

vors took warning by the fate of their companion, and dashed into the thicket with a roar. In another half-hour the voice of Leo was again heard at the foot of the mountains, about a quarter of a mile from the camp; and from the waggon-top we could perceive a savage monster rampant, with his tail hoisted and whirling in a circle, charging furiously along the base of the range, and in desperate wrath making towards John April, who was tending the sheep. Every one instinctively grasped his weapon, and rushed to the rescue, calling loudly to warn the expected victim of his danger. Without taking the smallest notice of him, however, the infuriated monster dashed past, roaring and lashing his sides until concealed in the mist. Those who have seen the monarch of the forest in crippling captivity only, immured in a cage barely double his own length, with his sinews relaxed by confinement, have seen but the shadow of that animal, which "clears the desert with his rolling eye."

From the Monthly Chronicle.

### ON ALBERT DURER, AND THE MODERN GERMAN AND ENGLISH SCHOOLS OF PAINTING.

It cannot be disputed that among our living artists there is no one name worthy to awaken our enthusiasm. Exhibition after exhibition proves that genius is dormant, and art nearly extinct. England, with the exception of Hogarth, has never produced an original painter deserving of being enrolled among the great names of Catholic Europe for having extended the domain of art by the addition of a new sentiment or inspiration. While music, literature, and science have every where felt and obeyed the impulse of the age, and art itself is pervaded by an unknown feeling of indefinite expansion and progress, painting has remained stationary, or retrograded with us; nor will posterity discover in its productions a symptom of regeneration, or a mark of originality to distinguish the present from past ages of barrenness and nullity:—painting, in fact, is not a liberal art in England; and so long as its professors continue as they are, it has no pretensions to be so. When society finds them, like the great artists of the sixteenth century, at once philosophers, naturalists, mechanicians, geometers, and poets, not merely on a level with the acquirements of the age, but extending their respective bounds by original discovery on all sides, we may expect to find the fine arts honoured, and the works of their professors of a more exalted character; but until then, we must be content to yield the palm of superiority to our rivals. And let no one object that the times are different, and that the horizon of art has so greatly extended since the days of Michael Angelo, Leonardo de Vinci, or Albert Durer, that life would not suffice at the present day, even with the most consummate genius, to master the various branches of which we speak. Philosophy teaches us otherwise, for if art has extended, methods have simplified; in the balance, the efforts of two ages are pretty nearly the same as to labour. Let any one peruse the life of Raphael, of Murillo, of Cellini, or of De Vinci, and he will learn the prodigious labour they underwent in their studies; let him look at the great Albert Durer,

"Noctes atque dies niti prestante labore;"

but coming forth at the age of twenty years a sublime artist; let him learn how well they wrote; and comprehend with what dignity, clearness, and simplicity their compositions expressed their internal sentiments; and let him then compare the moderns with those who belonged, as old Homer says, to the race of "articulate-speaking men;" and treading under foot both their works and their apologies, he will turn away his regards to ancient Italy, the sacred mother of the arts and sciences.

It is not merely in the higher requisites of art that our own school is inferior. In knowledge of the human figure, that great basis of all beauty and perfection, the French and Continental artists infinitely surpass us. Artists should be advised, as poets were by Horace, to labour their nine years in the elements of their science, before they commence the labours of the brush, and that surprising knowledge of the human form which enabled Michael Angelo and the great Italians to draw it in any conceivable posture with the most perfect accuracy in the play of its muscles from memory alone, and without the aid of any model, would not then be a tradition of doubt and amazement to their pigmy successors. The English method of study is radically defective. In this respect, the French and Germans are not only more learned, but more classical: they follow the identical process laid down by the great masters, by means of which they gained their wonderful precision and freedom of design. By outlining for years with chalk, upon tablets of blackened wood, figures of a natural or colossal size, either from the life, or from antique statues, they acquired astonishing facility, and that freedom of hand which can never be attained by practising figures of cramped and minute proportions. After outlining of a natural size, nothing is easier than to draw small figures, but the converse does not hold good.

It is not our intention however to dwell upon means, but upon results, nor do we wish to pass any invidious remarks upon the present exhibition. We pass over the landscapes of our land surveyors, and the dogs and deer of our Dutchman, merely no-

ticing that even in the rising art of wood engraving, our superiority as engravers does not blind us to our inferiority as designers, and to the superior beauty and merit of the French. We pass over these topics to examine the German school, the founder and type of which, the representative of his country's genius, laborious, learned and profound in every department of human knowledge, is the great Albert Durer. We do this with the view of examining how far an imitation or infusion of this school of design might, like the infusion of their romantic literature into the spent and exhausted life of our times, create a new and copious fountain of beauty. In music and painting, this imitation might be carried to some profit, but we must ever protest against the infusion of German mysticism which some writers have poured into our literature; never shall we cease to lament, that German bores should have been suffered to muddy the "clear well of English undefiled."

The history of Albert Durer, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, so brilliant and progressive, is strikingly calm and simple. Albert has left a collection of notes and letters, recently come to light, in which he has related almost the whole of his life, and from which we shall give some extracts. The son of a Nuremberg goldsmith, and one out of eleven children, he came into the world on "the sixth hour of the day of Saint Prudent, on the very Friday of the holy week, in the year 1471.

"My father's life," continues he, "was very miserable and wretched, and sadly covered with clouds. Almost all his children died, some in the flower of their youth, others while yet babes in the lap of their mother, who mourned continually to see them die. During all his life, he never had for himself, wife, and children, more than the bare necessities of life, bread coarse and black, moistened with sweat, and gained with labour. Add to this, all sorts of tribulations and adversities, as well as a thousand temptations; but he was a good Christian, my father, peaceful and quiet, and submissive to Providence, good and modest towards every body, who died looking towards heaven, and who is in heaven now. His whole life was uniform and grave, interrupted by few worldly joys, solemn and silent. He saw very little of men, because he was not fortunate; nevertheless, as he loved them from the bottom of his heart, he was beloved by them. This dear father paid the greatest attention in his soul and conscience to bring up his children in the fear and glory of God, for that was his greatest ambition—to bring up his family well; for this reason it was that he daily exhorted us to the love of God and our neighbour, after which he taught us to love what is beautiful—art was our second worship. He was partial above all to me, seeing me diligent and full of zeal; he sent me to school by times, and when I had learned to read and write tolerably, bound me an apprentice to a goldsmith. I remained a tolerably long time at that work, but feeling myself in the end more of a painter than a goldsmith, I therefore begged of my father to allow me to become a painter; he at first was very dissatisfied at my request, and had great regret for the time I had lost with my goldsmith. Nevertheless, after some refusal, my father yielded, and on St. Andrew's day 1483, he placed me in the study of Michael Wolsmalt. With Master Michael, God granted me such great application, that I made great progress, according to the word of my master."

Albert Durer was, in fact, from the twentieth year of his age, an able artist. He was far from having lost his time with his goldsmith. He had executed, among other works of exquisite finish, a "Passion of Jesus Christ," in relief, which equalled the best sculptures of the time. It was there also unquestionably that he acquired that fineness and firmness of the modeller, of which he always preserved the traces in his engravings and designs. The engraver and painter reproduced the qualities of the carver. In 1490 Albert commenced the travels which in those days completed the education of an artist. He placed himself in communication with Martin Schœn, Israel de Malines, and other good painters.

To be continued.

**DESTINY.**—The following beautiful allegory illustrates the power of fate. King Solomon was walking in his garden, with an attendant, when an appalling figure was seen approaching. The attendant exclaimed in alarm: "Solomon, the sight of that being affrights me, I know not why—send me I pray thee, to the furthest mountain of India." The king, in his capacity of magician, complied—the attendant vanished.—The stranger came up and said, "Solomon, what was that man doing here? My errand was to seek him on the farthest mountain in India." "Angel of Death," replied Solomon, "thou wilt find him there."

**YOUNG LADIES.**—Bulwer says, "there is nearly always something of nature's own gentility in very young women, except when they get together and full of giggling."

**WELLERISM.**—"Music and drawing taught here," as the man said when he was pulling a wheelbarrow through the streets without any oil upon its axles.

An exchange paper says—"you will as soon see a white black-bird, as a young lady who does not love babies—its contrary to their uster."

### MISFORTUNE ENNOBLED.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME D'AUBRANTES.

In 1793, M. de Talleyrand was in Boston. One day whilst crossing the Market-place he was compelled to stop by a long row of waggons, all loaded with vegetables. The wily courtier, generally so dead to emotion, could not but look with a-kind of pleasure at these waggons, and the little wagoners, who, by-the-by, were young and pretty countrywomen. Suddenly the vehicles came to a stand, and the eyes of M. de Talleyrand chanced to rest upon one of the young women who appeared more lovely and graceful than the others. An exclamation escaped from his lips—it attracted the attention of the fair one, whose country dress and large hat bespoke daily visits to the market, as she beheld the astonished Talleyrand, whom she recognized immediately, she burst out laughing.

"What! is it you?" exclaimed she.

"Yes, indeed, it is I. But you, what are you doing here?"

"I," said the young woman, "I am waiting for my turn to pass on. I am going to sell my greens and vegetables at the market."

At that moment the waggons began to move along, she of the straw hat applied the whip to her horse, told M. de Talleyrand the name of the village where she was living, requesting him earnestly to come and see her, disappeared, and left him as if riveted on the spot by this strange apparition.

Who was this young market-woman? Madame la Comtesse de la Tour-du-Pin (Mademoiselle de Dillon) the most elegant among the ladies of the court of Louis the sixteenth, king of France, and whose moral and intellectual worth had shone with so dazzling a lustre in the society of her numerous friends and admirers. At the time when the French nobility emigrated, she was young, lively, endowed with the most remarkable talents, and like all the ladies who held a rank at the court, had only had time to attend to such duties as belonged to her highly fashionable and courtly life.

Let any one fancy the sufferings and agony of that woman, born in the lap of wealth, and who had breathed nothing but perfumes under the gilded ceilings of the royal palace of Versailles, when all at once she found herself surrounded with blood and massacres, and saw every kind of danger besetting her young and beloved husband, and her infant child.

They succeeded in flying from France. It was their good fortune to escape from the bloody land where Robespierre and his associates were busy at the work of death.

The fugitives landed in America, and first went to Boston, where they found a retreat. But what a change for the young, pretty, and fashionable lady, spoiled from infancy by loud and continual praises of her beauty and talents!

Mons. de la Tour-du-Pin was extravagantly fond of his wife. At the court of France he had seen her, with the proud eye of an husband, the object of general admiration; indeed her conduct had always been virtuous and exemplary; but now in a foreign land, and among unsophisticated republicans, (1793,) what was the use of courtly refinements?

Happy as he was in seeing her escape from all the perils he had dreaded on her own account, still he could not but deplore the future lot of the wife of his bosom. However, with the prudent foresight of a good father and a kind husband, he nerved himself against despair and exerted himself to render their condition less miserable than that of many emigrants who were starving when the little money they had brought over with them had been exhausted. Not a word of English did he know, but his wife spoke it fluently, and admirably well.

They boarded at Mrs. Muller's, a good-natured, notable woman, who, on every occasion, evinced the greatest respect and admiration for her fair boarder; yet M. de la Tour-du-Pin was in constant dread lest the conversation of that good, plain and well-meaning woman might be the cause of great ennui to his lady. What a contrast with the society of such gentlemen as M. de Norbonne, M. de Talleyrand, and the high-minded and polished nobility of France! Whenever he was thinking of this transition (particularly when absent from his wife, and tilling the garden of the cottage which they were going to inhabit) he felt such pangs and heart-throbbings as to make him apprehensive on his return to Mrs. Muller to meet the looks of his beloved wife, whom he expected to see bathed in tears. Meanwhile the good hostess would give him a hearty shake of the hand, and repeat to him, "Happy husband! Happy husband!"

At last came the day when the fugitive family left the boarding-house of Mrs. Muller to go and inhabit their little cottage, when they were to be at last exempt from want, with an only servant, a negro, a kind of Jack-o'-all-trades, viz., gardener, footman and cook. The last function M. de la Tour-du-Pin dreaded most of all to see him undertake.

It was almost dinner time. The poor emigrant went into his little garden to gather some fruit, and tarried as long as possible. On his return home his wife was absent; looking for her he entered the kitchen, and saw a young countrywoman, who, with her back to the door, was kneading dough; her arms of snowy whiteness were bare to the elbows. M. de la Tour-du-Pin started, the young woman turned round. It was his beloved wife, who had exchange-