Star & Republican Banner.

"I WISH NO OTHER HERALD, NO OTHER SPEAKER OF MY LIVING ACTIONS, TO KEEP MINE HONOR FROM CORRUPTION. —SHAKS

BY ROBERT WHITE MIDDLETON.] GETTYSBURGH, Pa. TUESDAY, MARCH 18, 1838. [VOL. 8--NO. 50.

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CONDITIONS:

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III. Advertisements not exceeding a square, will be inserted three times for $1, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion—the number of insertions to be marked, or they will be published till forbid and charged accordingly; longer ones in the same proportion. A reasonable deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.

IV. All Letters and Communications addressed to the Editor by mail must be post-paid, or they willnot be attended to.

THE GARLAND.

——"With sweetest flowers enrich'd,
From various gardens cull'd with care."

FROM THE PITTSBURG SATURDAY VISITER.

THE DEAD BOY.

And have they wrapped thee in that cold--cold shroud
And have they torn thee from thy mother dear,
O yes—those prattling lips—thou beauty browed—
In silence sleep, for thou art on thy bier;
And they will hide thee 'neath the grassy sod
From thy young playmates, to be with thy God.

Yes, thou art dead—the beautiful—the bright,
The spirit-boy—has flown to the blue sky;
The flow'ret's withered, and the fairy light
Of intellect, has left his dull cold eye
To beam in heaven—Oh, he'll be happy now,
For immortality entwines his brow!

Ah, 'tis thus often in the early spring
Of joyous childhood, comes a with'ring power,
When beauty buds,and hope is on the wing,
To blight the graces of the opening flower;
'Tis well—the early called are always blest,
They sink so sweetly to their tear gemm'd rest!

THE REPOSITORY.

From the U. S. Magazine and Democratic Review.

The "Last Supper" of Leonardo de Vinci.

Reclined on his couch lay the excellent old Andrea Verochia. The dews of death moistened his furrowed and pale forehead; yet his eyes sparkled still with a deep enthusiasm,as he contemplated a picture he had completed for the *religieux de Valombreuse.* It was the baptism of our Saviour; but it was not the work of his own pencil that he was contemplating; it was the figure of an angel, which his youthful pupil, Leonardo de Vinci, had introduced. He had given it a celestial expression, an ethereal smile, that the master felt was far beyond his own conception.

At that moment his pupil entered. "My son," said he, "I have closed my easel and laid aside my pencil forever! But not with me expires my art; to thee I bequeath these implements; thou shalt go forward, and thy fame extend over Italy; in thy hands they may reach an excellence unknown before; but remember, that in mine they have never been degraded to an unworthy use! Guard them, my son; but, above all, guard thyself!"

Leonardo kissed the emaciated hand which pressed his own. "My more than father," he exclaimed; "thou knowest my imperfections; that I am proud and headstrong; passionate and easily offended, revengeful, and prone to a disposition to ridicule and caricature. Thou knowest my many faults; yet thy voice, nay, thy very glance, can subdue my overbearing temper; but without thee what am I?"

"My son," said the old man, smiling faintly, "thou must do that for thyself which I cannot do for thee. Thou hast the seeds of great good and great evil. To mature the one and repress the other must be the devoted object of thy own perpetual self-vigilance. I leave thee my precepts, as they have full often been repeated, and my example, such as it has been; and were I living I could give thee no more. I know, indeed, thy nature—it is capable of the most glorious efforts; but beware of the first impulses of every emotion unworthy of it. Why, tell me, wert thou cold and indifferent,yesterday,when I applauded Perugino's work? Beware of envy!"

The color of Leonardo rose high, and his eyes sparkled with an unwonted fire. "To that charge, not guilty," he quickly exclaimed. "I looked coldly on the work because I felt that he had not done his noble subject justice. Envy, at least, has no share in my composition."

"I believe thee," said Andrea; "remember that Perugino has his own merit; thou thine. Seek not to obscure that of each other. Always bear in mind, that it is for the perfection of thy divine art thou art laboring, not for thy own glory. There are many paths to eminence. Observe how multiplied and various are the forms of nature—how endless the realms of imagination. Cultivate a patient and humble temper; be open to reproof, and learn to subdue thy irritable nature. If thou art suffering under the scourge of oppression, or the bitterness of undeserved calumny, profane not thy exalted art by low and satirical revenge,which can have no part in a truly great mind. I repeat to thee, use it for no ignoble purposes. Let a pure soul animate thy works. Tread with generous steps the path of fame. Make room for thy compeers, if they overtake thee, and honor the excellence to which perhaps thou mayst not attain."

"I have been gazing on thy work," continued he, "and I confess to thee, Leonardo, that were my life to be prolonged, I would not retouch that picture. I feel that thy gift is beyond mine. I rejoice that it is so. I have cast but a faint light around me, thou wilt illuminate distant regions; yet, remember, thy brightness will not be like the splendor of noonday, but like the rising beam of the morning, or the mild lustre of the evening.—Thy powers are various; thou art not born to fill the ideal alone. I perceive in thee the germs of invention and usefulness: cultivate them, my son; narrow not thy path of life; live for thy fellow-men; for thy age; and long after the name of Perugino is forgotten, may that of Leonardo de Vinci be preserved by its own brightness. Virtue creates immortality; genius may emblazon the name of an artist in this lower world; but his virtues are to find their reward in heaven. Be it yours to live in the blessings of posterity; but look only to another existence for their recompense. My strength is fast failing; I must depart to that land where the good and the true shall meet again.—Thou couldst not desire to detain me here. Farewell! I leave behind me, in thee, a glorious continuation of myself. My mission is finished."

In a few minutes after these his last words,Leonardo's tears fell fast and bitter on the lifeless form of his good old master, as he gently closed his eyes, and signed the holy cross on his venerable forehead. "Yes," he exclaimed, as he knelt reverently by his side, "thy prayers shall be fulfilled. I will subdue the evil elements of my nature; and not for myself, but for mankind, will I labor in the divine art which I learned from thee,and of which thy last lesson has now taught me the true spirit; and my reward shall be with thee in Heaven."

The Chateau de Vinci, situated in the beautiful Val d'Arno, was the birth-place of Leonardo. He was one of the most accomplished men of his time. His face was fine and intellectual, his figure commanding, his bearing graceful, his air noble and courteous. He was also distinguished for his youthful strength and skill in all manly exercises, and for his acquaintance with military science. His voice was clear and musical, his conversation amusing and instructive, while he united a peculiar gentle simplicity of manners with politeness and natural dignity. When to this was added his glorious and almost universal genius, it is not strange that he was generally regarded as one of the most remarkable men of his day. He excelled in music, poetry, and belles-letters. He was not less successful in architecture and in sculpture, (of which he began the study with his old master, Andrea,) than in painting; while he cultivated all the science of the age, chemistry, anatomy, and mathematics, to make them all subservient to his art.

One peculiarity deserves to be noted, that all his manuscripts which have been preserved are written in the oriental manner, from right to left, the reverse of the common usage. It has been conjectured from observation of his drawings and designs, that he used his left hand instead of his right, as they are all reversed from what is generally found in the works of other artists, whether ancient or modern.

From the time of the death of his master, he made rapid advances in excellence. He cherished his memory with the most reverent affection: he reflected on his lessons, and studied to model himself by his precepts. He examined his own performances with the most jealous and fastidious eye, finding always more to condemn than approve, by the unapproachable standard of his own ideal.—He even carried this self-dissatisfaction too far.—The higher the perfection he attained in his art, the less was he himself satisfied with his own productions. He thus destroyed a great number of his own performances,especially of his earlier days.

The duke of Milan, Ludovico Sforza, was anxious to secure so brilliant an ornament to his court, and was eager in offering inducements to attract Leonardo to a residence in his dominions; and he accordingly was prevailed upon to leave his native abode near Florence, for that purpose. It is said that the jealoussy and suspicion of Michael Angelo, who was just then beginning to rise into distinction, made him the more willing to quit a place where he was hated as a rival. Though both of the artists were of surpassing excellence, their perfections lay in different lines. Leonardo was full of sensibility and imagination; his region was mind; he delighted to express all the pure and exalted emotions of the soul. He was select in his choice of subjects, and unless they were such as to interest his heart, his hand became utterly paralyzed, and he abandoned his attempt. He was sensitive and delicate; but his passions, when excited, were hasty and violent. If Raphael afterwards surpassed him, *he* had the glory of being first in the new path which he struck out.

Michael Angelo, on the other hand, studied strength and sublimity, and affected to look down on the less bold conceptions of Leonardo, while he met his generous advances with coldness, and appeared to avoid any association.

It may readily be imagined that the duke of Milan welcomed De Vinci, and loaded him with honors. He prevailed on him to be director of the Academy of Architecture which he had just established. Here, Leonardo soon restored the beautiful simplicity of the Greek and Roman styles. He constructed the famous aqueduct that supplies the city of Milan with water, which goes by the name of Mortesana, and by which the waters of Adda are conducted two hundred miles to the city.

The following anecdote has an interest, as illustrating the wonderful versatility of talent of Leonardo. The painter, the sculptor, the architect, the poet, the man of science and polite literature, the accomplished gentleman and soldier, and equally distinguished in all, it exhibits him also as remarkably ingenious in the principles and art of mechanics. In 1479, when Louis XII. of France was to make his entrance into Milan, he constructed an automaton lion, which marched out to meet the king, reared upon its hind legs, and, opening its breast, displayed an escutcheon with the arms of France quartered upon it. In the military sports and feats which were performed, Leonardo was unrivalled; and, as a horseman, he excited universal admiration,by the boldness and skill with which he could manage the wildest and most ungovernable steed. Louis greatly coveted the honor of possessing so distinguished an acquisition to his court, and is said to have made him splendid offers; but Leonardo declined them all. Certainly, however, he felt no great friendship for, or sympathy with, the duke, who possessed a countenance expressing all the low passions of his character, and which could excite in the high-minded artist only aversion and disgust.

There was one, also, who was constantly with the duke, that regarded the Florentine with an evil eye; this was the prior of the Dominican convent. Though his words dropped honey, the honey was mingled with gall. His dark malicious eyes looked slily out from overhanging eyebrows; his forehead was knit into a thousand wrinkles, and his scornful mouth covered with a bristly red beard; his nose hooked over his frightful mouth, like the beak of some obscene bird; in short, his whole appearance inspired equal distrust and detestation.

Nothing could exceed the displeasure with which this monk regarded Leonardo, whose abhorrence for so fiend-like a countenance, and contempt for the character of which it was the mirror, were probably scarcely concealed. Every honor which the duke conferred upon the artist, he considered an insult to himself, and he determined to hesitate at no means which might accomplish his ruin.

Leonardo soon found himself, at the court of the duke of Milan, in a situation wholly uncongenial to his tastes, and the darkest gloom took possession of his mind, and which he in vain endeavored to banish. He sometimes succeeded in the open air, when he was engaged in his mechanical or architectural works, for then the bright and glowing colors of nature spread their own hues over his feelings. The fresh air invigorated his mind; the showers of the morning, the dews of the evening, the exhalations of the night, the starry vault of the heavens, all gave impulse to his spirit, and carried him over hills and through valleys. But when he sat silent before his easel, then did his brow become clouded, and his hand unsteady. At this time many of the pictures of Leonardo are lost; he often destroyed them himself in a fit of disgust, when they only wanted a few masterly strokes to complete them.

The duke possessed an ardent love of the fine arts; his great misfortune was that of having fallen so entirely under the influence of the artful Dominican, who swayed him to his own purposes,which were all low and selfish. Often did he stand enraptured over the works of the artist. "This," he would exclaim, "will be the gem of my collection. Gifted Florentine; proceed with thy work,and ask what thou wilt; all price is below it!"

The Dominican was enraged by all the new honors heaped upon Leonardo, and he determined to destroy him. He had minutely observed him, studied his character,and the peculiar,delicate constitution of his mind; hatred is patient and indefatigable in its labors; he knew that Leonardo's pencil became powerless, unless his taste, mind and heart went along with it,and on this knowledge he formed his plan.

"My lord," said he to the duke, "I feel most bitterly for your many disappointments; no sooner have you set your heart on a picture than the capricious and daring Florentine draws his brush over it. Let me advise you to sit for your own portrait; this at least he will not presume to dishonor; and you may have one perfect gem from his hand for your collection." The duke seized instantly upon the idea.

"You shall paint my portrait," said he to Leonardo; "then one of your pictures at least will be saved from destruction. Your respect for me, as well as your affection, will not permit you to draw the brush over the lineaments of your friend and patron."

The artist trembled at the order. How, indeed, could Leonardo, who delighted to paint nature in its fairest forms, endure such a subject,such a combination of physical ugliness, utterly unredeemed by moral beauty or sublimity! The red shock hair, the grey twinkling eyes, the pale ashy cheek, and ill-shaped head—it was impossible, and yet the duke commanded it! Refuse he could not; yet, if he obeyed, could he prostitute his glorious art to flatter the tyrant, and disguise his hideousness by a deceitful falsehood! While, if he painted him true to nature, what a specimen of his art would go down to posterity, to be pointed to through after ages, as a proof that Leonardo de Vinci sold his pencil for gold!

It was in vain that he called upon the spirit of his master, Andrea. "Well, then," exclaimed Leonardo, "I must drink the bitter cup, and must paint him as he is. It is true he will read in his portrait his own hateful character; but I will not degrade my pencil by flattery; I will not deserve the scorn of after ages."

With a trembling hand he seized the pencil, while the duke sat before him with proud importance, and arrayed in princely ermine. Behind him the Dominican had placed himself, and looked at the artist with exulting malice, reading in his troubled eye and trembling hand the full influence of the malignant spell which his wiles had cast upon him. In vain Leonardo essayed to draw an outline; he saw nothing but the horrible face of the monk. At length he exclaimed, throwing down his pencil, "I can do nothing unless your highness remains with me alone." The duke ordered the Dominican to depart, and a new motive to revenge arose in the monk's heart.

Leonardo proceeded with his work,day after day, but the nearer the painting approached its completion, the more dissatisfied became the artist. At length, however, the last stroke was given, and it stood finished against the wall in all its revolting ugliness.

"How," cried Leonardo,losing all self-command, "shall a picture like this go down to posterity!—Shall I tarnish my fame and soil my future greatness by such a specimen?—rather perish my art, rather perish myself!" exclaimed he, striking his foot with violence against the pannel. It flew into fragments.

"So, so, master," smoothly said the Dominican, entering the room, by the command of the duke, to see the picture conveyed to him. He had come with the intention of working him up to this catastrophe; but it was unnecessary; the ungovernable passions of the artist had anticipated him. "So, master Leonardo, I perceive thou art possessed of an evil spirit. I will not interrupt thee." And he hastily retired.

Leonardo awoke from the delirium of passion to the consciousness of the deed. A feeling of self-reproach came over him, which was even more poignant than his fears of the vengeance of the prince. It was his protector, his benefactor, that he had thus insulted. "What have I done," he exclaimed, as he gazed upon the fragments, and gathered them from the floor. "Those eyes have looked upon me with kindness; those colorless lips have spoken words of friendship. O, my prince, whatever thou wert to others, to me thou wert a friend and benefactor;" and his tears fell fast upon the fragments of the picture.

The door opened, and a messenger came to say that the duke required his presence.

Leonardo trembled. "I may not call on thee, Andrea," said he, "I have sinned against thy precepts."

With faltering steps he approached the duke, whose countenance was dark and lowering. Beside him stood the hated monk, with folded hands and affected humility.

"What have you done with my portrait?" exclaimed the duke, with suppressed passion.

"Destroyed it," replied Leonardo, with a trembling voice.

"And why?" said the duke, still commanding himself.

"It was the feeling of his own worthlessness, sire," exclaimed the monk; "the consciousness that he could not do you justice."

"It is false!" said Leonardo.

"False!" exclaimed the duke, approaching him, his face pale with rage, "speak, what was thy motive?"

"Madness," answered Leonardo, firmly, "madness, and want of self-command."

The duke stood silent for a moment—"Whatever was the cause," said he, "perhaps you have done well,and I forgive you,if you accept my conditions."

"Name them, my prince," said Leonardo, "command me through fire and water, and you shall be obeyed. Make me undergo any torments, I will not complain. I will devote my best art, day and night, to redeem my crime, and to render myself worthy of your goodness."

"Do it so, then," said the duke. "You shall no longer have your attention distracted by the things of this world; your art shall be consecrated to holy purposes. The refectory of the Dominican cloister needs decoration, and your talent shall be devoted to this work. I will give you one year to accomplish it."

The prior was astonished at the calmness of the duke; he had expected to see the storm burst and overwhelm the artist; he had not sufficiently estimated the consequence which the power of genius bestows. The Florentine was already the ornament of the age, and commanded the respect of nations. The monk cast a malicious glance at him. Leonardo felt its force; it was hard for him to be shut up with such a man a whole year, and to be subject to the petty vexations he might inflict, and to which he knew his malice was fully equal. But he determined to bear with fortitude the evils he had drawn upon himself, and to labor to redeem the confidence of his patron. But what subject should he select for the work?—it was a new perplexity; and months passed in a disordered and unhinged state of mind, which rendered it impossible for him either to conceive or execute any attempt of his art.

One day, when the Passion Week was just begun, Leonardo was walking in the beautiful gardens near Milan. His mind was pondering on the subject of his painting. The spring had already awoke the young blossoms from their winter's sleep, and the trees and hedges were crowned with the fresh foliage of the season. "I will paint the season sacred to our Lord!" he exclaimed—"his last supper with his disciples—would that my pencil was equal to the task!"

The sun was just setting as he returned home, his mind filled with the vastness of the project. Unconsciously he arrived at the cloister of the Dominicans; the pealing tones of the organ struck upon his ear, while the lofty roof of the church resounded with the chant of the monks. The solemn sound had stilled the tumult of his breast,and his heart was filled with gentle and deeply religious emotions.

"O thou," he cried, "who died for the sins of the human nature which is so sinful and passionate in me how shall my feeble hand portray thy glory! How shall I paint that last sorrowful night when the apostles gathered around thee!"

As he dwelt on the subject, it gradually expanded to his mind; he beheld the long table and the Savior in the midst of his disciples—the last rays of evening shining on his head—a mild radiance beaming from his eyes,when he exclaimed, "Verily, I say unto you, there is one of you that shall betray me!"

And with what beauty did the group spring to light under the pencil inspired by such emotion! How fresh and yet how soft the coloring! But it was indeed an arduous task. Spring had come round and two of the heads yet remained unfinished. One was the Savior's, the other that of Judas—the one because his soul trembled to approach it, with reverential awe; the other because the beautiful purity of his own spirit shrank in horror from the task of creating the fitting conception of that visage. In vain Leonardo sat before his easel,with his pencil in his hand,and prayed for divine inspiration to paint the Savior of the world. His touch was cold and formal. Where was the heavenly benevolence that irradiated his face—the pitying forgiveness towards the apostle that he knew would deny him—the glance of divine sorrow,unmixed with anger,which he cast upon his betrayor! And the contrast of the traitor, how was he ever to portray it worthily!

The last week arrived,and the heads were yet unfinished. "Dost thou know the conditions?" exclaimed the exulting monk; "success or death: so said the duke, and his word is never recalled."

"I know them well," replied Leonardo, in a despairing tone.

"Then hasten on thy work," said the Dominican; "is life so worthless that thou canst not afford a daub of thy brush to save it? As well might the mighty discovery of painting have slumbered,if it will not do thee this slight service. Come, lend me thy brush—to-morrow is the day; I will furnish thee with a head and perhaps it may save thine own," fastening upon him a searching glance, with a flashing expression of conscious power and triumph.

"Ha!" exclaimed Leonardo; "I thank thee,good sir Prior,for this last offer; thou hast indeed inspired me.

He hastened to the refractory, closed and secured the door, and through the rest of that day, and the whole solitude of that last night, sat almost without intermission at the glorious task which has immortalized him. The head of Judas was completed before the shades of night came on; but that of the Savior still remained. There was the beautiful oval—the locks parted on the forehead—but all else of the face was a blank. He felt the task beyond his power, yet his generous spirit would not profane his own ideal, nor degrade his art, by an unworthy performance.

The last rays of the sun were setting; he turned towards the west—"Andrea," he cried, "now in this hour of my last extremity of despair, let my voice reach thee among the shade of the palm trees of paradise!"

As by a sudden inspiration, confidence took possession of his mind—celestial images floated before his imagination—the pealing roof seemed to ring with hosannahs—and in the vacant space the imagination of the painter beheld the countenance, the divine countenance,which he had been in vain attempting to portray. Once more he seizes his brush; he has only to follow the traits impressed forever by that single vision-gleam on his memory. How noble, how sublime, how much they partake of divinity, is decided not only down to the present age, but will be by ages yet unborn.

The next morning Leonardo did not make his appearance, nor was any reply returned to the application of the Prior at the door; it was the day on which the picture was to be exhibited, and his remorseless enemy exulted in the belief that in his despair, he had sought the fate of the Judas he had found himself incompetent to depict.

At length the hour arrived, and the Duke Sforza, accompanied by the principal nobility of Milan, proceeded in state to the Dominican monastry, and gave orders that the refractory should be thrown open.—The picture,which was in fresco,upon the wall at one end, was concealed by a curtain, and the artist stood on one side with his eyes cast down, and an expression of deep dejection. There was a confused murmur of voices; curiosity and eager expectation were expressed in every countenance, but that of the Prior's; on his sat triumphant revenge; the picture, he was confident, was unfinished in the most important figures, as he had himself seen it so on the preceding day.

"Let the curtain be withdrawn," said the duke.

Leonardo moved not; the deep emotion of the artist rendered him powerless.

The Dominican,unable to comprehend such feelings was confirmed in the belief that the withdrawing of the curtain would be the death-warrant of Leonardo: he hastily seized the string, and by a sudden pull the curtain opened, and the LAST SUPPER of Leonardo de Vinci stood revealed to the world!

Not a sound for a few moments broke the stillness that prevailed: at length murmurs of applause were heard,increasing,as the influence of the glorious work fell fuller upon the enthusiastic minds of the Italians, to raptures. The Duke arose and stood before Leonardo—

"Well, noble Florentine, hast thou atoned for thy fault. I am proud to forgive thee all. On, on, to glory, to immortality; high rewards shall be thine.—But why, holy father," said he to the Prior,who still stood, motionless and pale,before the picture; "why stand you speechless there? See you not how nobly he has redeemed his pledge?"

All eyes were turned upon the Dominican—then to the figure of Judas. Suddenly they exclaimed, with one voice, "It is he! it is he!"

The brothers and monks of the cloisters, who detested the Prior, repeated—"Yes, it is he—the Judas Iscariot who betrayed his master!"

After the first surprise was over,suppressed laughter was heard. Pale with rage,the Dominican retreated behind the crowd and made his escape to his cell, with the emotions of a demon quelled before the radiant power of an angel's divinity, and the reflection that henceforth he must go down to posterity as a second Judas! The resemblance was perfect.

And where now was Leonardo de Vinci? he who stood conspicuous among the nobles of the land—he whose might of genius hast high birth and worldly honors into obscurity? Now, surely, was the hour of his triumph! Alas, no! he stood humbled and depressed; bitter tears bedewed his cheeks, and when the cry was repeated again and again, "It is the Prior!" he hastily quitted the presence of the duke, and in the solitude of his own apartment, on his knees, in an agony of repentance, "O Andrea,my master!" he exclaimed, "how have I sinned against thy memory, our art,and my own soul! I have sinned, I have sinned! It was a sacrilege—in the same hour in which thou didst answer my prayer with the blessed inspiration of the vision of the Redeemer! I am unworthy of thy love, of thy divine art,and of my own respect. 'Revenge can have no part in a great mind,' was thy last precept: how much better didst thou know me than I knew myself. Strengthen and guide henceforth my weak and sinful nature."

Such were the emotions of the artist,while all Milan and Italy rang with the fame of the work which he himself so bitterly repented. All flocked to see it, and his renown was at its highest zenith He shunned the applause which it attracted, and in an humble spirit devoted himself to the pursuit of a nobler triumph than he had already achieved—the triumph *over himself.*

This is the history of that celebrated painting, the *Last Supper of Leonardo de Vinci*, which is familiar to all,from the innumerable copies transmitted to posterity, and distributed through every civilized country,by the pencil and the burin. It is still in the refectory of the Dominican convent, at Milan, though, having sustained much injury from ill-usage,especially when the convent was occupied by French troops at the close of the last century, it gives the traveller now but an indistinct idea of its original glory.

Leonardo de Vinci, in 1520, visited France, in consequence of the pressing solicitation of the noble chivalric Francis I. His health was feeble,and the king often came to see him at Fontainblen. One day when he entered, Leonardo rose up in his bed to receive him, but, in the effort, fainted from excess of weakness. Francis hastened to support him, but the eyes of the artist had closed forever,and Leonardo lay encircled in the arms of the monarch! Such was the death of the subject of the foregoing sketch.

Experience proves, that to indulge in what is fallacious, though it may please the imagination vitiates the taste, indisposes the mind to a pursuit after truth, and impairs the judgement by giving it a false bias. Hence, it is observable, that those who are most inclined to that kind of entertainment have generally but little relish for serious subjects, and least of all for the truths of religion.

Many things in the course of human life are grievous for want of rightly pondering this truth: that if we needed them we should hardly meet with them; and if we do need them, we ought not to wish an exemption from them.

If I am asked, who is the greatest man? I answer, the best; and if I am required to say who is the best; I reply, he who has deserved most of his fellow creatures.

Conjugal.—A man has been arrested in Ohio for stealing money from his wife. What can be done with the knave? A friend says—give him another wife, and compel him to live with both.—Horrid!

Not bad—Patriot wit—A Sovereign Remedy.—The United States officers on board the steamboat New England, under the command of Lieut. Champlin, on her recent visit to Dunkirk, found all the boxes containing arms and ammunition marked "A cure for the King's Evil!"

Some one asked a lad how it was he was so short for his age? He replied—"Father always keeps me so busy I ha'nt time to grow!"

For the Ladies.—Kisses admit of a greater variety of character than perhaps even our fair readers are aware. Eight diversities are mentioned in Scripture, viz: The kisses of Salutation, Sam. xx. 41; Valediction, Ruth, i. 9; Reconciliation, 2 Sam. xiv. 33; Subjection, Psalm. ii. 12; Approbation, Prov. ii. 12; Adoration, Luke, vii. 38; Treachery, Mat. xxvi, 49; Affection, Gen. xxix. 13.

Mr. Cilley.—The Portland Advertiser of Thursday last, which contains the particulars of the recent melancholy duel, adds—

We understand from private letters received in this city, that before the duel, Mr. Cilley called on the Hon. Reul Williams, of Augusta, and informed him, that he intended to fight. Mr. W. and his friends used every argument to dissuade him,but in vain. Mr. Cilley replied that there was no other way for him to clear himself from the affair. He appeared perfectly cool and collected.—To a lady who was of Mr. Williams' family, he made the request that she would write to his wife in case he fell, and if in her power, call on her when she should return to Maine. He wrote all the necessary letters to his friends,and made the requisite arrangements concerning his business. The affair must have been arranged with great secrecy and promptitude, or it seems to us, a seasonable interposition might have prevented the melancholy consequences.

Mr. Cilley was about 31 years of age—a graduate of Bowdoin College, and a young man of superior talents. Although we were opposed to him in his political principles, we do not deny that he had sufficient talents and ability to make himself respected as an advocate, even of a bad cause.

Frederick-Town Branch Bank.—John McPherson, Esq., having declined as Cashier of this institution, in consequence of ill health, Cyrus Mantz, Esq., has been appointed his successor.—*Herald.*

THE SUB-TREASURY BILL.

SPEECH
OF THE
Hon. Daniel Webster,
On the Sub-Treasury Bill, delivered in the Senate of the U. States, January 31, 1838.

"Let the Government attend to its own business, and let the People attend to theirs."

"Let the Government take care that it secures a sound currency for its own use,and let it leave all the rest to the States and to the People."

These ominous sentences, Mr. President, have been ringing in my ears ever since they were uttered yesterday,by the member from New York. Let the Government take care of itself,and let the people take care of themselves. This is the whole principle and policy of the administration, at the present most critical moment, and on this great and all-absorbing question of the currency.

Sir, this is an ill-boding announcement. It has nothing of consolation, of solace, or of hope in it.

It will carry through all the classes of commerce and business, nothing but more discouragement, and deeper fears. And yet it is but repetition. It is only a renewed exhibition of the same spirit, which was breathed by the message, and the bill of the last session, of which this bill is also full,and which has pervaded all the recommendations, and all the measures of Government, since May. Yet I confess that I am not, even yet, so familiar with it, so accustomed to hear such sentiments avowed,as that they cease to astonish me. I am either groping in thick and palpable darkness myself, in regard to the true objects of the constitution, and the duties of Congress under it, or else these principles of public policy,thus declared, are at war with our most positive and urgent obligations.

The honorable member made other observations indicative of the same general tone of political feeling. Among his chosen topics of commendation of the bill before us, a prominent one was, to shelter the administration from that shower of imputations, as he expressed the idea,which would always beat upon it, as it beats now,when disasters should happen to the currency. Indeed! And why should the administration, now or ever, be sheltered from that shower? Is not currency a subject over which the power and duty of Government extend? Is not Government justly responsible for its condition? Is it not, of necessity, wholly and entirely under the control and regulation of political power? Is it not a matter, in regard to which, the people cannot, by any possibility, protect themselves,any more than they can, by their own individual efforts,supersede the necessity of the exercise, by Government, of any other political power? What can the people do for themselves to improve the currency? Sir, the Government is justly answerable for the disasters of the currency, saving always those accidents which cannot at all times be foreseen or provided against. It is at least answerable for its own neglect, if it shall be guilty of it, in not exercising all its constitutional authority for the correction, and restoration of the currency. Why does it, how can it, shrink from this responsibility? Why does it retreat from its own duty? Why does it seek, not the laurels of victory, not the reputation even of manly contest, but the poor honors of studied and eager escape? Sir, it never can escape.—The common sense of all men pronounces that the Government is, and ought to be,and must be,answerable for the regulation of the currency of the country; that it ought to abide, and must abide, the peltings of the storm of imputation, so long as it turns its back upon this momentous question, and seeks to shelter itself in the safes and the vaults, the cells and the caverns, of a Sub-Treasury system.

But of all Governments that ever existed, the present administration has least excuse for withdrawing its care from the currency, or shrinking from its just responsibility in regard to it.

Its predecessor, in whose footsteps it professes to tread, has interfered, fatally interfered, with that subject. That interference was, and has been, the productive cause of our disasters. Did the administration disclaim power over the currency in 1833,when it removed the deposites? And what meant all its subsequent transactions, all its professions, and all its efforts, for that better currency which it promised,if in truth it did not hold itself responsible to the people of the United States, for a good currency? From the very first year of the late administration to the last,there was hardly a session,if there was a single session, in which this duty of Government was not acknowledged, promises of high improvement put forth, or loud claims of merit asserted, for benefits already conferred. It professed to erect the great temple of its glory on improvements of the currency. And, sir, the better currency which has been so long promised, was not a currency for the Government, but a currency for the people. It was not for the use of revenue merely, but for the use of the whole commerce, trade, and business of the nation. And now,when the whole industry, business, and labor of the country,is harassed and distressed, by the evils brought upon us by its own interference,Government talks with all possible coolness,of the great advantage it will be to adopt a system,which shall shield itself from a thick-falling shower of imputations. It disclaims, it renounces, it abandons its duties, and then seeks an inglorious shelter in its professed want of power to relieve the people.

We demand the better currency; we insist on the fulfilment of the high and flattering promises; and surely there never was a Government on the face of the earth, that could, with less propriety, resist the demand; yet, we see it seek refuge in a bold, cold, and heartless denial of the competency of its own