mental disquietude. The patient is attired in a loose velvet robe trimmed with fur; and in the background an attendant is seen arranging the bed, which she seems to have but recently quitted.

The air of confidence with which the Physician undertakes the examination necessary to his art, induces us to hope that he thoroughly understands the case; and that the prescription which he will doubtlessly write upon the paper which lies ready for that purpose, will do as much honour to his abilities, as the picture representing his occupation, confers upon the talents of the painter.

THE DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS.
Painted by Carlo Dolce.

In this magnificent picture, which for correctness of drawing, force of expression, and brilliancy of colouring, is justly considered one of the finest creations of this celebrated master, we see the youthful daughter of the infamous Herodias, in the act of conveying the bleeding head of the martyr John to her mother in a charger, as related in the fourteenth chapter of the Gospel of St. Matthew.

The treatment of the subject by the artist is in the highest degree masterly and true to nature. The lovely countenance, graceful person, and rich attire, of the princely girl, who averts her face with an instinctive and natural feeling of horror from her ghastly burden, contrasts forcibly with the head of the Martyr, the half-closed eyes of which indicate that no friendly hand has performed the last offices of humanity, and the open mouth seems still to proclaim the truths, the utterance of which has caused it to be silenced for ever. Well has the painter shown in the soft and expressive features
and mournful glance of the young Jewish beauty, that not the feelings of her heart, but a blind obedience to parental authority, has made her urge the fatal request which has rendered her the blind instrument of her mother's revenge.

In order to render intelligible a short account of the origin and consequences of the incestuous union between Herod and Herodias, the reproof of which cost John the Baptist his life, it is necessary to say a few words concerning the Herodian dynasty, which reigned over Judea during the whole time of our Saviour's sojourn upon earth, and for some years both before and afterwards.

The originator of the greatness of the family seems to have been a person named Antipater, who was appointed governor of Idumea by Alexander Jannaeus, king of the Jews; Idumea being at that time part of the Jewish dominions, and its people having become proselytes to the Hebrew religion. His son, also called Antipater, connected himself with the leading men among the Jews, and took a prominent and active part in public affairs; being as it were, the very life of the party of Hyrcanus II, king and high-priest of the nation, against that of Aristobolus, who disputed with him the sovereign power. It was the policy of Antipater as of all his family, to aggrandize themselves through the favour of the Romans, and in this object, for attaining which they spared no exertions, they completely succeeded. Antipater was much favoured by Pompey, but the governing power of his family was established by Julius Caesar, by whom Antipater was made procurator of Judea, in recompense for important services which he had rendered during the war in Egypt. He also obtained permission to rebuild the walls of Jerusalem, which had been destroyed by Pompey. This was in the year 44 B.C.; and the power thus conferred Antipater retained until his death, in 40 B.C. His son Herod, afterwards surnamed "the Great," was only twenty-five years of age when his father intrusted to him the government of Galilee; and after the death of Julius Caesar, he was made governor of Syria by Cassius and Marcus. Soon after the death of Antipater, Mark Antony came into Syria, and confirmed his sons Herod and Phasael in the power of their father; but for a time they were obliged to give way before the superior force of Antigonus, the son of the above mentioned Aristobolus, by which they were reduced to such extremities, that Phasael slew himself, and Herod fled to Rome. He there renewed his friendship with Antony, to whom he promised a large sum of money; and by him was so warmly recommended to Octavius, as the son of that Antipater who had rendered such signal services in Egypt, that through their joint influence with the senate, he was appointed king of Judea. Accordingly in the year 37 B.C. Herod was conducted to the Capitol by Antony and Octavius and there consecrated king, with the usual idolatrous rites and sacrifices; but three years elapsed before he was able, by the final overthrow of Antigonus, to obtain possession of the kingdom which had thus been bestowed upon him.

We have no space to enter upon the various occurrences of the magnificent, but cruel and tyrannical reign of Herod, the great event of which was the birth of our Saviour, which took place in the beginning of the year in which he died, or the latter end of
the preceding one. His latter days were disturbed by quarrels and conspiracies among his sons, the eldest of whom Antipater, he caused to be put to death only five days before he died himself. He then made a new will appointing Archelaus his successor to the kingdom; Antipas tetrarch of Perea and Galilee, and Philip tetrarch of Iturea and the region of Trachonitis. All these princes took the name of Herod in addition to their own, and this seems to have been considered as a sort of title of sovereign distinction in the family, like Cesar to the Roman Emperors. The Antipas, or Herod-Antipas, above mentioned, is the "Herod the tetrarch" of St. Matthew, under whose rule John the Baptist suffered martyrdom.

On the death of Herod the great, Archelaus was hailed as king; but he abstained from assuming the regal title until Herod's will should have been approved of by the Roman emperor. This approval he went to Rome to obtain, and ultimately succeeded, with the exception that he was to bear the title of ethnarch only, and not to assume that of king until he had proved himself worthy of it. His government was tyrannical and unpopular, and in the tenth year of his reign (A. D. 12.) the Jews and Samaritans made such a representation of his conduct to Augustus, that he was deposed and banished to Vienne in Gaul. The emperor then united Judea and Samaria to the province of Syria, and they continued to form part of that government until ten years after the death of Christ, when the kingdom of Herod the great was reconstructed, and bestowed upon his grandson Herod-Agrippa, by the emperor Claudius.

Herod-Antipas went to Rome, as well as Archelaus, after the death of his father, his object being to supersede the latter in the Kingdom of Judea. In this he failed; but was confirmed in the tetrarchy which his father's will had allotted to him. In some other journey he visited his half-brother Philip, also called Herod, (who must not be confounded with the above mentioned Herod-Philip, tetrarch of Iturea), a son of Herod the great by Marianne, the daughter of the high-priest Simon; and there conceived a criminal passion for Philip's wife Herodias, and offered to marry her if she would leave his brother: to this she consented, upon condition that he should previously divorce the daughter of the Arabian king Aretas, to whom he had long been married. This Herod promised to do on his return from Rome; but in the mean time the Arabian princess, hearing of the fate that awaited her, fled to her father at Petra. The tetrarch on his return home performed his promise of marrying Herodias; but they were not left undisturbed in their wickedness, for Aretas the father of the divorced princess, declared war against Herod to avenge her wrongs; and it is probable that it was on their march to meet him, that Herod's soldiers heard the preaching of John the Baptist (Luke III. v. 14); but the advice he gave them was certainly not calculated to offend Herod, since among other things he counselled them to be contented with their pay.

The prophet of the Wilderness however took another occasion of raising his voice against the incestuous match which had been completed between the tetrarch and Herodias; and as it is probable that the sentiments which John expressed were those which were generally entertained, Herod was perhaps not less actuated by alarm than by resent-
ment, in determining to silence the faithful prophet. But it would seem from his sorrow at being forced "for his oath's sake," to put him to death, as also from the belief he expressed on hearing of the fame of Jesus, that this was John the Baptist who had risen from the dead; that he was convinced of the divine mission of John, and consequently would not have put him to death, but for the stratagem of the cruel and revengeful Herodias. The girl whose dancing gave occasion to the death of the Baptist, was named Salome, and was the daughter of Herodias by her first husband Philip; and as according to Josephus, Herodias quitted Philip soon after Salome's birth, it is evident she must at this time have been a mere child; a circumstance which affords a sufficient answer to those who object to the probability of the relation, on the ground that it was unsuitable to the dignity of a princess, and contrary to the manners of the age, to dance in public for the entertainment of the court.

Soon after the death of John, the war with Aretas was brought to an end by the total overthrow and dispersion of Herod's forces; and Josephus asserts that this destruction of his army was regarded by the Jews as a punishment on Herod, and a mark of God's displeasure towards him, for the murder of John, whom the historian describes as a good man, who taught the people righteousness towards one another, and piety towards God; and to whose baptism multitudes had resorted. Not long after this, the guilty Herodias being annoyed that her own brother, Agrippa, who was Herod's nephew, had received the title of king, while her husband was only a tetrarch, pressed Herod so much, that he went to Rome to solicit the same title from the emperor Caius; but the latter having been prejudiced against him by letters from Agrippa, was so far from attending to his application that he not only deprived him of his tetrarchy but banished him to Lyons, and afterwards to Spain, where he died; and his tetrarchy was given to Herod Agrippa to complete his kingdom.

Herodias, who it should be observed was the niece of both her husbands, being the daughter of Aristobulus, another son of Herod the great, accompanied Herod on the occasion of his last unfortunate visit to Rome; and the emperor understanding that she was the sister of his friend Agrippa, was inclined to make a favourable distinction between her and her husband; but rather than owe anything to her brother, she chose to accompany Herod in his exile. What ultimately became of her is not recorded. Her daughter Salome, was married to her uncle Herod-Philip, tetrarch of Ituraea, after whose death she became the wife of her cousin-german, Aristobulus, the son of Herod king of Chaleis, her mother's brother. By this husband she had several children, and here all information concerning her ceases.
THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.
Painted by Ferdinand Bol.

We here see the holy family on their flight into Egypt, to which country they retired in consequence of a divine message, in order to save the infant Messiah from the cruelty of Herod (Math. II. 13. 14). Exhausted by the fatigues of the journey, Mary sits upon a bank and leans her head with an expression of weariness upon her hand. Behind her sits Joseph in an attitude of repose, but still watching with anxious care over the helpless fugitives entrusted to his protection. In his hand he holds a knife with which he has probably shared the bread, part of which is lying beside the knapsack and the water-bottle; he has also brought with him his tools as a carpenter, in order to support his family by his labour, in the foreign land in which they are about to take refuge.

In this picture the artist has made no attempt to invest his subject with those attributes of superhuman dignity which we find in the scriptural subjects of the Italian masters; it however possesses a degree of natural and truthful simplicity which is admirably adapted to the subject, and irresistibly attractive to the spectator.

Of the life of the painter, little more is known than that he was born at Dortrecht about 1610, that he went to Amsterdam when very young, and became a pupil of Rembrandt; whose style and colouring he followed so closely, that his works have not unfrequently been mistaken for those of his teacher; a circumstance which speaks loudly as a proof of their excellence. He died at Amsterdam in 1681, rich both in fame and fortune, leaving behind him many valuable historical pictures and still more numerous portraits. He also attained to great eminence as an engraver on copper, and impressions of his works are highly valued.

CHARLES THE FIRST.
Painted by Anthony Vandyke.

We here find ourselves before the portrait of a prince whose misfortunes have furnished more themes for poets and materials for painters, than perhaps any sovereign of modern times; and who has been alternately represented as a “royal martyr,” or an “execrable tyrant,” according to the views of the different political or religious parties, to which his historians have belonged.
This picture was painted by Vandyke at least eight years before the death of Charles, and we consequently see him as he appeared in the prime of life, and before his countenance was marked by the traces of those misfortunes which crowded upon him during the latter years of his reign. Upon his broad and lofty forehead still sits the consciousness of that kingly power, the arbitrary exercise of which, at length deprived him of the affections of his people, and led eventually to his untimely death upon the scaffold. In the glance of the clear blue eyes, speaks the probity and piety which formed the basis of his character; but they have notwithstanding an expression of melancholy which reminds us involuntarily of the unhappy termination of his career: while the lines of the mouth, which is surrounded by a beard of somewhat lighter colour than the hair upon the head, bespeak the firmness and decision, with which he opposed the storms that assailed his throne, and which enabled him to support the last bitter moments of his life, with the courage of a martyr, and the dignity of a king.

The conception and execution of this picture, is in every respect worthy of the reputation of the greatest of portrait painters. It belongs without doubt to the number of the finest and most beautiful portraits that Vandyke has bequeathed to posterity; and we may readily believe that the artist exerted his talents to the utmost in a picture, which was intended to transmit to future ages the features of a prince, who had ever rewarded his genius and industry, with truly regal munificence.

Charles I. the second son of James the first, was born at Dumferline in Scotland on the 19th. of November 1600, and on the death of his brother Henry in 1612, was created prince of Wales. Accustomed from his youth to consider himself as born to wield power by divine right, he exhibited early in life a haughty and arbitrary disposition; and associated constantly with his father's favorite the duke of Buckingham: that unprincipled and profligate minister obtained not less influence over his mind, than he possessed over that of James the first.

Negociations having been opened with the Spanish court for a marriage between Charles and the princess Maria, Buckingham persuaded the prince to undertake an expedition to Spain, in order to personally woo his future bride. This romantic idea was actually put into execution, and Charles under a nominal incognito, was presented to the princess. The infanta was prepared to expect her royal lover, and to see in him, through his disguise a young, handsome, and accomplished prince. She wore it is said, a blue ribbon on her arm in order that he might more easily distinguish her among the crowd of ladies, and when he fixed his eyes upon her for the first time, it is recorded that a deep blush overspread her face. In a day or two after the first interview, Charles joined in the sport of running at the ring, when his mistress was among the spectators, and won at the first course. The citizens of Madrid forgot their religious bigotry at this moment; and all cried out that their infanta ought to be given at once to his arms. It was no state love on the part of Charles. He was observed to gaze on her with the same long, passionate melancholy look, which Douglas is described by the great romancer as fixing on the beautiful and unfortunate Queen of Scots; and, on one occasion he leaped over
the walls of her garden to endeavour to obtain speech of her. He watched in the street for hours together, in places where he expected she might pass; and overwhelmed with gifts everybody whom he hoped to render of any assistance to his designs.

Notwithstanding the behaviour of the prince had won the hearts of the whole of the Spanish court, and the match had made such progress that the infanta was already called in common conversation the princess of England, the arrogance and extravagant assumption of Buckingham brought the negotiations abruptly to an end, and Charles had the mortification of returning to England as a rejected lover.

Buckingham however managed to make the prince, the king, and the English court, believe that the failure of the treaty arose from an act of insulting perfidy on the part of the Spaniards, and the partly deceived and partly bribed parliament, demanded that the king should declare war against Spain. During the preparations for hostilities, James the first died, and Charles ascended the throne in 1625. In the same year he concluded his unpopular and unhappy marriage with the princess Henrietta of France, whose gloomy bigotry aggravated all the evils of a miserable reign; and whose influence on the mind of the king contributed not a little to its fatal catastrophe.

To such a height did the Protestant and Catholic jealousies arise, that officers were stationed at the door of the queen's chapel, to prevent English converts from entering; and on those occasions the French sometimes drew their swords to defend them.

"The king and queen," says a M. S. of the time, "dining together in the presence, Mr. Hacket (chaplain to the Lord Keeper Williams) being then to say grace, the confessor would have prevented him, but that Hacket shoved him away; whereupon the confessor went to the queen's side, and was about to say grace again, but that the king pulling the dishes unto him, and the carvers falling to their business, hindered. When the dinner was done, the confessor thought, standing before the queen, to have got before Mr. Hacket, but Mr. Hacket again got the start. The confessor nevertheless, begins his grace as loud as Mr. Hacket, with such a confusion, that the king in great passion instantly rose from the table, and taking the queen by the hand, retired into the bed-chamber." The quarrels between the attendants of the king and those of the queen, and the insolence of the priests who attended her, at length rose to such a height, that Charles put an end to the nuisance, by sending the whole of the queen's suite both lay and clerical, back to their own country.

Meanwhile the new parliament which had been summoned instead of that dissolved by the death of James, refused the supplies necessary for commencing the war with Spain; upon which the king, by the advice of Buckingham, dissolved it and caused some of the members most obnoxious to the court to be arrested. The necessary funds were obtained by forced loans, and other illegal means of expressing money. An expedition against Cadiz which was fitted out by these means, ended in a complete failure; but Buckingham to gratify his personal revenge did not hesitate to plunge his sovereign into a new war with France. The cause of this was, that Buckingham during his visit to that country to negotiate the marriage of the king, had dared to raise his eyes to the queen of
France, who is said to have granted him more than one private interview; however this may have been, it is certain that Louis XIII. forbid his again appearing at the French court. Buckingham himself took command of a force destined to relieve Rochelle, at that time besieged by the royal forces of France. He landed in July 1627, on the isle of Rye, but was compelled to return without effecting anything.

Although despised as a commander, and hated as minister, Buckingham still possessed the ear of his sovereign, and by his advice Charles again dissolved the parliament, which instead of voting supplies, had threatened to impeach the minister; and had commenced an attack on the prerogatives of the crown. A new expedition for assisting the protestants of Rochelle was now prepared, which was to be commanded by Buckingham, but when on the point of embarking, the favorite was murdered by a fanatic named Felton, and the expedition was abandoned.

Harassed by want of money, the king found himself again compelled to assemble a parliament in 1628; which immediately proceeded to draw up the famous "Bill of Rights," to which, weary of the contest, he at length attached his signature, to the great joy of the people. But the parliament still refused the supplies, until the obnoxious tax called "Tonnage and Poundage" should be abolished, and new measures taken for the suppression of catholicism. Although the main obstacle to a good understanding between the king and people had been removed by the death of Buckingham, these new demands led to such a violent dispute with the parliament, that the king in a haughty and threatening address, again dissolved them, on the 10th. of May, 1629. Charles now governed the country by the aid of his ministers Laud and Strafford, for eleven years as an absolute monarch, without a parliament. Revenues were obtained by arbitrary levies of various kinds, and the equally arbitrary decisions of the tribunal called the star-chamber, gave an appearance of legality to these continually increasing imposts. In 1629, peace was concluded with France, and in 1630, with Spain, without the protestant cause having gained anything by these expensive contests.

It could scarcely fail that a government which showed itself to be as powerless abroad as it was oppressive at home, and whose arbitrary fiscal proceedings attacked the private rights of all classes of the community; would soon awake the deepest hatred against the sovereign. The republican opinions to which the puritans had always been inclined, now gained ground daily, and caused a fearful agitation in the public mind. Charles endeavored to suppress the storm by harsh measures against the English puritans, and others of a still more stringent character against the Scottish presbyterians. And in 1638, he endeavored to compel them to adopt the liturgy of the episcopal church. This interference with the religious liberties of his subjects, filled the measure of popular discontent. The Scots flew to arms, established a revolutionary government, and signed the celebrated league and covenant. Charles still persisting in carrying out his measures, a Scottish force entered England in 1639, where it was received with secret joy by the people. For some time hopes were entertained that the appeal to arms might be avoided by negotiations, but the Synod at Edinburgh having declared the
Charles the First.

episcopal liturgy to be illegal and blasphemous, and the king not having the means of enforcing his authority, had recourse to assembling an English parliament, which met in April 1640. The parliament at first showed itself well inclined to support the king against the Scots, but the court having irritated the commons by ill-timed threats, it was judged better to dissolve it. Charles now assembled by the usual illegal means, a considerable army; which was defeated by the Scots at Newburn on the 28th. of August, and the humbled and disappointed monarch saw himself again compelled to assemble his parliament; and this most important sitting commenced on the 3rd. of November 1640.

Both houses were prepared to commence the struggle against the royal despotism; and one of their first acts was to impeach the ministers and officials who had served the court during the last eleven years, and to declare the proceedings of the star-chamber to be illegal. This conduct on the part of the parliament seemed to paralyse all the energies of Charles, and in blind despair he signed the triennial bill without opposition, and even surrendered that most valuable prerogative of the crown, that of summoning and dismissing the parliament. After signing on the 13th. of May 1641, the death-warrant of Strafford, an act which must always be considered as an indelible stain upon his character, he on the following day granted to the parliament the power of continuing their sittings at their own pleasure. This utter want of energy encouraged the parliament to new and more unreasonable demands, and they now showed a greater disregard for the rights of the crown, than the court had formerly shown for those of the people. The star-chamber, the high commission, and the tax called "Ship-money" were now abolished, and the Scots on receiving the sum of 300,000 pounds returned to their own country.

Charles now set out for Scotland, in order if possible to raise his vassals in that country against the English; but had scarcely arrived there before an insurrection broke out among the catholic population of Ireland, and this was universally attributed to the machinations of the court, who it is certain had been in correspondence with the chiefs of the insurgents. Deprived of all power, Charles was compelled to leave the suppression of this outbreak to the parliament, who immediately took possession of the arsenals, and raised an army, which they did not however send to Ireland. They now sent an address to the king in which they demanded, that more stringent measures should be adopted against the catholics; the abolition of the episcopal form of religion; the exclusion of the bishops from parliament; and above all the establishment of the presbyterian church.

The king who had at first replied to this address with great moderation, soon suffered himself to be persuaded by his queen to the most unwise measures. He appeared in the 4th. of January 1642 in the house of Commons, accused the five members Pym, Hampden, Hollis, Haslerig, and Strode, of high treason, and demanded that they should be given up to him. Both houses took offence at this attack upon their privileges, and the citizens of London showed that they were prepared if necessary to defend the rights of the members by force of arms. Charles left London with his family on the 10th. of
January, therby making the parliament the masters of the kingdom, and they immediately proceeded to avail themselves of their power, took possession of the fleet, equipped an army, and directed the calling out of the militia. The negotiations between the king and parliament remained without effect, as Charles refused to allow the latter the choice of the commander of the militia. In March 1642, the king called upon his nobility who for the most part remained faithful, to rally round him at York, and took measures for deciding the quarrel by the sword. With a gallant army, though with but little money, he commenced hostilities in August, and for a whole year succeeded in preserving the advantage over the ill disciplined forces of the parliament. The Scots who feared the success of the king, now united themselves with the English parliament, and entered England with an army 21,000 strong. Charles had already in April concluded a treaty with the Irish catholics; and summoned a counter-parliament to meet at York, which was tolerably numerously attended, and which voted him supplies. The royal forces suffered a defeat at Marston Moor in July, but obtained a victory over those of the parliament on the 1st. of September at Cornwallis.

Notwithstanding this and other advantages, and the support of the nobility, the ultimate result of the war, was never for a moment doubtful. The great mass of the people looked upon the parliament as the only legal authority, and the true organ of the public interests; and this gave them a moral strength, and rendered their resources inexhaustible; while Charles on the other hand stood comparatively alone, and a serious defeat would in all probability be sufficient to destroy him. The negotiations which were commenced between the parties in January 1645, at Uxbridge, miscarried from the same cause as the last. The parliament to secure themselves from a very possible reaction, insisted on having for a time the command of the army, which the king obstinately refused. The parties consequently again flew to arms, and on the 14th. of June 1645, the royal army was completely routed at Naseby, by the forces of the parliament, under Cromwell and Fairfax. Utterly unable to raise a new army, Charles in May 1646, saw himself under the necessity of taking refuge in the camp of the Scots at Newark. Here instead of following the advice of his friends, and uniting himself with the Scotch, by acknowledging the presbyterian church, he conducted himself in a doubtful and even threatening manner, which was rather calculated to repel than invite confidence. He was here treated with respect, but always as a prisoner, and after long negociations which he might have turned to his advantage, he was delivered up to the English parliament in consideration of a considerable sum of money.

The presbyterians now hoped to arrange the affairs of the kingdom according to their own ideas; but during the civil war, the sect of independants had arisen, who rejected alike the authority of a temporal and a spiritual superior, and were determined to carry out the revolution to its fullest extent. This fanatical party of which the army was almost entirely composed, and at whose head was the ambitious and unscrupulous Cromwell, now sought to obtain the mastery over the parliament, and the great mass of the people, which were inclined to the ideas of the presbyterians. For this purpose they in June 1647.
made themselves masters of the person of the king, who was at that time confined in the fortress of Holmby in the county of Northampton, and carried him to the army. The comparative freedom which Charles enjoyed in the camp, induced him to listen to the proposals made to him by Cromwell; but he at the same time corresponded both with the Scots and the parliament; threatened one with the other, and all with France; and thus made himself hated and suspected by all parties. In particular he lost by some revengeful expressions the confidence of the all-powerful Cromwell, whose popularity was already much injured by the apparent inclination he displayed towards the king. Finding that neither Cromwell nor any other of the chiefs of the army would espouse his cause, Charles effected his escape from Hampton-Court; in all probability not without the connivance of his enemies, and fled to the isle of Wight, from whence he hoped to reach France. Here the governor of the island, Hammond, who was a staunch supporter of Cromwell, caused him to be arrested, and confined him in the castle at Carisbrook. The chiefs of the army, or rather of the independent party, now laid their ultimatum before their sovereign. He was to surrender the command of the army to the parliament for twelve years; to recall all his proclamations against the revolutionary government, and to confirm to the parliament the right of assembling and dissolving themselves at their own pleasure. The refusal of Charles to submit to these ignominious terms, embittered the army and the whole independent party to the utmost, and they now determined to place him before a tribunal on a charge of high-treason, and the parliament was compelled to pass a bill prohibiting any farther negotiations with the king. These measures which were evidently intended to deprive Charles of his throne, terrified the presbyterians, and new bands of loyalists in which his former enemies were united with his faithful friends the cavaliers, arose in various parts of the country; but were easily dispersed by the soldiers of Cromwell.

Meanwhile the Scots, who saw their church endangered by the triumph of the independents, closed a treaty with the king on the 26th of December 1627, and in the following June entered England with a large army, which was however defeated in three engagements by Cromwell, who pursued its shattered remains into Scotland. The parliament seized the opportunity afforded by Cromwell's absence, to repeal the bill above mentioned, and renew the negotiations with the king. Charles was now prepared to make any personal sacrifices, but could not be prevailed on to consent to the abolition of episcopacy; and as the parliament showed themselves equally obstinate, the delay afforded time for Cromwell to conclude a peace with the Scots, and to hurry at the head of his victorious soldiers to London, where he arrived in November 1648. He now again made himself master of the person of the king, whom he caused to be imprisoned in Harst castle, and demanded from the parliament a bill authorizing the trial of Charles. On their refusal to comply with this demand, he caused the parliament house to be surrounded by his soldiers, who refused admission to all members of the presbyterian party, forty of whom they took into custody. This act, which from the name of the officer who executed it, was called "Pride's
purge" gave the independent party absolute power in the state, and the trial of the
king was consequently sanctioned by the remnant of the parliament.

The unfortunate Charles who, during his latter imprisonments, had been subjected to
every indignity that could be inflicted by the rude and fanatical soldiers by whom he was
surrounded, was now removed to Windsor castle, where he spent "his sorrowful and last
Christmas." He was afterwards removed to London for trial, and as the few lords who
continued to sit in parliament refused to undertake this responsibility, a tribunal was
formed of one hundred and thirty-three persons; consisting of officers of the army,
members of the lower house, and citizens of London; but of whom only seventy
appeared.

On the 20th. of January 1649, the sittings of this tribunal were opened with great
ceremony in Westminster-hall; and although the king steadily denied the authority of his
judges, they sentenced him on the 27th. of January to death, as a "Murderer, Tyrant,
and Enemy of the people." In this mockery of a trial the principal parts were per-
formed by Cromwell, Ireton, and Harrison, whose interests evidently lay in the con-
demnation of their sovereign. The entreaties of the royal family, and the protestations
of the Scots, the court of France, and the States-general of the Netherlands, against
the execution of this sentence, were alike unattended to; and on the 30th. of January
1649, Charles was publicly beheaded in front of the banqueting-house at Whitehall.
His body was conveyed by water to Windsor castle, and deposited in the vaults beneath
St. George's chapel.

It is not our intention to enter into any controversy respecting the character of this
monarch; but whatever may have been his faults as a prince, all writers agree that in
his private capacity he was an amiable, intelligent, and well educated man. As an en-
courager of the fine arts, his name will ever be associated with those of Rubens and
Vandyke, whose talents he fostered with princely liberality; and he possessed in an emi-
inent degree those household virtues which are not always to be found among princes.
The calm dignity with which he bore his misfortunes, has thrown a veil over the weak-
ness which marked some periods of his career, and his unaffected piety and attachment
to the episcopal church, has caused him to be considered one of its martyrs. For many
years after the restoration the anniversary of his death was kept as a day of fasting and
humiliation in the English church, and the form of prayer to be used on this occasion,
is to be seen in many prayer books of comparatively recent date; we believe however
that the service is now discontinued.
La Sainte Famille

Le "Vieille Famille", La violence Famille
THE MARKET WOMAN.

Painted by Giuseppe Nogari.

This artist first saw the light at Venice, and was successively the pupil of J. B. Pittoni and A. Balestra, but followed the style of neither of these masters, having formed a manner of his own which was much admired for its delicacy. His favorite subjects were half-figures in the Flemish taste, and he represented every minute peculiarity in the skin or countenance of his model, with the most wonderful accuracy. Seven pictures of this description are to be seen in the Dresden gallery, besides a painting of St. Peter. When Correggio's picture of the nativity was sent from Modena to Dresden, Nogari was employed to paint a copy, which still occupies the place of the original; and in the cathedral at Bassano is to be seen a large picture of St. Peter, in which connoisseurs profess to discover a union of the styles of Balestra and Piazzetta. His fame rests principally on the characteristic drawing of his heads, which together with the delicacy and brilliancy of his colouring, caused his works to be eagerly sought for throughout Europe. Several of his paintings of saints are still to be seen in the churches of Venice, and during his residence in Turin he executed works in almost every department of art. He afterwards became the director of the academy at Venice, in which city he expired in the year 1765.

THE VIRGIN AND CHILD.

Painted by Annibale Carracci.

The worship of the virgin Mary, to which so large a portion of the rites and ceremonies of the Roman catholic church is devoted, and which seems during the middle ages to have almost superseded that of the Deity; has led to the production of innumerable pictures of this favorite saint, for which there was, and still is, a steady demand in all catholic countries. Every church, however humble, possesses at least one picture of "The mother of God," to whom in a great majority of cases a separate chapel or at least a separate altar is devoted, and it was for the decoration of these shrines, that the countless pictures of "Madonnas," and "Holy families," which we meet with in all large collections were originally intended; and some painters of the Spanish and Italian schools, seem to have passed almost the whole of their existence in painting the real and imaginary events in the history of the holy virgin.
Never perhaps was a greater mass of fiction raised upon a narrower basis of truth, than has been the case with regard to the life of this saint; but all the authentic information we possess upon the subject, is contained in the slight notices which appear in the writings of the evangelists, which amounts to little more than that Mary was a Jewish maiden, residing at Nazareth, and betrothed to a carpenter named Joseph. An angel having announced to her that she would bear a son, who should be called Jesus, and would be the deliverer which the Jews at this time expected, she submitted with humility to the will of the Most High; and according to tradition this event came to pass when she was fifteen years of age. Of the peculiar character of Mary little is to be gathered from the inspired writings; the care with which she noticed the development of the holy spirit in Jesus, and the strength of mind she displayed at his death, being almost the only circumstances which are recorded concerning her. That after this event, she resided eleven years in the house of St. John, and at length at the age of about fifty-nine years, ascended to heaven; are stories of later invention, for which no authentic support is to be found.

The contest between the various parties who had adopted different opinions with regard to the amount of honour to be paid to the virgin, commenced during the latter part of the fourth century. The Arabian christians appear to have transferred to her the worship which they in earlier times had bestowed on Cybele, and to have honoured her with processions, prayers, and sacrifices of small cakes (ioillyris), from which they obtained the name of Kollyridianers; and many theologians adopted the opinion that Mary had always remained a virgin, and taught this as a necessary article of belief. On the other hand a sect arose who maintained apparently on good scriptural grounds, that Mary after the birth of Christ became the wife of Joseph, and the mother of several children; and these received from their opponents the name of Antikomarianites, or ene- mies of Mary. In consequence of holding this opinion, Helvetius in Palestine, and bishop Bonosus in Illyria, were condemned as heretics in the latter part of the fourth century. During the fifth century the worship of the virgin increased in popularity in consequence of the church conferring on her the title of "The mother of God," in spite of the protest of Nestorius patriarch of Constantinople, whose followers consequently separated themselves from the rest of the church, and became subsequently known as Nestorians or Chaldean christians. A part of this church was subsequently united to that of Rome in the thirteenth century, under the name of Syro-roman catholics, and this sect, as well as the original Nestorians are still numerous in Syria and Mesopotamia. In the sixth century feasts were established in honour of the Virgin, as that of the Purification, held on the second of February; that of the Annunciation, on the twenty-fifth of March; and that of the Visitation, on the second of July; which are still retained in the calendars of most protestant countries. Besides these, the Roman and Greek churches as well as those of the eastern schismatics, celebrate the birthday of the virgin on the eighth of September, and the feast of the Assumption on the fifteenth of August. A feast of the miraculous conception, was instituted in 1140; but in consequence of
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the protest of the Dominicans against this new holyday, it has never been generally adopted.

During the middle ages the worship of the virgin not only assumed a more reverential character than that paid to any other saint; but practically, almost superseded that paid to the Deity; and there existed not only "Psalteria Mariae," but also "Biblia Mariana." At the same time arose the belief in the miraculous properties of various ancient pictures of the virgin, of which that at Loreto in Italy and another at Czenstochau in Poland have continued to retain a portion of their reputation even to the present day. The first of these pictures is seen through a grating of silver, in the celebrated house of the virgin (La santa casa), which if the legend is to be believed, is the building in which Mary actually resided. It was according to the same authority, transported by angels in the year 1291, from Galilee to Tersat in Dalmatia, and from thence in 1294, to Nencenati in Italy, and finally in 1295 to its present resting place, over which stands the splendid church commenced by Paul II, and finished by Sixtus V. The house itself is built of wood and brick, and is about thirty-two feet long, thirteen broad, and nineteen high. The annual income of the church is about 30,000 Scudi, exclusive of presents, and the number of pilgrims is reckoned at 100,000 yearly. At Czenstochau the miraculous picture is deposited in the church of the convent of St. Paul the hermit. It is of a dark brown colour, and under the name of "The black Madonna," is held in extreme reverence by the whole of the Polish nation; like that at Loreto it is attributed to St. Luke, and is probably of Byzantine origin. It is said to have been formerly in the possession of the empress Helena, to have been brought to Belz in Galicia by the Russian prince Laon, and from thence in 1382 to Czenstochau, in order to preserve it from the Tartars. The wonders told of this picture would fill volumes, but one of the best authenticated is, that having been carried off by the Hussites who inflicted on it some injuries which are still visible, it was miraculously restored to its former place. The first part of this story is probably true, and the latter part is not less devoutly believed by the numerous pilgrims who yearly visit the shrine. In 1620 the convent was surrounded by a wall and provided with cannon, and in 1655, it was successfully defended by 80 monks, 150 soldiers, and the blessing of the virgin, against the Swedish army under Charles Gustavus, during a siege of thirty-eight days. In later times the black Madonna has lost her military fame, and the fortifications of the convent were demolished by the Emperor Alexander in 1813. The inhabitants of the towns of old and new Czenstochau, like those of Loreto, derive their subsistence principally from the pilgrims who resort to the shrines, and from the lively traffic which is carried on in consecrated pictures, amulets, and relics.

The picture before us claims no other miraculous powers than those which always belong to a work of genius. It is one of the productions of a member of the famous Carracci family, who in the sixteenth century raised Italian art from the feebleness into which it had fallen under the reign of the so called school of the "mannerists."
Annibale Carracci the brother of Agostino, and the cousin of Ludovico, was born at Bologna, in the year 1560. He was instructed in his art by the last named master, and in 1580 repaired to Parma in order to study the works of Correggio, a study which produced a considerable effect in the formation of his peculiar manner, even after he had become inspired by the brilliant colouring of Paul Veronese, whose works he also studied with good effect. His style was already completely formed, when in the year 1600 he was summoned by the Cardinal Farnese to Rome, and by the advice of his patron strove to correct his principal fault of occasional incorrect drawing, by a careful study of the antique. He also paid great attention to the works of Michael Angelo and Raphael, and the more he studied and understood the creations of these mighty minds, the more he regretted the effect which the manner of Correggio and Paul Veronese had produced upon his own. He now saw that art had a higher eminence than that which could be achieved by the mere colourist, and strove to imitate the severe grandeur of the great masters of the Roman school. But the greater progress he made in the study of his new models the more he appeared to lose in the picturesque. In many of his pictures he however succeeded in producing a charming union of the qualities of the various great masters whose works he had studied, and in this particular he excelled the whole of his cotemporaries.

In Rome he acquired the reputation of a correct draughtsman, and the scholars whom he educated in that city, distinguished themselves in that particular, from those of his cousin Ludovico at Bologna. Annibale was indeed the most classic draughtsman of either of the Carracci, and in this respect is thought by many to be superior even to Raphael; but on the other hand he is wanting in the indescribable union of dignity, grace, and grandeur, which distinguishes the works of that master. In his historical and mythological pictures Annibale was compelled to seek for instruction either from Agostino, or some other person of education, he himself despising and ridiculing the knowledge displayed by his brother, and delighting in the company and conversation of the lowest and most ignorant classes of society.

Although sincerely attached to his brother, he could not always repress a feeling of envy at the superior accomplishments he possessed, and notwithstanding the constant intrigues of their opponents, the disunion between the brothers continued to the last.

The great work of Annibale Carracci is the decoration of the Farnese palace at Rome, which he undertook in conjunction with his brother and cousin. The designs are for the most part the work of Agostino; but in carrying these splendid designs into execution, Annibale expended the whole of his wonderful technical knowledge, and laboured upwards of seven years on the magnificent series of mythological paintings still to be seen in the saloon of the palace. The wretched remuneration which in consequence of the malignity of Juan de Castro, the favorite of the Cardinal Odoardo Farnese, he received for this gigantic labour, preyed upon his mind; and he expired of an illness brought on by vexation, in the forty-ninth year of his age.
Jacob's Dream
Annibale Carracci executed an immense number of paintings in oil, which are scattered through the various public and private collections of Europe. He also engraved several subjects on copper, the earliest of which are executed with great care, but the later are mere etchings slightly touched with the graver.

**THE FERRY.**

Painted by Nicholas Berghem.

We have here another specimen of the almost unrivalled powers of this careful and talented delineator of the charms of nature. The costume of the figures in the foreground, as well as the architecture of the castle on the opposite bank of the river, indicate that the scene is one from the classic soil of Italy; while the spirited drawing and careful finish of the men and animals, the transparency of the colouring, and the peculiar aerial effect which pervades the whole picture, raise this composition to the rank of one of the best ever produced by the master, and exhibits in a striking manner the perfection to which he had arrived in every department of his art.

**JACOB'S DREAM.**

Painted by Ferdinand Bol.

This picture represents the supernatural dream of Jacob (when on his journey to Padan-aram, in order to take a wife from the family of his uncle Laban), in which was revealed to him the future greatness of the Jewish nation. In deep slumber, with his head resting on a stone, the mental eye of the patriarch perceives the wondrous ladder reaching from earth to heaven, from the summit of which Jehovah announces the blessings which are in store for his posterity. An angel in radiant clothing looks with benignant aspect on the favorite of the most high, and extends his hands over him as if conferring his blessing; while another removes the hat of the sleeper as if to gaze on the heavenly rapture visible on his countenance, as the God of his fathers declares, that in his seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed.

The great anxiety of the patriarchs to secure the marriage of their sons to women of their own tribe or family, appears everywhere in the narratives of the old testament,
and is even indicated in the precise mention which is made of marriages which took place against this regulation, as in the cases of Ishmael and Esau. Such a desire has always prevailed wherever the distinction of clans or tribes has been strongly marked, for the sake of keeping up the property, blood, and peculiar feelings, of each community, and of compacting its power and influence; and these ordinary motives acquired increased intensity in the instance of the Hebrew patriarchs, in consequence of the general idolatry or superstition into which all the surrounding nations had fallen, and which alone would have been sufficient to preclude intermarriages with them. This consideration, separately from any other, has always prevented the Jews from forming matrimonial connexions with any but the daughters of Israel. The law of Moses prohibited these marriages in the strictest manner; and in addition there was a law which preserved the integrity of the property in the respective tribes, by directing that daughters having any inheritance should not marry out of the tribe of their father. (Num. XXXVI.) These principles, taken from the subsequent laws of the Hebrews, afford a sufficient explanation of the reasons which induced Isaac to send his son to a distant part of the country to seek a wife, instead of taking one of the daughters of Canaan. Among the Bedouin Arabs at the present day there is no law to prevent the intermarriages of different tribes; but in practice a man seldom takes a wife from any other tribe than his own; and still more rarely, although there is no national or religious difference, will a Bedouin give his daughter in marriage to the inhabitant of a town, or to a cultivator of the soil.

It will doubtless be recollected by our readers, that Jacob on awaking in the morning after his vision, set up the stones that had served for his pillow, and anointed them with oil as a memorial of the occurrence, and also of the solemn vow which he made on this occasion, and that he gave the place the name of Bethel, or the house of God. It is an interesting example of the unchanging character of the customs of the east, to find that this custom of setting up stones is still prevalent among the Orientals on similar occasions. Mr. Morier in his "Second journey through Persia," states that he frequently observed the guide place a stone on a conspicuous piece of rock, or one stone upon another, at the same time uttering some words which were understood to be a prayer for the safe return of the party. Mr. Morier adds: "Nothing is so natural, in a journey over a dreary country, as for a solitary traveller to set himself down fatigued, and to make the vow that Jacob did: 'If God will be with me, and keep me in the way that I go, and give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I may reach my father's house in peace,' etc. then will I give so much in charity; or again, that on first seeing the place where he has so long toiled to reach, the traveller should sit down and make a thanksgiving, in both cases setting up a stone as a memorial." And Mr. Kitto in his notes on the twenty-eighth chapter of Genesis, observes, that when travelling in the east, he had often observed such stones without being aware of their object, until happening one day to overturn one that had been set upon another, a man hastened to replace it, at the same time informing him, that to displace such stones was an act unfortunate for the person displacing them, and unpleasant to others.
The place now pointed out as Bethel contains no indication of Jacob’s pillar. The Jews believe that it was placed in the sanctuary of the second temple, and that the ark of the covenant rested upon it; and they add, that after the destruction of that temple, and the desolation of Judea, their fathers were accustomed to lament the calamities that had befallen them over the stone on which Jacob’s head rested at Bethel; while the Mahommedans are persuaded that their famous temple at Mecca is built over the same stone.

With regard to the country of Padan-aram, to which Jacob was journeying when he received this heavenly revelation, and which afterwards became the scene of his tedious servitude for Rachel; there can be little doubt that it is identical with Aram Naharaim or that part of Mesopotamia in which Haran is situated. The Greek word Mesopotamia or “the country of rivers,” indicates the same region as the “Aram Naharaim” of the Hebrews; but the precise limits which either term describes cannot well be ascertained. Properly speaking it would seem to include all the country between the Tigris and Euphrates; but it is only applied to the great plain which extends to the southward of Mount Masius, which passes between the rivers in the north of this region, and changes entirely the nature of the country, all that lies to the north-west of this point being mountainous and rugged; while to the south-east a flat and sandy character prevails.

From the latter character the extreme south-eastern portion, formerly called Babylonia and Chaldea, but now Irak Arabi, must however be excepted. It possesses a soil naturally rich, the fertility of which was proverbial in remote antiquity, when innumerable canals traversed it in all directions, but the interior of which is now destitute of either inhabitants or vegetation. Many parts also of the north-western portion, which is usually distinguished as Mesopotamia proper, are naturally fertile; but except near the great rivers which inclose the country, or on the brooks which flow into them, the country may be described as a desert, being in fact, little better than a continuation of the great desert of North-Arabia; and equally with it claimed by the Bedouins, who are its sole inhabitants, and who exact the customary tribute from all travellers. One of the most agreeable of the fertile and pleasant tracts by which this desolate region is skirted, is the north and north-eastern part, in which Jacob fed the flocks of Laban for so many years, and to which he was journeying when he saw the vision at Bethel. It contains numerous rich pastures and pleasant hills, although the want of water prevents large portions of naturally fertile soil from being productive. The air is uncommonly pure throughout Mesopotamia; but the sandy deserts, by which the southern portion is environed, render the climate there so very warm in summer as to be considered remarkable even by Asiatics, who are accustomed to strong summer heats.
We here see the Saviour of the World, visited in his lowly birth-place by the Shepherds, to whom the Angel of the Lord, had proclaimed the glad tidings of the advent of the long expected Messiah. When Correggio impressed this noble specimen of his genius on the canvass, the light of Christian truth had already for many centuries dispelled the darkness which had overhung the nations; and this he has beautifully expressed, by representing the divine infant as the source of physical light, typical of that mental and spiritual illumination, which was the great object of his mission upon earth.

In the glory which streams from the body of the new-born Deity, the beauty of the mother appears to be heightened until it approaches that of a celestial being; and the expression of maternal tenderness and joy, which beams from her features as she holds the infant in her embrace, to heavenly rapture. And as the hope which has led the Shepherds to the cradle of the promised Saviour, appears to be strengthened and brightened by the supernatural radiance of the incarnate God; so the faith of the Christian strengthens itself in the holy light, which is destined to dispel the darkness of Sin and Error from the world. Even the Angels, the dwellers in eternal light, who look down with holy exacy and adoration on the Son of God, are illuminated by the glory which spreads around him; and which is intended to guide all mankind in the paths of holiness and eternal bliss.

The composition and execution of this celebrated picture are above all praise. In none of his other works has Correggio displayed the profound knowledge and perfect mastery of light and shade, in which he surpassed all other masters, so eminently as in this. The gradations from the highest light to the deepest shadow are managed with a degree of skill which at once charms and astonishes the spectator; and although the figures of the mother and child are almost lost in a blaze of light, while every other part of the picture is in shadow, the outlines are nevertheless admirably and accurately preserved. Since the time of Correggio many painters have attempted to treat the same subject in a similar manner, but in no instance have they succeeded in producing the same magical effect of light and shade.

Correggio executed this great work in the year 1528, for the Pratoreri family at Reggio, by whom it was deposited in the church of St. Prospero in that city. In 1640 it was removed to the gallery at Modena, and five years afterwards was purchased together with several other paintings, by Augustus III. Elector of Saxony, who left in Modena a copy by Joseph Nogari. The original cartoon is in the Royal gallery at Munich.
The subject of the Nativity, has been a favorite one with the painters of all schools and countries; but more especially with the Italian masters. The ignorance which prevailed in Europe until the beginning of the present century, with regard to the manners and customs of the East, has led to much misconception with regard both to the "inn" and the "Manger" in which that great event took place; and the scene is consequently laid in such a stable as we find attached to an European inn, or sometimes in a cave.

There is not, and probably never has been in the East, any such establishments as inns, in the European sense of the word. A person who comes to a town, where he has no friends to receive him into their houses, seeks accommodation at the _caravan-serai_ or _khan_, where he may stay as long as he pleases, generally without payment; but is only provided with lodging for himself and beast, if he has any, and with water from a well on the premises. The room or cell which he obtains is perfectly bare. He may procure a mat perhaps, but nothing more: and hence every one who travels, provided he has a beast, takes with him a rug, a piece of carpet, or something of the kind, to form his bed wherever he rests; but one who travels on foot cannot thus encumber himself, and is content to make the cloak he has worn by day serve him for bed and bedding at night. It is the same with respect to food; he purchases what he needs from the town or village in which the khan may be situated; and if he requires a cooked meal he dresses it himself, for which purpose a travellers baggage generally contains one or more pots and dishes, and a vessel for water. A foot traveller dispenses with warm meals; unless he be sometimes enabled to procure food ready dressed, in the markets of the more considerable towns. In those parts where towns are at considerable distances from each other, khans are more or less dispersed over the open country, and in these, the traveller lives upon the victuals he has brought with him from the last inhabited place, in the knowledge that these remote khans offer nothing but shelter, and that no provisions are to be obtained in the neighbourhood.

The khans themselves vary considerably in their arrangements and importance; but generally speaking they present externally the appearance of a square, formed by strong and lofty walls, with a high and often handsome gateway, which affords an entrance into the interior. On passing through this, the traveller finds himself in a large open quadrangle, surrounded on all sides by a number of distinct recesses, the back walls of which contain doors leading to the small cells or rooms which afford to travellers the accommodation they require. Each apartment is thus perfectly detached, consisting of a room and the recess in front. In the latter the occupant usually sits till day has declined, and there he not unfrequently prefers to pass the night. Besides these private apartments, there is often in the centre of one or more sides of the quadrangle, a large hall, where the inmates can meet together for conversation or entertainment. The floors of all these apartments are raised two or three feet above the level of the court which they surround, upon a platform or bank of earth faced with masonry. In the centre of the quadrangle is a well or cistern, which affords to the travellers a supply of pure water; an article of primary necessity in a warm climate.
Many caravansaries are without stables; the cattle being accommodated in the open area. But the more complete establishments have very excellent ones, in covered avenues which extend behind the ranges of apartments, that is between the back walls of these buildings and the external walls of the khan; and the entrance to which is by a covered passage at one of the corners of the quadrangle. The stable is on a level with the court, and consequently below the level of the buildings by the height of the platform on which they stand. Nevertheless, this platform is allowed to project into the stable, so as to form a bench to which the horses heads are turned, and on which they can rest the nose bags of hair cloth from which they eat, to enable them to reach the bottom when the contents get low. It often happens that not only this bench exists in the stable, but also recesses corresponding to those in front of the apartments, and formed by the side walls which divide the rooms, being allowed to project behind into the stable, just as the projection of the same walls into the great area forms the recesses in front. These recesses in the stable, or the bench if there are none, form accommodation to the servants or others who have charge of the beasts; and when persons find on their arrival that the apartments usually appropriated to travellers are already occupied, they are glad to find accommodation in the stable, particularly when the nights are cold or the season inclement.

In the opinion of many intelligent travellers, the usages of the East supply no greater probability than that the Saviour of the world was born in such a stable as this. With regard to the manger, no such article is used by the Orientals, who invariably feed their cattle from hair bags; but as the Greek word so translated, would seem to merely mean an eating place for cattle; the probability is, that it refers to the bench above described; and to which as we have already stated the animals heads are turned when they are fed.

THE HERMIT.
Painted by Gerhard Dow.

The great high-road between Mons and Paris, the traffic of which has now been almost entirely transferred to the railway, was already in existence in the year 1630, although certainly not in the admirable condition in which it appears at the present time.

In the rapidly increasing shades of a summer evening in the year above mentioned, two travellers of opposite sexes were observed urging their jaded steeds in the direction of the French capital, and the travel-stained and wayworn appearance both of the animals and their riders, showed plainly that their journey had been both long and hasty.

Both the travellers had the appearance of belonging to the higher classes of society.
The Cavalier, a young man apparently not more than twenty-two years of age, although evidently suffering from the effects of fatigue, still held himself upright in the saddle, and strove to cheer his companion, a beautiful girl of nineteen, both by voice and example; and she, although scarcely able to keep her seat from exhaustion, fixed her eyes upon the handsome and determined countenance of the youth, as if to draw new strength and courage from the gaze.

The apparel of the travellers although dusty and disordered, showed by its richness that the cause of the journey must have been so sudden, as not to have allowed them time to change what were evidently gala dresses, for others more suited to the road. The silken doublet of the Cavalier was heavy with silver embroidery, and the outer garment of sky-blue velvet was ornamented with pearls, while the long yellow boots with golden spurs, and the jewelled hilt of the sword, were better suited to the camp of some splendour-loving monarch than to the lonely road which the travellers were now traversing.

The dress of the Lady was not less rich than that of her companion. Her hat of black beaver was decorated with an aigrette of diamonds, which glittered from under the shadow of a splendid plume of heron's feathers. She wore a costly hunting dress of green cloth, embroidered with gold, while from a baldric thickly strewn with seed pearls, hung a silver hunting horn of exquisite workmanship.

Both the stately charger of the Cavalier, and the elegant dappled-grey palfrey of the Lady, exhibited not less unequivocal signs of a long and hasty journey than their riders; the utmost exertions of whom were unable to drive the jaded animals into any more rapid pace than a miserable shambling trot; and any one who had met the young couple on this occasion and observed the anxious manner in which they endeavoured to stimulate their steeds to fresh exertions, could not have failed to arrive at the conclusion that this was a case of elopement in its most decided form, and that he had before him two of the numerous victims of inexorable guardians or unrelenting papas.

On arriving at the summit of a gentle eminence which they had for some time been ascending, the young couple halted, and the Cavalier rising in his stirrups looked around him, apparently in the hope of perceiving some village in which they might procure shelter for the night.

Here a considerable extent of undulating country lay stretched before him like a map, through which in the twilight, the zig-zag course of the road seemed to wander like a gigantic serpent. On the one side lay a tract of level and apparently swampy land, the dreary expanse of which was only broken by numerous alder bushes or clumps of willows; but on the other side the country rose somewhat boldly, and at the distance of about a musket shot from the road were numerous single trees, the advanced guards as it were, of a large forest, whose heavy masses of foliage clothed the sides of the hills which rose terrace-like above each other as far as the eye could reach. Around lay the solemn silence which ever reigns in an uninhabited district, not a village, a farmhouse, nor even the hut of a peasant were to be seen.
The lady who had reined up her steed close beside that of her lover, now laid her small white hand upon his shoulder, exclaiming as she did so:

"Oh, Henri! I see by your countenance that even you at length despair of our escape. Oh, why am I so weak, I feel that I can no longer endure the fatigue of the journey; already the landscape reels before my eyes, my senses seem to have deserted me, and I feel like one in a dream: when I involuntarily close my eyes I see and hear unreal things — hunters and dancers; the sound of horns, and of distant bells."

As she pronounced these words with a faltering voice, she leaned forward and would have fallen upon the neck of her horse, had not the youth passed his arm around her waist and pressed her to his bosom. No word escaped him, but he gazed with an air of indescribable anguish on the pale features of the lovely girl, who was evidently on the point of fainting.

"She is dying!" cried he at length, and horrified by this terrible thought, he the next moment called in a loud and anxious voice, "Therese! Therese!"

"I was dreaming!" murmured she as she languidly raised her eyes to those of her lover, and perceived that she was lying on his breast. This seemed to give her new strength; she raised herself slightly, laid her head upon his shoulder, and cried in a voice trembling with emotion:

"Oh, Henri! This alone was wanting — here is my place, my heart, my home."

Godlike, glorious Youth! One moment sufficed to give these two loving hearts a new supply of hope, and strength, and courage: and at this moment as if the angel of love had come to their aid, they both heard with as much rapture as surprise, the clear silver tones of a bell, which sounded from no great distance in the forest, and assured them that a resting place was at hand.

The lovers did not speak, but glanced at each other with looks which expressed the rapture of new born hope, mixed with regret that they had for a moment suffered despair to take possession of their minds.

Henri now dismounted and led the horses along a foot-path in the direction of the forest, the sound of the bell still continuing and assuring them by its increasing loudness that they were approaching the place from whence it proceeded. On entering the forest the path became rugged and uneven, leading through dense thickets to the summit of a steep eminence, which the tired animals climbed with difficulty, until at length a sudden turn of the road brought the travellers upon a scene which was at once peculiar and impressive.

On the level summit of the hill stood a hermitage, a small building of rough stone, the upper part of which formed a chapel, while the lower part contained the dwelling of the anchorite. Immediately before the arched entrance to this humble cell, was a natural elevation of the ground from which sprang the stem of a stately oak, the sturdy branches of which spread themselves with an air of lordly protection above the lowly dwelling.

At the moment in which the young couple arrived on the spot, this picturesque scene
was sanctified by an act of devotion. The little hill beneath the oak was used as an
altar by the lonely devotee, who was in the act of prayer. Beside the stem of the tree
stood a large wooden crucifix of excellent workmanship, and near it several ancient vo-
lumes on devotional subjects. At the foot of the cross lay an hour-glass and a scull
of glittering whiteness, the ponderous missal of the forest priest was placed against the
root of the oak; and bending in silent devotion before it, knelt the Hermit himself.
He had laid his rosary aside, and lost in self-communion did not notice the approach
of the travellers, who had thus full leisure to observe his remarkable figure. He seemed
to be at least seventy years of age; his thin grey hair wreathed itself in scanty curls about
the back of his head, but an ample snow-white beard clothed the lower part of his
reverend countenance, and descended low upon the breast. The feet of the anchorite
were bare, and he wore the coarse and scanty garb of the order of St. Francis. He
appeared to have but recently returned from begging provisions in the neighbouring vil-
lages, as a bottle containing milk still hung at his girdle, and the basket in which he
carried the dole he received from the peasants, was suspended from an arm of the oak.
The two lovers stood gazing in respectful silence on the reverend priest, on whose
countenance a thousand furrows indicated a life of sorrow and mortification, and showed
but too plainly that he was bowed more beneath the the weight of misfortunes than the
load of years.
After the lapse of a few minutes the Hermit arose from his knees and cast a melan-
choly glance around him. He seemed in some measure surprised on perceiving the tra-
vellers whom he beckoned towards him, and on whom he bestowed his blessing with
the sign of the cross; then without waiting for their greeting, he exclaimed:
"I offer you at once the humble hospitality which my cell affords, for I perceive that
both yourselves and your horses are too fatigued to reach the nearest village. Added
to which, a storm is approaching, and already the rustling of the trees proclaim that it
is time to close our doors."
So saying, he took the horses by the bridle and led them to a wooden shed beside
the hermitage, and busied himself in collecting them a meal from the grass and herbage
which grew luxuriantly around. This done, he led the travellers into his cell, which
consisted of a single vaulted apartment, lighted by a narrow casement. Here Henri who
had noticed the movements of the Hermit with no small degree of curiosity could not
help observing:
"Truly reverend father, you have for a churchman an admirable idea of handling a
horse."
The Hermit looked steadfastly at the young man for a moment, but made no reply.
Father Jacobus (for such was the name of the anchorite) now spread an humble but
plentiful repast upon board, and when that was concluded, endeavoured to obtain from
his guests some account of the circumstances which had led to their taking shelter
under his roof, and Henri who saw no reasons for refusing to gratify the old man's
curiosity, proceeded to relate his story, which was shortly as follows:
He was the last scion of an ancient Flemish family, his father had fallen in the Spanish wars, and his mother had survived her partner but a short time. He had consequently been brought up and educated in the house of his grandfather, his only surviving relative, and the stern old man had indicated with an iron hand the course he wished him to pursue. While his grandson was still almost a child, he had caused him to betroth to the daughter of a nobleman of great wealth, and who could trace his pedigree to the ancient counts of Brabant. Unfortunately for this scheme Henri became enamoured of Therese DeV'elnaer, the daughter of a wealthy merchant of Brussels. The grandfather of Henri stormed, and De V'elnaer who was not less proud than the old nobleman, threatened to immure his daughter in a cloister in the event of her holding the slightest intercourse with her lover. The enamoured pair soon took their determination, a grand hunt given by the patricians of Brussels afforded the desired opportunity, and Therese eloped with her lover. The young couple reached Mons in safety, but the fear of pursuit induced them to continue their journey until a fortunate chance conducted them to the hermitage of father Jacobus.

The good priest listened to this story with great attention. At its close he remarked—

“You have not yet told me your name?”

“I am called Henri Van der Palm!”

At these words a sudden paleness overspread the weather-beaten features of the Hermit, he rose hastily from his seat and seemed about to leave the apartment; but recovering himself in an instant, he reseated himself, and examined with eager eyes the countenance of his guest.

“Van der Palm!” murmured he after a long pause, “Be comforted my children, perhaps father Jacobus can be of service to you.”

He however offered no explanation of how this was to be effected, and a few minutes later Therese betook herself to repose in a small recess which contained the pallet of the Hermit. Henri wrapping himself in his cloak slept on the steps of the altar in the chapel above; and father Jacobus in spite of the storm which now raged with some violence, walked muttering to himself, to and fro before the hermitage.

Exhausted by the fatigues of the previous day, Henri soon slept soundly; he had a dim idea of hearing in his slumber the howling of the wind and the splashing of the rain against the casement, but he was too tired to be easily disturbed, and soon all was still. Later he awoke by the stamping and neighing of horses, and immediately afterwards two voices were heard in loud and angry discourse. He listened, and the words of the first speaker thrilled through his very marrow.

“I tell you that a shepherd has informed me that he saw them take this path,” said a voice which Henri instantly recognised as that of his grandfather, “and I see that he was right, here are the horses of the fugitives. Where are these two fools? Woe to you priest if you conceal them, and still more if you have dared to unite them.”

Henri now rose and approached the casement. The moon which was now struggling
through the broken clouds showed him the form of the old Van der Palm, who with his clothes dripping with rain, and his hand upon his sword, confronted the Hermit.

"Will you reply to my question, reverend father?" cried the old man impatiently.

Father Jacobus made no reply, but retiring into his cell, returned the next moment with a long rapier in his left hand. With the air of a man well used to his weapon, he drew the glittering blade from the velvet scabbard, and placed himself in an attitude of defence before the astonished Van der Palm.

"What, a murder?" cried the latter, whose blade was also bared in an instant.

"No, an honourable combat."

"Combat, and with a priest?" cried Van der Palm in a voice in which astonishment was mingled with indignation.

"With me David! Your grandson and his bride Therese De Velnaer, are under my roof. The way to them lies only over my body. Fill the measure of your cruelty to the brink; Pieter Van Mool who has been dead to the world for more than forty years stands before you."

Palm uttered an exclamation of surprise, and retired a few paces backwards.

"Forty years since," continued the Hermit, "I was your bosom friend and the lover of your sister; but because fortune had not given me the advantage of noble birth, you drove me from your house and imprisoned my Elizabeth in a cloister, in which she soon afterwards died of a broken heart. And now, when you already stand on the brink of the grave, you would repeat this act of cruelty upon the last heir of your name. Such a monster deserves not to live! Defend yourself Palm, for by God's blood if you are as cowardly as cruel, I will lay you at my feet without crossing my sword with yours."

Palm advanced a couple of paces as if to engage his opponent, then suddenly dropping the point of his weapon, he returned it by a hasty movement to its scabbard; and folding his arms, gazed for some seconds in silence upon his monkish adversary.

"It is impossible!" cried he at length, "can it really be my old friend in person, or do the dead return to revenge the wrongs they have received on earth? Would that I had never come to this place."

"Rather return thanks to an allwise providence," replied the Hermit, "which through me has warned you from a new act of tyranny and injustice.

"Leave me, I pray you!" cried Palm placing his hands before his eyes, "Your presence oppresses me like the breath from a charnel house. Where is my grandson? Henri! come to your old grandfather, and if it must be so, bring your bride with you — but in heaven's name let us leave as soon as possible this hideous spot."

These words had the effect of arousing Henri from the stupor of astonishment into which he had been thrown by the scene above described. He hastily descended the steps, and would have thrown himself at the feet of his grandfather, but the latter prevented him. Therese also appeared at this moment, and the old man after saluting her kindly, placed her hand in that of Henri. The lovers attempted to stammer some excuses for the step they had taken, but Palm hastily replied:
“Enough said, enough said! You might however have asked my consent before setting to work in this manner, Saddle the horses Henri, we will contrive at all events to reach the next village.”

Meanwhile the Hermit stood leaning against the oak, a silent observer of this scene of reconciliation and forgiveness. The storm had now ceased and the moonbeams shone full upon the features of the reverend man, down whose cheeks tears rolled in rapid succession. Ere his guests departed however, David Van der Palm approached and took the hand of the recluse.

“Pieter!” cried the old man with great emotion, “you have this night performed a part worthy of a Christian priest, and have repaid the evil I have done you, by a rough but useful lesson. The days that are gone are past recall, nor is it possible to atone to you for my past conduct. I can but intreat your forgiveness, and if you will accept an asylum in my house —

“I thank you!” replied the Hermit in broken accents; “but here is the place of my last sleep.”

“You will at least grant me one request,” continued David, “the more so that it will convince you that your words have found an echo in my heart. Complete the work you have began, by joining the hands of these fugitives.”

A benignant smile passed over the features of the anchorite, he conducted his guests to the chapel, and having kindled the candles before the altar, Henri and Therese were speedily united by the indissoluble bonds of the church. At the conclusion of the ceremony, all embraced the Hermit and took their departure, the young couple forgetting their past fatigues in their present happiness.

“We shall meet again ere long!” cried David as he mounted his horse:

“I trust in a better world!” murmured the Hermit.

The wish of father Jacobus was speedily fulfilled, a few weeks afterwards some peasants who visited the hermitage, found the earthly remains of the anchorite still kneeling before the rustic altar beneath the oak; but the spirit had departed.

SAINT CECILIA.

Painted by Carlo Dolce.

In this picture the great Florentine master presents us with his ideal of the “Christian Muse,” the renowned patroness of music and musicians. Wrapped in holy contemplation, which has raised her thoughts far above all earthly vanities, the fair enthusiast is represented in the act of pouring forth one of those streams of inspired melody which according to the legend brought down angels from on high, to listen to the efforts of a daughter of earth.
The delicacy and softness of the handling, together with the warmth, clearness, and harmony, of the colouring displayed in this picture, render it one of the most admired productions of the master, and one of the richest gems of the noble collection to which it belongs. Although some severe critics have pronounced the figure to be wanting in dignity; and the attitude, more especially of the hands, to be not altogether free from affectation; all have admitted that as a whole, the picture is one of the most perfect master-pieces of the artist, and one which must compel even the most rigorous judge of Art to admit the high merits of its author.

St. Cecilia is one of the most ancient saints of the catholic church, and her memory appears to have been venerated in very early times, as the inventor of the organ and the patron saint of music. According to the legend, her parents having united her in marriage to a pagan youth named Valerian, she warned him from approaching her upon the wedding day, her innocence being under the especial protection of an Angel; and referred him to the Bishop Urban for the proofs of her assertion. By the exertions of this prelate both Valerian and his brother Tiburtius were induced to embrace Christianity, and in consequence suffered martyrdom by decapitation. Cecilia was however allowed the option of purchasing her life by publicly sacrificing to the heathen Gods; this she refused to do, and was then thrown into a cauldron of boiling water. From this death she was preserved by a miracle, her executioners having found her on the next day completely uninjured. They now endeavoured to carry the sentence into execution with the sword, but it was found impossible to separate her head from her body, and she survived during a period of three days the wounds she had received. These events are said to have occurred in A. D. 220.

As early as the fifth century a church had been dedicated to her memory at Rome, and in A. D. 821. Pope Paschal I caused this church to be rebuilt, and the bones of the saint, the resting place of which had been miraculously revealed to him in slumber, to be transported to the new building; in which a shrine containing the holy relics is still to be seen; and the festival of this saint, which is held on the twenty-second of November, is still celebrated in catholic countries by a grand performance of sacred music. She has ever been a favorite with poets and painters, who have delighted in celebrating her supposed musical powers, and in furnishing ideal pictures of her personal charms. Among the former class of votaries she reckon's Chaucer, Dryden, and Pope, and among the latter Raphael, Domenichino, and Dolce.

The picture under consideration was painted by Carlo Dolce at the command of his patron Cosmo III. Grand-duke of Florence, by whom it was presented to a Polish nobleman. It was afterwards in the possession of prince Caragnan at Turin, in which city it was purchased by the French portrait painter Hiac, for Augustus II. elector of Saxony and king of Poland, by whom it was deposited in the collection which it still ornaments.
ABRAHAM AND Hagar.

Painted by Abrian VanderWerff.

This picture affords another instance of the utter inattention of the old masters to the exactness and propriety of the costumes, architecture, and other accessories of their pictures, to which the artists of the present day, pay such great and such deserved attention. Although it might be supposed that no one could read the book of Genesis, without being aware that Abraham and his family were people living in tents, and inhabiting the arid and inhospitable deserts of the Arabian peninsula, or the countries immediately adjoining it, Vanderwerff has chosen to represent Hagar as being expelled from a house of considerable architectural pretensions, while the surrounding objects certainly give no indication of its being situated in a district in which a traveller could become in any danger of perishing from thirst.

But although deficient in knowledge or in attention to these minor particulars, Vanderwerff has shown in this picture that he possessed in an eminent degree the knowledge of the higher and more important branches of his Art, and while gazing on the interesting group formed by the patriarch and his family; we forget the anacronisms by which they are surrounded, in admiration of the force of expression, and correctness of detail that pervades the composition. With tearful eyes the rejected Hagar turns once more towards the house from which she is expelled, in order that her son may not rival in his inheritance the more lawful progeny of her aged mistress; who leaning against the entrance of the house surveys the expulsion of her rival with quiet exultation. The sorrowful mien, and troubled glance of the patriarch, show how greatly he is grieved at the performance of the painful duty which has been imposed upon him by the strict command of the most high; while the youthful Ishmael who follows his mother with marked unwillingness, glances back at his young rival and playfellow; who ignorant of the meaning of what is passing, wraps himself with childish glee in the robe of his father.

Much has been written on the conduct of Abraham on the occasion of the expulsion of Hagar, and indeed the apparent cruelty of driving the poor bondwoman and her son forth into the desert, in which they were only saved from perishing by a miracle, can only be excused by the confidence which the patriarch must have felt in the promise of Jehovah, who had said, “And also of the son of the bondwoman will I make a nation, because he is thy son.” In other respects the treatment of Ishmael was perfectly in accordance with the usages which still prevail in the East, where the son of a female slave would certainly be superseded by the son of a free woman, afterwards born. This feeling even goes further; for leaving slaves out of the question, if a man has more than one wife, the son of the wife whose family is of the most distinction, often obtains
the preference over the others. Sir John Malcom in his "Sketches of Persia," relates an anecdote which strongly illustrates this feeling as it exists in modern times. During a journey in the north of Persia he was entertained by a distinguished chief of one of those tribes called in Persia Eelaunis, whose mode of life resembles that of the patriarchs of old, or the Bedouins of the present day. This chief in discoursing of his domestic affairs, said he had six children, all of them except two by the same wife, who was the daughter of Futtah Ali Khan Afshar, a distinguished chief, who on the death of Nader Shah aspired to the throne and lost his life in the attempt to become a king. He continued, "I married his orphan daughter, an excellent woman, but who carries her head rather high, as no doubt she has a right to do, from the recollection of her father's pretensions. "Look," said he speaking softly, for the apartment was within hearing of the interior; look at that youngster at the other end of the room; he is my son. His mother was the daughter of a jeweller of Ispahan. He is a fine lad, but I dare hardly notice him; and he is, you will observe not allowed to sit within ten yards of the grandsons of Futtah Ali Khan Afshar!" He added, that "this was all very proper."

The Mahomedans believe Ishmael, and not Isaac to have been the child of promise and true heir of Abraham. They say that when Sarah insisted on the expulsion of the bondwoman and her son, Abraham conveyed them to the district of Mecca, which was then an arid desert destitute of water; but where at the last extremity, God caused a spring to arise under the feet of Ishmael. They believe this forms the famous Zemzem well, now within the sacred inclosure of the temple of Mecca, and which supplies water for drink and purification to the inhabitants of the town, and the numerous pilgrims who annually resort thither. It is added that the famous Kaaba, or temple, was built on the spot by Abraham, to commemorate the double deliverance of Ishmael from thirst, and from being the victim of the sacrifice of which they consider him rather than Isaac to be the object. This story was probably manufactured out of the report that Abraham erected an altar and planted a grove at Beersheba (Genesis XXI. v. 33.). The buildings of the present temple form extraneous additions to the original Kaaba, or rather an enclosure for it. The Kaaba itself is a truly primitive structure, being merely an oblong massive building, the sides and angles of which are unequal, so that its plan forms a trapezium. It measures eighteen paces by fourteen, and is from thirty-five to forty feet high; and its flat roof and black cloth covering give it the appearance of a perfect cube. This Kaaba is certainly of high antiquity, and was an object of veneration to the Arabs long before the time of Mahomed. It is the point to which Moslems in all parts of the world turn their faces in prayer, and to which thousands of pilgrims resort every year from all places between the Ganges and Morocco. They call it the "Navel of the World," and regard with concentrated veneration a black stone inserted in an angle of its wall, and which they believe to have been brought from heaven to Abraham, by the angel Gabriel. It was, they say, originally a transparent hyacinth, and its present unsightly appearance is owing to the sins of mankind. It has been much worn by the kisses of the pilgrims, and has several times been fractured and joined together again
by cement. It is framed in silver, and appeared to Burchhardt like a lava containing several small extraneous particles of a whitish and a yellowish substance. Mr. Hope however in his notes to Anastasius, states we know not on what authority, that it is probably of atmospheric origin.

It may be interesting to trace the important results of the expulsion of Hagar and her son from the roof of Abraham. We learn from the sacred writings, that Ishmael after his miraculous escape from dying of thirst in the desert, grew, and became an archer, and dwelt in the wilderness of Paran; a district which still retaining its ancient name extends southward from Palestine into the peninsula of Sinai. Here his mother took him a wife out of her native land Egypt. He subsequently became the father of twelve sons, who were princes in the land and the founders of as many great Arabian tribes, whose influence produced a considerable effect in modifying the character of the original population of Arabia.

According to the accounts of the Arabian historians, the aboriginal inhabitants of that country derived their origin from Kahan or Joktan the son of Heber, whose other son Peleg was an ancestor of Abraham. This Joktan they call the "Father of the Arabs," and his descendants the Kahan tribe form at this day the wealthiest tribe of the eastern desert of Arabia, constituting with the Beni Said tribe, as the Aramians say, the only remains of the primitive inhabitants of the country. The exterior parts of Arabia seem however to have been peopled at a very early period by the descendants of Ham, some of whom remained mixing more or less in the end with the posterity of Shem; while others who in the first instance settled on the western coast of the peninsula, are supposed to have made no long stay, but either passing through Egypt or over the straits of Babel-Mandel, planted settlements in Ethiopia. This accounts for the fact that the name of Ethiopia has been extended both by sacred and profane writers to Arabia as well as to Ethiopia proper. Moses mentions thirteen sons of Joktan, which perhaps includes his grandsons; the Aramians only mention two, Yarab, who founded the kingdom of Yemen, and Jarham who settled that of Hedjaz, the present holy land of Arabia. A member of these primitive tribes is called Al Arab al Araba, "An Arab of Arabs," to distinguish him from the latter and more prevailing race of Mostarabi, or mixed Arabs, who are said to be descended from Ishmael through a marriage with the daughter of Modad king of Hedjaz. It is true that Moses says he married an Egyptian woman, of whom the Arabian account takes no notice; but as this was in early life, and as the Bible account does not mention her again, or say that she was the mother of his twelve sons, there is nothing improbable in the Arabian account, for Ishmael may have married an Arabian woman after the death or even during the lifetime of his first wife. Ishmael became the prince of Hedjaz, and the first pontiff of Mecca, preaching the religion of Abraham to the idolatrous Arabs, many of whose tribes were in process of time extirpated by dissensions among themselves, or by the swords of the Ishmaelites. The Aramians do not consider it any disparagement to belong to this mixed branch of the Arabian population. The absence of a perfectly pure descent being in their opinion,
quite compensated by the honour of being descended from Abraham, whom they hold in
about the same veneration as the Jews. Mahommed himself claimed to be descended
from Kedar, a younger son of Ishmael; but his descent could not be traced further than
Adnan, who reigned in the Hedjaz B. C. 122. In the well preserved genealogy for the
660 years from Adnan to Mahommed, there are counted twenty-one generations, and
nearly one hundred and sixty tribes branching off from the same parent stem. All these
tribes were distinguished generally by the name of Adnan, the ascertained progenitor,
besides the particular name of the subdivision.

It would also appear from the Arabian writers that during the period from Ishmael to
Adnan, and from thence to the time of Mahommed, the puerility of Ishmael penetrated
from Hedjaz towards the east, spread themselves over the peninsula, and introduced their
peculiar manners and customs among the original inhabitants, with whom they became
incorporated by intermarriages. There can indeed be no doubt that the descendants of
Ishmael form so great and absorbing a part of the Arabian population, as to allow us in
a general sense to consider him as the progenitor of that great and extraordinary nation,
which has preserved its integrity, its independance, and its primitive usages from the
most ancient times; and which had its turn after the Romans in forming one of those
gigantic empires which in different ages have astonished the world; and which even now
not only preserves its own wide domain, but has diffused its tribes from the Oxus and
the Erythrean Sea to the Atlantic; and has given religion and law, and rendered its
language classic, far beyond these limits, to a large proportion of the human race.

Adrian Van der Werff, the painter of the picture under consideration, was born at a
village called Kralinger-Ambact, near Rotterdam in the year 1659. His first instructor
was Cornelius Picolet, his second Eglon Van der Neer. Not long after entering the
school of the last named master, a picture by Franz van Meers was brought to be co-
pied, and Van der Werff enraptured by the beauty of the painting, solicited permission
to attempt the task; which he completed in a manner which excited the astonishment
of his teacher. From this moment Van der Neer confined to him the execution of his
draperies, and on several occasions took him with on his journeys as an assistant. In
his seventeenth year he left his master and established himself at Rotterdam, where he
obtained considerable reputation as a miniature painter. Here he became known to the
Elector of the Palatinate, who had recently founded the academy at Düsseldorf. He
received a commission to paint the portrait of this prince, together with a picture of
the Judgment of Solomon; and on presenting these works to his patron, he received
besides various presents, the appointment of painter to the court, with a salary of four
thousand Florins, and a patent of nobility for himself and family. He now removed to
Düsseldorf, in which the duties of his office compelled him to remain during nine months
in the year; and during his residence in that city, he painted his celebrated series of
sixteen pictures representing the principal events in the life of Christ.

Few painters have received such high prices for their pictures as Van der Werff. In
an open auction four of his paintings were sold for sixteen thousand Florins, and another
small picture of Lot and his daughters, for four thousand two hundred. Notwithstanding the wealth he acquired by the exercise of his art, his manners and mode of life continued simple in the extreme, and he devoted almost the whole of his time to the practice of his profession, and the instruction of his pupils. These last were not very numerous, nor did any of them approach the excellence of their master.

Van der Werff expired in 1722, having shortly before his death sold ten of his paintings to Sir Gregor Paye an English baronet, for the sum of thirty-three thousand Florins.

The paintings of this artist are with few exceptions of a small size, and represent for the most part historical or domestic scenes. He also painted an immense number of portraits. His colouring is cold, and his naked figures often rather remind us of ivory than of flesh. The details of his pictures are finished with wonderful care, but they are entirely wanting in that spirit and motion so common in the works of the Dutch masters. The attitudes of his figures are noble, and his draperies rich and flowing, the composition of his pictures is correct and harmonious, which is also the case with the colouring, with the exception of the flesh. Van der Werff was of opinion that no one could be a good painter who had not studied architecture, and consequently devoted himself with great zeal to that Art, and the Exchange at Rotterdam still attests in spite of some tasteless modern additions that he possessed considerable ability as an Architect.

NYMPHS.

Painted by C. W. E. Dietrich.

This picture transports us in imagination to the golden age of the poets, to those happy times in which according to the writers of pastorals, sin and sorrow, wealth and riches, and even old age and sickness were unknown. When all mankind revelled in the delights of a kind practical "socialism", and had nothing to do but tend their flocks and sing their loves, employments which however seem to have been occasionally varied by dancing to the pipe and tabor. Nature seems in these happy times to have not only blessed the world with an everlasting summer, but its inhabitants with unfading youth, for we never recollect reading of a grey-haired Damon or an elderly Phyllis; and an occasional thunder storm, the too great intensity of the mid-day heats, or the straying of one of their fleecy charges, seem to have been the greatest calamities that afflicted the happy inhabitants of Arcadia.

In a sequestered nook, beneath the shadow of an overhanging rock, and secure it is to be hoped from the prying glances of inquisitive Satyrs; a party of fair Arcadian are preparing to bathe their polished limbs in a crystal brook, which descends from a conical
La nat. Esn.: La Holy family. La holy family.
mass of mountains on the left of the picture. In the foreground on the right, a group of sheep, are quietly chewing the cud in the shade, and two sturdy boys in a complete state of nature are frolicking with a kid.

The figures of the fair shepherdesses are graceful in the extreme, and their attitudes natural and unaffected, while from the brilliancy and softness of the colouring, and the admirable management of the landscape portion of the composition, this picture is admitted to be one of the finest works of the master.

THE HOLY FAMILY.

Painted by Giulio Romano.

We here see the holy Virgin in her earthly character of a careful and affectionate mother, employed in the household task of bathing her infant son; and the picture is consequently known to the world of Art by the name of the "Madonna del bacino," or the Virgin with the basin.

With an air of tender solicitude Mary embraces her boy, who in return places his hands affectionately on her bosom. The youthful St. John sportively pours water on his little friend (whom he afterwards consecrated by the same means to the great work of redemption), and his mother the venerable Elizabeth stands ready to assist her cousin in completing the process of ablution; while behind the two boys is seen the head of Joseph.

This picture which is alike remarkable for the excellence of the design, the drawing, and the colouring, is one of the greatest master-pieces of the painter, and one of the principal gems of the Dresden gallery; and the stamp of genius is alike apparent in the conception and execution of this truly great work. It was painted by Giulio Romano shortly after the death of his great instructor Raphael, and was one of the first works in which he displayed his genius as an independant master.

Giulio Pippi, better known by the name of Romano, was born at Rome in the year 1492, and was by far the most talented pupil of the "divine" Raphael. He was alike remarkable for the astonishing fertility of his imagination, and the wonderful facility with which he transferred his life-like creations to the canvass. His works display an intimate acquaintance with, and careful study of the antique, but they are wanting in
that nameless grace and dignity, which raises the works of Raphael to the ideal of the beautiful and the grand; hence after the death of that master, and especially after his departure from Rome, he ceased to bridle the impetuosity of his genius, and his later works consequently display a degree of licentiousness and wildness which detracts considerably from their merit. Vasari remarks that the fiery impulse displayed in the conception of his pictures appears to have cooled during their execution, and consequently ranks him higher as a draughtsman than as a painter. "No draughtsman," says he, "has combined fertility of ideas with rapidity and correctness of execution, together with a profound knowledge of history and mythology, in a higher degree than Giulio." It was his custom to execute the cartoons for his pictures with his own hand, and to leave the painting with the exception of the last finishing touches, to his pupils or assistants. With regard to his colouring, many critics complain that his countenances are gloomy and his half-tones too dark, probably in consequence of the bistre, which was a favorite colour with this master, becoming darker from age; but however this may be, the grandeur of his ideas, and the talent he displayed in carrying them into execution, have secured to him the crown of immortality. Raphael himself acknowledged his genius, and bequeathed to him in conjunction with Giovanni Penni, the task of completing the works left unfinished at his death. The best of these works which were painted by Giulio from the drawings of Raphael, are the battle between Constantine and Maxentius, in the Sala di Constantino, in the Vatican, and the miraculous appearance of the cross to Constantine before the battle, in the same apartment.

A few years after the death of Raphael, Giulio was invited by the Duke of Mantua, to that city, in which he spent the remainder of his life. He decorated the churches and palaces in Mantua and its neighbourhood with numerous frescoes, which for the most part display the richness of his imagination and the inexhaustible resources of his genius in the most striking manner, but are wanting in the simple dignity which pervades his earlier productions. Among the most celebrated of these later productions of Giulio, are the frescoes in the palace del Te, near Mantua, representing the fall of the Titans, and which have been so humourously described by Dickens, in his Italian sketches.

The easel pictures of Giulio are numerous, and the whole of them have been engraved, but the work under consideration has ever been considered as one of the best. He expired at Mantua in 1546.
THE SALLY.

Painted by Philip Wouwerman.

In the year 1644, the fruitful province of Suabia at that time the seat of the hostilities between the French and Bavarians, which formed one of the episodes of the famous thirty year's war, was alternately overrun by the forces of the contending parties, which lived upon the plunder of the country, and reduced the unhappy peasantry to the last extremes of want and misery.

A year had scarcely elapsed since the battle of Tuttlingen, in which the total defeat of the French by the Bavarians, had spread terror and dismay among the protestant party; and now the French had already so far recovered their lost ground, as to again occupy Breisgau and the whole of the country now known as the Seekreis, or district of the lakes, in the duchy of Baden, and to threaten the ancient city of Freiburg; without the Bavarian commander De Mercy or his lieutenant the brave Von Werth, being able to offer any effectual opposition to their progress.

A completely new spirit seemed to have been instilled into the French army, by placing at its head the young victor of Rocroy, prince Louis Bourbon-Conde, who afterwards so deservedly obtained the surname of "the great."

This young hero appeared to have communicated as if by magic, the fiery impetuosity of his own character to the troops under his command. The rapidity of their movements perplexed and confounded their opponents, and the brave and experienced De Mercy had the mortification to see himself out-witted and out-maneuvered by a general who had scarcely completed his twenty-third year. Continually surprised on points on which he supposed himself secure, De Mercy at length abandoned the idea of competing in the open field with his crafty adversary. He determined to take up a secure position around Freiburg, which strong alike by nature and art, was admirably suited to form the centre of his line of defence, and there to await the attack of the enemy.

In vain the prince De Condé exhausted all his craft to draw the Bavarians from their strong position into some of the valleys in the black forest, where he hoped to be able to annihilate them at a blow. De Mercy was not to be deceived, and Condé saw himself compelled either to retire from the field, or to venture a battle under the walls of Freiburg.

The young warrior hesitated indeed to risk the whole of his fortune on the other side of the Rhine, on a single cast; but to hesitate long was foreign to the nature of the prince, and weary of manoeuvres which led to no result, and which failed altogether in deceiving his cautious opponent, he boldly threw off the mask, cleared his neighbourhood of the detached parties of Bavarians, and advanced with the whole of his forces.
in the form of a half circle upon Freiburg. His centre having by a victorious engagement in the Genterthal, obtained possession of the main road to that city.

On the evening following this engagement, the whole district of the Sternenwald was swarming with French soldiers; yet little was to be seen that indicated the presence of a hostile army. The watch fires of the troops were only kindled in the interior of the woods, and the streams of light which occasionally penetrated the dense mass of foliage afforded the only evidence of an extensive bivouac. At various points however, which afforded a deeper glance into the forest, the spectator whom interest or curiosity had led to the spot, might have observed the glance of arms reflected from the red light of the watch fires, and here and there dark masses of troops moving in silence to their respective stations. With these exceptions darkness and silence still reigned over the gloomy forest, and it would have required an experienced eye to have decided whether the dark objects scattered along the edge of the woods were isolated bushes, or as was really the case, French sentinels, who watched with eagle eyes the undulating country before them.

The French cavalry on the contrary were boldly thrown forward on the road towards Freiburg; where their watch fires shone brightly in the open fields, the produce of which afforded rich and plentiful fodder for the horses. Here was also the foot regiment of Orleans, composed of brave and trustworthy soldiers, and the splendid regiment of Monseigner, each company of which possessed twenty-five Swiss soldiers armed with enormous partisans.

In the village of Ebnolt, protected by the cavalry and infantry, were placed the formidable batteries of the French general; and from this position both the cavalry and artillery could move either to the right or left to support the troops which were placed in ambush in the forest. This concealed method of lighting was one to which Condé was passionately attached, and it was on this occasion destined to be completely successful.

Altogether ignorant of the strong detachment which the evening before had occupied the western front of the Sternenwald, and anxious to give battle to the advancing enemy at some distance from Freiburg, in order in case of a reverse to be able to throw himself into the city, and thus prolong the defence; Mercy directed a detachment of about four thousand men, principally infantry, to advance from Ebnet through the somewhat difficult country towards Harben, in order to fall upon the rear of the enemy; while he himself intended to cross the river Dreisam and drive the slight force which he supposed to be in the Sternenwald to a more respectful distance. He consequently fell completely into the snare which his crafty enemy had prepared for him. At four o'clock in the morning the detachment advanced from Ebnet, and proceeded a considerable distance towards Waldessame, without meeting any resistance; but on approaching this place, the magnificent vineyards which had hitherto laid dark and silent on either side of the road, became suddenly girdled with fire, and every bush seemed to be in a blaze with the flashes of the French musketry; the lurid light of which showed that the road in front was occupied by dense masses of infantry; while other parties breaking through the
hedges, and leaping the ditches which intersected the country on both sides of the line of march, only halted at the distance of fifty paces to pour a murderous volley into the closely crowded ranks of the Bavarians. Now their commander completely taken by surprise, abandoned all idea of forcing his way through the ranks of the enemy, and instantly retreated in great confusion. A fortunate accident alone saved him from total destruction. The French cavalry which had been ordered to cut off his retreat upon Freiburg, became involved in the vineyards and broken ground, and consequently arrived too late at their destination, a circumstance that alone saved the detachment from being cut to pieces or taken prisoners.

Notwithstanding this repulse, Mercy took up on the following morning a position in front of Freiburg, which he however abandoned in the latter part of the day, in consequence of perceiving indications of an intention on the part of the French to cross the Breisam, and attack Freiburg on the opposite side; but to the astonishment of the Bavarians the French remained perfectly inactive, and instead of following up their success of the previous day, they allowed their opponents time to protect their position by strong entrenchments which they threw up at the distance of a cannon shot from the city walls; and even made no attempt to intercept a large convoy of provisions which entered Freiburg from the southern side.

This singular want of energy on the side of the French, is to be attributed to the following circumstances:

On the same evening in which Condé arranged the ambush in which Neffe allowed himself to be entrapped, and the worst consequences of which he so fortunately escaped; Condé accompanied only by his favorite Major De l'Hôpital, pushed forward in the direction of Freiburg in order to reconnoitre the position of the Bavarians. The plain before them appeared to be free from the presence of any hostile force, and the prince was anxious to approach as near as possible to the walls of the city. Amused by the witty discourse for which his adjutant was celebrated, Condé rode rapidly forward on the road towards Freiburg, until a sudden turn of the road brought them directly upon an advanced post of the Bavarians, and a dozen musket balls whizzed around the heads of the riders, who took no farther notice of the circumstance than by spurring their horses into full gallop. A few hundred yards farther on however, the affair assumed a more earnest character. Condé who was rather short-sighted, maintained that a large object which appeared at some distance in front, was an ordinary house; while De l'Hôpital assured him it was an enemy's redoubt; but the prince insisted on his view of the question. De l'Hôpital remained silent, merely riding a few paces in advance in order to shelter him as far as possible with his body. At this moment the two adventurers were startled by a noise behind them, which their experienced ears instantly recognised as that caused by a rapidly advancing body of infantry.

"Ventre saint Gris!" cried the prince, who had adopted the favorite expletive of his great relative and model Henri IV., "I believe these German elephants are giving us
chase; let us turn off to the left by yonder house, and we shall have little difficulty in regaining Blachfeld."

"That would be easy enough if yonder 'house', were not a huge redoubt which commands the road!" replied de L'Hôpital.

"Well we shall see!" said the prince as he again put spurs to his horse, and advanced towards the building.

"Wer da?" cried the gruff voice of a sentinel, who now became visible at the distance of about fifty paces in front of the horsemen; who on hearing these unwelcome sounds instantly stopped; and "Wer da?" was repeated by the chain of sentinels which surrounded the trenches of the redoubt.

"Dismount!" cried the prince in a low but earnest voice, as he sprung from his steed; drawing as he did so a pistol from one of his holsters, and from the other some papers which had been delivered to him as he left the bivouac.

"But what is to become of my horse Ajax?" cried L'Hôpital, as he reluctantly dismounted; while the sentinel not receiving an answer, discharged his piece in the direction of the horsemen.

"I must share the fate of mine I suppose!" replied the prince, who was endeavouring to climb a wall which separated the road from a vineyard.

"By the holy Saint Denis, my prince, I cannot leave him!" cried L'Hôpital, "I would rather die than that any Bavarian should mount a horse which has carried me safely through twenty-six battles."

"Do you not see that mine is my favorite Roland, which I rode at Rocroy!" cried Condé, in a tone of reproof.

L'Hôpital glanced at the enemy, who now showed themselves in considerable numbers in front of the redoubt; and drawing a pistol, shot his horse dead on the spot.

"Hurrah!" shouted the Bavarians, who distinguished their enemy's uniform by the flash of the pistol. "The French! The French!"

A volley of musketry from the soldiers in the rear of the Frenchmen accompanied these outcries, and several bullets taking effect among those issuing from the redoubt, caused fresh exclamations, which being in the German language caused the one party to halt and cease firing, while the other instantly retired into their fastness.

Meanwhile Condé and his companion had gained the vineyard, and employed the pause occasioned by the confusion of the Bavarians in dashing through the rows of young vines as fast as their legs could carry them. Soon however a shout informed them that their horses were discovered, and immediately afterwards approaching voices and occasional musket shots, that an active pursuit had commenced.

For upwards of two hours did Condé and his companion continue their flight, now falling into ditches in the darkness, and at other times turned aside by walls or other obstacles. Now running for their lives through ploughed fields, and again stopping to listen or to take breath. At length the sounds of pursuit which had gradually become fainter, ceased altogether, and allowed them time to ascertain their position. They found
that their flight had led them close to the walls of Freiburg, and that consequently the works thrown up by the Bavarians in the open country, lay between themselves and the French army.

Condé who up to this moment had laughed at every danger, in the confidence inspired by what he called his fortunate star, now seated himself on the ground and gave way to feelings nearly akin to despair; while L'Hôpital one of the bravest soldiers of his time, contemplated with horror the consequences which must accrue to the French army from the almost certain capture of its general, and his imagination conjured up such a train of disasters, that Condé after clenching his teeth and stamping with impatience, at length thrust his fingers into his ears to avoid hearing any more of his companion's ominous forebodings.

The situation of the fugitives seemed indeed desperate. Inclosed between the walls of the city and the outposts of the Bavarian army, and altogether ignorant of the ground; their capture was almost certain as soon as daylight should enable their enemies to resume the pursuit, and morning was now not far distant.

For upwards of a quarter of an hour did these unhappy fugitives remain seated on the ground in a most unenviable state of mental depression, without exchanging a word. At length Condé arose and drew his sword-belt tightly around him.

"Stand up my friend!" cried he, in a tone of voice which vibrated in the same peculiar manner as that in which he gave his commands on the day of battle, "we will at least make one more attempt to escape."

"The attempt cannot end in anything worse than being hung as spies!" replied L'Hôpital, "and for my part I care not what happens if I cannot join my regiment in the morning."

"Come my Xavier!" rejoined the prince, "do not give way to despair; gird your belt closer, it makes a man feel lighter at heart."

L'Hôpital obeyed, without however appearing to derive much benefit from the process and the fugitives again set themselves in motion. Hitherto L'Hôpital had directed the course of the flight; but now Condé resumed the command, and to the surprise of his companion directed his course towards the city. Proceeding cautiously forward, they soon reached the hill called the Schlossberg, on which stood a small monastery dedicated to St. Ottilien. Here everything was quiet, the holy place having been left to the protection afforded by its own sanctity. A dim light was visible at two of the windows on the ground floor, and at a sign from the prince, L'Hôpital raised him on his shoulders so that he could look into the interior of the chamber.

In the small Gothic apartment sat a man in the dress of a priest, who notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, was busily engaged in writing. Some slight noise made by Condé appeared to have attracted his attention; for at this moment he raised his head, lifted up his spectacles, and looked round the apartment; but as the noise was not repeated, he quietly resumed his employment.

Condé had seen much during the momentary glance he had obtained; he had perceived
that the worthy father wore the dress of the disciples of Loyala, of the all powerful order of Jesus.

"Jesuits!" whispered the prince as he sprung lightly to the ground.

"Dieu merci!" replied l'Hôpital, my hopes revive again; those black banditti may be of use to us.

"And the old Fox within is certainly a Frenchman," resumed Condé, "his mien, his features, and above all the glance of his eye, are so completely French, that I am certain he is our countryman — perhaps a friend of the worthy Cardinal Mazarin, and our honoured aunt Anne of Austria. He shall save us," resumed Condé after a pause, "if I make over my whole fortune to his accursed order."

"Right my prince!" returned l'Hôpital, "these black cattle are ever accessible on that side; but he careful, or after obtaining the reward from you, they may giveMercy a hint of our whereabouts, before we have time to escape out of his clutches."

"Leave me to manage that!" replied the prince, "I will take care that on the word of a Bourbon—Condé, which by the way is to be carefully distinguished from that of a mere Bourbon, they shall build a structure as high as the tower of the cathedral in Freiburg yonder."

These words were uttered by the prince in a dry and almost frosty tone of voice, while in the act of hiding his splendid scarf, a present from the Countess Louisa de Vervieres, around his right hand.

He now again mounted to the window, and pressing out one of the panes of glass, the fragments of which remained hanging in the folds of the scarf; he rapidly opened the casement, and at one bound placed himself behind the arm-chair of the astonished priest, who springing to his feet would have shouted for assistance, had not Condé seized him by the throat, which he pressed so firmly that the half strangled Jesuit could not utter a sound.

In this unpleasant predicament, from which the priest struggled with all his might to extricate himself, he was compelled to listen to the following address from the prince:

"Excuse most reverend father, the necessity which compels me most reluctantly to lay violent hands upon your sacred person; I pledge you my word of honour that no harm is intended you — Diable! if you make the least noise I will stab you to the heart: be quiet and hear me, or it will be the worse for you: —"

Intimidated by these threats, and exhausted by his struggles, the Jesuit at length seated himself and made signs of submission.

"Will you promise to be quiet and reasonable father Geronimo?" cried the prince, applying to his captive the name of the hero of the Spanish romance called "The ring," which was at that time the rage in Paris.

"My name is not Geronimo," gasped the priest faintly, "I am called Felix, and am the coadjutor of this house, in which by command of the Rector of the college of Freiburg, a school of our order has been established. You are a Frenchman! And if as I suppose by your appearance here, Condé has surprised and defeated the Bavarians, I beg
you will treat me with kindness. I am also a Frenchman; am certainly also a catholic, but the soldiers of France are not less so than myself. Added to this, I am here not alone to watch over the interests of our holy religion, but also over those of France; and you will find that you have incurred no small responsibility if you offer me any violence, or even refuse me all the protection in your power.

The prince took counsel within himself for a few moments, but soon perceived that it would be best to admit the Jesuit completely into his confidence.

"Pater Felix," replied he, "I come to solicit your protection, rather than to afford you mine."

The countenance of the priest instantly assumed an expression, which indicated a desire to hear more.

"Condé," continued the prince, "is at present in the power of De Mercy, who however is not yet aware of the prize within his grasp."

"That may God forbid!" exclaimed the Jesuit with true French patriotism, "Condé is not the man to allow himself to be caught by these German buffaloes."

The prince embraced the Jesuit heartily as he replied:

"That he certainly is not, as long as he can find true French hearts to assist him; but nevertheless I fear I shall have no small difficulty in again reaching my brave Musquets."

Pater Felix now fixed a searching glance upon his new acquaintance. The dress of the prince was certainly in a wretched condition, the natural consequence of the adventure of the night; but the fineness of his linen, the embroidery still visible beneath the dirt which covered him from head to foot, and above all the large diamond which glittered on his finger, showed him to be a person of high condition: and even if these outward signs had been wanting, the dignity of his manners, the falcon-like glance of his eye and that indescribable air always to be found in one used to command; were sufficient to have betrayed the prince and the general, to a less accurate observer than the Jesuit.

"You are Condé, prince Louis of Condé!" cried the priest as he rose from his chair and bowed before the prince, but in what a terrible situation have you involved yourself?"

Mutual explanations now took place, from which it appeared that Pater Felix while residing within the territory occupied by the Bavarians, attended certainly to the interests of his order, but not less to those of the all-powerful minister of France. He was indeed an agent of Cardinal Mazarin, and that with the full knowledge and consent of his order; the chiefs of which left no means untied to secure and increase the favour with which the mighty but unprincipled Italian regarded it. For this purpose they lent themselves to the treacherous policy through which Mazarin sought to increase and perpetuate that disunion among the powers of Germany, which had already led to so many years of bloodshed, and which had desolated so many provinces of that fine country. To render Germany powerless, he caused France to mix in the complicated quarrels of the
thirty year's war; but he alternately betrayed his protestant allies, and caused by means of his secret agents, the catholics to be betrayed to the protestants.

In compliance with this crooked policy, Condé had received instructions to avoid fighting as much as possible; but to distress the country by means of forced contributions and military expressions to the utmost possible extent.

Pater Felix was too complete a Jesuit not to perceive that his duty towards Mazarin rendered it imperative on him to save Condé from falling into the hands of De Mercy; notwithstanding that the latter was the champion of the catholic interests, and the former was acting in opposition to them. He saw how highly the court would estimate the service of saving the commander of the French forces, and above all a Condé; and determined to risk everything for that purpose. L'Hôpital was by means of Condé's scarf drawn up into the apartment, a piece of drapery was fastened before the window to conceal the light, and a council of war was held with regard to their future proceedings.

In order to quiet any alarm that might exist in the minds of the two soldiers, the Jesuit assured them that he had the means of concealing them for any length of time that might be necessary, and that he was the only member of the order at present in the monastery. "Besides myself," continued Pater Felix, "two of our scholars, both Romans by birth, and the housekeeper of the academy, are the only inmates of the building."

"Diable! a woman?" cried the adjutant in alarm. "take care reverend father that she does not see us, or our secret will soon be the property of the whole city."

"And yet," replied the Jesuit it is upon her presence that I have founded my plan for your escape. Neither you my prince, nor you Monsieur l'adjutant, are remarkable for tallness of stature; you both possess long hair, and your mustachios can be removed without leaving any traces which can be perceived without close examination. I therefore propose that you disguise yourselves in Athanasia's clothes; and that she herself at the first dawn of day shall conduct you through the lines of the enemy."

Xavier made a terribly wry face at this proposal, and at first swore he would rather be roasted alive than part with his much cherished mustachios; but Condé who saw that this was almost the only feasible plan to regain the French army, at length persuaded him to submit, and demanded to see their guide.

At this demand the Jesuit appeared rather confused, but after a moment's thought arose, and knocked at a door that led to an inner apartment. L'Hôpital and the prince exchanged glances, but Pater Felix assuming an unusually earnest mien observed:

"Athanasia is my daughter; the only child of my departed wife, whose decease drove me from the world into the arms of the Church. You therefore perceive that you may depend upon her as upon myself, although she may possibly have overheard the whole of our conversation."

The glance of the prince seemed at these words to have acquired an altogether new expression. His ardent imagination was inflamed at the mere mention of this "Child of the Jesuit," and he awaited with feverish anxiety the appearance of Athanasia.
In a few minutes the door opened and the maiden appeared; she was completely dressed, but her toilet exhibited a charming negligence, the probable result of having clothed herself in darkness. She stood for a moment blinded by the sudden light, and only raised her large brown eyes in order to again cast them down before the burning gaze of the prince, and the scrutinizing look of L'Hôpital. The Jesuit remarked the effect which the beauty of his daughter produced upon his guests, and took her by the hand, as if by an instinctive effort to preserve her from the licentious gaze of the two soldiers. In a few words he gave her the necessary instructions: and deeply blushing, she retired in order to prepare the disguises.

In a few minutes she returned and conducted the two cavaliers into her simple bed room, where she left them to make the necessary change in their costume. If the new passion which had so suddenly taken possession of the prince's breast, had required fuel to increase its intensity, he would have found it in every article which lay around him. He examined every corner of the unpretending chamber, so different from the splendid cabinets of the higborn dames of the French court; and heard not the curses of L'Hôpital as that worthy laid aside his doublet and boots, and swore that no power on earth should induce him to part with his short trunk hose. In a kind of dreamy reverie, Condé proceeded to invest himself in Athanasia's clothing, without heeding the laughter with which his assumption of each new article of dress was greeted by his companion; who at length forcibly dragged him into the adjoining cell of the Jesuit.

Pater Felix could not restrain a smile as he gazed on the metamorphosed warriors; and Athanasia broke more than once into a merry peal of laughter, as she arranged the hair of Condé and his companion according to the fashion in which it was worn by the females of Freiburg.

Shortly after day break everything was arranged for the journey; and with a beating heart Condé embraced the Jesuit, assured him of his eternal gratitude, and pressed on him his diamond ring as a present proof of his sincerity. Guided by Athanasia, the two Frenchmen now approached the first post of the Bavarians, where she represented to the officer on guard that her two companions wished to visit their brother who served in the French cavalry, and requested a pass for that purpose; at the same time informing him that they spoke no German.

"I suspect it is your sweetheart rather than your brother that you wish to see," cried the officer, approaching Condé and speaking in the French language, at the same time playfully pinching his cheek; "but be that as it may, greet the Frenchmen from us, and say that we hope they will soon favour us with an attack, in order that they may receive their payment in good German blows: "And you," said he turning to Athanasia, "will return you say? With whom do you live here in Freiburg?"

"I am the housekeeper at the school of the Jesuits yonder!" replied Athanasia. A glance at the almost childish air of innocence which beamed from the features of the Jesuit's daughter, silenced the rude jest which rose to the lips of the officer, and he merely observed, "Well, pass on in Heaven's name!"
The two fugitives and their fair guide, now passed through the entrenchments of the Bavarians, without meeting any more serious interruption than an occasional rough jest from the sentinels which they passed; while Condé observed with an eagle's eye the height, depth, and general plan of the works, without suffering the most minute particular to escape him.

"Here my friend," whispered the prince to L'Hôpital, "we shall in a few days have to struggle for the possession of Freiburg, and at this point I will engage in the night time, to lead the whole of my cavalry through, without losing a dozen men."

"Mon Dieu!" replied L'Hôpital, "if we had only known this yesterday, I might have still been in possession of my sword and golden spurs, and above all of my horse Ajax, instead of tramping on foot through these wretched roads, in this still more wretched disguise."

"If for my part bless our ignorance!" cried the prince, "as had it not been for that, I should in all probability never have had the happiness of seeing Athanasia."

"And does that make you happy?" asked Athanasia with a charming simplicity: "truly, it would have been a sad thing to have been taken prisoner."

"I am now more securely a prisoner, than if I were in the hands of the Bavarians!" sighed Condé.

And the prince who felt his passion for the Jesuit's daughter increase every moment, now assailed her heart with a torrent of vows and protestations of love, which urged with all the fervid eloquence of passion, from the lips of a young and handsome man, and that man a prince; were sufficient to have raised a mental flame in a less susceptible heart than that of Athanasia. Soon the glowing cheeks, and downcast eyes of the maiden, proclaimed the increasing effect of the burning words of Condé; to whom the circumstance of being in female attire, gave no small advantage. She would probably have shrunk with alarm from so direct and sudden a declaration on the part of a strange Cavalier; but she found it in her innocence, difficult to separate the idea of the sexes, from that of the dress which they usually wear, and in the first instance almost supposed she was listening to a female friend, rather than to an ardent lover. She was by these means, deprived as it were, of the usual arms of her sex, and the prince took care, that while he remained at her side, she should not recover from the sweet intoxication ever attendant on a first passion.

The advanced posts of the Bavarians had already been left far behind by our fugitives; when the sun rose majestically above the horizon, and glanced on the bright partisans of the Swiss, and the armour of the French heavy cavalry, which were already forming into line.

"These charming moments are at an end, Athanasia!" cried Condé, with a sigh. "I must hasten forward and prevent my troops from running their heads against these new works of the Bavarians. Yet one word before we part! Walk on a little faster, Xavier!"

"Walk! faith it is time to run, I think," replied the other, as he tucked up his petti-
costs, and set off as fast as his legs could carry him. "There goes my squadron like a herd of wild swine, with old Courbière at their head. Hal! Tonnerre! Courbière, what are you about? Halte — hal! What are you about with my squadron Monsieur le Courbière?"

While shouting in this manner, L'Hôpital was like a sturdy Amazon, running about among the cavalry, in no small danger of being ridden over; but he was at length recognised by the soldiers, and a roar of unextinguishable laughter burst from the troopers, mixed with a loud shout of exultation, which was taken up and repeated by the whole French line.

Condé in the meantime sought in vain to prevail on Athanasia to accompany him to the French camp. To all his oaths and protestations, she returned a decided reply in the negative; but at the same time did not refuse to see him in the event of circumstances again rendering it possible. She however implored him not to again hazard his life by passing the Bavarian lines, and yet heard with no small pleasure, his declaration that he would see her again before midnight.

The prince now drew a valuable ring from his bosom.

"It is a token from her whom I have hitherto most loved!" said he, with an agitated voice. "From henceforth it belongs to you, my Athanasia, whom I shall ever consider as the star of my soul. Adieu, one kiss —"

And he stole one, from the ruby lips of the faintly struggling girl.

"Adieu, till midnight!" cried he gaily, threw her another kiss from the tips of his fingers, and hastened towards his camp.

Absorbed in a deep but delicious reverie, Athanasia returned to the convent. It seemed to her as if a whole existence had been passed since she left those sacred walls; and her every thought and feeling were now absorbed by the delightful consciousness of loving and being loved. With what intense anxiety she now watched every movement of the hostile forces; and feared that they might have the effect of preventing her from again seeing the new idol of her soul.

A few minutes after midnight, Condé arrived before the monastery and made his presence known by throwing a pebble at the window. As his remaining outside would have been dangerous, Athanasia was easily prevailed on to admit him to her chamber; and this visit was repeated several times, without being detected.

On the third or fourth visit however, Pater Felix called his daughter in the night, and as she did not immediately answer he arose to awake her, and Condé had barely time to escape by the window. The Jesuit looked out of the casement, and the prince was forced to make himself known. He pretended that he had come to confer with him on a projected surprise of the city, and hoped for information and assistance from the reverend father. This the Jesuit declared himself perfectly ready to afford, and pointed out to the prince the weak points to the fortress, with such skill; that the latter determined really to make an attempt to surprise the place, and consulted the Jesuit with regard to a plan of attack, which presented itself at that moment to his mind.
"I will myself be at your side," said Pater Felix, "and will guide your troops to the ill-defended tower on this side of the fortress. I will also engage to win the Rector of our College to the side of France; and for money we can find soldiers and burghers enough, to open the gate and portcullis to your soldiers."

The attempt was accordingly decided upon. The prince informed the Jesuit, that early on the following morning, he would present himself with his army before the walls of Freiburg, and charged him to be ready to perform his promises; giving him at the same time all the necessary instructions for his guidance.

On the following morning, the angel of death seemed suddenly to have descended upon the vineyards of Freiburg. The first line of the Bavarian entrenchments was attacked and carried by the French cavalry (a most unusual circumstance in modern warfare), while Condé at the head of his Musquetaires pressed forward in the direction of the monastery of St. Ottalien. Here the Jesuit appeared and greeted the prince; and after some little delay led the way to a small postern gate in the walls of the city, which was commanded by a lofty tower.

Condé now directed the Jesuit to give the previously arranged signal to his confederates within the walls. This consisted of three carbine shots, with a certain pause between each; at the third shot the gates flew open, and the French, with Condé and L'Hôpital at their head, dashed along the narrow pathway of the bridge, to enter the town.

But at this moment the shout of "Jesus Maria!" the well known war-cry of the Bavarians, pealed from tower and battlement; while at the distance of scarcely ten paces, a murderous fire of musketry was poured with terrible effect into the crowded ranks of the French, in which men and horses rolled over each other in the most horrible confusion.

"Nous sommes trahis!" We are betrayed, treason! treason! shouted the French, as they attempted to turn and fly. In vain the prince endeavoured to stop the panic, and restore order; he was himself swept away by the throng of fugitives. In close array the Bavarians poured from the city in pursuit of their enemies, and the loud voice of the cannon was soon heard, adding its terrors to the heavy roll of the musketry.

At some distance from the city, Condé succeeded in rallying a portion of his cavalry, and leading them against the Bavarian infantry, which still continued to pour out of the town. The charge of these troops stopped the advance of the enemy, and Condé now endeavoured at least to effect an orderly retreat. He rode up to L'Hôpital, who was galloping about the field like a madman; and ordered him to bring forward the rest of the cavalry, to cover the retreat of the broken troops.

"Mardi! When that thrice accursed scoundrel is dead, all will go right!" cried the Major as he rode with uplifted sword towards a man who was endeavouring to reach the city. This was no less a person than the worthy Pater Felix, who had crept out of a dry ditch into which he had thrown himself during the confusion, and now exhibited no small amount of activity in his efforts to escape. He had thrown away his
priestly habit, and had lost his hat; while he held his only weapon a Spanish cane, in his left hand, without any apparent idea of using it in his defence.

L'Hôpital followed the priest, who screamed loudly for help, to within a few yards of the Bavarians, who however succeeded in saving him from his pursuer; whose horse was wounded in three places by their bullets. As L'Hôpital now turned to regain his own troops, a fourth ball struck the good steed, and stretched him on the ground; where he rolled over his rider, who was partially stunned by the fall.

The Prince in the meantime, thoughtful of the interests of his army, had turned his steed to regain the position which he had left in the morning. "My mother bore me to be a general, and not a common soldier!" murmured he in the words of Scipio, as he spurred his steed to regain the rear. It was indeed high time for him to do so, for Mercy perceiving the false position into which Condé had suffered himself to be betrayed, dispatched a considerable force from the gate of St. Martin, in the hopes of cutting off the retreat of the French. Already the gleaming armour and burnished helmets of the Bavarian heavy cavalry were to be seen, who were hastening to the support of their infantry; but even this danger did not induce him to leave his faithful friend L'Hôpital in the hands of the enemy. Hitherto he had not drawn his sword; but no sooner did he see the danger of his friend, than it flew from its scabbard, and in a tone that sounded over the field like the voice of a trumpet, he exclaimed:

"Comrades, forwards! I will rescue L'Hôpital alive or dead, though this field should be my last resting place!"

So saying he put spurs to his horse, and galloped at full speed towards the enemy, followed by about half a dozen dragoons. Three well mounted Bavarians, who had been the first to arrive on the spot, threw themselves at this moment between the prince and his object, and a sharp skirmish ensued. A gigantic Breton who had followed the prince struck down the first of these adversaries with his lance, and then returning the weapon coolly to its rest, drew his sword. Condé at the same time had engaged the second Bavarian; while the third, mounted on a splendid white horse, drove before him two of the Frenchmen, one of whom, a trumpeter, sounded a retreat with all his might. Condé made a furious blow at his opponent, who by adroitly turning himself, received it upon his cuirass, and the sword of the prince breaking by the force of the blow, left him completely at the Mercy of his enemy.

Condé's fortunate star did not however forsake him in these desperate circumstances. At the moment that his sword-blade flew ringing into the air, the horse of the third Bavarian cuirassier threw up its heels, and struck the light palfrey of the prince with such force as to overthrow it, and consequently the deadly blow aimed at his head by his opponent, passed harmlessly over his plume; and the next moment the Breton had passed his sword through the body of the prince's adversary.

So fearful a moment as this, in the wild confusion and excitement of a cavalry skirmish, was probably never experienced by Condé during the whole of his long and warlike career. His escape from death or captivity was little less than miraculous, for it was
only at the moment when Mercy at the head of his cuirassiers appeared upon the field, that the horse of the prince recovered its footing, and bore him at full speed from the spot. The unfortunate L'Hôpital remaining in the hands of the enemy.

The French now abandoned the entrenchments they had taken in the early part of the day, and retired in considerable confusion as far as Ebnes. Here Condé succeeded in restoring some degree of order. The reserve advanced from Horben to his support, and the French infantry were gradually brought into action against the advancing masses of Bavarians. The scales of victory now again turned in favour of the prince, the victorious advance of Mercy was checked by the bravery of the French infantry; and after a conflict of four hours he in his turn was compelled to retreat. Step by step he was driven back until he was again sheltered by the walls of Freiburg; and in effecting this movement, the obstruction occasioned by his own trenches, caused him considerable loss.

This circumstance did not however prevent the Bavarians from claiming, in common with the French, the honour of the victory; but when a few days afterwards (principally on account of the capture of L'Hôpital), Condé proposed an exchange of prisoners, Mercy could only offer one Frenchman in exchange for three of his Bavarians.

The monastery of St. Ottalien, had suffered severely during the action. The walls and roof were riddled by cannon shot, the windows broken, and it had also been partially injured by fire; but its inhabitants had saved themselves by timely flight. No doubt could exist but that the Jesuit had played the part of a double traitor, having betrayed the French to the Bavarians, under the pretence of betraying the Bavarians to the French: but his motive for this piece of villany, was completely explained by a letter addressed to the prince, and of which L'Hôpital was the bearer. Its contents were as follow:

"Mon Prince! When under circumstances of extreme danger you sought a refuge in my house, I acted towards you as became a man of honour and a Frenchman; and without regarding the danger which I incurred, assisted you to escape from your enemies. In return, you behaved like the rich man in the parable of Nathan, who although possessed of many sheep, deprived the poor man of his only lamb. You rewarded my kindness by the ruin of my only child. In revenge I have caused the defeat of your army before the walls of Freiburg. Nor is my revenge yet completed; tremble henceforth at every step you take, for the vengeance of an injured father shall dog your footsteps with the certainty of fate, nor leave you but with your latest breath."

"P. Felix de Joliette, Coadjutor S. J."

Had Condé possessed the blessing of a good conscience, he would have laughed at the threats of the Jesuit; but under the present circumstances they made a great impression on his mind. An impression which was strengthened in no small degree, by an event which happened on the following evening. According to his usual custom, the prince had ridden beyond his advanced posts, in order to reconnoitre the enemy; when a shot was fired at him from a bush, which carried away a piece of the gold fringe on the holsters which hung at his saddle-bow. Although Condé would not openly acknowledge
the belief that this shot was fired by one of the agents of the Jesuit, he was fully convinced of the fact in his own mind. A strange and almost superstitious fear now haunted him both day and night, and the man who would not have feared a hundred foes in a fair field, at length almost trembled at his own shadow. This state of constant dread at length became so unbearable, that he addressed a letter on the subject to Cardinal Mazarin, although that minister was known to be by no means well disposed towards him.

Six weeks later, Condé received through the medium of the Papal Nuncio at the court of Vienna, a letter sealed with the ring of St. Peter. The envelope contained a paper to the following effect:

"In consequence of the wishes of his Holiness the Pope, conveyed to me through his Eminence the Cardinal-bishop of Frascati—the Pater Coadjutor Felix Nathaniel de Joliette, is appointed to the mission of Canton in China, and has already left Ancona on his way to the place of his destination. Certified by me:

Pater Orders, Vicar-general of the Society of Jesus."

A farther attempt on the part of the prince to ascertain the fate of Anastasia, led to no results. The Cardinal preserved an obstinate silence on the subject, and Condé could only imagine that his charming preserver, had followed her father to his distant home in Asia.

MARTIN ENGELBRECHT.

Painted by Anthony Vandyke.

It is with regret that we feel ourselves obliged to admit, that all our attempts to obtain authentic information with respect to the original of this noble portrait, have been fruitless; and that we know nothing more with regard to him, than the name by which this picture is designated in the archives of the Dresden gallery. We have nevertheless selected this painting for admission into the present work, as it is without question one of the finest portraits ever executed by Vandyke, and as affording an excellent specimen of the peculiar manner of that great artist. Although nothing but the name and likeness of Martin Engelbrecht have descended to posterity; no one who gazes on the penetrating eye, the bold open forehead, and expressive mouth, which form the principal characteristics of his portrait can doubt, that he must have been a man of no common intellectual powers; or can fail to admire the admirable manner in which the painter has transferred the subject to the canvass.
THE MAGDALEN.

Painted by Pompeo Batoni.

The fair penitent whom the church of Rome has raised to the distinction of a Saint, and whom artists delight in portraying as the sorrowing Magdalen, is here seen reclining in a rocky valley, beneath the shade of an olive tree. She is engaged in reading a volume, which is probably intended to represent the holy scriptures, and the interest which the sacred narrative has excited in her mind, is admirably depicted in her features: while the skull on which the volume rests, indicates that the fair enthusiast has ceased to regard the pleasures and vanities of this sinful world. The folded hands and naked arms of the lovely saint, rest upon and are admirably contrasted by a garment of azure blue, while her beautiful head from which a profusion of light brown hair descends upon the neck and shoulders, is bowed with an air of intense devotion over the volume which she is studying.

With regard to the merits of this picture as a work of Art, there exists but one opinion, which is, that for beauty of form and truth of expression, it belongs to the very highest class of the paintings of the later Italian schools. Nor is it less remarkable for the clearness and brilliancy of its colouring, which retains all its primitive freshness, and has probably been rather improved than deteriorated by the effects of age.

Pompeo Girolamo Batoni, the last great artist of the expiring schools of Italy, and one of the best painters of the eighteenth century; was born at Lucca in 1708, and expired at Rome, in the year 1784. Until the seventh year of his age, he appeared to be as deficient in intellect as he was deformed in person, and in after life he always retained a certain awkwardness of manner, which was however readily overlooked upon nearer acquaintance with him. Contrary to his inclination, his father insisted upon instructing him in his own trade, which was that of a goldsmith; but this circumstance gave him an opportunity to show his talent for drawing, and the design of a golden chalice which the citizens of Lucca presented to Benedict VIII., was the work in which he first displayed his abilities. He now found many friends and patrons among the nobility, by whose assistance he was enabled to commence his studies as a painter. S. Coma, and Masucci were his instructors in art; but by no means his models, Nature and Raphael being the only examples, that he condescended to imitate.

The beautiful daughter of the keeper of the Farnese collection, was the cause which prevented his genius from displaying itself so rapidly as it otherwise might have done. His marriage with this lady which took place in his twenty-second year, seems to have offended his patrons, who consequently withdrew their support, and necessity compelled him to resort to portrait painting and the copying of pictures, in order to obtain a livelihood. In this department he however obtained a good reputation as a correct
Pieter Pietersz. tekiet.

Pieter Pietersz. tekiet.
draughtsman, but his colouring at this time was not much admired. He now began to
attract attention, and soon received numerous commissions for churches and chapels, in
which he shewed great skill in treating old subjects in an original manner, and made
rapid improvement in his hitherto defective manner of colouring; while the elegance of
his designs and the gracefulness of his figures excited universal admiration. He in con-
sequence received the commission to paint the picture representing the conversion of
Simon the sorcerer, for the church of St. Peter, and which was intended to be executed
in mosaic, which intention was however not carried into effect. He also executed an
immense number of pictures of saints, holy families and Madonnas, for private patrons.
For Catherine of Russia he painted two pictures, one representing Thetis and Chiron,
and the other the continence of Scipio; both of which are in the Hermitage palace at
St. Petersburg. For the king of Poland he executed two scenes from the fable of Diana,
and for the king of Prussia the picture of the family of Darius before Alexander, which
is much admired for the expression of the countenances; but the famous Magdalen in the
Dresden gallery is generally admitted to be his masterpiece. Another picture of the same
subject is in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg.

Of portraits Batoni executed an almost incredible number. Besides those of three Popes,
he executed pictures of almost every celebrated person who visited Rome, and among
these were the emperor Joseph II., and his brother Leopold, Archduke of Tuscany.
For these works he received besides handsome presents, a patent of nobility for himself
and his descendants. He also received the honour of knighthood from the Pope.

The position of the first Master of the Roman school, which Batoni held for nearly
forty years, exposed him to much annoyance from the cabals of his numerous rivals,
few of whom however possessed a tythe of his ability. It is true that many of his
works are now completely forgotten; but on the other hand many exist which will bear
comparason with those of Maratti. The colouring of Batoni is warm and brilliant; but
in many of his pictures the general tone is wanting in harmony, in all of them however,
some portions are worthy of great admiration, and the expression of his heads is at once
forcible and true to nature.

THE SCHOLAR.
Painted by Franz van Mieris.

Seated at an open window we perceive a man who from the noble and intellectual
expression of his features, as well as from his occupation, is evidently employed in the
study of some branch of scientific inquiry. He is in the act of mending the pen with
which he has been noting down his observations or opinions; but we can only guess at
the subject of his studies, as the characters in the book are illegible, and the globe which stands by his side is a necessary instrument in exploring many of the paths of natural philosophy. In the meantime, our ignorance on this point, does not prevent us from admiring the truthfulness of expression, and elaborate beauty of execution, for which this picture, in common with all the works of Van Mieris, has long been celebrated.

JOSEPH PRESENTING JACOB TO PHARAOH.

Painted by Ferdinand Bol.

We have here one of the most affecting scenes from the story of Joseph and his brethren; one of the most beautiful and interesting narratives to be found in the sacred writings. The venerable patriarch Jacob, driven from the land of his birth by the scourge of famine, has found a protector in the person of his long lost son Joseph, who has not alone provided him and his family with an asylum in the land of Goshen; but is now seen presenting his aged parent to the monarch, whose favour has raised him to the position of a prince and ruler in the land.

The circumstance of Joseph presenting his father and brethren to Pharaoh, seems to afford a contradiction to the statement in an earlier part of the narrative, that "every shepherd is an abomination to the Egyptians;" and much ingenuity has been employed in order to explain this apparent discrepancy, and also to account for the aversion of the Egyptians towards shepherds. This explanation has been sought for in the animal worship of that extraordinary people, which must naturally have rendered them averse to persons who fed on creatures which they considered sacred. But it would seem that the Egyptians were by no means unanimous with regard to the objects of their worship, and that animals considered sacred in one district, were killed and eaten without scruple in others. Nor did the Egyptians worship bulls or oxen; the adoration of the bull Apis being confined to an individual animal: other bulls and oxen, were used both for sacrifices and for food, and are constantly represented in ancient sculptures as drawing the plough. Any objection with regard to sheep and goats, could only have operated locally, since the Egyptians themselves sacrificed and ate them in different districts.

It is probable therefore, that the dislike of the Egyptians to shepherds was purely of a political character, and applied to the nomade tribes who pastured their flocks on the borders, or within the limits of Egypt. These were mostly of Arab or Libyan descent; and hence the prejudice against them as nomades, was superadded to that against foreigners in general. The turbulent and aggressive disposition which forms part of the character of nomades, and the imperfect and uncertain control which it is possible to exercise over
their tribes, are circumstances so replete with annoyance and danger to a carefully organized society like that of the Egyptians, as sufficiently to account for the hatred and scorn which the ruling priestly class strove to keep up against them; and it was probably in order to discourage all intercourse, that the regulation precluding Egyptians eating with them was first established.

There are also historical reasons which amply account for the hate borne by the Egyptians to the nomad tribes. In the reign of Thamuz, about the year 2159 B. C. Egypt was invaded by a tribe of Cushite shepherds from Arabia, to which the Egyptians submitted without trying the event of a battle; and were exposed, for a period of 360 years, to the most tyrannical and insulting conduct from their new masters; who made one of their own number king, and established their capital at Memphis; having in proper places strong garrisons, which kept both Upper and Lower Egypt under subjection and tribute. There were six kings of this dynasty, who were called Hyesos or king-shepherds; and they exercised a degree of cruelty and oppression upon the natives which left an indelible sense of hatred upon the minds of the Egyptians, even in periods long subsequent. At last the national spirit was roused, and after a war of thirty years, the princes of Upper Egypt succeeded in compelling them to withdraw from the country, which they had so deeply injured by their invasion. They withdrew, as it seems, to Palestine, where they became the Philistines. This event, according to the chronology of Dr. Hales, took place about twenty-seven years before the commencement of Joseph's administration; and as the memory of the tyranny they had suffered must still have been fresh in the minds of the people, this will sufficiently account for the circumstance that every shepherd was an abomination to them; without recurring to their supposed dislike of pastoral people, on account of their habits and modes of life. Their dislike too must have been the more intense, against people who like the Hebrews, came from the country to which their expelled enemies had withdrawn. They might not unreasonably have suspected that their Hebrew visitors were a party of the same people; and the harsh reception they met with from Joseph, the strict examination they underwent, and the charge of being spies come to see the nakedness of the land, is probably exactly what would have happened if they had been personally unknown to the governor of Egypt.

We may also observe that the country mentioned in scripture under the name of "the land of Goshen" seems to have been the first which the Cushite shepherds occupied when they invaded Egypt, and the last from which they retired. The Egyptians were certainly not a pastoral people, and this being a district which had been employed for pasturage, it had probably not been occupied by the Egyptians since the recent expulsion. If it had, it would not have been so readily assigned to the Hebrews; but it was quite natural that they should be placed in the land of Goshen, which had been recently been vacated by a pastoral people. Thus Goshen occurs immediately to Joseph as a suitable domain for the family of his father, and that it was unoccupied seems to be evidenced by the certainty with which he promised his father in his first message, that he should dwell in the land of Goshen. This land was situated on the eastern side of the Pelusiac
or most easterly branch of the Nile; for it is evident that the Hebrews did not cross the Nile in their exodus from Egypt, as they must otherwise have done. The land thus stretched away into the desert on the east of the river, where the nomade shepherds might find sustenance for their flocks. Dr. Hales very properly directs attention to the no less wise than liberal policy of the Egyptian court, in making this assignment of Goshen to the Hebrews. This country forming the eastern boundary of Egypt towards Palestine and Arabia, the quarters from which they most dreaded invasion; and the "nakedness" of which, was now covered in a short time by a numerous, a brave, and an industrious people: amply repaying by the additional resources which they gave to Egypt, their hospitable reception and naturalization.

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**THE TRUMPETER.**

Painted by Gerhard Terburg.

We have already had a specimen in this selection of the extraordinary skill evinced by Terburg in imitating the textures of the various draperies of his figures, but more especially satin. On that occasion he introduced us into the boudoir of a lady, he now opens to us the interior of a guard room.

We see before us two soldiers, who judging from their uniforms, belong to a regiment of cavalry. That the one engaged in writing is an officer of some rank, is shown not alone by the rich silver embroidery of his uniform; but by the intellectual expression of his handsome and elegantly formed countenance, and the nature of his occupation. That the letter he is writing is of importance, is shown by the circumstance that it is to be forwarded to its destination, or at least that the messenger is to be accompanied, by a trumpeter; and the physiognomy and general appearance of this official, is a warrant for the strict and conscientious performance of the mission. A large fur cap which only partially conceals his luxuriant black locks, imparts to his countenance a peculiar air of mingled good humour and courage; his tall and muscular form is clothed in a yellow coat, over which he wears a kind of jerkin of a light blue colour, with black stripes. Long boots at once clothe and defend his feet and legs, a broad bandelier supports his short sword; and his instrument is suspended by a double cord.

In point of execution, this picture belongs to the best works of the artist. and exhibits in high perfection the harmonious colouring and elaborate finish for which the paintings of Terburg are so justly celebrated.
Le trompette.

The Trumpeter

Der Trompeter
The Poulterer.  Der Geflügelhändler.
THE POULTERER.
Painted by Gabriel Metzu.

In this beautiful little picture, we again meet with two persons whose acquaintance we have previously made in two separate paintings by the same master, which have already appeared in this work. The old man whom we have formerly seen in the act of selling game, has changed his place of business, and appears at the same time to have improved in circumstances; as a female assistant now attends to his customers, while he looks on and smokes his pipe, with the air of a master. The same negligence in his attire which we have observed in the former picture, is still to be seen in the present; although a marked improvement is visible, both in the form and quality, of his clothing. The old woman also, whom we recognise as the seller of game in a former picture, now appears in the character of a buyer; a character which has probably been assigned to her by the artist, in order to have an opportunity of introducing two of his favorite models into the same picture. However this may be, it is evident from the extreme care and industry which he has bestowed on the finish of even the most trifling details, that he must have felt a higher interest in the subject, than that resulting from the mere consideration of the profit attendant on his labour.

THE TERRACE.
Painted by Antoine Watteau.

The two levees, with which the business of the day invariably commenced in the royal palace of Versailles, had concluded; and the elite of the courtiers glided with noiseless steps, from the apartments of Louis the fourteenth. The first of these, consisted of about twelve or fourteen persons, mostly of an advanced age, all of whom were attired in the enormous perukes worn at this period. The other parts of their toilet, were purposely arranged to appear as if assumed in haste, an appearance which was considered to properly belong to a morning or negligée costume. With the exception of the huge perukes, there was nothing in their dress that indicated that they had been on a visit of ceremony to the king; and yet these courtiers belonged to that enviable class of mortals who possessed the privilege of waiting on the king before he left his bed, of witnessing the mysteries of his toilet, of seeing the process of shaving the royal beard;
and the still higher honour of assisting the monarch to draw on his stockings, and even to change his linen. The only state secret to which these chosen courtiers were not admitted, was that connected with his majesty's wig. Louis having a strong dislike to exhibit his bare scalp to any one but his valet, who consequently arranged this part of the business, before he admitted his more noble associates.

During the process of dressing the king, these noblemen (for the privilege was only accorded to those of the highest rank), had the honour of chatting with his majesty on the state of the weather, the theatre, or his success in hunting; and in retailing for his amusement, all the novelties of the *chronique scandaleuse*. It was contrary to etiquette for any person to attempt to monopolise the conversation of the king, and consequently each person came prepared with a stock of jests, anecdotes, and *bon mots*, which were more or less witty, good-humoured, or spiteful, according to the temper or ability of the vendors. This assembly bore the name of the lesser levee.

This was followed by the great levee: the persons attending which, although not so highly favoured as those above described, had still the felicity of seeing how Louis the fourteenth breakfasted. On their entrance, the conversation which had commenced during the lesser levee was continued, and the king generally contented himself with listening, without personally taking part in it. Only those who had the entrée to the lesser levee, had the right of carrying on the conversation: no one else presuming to speak unless addressed by his majesty. Foreigners of distinction not unfrequently obtained admission to the great levee, and sometimes Louis throwing off the apathy which too often hung like a cloud upon his spirits, would address himself to these strangers with a manner in which dignity and familiarity were so happily blended, that he never failed to leave a most favourable impression on the mind of the person who was fortunate enough to be thus distinguished; and these conversations were generally of a character which rendered them highly interesting to those whose good fortune afforded them an opportunity of listening to them. Whoever was addressed by the king, had the privilege of continuing the conversation until his majesty put an end to it, by addressing some other person, when he was expected to remain silent, unless again addressed by the king. If a pause ensued, the privileged speakers of the lesser levee, took up the ball, and kept it in motion as they best could. The etiquette of the court provided for almost every event which was possible to occur, and the courtiers of the great Louis, seemed inclined to introduce on the banks of the Seine, a code of forms and ceremonies little less irksome and ridiculous, than that of China.

Ladies were not unfrequently admitted to the great levee, although their presence was not supposed to be very pleasing to the king; and this was the case on the morning on which our story opens. The Duchess de Maine had presented herself on this occasion, a lady whom Louis was supposed to secretly dislike, in the same proportion as he was partial to her husband the Duke, who was his legitimised son, by his mistress Madame de Montespan. The Duchess who was a princess of the house of Charolais-Condé, was rather handsome in person, and although very small in stature, extremely graceful and
pleasing in her movements. Her manners were however extremely affected and fantastic, and she seemed to consider that she had the right to inflict her insufferably tedious conversation, which she probably thought extremely witty, on all persons with whom she came in contact. Even the rigid etiquette of the court, failed to preserve the king from the persecutions of this indefatigable little lady. In vain he turned away peevishly to another person; this only seemed to make her more mischievous, and to give her the opportunity of reciting some satirical epigram, lashing the weaknesses of the grand monarque, or of the all-powerful Madame de Maintenon. On the other hand, whenever the Duchess asked a favour of the king, Louis seemed to take a pleasure in politely refusing it, or at least in declaring that he must take time to consider the matter. In the latter case, the subject was discussed in the boudoir of Madame de Maintenon, before whose judgment seat, which in this case was represented by a black velvet fanneuil, the wishes of the daughter-in-law of Madame de Motespan had but little chance of being gratified.

In addition to the Duchess de Maine, the Countess de Noailles had also been present at the levee on this occasion. Her husband, who was a person of no great reputation for ability, was the son of the celebrated Count de Noailles, and was said to have been induced to wed the lady, who was the niece of Madame de Maintenon, by the dowry of 150,000 francs, which had been presented to her by the king, at the request of her aunt, who in order to maintain her reputation for disinterestedness seldom asked favours for her relatives; but had found herself utterly unable to withstand the entreaties of her niece, who previous to her marriage, had borne the name of Mademoiselle de Valette.

Louise de Noailles was at this time, that is to say, in the year 1708, in the twenty-second year of her age, and was considered one of the handsomest women of the French court; she was tall and slender in figure, but yet her form was admirably rounded, and she wore her hair in the most simple manner possible à la Chinois; while the Duchess de Maine, balanced a perfect tower of curls upon the summit of her head. The slight sprinkling of richly scented powder, which covered like hoar-frost, the beautiful locks of the Countess, set off to the greatest advantage her delicate and blooming complexion, and heightened the effect which the glances of her dark blue eyes, seldom failed to produce on those who had the pleasure of beholding her for the first time.

Like the Duchess de Maine, Louise de Noailles had a great aversion to Madame de Maintenon, and seized every opportunity of ridiculing the pedantic manners, of the widow of the old "buffoon Scarron." She even went to the extent of attributing to the king's mistress, various adventures of a highly disreputable character; in which she was said to have engaged, in company with the French Aspasia, Miana de l'Enclos, Madame de Pomerreuil, and the still more infamous Madame de Montchevrenil. The only cause of this dislike of the niece towards her aunt was, her refusal to avail herself of the power she possessed over the king, for the purpose of enriching her relatives. When however Madame Maintenon so far relented as to obtain her the above mentioned royal present,
she on her part suffered herself to be so far mollified, as to speak of her benefactress by the somewhat slighting title of my "good Aunty."

Notwithstanding all this, Louise de Noailles was decidedly a favorite with Madame de Maintenon, perhaps on account of her fearless habit of telling the truth on all occasions, by which means she not unfrequently threw the evening parties of the king into such "admired confusion," that the monarch was compelled in spite of his dignity, to indulge in a hearty laugh; and thus to give the signal to the two malicious wits of the court, the misanthropical Mantacisir, and the witty inventor of "fib's" Count St. Simon, to fall without mercy on the characters of those whom the Countess had thus marked out for sacrifice. The good-natured husband of her niece was also a great favorite with Madame de Maintenon, who took great interest in the happiness of the young couple, probably because she had been the principal agent in bringing them together. The only revenge that the good-natured aunt took upon her niece for the calumnies which she spread concerning her, and which would certainly have procured any less favoured person a lodging in the Bastille; was that of calling her a "Tinker's daughter:" and when the niece had irritated her aunt into the use of this term, the latter always remained victor; Louise invariably abandoning the contest, and seeking to relieve her vexation by a flood of tears. Her mother's father, had in reality been a coppersmith, or a member of some similar profession; and these quarrels generally terminated in the niece soliciting some trifling favour from the aunt, which had the certain effect of soothing her vanity, and leading to a reconciliation.

One of these ephemeral treaties of peace had lately been concluded at the time of our story, and consequently the Countess stood high in the good graces of Madame de Maintenon, and as a natural result, in corresponding favour with her humble vassal, the mighty Louis le grand. The favour which had been asked by the Countess, and which had produced this happy result on the present occasion, was nevertheless of rather an unusual character.

It was in the spring of the year 1707, that the last scenes of the war of the Spanish succession were being enacted in the peninsula. This war, in which Austria, England and the Netherlands, supported the claims of Charles of Austria, the son of Leopold I., emperor of Germany, to the Spanish crown; in opposition to those of Philip of Anjou, the grandson of Louis XIV., which were backed by the power of France, had already lasted thirteen years; while the Spanish nation having little affection for either of the competitors, inclined first to one and then to the other.

During the latter part of the contest however, the sympathies of the Spaniards inclined altogether to Philip of Anjou, a result which seemed to be produced by his misfortunes. During the early part of the contest, the armies of the allies conquered almost the whole of the peninsula, in spite of the desperate resistance of the French and Castilians, while the English fleets made themselves masters of all the Spanish sea-ports of any importance, and established garrisons in the islands of the Mediterranean. But in proportion to the success of the allies, the hearts of the Spaniards seemed to turn to the
chivalrous Philip, and his fair and talented wife, who indeed seemed to be the soul of all his undertakings. The French commander the Duke of Berwick, in the meantime strained every nerve to organise the numerous Spanish irregulars, in order by this means to compensate for the inferiority of the French forces, and at length found himself in a condition to give battle to the English general Lord Galway, and his Spanish allies; which latter were under the command of Las Minas, one of the most embittered enemies of the French. This occurred at Almanza; where, after a long and desperate contest, victory declared itself in favour of Philip. Minas himself was wounded, and left upwards of five thousand dead on the field of battle, while at least twice that number of prisoners fell into the hands of the French. Among these last were a hundred and eighty officers of high rank, many of whom belonged to the most important families of Spain. These captives were sent to France during the ensuing campaign in Catalonia, in which province their families possessed considerable influence. On arriving at Paris they were set at liberty on their parole, and many of them introduced to the French court, which notwithstanding the age of the queen, and the bigotry of Madame de Maintenon, still retained its reputation of being the most brilliant in Europe. Here the Spanish prisoners were loaded with attentions and favours, and no means were left untried to win them to the French interests; an object in which, with the exception of a few isolated instances, the French court were completely successful.*

Nor were the prisoners captured by the victors of Almanza, confined to the sterner sex. A lady was among the captives, and this was no less a person, than the daughter of the brave and influential general Las Minas y Huesco. As it was above all things of importance to win Donna Josita to the French interests, she was also obliged to give her word not to attempt to escape; and this done, she was conducted to Versailles and placed under the protection of one of the first ladies of the court, where she was treated with a degree of kindness and attention, which left her no reason to regret her involuntary journey.

Among the ladies who had obtained the most influence over the mind of Donna Josita were the Duchess de Maine, and the Countess de Noailles; and the latter soon discovered that notwithstanding the splendour by which she was surrounded, that the young Spanish Donna was unhappy, and would rather have laid herself to rest in the tent of her father, surrounded by all the inconveniences and dangers of a camp, than in her splendid chamber in the palace of Versailles, decorated with the splendid paintings of Philip de Champaign, the brilliant mirrors of Venice, and the gorgeous tapestry of the Gobelins. Her father was wounded and required her care, while she was a prisoner in a distant land; and her only comfort was in conversing in her native language, and giving vent to her complaints to her protectress the Duchess de Maine, who spoke Spanish with all the facility of a Castilian duenna; and although her rival the Countess de Noailles, did not possess the same unrivalled pliability of tongue as the little Duchess, she had at least the power of reciting with an admirable accent and unfailing memory some of the finest poems, in the Spanish language.

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During the early part of the young Spaniard's residence at Versailles, both these ladies had endeavoured to combat her wish to return to her native country, by every means in their power; as they really felt an affection for the fair young girl, which did not allow them to think without pain on the moment of parting. But no sooner had Josita explained to them the nature of her ardent longing to revisit her native land, and attend upon her wounded father; than both the ladies set all the springs of their secret influence in motion, in order to gratify her desires.

It was after one of the usual stormy scenes between Madame de Maintenon and her niece, that the latter ventured to beg of her aunt that she would procure the exchange of Josita, for the person of a highly favoured young nobleman the Marquis d'Uxelles, who had fallen into the hands of the English, and whose liberty had been offered by General Minas in exchange for that of his daughter. Madame de Maintenon could not resist the entreaties of the Countess; but informed her at the same time, that the Duke of Berwick had especially recommended that Josita should not be exchanged; as it was hoped her detention might have some influence on the conduct of the Spaniards who were in arms against the French:

"The communication with General Minas has been established," said Madame de Maintenon, "and must not be interrupted!"

"But my dear aunt," replied Louise de Noailles; "no one will surely be so barbarous, as to make the liberty of Josita depend upon her father joining the French?"

"Who asserted anything of the kind? No child, I merely say that the King has in the possession of Josita, a certain point —"

"Josita is considered a point? If you speak of the poor girl in that manner, she is undoubtedly lost."

Madame de Maintenon who was no friend of sentimental scenes, of which she was not the originator, arose in such indignation at this remark; that her niece had no alternative but to throw herself at the feet of her aunt and implore her by "all the Gods" to send the poor young Spaniard back to her father.

Madame de Maintenon now stooped over the suppliant, and placing her hands on her hips, in an attitude infinitely more becoming a fish-wife than a court lady, exclaimed in a voice trembling with passion:

"I wish you would expend your nonsensical airs and graces upon your husband; you would then at least have the probability of meeting with the proper reward for your exertions, in the shape of a sound box on the ear."

Louise started to her feet in an instant.

"My husband, Noailles?" cried she: "He box my ears?"

"For ought I care," replied her aunt coolly, as she again seated herself; "that, my dear is quite your affair; but I perceive that you are now quite calm and reasonable, and we can now resume our discourse concerning your protegé Josia."

The Countess felt angry for a moment; but nevertheless drew a tabouret up to her aunt's sofa, and seated herself in an attitude of deep attention.
"It is necessary," said Madame de Maintenon, "that Las Minas should be won to our side. His influence upon his countrymen, and more especially upon the troops which are in arms against "Us" is immense. For a considerable time, attempts have been made to win him to the French interest; but he has ever remained immovable, and has rejected all the offers of personal advantage which have been made him. Since his daughter has been in our possession, he has however shown a disposition to listen to our advances, and there can be but little doubt that after a time, he will be induced to declare himself for the Duke of Anjou. But in order to be certain of this, it is necessary to compel him to continue the negotiations; and in the possession of Josita we have a pledge for his good faith. As for the rest, we have advantages enough to offer him without making her liberty the price of his joining our party. Endeavour my dear niece, to induce Josita when she writes to her father, to draw as favourable a picture of us as is possible. Let her express a wish always to remain at Versailles, and point out to the haughty Spaniard, how easy it would be for him to transfer his allegiance to France, in which case he would be certain to obtain the post of a governor in Gascony or Guyenne, together with the bonton of a Marshal of France."

Louise de Noailles however refused to lend herself to this plan, she insisted that Josita should be sent back to her "dying father," and urged her request with such eloquence, that her aunt after some attempts to evade its fulfilment, at length yielded.

"Well, let it be as you wish!" exclaimed she at length: "but I doubt much, if this act of French magnanimity will have the effect of winning her father to our cause."

"The Duke of Berwick will know how to conquer Spain without his assistance!" replied Louise.

"You know little about the matter!" rejoined her aunt tartly: "You little know the desperate resistance with which he has to contend; and I assure you that much remains to be done, before the crown is placed firmly on Philip's head. But nevertheless your Spanish friend may return to her father — that is, provided his majesty, is pleased to permit her."

"Ah, Madame! his majesty will not refuse your solicitations."

"Well, we shall see! I will use what influence I possess in your favour; but you must yourself present your petition to the king. It were perhaps better if the king himself saw Donna Josita."

"My dear aunt, she is almost every evening in the royal circle, and the king has spoken to her on more than one occasion."

"When he again addresses her, she must answer in a manner to attract his attention. When I spoke to him yesterday on the subject, he said that all he recollected of the stranger was, that she was wrapped from head to foot in a long black mantle."

"I will take care that this evening at the royal lottery, his majesty shall have a better opportunity of observing her;" replied Louise impressively.

"Have you cards for this evening? With the exception of ambassadors, only persons of the blood royal are invited, I believe."
Louise made a singular grimace, and shrugged her shoulders.

"Besides, the king is usually extremely absent in the evening. You had better introduce Josita Minas at the second levee, and I will speak to his majesty on the subject this evening."

We have already stated that both the Duchess de Maine and the Countess de Noailles, left the levee of the king; we have now to add that they led between them their client Donna Josita, whose beauty gleamed from beneath her black silk mantilla, like a star from beneath the clouds of night.

"Desdichada de mi! Unhappy girl that I am," exclaimed Josita, supporting herself with difficulty on the arms of her two friends, who endeavoured in vain to comfort her; the Duchess interrupting her kind offices, to proclaim to every one who would listen to her, that the young Spaniard was the victim of a most unheard of act of cruelty and tyranny on the part of the king.

Louise de Noailles had according to her arrangement with Madame de Maintenon, presented herself with her protegee before the king; not doubting that her aunt had performed her promise, or that Louis would refuse obedience to the expressed wishes of his mistress; and indeed, under ordinary circumstances, it probably would not have required much skill to have induced him to set his fair captive at liberty. As the Countess de Noailles passed through the long gallery leading to the royal apartments; in which numerous courtiers were engaged in admiring their own forms, reflected in the enormous mirrors which face the windows, she could not resist indulging in a foretaste of her approaching triumph, and whispered to several of her acquaintances, that she was about to procure permission for Josita to return to her native land, or as she expressed "to restore her dear young friend, to the arms of her broken hearted father."

Donna Josita kept close to the side of her chaperon, holding her large fan of black silk and ivory, before her face; and seldom replied to the profuse compliments showered upon her from all sides, or even raised her eyes to survey the powdered and embroidered beaux around her; and appeared totally insensible to the sensations which her extreme beauty evidently inspired in the breasts of the young, and possibly also of the old cavaliers, who crowded around her. Following the example of Comte St. Simon, who pressed her hand with the remark, that this mode of salutation was the Spanish fashion; the young courtiers hastened to do the like, although they well knew that this assertion was as false as the generality of those he was accustomed to make. And after the young Marquis de la Feuillade, the nephew of the famous Marshal of the same name had ventured to raise her hand to his lips, at least a dozen cavaliers followed the example, before the Countess de Noailles could succeed in driving away the swarm of gallants who surrounded her.

Unfortunately at this moment, the Duchess de Maine made her appearance in the gallery. She was very negligently attired, but nevertheless wore around her meagre neck a string of diamonds of immense worth. She had no train, but wore a remarkably short morning dress, probably for the purpose of displaying her remarkably well formed feet.
and ankles; as well as the dexterity with which she balanced herself on the points of the enormously high heels of her shoes. On her head she wore a kind of cushion of prodigious size, over which her hair was strained, and in consequence of not being sufficiently thick to completely cover it, the cushion which was of red silk, was visible in several places. As if the Duchess was determined that no person should remain ignorant of the material which composed the interior of her head-dress, the cushion was decorated on each side with a huge golden tassel, which dangled to and fro behind the ears of the wearer, at every motion of her head, which seldom remained still for a single second.

The gentlemen who witnessed this absurd toilet, glanced at each other with suppressed laughter; but they stood too much in awe of the spiteful tongue of the little Duchess to make any remarks on the subject within her hearing. But Count St. Simon who was already at open warfare with her, on account of the fertility of his imagination, or in other words his talent for inventing absurd stories with regard to the people about the court; could not help remarking with an air of gallantry, how happy she might make any one of the officers of the guard, if she would only present him, with the tassels of her head dress, to wear as epaulettes. The Duchess threw a furious glance at the arch-romancer in return for this suggestion, and shook her head with a vivacity which made the tassels flutter about her ears, as if rejoicing at the destiny proposed for them by the Count.

No sooner had the Duchess perceived Louise and Josita, and understood that it was their intention to appear before the king, in order to solicit the liberty of the latter; than she took the young Spaniard by the hand, and declared that she also would appear at the levee, in order to support her request with all her influence.

"But my dear Duchess!" — said the Countess, and instead of finishing the sentence, she cast a look full of meaning on the dress of her friend.

"Oh nonsense!" cried the Duchess in reply to this glance, it is good enough to appear in before this childish old king, who can scarcely see his own shoestrings."

This remark although made in a half whisper, was heard by many persons around her, who all instantly turned away, in order not to be seen taking part in so dangerous a conversation. St. Simon however fearlessly stood his ground, and did not hesitate to admit that he had heard the observation of the Duchess.

"Madame," said he, with an air of good humour; "you are undoubtedly right in your remark with regard to the weakness of the king’s sight; but I can assure you nevertheless, that when the weather permits it, his majesty can see both the Bastille and Pignerol, from his palace of Versailles."

"And so the king strains his eyes, in order to see these two wretched places?" replied the Duchess, without heeding the threat concealed in the words of the Count: "that is indeed unnecessary, as Versailles is to him as much a prison as the Bastille or Pignerol."

"Beware, Madame!" replied St. Simon, as he disappeared in the doorway leading to the king’s apartments.
“Certainly, my Lord Count!” cried the Duchess aloud, “it is written, that we should beware of false and lying prophets!”

From this moment St. Simon received the cognomen of “the false prophet,” but in the mean time the bearer of this new title hastened to the presence of Louis XIV., not with the intention of reporting to that monarch the ill-natured observations of the Duchess, an act of which no man was less capable than himself; but merely to procure for her a reception at the levee, which should be a sufficient punishment for the scandals she had circulated concerning him.

For this purpose, he had no sooner entered the royal chamber, than he commenced a burlesque description of the dress of the Duchess, with such happy effect, that the king honoured him with one of his not very pleasing smiles, as he replied:

“The whole life of the little lady is such an absurd farce, that we must forgive her if she sometimes shows herself upon the stage, in a dress which should only be seen behind the curtain.”

“Bon, Sire;” rejoined the Count, “you will soon have an opportunity of putting your admirable theory into practice; for if I am not greatly mistaken, it is the intention of the Duchess to present herself at the second levee.”

The king gazed at St. Simon for a moment with a peevish countenance, and then addressing the Marquis Laurence, the principal chamberlain, said:

“Let the Duchess de Maine know that I cannot receive her to-day.”

The Count St. Simon smiled ironically; for at this moment the Duchess and the Countess de Noailles, leading Donna Josita between them, appeared at the door of the apartment. Louise heard the last words of the king, and was about to withdraw; but the Duchess so far from changing her purpose, grasped the hand of Josita and pressed forward into the chamber, in spite of the exertions of Laurence to prevent her; and Louise was thus in a manner compelled to follow her example.

“Justice Sire!” cried the Duchess with the air of a tragedy princess: “Justice and Mercy! this is the daughter of the brave Spanish general Las Minas —”

The king sprung from his chair, threw his knife and fork upon the silver plate before him, and surveyed the little Duchess from head to foot with an air of indignant majesty.

“Enough, enough!” cried he in a tone of impatience, and waved his hand as a signal of dismissal, without casting his eyes on the anxious countenance of Josita.

“Do not leave me, Louise!” whispered the Duchess to her friend, who kept in the background.

The Countess advanced a step and stood beside her.

“Ah!” cried St. Simon half aloud, “I suspect we are about to have an amusing scene!”

Without noticing this observation, the Duchess threw herself on her knees at the feet of the king, and Josita half blinded by her tears knelt beside her; while the Countess saw herself as it were compelled to follow the example of her friends, in order that they might not have to bear alone the displeasure which she saw would arise from thus
with which was not without its effect on the minds of the persons present; but nothing could prevent the scene from being on the whole, extremely ridiculous. The strange costume of the Duchess, her absurd head dress, which as she knelt looked like a model of the leaning tower of Pisa; and above all the unfortunate tassels, which seemed to have a life of their own, and to vibrate with a kind of convulsive movement, formed an object at which few could look without smiling. The displeased look of Louis, checked for the moment the mirth of the courtiers; but when the Duchess in stretching out her hands in an imploring attitude towards the king, involuntarily moved her foot, and by this means lost one of her high heeled shoes, the whole circle burst into a loud titter. Had the Duchess possessed presence of mind she might have turned this circumstance to her advantage; a well timed jest would probably have restored the king to good humour, in which case the game would have been won. Instead of this, she sprang to her feet and darted a look of anger and defiance around the circle. A second glance convinced her that all was lost, and as St. Simon afterwards expressed it, that nothing was left her, but to collect her forces and beat a retreat without firing a shot. Taking Louise in one hand, and Josita in the other, the little lady marched out of the presence chamber, casting a glance of reproach at Louis as she left the apartment.

Vexed and irritated, the king reseated himself in his arm-chair, exclaiming as he wiped the perspiration from his forehead; "That woman is certainly mad! never has such a scene occurred here in my recollection."

"The Duchess has never displayed her character so fully as on this occasion," replied Fabian de Narbonne, one of the old courtiers, who felt as much annoyed as his majesty could he, at the breach of etiquette which had taken place; "but it is easy to prevent its recurrence."

"Right!" replied the king, and then turning to the Chamberlain Count Lawrence, he added: "You will take care that this young Spaniard's movements are so far restricted, that she does not become the cause of any more scandals of a similar kind."

No sooner had Louis given this order, than Count St. Simon took leave of the king, and hastily left the apartment.

"I will wager that St. Simon carries the news of his majesty's order directly to the Duchess," remarked the Prince de Condé; "and I am much mistaken if the report that this arch-romancer is in love with the young Spaniard, does not prove to be well founded."

This was indeed the case. No sooner had the ladies re-entered the great gallery, than they were surrounded by a crowd of courtiers, eager to learn what success they had met with, and whom the Countess in vain endeavoured to avoid. The young lieutenant La Feuillade came forward as if to whisper courage to Josita; but apparently the words died upon his lips, and he stood gazing at the fair one without speaking a syllable.
St. Simon at this moment joined the group, and laying one of his white hands on the shoulder of the trembling girl exclaimed:

"Donna Josita, you have reason to complain of your friend the duchess; such things as the Bastille and the summer lodgings in Pignerol, are not to trifled with. Do not be alarmed however, for although the king has ordered you to be confined, to prevent such tragi-comic scenes as that of this morning for the future, Lawrence will no doubt merely put you under arrest in your own chamber."

Contrary to the expectation of the worthy Count, the two court ladies seemed by no means dismayed at this information.

"What say you Louise; is this a challenge?" asked the Duchess, her eyes sparkling with rage."

"Yes, and one which I am determined to accept!" replied the Countess.

"How ladies!" cried St. Simon; "you surely do not intend to be of the party?"

"Certainly! more especially as I am confident that you will not refuse to join us;" replied the Duchess de Noailles.

"I am ever but too happy to listen to the conversation of your Grace," replied the Count.

"Do us the favour to hear us company then!"

The three courtiers now surrounded Donna Josita and bore her as if in triumph, to the apartments of the Duchess, which opened on the same corridor, with those of Josita and the Countess de Noailles. The young Spaniard remaining perfectly bewildered by the scene she had gone through.

They had scarcely arrived there, when Lawrence made his appearance, and with many excuses requested Josita to follow him.

"Are you about to imprison my friend, Monster!" cried the Duchess.

"I will hear what my Aunt says to this!" observed Louise de Noailles.

"This warmth is quite unnecessary, ladies;" said Lawrence coolly, "I have orders to restrain this lady in her liberty, and these orders it is my duty to perform. I must therefore beg of you, the young lady to instantly follow me to her apartments."

There was no resisting this, and the two ladies and St. Simon followed Josita to her chamber, the rear being brought up by Lawrence, who could not refrain from a sardonic smile.

"At what are you laughing pray?" cried St. Simon haughtily.

"Mille Pardons, Monsieur le Count! but one of your agreeable stories recurred at the moment to my memory, and I thought I could not do less than honour it by giving play to my cachimbatory muscles!" cried the old chamberlain, screwing his withered countenance into the expression of a pair of nut-crackers.

The "False prophet," felt this to be a home thrust, as his stories had really been the cause of Josita's arrest. He contented himself however, with casting a contemptuous look on the spare figure of the chamberlain, and muttering loud enough to be heard:

"His muscles! — As if he possessed such articles?"
Meanwhile Josita was deposited in her chamber, where she seemed immediately to recover her presence of mind. She probably read in the countenances of her friends, that this imprisonment was only the prelude to her leaving not only her chamber, but also Versailles and France for ever.

Lawrence now took his leave with innumerable bows, and having waited till the three friends of Josita had retired, locked the door and put the key in his pocket. A council of war was forthwith held in the apartments of the Duchess, which was joined by the Duke de Maine, in the most complete state of *negligé*, he having just completed his usual lengthy sacrifices at the shrine of Morpheus.

The Duke possessed a considerable share of the personal beauty of his mother, the unfortunate La Vallière, and a profusion of long black hair, which he wore without powder, which he said got into his eyes, and prevented him from sleeping. Setting aside his propensity to drowsiness, the Duke was an amiable and agreeable man, and what was a rarity at the French court, as devotedly attached to his wife, as the little Duchess was to him. The courtiers indeed asserted that this affection on his part arose from the circumstance that no one else could understand him, as he never gave himself the trouble to open his mouth sufficiently wide to speak distinctly. Certain it is, that he seldom conversed with any one else, while the Duchess on her part spoke with such astonishing rapidity, that it was scarcely possible for the ear to follow her; a trait, which we had forgot to mention in our previous description of her.

It was some time before the worthy Duke could be made to understand the cause of the anger which betrayed itself both in the words and looks of his better half. But no sooner had he done so, than he seemed for once to become perfectly awake. He hurried to the door, before which a gigantic grenadier paced slowly up and down as a sentinel, and then returned in a perfect fury.

"I will go instantly to the king, and demand satisfaction on that infamous Lawrence, for daring to place a sentinel before my door!"

With some difficulty his wife pacified him, and he was now admitted into the plot which had been formed before his arrival, the object of which was to spite the king and his satellites, by procuring the escape of Josita. To this plan the greatest obstacle was the sentinel, the means of getting rid of whom was the principal subject of discussion among the conspirators.

"He is no doubt to be bribed!" said St. Simon.

"That will be dangerous," replied the Connexis, "I will send for Captain Donaldson, the handsome Scot, who at a word from me, will send us a sentinel that is both deaf and blind.

"No doubt!" muttered the Duke; "but I assure you that the handsome Scot as you call him, shall never set his foot within my doors; I forbid my wife from taking any part in the matter, if this Scotch jackanapes is to be mixed up in it."

"You are jealous, Maine! you are positively jealous!" cried the Duchess, in a thea-
tricial tone; but evidently delighted with the idea, as she threw herself into the arms of her husband.

The Duke muttered something between his teeth which was unintelligible even to the Duchess, and then laughed heartily at his own warmth.

"I will make a proposal!" cried he, "with a glance at St. Simon, we will send for George de la Feuillade, he is the favorite knight of our ladies here."

"And of Dona Josita also!" cried St. Simon with an air of vexation; Feuillade being as much his aversion as Donaldson was of that of the Duke.

"All the better, my friend, all the better!" cried Mainé, rubbing his hands. "Feuillade will send us such a sentinel as we require, and then — away with her. I will find a party of cavaliers to guard her, and we will all die sword in hand, rather than be robbed of our Princess."

St. Simon eyed the Duke with a sly and peculiar smile.

"And," continued the latter, "who had now entered with heart and soul into the affair, I offer my Château at Panals as a place of refuge."

This offer was however declined by Louise de Noailles, who insisted that the first stage of Josita's flight should be to a beautiful country seat which she possessed on the Seine, a few leagues above Pont de l'Arche. In order to blind the eyes of the people about the court, it was decided that the escape should be managed under the pretence of a party of pleasure on the Seine, on board a pleasure barge belonging to the Duke, and that to make the affair as brilliant as possible the Italian singer Chirardi and his company should be engaged to contribute to the entertainment of the party.

As soon as these preliminaries were settled, St. Simon took his departure, as he said to make the necessary preparations for his journey; but in reality to prepare another plot, which should turn the whole affair to his advantage.

For this purpose he repaired to a friend of his, named Le Tellier, an officer in the royal Musquetaires, and after some conversation on indifferent subjects, turned the discourse upon the young Spanish Donna.

"This girl seems to have bewitched you all!" cried Le Tellier: "Diable! I have been listening these two hours to Feuillade's raptures on the same subject."

"My dear Tellier, can I reckon on your friendship?"

"My hand upon it; have you an affair of honour on the carpet."

St. Simon now opened his plan to his friend. Urged by his passion for Josita he had resolved to endeavour to make himself master of her person, and should he succeed in this, he had little doubt of ultimately pursuing her to become his wife. He therefore informed Tellier of the intended escape of Josita, and charged him as soon as it was effected to inform Lawrence of the circumstance, and gave him a few lines to the chamberlain, which would insure him being appointed to the office of re-capturing her.

"When you have taken her, it will of course be your business to again let her escape, and above all not to be able again to find her. You understand me?"

"I do not indeed!" cried Le Tellier.
"Well then to aid your comprehension, if you will promise to obey my instructions, I will present you with my horse Abbas, and my white mare Semiramis. Now give me your word, that you will follow my instructions, and be silent."

Tellier, whose passion for horses was well known to the Count, would probably have ventured a much greater risk to possess the two finest steeds in the kingdom. He therefore answered in a tone of rapture:

"And I may fetch them to my stables at once?"

"Certainly, my friend!"

"Bon! here is my hand, I will do as you wish; but let me have the horses at once."

St. Simon gave a sigh at parting with his fourfooted favorites; but consoled himself that his plan was certain of success, now that he had secured so able an assistant as Le Tellier.

While the Count was thus arranging matters on his own account, George de la Feuillade was closeted with the three other conspirators.

"So you are really and truly in love with her?" cried the Duke, in reply to a speech by the latter.

Instead of answering, Feuillade opened his doublet, and produced a small packet containing a withered flower, which Josita had once let fall, probably on purpose that he should pick it up.

It was now decided that Feuillade should accompany the party to Chateau Noailles, and his rapture at this prospect was so great that he hugged the Duke to his breast with the utmost ardour, and probably would have performed the same ceremony on the ladies, had not their loud peals of laughter, in some degree brought him to his senses. He readily promised to procure a sentinel for the following day, who should be an accommodating person; and the confederates parted.

Early on the following morning, everything was in readiness for the attempt. The Duke had personally seen that his barge was in complete order, and engaged the Italian company, consisting of ten persons male and female, besides an Abbé Montucci celebrated for possessing a beautiful tenor voice; and at eight in the morning the Amphitrite was pronounced ready.

La Feuillade was already at the apartments of the Duke, as also the Countess de Noailles, but her husband was too fearful of placing himself in an awkward position at court, to be induced to have anything to do with the matter. St. Simon also found himself there in good time, and his countenance elongated considerably, when he heard that Feuillade was to be of the party.

"Take care what you are about, George!" whispered Louise de Noailles, "the 'false prophet' seems likely enough to spoil your plans."

The important moment arrived. The Duke inquired after the wine bottles, the Duchess after her books, Feuillade after Josita, and Louise after the Italian Montucci. The Duchess now went into the corridor, where the sentinel appeared quite absorbed in some interesting object in the court-yard, and his ears had been so well stopped with ducats, that
**THE TERRACE.**

he never heard the Duchess open the door of Josita’s apartment. A moment sufficed to liberate the young Spaniard and relock the door. The ladies now drew their hoods over their heads so as not to be easily recognised, and the party set out. Two carriages received them at the palace gates, and conveyed them to the place where the Amphitrite awaited them; on the prow of which Signor Montucci in the dress of a Harlequin received them with a burlesque address, while figures strangely masked to represent tritons and mermaids, sported round the vessel, and took part in a witty dialogue.

The vessel was soon in motion, and by the care of Louise, Feuillade was accommodated with a seat next to Josita. The young Spanish girl loved the handsome officer with all the ardour natural to the climate in which she was born, and never had she felt this so strongly as now, when she was on the point of leaving France for ever. With a flood of tears Josita confessed her love and agreed to accompany him to his father’s house, in order to become his wife, and Louise was easily prevailed on to accompany them. The rest of the company meanwhile gave themselves up to mirth and gaiety, and short as was the voyage on the Seine it gave rise to a number of piquant anecdotes, in which St. Simon revenged himself for the ludicrous part he was compelled to play in the affair; and which he published in a volume which for some years retained an unenviable notoriety for its mingled wit and indecency. In retaliation for which, St. Simon was made to appear on the boards of the Italian theatre as Harlequin le Menteur et Misantrope in which his peculiarities were handled so severely, that he procured the post of Ambassador to the Court of Spain, as an honourable mode of retreating from the jests of that of France.

After a delightful journey, in which every one with the exception of St. Simon was enrapured, the harge arrived before the terrace of the Chateau Noailles, a villa of unpretending external appearance; but fitted up in the interior with a degree of splendour which drew the following sarcastic remark from St. Simon to the Countess.

“Charming, Madame! And I am now convinced of the truth of the report, that the fitting up this rural cot, swallowed up the whole of the marriage present of his majesty.”

“That is easily accounted for;” retorted Louise. “you live in the world of poetry and fable, and it is therefore not to be wondered at, that you often mistake fiction for truth, and truth for fiction.”

The company after changing their dresses, partook of refreshments, and then sallied out into the pleasure grounds, which the genius of the celebrated Antoine Watteau had formed out of a thick forest which formerly occupied the spot, and contrary to the prevailing taste of the time, displayed neither stiff formal hedges nor geometrical walks. The most interesting point in these gardens was the great terrace, which rose by a broad flight of steps from the bosom of the Seine, and was studded by groups of aromatic shrubs. From this point a delightful view was obtained of the surrounding country, in the middle ground of which were the picturesque ruins of an ancient monastery. Behind the terrace, rose a bank of soft turf overshadowed by lofty trees, forming a natural
theatre, and beside it a beautiful statue of a female figure, representing the Seine reclining on her urn, from which poured a stream of water whose murmurs added new charms to the seats on the terrace, over which bouquets of rose trees loaded with blossoms, diffused their delicious odour.

While Signor Montucci was preparing his company to perform one of the pastoral pieces so much in vogue at this period; Cherardi entertained the company with his magnificent voice. The piece, in which several of the company took part as amateurs, proved perhaps from that circumstance, sufficiently amusing, and its author Montucci, who had accompanied the songs on his guitar, now appeared on the terrace, and placed himself at the feet of his patroness Louise. The little Duchess sat on the steps of the terrace, and looked curiously into one of the hooks containing the parts of the actors, chatting at the same time with her husband; and Josita in her black mantilla sat beside Feuillade, her glance shewing that she shared the happiness, which beamed from the countenance of her lover. St. Simon was the only misanthrope, with a mien highly expressive of ennui; he stood at the end of the terrace with his eyes fixed on that part of the figure of the Seine from which the Venus Kallipygos derives its name. He heard not a word of the songs of Signor Montucci, the jests which circulated through the party, or the verses repeated by a charming little actress only fourteen years old, who performed the part of an Elf to perfection. He heard only the whisperings of his rival with Josita; his designs upon whom he had by no means given up, but waited with the utmost impatience for the arrival of Tellier and his myrmidons.

Nor had he long to wait. The blast of a trumpet suddenly announced the arrival of the pursuers; and the confusion which this sound produced among the company, or the joy it imparted to St. Simon, it is alike impossible to describe, as mounted on the white mare Semiramis, at the head of fifteen Musquetaires, Tellier came galloping into the park. The Count indeed cursed the folly of his agent in riding this mare, which was known to be his property; but he concealed his mingled feelings under the mask of indifference; this circumstance however completely ruined his otherwise well laid scheme.

"That is your horse, St. Simon!" cried the Duke, pale with fury; "I have a great mind to fling you into the river, that you may not have the pleasure of seeing the result of your shameful treachery."

Tellier now rode up, and after courteously greeting the company, announced in a loud voice that he had orders to arrest Donna Josita Minas, and convey her to the court prison at Versailles.

Now followed a singular scene; the Duke, the Duchess, and the Countess surrounded Tellier and offered money, future influence, and everything they could think of, to induce him to disobey his orders and risk a few months confinement in the Bastille; but in vain. He indeed cast a rueful look at St. Simon, as if begging him to take notice how much he was losing by him; but continued firm in his refusal.

Feuillade now advanced towards him, crying: "Comrade! you will never have the barbarity to arrest my bride?"
Tellier ran his hands rapidly through his long hair in evident perplexity.

"A most accursed affair this, George! Why did you not tell me you wanted to run away with the girl, in that case I would have made myself ill —"

"Made yourself ill! an excellent idea, which it is not too late to put in practice. Do it at once my dear friend — here on the spot!"

"How do you mean?" asked Tellier, perfectly bewildered.

"You must be seized this moment with a fit; I am accidentally here, an officer like yourself — you make over your command to me, and for whatever happens afterwards I am responsible, and will take the consequences."

"An excellent plan! but this is a great favour, George: and yet you have always refused to sell me your Spanish sword" —

"I make you a present of it! but now be quick" —

Tellier made a gesture of delight, which instantly changed into a horrible distortion, screaming aloud:

"Holy Mary preserve me, I am ill — dreadfully ill!"

"What's that you say!" cried St. Simon, rushing forward,

Tellier now threw himself on the ground, rolling over and over as if in the agonies of death, crying: "Will no one assist a poor dying soldier!"

The whole company, of whom many who were not in the secret, believed him to be really ill, now surrounded him with anxious looks and inquiries.

"George! — I mean Monsieur de la Feuillade!" cried Tellier in a faint voice, "you are the only officer of his Majesty's Musquetaires now present, and I formally make over to you the command of my soldiers, and the commission to arrest Josita Minas; and I call all here to witness, that I am disabled from performing my duty by sudden and dangerous illness. Do you understand me?"

"Certainly, and accept the office!" cried Feuillade.

"And you, rascals?" cried Tellier turning to his soldiers.

The Musquetaires answered in the affirmative.

"Well, now bring me to a place where I can die in peace; and my dear Duke," added he in a still lower tone of voice, "a bottle of wine for each of my fellows — not forgetting myself!"

St. Simon said not a word; but turned green and yellow with vexation, as Feuillade after handing his bride into a coach, sprang on the back of Semiramis, and putting himself at the head of the Musquetaires took the road to his father's chateau.

St. Simon took his way to Versailles on foot, as the Duke in revenge for his treachery, obstinately refused to furnish him with a vehicle; here he arrived late at night, swearing eternal vengeance against his enemies. Meanwhile a priest united the hand of Josita to that of La Feuillade, who accompanied her in her flight to Spain.

Marshal La Feuillade was the avowed favorite of Louis XIV., who had also destined his son to a brilliant career. These circumstances only served to exasperate the monarch at the part they had taken in the escape of Josita; and he was nearly on the point of
La fille de Rembrandt
Rembrandt's Daughter  Rembrandts Tochter
boxing the ears of the Duke de Maine, when he again presumed to appear in his presence. Neither the Duchess nor the Countess dared to show themselves at court, where St. Simon left no means untried to complete their ruin, and to send them to keep company with Tellier, who was an inmate of the Bastille.

Louisa however found means to obtain an interview with her aunt, the all powerful Madame de Maintenon, and to give the story such a colouring, that she who was no friend to St. Simon, laughed heartily. The consequences of this interview were soon apparent; on the following morning Tellier again made his appearance at Versailles in order to resume his duties. Louise obtained forgiveness, the Duchess appeared again at court, and La Fenillade was recalled from his voluntary exile; while as we have already stated, St. Simon accepted the post of an ambassador to escape the effects of the fearful pasquinade of Chirardi.

REMBRANDT'S DAUGHTER.

Painted by Paul Rembrandt.

The Gallery at Dresden contains two pictures known by the name of Rembrandt's Daughter, the more celebrated of which has already appeared in this work. We are uncertain whether the present portrait represents the same individual at a more advanced period of life, or (as appears to us more probable) another and elder daughter of the great Dutch master. A strong similarity both in features and expression is to be observed in the two pictures, and although the former has hitherto been better known to the world of art through the medium of engravings, the present is not less deserving the attention both of the artist and amateur, as one of the most perfect specimens of Rembrandt’s peculiar style in the treatment of single figures.
A strange degree of uncertainty exists, with regard to the person represented by this noble portrait. In the opinion of many critics, it represents Francis I. of France, at whose court Leonardo da Vinci spent the latter years of his life. Others insist, that it is the portrait of Francesco Sforza, Duke of Milan; while some later authorities transfer their doubts from the subject to the artist, and ascribe this picture to the pencil of Holbein. Neither our space nor our inclination allows us to enter into an examination of the grounds on which these various critics have formed their opinions, more especially as there seems but little hope of arriving at a satisfactory conclusion. But if we allow the authority of the catalogue of the Dresden gallery, which asserts that this portrait represents one of the princes of the Ducal house of Sforza, it is still scarcely possible that it can represent Francesco, inasmuch as that prince had been dead sixteen years, before his son and successor Ludovico, summoned Leonardo da Vinci to Milan.

On the other hand, the complexion of the person represented in this picture, is by no means so dark as to justify the surname of "il Moro," or "the Moor," by which Ludovico Sforza, was usually distinguished. It is possible however that this by-name, was derived from his device of a mulberry tree, also called il Moro by the Italians; and it must be admitted that the imperious glance of the eye, the haughty arch of the eyebrow, and the inflexible expression of the firmly closed mouth, harmonises well with the tyrannical and inflexible character attributed to this prince. As we gaze at this masterly work of Art, we fancy we see before us the stern and uncompromising despot, who was capable of sacrificing the claims of friendship and even of relationship, on the bloody altars of interest and ambition. And he seems to hold his glove, as if about to dash it to the ground, as a gage of defiance to any foe who may be bold enough to question his right to the authority he has usurped. Notwithstanding his many faults however, Ludovico Sforza deserves to be respected, as a zealous and liberal patron of the reviving Arts of Italy; and it is probably to that circumstance, that posterity is indebted, for the possession of his likeness from the masterhand of Leonardo da Vinci.
Cupid, Amor
Attired in all the grace and beauty with which the imagination of the painter could invest him, we here see the winged boy, under whose form the Greeks and Romans worshiped the ever youthful god of Love. In his hand he holds the golden arrow, the emblem of the power which he possesses alike over gods and men; and looks upward with darkly glancing eyes to his divine mother, as if inquiring of the weapon which he has just sharpened, is sufficiently keen to penetrate to the centre of the heart.

This delightful little picture is executed in crayons; and although it is said to have been painted by Mengs in the twelfth year of his age, is considered both with regard to elegance of design, and brilliancy of colouring, as one of the finest works of the master.

Anthony Raphael Mengs, was born in the year 1728, at the little town of Aussig in Bohemia. His father Ismael Mengs, who was a miniature painter of moderate ability employed by the Saxon court, destined him from the cradle to be a votary of Art, and bestowed upon him in baptism the names of Allegri and Sanzio, in the hope that his works would at some future time, unite the excelldences of these two great masters. Already in his sixth year, his father commenced training him for his future career, with a rigour which his biographers have stigmatised as tyrannical, and even inhuman. In 1741, Ismael Mengs conducted his son to Rome, in order to make him acquainted with the master-pieces of ancient sculpture, and the glorious creations of Michael Angelo and Raphael. Here also he enforced the studies of his son with a despotick rigour which produced a species of nervous timidity in the mind of the youth, which never forsook him even in advanced age. Nevertheless it was at this period that he wrote several of his best criticisms on the works of the great masters, and communicated to his friend Winckelmann many valuable contributions to his history of Art. After residing three years in Rome, both father and son returned to Dresden; where Augustus III. bestowed upon the latter a pension of 600 Dollars per Annum, which he however only accepted on condition that he was allowed to return to Italy. He soon afterwards, accompanied by his father and two sisters, returned to Rome, and recommenced his studies with renewed ardour. Here a beautiful Roman lady, who had sat to him as a model for a Madonna, became his wife on condition that he embraced the catholic faith; and in 1749 he again returned to Dresden with several paintings, the excellence of which procured him the appointment of painter to the court, with a salary of 1600 Dollars. The king also intrusted to him the execution of the altar-piece for the new catholic church, which he obtained permission to execute in Rome; but which was not finished until twelve years later, during his residence in Madrid.
After executing several original paintings, and a copy of Raphael's school of Athens, for the Duke of Northumberland, he repaired to Naples, to which city he had been invited by the king. The jealousy of his rivals however soon induced him to return to Rome, and his first work on his return, was the picture of Parnassus, in the Villa Albani. Soon afterwards Charles III. of Spain, invited him to Madrid, with the appointment of painter to the court, and a salary of 2000 Doubloons. After a short residence in that capital he received the title of director of the Academy of Madrid; and his ardent zeal for the interests of Art, induced him to reform many abuses which had crept into the management of that institution. This produced him a host of enemies, and the vexation their unceasing cabals occasioned him, his unremitting labours, and perhaps the effects of the climate, at length undermined his health; and after a residence of nine years in Spain, he obtained permission to return to Rome. Here he painted the ceiling of the cabinet of manuscripts, in the Vatican; and after visiting Florence, his friend and biographer Azara, induced him to return to Spain. On his return to Madrid he decorated the royal palace with two great works, the apotheosis of Trajan, and the temple of Fame; but these works while displaying his talents in the brightest light, exhausted his strength to such an extent, that he was again compelled to return to Italy. He received on this occasion a pension for life of 3000 Spanish Ducats, and the like sum for his daughter. As a mark of gratitude he presented the king with a collection of casts from the antique, which he had collected in Italy. He returned to Rome in 1777, and in the following year he was greatly distressed by the death of his wife; from this time his strength gradually declined, and he expired in 1779.

Among the painters of the eighteenth century, Mengs holds a high, perhaps the highest rank. This renown is however to be ascribed more to his unwearied industry and highly cultivated taste, than to the originality of his genius. All his works show a striving after beauty and purity of form, the attainment of which was in his opinion the great object of Art; but he sought for his ideal rather in the province of philosophy and the antique, than in the world of nature: and hence his pictures are wanting in that fire and inspiration, which astonishes and charms the spectator in the works of the ancient masters.

As a writer on Art, Mengs is deservedly famous; and the works which he has bequeathed to posterity in the German, Italian, and Spanish languages, exhibit a profound knowledge both of its theory and practice, which it has rarely been the lot of a single individual to attain.
The Madonna
DAVID AND URIAH.

THE MADONNA.

Painted in the school of Rubens.

In the picture before us, we have a work, the acknowledged excellence of which, is probably owing to the combined talent of two or more artists. It is one of the numerous pictures which issued from the prolific school of Rubens, but which probably owed little more to that master than his superintendence and approval. The rich, florid, and transparent colouring, seem to stamp the painting at the first glance as the work of Rubens; but at the second, it is observed that the figures are wanting in that fulness and redundancy of outline peculiar to the works of that master. The figure of the Virgin, and more especially that of the divine infant, is marked by a degree of delicacy and refinement which in some degree reminds us of the Italian masters, and differs greatly from the manner of Rubens, whose models seem to have been generally the comely and robust, but somewhat, clumsy beauties of the Netherlands. The smaller angel holding the basket, the cherub clinging to the tree, and the fruit lying in the foreground, bear however a close resemblance to the style of Rubens, and may very possibly, be either wholly or in part, the work of the master.

Altogether it is a picture of high merit, and possesses a striking resemblance in many parts to the style of Vandyke, who as one of the most eminent of the pupils of Rubens, may probably have taken part in its execution.

DAVID AND URIAH.

Painted by Ferdinand Bol.

We have here a scene from the tragical story of Uriah, told with such beautiful simplicity in the second book of Samuel. A story which admits us to a glance at the darker side of the character of “the man after God’s own heart;” showing him capable of a deed of treachery and cruelty, which justly brought upon him the severe and eloquent reproof of Nathan, and the fearful and desolating vengeance of the Most High.

The expression of the countenances, in the picture before us, is worthy of the highest praise. The troubled and conscience stricken glance of the king, is contrasted admirably with the open and tranquil countenance of the unsuspecting Uriah; while the calmness of the secretary or minister, shows that he considers himself merely as the blind instrument of a superior power, on whose head he leaves the full responsibility of the action, and the results of which whether good or evil, are to him a matter of perfect indifference.
A RUSTIC FESTIVAL.

Painted by David Teniers.

In that delicious season when nature appears attired in her gayest garb, and spring glides insensibly into summer, Mynheer Vanderbosch, the proprietor of a large estate in the neighbourhood of the quaint old city of Alkmaar in Holland, sat in an arbour in the garden attached to his residence, alternately conversing with his handsome young wife, and listening to the prattle of his first born child, a sturdy boy about three years of age.

The garden in which the youthful couple were seated, was an excellent specimen of the style that prevailed throughout Europe in the laying out pleasure grounds, two hundred years ago; some examples of which are still to be seen attached to old country seats in England, and which even at the present day is not altogether obsolete in Holland.

The parterres, which were filled with the choice flowers for which the Netherlands have long been celebrated, were cut into a variety of quaint shapes, that reminded the spectator of mathematical diagrams, and were each surrounded by a prim border of box. The principal walks were perfectly straight, and at the angles where they intersected each other, stood statues of mythological personages whose costume indicated a strange confusion of ideas on the part of the sculptor. Here, Mars attired in a Roman corslet and short unwhisperables, brandished the lance of a Knight of the middle ages, while from the pedestal opposite, Jove scattered his lightnings from beneath a huge full bottomed wig. Yew trees were planted beside the walks at regular distances, but few persons would at the first glance have supposed them to be productions of the vegetable world, so completely had the gardener succeeded in destroying their natural appearance, and torturing them into every fantastic shape that a tree could be made to assume. Pyramids, Obelisks, and Arm-chairs, were only common-place specimens of his art; some, on which he justly prided himself, having by dint of great labour been made to assume a dim resemblance to Dragons, Griffins, or such other heraldic monsters, as happened to form the armorial bearings of the proprietor. In the centre of the garden was an octagonal basin of water, containing gold-fish, into which a group of corpulent cu-pids which stood in the middle, discharged the water in the most natural manner possible. Like all Dutch gardens it was kept in the most admirable order, not a weed defaced the flower beds, nor was a blade of grass to be seen in the paths of bright yellow gravel. Dutch taste, and Dutch neatness, were alike visible in every direction, and although most persons at the present time, would pronounce, that taste, to be "barbarous," it is not to be denied that it was at least in good keeping with the architecture of the mansion to which it belonged, which with its long facade of red brick with white stone dressings, its lofty roof, with its picturesque attic windows, and its tall turret-like chimneys, was not deficient in a certain air of formal dignity, and was in every way
superior to the modern cockney-classic style of architecture, in which the principal object seems to be, the attaching a copy in little, of the portico of a Greek temple to every building, without the least regard to its fitness or propriety.

It might be supposed that a single glance at such a perfect Dutch paradise as we have endeavoured to describe, would be sufficient to gladden the heart of any true Hollander, and such Mynheer Vanderbosch prided himself on being, more especially as on the present occasion it was illuminated by a brilliant burst of sunshine, a circumstance of not too frequent occurrence in that murky climate. The countenances however, both of the master of the mansion and his fair partner, exhibited a slight shade of vexation, which increased as they glanced occasionally at the movements of a handsome young couple, who paced arm in arm slowly up and down one of the alleys at a short distance; stopping from time to time, as their discourse became more lively and interesting. It needed indeed no second look in that direction, to see that the young pair, if not already in love with each other, were at least in the best possible way to become so.

"Look Jacques!" exclaimed Madame Vanderbosch, directing her husband’s attention towards the distant couple: "Jacobaea should really be more prudent, she should consider that she has scarcely known Mynheer Siljedorp three days —"

"Long enough it seems, to win the heart of my inflammable friend there;" replied the husband.

"What can have delayed Anna?" continued the lady in a tone of vexation. "she ought to have arrived three days ago, and then the forward minx there, would have had no opportunity of destroying her hopes. Ah! my poor sister, you will only arrive in time to see your lover pledge his vows to your rival."

"Nay my dear! there you go too far," replied Jacques, "I know Cornelius Siljedorp better. This is only one of his usual flirtations, and when he again sees your sister Anna, I feel convinced that this Jacobaea Blaeder, (who it must be confessed we were extremely indiscreet in inviting here at the present time,) will quickly be forgotten."

"I hope so from my heart!" sighed Madame Vanderbosch, "but I must own I fear the contrary; Jacobaea is no contemptible rival, her talents are even more brilliant than those of Anna."

"Than those of Anna!" repeated Jacques with astonishment, "you cannot surely put this mere coquette into comparison with your talented, and highly educated sister; Anna is even handsomer than she, and in every mental qualification infinitely her superior."

"Very true my dear," replied the lady, "but Anna has not the splendid voice of Jacobaea, I assure you she sings charmingly, and I know well, what a vast effect a woman can produce by that means, on the hearts of the other sex."

"You should indeed know that," said the husband laughing, "you have not I suppose forgotten, that the first link of the chain with which you fettered me, was forged by your charming voice. But to return to Anna, she has great talent as a painter —"

"That is far too indirect!" cried the lady shaking her head, "the practice of Art has little to do with the display of personal beauty, and here everything depends on that."
The truth of this remark was too self-evident to bear disputing, and for a moment he despaired of the success of his fair sister-in-law, in the next however, a ray of hope streamed through his mind, and he exclaimed in tone of triumph; “Anna is a most excellent dancer! Have no fear, that is an Art in which grace and beauty are better displayed than in any other, and there Anna will surely be triumphant.”

“But how is she to dance!” cried the lady whose vexation seemed to increase every moment, “you do not surely mean that my sister, in order to again interest your friend, is to dance a ‘Pas Seul’ before him in the drawing room.”

Before the husband could reply, Siljedorp with Jacobaea on his arm approached the arbour, and put an end to the conversation. This fortunate fellow was about six and twenty years of age, with an elegant figure, dark hair and mustachios, and the almost swarthy tone of his complexion, accorded admirably with his dark and expressive hazel eyes. He seemed on the present occasion extremely thoughtful, a circumstance that Madame Vanderbosch did not fail to attribute to an inward struggle between the remembrance of the absent Anna and the influence of his new flame Jacobaea.

The features of the latter fair one, were perfectly radiant with joy and triumph, and Madame Vanderbosch was undoubtedly right, when she asserted that this lovely creature was no contemptible rival. Indeed her tall and well developed figure, her fresh blooming countenance, which even envy must have allowed to be handsome, the rich masses of flaxen hair that descended upon her snowy shoulders, and the brilliancy of her large blue eyes, made her a most formidable competitor, more especially to an absent rival. Jacobaea Blanden paid little attention to the somewhat freezing reception that her long interview with Cornelius Siljedorp procured her from her host and hostess, she knew that her young friend Anna was hourly expected, and she determined if possible to complete her conquest before her arrival.

Under these circumstances, it naturally happened that the conversation between the parties became in spite of all the efforts of Jacobaea to give it a lively turn, cold and constrained, and they soon afterwards separated. Jacques and his wife to re-consider their plans for recalling the truant heart of Siljedorp to their sister Anna, Cornelius himself to think over his new passion, and Jacobaea to reflect on the best means of confirming the impression she perceived she had made on the heart of the gallant Dutchman. To this end, no sooner had she arrived in her chamber, than she opened the windows, tuned her lute, and her clear rich voice was soon heard pouring forth a delicious melody into the balmy summer air.

The song reached the ears of Cornelius, as indeed there is little doubt the fair singer intended it should, and confirmed in no small degree the fetters, which her charms and powers of conversation had already thrown around his heart. He however struggled manfully against the spells of the enchantress, and to aid him in his resistance, he drew forth the miniature of Anna and while gazing on it, called to mind all the delightful hours he had spent in her society; while he still gazed however, the notes of a beautiful Italian air poured forth with wonderful power of execution by Jacobaea, would certainly
have turned the balance in her favour, had not at this moment the sound of carriage wheels in the court-yard, announced that Anna had arrived. Hastily thrusting the portrait into his bosom, Siljedorp rushed to the door of the Mansion to receive her, with feelings much akin to those of a person who has committed a heinous offence.

Anna was a brunette, her figure was more slender, and her eyes though less lustrous, were infinitely more expressive than those of Jacobaea; and notwithstanding the confusion that reigned in the breast of Siljedorp, he received her with all the apparent ardour that could expected from a future bridegroom. Madame Vanderbosch, who was present at the interview was delighted, and her countenance expressed more cheerfulness than it had shown for some days, as she followed the young couple into the drawing room. Here they found Jacobaea, who now stood beside her friend and rival. Cornelius trembled in every limb, his heart seemed torn asunder as it were, by the opposing charms of his two mistresses, and he stood like Hercules in the fable, when perplexed by the adverse arguments of virtue and pleasure, or rather like Garrick between tragedy and comedy in the celebrated picture of Sir Joshua Reynolds; and when the party broke up for the night, he retired to his chamber not to sleep, but to ponder on the awkward dilemma in which he was placed.

The next day was Sunday, and in the afternoon, a procession of the lads and lasses of the village, headed by a fiddler and bagpiper, arrived at the mansion, in order to invite its inhabitants to honour by their presence, a rustic merry-making that was to take place in the evening.

Mynheer Vanderbosch accepted the invitation and the villagers withdrew. Two or three hours later, the company set out, and in a short time arrived on the green before the village alehouse. Vanderbosch conducted his wife, who led her son Jan by the hand, while Siljedorp supported Anna on his right arm, and Jacobaea on his left. Anna like her sister was dressed with great simplicity in black silk; only the rich Flemish lace collar and ruffles, indicated that she was the sister of a wealthy nobleman of the district. Jacobaea on the contrary who was attired in white satin, displayed a profusion of jewelry and a magnificent fan, and had altogether the appearance of a bride.

The arrival of the party from the mansion, created a considerable sensation among the rustics: and after a pause of a few minutes, during which refreshments were offered them, a powerful young peasant in the full ball dress of his class, that is to say without either coat or vest advanced, and in the name of the company solicited the hand of Anna for the next dance. This was an affair of honour, and was of course instantly granted by the lady.

The old-fashioned dance of the "Kuckuk und Kibitz" (Cuckoo and Plover) began. This is a dance of some difficulty, the lady who represents the "Kibitz" having at certain intervals to crouch down, resting on one foot, while her partner still holding her hand, dances round her. Three other couples danced at the same time, and Anna's partner did his utmost to perform with honour, the important duty that had devolved upon him.

Anna however stood alone for grace and agility: how lightly and elegantly she threaded
the various intricate mazes of the dance, with what inimitable grace she sunk upon her knee, and with what charming agility she again recovered herself; how delightfully glowed her lovely countenance, and how brilliantly sparkled her clear hazel eyes as she glanced towards her lover; never had she appeared half so beautiful. This was the charm that the heart of Cornelius Siljedorp had long desired, the free, living grace, which he had never before seen exhibited by Anna, and the possession of which by the coquettish Jacoba, he had found so charming. Anna was by no means of the phlegmatic temperam-ent, her blood rolled in rapid currents through her veins, and she was even more capable of appreciating, and returning an ardent passion, than her rival.

The dance was at an end, by a rapid movement Siljedorp released himself from the arm of Jacoba, and flew to the side of Anna, and in a few minutes was whirling his beloved through the rapid mazes of a waltz.

Mynheer Vanderbosch a true Hollander in heart and soul, looked with well pleased eyes upon the scene around him; everything that met his gaze, was thoroughly and completely Dutch, the fat "vrouw" with the beer glass between her hands, the group of toping Domines or schoolmasters, at a neighbouring table, the merry party near the door on whom the Landlady is gazing with such an air of indifference, everything to the smallest particular, showed him that the rural population of Holland continued unchanged and apparently unchangeable.

With true cheerfulness both himself and his amiable partner mixed in the sports of the peasantry, and added by a liberal present of Wine, to the hilarity of the company; the sun had been some time below the horizon before the worthy couple, together with Siljedorp and Anna, returned in the highest possible spirits to their mansion. Anna had fettered the wavering heart of Siljedorp for ever.

Jacobaea however, mortified at the defeat she had experienced, did not sing on this occasion; and the next morning she departed to the house of a relative at some distance, in order to avoid being a witness to the betrothal of Anna and Cornelius, which occurred a few days afterwards.

THE TINKER.
Painted by Franz van Meeris.

Before the door of a Dutch alehouse, a travelling tinker is represented engaged in examining a copper utensil, which has been brought to him for that purpose by the housewife. While with an air of profound knowledge he holds the vessel to the light in order to ascertain the exact amount of repair required, his employer appears to await his sentence with considerable interest, and his young companion who wearyed by his journey has seated himself beside the house door, also gazes at the kettle; perhaps
La Proposition rejetée
thinking that the proceeds of its repair, afford the only probable chance of a supper. To the right of this group, two lively boys are playing with a caged bird.

The truth and nature which breathe in every line of this admirable picture, renders it one of the most delightful works ever executed by the artist; and the accessories are in every respect worthy of the figures. Every part of the painting is finished with a degree of elaborate care, which would seem to indicate that Mieris, intended it at once as a specimen of his artistic talent and his unwearied industry. The figure which gives the name to the picture is absolutely perfect, and had the artist never executed anything else, this composition alone is sufficient to secure him a high place in the temple of Fame.

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THE REJECTED PROPOSAL.
Painted by Nicholas Verkolje.

The name of this artist, notwithstanding the beauty of his works, belongs to the less known among the painters of the Dutch school, yet we are scarcely acquainted with one of these masters, whose works are more worthy of attention both to the artist and amateur, than those of the younger Verkolje. There are two artists of this name, father and son. The former, who was the son of a smith, attained to a high rank as a portrait and landscape painter; but his name was destined to be almost entirely eclipsed by that of his more eminent son.

Nicholas Verkolje was born at Delft in the year 1673, and at an early age became, in the company of Thomas Van Wilt, John Van der Spriet, Albert Wanderburg, and Henry Steen, the most eminent pupil of his father.

John Verkolje, first led his son on the path which he himself pursued, and although the young artist frequently approached his teacher in excellence as far as landscape was concerned, he seldom quite equalled him. In portrait, on the other hand, he quickly excelled his father, and soon passed on to the composition of conversation and historical pieces, which the latter never attempted. These productions are distinguished by a considerable amount of dramatic power, the story is generally admirably told, and sometimes in a highly poetical manner. Of his historical pictures, a Bathsheba bathing, a finding of Moses, and a Peter denying Christ, have obtained a just renown. His drawing is correct without harshness, and graceful without effeminacy; and his colouring fresh and harmonious. Of his conversation pieces, the picture before us affords a good specimen. It represents a trumpeter inviting a young lady to drink with him, a proposal which the fair one somewhat energetically declines. This little incident is well told, and in colouring and chiaroscuro it is one of his happiest efforts.

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Nicholas Verkolje left behind him a collection of highly finished drawings in Indian ink, which are now extremely rare. His paintings also, of which but few specimens exist, belong to the rarest and most expensive of the Dutch school. He appears to have passed his life in easy circumstances, principally at Delft, in which city he expired in 1746, without having formed any school of importance.

SAINT SEBASTIAN.

Painted by Correggio.

Surrounded by a blaze of heavenly glory, and encompassed by angels, the blessed Virgin appears to the holy Gimignani, the bishop and patron saint of Modena, who reverently kneels before the celestial vision. By his side is seen the slumbering form of St. Rochus, reposing from the fatigue of his wanderings, for the purpose of curing persons afflicted with the plague, of whom he is considered the patron and deliverer; while St. Sebastian represented as a handsome youth bound to a tree, with an arrow quivering in his breast, gazes with holy rapture on the queen of heaven. At the feet of the Martyr is seated a child, generally known as the "little Modenese," and the model of a church which she holds in her hands, probably refers to the foundation of the building for which this picture was originally destined.

The horizon is covered with clouds, the deep tone of which relieve the rays of glory in a manner which is truly magical. From their transparent edges, distant angels gaze upon the heavenly apparition, while others in the form of cherubim, appear to point it out to the saints beneath, as a source of comfort and encouragement during their temporal sufferings.

Nothing can exceed the beauty of the angels thus rendered visible to us by the genius of Correggio. It is true that they are only lovely children of earth, but their infantine grace and beauty, renders them fit representatives of the heavenly host.

This picture is admitted by connoisseurs to be one of the most perfect creations of Correggio. In it, he has displayed to us a type of the grandeur and majesty of the divinity, as he felt and imagined it in his inmost soul. Both in conception and execution it evinces talent of the highest order, and the delicacy, brilliancy, and transparency of the colouring, has probably never been exceeded.
VENICE.

Painted by Antonio Canale.

More than a century has elapsed since the more striking features of the "City in the Sea," were fixed upon the canvas by the faithful pencil of Canale. At this time Venice retained all the outward marks of the wealth and splendour to which she had attained, during nearly fourteen centuries of power, and during a large portion of which time she had monopolised the commerce of the world. The flight of the winged lion was indeed no longer so wide as formerly, and the Grecian archipelago, the Morea, and the islands of Candia and Cyprus, had already been wrested from her by the Turks. But she was still the capital of an independent state, containing more than three millions of inhabitants, wealth still hung to the lagunes, and Venice was at this time one of the gayest and most dissipated capitals in Europe. But she had long since past the culminating point of her greatness, long ages of jealous tyranny had demoralized her people to the utmost, and her power was rotten to the core. Noble Venetians whose names belonged to European history, and who wielded the highest powers of the state, were not ashamed to convert their palaces into open gaming houses, and even to share the profits of still more nefarious sinks of debauchery. But while the government allowed every freedom and even encouragement to pleasure and dissipation, every approach to the enjoyment of even the slightest degree of political liberty was guarded with the most jealous care. Woe to him who even in the sacred recesses of his own house, dared to blame or even comment upon the acts of "those above," as the Venetians called the dreaded "council of ten." The phrase, that "walls have ears," seemed to be literally true in Venice, and neither the domestic hearth or the more sacred walls of the confessional were free from the omnipresent spies of the republic. At the corner of almost every public place the ominous lion's mouths invited denunciations against political offenders, and afforded the ready means of gratifying private vengeance, under the mask of public duty.

The hideous dungeons beneath the Ducal palace, and the still more frightful prisons immediately under its leaden roof, still attest the demoniacal cruelty with which persons convicted, or even suspected, of political offences were treated; in winter they were confined in the damp and noisome cells beneath the level of the adjoining canal, and in summer they were removed to the burning prisons beneath the roof; a system of refined cruelty more worthy of fiends than men, and the inscriptions on the walls still remain to prove, that some unhappy wretches, guiltless perhaps of any more heinous offence than an unguarded word reflecting on the government, have endured these alternate torments for more than twenty years, ere death put a period to their sufferings. While the bridge of sighs, an edifice connecting the palace with the adjoining prison, was the
scene of the secret executions, or rather midnight murders, by which the government ridded themselves of obnoxious persons.

This jealous and watchful tyranny on the part of the Senate, the mystery in which their acts and even persons were veiled, the gallantry for which the inhabitants were famous, the custom of going masked which prevailed here, long after it had been abandoned in other countries, and even the peculiarity of its construction, canals occupying the place of streets in other cities, have all tended to throw a halo of romance around the spot. From the time of Shakespeare to the present day, Venice has been the spot in which poets and romance writers have delighted to lay the scene of their stories; and few persons think of the "Queen of the Adriatic" except as a city of romance. Its name recalls to the memory the creations of Shakespeare, Byron, and a host of other writers, and involves us at once in the whirl of the carnival, and a confused and motley dream of gondolas, masks, and the council of ten.

During the palmy days of Venice, her population amounted to upwards of 190,000 souls. In 1421 her commerce kept 36,000 mariners and 16,000 ship-builders in constant employment, and until the end of the fifteenth century she continued rich, mighty, and great, both in arts and arms. Her Senate reminds us of that of Rome; other nations sought here a model for their own forms of government, and even solicited the Senate for advisers and guides. The activity and tact of the Venetian diplomats were famous throughout the world, and form a model for statesmen even at the present day. But circumstances arose, which no amount of talent could contend against. In 1438, Vasco de Gama discovered the way to the East Indies round the Cape of Good Hope, and from this moment the commercial prosperity of Venice declined. The Osmanlee became masters of Constantinople, and their fearful military power pressed the declining energies of the republic to the earth. In 1718, she lost the last of her possessions in the Morea, and from this time ceased to take an active part in the politics of Europe. The wars of the French revolution gave the finishing stroke to her declining power. In 1797 Napoleon entered Venetie at the head of the French army, and Luigi Manini the last Doge, together with the Senate, laid the symbols of their power at the feet of the conqueror. By the peace of Campo Formio, the whole of the Venetian territory on this side the Etsch was ceded to Austria, while that on the other side with the city itself, was united to the Cisalpine republic, afterwards called the kingdom of Italy; to which in 1805 the Austrian share of the spoil was added, and Eugene Beauharnais received the title of Prince of Venice. Since 1814 the Venetian territory has formed part of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, beneath the sceptre of Austria. In 1848 a general rising of the inhabitants took place against the Austrians, the garrison capitulated on condition of being sent to Triest, and for more than a year the shadow of a republic once more existed within its walls. The natural strength of the city enabled it to hold out long after the outbreak had been suppressed in the neighbouring provinces, but at length being blockaded by the paltry fleet of Austria, on the element of which she had formerly been the mistress, famine and disease compelled her once more to submit to the yoke of a conqueror.
Venice is indeed at the present time a mere shadow of her former self, her palaces are deserted and falling piecemeal to decay, her once proud nobility are beggars and exiles, her harbours are empty, and the song of her gondoliers is heard no more. Such of her citizens as possessed the means of flight, left the city during the reign of the late revolutionary government; and famine, the cholera and the typhus fever, which raged at the same time within the walls, decimated the remainder. The symptoms of reviving prosperity which had shown themselves previous to the late political convulsions, and which seemed to promise that she might one day rise into note as a manufacturing city, are for the present at least, nipped in the bud; and the inhabitants of the once wealthy Venice, are at the present moment perhaps the most hopeless, wretched, and famine stricken, on the face of the earth.

The city itself, notwithstanding the decay into which it has fallen, is still one of the most remarkable in the world, being in respect of its construction altogether unique. It consists of a number of small islands which are variously reckoned at from seventy-two, to one hundred and thirty-six. These are separated from the main land by the lagunes, a broad but shallow arm of the sea, and united to each other by upwards of three hundred bridges; of these the most remarkable is the Rialto, consisting of a single arch, one hundred and eighty-seven feet long and forty-three broad; and here merchants from every part of the known world formerly assembled. The houses and palaces, the majority of which are now in a ruinous condition, are built on piles, with their principal fronts towards the canals, the rear being turned towards the narrow lanes of which the city is composed, and which for the most part are scarcely broad enough for three persons to walk abreast. There are however numerous squares or open places; but the only one of importance is that of St. Mark, which may be said to be the only promenade of the inhabitants. Before the church of St. Mark are the famous antique horses, part of the spoils of Constantinople, and which were carried to Paris by the French; but restored in 1814. The palaces, which afford an endless source of study to the architect, are astonishingly numerous; the older being in the Moorish style, and the more modern, mostly erected during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, in what is generally called the Italian style. The treasures of art which they formerly contained, have however long since disappeared; and the families who formerly owned these proud mansions, are either extinct or fallen into poverty.

Few cities are better known to the public though the medium of the pictorial art, than Venice; and for this species of notoriety she is in a great degree indebted to the artist whose work is now before us, and whose numerous views on the canals and lagunes of this city, have been repeatedly copied, and these copies pass not unfrequently for originals, although they are generally wanting in the perfect transparency of the shadows, and the delicacy of finish which distinguished the real works of Canale, who is also known by the by-names of Canaletto and il Tonino. Little is known of his history, except that he was the son and pupil of a scene-painter named Bernardo. He resided several years in London, where he executed numerous paintings of scenes in that
capital and its environs, and acquired a large amount both of fame and fortune. Almost the whole of his works have been engraved, and a complete work consisting of his views in Venice, was published in that city in 1742. The figures in his paintings are mostly painted by Tiepolo.

Antonio Canale must not be confounded with Bernardo Belotto, a painter of similar subjects, and who also bore the surname of Canaletto.

THE DEATH OF THE STAG. Painted by Carl Ruthardt.

Among the painters of the German school who have obtained a just celebrity for the vigour and truthfulness of their hunting pieces, the name of Ruthardt stands on an eminence only inferior to that of the celebrated Snyders. It must be admitted however, that to the eye of an English sportsman, both the horses and dogs seen in the pictures of these masters, have a strange appearance. The dogs especially, seem rather suited for watch-dogs than for the purposes of the chase, and the horses differ not a little from the "bits of blood," seen in an English hunting field. But it must not be forgotten that the laws of the Chase in Germany are widely different from those in England. Little "law," or chance of escape seems to be afforded to the object of pursuit in that country; where the game is driven to an open part of the forest or covert, and there shot, or run down by dogs. Strength, rather than swiftness or powers of endurance, seems therefore to be the quality sought by the sportsman in Germany, and although they certainly appear to us far from handsome, they are doubtless well adapted to the task they have to perform.

The scene before us, represents a Stag being run down by dogs, while a second appears to be likely to escape: and the life and bustle of the scene, affords a pleasing contrast to a previous picture by the same artist, already given in this work.
The Stag Hunt

Die Hirschjagd

Coloured on Stone
CATTLE.
Painted by Johann Heinrich Roos.

We have here one of those delightful scenes of rural repose, for which the pencil of Roos is deservedly famous. A group of oxen, sheep, and goats, have sought refuge from the midday heats, among the picturesque ruins of an ancient castle, and quietly chew the end amidst the walls which once echoed to the tramp of the mail clad warrior and witnessed the rude but spirit stirring scenes of feudal times. It is probably a study on the banks of the Rhine, of which Roos was a native, and on which he passed the greater part of his life; although from his having studied in Holland, he is generally reckoned among the painters of that country, his works partaking more of the peculiarities of the Dutch, than of the German school of art.

THE MADONNA.
Painted by Hans Holbein.

The custom existing in the Catholic church, of making votive offerings at the shrines of particular saints, as acknowledgments of benefits supposed to be received through their intercession with the most high, was a fruitful source of profit to artists of every description in former times. During illness or any other calamity, it was the custom of the suffering party, to promise a picture or some other decoration, to the altar of his patron saint on his recovery; and these promises were supposed to sharpen the zeal of the heavenly intercessor, in much the same manner as a fee to an earthly advocate. The custom is still far from being extinct in Catholic countries, although now for the most part confined to the more uneducated classes. Rude paintings and models in wax of different parts of the human body, which are supposed to have been healed by the prayers of the saint, are still common in the churches both of France and Italy; and in those of seaports, models of ships frequently occur, being the pious offerings of mariners or travellers, who have escaped the dangers of shipwreck. To this custom we are indebted for the existence of the picture now before us.

It was executed by Holbein for Jacob Meyer, the Bürgermeister of Basel, as a mark of gratitude to the Virgin, for the recovery of his child from a dangerous illness. The Virgin is represented standing in a niche, holding in her arms the wasted and meagre form of the recovered infant. The rest of the group consists of portraits of Jacob Meyer,
his wife Anna Schreckenbartin, his two sons, his daughter, and his wife's mother. The exact date at which it was executed is unknown, but most probably about 1529, as in that year Holbein returned to Basel from his first visit to England. It was purchased in 1633 by the Swedish consul at Basel, from the family of Meyer, and sold by him to Marie de Medicis. After her death it fell into the hands of a wealthy Dutchman, who bequeathed it to the house of Delfine at Venice, from which city it was brought to Dresden by Count Algarotti. It is considered one of the finest historical pictures of the master, and a noble specimen of the early German school of art. A duplicate of this picture is to be seen at Berlin, in the collection of Prince William of Prussia, both are excellent, and critics are divided in opinion as to which is the original, although the handling of the Berlin picture is said to be even more free and vigorous than that of the Dresden masterpiece.

Hans Holbein, the most famous of the early German masters, was born at Augsburg in the year 1498. He was the son and pupil of a painter of the same name, who took him with him to Basel to assist in the decoration of the Town-Hall in that city. At this time he was only fifteen years of age, and the precocity of his genius is attested by two pictures still to be seen at Basel, and which were executed by him in 1513. Many other works executed during this period show great ability, although in the freshness and transparency of the colouring they are excelled by his later productions. It seems to be uncertain if he visited Italy during his youth, and the stories of his dissipated conduct are probably exaggerations, as in that case the pious and learned Erasmus would scarcely have become his friend and patron.

In 1526 he visited England, having been recommended by Erasmus to Sir Thomas More. This great and good man, found such pleasure in the society of Holbein that he invited him to reside with his family at Chelsea; and as Erasmus has called this family a school of Christian piety, his reception into such a circle, is in itself sufficient to refute the charge of debauched habits, brought against him nearly a hundred years later by Patin, and which has been repeated by later biographers. A sketch of this pious but unfortunate family still exists in the library at Basel, it was painted by Holbein in 1529. Sir Thomas More introduced Holbein to Henry VIII, who took him into his service, and employed him in the execution of a vast number of portraits, of which a large proportion are still to be found in England. He also painted miniatures, made designs for goldsmiths and wood engravers, and above all acquired considerable reputation as an architect.

He visited Basel in 1529, and after executing numerous paintings in that city, returned to England in 1532. In 1538 he again visited Basel, and in 1539 was sent by Henry to the continent in order to paint the portrait of the Princess Christina, the widow of Francis Sforza II, Duke of Milan. Holbein who had often executed similar commissions for the king, received on this occasion a rebuff, the lady remarking that if she had two heads, one should be at the service of his Majesty; but as she had only one she must beg to retain that for her own use. In the private accounts of the king's household
this journey is stated to have been to the court of Burgundy, and it is probable that
on this occasion he received the commission for the splendid high altar in the Abbey of
St. Claude near Geneva, the design of which is attributed to him. From this time until
his death he appears to have remained in England. He died of the plague in London,
in the year 1547.

Although Holbein is known at the present day almost entirely as a portrait painter,
he appears to have executed a large number of religious and historical pictures; but few
of them have escaped the ravages of time, accident and the reformation. In the great
fire of London in 1666, and in that at Whitehall in 1697, a vast number of his best
paintings became the prey of the flames. At present the best collection of his works,
is that in the library at Basel, where numerous paintings, drawings, and wood-cuts, of
this master are to be found. His portraits are scattered through the various palaces of
England, France and Germany, and his works are well known in Italy, where he acquired
the by-name of the German Leonardi da Vinci. Numerous portraits, especially of Henry VIII.
and the persons of his court, which are now attributed to Holbein, are merely indiffe-
rent copies of his works, many of which were executed during his life time. The real
works of Holbein are of a very high degree of excellence, and worthy to take their place
beside those of Leonardi da Vinci, Raphael and Titian; but it has become the fashion to
attribute numerous old pictures by unknown artists, to this master.

Holbein has also obtained a reputation for executing several pictures of the once common
subject of the "Dance of Death;" yet it seems to be very doubtful if he ever painted
the subject. Thus, a picture of this kind in the old cathedral of St. Paul in London,
which was attributed to him, was in fact a copy from a picture in the church of the
Innocsents at Paris; the French rhyuus under the original, were translated by a Monk
named John Lydgate, and inscribed under the copy, which was executed in 1450. This
Dance of Death has been engraved on wood, and these wood-cuts have been erroneously
attributed to Holbein. Another picture of this subject at Basel, of which some fragments
still remain, and which has been supposed to be Holbein's, was commenced between 1439
and 1448, in commemoration of the plague which raged in Basel in the former year.
The designer of this work is unknown; but a certain John Glauber or Klauber, Kluber
or Gruher, completed it, and it was restored in 1480 by Hans Bock. A series of wood-
cuts of this subject, bearing the monogram H. L. has long been an apple of discord
among connoisseurs, one party attributing them to Holbein, and another, with more pre-
probability to Hans Lutzenberger. It seems however that Holbein really made a series of
drawings called the Triumph of Death, said to be in the library at St. Petersburg.

Not less violently disputed is the question if Holbein ever engraved on wood. That
he made designs for wood engravers, there can be no doubt; but if he engraved them
with his own hand is a question which can scarcely be decided at the present day, nor
does it appear to us, to be one of very great consequence. Many of the works attrib-
uted to him are in every respect worthy of his fame, and it matters but little if he
engraved them himself or entrusted that part of the process to others.
The Dance of Death attributed to Holbein, has been engraved on copper by Hollar, and on wood by Bewick; there are also numerous German editions, all varying more or less from each other. The subject has afforded a wide field for discussion in works devoted to art, both in England and Germany; but neither our space nor our inclination permits us to pursue the subject farther.

THE SONS OF RUBENS.

Painted by Himself.

The great Flemish master has bequeathed to posterity in this picture, a monument both of his skill as an artist, and his happiness as a father. Albert, the eldest of the two boys here represented, became in after life a secretary of state in the Spanish service, and although he died at an early age, left behind him a high reputation as a man of learning. The youngest, Nicholas, passed his life in retirement on one of the estates which he inherited from his father. Both youths are represented in Spanish costume, which was fashionable in the Netherlands during the period in which Rubens lived; and in the countenances of both, we perceive a strong similarity to the handsome and manly features of their great progenitor.

This picture is one of the happiest efforts of Rubens as a portrait painter. The figures have an air of truth and nature which is in the highest degree admirable, while the colouring possesses all the warmth and richness for which the works of the prince of painters are justly celebrated. The original is in the most admirable state of preservation, and is considered one of the greatest ornaments of the Dresden gallery.
Two of William's Sons, Titus and Caspar.

Ignatius, Antoine.
A PORTRAIT.

Painted by Salvator Rosa.

The celebrated favorite of the Muses whose work is now before us, was born in the year 1615, at Borgo di Renella, near Naples. The inclination for the fine arts which developed itself during the earliest years of his boyhood, was opposed in the severest manner by his father Vito Antonio, who intended him for the church, and who frequently confined him to his chamber, in order to prevent him from sketching the picturesque scenery and remains of ancient architecture by which he was surrounded. This rigour was met with corresponding obstinacy on the part of the youth, who deprived of paper and pencils, amused himself with drawing his favorite subjects with a piece of charcoal on the walls of his apartment. Determined not to be conquered, Vito now sent his son to a monastery, in order to commence the education necessary for his future career. Salvator entered on the study of classical literature with fervour, and formed at this period that taste for the works of the ancients which inspired him in after life both as a painter and a poet. But this golden epoch soon drew to a close and studies of a more fatiguing and monotonous character awaited him. Homer and Horace, Sallust and Cicero, must now yield to Johannes Scotus, and the elevation of mind produced by the poets and orators of old, must now perish under a mass of philosophical and theological subtleties.

These new studies were by no means to the taste of the young artist, and he conducted himself so little to the satisfaction of his preceptors, that he was expelled from the college. His biographers ascribe this mischance to the circumstance of his having formed a new and violent passion for music, and this young Muse consoled him under the load of disapprobation with which his conduct was regarded by his disappointed parents. His musical productions caused him to be considered as one of the first Italian lyrist of his day, and were so popular, that they were commonly sung in the streets by the artisans. His father however, looked upon this employment with great displeasure, declaring the Cantata di Camera of his son, to be an unworthy desecration of the holy powers of song; and his indignation knew no bounds when Salvator at length added the sin of painting to those of poetry and music. He was induced to attempt this art in consequence of the encouragement of his brother-in-law F. Francanzani, one of the best painters of his time, whose studio he often visited and amused himself by sketching anything which pleased him in his pictures. These were mere rough sketches; but they displayed so much ability that Francanzini encouraged him to proceed by every means in his power. Salvator soon however became tired of copying the works of others, and commenced painting scenes from his own wanderings and adventures. Although much has been said concerning these wanderings by his biographers and others, little more seems
to be known concerning them, than can be gathered from the works of the master. It however appears evident from the various landscapes which he has bequeathed to posterity, that he must have wandered through the Basilicata, Apulia, and Calabria, and studied with attention the romantic scenery of these wild regions; and the various ruin crowned heights of the Monte Gargano, the picturesque haven of Bari, the sea beaten cliffs of San Vito, and the grottoes of Polignano, have been frequently repeated in his numerous pictures; as is also the case with the scenery of La Cava, a district abounding in features of wild and savage grandeur.

The most remarkable incident in the rambles of Salvator was his being taken prisoner by banditti, and his subsequent voluntary association with these desperate outcasts. That he lived for a time in the society of the outlaws whose portraits appear in so many of his pictures, there can be no doubt, although the circumstance has been disputed by some of his biographers; but to what extent he shared in their depredations, how long he continued with them, or under what circumstances he again appeared in civilised society, is unknown. It seems certain however that after wandering through the most wild and unfrequented parts of Italy under all the difficulties attendant upon poverty, he reappeared at Naples at the time when the residence of Lanfranco in that city, and the intrigues of the school of Spagnoletto, had given the usual squabbles of artists, a character of almost political importance.

The position in which he found his family, plunged him into despair. A few days after his arrival, his father Vito Antonio, expired in his arms, and bequeathed to a helpless youth of eighteen, the care of his numerous and necessitous family. The poverty of Salvator was at this time so great that he had not even the means of purchasing canvass for his pictures, and was compelled to paint them on oiled paper; and the young and unknown landscape painter, had no opportunity of appearing on the scene on which Spagnoletto, Lanfranco, and Dominichino, contended for the palm. The only market open to him was the wretched booth of a broker in the Stedella della Carità, in which then, as now, all kinds of worthless frippery was exposed for sale. Here Salvator sold the drawings and sketches which have contributed to immortalise his name, at a price which scarcely sufficed to still the hunger of himself and the helpless beings dependent on him; but fortune did not long prove relentless; Lanfranco, himself a painter of great merit and then at the height of his fame, passing in his carriage through the Stedella della Carità, observed a painting on the stall of the broker, and directed his servants to bring it to him. It represented the story of Hagar in the wilderness, and was treated in a manner which excited the admiration of the master. He sought the name of this new artist, who belonged to no school, and followed no teacher, and found in the corner of the picture a name unknown to fame and which from the diminutive at the end, had an almost ridiculous sound. It was “Salvatoriello”; Lanfranco bought the picture, and directed his pupils to purchase for him all the drawings by Salvatoriello they might meet with, and from this time the self-confidence of Salvator increased, and he obtained a higher price for his pictures.
The neglect which Salvator experienced in his native country, made him resolve to visit Rome. He made this journey in 1634, being then in his twentieth year, and carried all his worldly goods upon his shoulders. Arrived at the eternal city, he applied himself with his usual restless energy to the practice of his art, and in his ardour for studying the remains of the former mistress of the world, exposed himself to the pestilential malaria, and was thrown upon a bed of sickness. The slight but masterly sketches which he executed at this time in order to procure the means of existence, were exposed for sale on the Piazza Navona and the Ghetto, the markets for all the cast off clothes and useless articles of the metropolis. In Rome as in Naples, the works of unknown artists met with neither admirers nor purchasers, and Salvator has pictured his desperate condition at this time, in an affecting manner in one of his poems. With weakened health and if possible poorer than before, he now bade farewell to Rome and returned to Naples.

This occurred in 1659, and in defiance of chronology some of his biographers have insisted that he in company with Aniello Falcone and other painters, took part in the insurrection under Masaniello, and that he was a member of the famous Society of Death (Compagnia della Morte). Dominicini relates this report as a fact, in his lives of the Italian painters; and apparently on this authority Lady Morgan has represented him as an active leader in this revolution. It is true that a picture said to be by him, represents him in the costume of the Black Brotherhood; but even if this picture which is in the Gallery at St. Petersburg, is really from his hand, it is still impossible that he could have taken part in the revolution at Naples, as in the year 1647, in which this occurred, Salvator had long been settled in Rome, was received into the highest society, and was altogether in a position which renders it in the highest degree improbable that he could have taken an active part in the reckless outbreak of the Neapolitan Lazzaroni.

The exact period at which he made his second appearance at Rome has not been clearly ascertained; but it appears that soon after his arrival he was no longer the poor neglected artist Salvatoriello. His genius appears to have been at once recognized and appreciated, he obtained high prices for his pictures, and as he produced them with astonishing rapidity, he became in a short time the possessor of considerable wealth. He is said to have painted a horse the size of life, in a single day, and the same period was sufficient to enable him to finish one of his ordinary easel pictures. He presented one of these rapidly produced master-pieces to the Constable Colonna, who sent him in return a purse of gold. Salvator found the reward too great, and sent the prince another picture as a mark of his gratitude, for which he received the same gratification. This was repeated four times, the painter displaying his exhaustless talent, and the Constable his princely liberality; but on the appearance of a fifth picture, the prince presented him with two purses, with the remark: that it was not so easy for him to fill empty purses with gold, as for the painter to fill empty canvass with fine paintings, and he therefore surrendered to the latter the honour of the victory.

The wit and talent of Salvator procured him a host of friends and patrons in Rome:
but at the same time his bitter sarcasms and biting satire raised up a still greater number of enemies. The Academy of St. Luke of which he was himself a member, was an especial subject of his ridicule, and as on one occasion the leading members refused admission to a candidate, on the ground of his being at the same time a surgeon; Salvator remarked that he was the very man they wanted, in order to set right the distorted limbs of their figures. He was at length excluded from the academy, and according to some of his biographers expelled from Rome, in consequence of having painted a picture representing the various nations of Europe in the character of animals. The expulsion from Rome is denied by others, who however admit that he left that city in consequence of his residence there being no longer agreeable. He retired to Florence, where his abilities were highly valued by the Duke Charles de Medici. He spent eight or nine years in Tuscany, during which time his satires brought him into repeated difficulties; and at the end of that period returned to Rome, where he continued till his death, admired and honoured as an artist; but constantly in danger from the resentment of the victims of his satire.

This appears however to have given him but little concern, nor did the cheerfulness which distinguished him in life, forsake him on the bed of death. He told the priest who attended him that he considered his name as a pledge of safety in the other world, for that heaven would scarcely allow the prince of darkness to attack a person who bore the name of Salvator. And in his last moments as the priest declared that his entrance into paradise depended on his marrying a female with whom he had long lived, he replied; "Well, be it so, if there is no entering heaven without horns." With this last sarcasm on his lips he expired in the year 1673, and was buried with great pomp in the church of the carthusians.

The fame of Salvator Rosa rests principally on his landscapes, although he also executed many portraits and historical pictures. His landscapes are full of a wild and gloomy poetry, which arrests with irresistible power the mind of the spectator; and the figures which enliven them are worthy of the savage wildness of the scenes they inhabit. These consist of banditti, or soldiers which have a similar appearance, herdsmen with their scanty and half wild herds, and sometimes of biblical figures, which however seem to be natives of the mountains in which the master has represented them. Three fourths of his pictures, and among these his best productions, are to be found in the various English collections, and he consequently enjoys a higher reputation in that country than on the continent, where he is too often looked upon as a mere sketcher. Salvator also executed numerous etchings, which are now highly valued and eagerly sought after; they for the most part represent groups of soldiers or banditti.

Considerable uncertainty exists with regard to the original of the picture now before us; many connoisseurs however consider it to be a portrait of Salvator himself. The features certainly have a similarity, although perhaps not a striking one, to the portrait of the artist by Maratti, which is well known through the medium of engravings, and we are therefore inclined to consider this opinion as well founded.
The Smoking Club
La Rauchgesellschaft
Rab fajrurę
THE SMOKING CLUB.
Painted by David Teniers.

In a retired corner of a Dutch alehouse, a party of peasants are represented in the full enjoyment of one of those long drinking and smoking bouts, which Teniers and many other painters of the Dutch school delight in representing. The company in the present picture seem to belong to the better, or at least the more wealthy class of peasantry, and they appear to have assembled for the express purpose of passing judgment on a new sample of the Virginian weed. Like all the pictures of this master, it is remarkable for the fidelity to nature which it displays, and as we gaze upon the scene we almost fancy we are sensible of the effluvia of beer and tobacco which fills the apartment. In the background of the picture is a group of gamblers, which are not less admirably true to nature than the smokers, and the whole forms a scene highly characteristic of the simple though somewhat rude habits of the rural population of Holland.

THE CHASE.
Painted by Jacob Ruysdale.

On the borders of a small inland lake, whose banks are studded with picturesque groups of oaks and beeches, and which appears to be swollen to an unusual size by the autumnal rains, a party of hunters have driven their timid victim to bay. Surrounded on all sides and unable longer to continue its flight, the wearied animal seeks its last hope of safety in the water, but in vain; the foremost of its enemies is already close upon its haunches, and a short and ineffectual struggle will in all probability put an end to its misery.

The profound repose which reigns over the landscape, affords a delightful contrast to the boisterous animation of the huntsmen and dogs which are rushing forward on all sides to secure their prey. The mellow rays of the setting sun illuminate the knarled trunks of the oaks and the white bark of the beeches, and render more brilliant the variegated hues of the autumnal foliage, which scarcely moves in the light evening breeze; and in the midst of this scene of holy quiet, the death of the poor stag seems like an outrage on the sanctity of nature.
The city of Verona, at present the capital of the province of the same name in the Austrian kingdom of Lombardy, is situated in a fruitful valley on the river Etsch, which divides the city into two parts, which are united by four bridges, one of which the Ponto della Nare forms the principal object in the picture before us; but which presents a different aspect at the present day, nearly a century having elapsed since this picture was painted. The interior of the city presents but little to interest the traveller, the streets being narrow and crooked, and the houses having the desolate, half-ruinous appearance common in Italian cities. The ancient Roman amphitheatre is however one of the most perfect at present in existence, and must have been capable of containing nearly twenty-five thousand spectators. It is constructed of marble, and is 464 feet in length, and 367 broad. At present Verona is one of the strongest fortresses in Italy, and in consequence of the late convulsions in that country, numerous additions have been made of late to the fortifications.

Bernardin Bellotti, the painter of this picture, was the son and pupil of the not less celebrated Antonio Canale; from whom he inherited the by-name of Canaletto, and first saw the light at Venice in the year 1724. His works consist entirely of landscapes and views of cities, which are distinguished by the correctness of the perspective and a wonderful power of representing sunshine. In other respects, his pictures too often bear the marks of being painted in great haste, and he suffered the use of the Camera Obscura to betray him not unfrequently into the fault of making his shadows too dark. In many of his paintings however this fault is entirely avoided and the shadows present all the transparency visible in the works of his father.

Bellotti painted numerous views of Rome, Verona, Milan and Venice, and while residing at the Saxon court he painted all the principal views of Dresden and its vicinity, at present to be seen in the Brihl palace in that city. He resided two years in London, and painted numerous views of various points of that capital, which are said to be among the best of his productions. He also acquired great fame as an engraver, and his etchings especially those of Dresden, which have now become rare, are sold for enormous prices. He expired at Warsaw in the year 1780.
THE MADONNA.

Painted by Sassoferrato.

The imagination of the painter raises us in this picture from the dull realities of earth to afford us a glance of heaven. Throned on clouds of a golden hue, and surrounded by seraphim, the blessed virgin exhibits the infant redeemer to the adoration of the world. It would be difficult to discover among the many thousand paintings of this subject, a figure more nearly approaching to perfection both in form and expression, than that of the virgin in this picture. The attitude is replete with grace and dignity, and the features are resplendent with maternal love and intense devotion; nor is the form of the sleeping infant less admirable, the broad and expansive brow seems to beam with more than human intellect, and the robust form of the whole frame, promises that perfection of physical beauty, which the poet and painter must ever associate with the idea of the son of God.

ECCE HOMO.

Painted by Francisco Vecellio.

The great Titian was not the only one of his family gifted by Nature with the genius for painting; his brother Francisco shared it with him in an equal degree. From the specimens which he has left behind him it may be seen that he would have brought his art to the same perfection, had he not taken service in the war which obliged him to forsake his pencil for some years. When at last peace returned to Italy he recommenced his studies, cheered on by the success of his far-famed brother, who however foreseeing that he should have in him an important rival, sought by every means in his power to induce him to turn his attention to mercantile affairs, and eventually succeeded. After this he drew occasionally for his friends, but he never again painted a picture. He lived to a good old age but not so long as his brother; and it is singular that neither the year of his birth or death can be fixed with any certainty.
THE FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE.

Painted by Antoine Watteau.

The Italian Opera in Paris was over, and long trains of Sedan chairs, poured from the Porte St. Martin into the neighbouring streets. From the dark entrance of the little theatre, which rather resembled a stationary car of Thespis than the splendid building which now bears the same name, groups of actors and actresses hastened to join the groups of elegantly dressed gentlemen which still lingered on the open place in front of the building, and who were mostly engaged in discussing how and where they should spend the remainder of the night.

Among the foremost of these was to be seen the celebrated Alessandro Farini, the most extraordinary tenor of his time, who had had the honour of singing before the Sultan at Constantinople, and boasted that the favorite Sultana had herself served him with sherbet, and with her own fair hands ignited his long Turkish Nargile, or water pipe. In honour of this real or imaginary triumph, he continued to wear a dress which would have been completely oriental, had he not on the score of convenience substituted the ordinary barrett or cap of the Christian world, for the turban of the Moslem. By his side, listening in silence to the compliments with which he overloaded her, and the exaggerated tone of which betrayed their eastern origin, walked the principal female singer of the company, Signora Chiarini, a lady renowned alike for the rigidity of her morals and the smallness of her feet, which latter were so diminutive, that the Abbé St. Foix one the wits of the day, had denied their existence altogether; asserting that the lady realized the fable of the bird of paradise, and was altogether footless.

This St. Foix, although a dwarfish and ill-constructed little person, possessed one of the handsomest women of Paris as his wife, and what was still more extraordinary considering the code of morals which prevailed at the French court, Madame St. Foix appeared entirely devoted to her diminutive and grotesque-looking lord and master. Signora Chiarini was perhaps in consequence of her high reputation for morals, a bosom friend of Madame St. Foix, which did not however prevent the two ladies from being in the highest degree jealous of each other's reputation for beauty. Yet more, each endeavoured with all her might to involve the other in an intrigue, in order that she should no longer be forced to share with her the fame of being invincible. Signora Chiarini sent the greater part of her adorers to try their fortune with Madame St. Foix, who repaid this liberality on the part of the fair Italian, in the same manner. Indeed, she more than repaid her, for while the latter hesitated to offer the handsomest of her admirers, the Marquis de la Boulagé, on the shrine of friendship; Madame St. Foix without hesitation sent her chief adorer, the famous painter Antoine Watteau to her rival, informing him at the same time, that she believed he had no reason to despair in that quarter.
This last mentioned personage found himself on the night of our story, also in front of the Italian theatre, where St. Foix and Farini, Signora Chiarini and her fair rival, had formed a group for the purpose of discussing where they should sup; and this important debate had already lasted half an hour, when the group was joined by a lady whose equipage showed considerably more pretension than those of either of the former. A torch bearer attended on either side of the Sedan chair, which she quitted to join the party, and which was profusely ornamented with gilding.

St. Foix hastened to pay his compliments to the new comer, while Farini turned haughtily away, probably because he felt that nothing could be more indifferent to the lady in question, than such homage as it was in his power to bestow. At this period Paris presented a larger swarm of adventurers of both sexes, than is usually to be found within its walls, and it was scarcely possible to proceed ten paces in the streets without meeting a Count or a Marquis. The Countesses and Marchionesses were of course not wanting, and the patents of nobility of a large portion of this aristocracy, consisted of merely a sword and feathered hat, in the one sex, and a powdered head-dress, red heeled shoes and an ivory fan, in the other.

To this class of noblesse belonged the Marquise De la Bresson, who now dropped as if from the clouds upon the party in front of the Italian theatre. According to a story very generally believed at the time, not many months had elapsed since the fair Marquise had entered Paris on foot, bearing under her handsome arm a bundle containing little more than a silk dress, a pair of satin shoes, a fan, a looking-glass, and a stock of powder pomatum and court plaister. Armed with the artillery from this slender arsenal, she had attended the Fair held at the Porte St. Martin, where she had been fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of an elderly gentleman named De la Bresson, who shortly afterwards married her; a circumstance which in all probability tended not a little to the abridgement of his earthly career, as he scarcely survived his happiness three months. At his death, Madame found that she inherited little besides his title and his debts; but she nevertheless contrived by some means or other, to keep up all the appearance of being possessed of considerable wealth. In allusion to this story, St. Foix had bestowed on her the appellation of the fair Marquise, which clung to her in spite of all her attempts to get rid of so questionable a compliment.

Madame De la Bresson invited the whole party to her house to supper, and added:

"St. Foix, I have a favour to beg of you; I intend to make up a country excursion tomorrow, and I trust to you to provide us with cavaliers — I will wager a thousand francs you do not guess my object in doing this!"

"Perhaps there is a Fair in the neighbourhood!" replied St. Foix with a look of perfect innocence.

"Fair? nonsense," replied the Marquise; "we will visit Sept Fontaines, the most charming village in all France —"

"Sept Fontaines!" cried Signora Chiarini, suddenly becoming attentive. "the village and chateau are the property of the Marquis De la Boulage, are they not?"
*You are quite right, my love! and as you are aware of this, you will probably have no difficulty in guessing the rest of the secret,* cried the Marquise with an air of triumph.

*I really do not understand you, Madame!*

*I think I do!" said Madame St. Foix, "the Marquis wishes to show his intended spouse the chateau and estates —*

*Which he is determined *not* to share with her!" exclaimed St. Foix: "I know Boulagé well, and in some points he is the most uncertain person in the world. I therefore give you due warning, Madame la Marquise."

*And you my dear St. Foix, are in some points the most malicious person in the world." replied the Marquise in a tone of *pique,* "the Marquis will conduct me to Sept Fontaines with all possible *éclat,* and from thence will elope with me —"

*What!" cried the whole party in chorus.

*Elope with me!" repeated the Marquise, who found it impossible to keep the secret any longer, "and I hope to be his wife before the evening."

*Impossible!" cried the Signora, while Madame St. Foix turned pale with vexation.

*Allow me to ask a question!" cried St. Foix, delighted at the prospect of a public scandal, "who is to be eloped with?"

*Pardieu, this dulness is inconceivable! I tell you that the Marquis will carry me off in order to marry me, against the will of his parents!"

*Ah I see, I thought you were to carry off the Marquis; but however this may be, we will not fail to be there."

*Very good! and now let us go to my Hotel, without farther loss of time. See if you can find a coach, St. Foix, and we can all go together."

*In that case I will beg the loan of your chair as far as the quartier Latin, observed the Signora, as I must go home at once."

*Certainly my dear, if you wish it; although I had hoped for the pleasure of your company, as we shall probably have a merry party and my bridegroom the Marquis de la Boulagé will I am sure be delighted to see you."

The Signora considered for a moment, the hopes of seeing her unfaithful swain once more before he took the desperate step of marrying the *faire* Marquise, induced her to change her mind and accept the almost insulting invitation of her rival; coaches were procured and the whole party adjourned to the Hotel of Madame De la Bresson.

No sooner had they departed, than a tall handsome young man stepped out of the shadow of a door-way, in which he had hitherto listened to the conversation, and looked eagerly in the direction taken by the party. His first determination seemed to be to follow them; but after proceeding a few paces, he suddenly stood still and rapidly retraced his steps. Then apparently again changing his determination, he turned and set out rapidly in pursuit, but had not gone many yards when his courage again seemed to fail him, and he stopped, talking to himself at the same time with considerable violence of gesture.

A loud peal of laughter interrupted this soliloquy, and a figure wrapped in a cloak,
THE FÊTE CHAMPIÈRE.

which had been silently observing the motions of the speaker, walked slowly towards him.

"Hollo, Watteau! Are you performing the part of Harlequin Misantrope for the benefit of the watchmen?" asked the new comer.

"Ha, Boulagé!" exclaimed Watteau with an air of ill humour; but I assure you my friend I am in no humour to listen to your witticisms.

"Excellently answered; and in the true spirit of misanthropy!" replied Boulagé laughing; "and yet my witticisms as you term them, are as good as those of St. Foix, to which you often listen for hours together."

"You forget that Madame St. Foix is always present on these occasions, and that her presence is a shield which renders me invulnerable to the raillery of her husband."

"Good again! And as it is impossible to help laughing at a misanthrope, I heartily wish Madame St. Foix were here now, in order to prevent you from quarreling with an old friend.

Watteau, who had hitherto stood with his arms folded, in an attitude of sullen dignity worthy of a stage tyrant, now threw his cloak aside, and taking Boulagé gently by the arm, exclaimed:

"I saw her this evening; here on this spot!"

"And where were you?"

"Behind the pillar yonder!"

"Humph, I thought as much, well —"

"I heard every word she uttered and almost felt her breath upon my cheek, and yet had not the courage to issue from my hiding place and join her company."

"I heartily believe it," replied Boulagé laughing.

"I have prayed — do not laugh — actually prayed, that my good angel would send you this way — you came at last; but only to increase by your sarcasms the torments I endure."

"Nonsense! where has St. Foix taken your charmer?"

"To the house of Madame De la Bresson."

"And what are they doing there; asked Boulage, whose curiosity seemed excited by this intelligence, "you say you overheard their conversation?"

"Madame De la Bresson invited them and the singer Farini to a party, at which as I understood you were expected to appear."

"Right, right! most timorous of the followers of Apelles, and if I were not certain that you would spoil the jest, I would let you into a secret — but as it is, let us hasten to join the party."

Watteau gladly accepted the invitation, and on their way to the Hotel of the Marquise, he observed: "I overheard something about an elopement, do you know anything of the matter?"

"Have patience rival of Raphael, and you shall know all! But you will make one of the party to Sept Fontaines?"

"Certainly! that is, provided that Madame St. Foix is of the party."
"St. Foix will not refuse my invitation, and you will no doubt have the pleasure of seeing the coy goddess of your devotion," replied the Marquis.

The painter pressed the hand of his friend, and in a few minutes they arrived at the residence of Madame de la Bressou, in the Faubourg de St. Germain.

The salon of the Marquise presented on this occasion a brilliant assembly, and although the reputation of many of the persons composing it was none of the best, the majority of the guests consisted of persons celebrated either for wit talent or beauty. There were actors and actresses, authors, artists, and fashionable adventurers of both sexes, and with these were mixed up many persons of really high rank, who cared little for the character of their associates, provided they were amusing.

On the arrival of the two new guests, the lady of the house flew towards the Marquis de la Boulagé, who bowed before her with his sweetest smile and gallantly kissed the somewhat too fleshy hand, the possession of which was to reward him for forsaking all the delights of Paris. One rival however seemed still inclined to dispute the palm of victory with the Marquise, and this was no other than the fair Italian, Signora Chiarini, whose eyes seemed to have an attraction for Boulagé which was but little flattering to the bride elect. Watteau on the other hand, dared not approach the fair object of his idolatry; but her obliging husband perceiving how matters stood, took the painter by the arm and led him a willing captive to the feet of his charming spouse.

Madame St. Foix, who had hitherto received the marked attentions of the painter with freezing coldness, now changed her tactics and gave him her hand in the most friendly manner, and even permitted him according to the custom of the time, to seat himself on the stool at her feet.

"The time has at length arrived, Antoine," said she in her most winning manner, "that I should inform you of a secret in which you are nearly concerned."

Watteau gazed with astonishment at his fair neighbour without replying; but St. Foix who had overheard his wife's speech, exclaimed:

"Oh, oh, you have secrets in which I am not allowed to share. Eliza: it must be admitted that is pleasant news for a husband, I suppose I may soon assume a stag's head for a crest, with as good a right as most others who are mad enough to marry in Paris."

"You are probably conscious of your deserts!" retorted the lady with a look of indignation.

"I insist upon knowing what this mystery is which you are about to impart to Monsieur Watteau."

"Indeed!" replied his better half, and without deigning any other answer, continued her discourse with Watteau in the English language.

"I am not insensible Antoine, to the admiration with which you have long honoured me; but believe me when I tell you that it is impossible for me to comply with your wishes. It is true that my marriage is a most unhappy one; but I will not purchase happiness at the price of a crime, and it is my intention to retire to a cloister to free
myself from trammels which have become intolerable to me; and in a few days I shall be lost to you for ever. I will not however leave you without some comfort, and for this reason I now impart to you the secret, that Signora Chiarini loves you. I have it from her own lips, and —?

"Ah, Madame!" sighed the painter, "even if this be true, it can avail me nothing, my heart beats for you and you only!"

"I repeat, that I am lost to you for ever!" replied Madame St. Foix, in a tone which left no doubt that she was in earnest; "and see, here comes Signora Chiarini — is she not a lovely creature — see how coldly she receives the compliments of De Boulagé, and sends him back to Madame De la Bresson, who poniaces on her booty like a shark. Observe the glance she throws towards you — she approaches — you now know all."

Watteau arose and bowed stiffly to the new comer, while Madame St. Foix whispered a few words in her ear:

"Bon!" replied the Italian as she gave her hand with inexpressible grace to the bewildered painter, who appeared scarcely to know whether he was awake or dreaming.

"You seem out of spirits!" said the Signora, with a glance which betrayed a feeling nearly allied to contempt.

"I am indeed!" replied Watteau, scarcely knowing what he said.

Without further parly, the Italian possessed herself of the arm of the painter and paraded him in triumph through the apartments, and notwithstanding that Watteau's countenance would have done honour to the chief mourner at a funeral, it was soon whispered about that he was the accepted suitor of Signora Chiarini. Madame De la Bresson seemed overjoyed of this intelligence, while De Boulagé on the contrary appeared embarrassed and annoyed.

The party broke up at length to the great joy of Watteau, who escorted his new mistress to her residence, and received her commands to attend her on the following morning to the Fête Champêtre.

On arriving at his lodgings, Watteau passed a sleepless night in endeavouring to ascertain the nature of the conflicting passions which filled his breast. He could not conceal from himself that his pain at the decided repulse he had received from Madame St. Foix, was not a little softened by the flattering consciousness of being beloved by so charming a creature as Signora Chiarini, who seemed fairly resolved to carry his heart by storm, and had indeed made a greater impression on it than he was himself aware of. Her conduct towards him on the following morning was well calculated to increase the latent passion which had already taken possession of his heart, she seemed ashamed of her advances of the preceding evening, and received him in a manner which almost amounted to coldness.

On arriving at the residence of Madame De la Bresson they found the guests assembled and the street blocked up by numerous carriages waiting to convey them to Sept Fontaines. The countenance of De Boulagé presented anything but the appearance of that of a happy bridegroom, and as he pointed out to Watteau the coach which was provided
for him, the painter could not help noticing the circumstance; to which the Marquis
only replied:

"Wait, and you will see!"

At length the carriages were set in motion, and after a pleasant ride of some hours,
the whole company arrived in high spirits at the chateau of the Marquis. Here a splendid
entertainment was provided for them in the open air, and at its termination, the company
dispersed themselves in various groups in the park. Watteau had at length conquered
his reserve and strove by every means in his power to make himself agreeable to his
fair partner, but in vain; a fit of prudery had taken possession of the Signora and all his
attentions failed to produce the slightest effect. Farini threw himself on the green turf
beside one of the ladies of the party, while St. Foix following the example, amused
himself with romping with his daughter, a pretty child about five years of age, and in
heapin endearments upon his wife which seemed to be but ill received. Watteau and
the Signora seated themselves at the foot of a statue, and the painter exerted himself to
amuse the fair Italian with evident zeal, but as evident ill success, and he felt not a little
rejoiced when the sound of the orchestra gave the signal for the commencement of the
banquet.

At this moment the Marquis laid his hand on Watteau's shoulder; exclaiming:

"Do me the favour to go into the cellar and select the wine for the evening revels,
and I in the mean time will conduct your lady to table," and Watteau hastened to per-
form the task allotted to him.

On his return to the upper world, his first question was concerning Signora Chiarini;
but to the astonishment of every one she was nowhere to be found, and what was still
more extraordinary the host had likewise vanished. The party was thrown into confu-
sion, the Marquise De la Bresson went into hysteries, and the notes of the orchestra
seemed to die away in a quaver of consternation.

In the midst of this confusion a carriage rolled into the court yard of the chateau,
and De la Boulagé springing from the vehicle handed out Bianca Chiarini who wore on
her head a bridal garland of myrtle and orange blossoms.

A crowd of curious guests now surrounded the fugitives, and the Marquis taking the
Italian by the hand presented her to the company as his bride.

"I took my wife by force to the altar," exclaimed he in a tone of exultation; "as I
had long found prayers and entreaties to be of no avail." It may fairly be doubted
however, if more than the show of force was necessary to induce the coy beauty to ac-
company to the altar the man whom she had long loved in secret. Madame De la Bresson
finding all her hopes ruined, nevertheless put a good face on the matter, exclaiming:

"It was I who arranged the party, in order to give the Marquis an opportunity of
carrying off his bride!"

An assertion which no one contradicted, although not one of the party believed the
story. The only person who showed any outward signs of annoyance at the catastrophy,
was Antoine Watteau, who perceived he had been used as a tool to arouse the jealousy
of the Marquis, the consciousness of having been made to play a ridiculous part in the affair, was gall and wormwood to his proud spirit, and to avoid being the laughing stock of the metropolis, he retired to Negau; where he remained till his death, which occurred in 1721, he having barely completed his thirty-seventh year.

THE CLOISTER.

Painted by Philip Wouvermann.

At the entrance of a half ruined Monastery, a group of mendicants have assembled for the purpose of receiving the daily dole which it is the custom of the various orders of monks to distribute to the necessitous of their district, and which in catholic countries, supersedes the more regular and legal relief of the poor which it has been found necessary to adopt in most protestant lands since the reformation. Judging from the costume, the scene appears to be laid in Flanders; and like all the works of Wouvermann, the picture is distinguished by a picturesque arrangement of the groups, a bright and harmonious colouring, and natural and forcible distribution of light and shade, qualities which have procured for the works of this artist a deservedly high reputation throughout Europe.

END OF SECOND VOLUME.
The Dresden Gallery