

## Artists' Corner.

ALBERT DURER.

In a previous notice of this Great Master of Art we accompanied him in a tour through several of the continental states, and returned with him again to his home in Nuremberg. When about the age of forty nine Durer was desirous of revisiting the Netherlands. In this excursion he was accompanied by his wife, and on the evening of their arrival in Antwerp the director of the leading Banking establishment invited them to a splendid supper. They were subsequently invited to a public dinner given by the artists of Antwerp in their own hall. In the journal of this visit to the Netherlands, Durer says of this entertainment: "There was no sparing of expense the banquet was served on silver, and all the painters attended with their wives. When I entered with mine, they ranged themselves on each side for me to pass through as they would for some great lord. The most distinguished persons there saluted me reverentially, and expressed the most earnest desire to pay me all respect, and to make the entertainment as agreeable to me as I could wish. When I had taken my place, the Sieur Rathenot offered me in the name of the guild, four pots of wine, in token of their good will and esteem. I thanked them and expressed my gratitude. After having been most pleasantly and hospitably entertained till late in the night, they conducted us home by torchlight, and renewed their expressions of regard during the journey. Durer was received in the same hospitable and courteous manner at Ghent and at Bruges. Entertainments were got up to do him honour, and each evening he was conducted to his lodgings amid the blaze of flambeaux. In his further travel, he was doomed to meet with buter disappointment, which, transient records in his Journal testify, he had felt deeply. When he had reached Brussels, Margaret of Austria regent of the Netherlands for Charles V., commissioned an officer of the court to assure Durer of the favour of the regent and of the emperor. In return for this mark of regard Durer offered the regent some of his choicest prints, among them his "St. Jerome seated"—engraved upon copper, and still considered among his finest works,—and a set of his "Passion prints," and other two subjects drawn with great care on parchment, and which he valued at thirty florins. But an entire change was speedily manifested in the conduct of the regent, occasioned no doubt by the same kind of envy which had been excited toward him in a previous part of his career. He painted a portrait of the Emperor, and showed it to the regent, but Margaret received it with so contemptuous an air that the painter carried back his picture in silence. In order to ascertain whether it was the work, or the artist, that was worthy of such treatment, Durer, a day or two afterwards asked Margaret for a small book containing some admirable miniatures by James Cornelisz, a celebrated Dutch Painter, but she sharply replied that she had promised it to her own painter, Bernard Van Orley. Besides this disrespect, six individuals in Brussels who had commissioned him to paint their portraits, received the pictures but neglected to pay for them, other parties had treated him in a similar manner for he says in his "diary,—I have made a large number of drawings, portraits and other works, but the majority of them have produced me nothing." He thus became a little straitened in his circumstances, and felt no doubt most acutely the striking contrast between his earlier reception and the injustice he now received. He says in a note in his journal, written in large letters.—"In all my transactions while travelling through the Netherlands; in all my expenses, sales, and other matters; in all my dealings both with the higher and the lower classes, I have been unjustly treated, but especially by Madame Margaret, who has given me nothing in exchange for my presents and my pictures." What no doubt made the painter feel this conduct more keenly was the pecuniary difficulties in which he became

involved. One Alexander Imhoff, a citizen of Antwerp, agreed to lend the painter one hundred florins, on his own acceptance, payable at Nuremberg, and with this timely relief the artist began to make arrangements to return homeward. But on the eve of his departure, Christian II. King of Denmark arrived at Antwerp and hearing that Durer,—whose fame had reached the northern courts of Europe—was still in the city, the King sent for him to paint his portrait. This work was accordingly accomplished and paid for in a liberal and handsome manner. Durer presented Christian with some of his engravings, and was in return invited to a grand banquet, where he met the Emperor, Margaret, and the King of Spain; but neither of these dignitaries condescended to address the artist. Durer soon afterwards quitted the Netherlands; and although he carried with him many better remembrances, still the opportunities he had had of studying men and manners and, of making himself familiar with the works of the Flemish School, exerted a beneficial influence on his mind, and tended very much to change the ideas he had formed as to the end and object of Art. Unfortunately however the disposition of Agnes Frey, who it will be remembered was selected by his father to be a wife to the Artist,—was of so entirely querulous and peevish a cast as to banish every thing like domestic harmony from their abode. This mental disquietude, coupled with the unremitting toil of the artist put a speedy termination to his labours and his hopes. Petulant and avaricious, tortured by a constant apprehension of impending poverty, Agnes was an incessant disturber of her husband's peace and an habitual torment. Worn out by this constant annoyance he abandoned himself to despair, and was at length released from a life of vexation and disappointment on the 10th of April, 1528, in the 57th year of his age. The senate of Nuremberg decreed him a public funeral which was celebrated with great pomp and solemnity.—It is stated that he left a tolerable fortune to his wife. His genius has been recognized and appreciated through centuries, his engravings were carried to a degree of perfection which has not been surpassed at any subsequent period in the annals of Art, while his literary labours have no slight claim in the consideration of the scholar.

## Varieties.

If women knew their power, and wished to exert it, they would always show sweetness of temper, for then they are irresistible.

Genius is like a beautiful woman balancing herself on tiptoe. Power is represented by an African with a heavy load on his shoulders. Art is like a Funambule balancing a pole.—*Chiffonnet*.

He that publishes the favour he has done lessens the merit of it, because he shows by his indiscretion that he is divided between his vanity and his friend.—*Ausuehler*.

The world is a sea, where some men are wrecked; but all are towed with winds, and subject to the agitation of the waves.—Let it be your prudence to gain such a safe port, which may secure you from the one, and preserve you from the other.

Too True to be Good.—A gentleman called some time since to consult a physician of our city with regard to a rheumatism, which caused him much pain. The doctor immediately sat down and wrote him a prescription; as the patient was going away the doctor called him back and said—

"By the way, sir, should my prescription happen to afford you any relief, please let me know, as I am myself suffering from an affection similar to yours, and for the last twenty years have tried in vain to cure it."—*New York Spirit of the Times*.

## TOO SMART.

One day last week, says the Boston Bee, a gentleman who had conceived the idea that all coal dealers were rogues, having occasion to purchase a load of Lehigh, determined that he would in person superintend the operation of weighing. Accordingly he proceeded to the coal-yard, and watched with an eagle eye. When he was satisfied that he had obtained full weight, he ordered the coal to be conveyed to his dwelling, and to be assured that nothing was lost on the road, he followed it to its destination. After the coal was delivered, the teamster returned to the yard, and, being observed to be in an uncommon good humor, was questioned as to the cause of his mirth. He explained it by saying that the gentleman who purchased "that last load of coal," in his anxiety to avoid being cheated, had stood upon the platform balance while the coal was weighed. The gentleman alluded to weighed about one hundred and eighty pounds.

## Biographical Calendar.

A. D.	
Mar. 28	1483 Raphael, born.
	1757 Damians, executed.
	1801 Abercrombie, (Sir Ralph) died.
" 29	1765 Marshal Soult, born.
	1772 Swedenborg, died.
	1830 James Rennell, died.
" 30	1481 Archibishop Bouchier, died.
	1783 Dr. William Hunter, died.
" 31	1596 Rene Descartes, born.
	1732 Hayden, born.
April 1	1578 Dr. Harey, born.
	1793 Lord John Hay, born.
" 2	1743 Thomas Jefferson, born.
	1791 Mirabeau, born.
" 3	1593 Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Stafford, born.
	1826 Bishop Heber, died.

Emanuel Swedenborg, a celebrated philosopher of the 18th century, who was greatly distinguished for his valuable contributions to science, but is now more especially known as a theological writer, was born at Stockholm in 1688, and carefully educated under the care of his father, bishop of Skard, in West Gothland, in the principles of the Lutheran Church. After pursuing his studies, and taking the degree of D. Ph. at Upsala he went on his travels, and visited the Universities of England, Holland, France, and Germany. On his return, he was appointed assessor extraordinary to the College of Mines, and in 1719 was ennobled, upon which occasion his name was changed from Swedberg to Swedenborg. He prosecuted his scientific studies with such an ardour that placed him in the first rank of European philosophers, until the year 1713, when, as he himself affirms, a new era of his life commenced, and he was permitted to hold intercourse with the inhabitants of the invisible world. In 1717 he resigned his office in the mining college, retired from public life, and, spending his time alternately in Sweden and England, devoted himself to the publication of his theological works. They are, in themselves, sufficiently extensive to form a life's work, and present throughout evidences of the deepest religious feeling. Though it is frequently affirmed that Swedenborg laboured under a delusion, it is surprising that his writings show no symptoms of aberration; the last, finished but a few months before his death, being singularly clear, logical, and free from enthusiasm. He was always regarded as a learned and pious man, and there is nothing in his life and writings which bears the charge of insanity. Some of his works recently translated into English have attracted great attention, and are remarkable, as showing, that at least, in medical science, he anticipated some of the greatest discoveries of more modern times. He died in London in 1782. His followers, known as Swedenborgians, are now become a numerous body.—*Alliquis*.