

**Open for a short time only, at Carusi's assembly room, Washington, the two grand moral pictures, the temptation of Adam and Eve, and the expulsion from paradise. Painted by Dubufe, for the ex-king Charles the tenth, of France ... [Washington, D. C. n. d.].**

OPEN FOR A SHORT TIME ONLY, AT CARUSI'S ASSEMBLY ROOM, WASHINGTON, THE TWO GRAND MORAL PICTURES, THE TEMPTATION OF ADAM AND EVE, AND THE EXPULSION FROM PARADISE.

PAINTED BY DUBUFE, FOR THE EX-KING CHARLES THE TENTH, OF FRANCE.

EXHIBITED AT SOMERSET-HOUSE, LONDON; AT THE AMERICAN ACADEMY, NEW-YORK; AND AT MANY OF THE PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE UNITED STATES; TO THE LIVELY GRATIFICATION OF MANY THOUSAND VISITORS.

*Size of each Picture —10 feet 6, by 12 feet 6.*

These sublime works of art are acknowledged as the finest productions of the French school—perfectly chaste and beautiful in conception, uniting a deep poetic imagery to the charm and power of truth, such as cannot fail to make a lasting impression on the mind of every beholder.

GENESIS, CHAP. III.

4. And the serpent said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die:

5. For God doth know, that in the day ye eat thereof, then shall your eyes be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil.

6. And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise; she took of the fruit thereof, and gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat.

[???] Admittance 25 Cents.

[???] Season Tickets One Dollar.

[???] Open from 9 A. M. till 9 P. M. and brilliantly illuminated each evening.

## DESCRIPTION.

THE TEMPTATION.—The composition is simple and exquisitely chaste, embodying the beauty of Milton with his poetic grandeur; it represents a lovely and pure sunshine—the flesh tints are clear and lively—the broad expanse of heaven sheds its mellow light in ethereal splendour upon a scene still as created—all harmony, peace and happiness.

The expression, grace, and bland persuasive power of Eve exhibit the height of female loveliness; it is the charm of innocence, “with native honour clad,” and to which will apply those lines of Milton:

“O, fairest of creation, last and best  
Of all God's works, creature in whom excell'd  
Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,  
Holy, divine, good, amiable or sweet!”

'The figure of Adam is finely contrasted by the rich depth of the flesh tones, the manly grace, the noble air and mien of one,

“Whose higher intellectual  
And strength, of courage haughty, and of limb  
Heroic built, though of  
terrestrial mould.”

In the countenance the mental conflict is visible, and every limb is “eloquent of action.” The secret power of Satan in the serpent is one of those happy thoughts of originality which characterizes genius. The breathing ray, reaching the ear of Eve, marks his sway of influence over the imagination. The lion, in the majesty of his nature, unconscious of a change, sleeps peacefully at their side.

THE EXPULSION.—Man, so late the companion of angels, and favourite of heaven, conscious of the enormity of his guilty of his guilt, dares not so much as raise his eyes in hope of mercy. Eve, o'erwhelmed with fear, lifts her swimming eyes to Adam, who in the fullness of affection presents himself to the justice of offended majesty—shielding

“Her, his life so late and sole delight  
New at his feet submissive in distress.”

Satan, in the language of the poet, flies the fiery wrath of pursuing vengeance; exulting, though trembling. All nature groaned, and echoing,

—“from her seat, —“ gave signs of wo  
That all was lost;” “and angry ire  
Swells in the storm, and  
billows through the sky.”

The tree of sin is riven by the bolt of heaven, and the lion, gathering! shakes his mane in anger.

“Earth trembled from her entrails, as again In pangs, and nature gave a second groan; Sky lower'd, and, muttering thunder, some sad drops Wept at completing of the mortal sin Original.”

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These subjects possess a marked beauty of contrast. The Expulsion is — perhaps the greater work of the two—for poetic grandeur, conception of feeling, and unity of design, a scene of the deepest mental anguish, while the temptation exhibits one of lovely innocence. The exquisite and chaste beauty of Eve may indeed be considered his master-piece. Unlike the general class of pictures of the French school, their first and chief recommendation is their chaste simplicity: in drawing, they combine much of the antique, united to the beautiful of nature in colour. The foreshortenings are all of them exquisite; and for delicacy of feeling, for a boldness of relief, and a power of light and shade, we consider them inferior to none, if not superior to any modern work of this nature.

NEW YORK AMERICAN.

But one opinion in regard to these splendid efforts of the pencil of Dubufe is expressed, and that is, that their superior has not been seen at any time in this country, and their equal is rarely to be found in Europe. We make this remark with full confidence that those who have not visited those beautiful pictures, will enjoy a rich intellectual treat in doing so.

NEW YORK COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER, FEB. 25.

Adam and Eve. —Such was the rush to see these great paintings on Saturday, that great numbers could not gain admittance, for want of room. They are from the classic pencil of Dubufe, a favourite pupil of David. The first represents the temptation of our first parents, in the garden of Eden. Adam is portrayed seated on a broken bank, with Eve lying in a recumbent posture at his side; the left arm of Eve is gracefully interlocked with Adam, and with her right hand she places in his unconscious grasp the fatal apple.

The attitude and air of Adam is manly and noble—tha of Eve delicate and graceful; but what shall we say of her face and expression? It is the very soul of poetry, simplicity, truth, feeling and loveliness; if she had descended in a snow flake from the regions of purity, she could not have looked more fascinating and lovely. Her eyes speak eloquent persuasion to the wavering mind of Adam, half doubtful, and fearing but to err; if he gazes upon the resistless angel at his side—he looks upward upon the fair face of Heaven:—but there all is calm and serene; the sky rolls on in beauty, and the lion sleeps in amity at his back; no sound of murmuring life is there to disturb the solemnity of his repose, save the subtle and envenomed viper, who crawls unseen and unheard upon his bower of innocence and love. He comes, but in unearthly silence, to turn his paradise into a burning

hell; red wrath and malignant malice glare from his horrid, eye-balls, pestiferous with death, as he creeps with velvet-like pace from the trunk of a tree, and breathes the poison of his own hideous nature into the charmed ear of Eve: the spell is potent upon her—the homed accents of perverted and seeming truth, enter into the too credulous and unsuspecting ears of the common mother of mankind, and she falls, a blasted and broken pillar of the composite order of beauty, grace and loveliness.

The tints which pervade the picture are cool, chaste and mellow, imparting a vigorous freshness and boldness of relief, to the colouring of the figures, truly admirable. There is a harmony and beauty, united with a delicacy of finish about this noble painting which bespeaks the hand of a 4 master, and you stare at it with surprise, conviction and astonishment—certain of its unequalled merit, and scarcely believing it to be a work of art.

Its companion, the “Expulsion,” to which the attention is immediately drawn, is terrifically sublime; the elements are at war! Lightning gleams—the sea rolls and rises, black with impending destruction—the oak falls, riven by the thunder bolt; and the red artillery of Heaven has shorn its leafy honours to the stem! The lion so lately slumbering by the side of the lord of creation, is up, and bristling off, with a tremendous scowl of defiance. And the beauteous and once innocent creatures, who roamed unchecked and untrammelled, through the fragrant bowers of Eden, are prostrate and despairing. The lurid glare of sulphurous fire is streaming over their agitated bodies. Fear is in their hearts; and unavailing tears of contrition in their eyes. Hope has fled; and Satan triumphant is exulting under the form of an angel of light, over his prostrate victims. All is in perfect keeping—graphic to sublimity—the hand of genius has passed over it. To see, understand, and feel its beauties, you must stand still, and gaze upon it in silence—

Let no passion stir,— Wake all to reason—Let her reign alone.

Then, reflect and ponder upon the destiny of humanity. We know what we are; but what we shall be,

When we have shuffled off this mortal coil—

Is the question at every flying moment at issue. To all who have not seen these celebrated specimens of the French school, we say, go! and contemplate them—the pictorial entertainment will sink deep into the heart, and by its softening power, assist to make it happier and better.

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