

The Examiner.

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EDWARD WHELAN]

This is true Liberty, when free-born Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free.—EURIPIDES.

[EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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No. 2.

MOON'S PHASES.—JULY, 1856.

New Moon 2d day, 4h. 51m. morning. F.
First Quarter 10th day, 2h. 43m. morning. N.W.
Full Moon 17th day, 4h. 51m. evening. E.
Last Quarter 24th day, 10h. 22m. morning. S.W.
New Moon 31st day, 4h. 29m. evening. W.

Literature.

MIDNIGHT AT SEA.

It is the midnight hour. The beauteous Sea,
Calm as the cloudless heaven, the heaven discloses,
While many a sparkling star, in quiet glee,
Far down within the watery sky reposes.
As if the Ocean's heart were stirred
With inward life, a sound is heard,
Like that of dreamer murmuring in his sleep:
'Tis partly the billow, and partly the air,
That lies like a garment floating fair
Above the happy deep.
The Sea, I ween, cannot be fann'd
By evening freshness from the land,
For the land it is far away:
But God hath will'd that the sky-born breeze
In the centre of the loneliest seas
Should ever sport and play.
The mighty Moon she sits above,
Encircled with a zone of love—
A zone of dim and tender light
That makes her wakeful eye more bright:
She seems to shine with a sunny ray,
And the night looks like a mellow'd day!
The gracious mistress of the main
Hath now an undisturb'd reign;
And from her silent throne looks down,
As upon children of her own,
On the waves that lend their gentle breast
In gladness for her couch of rest!

THE PAINTER AND HIS PUPIL.

A FLEMISH STORY.

My father was a trader and distiller at Schiedam, on the Maas. Without being wealthy, we enjoyed the means of procuring every social comfort. We gave and received visits from a few old friends; we went occasionally to the theatre; and my father had his tulip-garden and summer house at a little distance from Schiedam, on the banks of the canal which connects the town with the river.

But my father and mother, whose only child I was, cherished one dream of ambition, in which, fortunately, my own tastes led me to participate; they wanted me to become a painter. "Let me but see a picture by Franz Linden in the gallery at Rotterdam," said my father, "and I shall die happy." So, at fourteen years of age, I was removed from school, and placed in the classes of Messrs Kessler, an artist living at Delft. Here I made such progress, that by the time I had reached my nineteenth birthday, I was transferred to the atelier of Hans van Roos, a descendant of the celebrated family of that name. Van Roos was not more than thirty-eight or forty, and had already a considerable reputation as a painter of portraits and sacred subjects. There was an altar-piece of his in one of our finest churches; his works had occupied the place of honor for the last six years at the annual exhibition; and for portraiture he numbered among his patrons most of the wealthy merchants and burgomasters of the city. Indeed, there could be no question that my master was rapidly acquiring a fortune equal to his popularity.

Still, he was not a cheerful man. It was whispered by the pupils that he had met with a disappointment early in life—that he had loved, was accepted, and, on the eve of marriage, was rejected by the lady for a more wealthy suitor. The story, however, was founded merely on conjecture, if not originating in pure fable; for no one in Rotterdam knew the history of his youth. He came from Friesland, in the north of Holland, when a very young man; he had always been the same gloomy, pallid, labor-loving citizen. He was a rigid Calvinist; he was sparing of domestic expenditure, and liberal to the poor; this every one could tell you, and no one knew more.

The number of his pupils was limited to six. He kept us continually at work, and scarcely permitted us to exchange a word with each other during the day. Standing there among us so silently, with the light from above shining down upon his pallid face, and, contrasting with the sombre folds of his long black dressing gown, he looked almost like some stern old picture himself. To tell the truth, we were all afraid of him; not that he was harsh, not that he assumed any overbearing authority; on the contrary, he was stately, silent, and frigidly polite; and that was far more impressive. None of us resided in his house, for he lived in the deepest seclusion. I had a second floor in a neighboring street, and two of my fellow students occupied rooms in the same house. We used to meet at night in each other's chambers, and make excursions to the exhibitions and theatres; and sometimes, on a summer's evening, we would hire a pleasure boat, and row for a mile or two down the river. We were merry enough then, and not quite so silent, I promise you, as in the gloomy studio of Hans van Roos.

In the meantime, I was ambitious and anxious to glean every benefit from my master's instructions. I improved rapidly, and my paintings soon excelled those of the other five. My taste did not incline to sacred subjects, like that of Van Roos, but rather to the familiar rural style of Bergham and Paul Potter. It was my great delight to wander along the rich pasture lands, to watch the amber sunset, the herds going home to the dairy, the lazy wind mills, and the calm clear waters of the canals, scarcely ruffled by the passage of the public *trekschuyt*. In depicting scenes of this nature—

The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail—

I was singularly fortunate. My master never praised me by word or look; but when my father came up one day from Schiedam to visit me, he drew him aside and told him, in a voice inaudible to the rest, that "Messer Franz would be a credit to the profession;" which so delighted the good distiller, that he straightway took me out with him for the day, and, after giving me fifteen gold pieces as a testimony of his satisfaction, took me to dine with his friend the burgomaster, Von Gael. It was an eventful visit for me. On that evening I first learned to love.

Few people, I think, would at that time have denied the personal attractions of Gertrude von Gael; yet I do not know that it was so much her features as her soft voice and gentle womanly grace that so completely fascinated me. Though so young, she performed the honors of her father's princely

table with self-possession and good breeding. In the evening, she sang some sweet German songs to her own simple accompaniment. We talked of books and of poetry: I found her well read in English, French, and German literature. We spoke of art; and she discovered both judgment and enthusiasm.

As we took our leave at night, the burgomaster shook me warmly by the hand, and told me to come often. I fancied that Gertrude's blue eyes brightened when he said it, and I felt the color rush quickly to my brow as I bowed and thanked him.

"Franz," said my father, when we were once more in the street, "how old are you?"
"Just twenty-two, sir," I replied, rather surprised at the question.

"You will not be dependant on your brush, my boy," continued my father, as he leaned upon my arm and looked back at the lofty mansion we had just left. "I have been neither wasteful nor unsuccessful, and it will be my pride to leave you a respectable income at my death."

I inclined my head in silence, and wondered what would come next.

"Burgomeister von Gael is one of my oldest friends," said my father.

"I have often heard you speak of him, sir," I replied.

"And he is rich."

"So I should suppose."

"Gertrude will have a fine fortune," said my father, as if thinking aloud.

I bowed again, but this time rather nervously.

"Marry her, Franz."

I dropped his arm and started back.

"Sir!" I faltered: "I—I—marry the Fraulein von Gael!"

"And pray, sir, why not?" said my father curtly, stopping short in his walk and leaning both hands upon the top of his walking-stick.

I made no reply.

"Why not, sir?" repeated my father very energetically.

"What could you wish for better? The young lady is handsome, good tempered, educated, rich. Now, Franz, if I thought you had been such a fool as to form any other attachment without—"

"Oh, sir, you do me injustice!" I cried. "Indeed, I know no one—have seen no other lady. But—do you think that—that she would have me, sir?"

"Try, her, Franz," said my father good humoredly as he resumed my arm. "If I am not very much mistaken, the burgomeister would be as pleased as myself; and as for the fraulein—women are easily won."

We had by this time reached the door of the inn where my father was to sleep for the night. As he left me, his last words were: "Try her, Franz—try her."

From this time I became a frequent visitor at the house of the Burgomaster von Gael. It was a large old fashioned mansion, built of red brick, and situated upon the famous line of houses known as the Boombjes. In front lay the broad shining river, crowded with merchant vessels, from whose masts fluttered the flags of all the trading nations of the world. Tall trees, thick with foliage, lined the quays, and cast a pleasant shade, through which the sunlight flickered brightly upon the spacious drawing rooms of Gertrude's home.

Here, night after night, when the studies of the day were past, I used to sit with her beside the open window, and watch the busy passing crowd beneath, the rippling river, and the rising moon that tipped the masts and city spires with silver. Here, listening, to the accents of a distant ballad-singer, or to the far murmur of voices from the shipping, we read together from the pages of our favorite poets, and counted the first pale stars that trembled in light.

It was a happy time. But there came at last a time still happier, when, one still evening as we sat alone, conversing in frequent whispers, and listening to the beating of each other's hearts, I told Gertrude that I loved her; and she, in answer, laid her fair head silently upon my shoulder with a sweet confidence, as she were content so to rest for ever. Just as my father had predicted, the burgomaster shewed every mark of satisfaction, and readily sanctioned our betrothal, specifying but one condition, and this was that our marriage should not take place till I had attained my twenty-fifth year. It was a long time to wait; but I should by that time, perhaps, have made a name in my profession. I intended soon to send a picture to the annual exhibition—and who could tell what I might not do in three years to shew Gertrude how dearly I loved her!

And so our happy youth rolled on, and the quaint old dial in Messer von Gael's tulip garden told the passage of our golden hours. In the meantime, I worked sedulously at my picture; I labored upon it all the winter; and when spring-time came, I sent it in, with no small anxiety as to its probable position upon the walls of the gallery. It was a view in one of the streets of Rotterdam. There were the high old houses with their gables and carved doorways, and the red sunset glittering on the bright winking panes of the upper windows—the canal flowing down the centre of the street, crossed by its white drawbridge, with a barge just passing underneath—the green trees spreading a long evening shadow across the yellow paving of the roadway, and the spire of the Church of St. Lawrence rising high beyond, against the clear warm sky. When it was quite finished, and about to be sent away, even Hans van Roos nodded a cold encouragement, and said that it deserved a good position. He had himself prepared a painting this year, on a more ambitious scale and a larger canvas than usual. It was a sacred subject, and represented the Conversion of St. Paul. His pupils admired it warmly, and none more than myself. We all pronounced it to be his masterpiece, and the artist was evidently of our opinion.

The day of exhibition came at last. I had scarcely slept the previous night; and the early morning found me, with a number of other students, waiting impatiently before the yet unopened door. When I arrived, it wanted an hour to the time, but half the day seemed to elapse before we heard the heavy bolts give way inside, and then forced our way struggling through the narrow barriers. I had flown up the staircase, and found myself in the first room, amid the bright walls of paintings and gilt frames. I had forgotten to purchase a catalogue at the entrance, and I had not patience to go back for it; so I strode round and round the apartment, looking eagerly for my picture; it was nowhere to be seen, so I passed on the next; here my search was equally unsuccessful.

"It must be in the third room," I said to myself, "where all the best works are placed! Well, if it be hung ever so high, or in ever so dark a corner, it will, at all events, an honour to have one's picture in the third room!"

But, though I spoke so bravely, it was with a sinking heart I ventured in. I could not really hope for a good place among the magnates of the art; while in either of the

other rooms there had been a possibility that my picture might receive a tolerable situation.

The house had formerly been the mansion of a merchant of enormous wealth, who had left it, with his valuable collection of paintings, for the purpose of affording encouragement to Flemish art. The third room had been his reception chamber, and the space over the magnificently carved chimney was assigned, as the place of honor, to the best painting. The painter of this picture always received a costly prize, for which he was likewise indebted to the munificence of the founder. To this spot my eyes were naturally turned as I entered the door. Was I dreaming? I stood still—I turned hot and cold by turns—I ran forward. It was no delusion! There was my picture, my own picture, in its little modest frame, installed in the chief place of all the gallery! And there, too, was the official card stuck in the corner, with the words, "PRIZE PAINTING," printed in shining gold letters in the middle! I ran down the staircase and bought a catalogue, that my eyes might be gladdened by the confirmation of this joy; and there, sure enough, was printed at the commencement: "ANNUAL PRIZE PAINTING—View in Rotterdam, No. 127—FRANZ LINDEN." I could have wept for delight. I was never tired of looking at my picture: I walked from one side to the other—I retreated—I advanced closer to it—I looked at it in every possible light, and forgot all but my happiness.

"A very charming little painting, sir," said a voice at my elbow.

It was an elderly gentleman, with gold spectacles and an umbrella. I coloured up, and said falteringly: "Do you think so?"

"I do, sir," said the old gentleman. "I am an amateur—I am very fond of pictures. I presume that you are also an admirer of art?"

I bowed.

"Very nice little painting indeed; very nice," he continued, as he wiped his glasses, and adjusted them with the air of a connoisseur. "Water very liquid, colors pure, sky transparent, perspective admirable. I'll buy it."

"Will you?" I exclaimed joyfully. "Oh, thank you, sir!"

"Oh," said the old gentleman, turning suddenly upon me and smiling kindly, "so you are the artist, are you? Happy to make your acquaintance, Messer Linden. You are a very young man to paint such a picture as that. I congratulate you, sir; and—I'll buy it."

So we exchanged cards, shook hands, and became the best friends in the world. I was burning with impatience to see Gertrude, and tell her all my good fortune; but my new patron took my arm, and said that he must take the tour of the rooms in my company; and I was even forced to comply.

We stopped before a large painting that occupied the next best situation to mine; it was my master's work, the Conversion of St. Paul. While we were admiring it, and I was telling him of my studies in the atelier of the painter, a man started from before us, and glided away, but not before I had recognized the pale countenance of Van Roos. There was something in the expression of his face that shocked me, something that stopped my breath and made me shudder. What was it? I scarcely knew; but the glare of his dark eyes and the quivering passion of his lip haunted me for the rest of the day, and came back again in my dreams. I said nothing of it to Gertrude that afternoon, but it had sobered my rapturous exultation most effectually. I positively dreaded, the next day, to return to the studio; but, to my surprise, my master received me as he never had received me before. He advanced and extended his hand to me.

"Welcome, Franz Linden," he said smiling; "I am proud to call you my pupil!"

The hand was cold—the voice was harsh—the smile was passionless. My companions crowded round and congratulated me; and in the warm tones of their young, cheerful voices, and the close pressure of their friendly hands, I forgot all that had pained me in the conduct of Van Roos.

Not long after this event, Gertrude's father desired to have her portrait painted—to console him for her absence, he said, when I should be so wicked as to take her away from him. I recommended my old master, whose tutelage I had recently left; and Van Roos was summoned to fulfil a task that I would gladly have performed; but portraiture was not my line. I could paint a sleek, spotted milk cow, or a drove of sheep far better than the fair skin and golden curls of my darling Gertrude.

She could not endure the artist from the first. In vain I reasoned with and strove to persuade her—all was of no use; and she used to say, at the end of every such conversation, that she wished the portrait were finished, and that she could no more help disliking him than she could help loving me. So our arguments always ended with a kiss.

But this portrait took a long time. Van Roos was in general a rapid painter; yet Gertrude's likeness progressed at a very slow pace, and, like Penelope's web, seemed never to be completed. One morning I happened to be in the room—a rare event at that time, for I was hard at work upon my new landscape; and I was struck by the change that had come over my late master. He seemed to be no longer the same man. There was a light in his eye, and a vibration in his voice, that I had never observed before; and when he rose to take leave, there was a studied courtesy in his bow and manner that took me quite by surprise.

Still, I never suspected the truth, and still the portrait was as far as ever from being finished.

It all came out at last; and one morning Hans Van Roos made a formal offer of his hand and heart; of course he was immediately refused.

"But as kindly as possible, dear Franz," she said, when she told me in the evening; "because he is your friend, and because he seemed to feel it so deeply. And you don't know how dreadfully white he turned, and how he tried to restrain his tears. I pitied him, Franz; and, indeed, I was very sorry." And the gentle creature could scarcely keep from weeping herself as she told me.

I did not see Van Roos for some months after this disclosure; at last I met him accidentally one morning in front of the stadthouse, and, to my surprise, for the second time in his life, he held out his hand.

"A good day to you, Messer Linden," said he. "I hear that you are on the high road to fame and fortune."

"I have been very prosperous, Messer Van Roos," I replied, taking the proffered hand—"more prosperous, perhaps, than my merits deserve. I never forget that I owe my present proficiency to the hours spent in your atelier."

A peculiar expression flitted over his face.

"If I thought that," said he hastily, "I should esteem myself particularly happy."

There was so odd a difference in the way in which he uttered the beginning and end of this sentence—so much hurry and passion in the first half, such deliberate politeness in the last, that I started and looked him full in the face; he was as smiling and impenetrable as a marble statue.

"I, too, have been fortunate," he said, after a moment's pause. "Have you seen the new church lately built near the east end of the Haring-vliet?"

I replied that I had observed it in passing, but had not been inside.

"I have been entrusted," he said, "with the superintendence of the interior decorations. My 'Conversion of St. Paul' is purchased for the altar-piece, and I am now engaged in painting a series of frescoes upon the ceiling. Will you come in one day and give me your opinions upon them?"

I professed myself much flattered, and appointed to visit him in the church on the following morning. He was waiting for me at the door when I arrived, with the heavy keys in his hand. We passed in, and he turned the key in the lock.

"I always secure myself against intruders," he said smiling. "People will come into the church if I leave the doors unfastened; and I do not choose to carry on my art, like a sign painter, in the presence of every blockhead who chooses to stand and stare at me."

It was surprising in what a disagreeable manner this man shewed his teeth when he smiled.

The church was decidedly a handsome building, built in that Italian style which imitates the antique, and prefers grace and magnificence to the dignified sanctity of the Gothic order. A row of elegant Corinthian columns supported the roof at each side of the nave; gilding and decorative cornices were lavished in every direction; the gorgeous altar piece already occupied its appointed station; and a little to the left of the railed space where the communion table was to be placed, a lofty scaffolding was erected, that seemed, from where I stood, almost to come in contact with the roof, and above which I observed the yet unfinished sketch of a masterly fresco. Three or four more, already completed, were stationed at regular intervals, and some others were merely outlined in charcoal upon their intended site.

"Will you not come up with me?" asked the painter, when I had expressed my admiration sufficiently; "or are you afraid of turning giddy?"

I felt somewhat disinclined to impose this trial on my nerves, but still more disinclined to confess it; so I followed him up from flight to flight of the frail structure without once daring to look down.

At last we reached the summit. As I had supposed, there was not even room enough for the artist to assume a sitting posture, and he had to paint while lying on his back. I had no fancy to extend myself on this lofty couch; so I only lifted my head above the level of his flooring, looked at the fresco, and descended immediately to the flight below, where I waited till he rejoined me.

"How dangerous it must be," said I shuddering, "to let yourself down from that abominable perch!"

"I used to think so at first," he replied, "but I am now quite accustomed to it. Fancy," said he, approaching close to the edge of the scaffolding—"fancy falling from this into the church below!"

"Horrible!" cried I.

"I wonder how high it is from the level of the pavement," continued Van Roos musingly; "ninety feet, I daresay—perhaps a hundred."

I drew back, giddy at the thought.

"No man could survive such a fall," said the painter, still looking over. "Any skull would be dashed to atoms on the marble down there."

"Pray, come away," said I hastily; "my head swims at the very idea."

"Does it?" said he, turning suddenly upon me with the voice and eye of a fiend—"does it? Fool!" he cried as he seized me around the body in his iron grasp—"fool, to trust yourself here with me—me whom you have wronged, whose life you have blasted!—me whom you have crossed in fame and in love! Down, wretch, down! I've vowed to have your blood, and my time has come!"

It sickens me even now to recall that desperate struggle. At the first word he uttered, I had sprung back and seized a beam above my head; he strove to tear me from it—he foamed at the mouth, the veins rose like knots upon his forehead; and still, though I felt my wrists strained and my fingers cruelly lacerated, still I held on with the terrible energy of one who struggles for dear life. It lasted a long time—at least it seemed long to me—and the scaffolding rocked beneath our feet. At length I saw his strength failing; suddenly I loosed my hold, and threw my whole weight upon him. He staggered—he shrieked—he fell!

I dropped upon my face in mute horror—an age of silence seemed to elapse, and the cold dews stood upon my brow. Presently I heard a dull sound far below. I crawled to the brink of the scaffolding, and looked over—a shapeless mass was lying on the marble pavement, and all around was red with blood.

I think an hour must have elapsed before I could summon courage to descend. When at length I reached the level ground, I turned my face from what was so near my feet, and tottered to the door. With trembling hands and misty eyes, I unlocked it, and rushed into the street. Once outside, I fell to the ground. I remember no more, for I had fainted.

It was many months before I recovered from the brain fever brought on by that terrible day; indeed, I think I never should have lived through it, but for the tender cares of my betrothed, who watched me day and night, till the physicians pronounced me out of danger. My ravings, they told me, had been fearful; and had any doubts existed in the minds of men as to which of us two had been the guilty one, those ravings were alone sufficient to establish my innocence. A man in a delirious fever is pretty sure to speak the truth. By the time I was able to leave my chamber, Gertrude had grown pale, spiritless, and all unlike her former self. Rotterdam was insupportable to me; and I found myself a hero of romance, a lion, a thing to be stared after wherever I went, which only served to shatter my nerves more than ever. In short, change of air and scene was recommended for us both; so we thought we could not do better than marry, and take our wedding tour for the sake of our health. And I assure you, reader, it did us both a great deal of good.

INGENIOUS THIEF.—A foreign paper says—A singular mode of robbery has been detected at Dublin. A man used to send a large press by the Liverpool steamer, headed "this side up." In this press was a compartment in which he hid himself. At night, when all was still, he would get out, and rob the warehouse of valuables and retreating to his hiding place, would be safely conveyed with his plunder to his own house.