

picture, and one possessed of much of the fascination with which the memory, the imagination, and the judgment invest historical pictures. While we gaze, the story arises to the mind—we regret that such charms should have been but the foul siren's lure—that the diadem on the head should have been so disgraced by the beautiful wearer. We admire the guilty magnanimity which saw the climax of degradation and wretchedness, and would live no longer; and we feel a sympathy almost tearful, despite our judgment, at the last interview of the imperial lovers; at the last proof of their fidelity to each other, although leprous with falsehood and dishonour to all else.

No 6. *An Interior*, (Painted by Metz, about 200 years ago.) This is a small, pleasing picture—it has that unobtrusive grace, that nameless delicacy, which so strongly characterize many old master-works. It represents a male and female figure seated in a plain apartment; little animation is visible, yet the painter-poet has, if we mistake not, told a long tale in a few expressive touches. The male figure sits behind a table on which rests a music book, his eyes are bent on its page and he strikes the notes timidly from a guitar. His long locks flow on his shoulders, and his downcast, unmusical glance, seems to have had a more gentle inspirer than Apollo to give it expression. The female, with the trim head-dress, and rich beautifully painted drapery of Dutch costume, seems a fine counterpart to the musician. On her right hand a parrot is perched, but though she seems pleased with her brilliant favourite, she looks not at it, nor at the musician; nor yet with the tell-tale diffidence of coquetry on the ground; but looks mildly forward, gazing on vacancy, and insinuating with the most modest air imaginable, that her bird is forgotten, the music unheard, and that some sweet chords in her soul make her best melody.—The old painters seem to have well understood the tact, of arousing the imagination, and leaving it something to perform; not running it down with agony after agony, as some moderns do; or