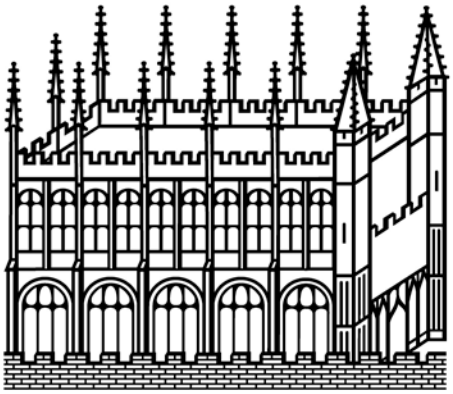

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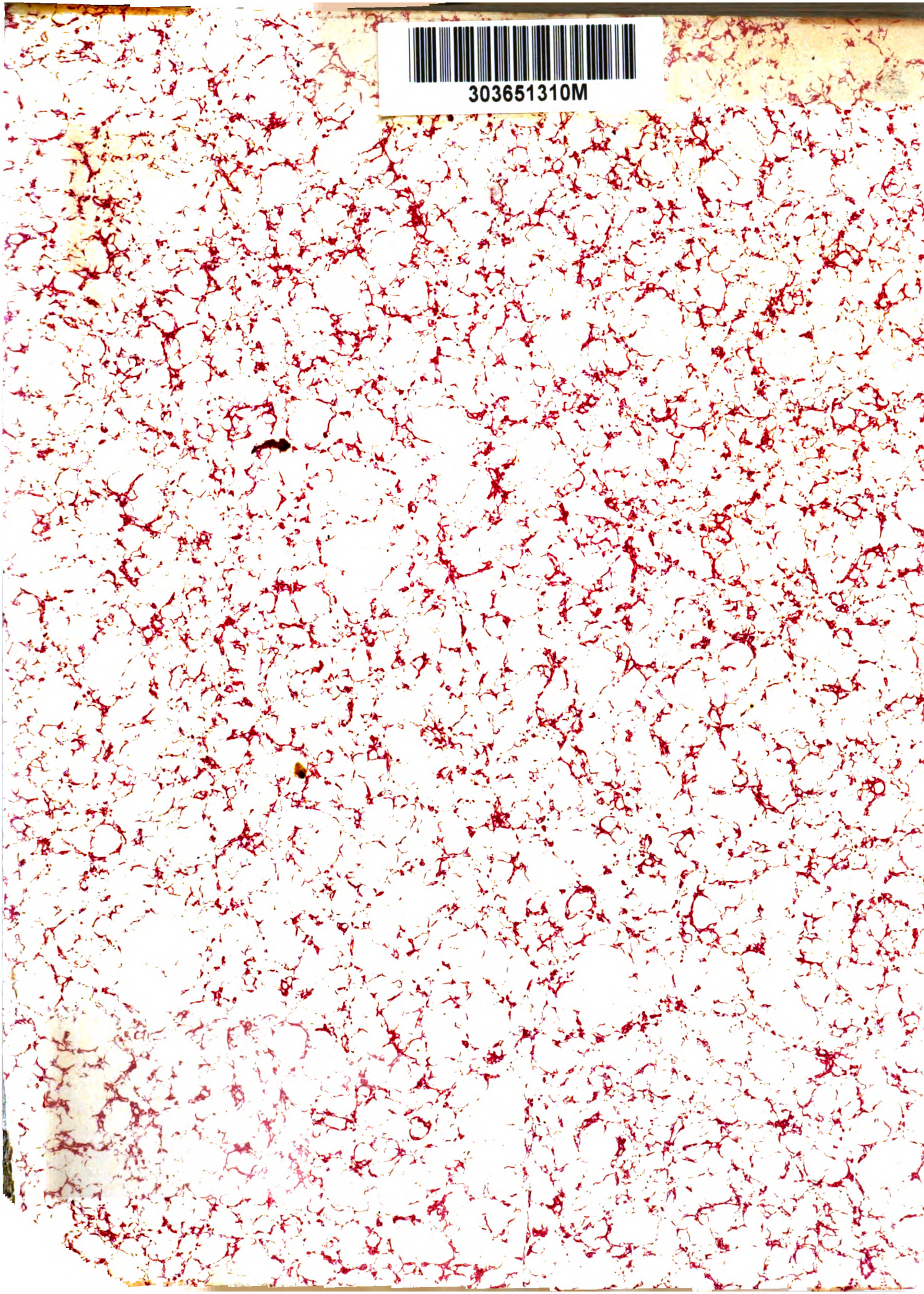
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ROYAL

DRESDEN GALLERY

Lockard pinxt. A.H. Payne sc.

The Chocolate Girl *Das Chocoladenmädchen*

Published for the Proprietors by A.H. Payne Dresden and Leipzig

PAYNE'S

ROYAL DRESDEN GALLERY:

BEING

A SELECTION OF SUBJECTS ENGRAVED AFTER PICTURES,

BY

THE GREAT MASTERS,

BERCHEM, BOL, CRANACH, CANALETTO, CARAVAGGIO, CARLO DOLCE, CLAUDE LORRAIN, CORREGGIO, GUERCINI, GUIDO RENI, METZU, MIERIS, NETSCHER, OSTADE, RAPHAEL, REMBRANDT, RUBENS, TENIERS, VANDYKE, WOUVERMANN etc. etc.

WITH ACCOMPANYING NOTICES

CONSISTING OF

TALES, BIOGRAPHIES etc.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

BY

A. H. PAYNE.
DRESDEN AND LEIPZIG.

W. FRENCH.
LONDON. 67, PATERNOSTER ROW.

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INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.

More than thirty years have now elapsed since the downfall of Napoleon, during which time, men have directed their energies and resources, as much towards the cultivation of the arts of peace, as they did in the preceding thirty years, to the arts of War and Conquest.

Notwithstanding the clamours and complaints that are heard on all sides throughout Europe, national prosperity appears to be on the increase. 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 the human race.

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 tho 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 the northern 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, still, 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 arteficial luxuries of physical life, had not as

yet claimed the consumption of almost the entire pecuniary earnings and possession 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 develope 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 tratitions, and yet, how opposite in the imaginative creations of the mind! The one was the enthusiactic 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 re-act, 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 frequently 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 hinted above, 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 greations 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 observed 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 stedfast 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 agreable duty, in placing the matter fairly before the Public, it only remains to say, that we confidently commit 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 apears 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 upen, 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 cleanness, and brightness, all about Dresden. A noble river sweeps broadly past it, spanned by a noble bridge, which long set a 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 effectually French gunpowder!

Saunter 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

Dresden

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 confusion, beneath a climate pleasant and genial. We have indeed found but few who have professed themselves dissappointed 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. (See the accompanying Plate.)

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 Bendemann, 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 any how together, in order to show what kind of things coats of mail formerly were; but is more like what an armoury must have been in the middle ages is one of the most interesting, perfect, and complete in Europe, standing only second to that of the Ambras Collection at Vienna. It contains all the weapons, offensive and defensive, of chivalrous warfare; all the costly trappings and caparaisons 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, surnamed 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 Vaults. 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 watches, called Nuremberg eggs from their shape, and the place, where they were first made in 1500; the finest cameos; quaint and grotesque toys, made of the coral, the topaz, the emerald and the pearl. Many articles of vertu 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 reluctant 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, is furnished out from a treasury like this. You gaze undoubtingly 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 man; a luxury indeed, which, in its degree is felt troughout 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 2nd, 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 1487 to 1564: a volume of miniatures of the most celebrated and learned men of the 15th and 16th century, the work, it is conjectured, of the younger Cranach: and last, though not least, one part of Albert Dürers 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 who ever 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 altough 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, what Florence is to Italy." Dresden has its celebrated Gallery of paintings; it is moreover rich in the possession of the very finest Madonna ever conceived or painted by Raphael; and these it is, which, like the treasures of the first named City, ensures the pilgrimage of all worshippers of genius to her gates.

It is gratifying to think that this repository of a captivating art, has had the good fortune to be regarded as a Sacred thing, even amidst the impetuous turmoil of war and conquest. Frederick the Great, bombarded the city; overthrew its churches, battered its palaces, and laid its streets in ruin; but, though at the best, a would-be-Connoisseur, he had the good taste to order his artillery "to keep clear of the Picture Gallery" and even Napoleon treated Dresden with much consideration and protected the treasures of Art within her walls. Not one of them ever found its way to Paris.

The arrangement of the building is somewhat peculiar. Imagine a quadrangle, with a gallery running round it, and the middle area again intersected by a similar division erected within it, parallel to its sides, and you have a tolerable idea of the edifice. The outer gallery, as it is called, is lighted from the street; the other from the court or area between the divisions. The inner gallery is devoted to the Italian School; and no collection out of Italy can compete with it in the works of the Venetian masters; of Raffaelle and Correggio. The outer one, contains some of the finest specimens of the Dutch, Flemish, and German Schools. From these it is, that the following selections have been made, in order to facilitate and promote a more general acquaintance with the treasures therein deposited, the engraved specimens of which, we now hasten to submit to the public.

REMBRANDT AND HIS WIFE.

Painted by REMBRANDT.

Paul Rembrandt (or in the Flemish language, Rymprandt) 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 Schwanenburg in Leyden, and gave proofs in early youth of that talent for effect and deep coluring, 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.

Rembrandt pinxt. A.H. Payne sc.

Rembrandt and his Wife. Rembrandt und seine Frau.

Paul Rembrandt however, from the very beginning of his artistical 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 Ransdorp, 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 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 favourite 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. And 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. Bol, 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 thei antedeluvian 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 incitement, 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 filled studio, and notwithstanding the monopoly, which that Prince of Flemish painters, Peter Paul Rubens, and his pupils, Van Dyck, Teniers, Vanhork 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-

poraries, 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 resorting 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, dilapitated, 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 favourite 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?" auxiously 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 Correggio 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 Moissoneurs 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 equalling 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 is to 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 *Moissoneurs*."

"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 Jantje.

"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. Seat 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, d'ye 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 any thing but indifferent to the charms of others, appearing to be quite struck with her, the sly minx 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 Moissoneurs!*"

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 busied at the table which was set out ready for supper, and on which stood a beautiful peacock with extended tail.

Rembrandt cast his eyes on the picture.

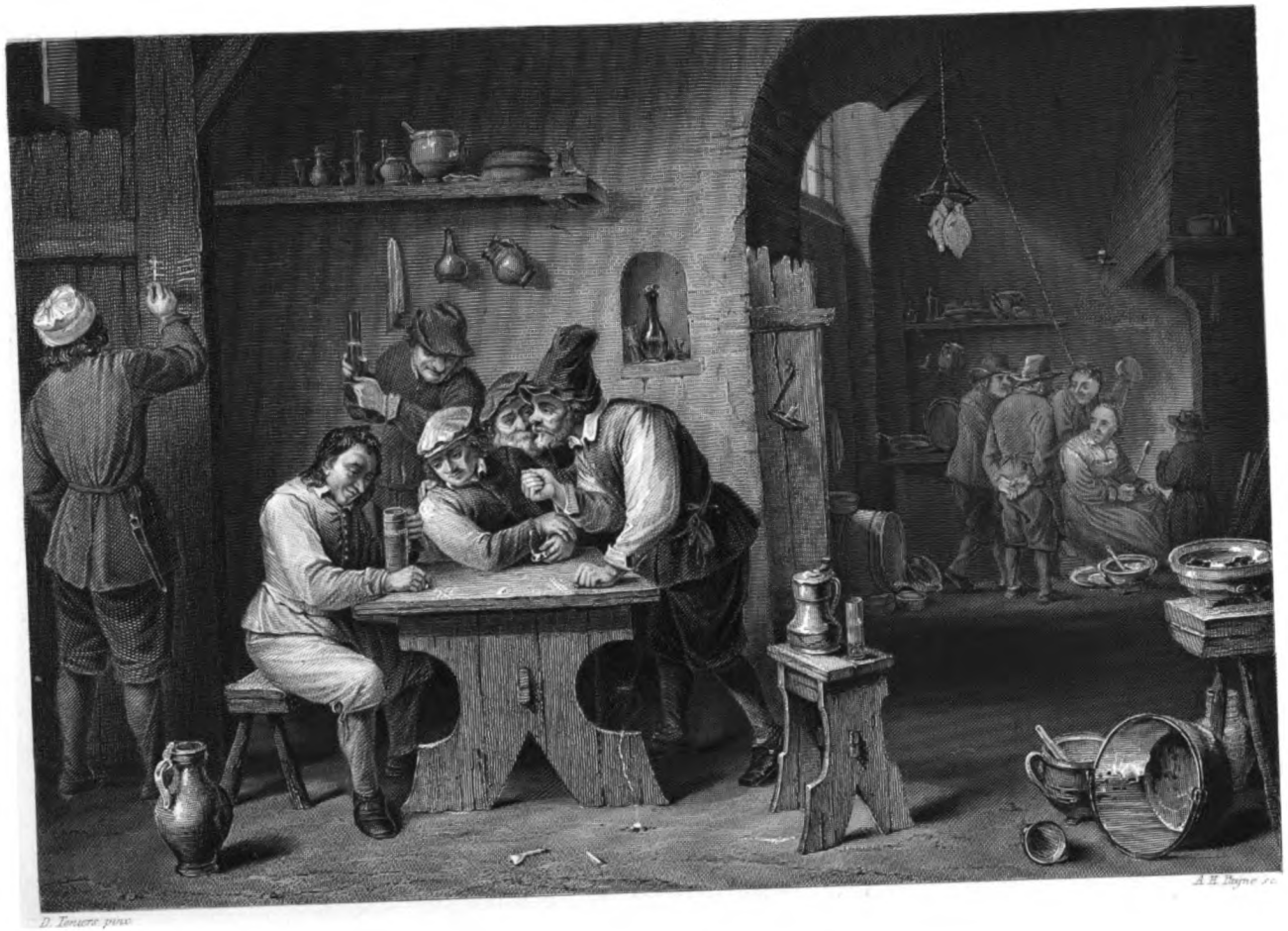
"The Queen of the Reapers is superb!" said he laughing, and looking at Van Dyck's serious countenance. "It is a good thing Mynheer that you followed my advice and painted a portrait instead of an Ideal."

"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 thee 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



The Village Alehouse

Vendelinusbierhaus Dorfschenke

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.

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 Bierslieb. 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 Doctors coif. 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, Mynheer 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 Izak a bearded son of Israel, and the negociator 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 Mynheer 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!

Izak winked at Taaks.

"As for that," said Taaks, "I believe I can drink more than you Mynherr!"

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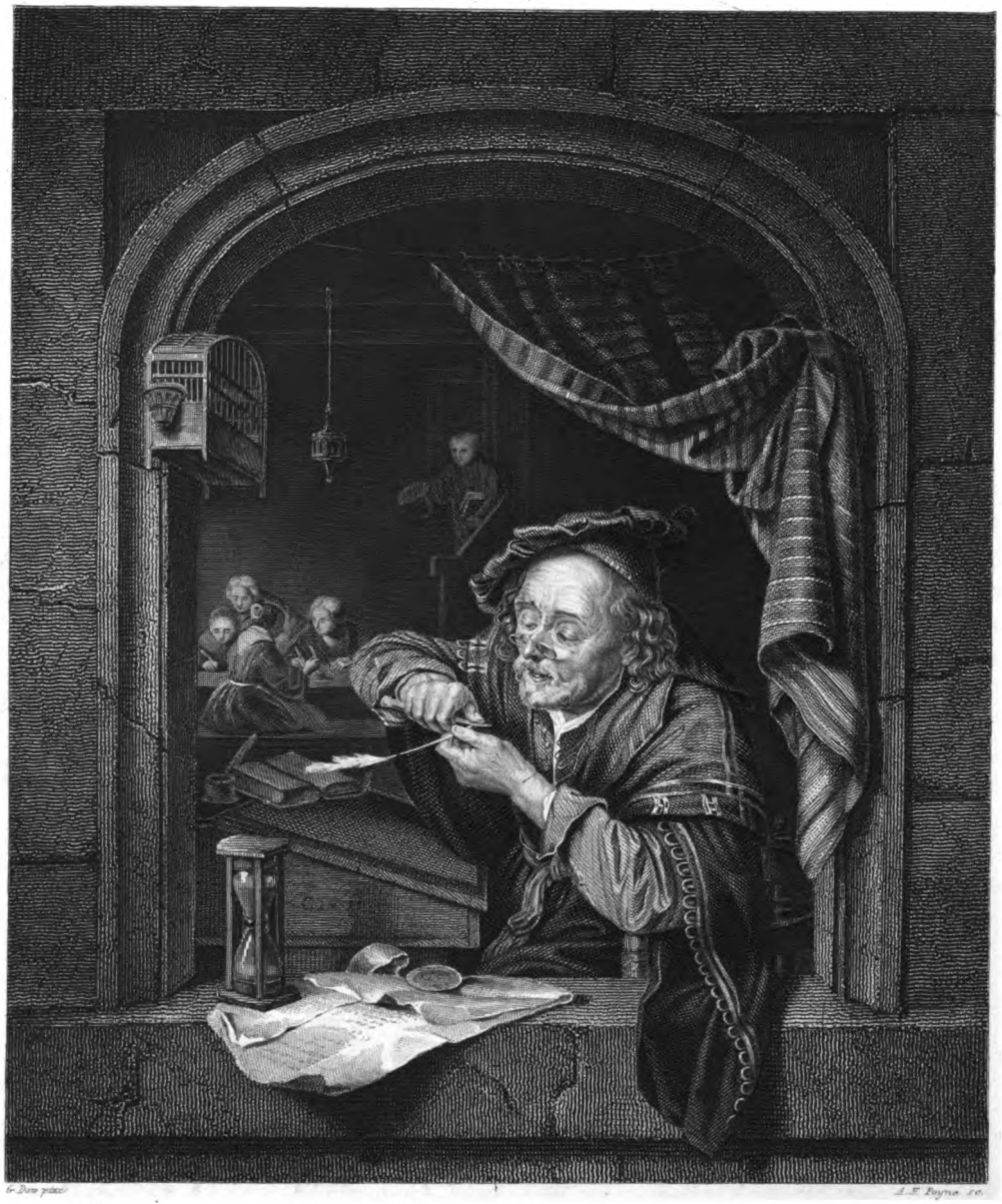


G. Dow pinx.

J. E. Payne sc.

The Writing Master. Der Schreibmeister.

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 me, 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! Mynheer, cried Taaks, I have got the most scores! Jan sprung 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 me? Me! that was never beaten at beer-drinking before?

Willem his son reckoned the score after him, while the old servant who saw the joke, glanced slyly over his shoulder at the scene, while old Izak observed the comical 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 Bierslieb, 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.

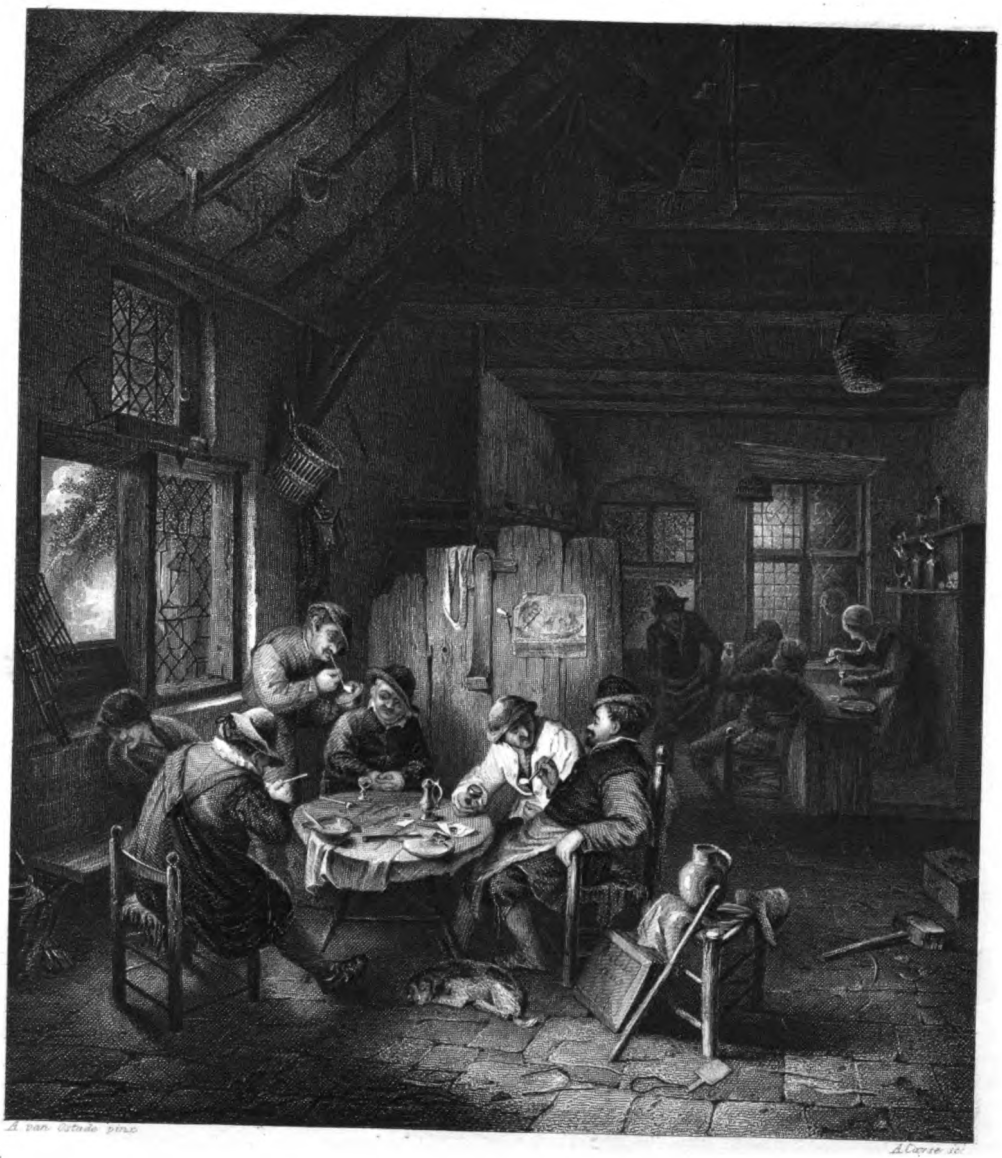
GERHARD DOW.

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 learnt the elements of drawing under Bartolomäus 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 days incessant labor to delineate and paint the handle of a broom which he had introduced into one of his own family pictures.

One 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 greater precision and clearness, he often made use of finely woven silk net, instead of the canvass 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 any thing 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 pfund flemish,



A. van Ostade pinx.

A. Cooke sc.

Dutch Boors drinking. Holländische Bauern beim Trinken

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 feet 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.

DUTCH BOORS.

Painted by A. v. OSTADE.

Adrian v. Ostade, first saw the light at Lübeck in 1610. In education and artistica style he belongs to Holland. The first incident we learn in his 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, blear 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 labors 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 Chiar' oscuro 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 disdained the homely but truthful subjects chosen by the Artist.

THE BROTHERS.

Painted by Christian Leberecht Vogel.

Christian Leberecht Vogel, was born in 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.

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Painted by Hall pinxt. A. H. Payne sc.

The Gamesters — Love & Spite

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.

Michel 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. and 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 vigourous 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 Ruffian 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 in 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 Olloboni 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 Cesaris. 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, Michel Angelo, who had hitherto stood alone, received a powerful reinforcement in the persons of Agostina Caraccio and Annibale Carracci, who had arrived in Rome in order to undertake the works in the Farnese Gallery. As the characters of Agostina Caraccio 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 Michel 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 Sbirri, and one of the best swordsmen in Rome. This man whose name was Hans Hassli, a Swiss by birth, undertook for a price to provoke the Painter to a Duel, certain of thus finishing his career.

The Cesaris pointed out to the Swiss, the place where Caravaggio held his nightly orgies, and Hassli 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

LMFCHD

G. Metzu pinx. J. H. Payne sc.

Metzu and his Wife — Metzu und seine Frau

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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 killed 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 Sbirri 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.

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 Wouverman.

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, that 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 Ruysdael the inimitable landscape Painter, Wouverman takes his position in the first rank of the Painters of Holland.

Philip Wouverman was born at Harlaem in the year 1620, and died in 1668; he received his first instructions in Art from his father Paul Wouverman, 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 found in most of his pictures, and he not unfrequently introduces a white one with skill and effect. The Landscapes of Wouverman 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 Wouverman 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, Wouverman is excelled by no master of the Dutch school.

The times in which he lived are accurately reflected in his pictures.

Ph. Westermann pinx.

J. H. Payne sc.

The Smithy

Die Schmiede

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.

Wouverman'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 preceeded 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 wonderful 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 Oldenbarenveldt, 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 Oldenbarenveldt, 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 Oldenbarenveldt.

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 Gomerists, and devoted all his energies to suppress the free-thinking sect of the Remonstraters. It was his custom frequently to pass the evening in the society of a clergyman of the "grossen 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 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 furiously around in search of an approaching patrol, and called his bearded myrmidons to seize the presumptious 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 yon 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 Oldenbarenveldt.

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 Cuirassiers 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 Oldenbarnveldt 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 shorty afterwards left it, and all attempts to 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 apart-

ment, 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 arrèst six armed men.

The Prince however, who was a perfect adept in the stratagems of war on a large scale; soon 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 sucurity 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 the 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. 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 animals fore-feet. 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 sprung upon them.

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

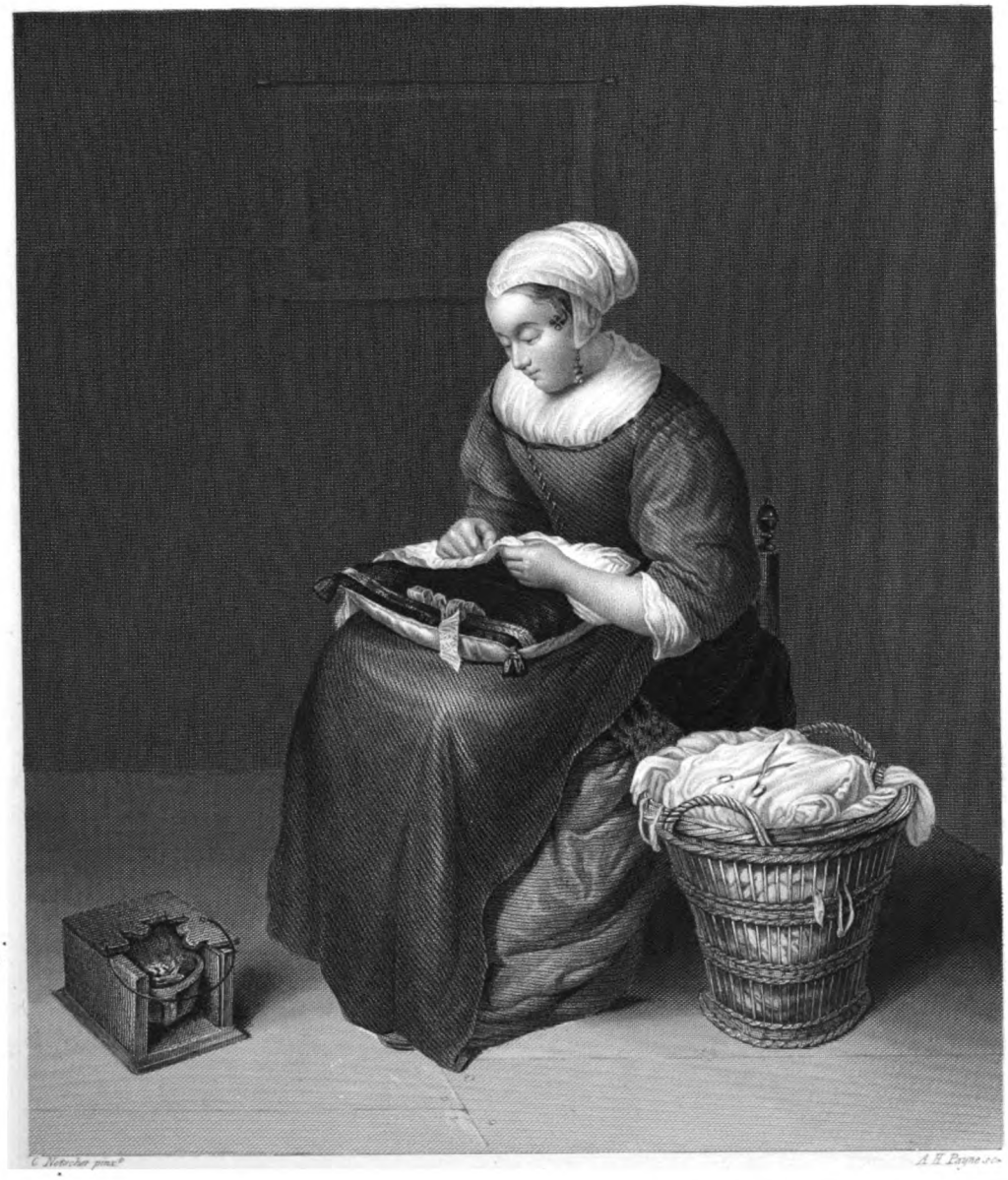
Inexorable to the intreaties of the prisoners aged mother, the Stattholder caused him to be executed in the year 1623.

THE NEEDLEWOMAN.

Painted by C. NETSCHER.

Caspar Netscher was born 1639, at Heidelberg. His father John Netscher a Sculptor and Engineer. had married the daughter of the Burgermaster there, but quitting his wife's native town, he some time after resided at Stuttgard. 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 Arnheim, 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 principle of art, and whose theories he endeavoured to illustrate by sketching or caricaturing his masters patients, when he should have been compounding their medicine. 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 mendicaments 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 in the profession he afterwards embraced.

His first instruction in drawing had been derived from a glazier. The reader will however be grievously mistaken, if he form 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 — De Naaister

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 however, 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 Nestcher 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 terribly 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-sore, 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 services 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 irresistable, 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 concerning 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, that 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, lay 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 doubtlessly 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; worn out at length however by hunger and imprisonment he at length 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; foiled 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 needle-work. Her foot-stove 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 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 Netschers behalf; and although the Painter was not a Dutchman by birth, he succeeded in procuring his discharge, and also a permission from the authorities, to remain in Bordeaux as long as he thought proper.

Three weeks after this happy occurrence, Netscher married the pretty Needle-woman, 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."

THE FORTUNETELLER.

Painted by FRANZ von MIERIS.

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 negociations 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 natural 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 witticism 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

Fr. o Morris pinxt

A. H. Payne sc.

The Fortune Teller

OXFORD

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 serious 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 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 Gend, 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 Dutchmen 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 intend 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 consent, 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, cried out — "Farewell my lord of Rochester, you will still think on our *petits plaisirs* even when you are in Holland?" — "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 the princess 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 frigid 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 hostilities, and the payment of a large sum of money. And as the possession of these colonies 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 Wilmot 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,

"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, 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 informs you through me, of the continuance of his gracious favour, and that nothing can alter his Majesty's favourable disposition towards you.

A. van Dyck pinxt

A. H. Payne sc

CHARLES JAMES HENRIETTA.

The Children of Charles I

Die Kinder Karl I

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"Humph! — I know what the favourable disposition of an Englishman means," said Vandyke peevishly, — "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 every 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 father confessors 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 in-

tended 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 sprung from his couch, and called aloud for his servants.

"Softly Sir,' 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 two sisters, 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 doubtlessly 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

G. Dow pinxt. A. H. Payne sc.

Gerard Dow

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 effort of his friends, Buckingham and Dudley had been made too late. A long course of dissipation had already undermined his constitution. 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 Gerhard Dow. 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 work in silence.

At this moment the clear sounding voice of the master's wife, was heard without. — Mieris seized his hat and cloak, and hastily sprang into the half lighted corridor. Startled at his sudden apearance, 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, I love you, — I admit it, but my duty is vowed to my husband, and I will keep my vow, — for the future avoid me; Holland has maidens 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 swear to 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 chesnut 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 hastily left his companion, stepped to the window, and whispered in a voice hoarse 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 van Mieris 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 Dow, had it not been for this farce 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 Mieris, — "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.

Mieris 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? to elope with Brigetta to Italy," asked Gabriel, earnestly.

"What will you fancy next!" said Mieris, — "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 mumerous 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 Mieris. 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 signal from Mieris. Pale and trembling, she remained seated beside her husband, a prey to the most cruel fears and apprehensions.

The last words of Mieris haunted her as it were; she pictured to herself the handsome youth for whom she really felt an affection, perishing 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 Mieris however gave her no time to put this excellent plan in operation, the moment she entered the garden he caught her in his arm, 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 embraces of her lover; she permitted, and even returned his caresses; trembling like an aspen leaf, she suffered Mieris to half lead, half carry her

owards 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 calm 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 Lasoo, 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" immediately darted off towards the house, with all the speed of which she was capable, and entering the room where the master was still playing, 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.

Bartolomeo 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 instructions 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 Velasquez, whose grand and simple manner he admired and adopted.

To 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 Painting, 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 the Cloister 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 Pinokothek at Munich) 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, and 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 that prevades this great picture is however mere human beauty, that it is wanting in the ideality and spiritual graces of the Italian school. It is true that the beauty is human — but at the same time it is human beauty,

Murillo pinx.
D. I. Pound sc

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Dutch Winter Scene — Hollandische Winter-Landschaft

of such a noble and exalted character, that we may hesitate to decide, whether the god-like daughter by Earth of 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 chesnut brown hair and dear blue eyes, are shown the peculiar characteristics of the ancient gothic race; and Donna Maria Seganez 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 Marshall 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 though 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 symtoms 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.

DUTCH WINTER SCENE.

Painted by A VANDEVELDE.

This is one of those scenes of familiar life, as seen in the Netherlands, that this great painter delighted in transferring to his canvass. 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 Haerlem in 1620, and died of the plague in that city in the year 1664. His father was a sculptor named Peter Begyn, from whom he probably received his first instructions in Art; he afterwards became a pupil of Adrian Ostade, and is considered one of the best followers of that master. His subjects are rustic festivities, the laboratories of alchymists, 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 Bega, by which he was invariably known in after life.

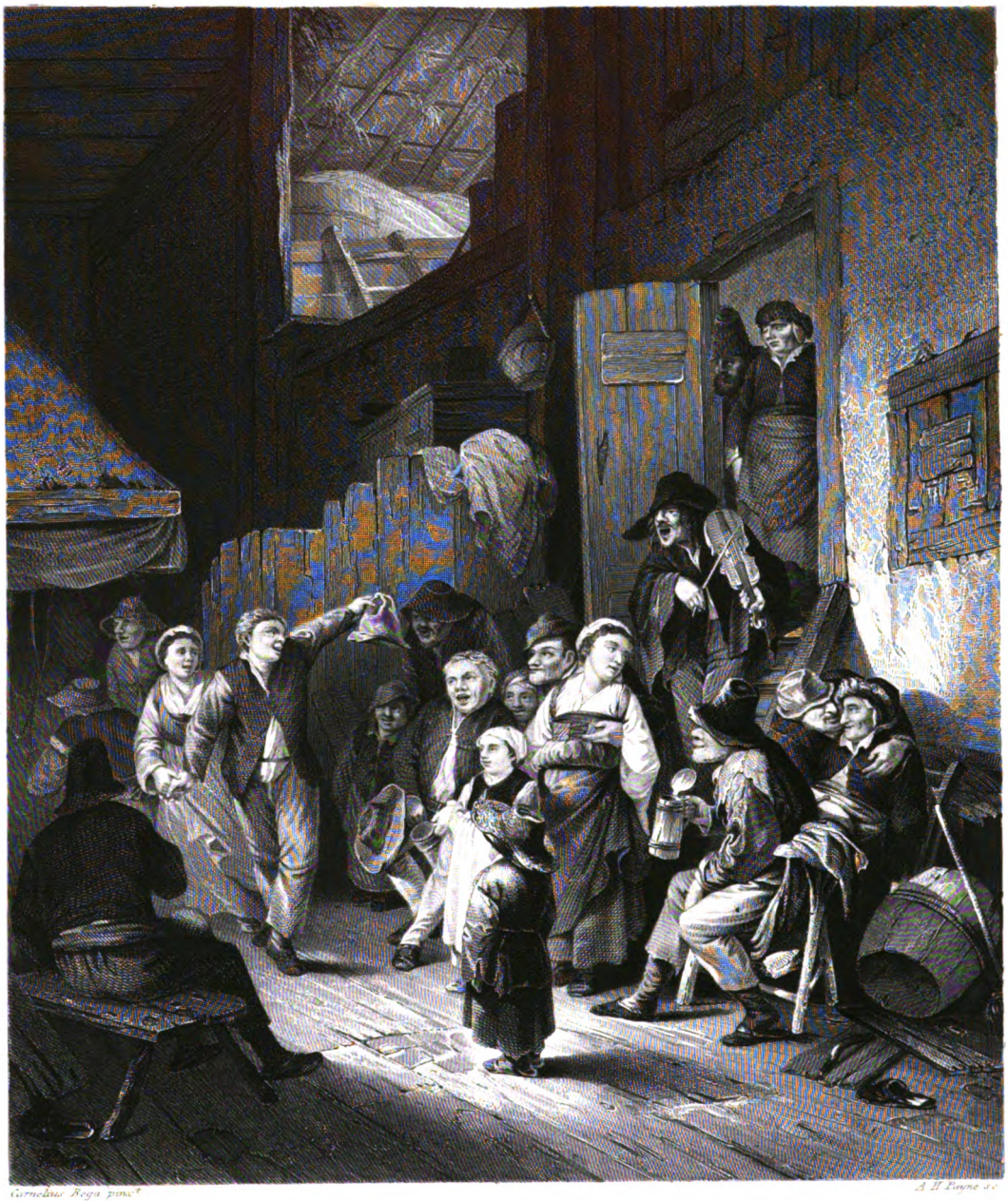
The picture before us possesses all the characteristics of this painter in an eminent degree, and while we admire the masterly skill and fidelity to nature, which this artist always exhibits, we shrink from the coarse and almost repulsive character, of the scenes he delights to portray.

FRANZ VAN MIERIS.

Painted by himself.

On the evening of Shrove tuesday 1659, the burghers of the good city of Leyden, were seen pouring in unusual 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 Breite 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 wives and daughters of the citizens.

In the midst of the crowd might have been observed a tall and handsome young man, of about six-and-twenty years of age, whose glance wandered in every direction through



Cornelius Bega pinx.t A. H. Payne s.c

A Village Inn Eine Dorfschenke

Published for the Proprietors by A. H. Payne Dresden and Leipzig

Fr. v. Mieris pinxit

A. H. Payne sc.

Frans van Mieris

receiving a visit in his Studio *erhält in seinem Atelier Besuch*

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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 interlectual countenance, his short velvet cloak was thrown negligently oven 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 Berlini; 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 aedem 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 Monks, 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 1576 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 wonderful 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 unembarassed 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-

dity 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 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 Ghisberto.

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 be!"

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

E M Sorgh pinx. A H Layne sc.

De Visverkoopers *Die Fischhändlerinnen*

Published for the Proprietors by A H Layne Dresden and Leipzig

THE FISHDEALER.

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 1644, 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 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 chose 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 Hingst, 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 besom, 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 moments 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 widows 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 contemptable 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 nothwithstanding 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 phrensy, 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 inpossible 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 toilsome 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, rejoiced, as she daily added a trifle to the sum destined to release her husbands painting.

One morning, Barbara had taken her place by the side of the Canal, that ran past the house of the Widow Hengst. 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

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The Bear Hunt La Chasse à l'Ours

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 but an end to his exertions at the too early age of 61.

THE BEAR-HUNT.

Painted by Franz Snyders.

In the Autumn of the year 1606, the wild plateaus and gloomy ravines, of the *Sierra de Guadarama*, the range of mountains that form the northern boundary of 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 vallies, 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 streets 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 symtoms of an inclination to throw off the yoke; this, as might have been expected from such a prince, was not shewn 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. Singularly enough however, 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 vigourous animal pieces of Franz Sny-

ders 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 dovoted 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 Guaderama; 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 last 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, gazette-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 Donna Mencia 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 Guedarama 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 Guedarama. The hunters having declared this weather to be favourable for the sport, the hounds were unkennelled, 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 these 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, Bruin 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 outcries 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 Mencio reared with such violence, that its fair rider was thrown from the saddle, and alighted 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 practiced 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 Senor 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 concerned 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 Mencia 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 Mencia had made that country hateful to him, and he returned with a heavy heart to his native land.

A LADY SINGING.

Painted by C. NETSCHER.

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

The vast saloon 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 gayer guests in the ball-room, spoke of Love and Pleasure.

Beside the chair of the Stattholder, 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 interlectual features. The Prelate appeared on this occasion merely as an Italian gentleman, and man of the world.

His cousin however, Giacomo del Monte, a tall dark man, in the dress of a Colonel of the Pope's life-guard, showed by the gloomy 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 Flemish 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, drooped a silvery plume of heron'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

Casp. Netscher pinx.
A. H. Payne sc.

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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 *mousquetaires* 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 heigth, 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 once 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, seeming 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 however 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 Dieties 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 grant-

ed by Van Sluits. Chavignys 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 snatched 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 sung, 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."

Sluits stepped forward, bowed, and took the instrument. Now began a performance that perfectly enraptured the auditors. Viola gave one of the noble melodies of Battagarini, 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 complements 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 Sluits 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 Sluits, but it must be at another game."

So saying, he immediately left the room, and in passing, beckoned Geraart to follow him. Van Sluits 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 Croustillac, and Monsieur De Dernouville.

The two Flemings followed the Frenchman at a short distance, and a few minutes walk, sufficed to bring them to the "Busch van Haag" a beautiful wood near the city, which was at that time, a mere village.

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GALLERIES

D. Teniers pinx.

A. H. Payne sc

The Chemist

Der Chemiker

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 swords from their seconds, and saluted each other by lowering the points of their weapons.

"Mynherr Van Sluits," said Crouslittac 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.

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-relievos 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 lives 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 mans' house," the better classes however, generally spoke of it as "the house of the Alchemist."

Here resided Erasmus de Pottern or Potterus, one of the most famous chemists of his time; he however scorned to practice the wretched charlitanism 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. And yet he was really in possession of many secrets which if proclaimed to the world, would have thrown the knowledge of the famous Johannes Peleagus 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: one thing however was certain, 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 "Kaysers Gracht" should be pulled down, in order to widen and improve the thoroughfares of thecity, 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 regulary to church, and supplied the ne-

cessitous 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; 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 a considerable amount of fees from the pockets of the worthy Hollanders. 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 the art 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 Alembic, and a collection of the sculls 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 a 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 indispensable to his existence.

Erasmus repaid the information he received from Trombona, by instuctions 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; 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 inmost 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 staircase 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-

nion 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 revolved 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 is if to aid its failing sight: Trombona withdrew from the window, but the next minute the door opened, and the unfortunate Potterus 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 uniutelligible to him: while the tongue that alone could have explained the mystery, was silenced for ever.

In a phrensy of despair Trembona 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.

A SKIRMISH OF CAVALRY.

Painted by 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.

Das Reitergefecht — Skirmish of Cavalry.

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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 oppressors, that the prisoners who fell into the the hands 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 muttered 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 treasonable understanding with yonder band of heretics: Corpo de Bacco! 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 to make no 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."

Scarcely had the necessary sentinels 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, the cavalry sprung 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 dripping 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 gauntleted 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 boven".

"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, —

"Morita! it is Orange himself! Hay no Castele! 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 *mélee*.

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 caus-

ing 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."

THE MAGDELEN.

Painted by Correggio.

Antonio Allegri surnamed Correggio, was born at a small town of that name near Modena, in the year 1414. Of the circumstances of his life litle 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 Begarelli, 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, "Auch' 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, 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 be-

Magdeléon

Magdeléna

yond 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 coin.

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, and 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.

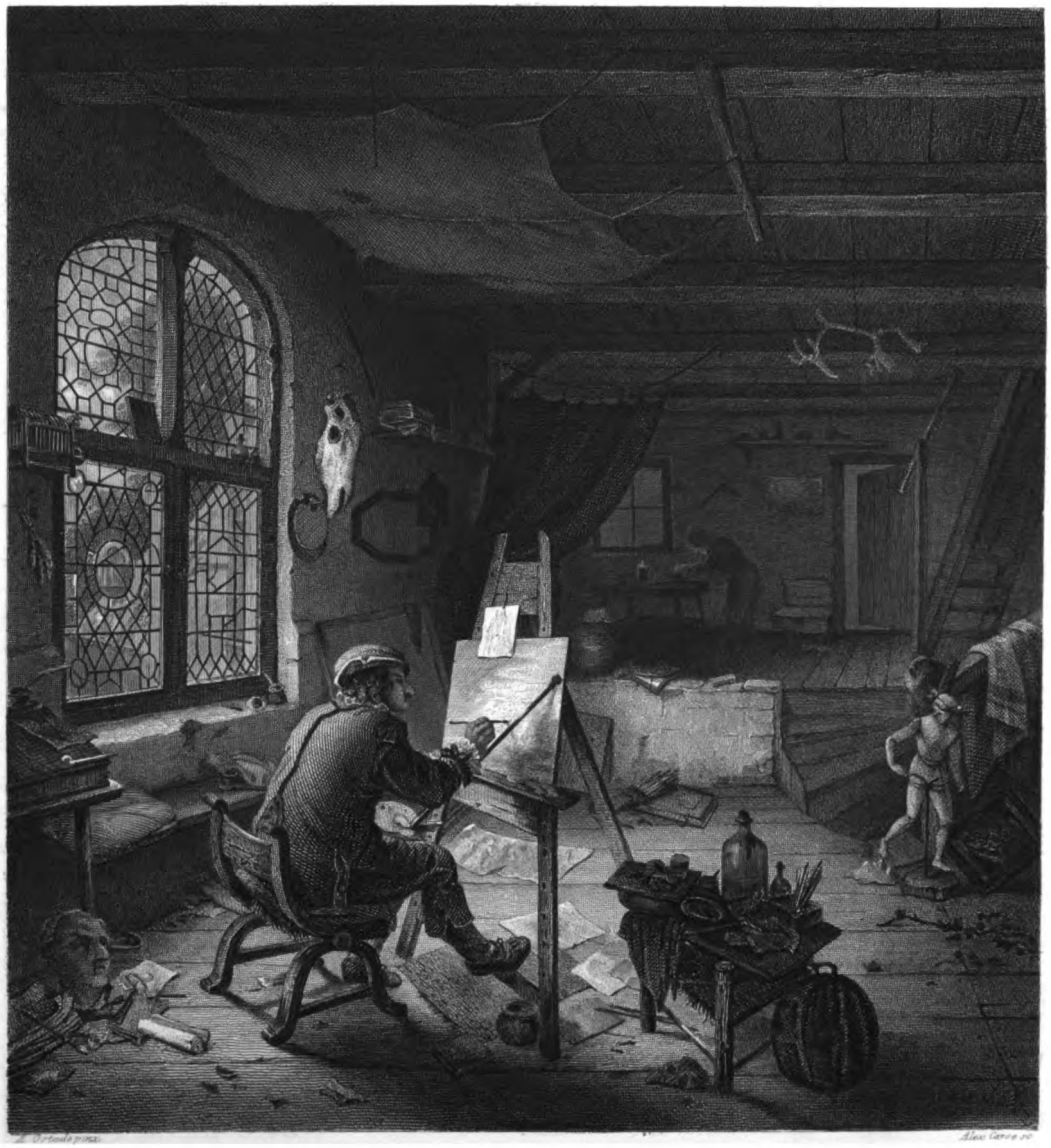
This picture is one of the most excellent, and at the same time, one of the most pleasing pictures ever painted by this master. Here we can contemplate the warm and delicious colouring, the correctness of perspective, and almost magical mastery of light and shade, for which this painter is so deservedly famous, without being forced at the same moment to look upon a group of drunken boors, 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 Eglon Vanderneer.

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 Mynheer 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.



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E. v. d. Neer pinx.

A. W. Bogue sc.

The Lute Player. Old Masters pl. 10.

Published for the Proprietors by A. W. Bogue, 109 Fleet Street, London.

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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 Von 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 Mieris. 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 Eglon 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 —

"Wilhelmus Van Nassauen
Ben ick van duytichen Bloed."

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 strophy 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, 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. 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. 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 Brockwelt, 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 Düsseldorf, 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.

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L'Orbetto pinx.

D. Pound sc.

David

with the head of Goliath *mit dem Haupte Goliaths.*

Publishe'd by the Proprietors at A. H. Payne Dres. Jerrard Leipzig

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Ch. Pourdier pinx.

A.B. Payne sc

Le Lansquenet

Le Gentilhomme

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, Stellin 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, or 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 chan-

gers 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 bearing lofty and dignified, and not without 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 reverendly 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 artist Christoph Pauditz or as he was sometimes called Paudiss, 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 Swedes, 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 apartment, 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 when the age for sexual feelings had arrived, 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 his 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; "all 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."

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Fr. van Mieris pinx.

A. H. Payne sc.

„Listen, Doctor Justus," said Valentina — It is none other, than Bernhard, 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 Valentina was however 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 1635, at Leyden, (according to other accounts at Delft). After receiving during his earliest youth, instructions in drawing from the well-known painter Jacob Toorenvlit, he chose Abraham Van Temple, and Gerhard Dow 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

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Esther and Ahasuerus

ease and rapidity, without however 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.

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 common-place, 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 in 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 1484. It is not known with certainty, from whom he received his instruction in art, but according to Rinaldini 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 4539 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 chiar'oscuro, 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 Hooghe.

Little can be stated with certainly concerning the life of this Painter, who is known by the several names of Hooghe, Hooge, and Hooch. It is probable he was born about the year 1642, 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 Nicolas Ber-

Christ and Matthew — Christus und Matthäus.

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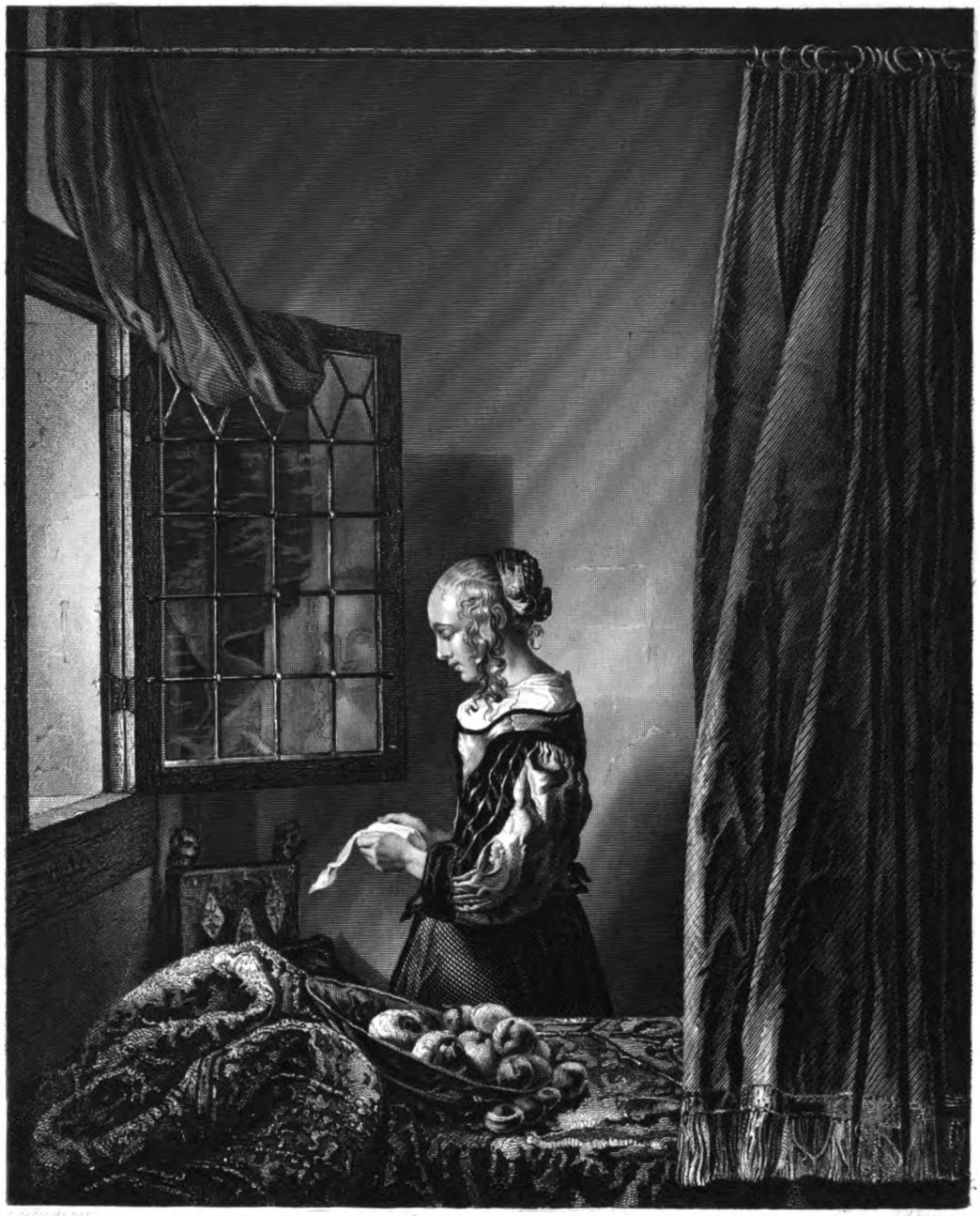

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P. v. Steegeland pinx.

A. H. Payne sc.

The Farmerin

Die Bauernfrau

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ghem. He afterwards studied the works of Mieris, Metzu, and Slingeland, 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 Hooghe. 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 950*l.* 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 METZU.

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 ladies' 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.

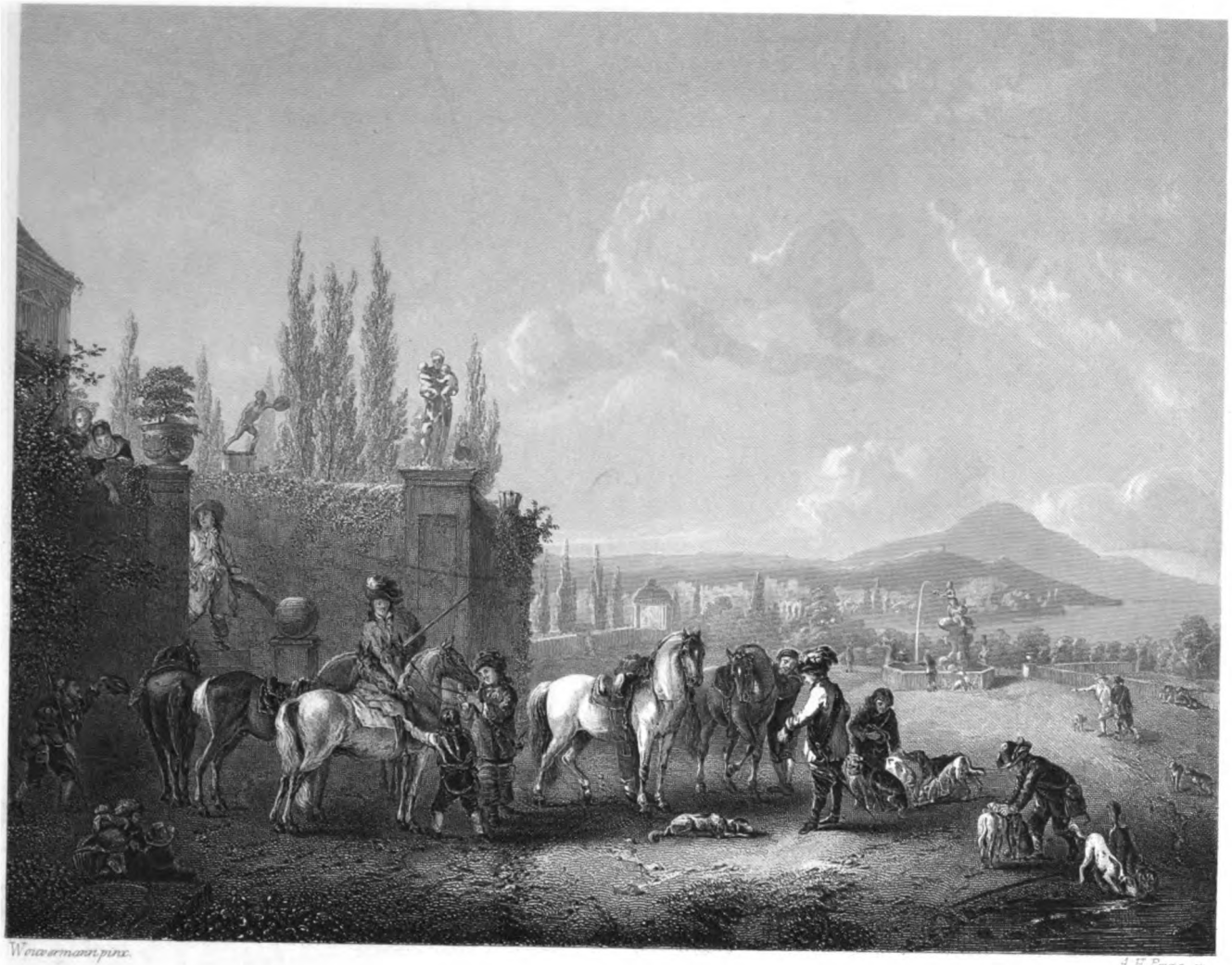
The first grey dawn of an autumnal morning, broke slowly over the proud towers, and delicious gardens of the Chateau la Tour, one of the most magnificent hunting seats of the kings of France. The Sun had not yet risen, and the beautiful valley of the Adour, lay still slumbering in the holy twilight; 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 Damoiselles!"

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 hastenned to assist their masters at the toilette, or to offer them the first "dejeuné." Soon the great gates were thrown open, and a pack of noble hounds, gaping and snuffing the morning air, began to pace slowly to and fro the open space before the Chateau, while the 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 bridles.



Weenermann pinx.

A.H. Payne sc.

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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 beast?"

"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! said he, sighing deeply.

Eh bien!

Ah Vous, si Vous m'aima un pau

Plaignis m'un pau peccaïre — 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 bane rats.

During the latter part of this speech, Jeannette 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 Jeannette, "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.

Jeannette 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 muttured 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 lightly 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 quarrel 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 aven 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 Sennor! 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."

Jeannette 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'Estreés, 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 ails you then Le Clou, the formality of your speech, and the the solemnity your looks, are altogether too admirable."

"My gracious liege, I have the honour 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 Jeannette 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 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 "menu 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 for me, 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 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" muttured Luron.

"Hate against this double faced, Henri of Bearn; this broken reed of Egypt, that wounds the hand of him who leans upon it. I have given you my word, and pour la Madonna 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 teazing 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 Caballero!"

„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 go in every following hunt, induced me to —"

"Point de favour, 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 saint 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 standing beside the King shrunk back and began to bark furiously.

"Tranquille! this time you forget your part," said the King, bethink 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, Henri 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 sumpter horses and mules, the former loaded with arms and provisions, and the latter with their eyes hoodwinked, and 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 unsucessfully at a noble stag, and with his usual impetuosity threw away the firelock, and set off at full gallop in pursuit.

Le Clou 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 horse could carry him, he soon found however, that his horse 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, whose steed seemed to fly through the forest with the swiftness of the wind.

There was one steed in company however, 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 the King, the latter having 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.

"Mordrons! cried he in his gascon 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 menagé, 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 the hug 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'Estrees, 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 Jeannette 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'Estrees, 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. Thanks-giving 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, reverendly before Gabriele, exclaimed —

"Gracious Lady! pray you, as we are now free from this Spanish scoundrel, 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 sumpter 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 of the Chateau.

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.

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

Returning from the Chase

Die Rückkehr von der Jagd

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M. Hondekoeter pinx.

A. H. Payne sc.

Poultry attacked by a Hawk

Die Hühner und der Raubvogel

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 HONDEKOETER.

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, that 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.

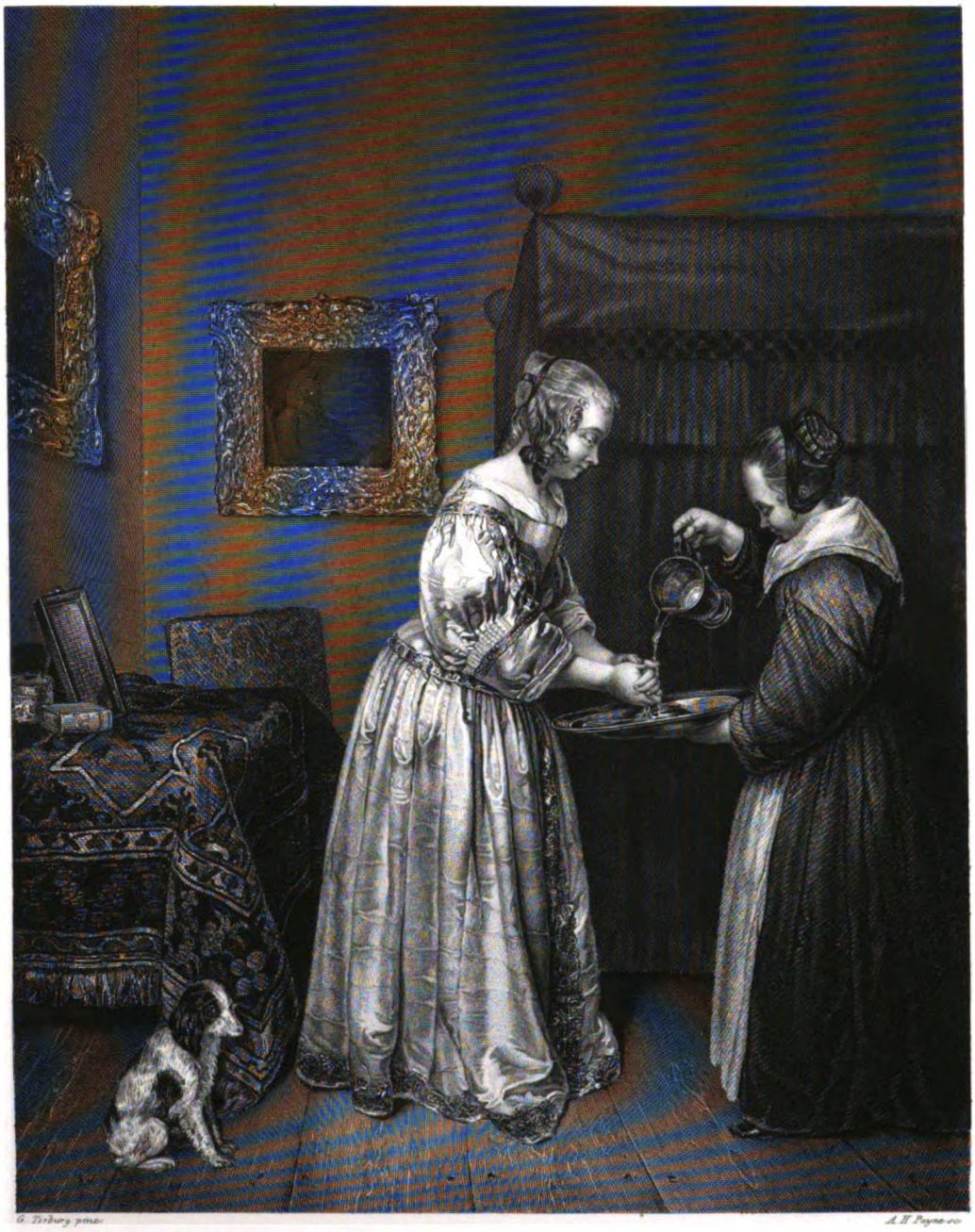
Painted by GERHARD TERBURG.

Gerhard Terburg, one of the most famous painters of the Dutch school of art, was born in the year 1608, at Zwoll in the province of Oberissel. 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 masters, 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 unwearied industry, had already procured him, an ample amount both of fame and fortune, when in the year 1648, 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 master-piece generally known as "The Peace of Münster," which contains portraits of the eighty-six ambassadors who formed the Congress.

The Spanish ambassador, Count Guzman Penoranda, 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 however 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.



Love Disarmed, or Atlas Weed. A Lady in a Satin Dress

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Drawn by Ostade pinx.

A.H. Payne Sc.

Netherlandische Winter-Landschaft

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 1645.

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 Gerhard Dow.

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 charlitans. 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.

Ger Dou pinxt. D. P. Pound sc.

The Dentist. *Der Zahnarzt*

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A Lady playing the Harpsichord. Die Clavierspielerin

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 developement, 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 Bennedetto 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 Ludovasi, 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 and his Daughters Loth und seine Töchter.

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The Peasants Wedding. Niederländische Bauernhochzeit.

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 and 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 "Braut 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 Brautrede" 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 "Brauttafel" (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 guests 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

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The Wedding at Cana. *Die Hochzeit zu Cannan.*

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.

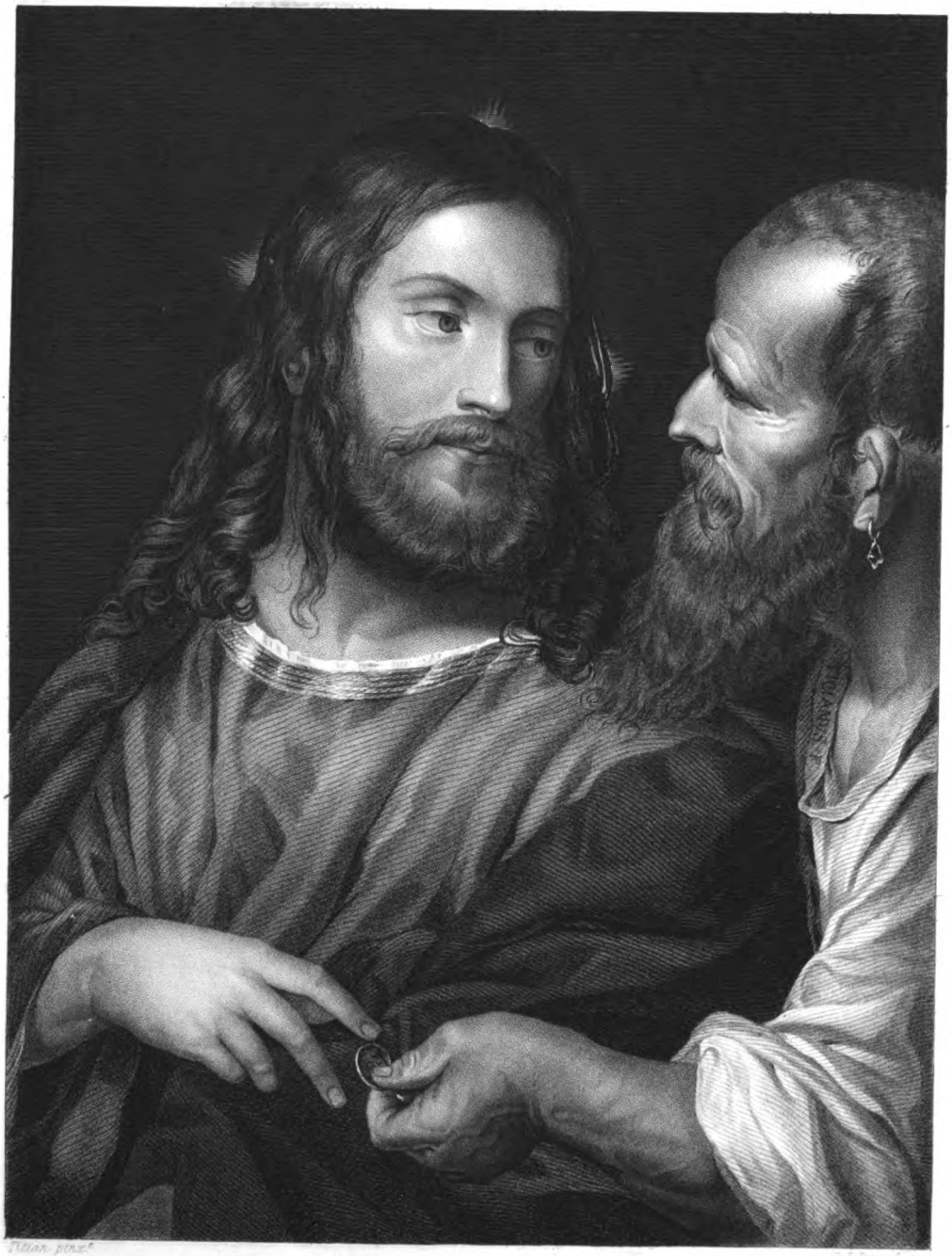
The first miracle of our Lord, has furnished this great master with a subject in every way suited to his peculiar genius, which delighted in portraying, feasts, marriages, and other festal ceremonies, in which a large number of persons are brought together. Even if the usual glory around the head of the Redeemer had been omited, we should have had 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 *simposiarch*; 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 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 exsists 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, Dr. Clarke says," we saw large massy stone pots, answering the discription 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 diciples and all the people; for there was never 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 Coun-



Titian. pinxt.

The Tribute Money. *Der Zinsgroschen.*

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try 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, Carravaggio, 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; 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 visissitudes 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 a 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 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 Veronese.

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 Ahasuerus. 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 circumstances, the reputation of being one of the most learned and accomplished men of his time. As one of the

Christ on the way to Golgotha — Christus auf dem Wege nach Golgotha

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 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, Ahasueus 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 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 pitious 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 irresistable 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 every where 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 dovoted 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 wolfish 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 felt 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 tyranised 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 the 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.

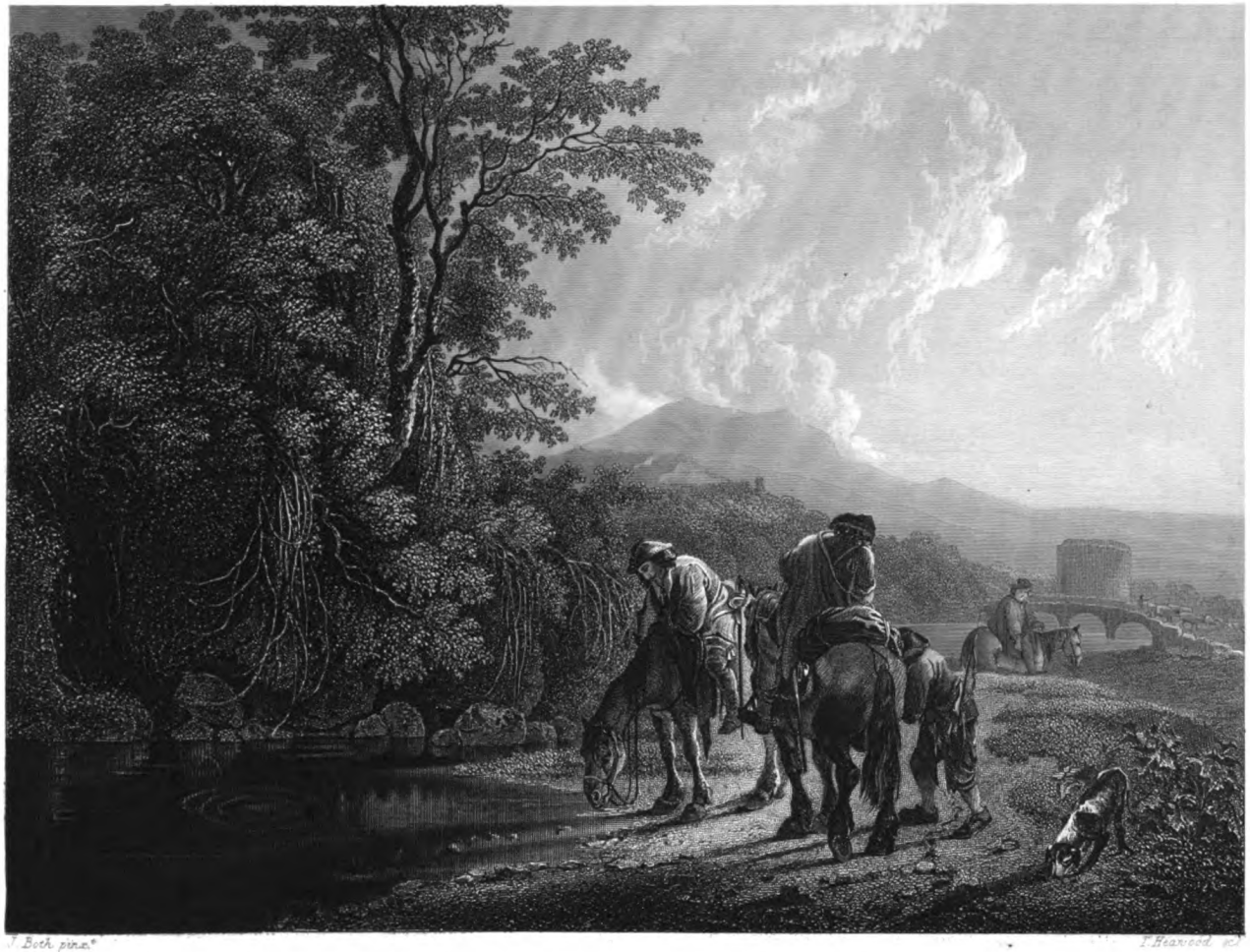
Painted by John Both.

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



T. Both. pinx.ᵗ

T. Beaxwood sc.

Evening. *Der Abend.*

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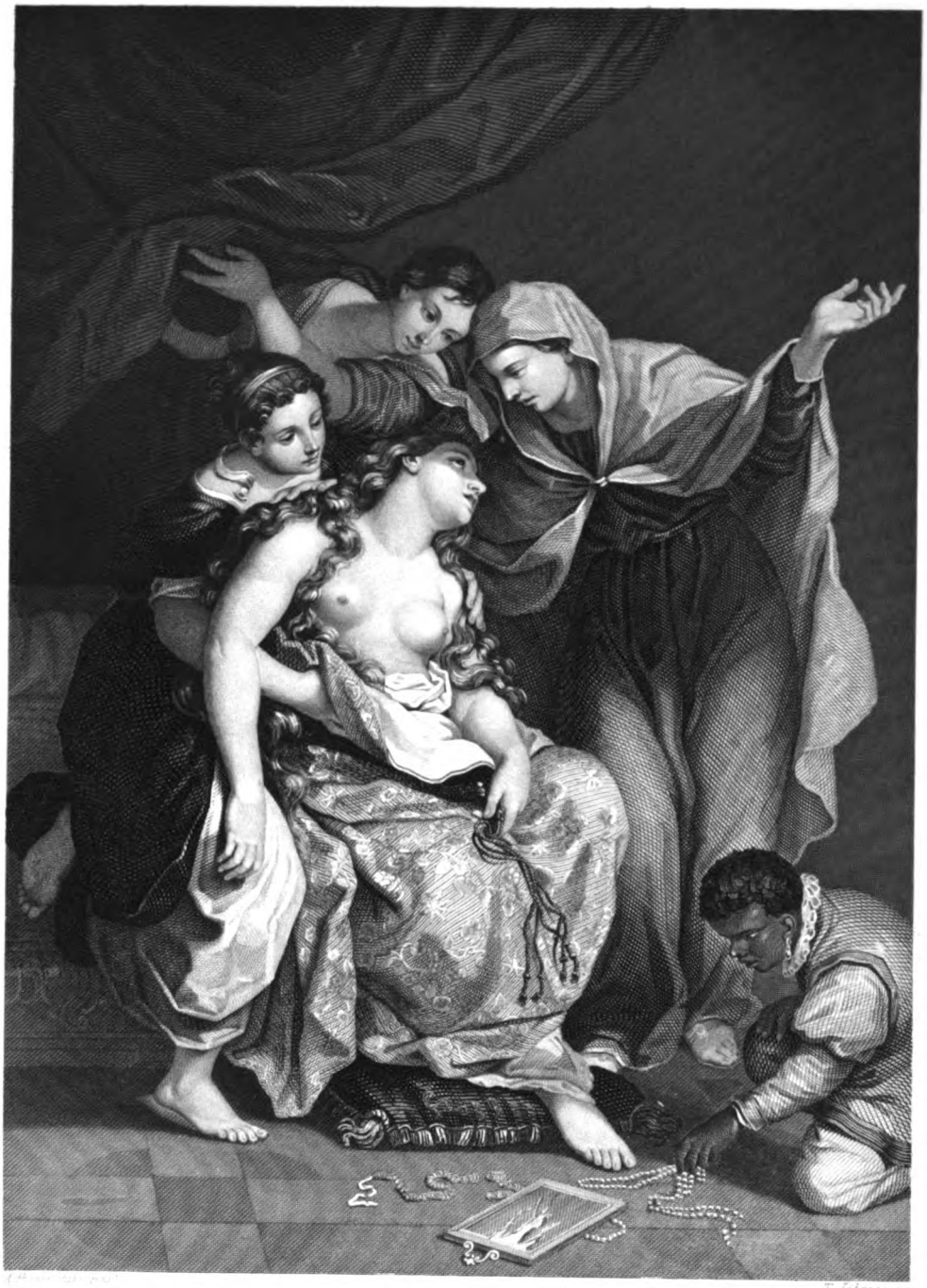


painter Abraham Bloemart. Johann devoted himself, to the study of landscape, and Andreas, to compositions of rustic figures; but united not less by fraternal affection, than by an ardent zeal for excellence in art, most of their pictures were the result of their combined talents, each painting that part of the subject best suited to his peculiar genius. They visited Italy early in life, where Andreas chose Peter de Laar (surnamed Bambocchio) 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 bye-name of "the Italian Both"; while from the elegance of his arrangement, the airyness of his distances, the luxuriancy 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 masterpieces, 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.

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 sainted 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

· of the events detailed by Matthew, Mark, and John; so different indeed, that it ırs no less wonderful that the sinful woman there mentioned, should ever have been ɔsed the same as Mary the respected sister of Lazarus, than that she should have identified with Mary Magdalene. The first of these anointings in point of time, was ntly that recorded by St. Luke, which took place in Gallilee, in the house of Simon 'harisee. The second, at Bethany, in the house of Lazarus, whose sister Mary, gave proof of her reverence for Christ who had raised her brother from the dead; and the , four days later in the same place, at the house of Simon the leper, when the head hrist was anointed by a woman not named, and when some of the diciples objected ıe circumstance on the ground of the extravagant waste of the precious ointment.

arco Antonio Franceschini, the painter of this picture, entered the world at Bologna, ıe year 1668. He may be considered as the last follower of the school of art founded he Carracci; he was instructed in the rudiments of art, by Galli-Bibiena, and after- ds became the scholar, and intimate friend of Cignani. Under the guidance of this ter, his progress was rapid, and he founded his style upon the study of his works and e of Guido. A considerable portion of many paintings that bear the name of Cignani, the work of this artist, who possessed the power of closely imitating the manner of nstructor, for whom he also designed a considerable number of Cartoons.

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

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

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

Notwithstanding this fault, he was not altogether deficient in originality, but his imagina- ı was not rich enough to prevent him from too frequently repeating the same idea. In ouring, his earlier works are close imitations of the style of Cignani, but in his later ɔductions, his study of the works of Guido led him to adopt a peculiar brilliancy and gance of manner, which has met with universal approbation. His pencilling is bold d free, and the effects of light and shade in his pictures, ever exhibit the hand of a master.

The Monastery *Das Kloster*

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 1635, 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 Berchem, 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 undiminished to the present day.

In every department of Landscape painting, Ruisdael shows his perfect and intimate acquaintance with nature; whether he depicts the shadowy wood, or the sunny cornfield; the placid stream, or the foaming cataract; the glassy lake, or the stormy ocean; his pictures are alike redolent of living truth and beauty. His handling is free, vigorous, and graceful; his management of light and shade, broad and masterly; and his style is unmixed with the slightest tincture of affectation or mannerism. In the execution of figures he was less happy, and those which enliven his landscapes, are said to have been generally painted either by Wouvermann or Vandevelde.

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.

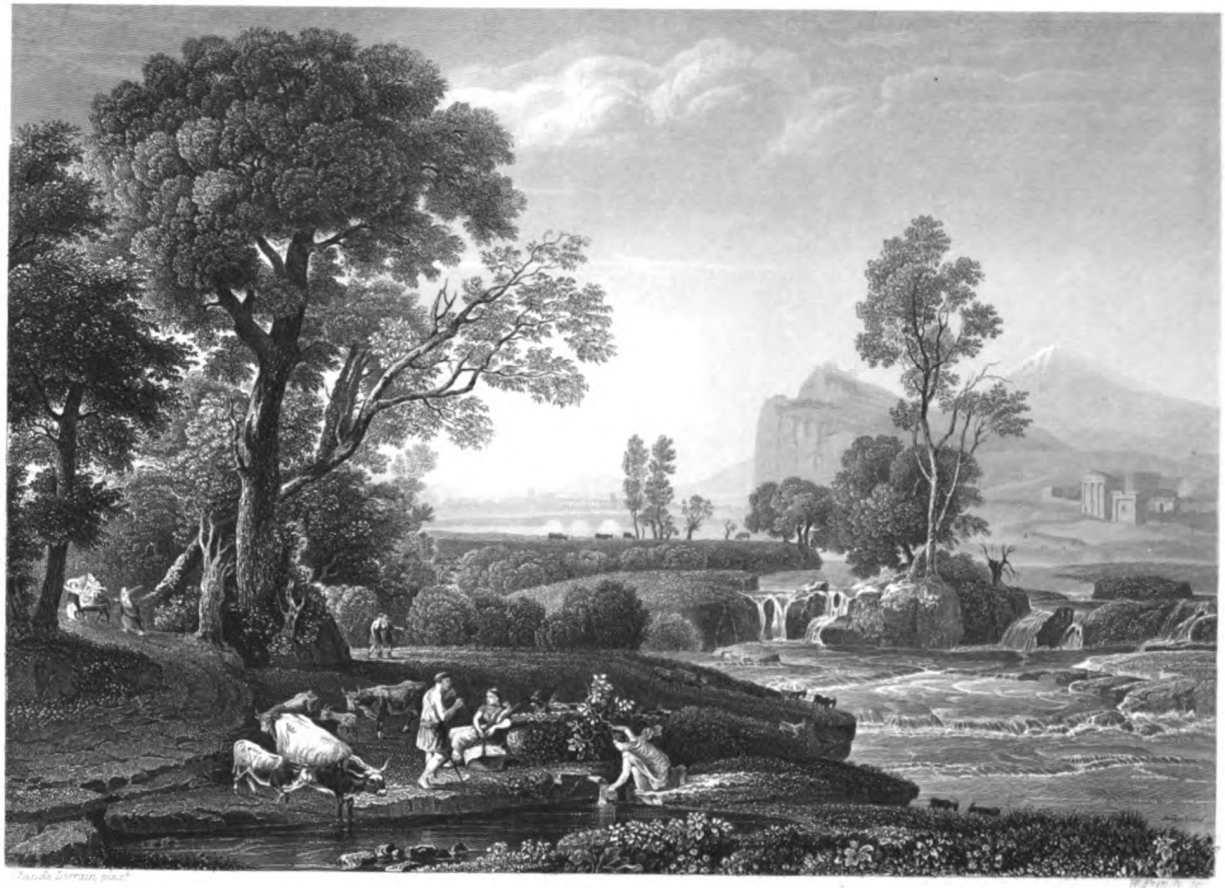
Nature as depicted in the works of Ruisdael, is nature in the garb she assumes in the North of Europe, it does not appear that he ever had an opportunity of visiting Italy, and consequently the gorgeous aerial effects which we admire in the paintings of "the Italian Both," and the still more magnificent 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 in-

deed 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 landcapes that yearly 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 tranquillity 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.



Claude Lorrain pinxt.

The Flight into Egypt

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 mastsr gave an entertainment to some brother artists, the Patés 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 interlects 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 canvass, 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 canvass; 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 transfernig that lovely scene, to the canvass 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 gentle declivity of the Janiculus, 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 etherial 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 etherial, 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

Devonshire; the sketches it contains were engraved by Earlom, 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 Hagar 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 heigths. 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.

Stephani Pinx. Stephani Sculp.

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 Paoli 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 chiar'scuro, 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 frescos, 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 sainted 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-

Die Madonna des heiligen Sixtus

CITY COLL

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J. Jacobsen pinxt.

W. French sc.

A Wild Boar Hunt — Die Wildschweinsjagd

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 moriente mori."

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 irresistable passion that she exhibited 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 bay, 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 degenerate days, when a Stag that is nearly as tame as a sheep is brought to the place of meeting in a cart, its horns having been previously sawn off in order to prevent the possibility of danger, 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 temerity 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 nominal 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 inspiriting 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 Vanzeyl, we now never see a visitor. I must tell you also Mynheer, that Jaques Vanzeyl said to me only yesterday, that he was nearly tired of submitting to the unfeminine caprices of such a crack-brained girl, and that if she did not shortly turn over a new leaf, she would never become Madame Vanzeyl, but that he should rather recommend her to enlist in the Walloon horse guards, or the Chasseurs of Lorrain."

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 only 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 farther 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 hare 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 Catharina mischieviously, "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 housekeeper. 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 disapprobation 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 —

"Hollo 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 great 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 white 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 ancle 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

P. van Slingeland pinx.t A. H. Payne sc.

The Musical Rehearsal. Die Musikprobe.

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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 effeminacy, 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 both as a componist 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 be 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 be 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 labour of love on the part of the musician, by the most hyberbolical 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 regaird to musical excellence, he was yesterday positively enraptured with my masterpiece; ndeed, such enthusiasm I have seldom witnessed. No doubt he will be a gereat composer, meanwhile however he must learn an instrument, though I really scarcly 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 Picolo, 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 Solomon 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.

Neeerhout 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! 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 remembrance, 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 1712: 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

Die Flucht nach Egypt. Maria mit dem Leichnam

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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

neighbourhood, and receives with proper dignity the glass containing a specimen of the new brewage, from the hands of the smiling and attentive landord, who seems to be aware that the most able connoisseur of the district, is about to pronounce judgment 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 GABRIEL 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."

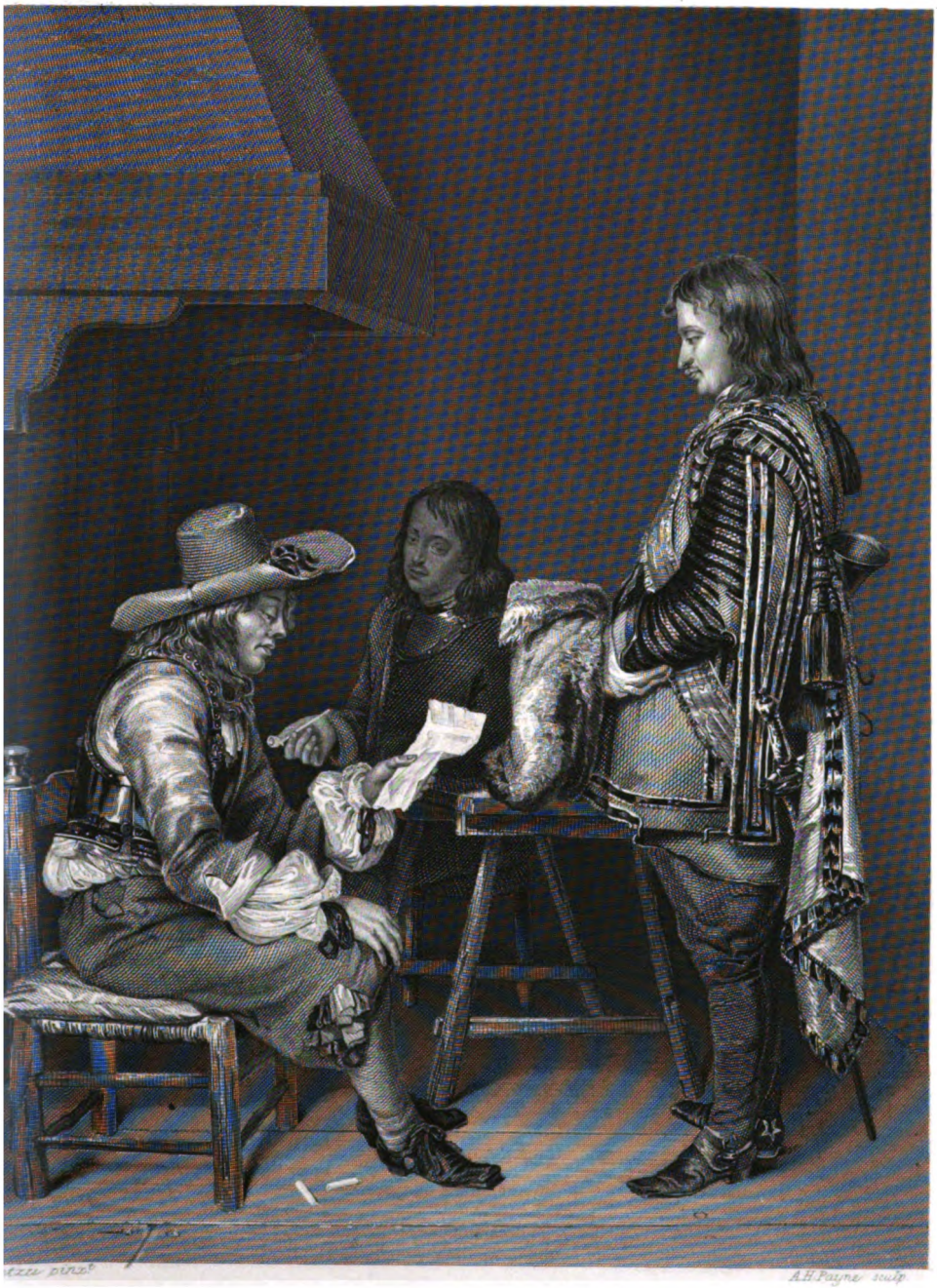
"Bon!" returned the Marshal in a clear musical voice, "and what is the unpronouncable name of this Bavarian Lieutenant."

"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.



Teniers pinxt. A.H. Payne sculp.

The Intercepted Letter.

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"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 Schachte," 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 Québrient 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

Marshal into the street which he had indicated as being that in which

necessary to relate the circumstances that had caused an officer of such
, to be personally engaged in such a dangerous and desperate enter-
ıt.
›re, one of the foraging parties of the French army, had captured a re-
ıl girl, whom they conducted before their commander the Marshal
soon as he understood that she was a native of Rothweil, proceeded to
ɛly concerning the strength of the Bavarian garrison in that city, These
ver refused to answer, and earnestly demanded to be set at liberty.
ır ordered her to be detained, and on a second examination, she told him
ould rather die than give the slightest information to the French, who had
ıed with the Swedes, to plunder and oppress her native land. In these in-
briant she exhibited so much courage. and such a charming simplicity of
ed to her personal beauty, it completely effected the conquest of the old
d he became what is vulgarly called "overhead and ears in love," with
ɛelf-willed girl. His mode of wooing certainly savoured strongly of the
: been twenty years younger, and had the heart of Caroline been disen-
erhaps have not been ill-suited, to her simple and energetic character.
said Québriant, abruptly entering the apartment in which his fair captive
love you! look at me, — if you think you can return my passion, say
ly to make you the wife of a Marshal of France."
n Herr," replied Caroline sobbing, "I already have a lover, who is no
e certainly, but he is much younger and handsomer than you."
ɛssed his long mustache, which time had already streaked with grey, be-
and thumb for a few seconds, and then turned and left the apartment, if
ı love than ever; humming as he did so the words of the old French

"Et si le Roi savait
La vie que nous mènons,
Il descendait du trône
Et se ferait Dragon."

now employed Sans-Regret as his emissary, who from the circumstance
ɛen some time a prisoner in Rothweil, was acquainted with many of the
that city. He so far succeeded in obtaining her confidence, that she in-
her name and place of residence, but when he began to speak in favour
the Marshal, she refused to listen to him. When he repeated his visit
sappeared; she had effected her escape by some means, but how, could
e ascertained.

G. v. d. Eeckhout pinxt

A. H. Payne sculpt.

Simeon in the Temple. *Simeon im Tempel.*

"En avant!" shouted the Marshal, dismount comrade, here Uncle Québrion 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 instantly 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 Québrion 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 Québrion" 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. v. d. 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 the 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 asso-

ciates 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 brillancy 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 Pinakothek at Munich, deserve to be honour-

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P. J. Sartorius pinx.t A. H. Payne sc.

St George and the Dragon. Der heilige Georg

ably mentioned; he also left behind him numerous etchings, which are now highly valued. He expired in the year 1674.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

Painted by G. PENNI.

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 Errand, 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 florished 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 this 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 Arianism. 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 downfal 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 Athanasian party was esteemed a shining example of evangelical

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Jacob and Rachel. Jacob und Rachel.

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 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 bye-name of "il Fattore." He assisted Raphael especially in drawing cartoons for tapestry, and executed the colouring of the picture of Abraham aud 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 canvass 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 exercised 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.

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; 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 incontrovertable 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 Haouran, 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 marriage 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 singulary 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 con-

siderably, 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 minutiae, 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 bolder, 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 animated 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.

W. C. Wrankmore sc.

M. Magdalen. *The Magdalene*

London: Published by Art Union of London, 1840.

THE MAGDALEN.

Painted by FRANCESCO GESSI.

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 a 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 bye-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 in Bologna was visited by numerous scholars, but not until after the departure of Guido. Gessi expired in the year 1649.

SATYRS AND NYMPHS.

PAINTED BY PETER PAUL RUBENS.

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 chace. 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 the 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 chace. 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 1585, 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

P.P.Rubens pinx.

J.J.Pasard sculp.

Satyres and Nymphes. Satyre and Nymphen.

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 Chiaroscuro, 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 Arquebusiers 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 subject of the painting. Instead of this Rubens painted the Descent from the cross, in which St. Christopher appears as the man who is bearing 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 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 Medicis summoned him to Paris to decorate with his works, the newly erected Palace of the Luxumbourg; 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 discription of the paintings, which appeared in the form of a poem entitled "Porticus Maedicaea", 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 Medicis 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 expences, 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 agreable 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. Bloemart, 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 Rombouts 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 funeral 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,

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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 medals, was sold after his death, pursuant to the directions contained in his 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.

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 Netcher 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 Bye, and while with this artist, he painted a scene in the Palatinate from recollection in such an excellent manner, that his 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 invariable 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 pictures 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, transfered to the canvass 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.

A PORTRAIT.

Painted by Anthony Vandyke.

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

A. Van Dyk pinxt. A. H. Payne sculp.

A Portrait,

(of an unknown Person.)

Ein Bildniss,

(eines Unbekannten.)

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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 occasionally 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 unfinished 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 Savelthem, 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 ecstacy, in which he displayed the improvement resulting from his study of the ancient masters. He also obtained from Roger Braye, 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 Crayer. 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 disagreable affairs at Antwerp, he accepted an invitation from Prince Frederick 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 I, 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.

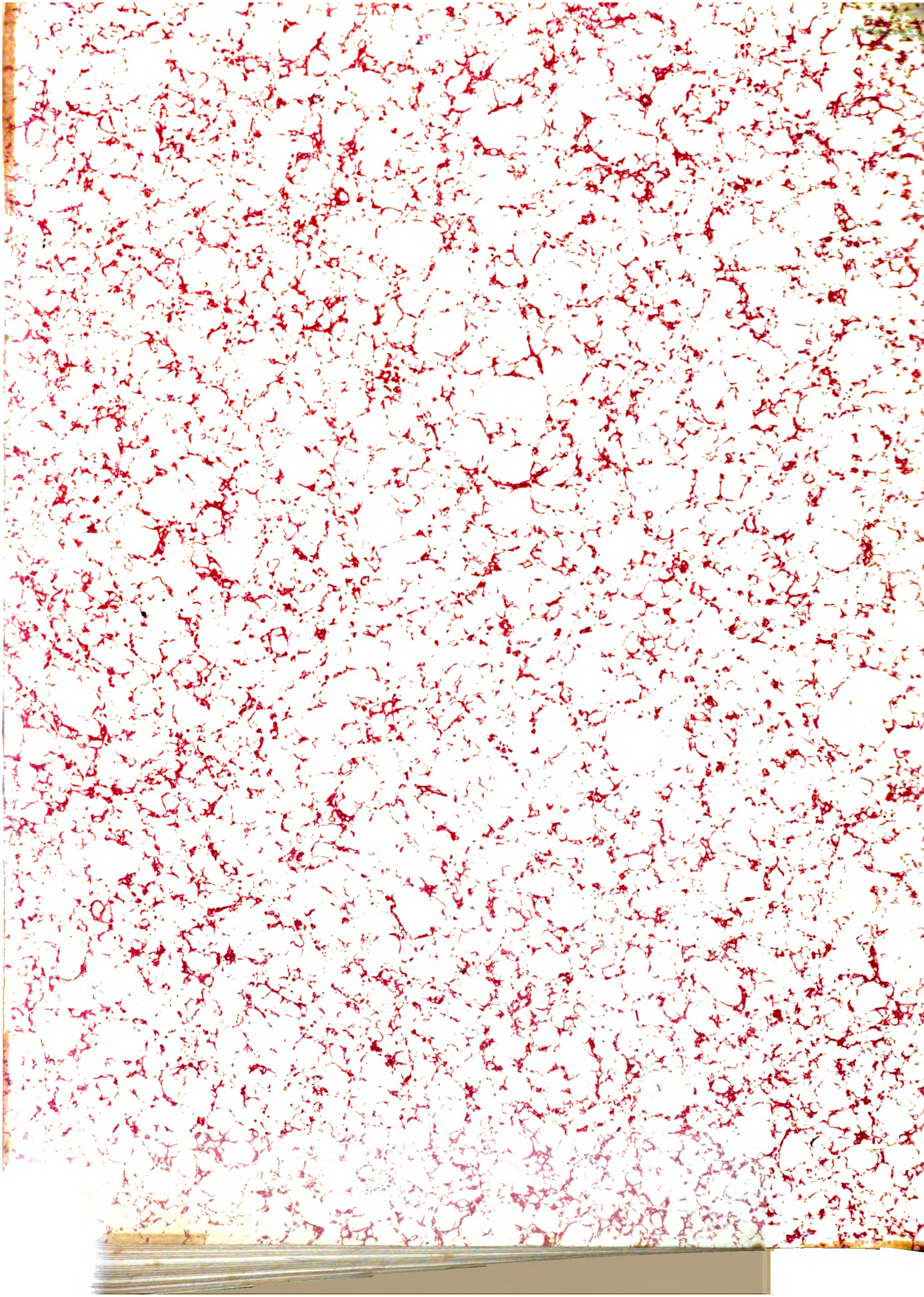
As a portrait painter, Vandyke occupies the highest pinnacle of his Art, and in this department he is considered to be equal if not superior to Titian. As an historical painter his genius was inferior in vigour and fertility to that of his instructor Rubens; but his drawing is more correct, and his compositions 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. C. 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 Puysieux, 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 Lesborough, at that time Lord Duncannor, 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 Louisd'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.