

vote yourself to the art, and be the founder of your own fortune."

Paul bowed his head and sighed heavily, when he thought of poor Celestine, who suspected nothing of the horrible situation of her father. "Will they permit me to speak to the unhappy De Witt?" demanded Paul, after a moment's silence.

"If you are anxious to be considered as an accomplice, and would like to wear a pair of handcuffs."

Paul, at this intelligence, was overcome with grief and melancholy, while his host tried many ways to divert him.

At length, Van Aelst said, "Come, Paul, I shall show you the parrot that made my fortune, and won me a wife." At these words, he conducted him into a beautiful cabinet, the walls of which were covered with paintings. They represented dead pheasants, heathcocks, and birds of all kinds; amongst which, the portrait of the parrot occupied a particular place of honour. At the sight of these pictures, the love of young Wouwerman for the art, revived. He was surprised at the strong resemblance to nature, and would never have wearied in admiring the beautiful plumage so strikingly portrayed by the ingenious pencil of Van Aelst.

The painter felt flattered at the encomiums young Wouwerman bestowed so warmly upon his works—and drawing himself erect, with a self-satisfied importance, said:—

"You have taste, Paul—you have true taste—you will be a great man yet—you see everything correctly. Would you believe it, I have sometimes the mortification to behold my partridges and my pheasants placed in the galleries, between Potter and Bergham, nay, even under a holy family of Francis Floris, or Denis Calvert—and need I say, how much it has annoyed me to see my birds in the midst of these smoked and withered looking old angels and virgins. It is then that I see the ridiculous and sublime, and fear that I am condemned to perpetual obscurity."

The next day, Paul quitted this honest man and returned to his sister. On his arrival, he found waiting for him, the following letter, which fortunately had arrived but a few moments before his reaching Harlem:—

"It is necessary that I repair immediately to the Hague, to see my unhappy father. I entreat of you, as the man most dear to me, to accompany me. With you I shall have less to fear, and God will reward you, for so doing to an unhappy

daughter. If you refuse to obey my prayer, I shall go alone, committing myself to the protection of Heaven."

Paul hesitated not. He repaired immediately to Celestine. The carriage was already waiting, and at once they entered it. In vain did Paul endeavour to console her,—but, during the whole journey, she was only able to articulate a few words, and manifest her silent thanks, by a firm pressure of the hand of Paul. Arrived at the gate of the Hague, she ordered the coachman to drive the carriage to the house of her uncle, and begged her young protector, without delay, to accompany her to the prison of her father.

They had only proceeded a few steps, when a distant, sullen sound, broke upon their ear. Nearer, and nearer it came, 'till at last an immense multitude was seen in the distance, heaving to and fro, like the billows of the ocean, around the prison where De Witt was confined. Celestine shuddered—her knees trembled beneath her—she had hardly the power to retain her hold of the hand of Paul. She was struck with a fatal presentiment, and wished to leave the place; but her desire was useless, on every side, they were surrounded by accumulating masses of inhabitants, and with the torrent of the crowd, were borne on, till they stood before the prison of the Hague.

"No, no!" she cried, in a voice almost inaudible from the dreadful feeling that had taken possession of her heart, and pointed her finger to the walls of the prison, upon the top of which, a horrible spectacle was presented. The red blaze of innumerable torches revealed to view, a throng of hideous persons, clothed in rags, their dark and ferocious features were lighted up with a savage joy, while in all parts was vociferated the name of *De Witt*. Suddenly, the crowd parted with a simultaneous burst of horror. Two pale, mutilated, and slashed figures, were, from the centre of the throng that stood upon the prison walls, hoisted up by cords, and suspended from the gratings of the prison window. They were the bodies of the two unhappy brothers, Cornelius and Jean De Witt. The blood of Celestine grew chill—her eyes were fixed, and she stood like a statue, motionless and cold—the quivering of her pale lip, alone told that life was still within her.

A man covered with rags and blood, came leaping and shouting, "Who will buy the fingers of the traitor Jean De Witt? They are the same with which he signed the banishment of the Stadtholder. I will sell them for thirty stubers."

Another, and a more horrid voice, exclaimed,