PHILADELPHIA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1864.

Miscellaueous.

THE PAINTER AND THE MONK.

We find in Blackwood for July, a poem, in two parts, referring to the execation of Leonardo da Vinci's great refectory of a convent at Milan. The interest of the poem turns upon the careful slowness of the great painter, who spent several years upon the work -the exact time is not known-and the impatience of the stupid and unappreciative monks at such a spectacle of idleness, as they regarded it, and at such a protracted exclusion from their refectory. The first part of the poem is hended :

PADRE HANDELLI PROSES TO THE DUKE LUDO VICO SFORZA ABOUT LEONARDO DA VINCI.

Two steps, your Highness—let me go before, And let some light down this dark corridor— Ser Leonardo keeps the only key To the main entrance here so jealously, That we must creep in at this secret door If we his great Cenacolo would see.

The work shows talent-that I must confess; The heads, too, are expressive, every one; But, with his idling and fastidiousness, I fear his picture never will be done.

After bemoaning the delay, and beseechin the duke's interference, the prior proceeds to criticise Leonardo's mode of working.

'Tis twenty months since first upon the wall This Leonardo smoothed his plaster-then He spent two months ere he began to scrawl His figures, which were scarcely outlined, when Some new fit seized him, and he spoilt them all As he began the first month that he came. So he went on, month after month the same. At times, when he had worked from morn to

night For weeks and weeks on some apostle's head, In one hour, as it were from sudden spite, He'd wipe it out. When I remonstrated, Saying, "Ser Leonardo, you erase More than you leave-that's not the way to

paint; Before you finish we shall all be dead; Smiling he turns (he has a pleasant face Though he would try the patience of a snint. With all his wilful ways,) and calmly said, "I wiped it out, because it was not right; I wish it had been, for your sake, no less Than for this pious convent's; and indeed, The simple truth, good Padre to confess, I've not the least objection to succeed : But I must please myself as well as you, Since I must answer for the work I do."

There was St. John's head, that I verily

thought He'd never finish. Twenty times at least I thought it done, but still he wrought and wrought,

Defaced, remade, until at last he ceased To work at all-went off and locked the door-Was gone three days-then came and sat before

The picture full an hour-then calmly rose And scratched out in a trice the mouth and

nose. This is sheer folly, as it seems to me. Or worse than folly. Does your Highness pay A certain sum to him for every day? If so, the reason's very clear to see No? Then his brain is touched, assuredly.

At last, however, as you aco, 'tis done-All but our Lord's head, and the Judas there. A month ago he finished the St John, And has not touched it since, that I'm aware And now, he neither seems to think or care About the rest, but wanders up and down The cloistered gallery in his long dark gown, Picking the black stones out to step upon, Or through the garden paces listlessly With eyes fixed on the ground, hour after hour While now and then he stoops and picks a

OF CALVIN. The third volume of Dr. Merle D'Aubigne's flistory of the Reformation in Eu-

rope in the Time of Calvin describes the incidents attending the preaching of the evangelical faith in France and Switzerland, by Calvin, Farel, Viret, and others. We extract a few interesting passages, painting of the Lord's Supper, in the picturing with the author's peculiar vividness of description, some of the men and scenes of the period.

CALVIN, ROUSSEL, AND LEFEVRE. This volume opens with the flight of Calvin and Cop from Paris, in 1533, on The plot was arranged. The friar having account of their heretical enunciations before the Sorbonne. Calvin took refage with Da Tillet at Angouleme. After a time he visited Roussel and Lefevre at Nerac. He first called upon Roussel: "The most decided and most mode-

rate of the theologians of the sixteenth century were now face to face. Calvin, naturally timid and hesitating, 'would never have had the boldness so much as to open his mouth (to use his own words ;) but faith in Christ begot such a strong assurance in his heart that he could not remain silent." He, therefore, gave his opinion with decision : 'There is no good left in Catholicism,' he said. We must re-establish the church in its ancient purity. 'What is that you Jean de Pois, and Stephen Bourlet, say ?' answered the astonished Roussel: 'who had both received much instruc-God's house ought to be purified, no tion from Nicholas.' One day they took doubt, but not destroyed.' 'Impossible,' said the young reformer; 'the edifice is mined not to fall asleep. The substituso bad that it cannot be repaired. We tion, generally effected by the adepts at must pull it down entirely, and build a new one in its place.' Roussel exclaim-ed with alarm: 'We must cleanse the quisitive men, the perpetual candle came church, but not by setting it on fire. If we take upon ourselves to pull it down we shall be crushed under the ruins.'

"Calvin retired in sorrow.

"Nerac, as we have said, sheltered another teacher-an old man, whom age might have made weaker than Roussel, but who, under his white hair received the crown of martyrdom toand decrepit appearance, concealed a living force, to be suddenly revived by contact with the great faith of the young scholar. Calvin asked for Lefevre's house: overybody knew him: He is a little bit of a man, old as Herod. but lively as gunpowder,' they told him. As we have seen, Lefevre had professed the great doctrine of justification by faith, even before Luther; but after so many years, the aged doctor still indulged in the vain hope of seeing Catholicism reform itself. 'There ought to be only one church,' he would frequently, repeat, and this idea prevented his separation from Rome. Nevertheless, his spiritualist views permitted him to preserve the unity of charity with all who loved Christ.

"When Calvin was admitted into his presence, he discerned the great man under his puny stature, and was caught by the charm which he exercised over all who came near him. What mildness, what depth, what knowledge, modesty, candor, loftiness, piety, moral grandeur, and holiness, had been said of im! It seemed as if all these virtues illuminated the old man with heavenly brightness just as the night of the grave was about to cover him with its darkness. On his side, the young man pleased Lefevre, who began to tell him how the prosecution of the Sorbonne had compelled him to take refuge in the south, 'in order,' as he said, 'to escape

SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE TIME spectacles : piles were kindled in many cities of France. A poor girl, Mary Bethem.

caudelle, surnamed the Gaborite, had just returned to Essarts, in Vendee, her native place, after being in service at Rochelle with a master who had taught her the gospel. A gray friar happened to be preaching in her little town, and she went to hear him. After the sermon, she said to him : 'Father, you do not preach the Word of God,' and pointed it out to him. Ashamed at being taken to task by a woman, the friar, who was alone, resolved to get himself reprimanded a second time, but before witnesses. insulted the doctrine of grace, the terrified Gaborite exclaimed: 'If you insult the gospel, the wrath of God will be against you.' She was condemned to health; in poverty, on riches; in straits, the stake shortly after, and 'endured upon good fortune; in death, upon the her pupishment with such patience as to cause great admiration.'

"About the same time two or three men were keeping watch, during the upon the noble. Yet there is no voice, night, in the chapel of the Holy Candle, nor any that regardeth. These Baal at Arras, in Artois. There was a candle names of the world are mere names, there to which the devout used to sing phantoms' echoes, of men's cries. hymns, because the priests told them it was sent from heaven and was never consumed. 'That is what we will see,' said these evangelicals; Nicholas, surnamed the *Penman*, 'a man of good sense and well taught in holy learning,' who had both received much instructheir station round the candle, deternight, while the doors were closed, not quisitive men, the perpetual candle came to an end and went out, like any other candle. Then Nicholas and his friends, calling in 'the poor idolaters,' showed them that there was nothing left of their heaven-descended relic but the end of a burnt-out wick. 'As the reward of their discovery these three Christians

gether.'" CALVIN AND ERASMUS.

In the summer of 1534 Calvin visited Strasburg, where Erasmus had long resided :

"Calvin desired to see him. He was beyond all doubt much more a man of compromises than Bucer; and from timidity, rather than from principle, he inclined to the side of the papacy. He was, however, a great scholar; had he not published the New Testament in Greek? Having left Basle at the mo ment of the triumph of the Reformation there, he happened just at this time to be at Friburg, in Brisgau, on the road from Strasburg to Switzerland. Could Calvin pass so near the town where he ived who had 'laid the egg' of the Reformation, and not try to see him? A writer of the sixteenth century has given an account of the interview between the two men who-one in the department of letters, the other in that of faith-were the greatest personages of the day.

"Bucer desired to accompany Calvin and introduce him to Erasmus. The precaution was almost necessary: the old doctor was ratting, wishing to die in

pered in his ear: Video magnam pestem

oriri in Ecclesia contra Ecclesiam Eras-

mus broke with the French reformer as

be had broken with the German reform-

NONE OTHER NAME.

BY REV. W. FLEMING, STEVENSON, RATHGAR.

er. The two visitors withdrew.

say there are others. Here are some of

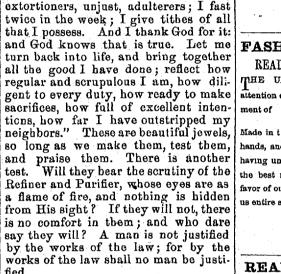
BAAL.-When the heathen priests met Elijah on Mount Carmel, they called on the name of Baal, saying O, Baal, hear us. Baal was their God-a god fashioned by their worldliness, their keen sense of pleasure, their vain imaginations. He was to let them do what they pleased, till there come sorrow or danger, and then they were to call upon his name. Men do not now call their God Baal. The world is vastly improved and enlightened. Yet somehow they still have false gods, though they keep them, like Rachel's idols, hidden among the stuff. In pain or anguish, they may living; when their souls are troubled, on their respectability and good nature; the weak upon the strong, the lowly

PRIVILEGE .- We have Abraham to our Father. We have our national blessings, our pure Churches, our excellent confes sions. Privilege throws open the temple of God; give us Sabbath service and Sabbath thoughts; puts the Word in our hands; gives us pious parents, goodly training, faithful pastors :

" Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dodging sin.

Bibles laid open, millions of surprises, Blessings beforehand, ties of gratefulness, The sound of glory finging in our ears. Without, our shame, within our consciences, Angels and grace, sternal hopes and fears.

Yet all their fences, and their whole array, One cunning bosom-sin blows quite away. Privilege is good if we live according to it; it is only condemnation if we trust to it. The pure Church, the Apostolic order, the faithful ministry, do not save, though many take a proud stand upon them. It is but boasting that we are the children of Abraham; and "God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham."



fied. BELIEF.-Driven from other shifts, we hide here. "I believe the Scriptures; I believe that it is nothing to have Abraham to our father; that Baal peace with Rome. Paul III had hardly is simply an idol; that as many as been proclaimed Pope, when he who are of the works of the law are under had kindled the fire offered his good the curse. I believe that Jesus is the services to him, in order to maintain the only Saviour; and it is all in God's faith and restore peace to the church. Word. I believe what I have been His letter quite charmed the crafty taught from the Bible; what I read Pontiff. 'I know,' Paul answered, 'bow in it; what I hear from the minister, useful your excellent learning, combined I never had a doubt about it." "No with your admirable eloquence, may be doubt," probably because there is no to me in rescuing many minds from thought. What difference does this these new errors.' The Pope even had belief make? Where is your repent-some idea of sending Erasmus a cardiance, your love, your dying daily? belief make? Where is your repent-ance, your love, your dying daily? Beyond a few formalities, is there any-"Calvin had not chosen his time well, thing to separate you from the mass of yet Erasmus received him, though not men? That belief of yours is dead, and nothing will spring out of it. You might as well call for help upon a dead without some little embarrassment. The young reformer, eager to hear the man. Favorite preacher, favorite doc-trine, clearness of knowledge, accuracy oracle of the age, began to ask him numerous questions on difficult points. Erasmus, fearing to commit himself, was reserved, and gave only vague anof perception, soundness, religious tastes, religious feelings-there is no swers. His interlocutor was not dissalvation in these. But there is in couraged. Had not the scholar of Jesus. Rotterdam said that the only remedy Gracious name, which God hath exfor the evils of the church was the alted above every other. Name of all intervention of Christ himself? That sweetness and divine compassion, frawas precisely Calvin's idea, and theregrantas precious ointment poured forth. honey in the mouth, a song in the ear, fore following it up, he explained his a jubilee in the heart;"* name of all convictions with considerable energy. human endearment, name of all infinite Erasmus listened with astonishment. rock, and many will be broken against He perceived at last that the young majesty; whispered in our temptations, man would not only go farther than peace and blessing in our trials, hope among the shadows, rod and staff in the himself, but even than Luther, and valley of death, the glory of our glory; would wage a merciless war against all name of Christ's pity and God's truth, human traditions. The scholar to whom the Pope had offered the Roman purple our safety, refuge, and abiding place; became alarmed; he looked at Calvin name of salvation, in which every knee shall bow-who shall not fear Thee, in astonishment, put an end to the conversation, and approaching Bacer whisand glorify Thy holy name?



319

** State of the state of the

flower,

And smells it, as it were, abstractedly. What he is doing is a plague to me! Sometimes he stands before yon orange-pot, His hands behind him, just as if he saw Some curious thing upon its leaves, and then, With a quick glance, as if a sudden thought Had struck his mind, there, standing on the

spot, He takes a little tablet out to draw, Then, muttering to himself, walks on agen. He is the very oddest man of men!

Brother Anselmo tells me that the book ('Twas left by chance upon the bench one day And in its leaves our brother got a look) Is scribbled over with all sorts of things,-Notes about colors, how to mix and lay, With plans of flying figures, frames for wings, Caricatures and forts and scaffoldings; The skeletons of men and beasts and birds, Engines, and cabalistic signs and words, Some written backwards, notes of music, lyres And wheels with boilers under them and fires, A sort of lute made of a horse's skull, Sonnets, and other idle scraps of rhyme. Of things like this the book was scribbled full. I pray your Highness, now, is this the way, Instead of painting every day all day, For him to trifle with our precious time ?

appears in the distance, lost in revery. The prior seizes the opportunity to point him out to the duke.

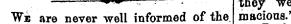
Ah! there he is now-Would your Highness look

Behind that pillar in the farthest nook, That is his velvet cap and flowing robe. See how he pulls his beard, as up and down He seems to count the stones he treads upon ! 'Twould irk the patience of the good man Job To see him idling thus his time away.

He then repeats one of his conversations with Loonardo, in which he remonstrated with him upon his idleness, but received from the patient and gentle painter a mild denial of the charge. The remainder of the conversation is thus reported by the prior. "Not idle! Well, I know not what you do! You do not paint our picture, that I see." To which he said, "A picture is not wrought By hands alone, good Padre, but by thought. In the interior life it first must start, And grow to form and color in the soul : There once conceived and rounded to a whole, The rest is but the handicraft of art. While I seem idle, then my soul creates; While I am painting, then my hand trans-Now this, I say, is nonsense, sheer enough, Or else a metaphysical excuse For idleness, and he should not abuse Your Highness by this sort of canting stuff. Look at him sauntering there in his long

If he is working, what is idleness ?

While the prior continues his complaints, the accused painter draws near and pleads his own cause to the duke. We reserve his defence to our next issue.



truth till we are conformed to the truth. "Paris did not enjoy alone these cruel. There is no other name. But men

the bloody hands of those doctors.'

"Calvin endeavoied to remove the old man's illusions. He showed him that we must receive everything from the Word and from the grace of God. He spoke with clearness, with decision, and with energy. Lefevre was moved-he nal's hat. reflected a little, and weeping, exclaims: 'Alas! I know the truth, but I keep myself apart from those who profess it." Recovering, however, from his trouble, he wiped his eyes, and seeing his young fellow-countryman 'rejecting all the fetters of this world and preparing to fight under the banner of Jesus,' he ex-

amined him more attentively, and asked himself if he had not before him that future reformer whom he had once fore told. 'Young man,' he said, 'you will be one day a powerful instrument in the Lord's hand. . . . The world will obstinately resist Jesus Christ, and everything will seem to conspire against the Son of God ; but stand firm on that At this point, the painter himself it. God will make use of you to restore the kingdom of beaven in France.' In 1509 Luther, being of the same age as Calvin in 1534, heard a similar prophecy from the mouth of a venerable doctor.

"Yet, if we may believe a Catholic historian, the old man did not stop there. His eyes, resting with kindness on the young man, expressed a certain fear. He fancied he saw a young horse which, however admirable its spirit, might dash beyond all restraint. 'Be on your guard,' he added, 'against the extreme ardor of your mind. Take Melanchthon as your pattern, and let your strength be always tempered with charity.' The old man pressed the young man's hand, and they parted

never to see each other again. INCIDENTS OF PERSECUTION.

A blind man sat reading on London Bridge. His seat was in the corner, The spirit of persecution was active and his voice was scarcely audible above in those days. The following are a few the roar of the traffic. But a group of among the many incidents which might halfadozen was always round him halting be adduced to show the manner of its for a moment and passing on. Mr. X was a man of brilliant parts, who had workings:

"Two journeymen, natives of Tours, dropped slowly down into almost utter and ribbon weavers, arrived in Paris scepticism. As he passed by the bridge, 'from Almayne,' bringing with them a the blind reader came to the words, Lutheran book. 'Landlord,' said one "None other name under heaven given of them imprudently, 'take care of this among men whereby we must be saved.' book while we go into town, and do not None other name : it echoed softly in his show it to anybody. The innkeeper, whose curiosity was thus aroused, turnear. It came echoing back through the day. It came at night. He had thought ed the book round and round, tried to to have got rid of this name: that it read it, and at last, unable to hold out was a superstition. Now, it troubled any longer, went and showed it to a him, and would not depart. He had priest. The latter having opened it, ex- trusted to other names. What if it claimed : 'It is a damnable book !' The were possible that there was no other ? landlord informed against the travellers; He tried to escape from the conclusion, Morin had the two friends arrested. | flew away to the country, and returned . . their tongues were cut out, and to find the sentence still haunting him. they were burnt 'alive and conta- And at last he yielded to the name of Jesus.

Dear name! the Rock on which I build, My shield and hiding place, My never-failing Treasury, filled With boundless stores of grace.

By thee my prayers acceptance gain, Although with sin defiled; Satan accuses me in vain, And I am owned a child.

* Bernard of Clairvaux.

Advertisrments.

J. & F. GADMUS.

No. 736 Market Street, S. E. corner of Eighth, PHILADELPHIA. Manufacturers and Dealers in BOOTS, SHOES, TRUNKS, CARPET BAGS AND VALISES of every variety and style. 1ell-ly



FOR THE TEETH AND GUMS.

To a great extent in every case and entirely in many, it prevents decay of teeth. It also strengthess the gums, keeps the teeth beautifully clean and the breath sweet. It is highly recommended by both Doctors and Dentists, and is believed to be as good a preparation for the teeth and gums as science and experience has ever producea. ver producea. Prepared solely by S. T. BEALE, M. D., Dentist,

1113 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa. For sale by Druggists.

