

Young People's Story of Music and Art

THE APPRECIATION SERIES

IDA PRENTICE WHITCOMB

Young People's Story of Music and Art

Ida Prentice Whitcomb

Libraries of Hope

Young People's Story of Music and Art
Appreciation Series

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Contents

Young People's Story of Music 1
Foreword 3
The Beginnings of Music 5
Some Prehistoric Instruments 8
Chinese Music 9
Egyptian Music 13
Hebrew Music 17
Greek Music — Legendary 23
Greek Music — Historical 29
Roman Music 34
Early Saintly Music 39
St. Ambrose and St. Gregory 42
Church Music of the Medieval Day 50
Palestrina 55
The Oratorio and the Opera 61
Marie Luigi Carlo Zenobi Salvatore 69
Luigi Gaspardo Pacifico Spontini 79
Gioachino Rossini 82
The Singing-Opera 90
Giuseppe Verdi 93
The Church and the King 103
The Song and the Singer 107
The Age of Lully and Rameau 113
Revolutionary Song and Opera-Comique 119
The Grand Opera 125

Hector Berlioz 129
French Music of Today 134
Early English Music 138
The Madrigalian Era 145
A Musical Medley 150
The Age of Handel 155
A Glimpse into Nineteenth-Century English Music 164
The Early Songs of Germany 167
German Church Music 172
Johann Sebastian Bach 176
Christoph Wilibald Gluck 183
Franz Josef Haydn 190
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart 199
Ludwig Von Beethoven 209
Carl Maria Friedrich Von Weber 221
Franz Schubert 228
Robert Alexander Schumann 233
Jacob Ludwig Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy 238
Meyerbeer – Brahms – Liszt 247
Wilhelm Richard Wagner 255
Modern Music of Other Countries 264
Young People's Story of Art 269
Foreword 271
Egyptian Art 273
Grecian Art 278
Roman Art 293
Early Christian Art 300

Italian Art 310
Spanish Art 377
Flemish Art 400
Dutch Art 421
German Art 437
English Art 461
French Art 488

Young People's Story of Music

By Ida Prentice Whitcomb

Foreword

Amid the joyous, inspiring life of to-day, there is a constantly growing recognition of the necessity of a fuller appreciation of music, and many books on the subject have been written for older people. The following "Story" is addressed to the young; it is very simply told, there being nothing about it either technical or exhaustive.

It contains just a little glimpse into the great world of music. It includes a description of the song and dance, and the curious instrumentation, that belonged to the olden time, when the laurel-wreath became the victor's crown. In the more modern day, it touches upon the lives of some of the great composers; for in coming into friendship with these lives, many of them so full of vivid, dramatic coloring, it is easier to recognize how their works took form.

We enjoy the picture when we discern the artistic stroke, and we listen more intelligently to the opera, or symphony, or oratorio, when we detect in it the ideal of its composer.

It is hoped that this "Story" may interest young people to study more eagerly the distinct note, which, starting in the legendary ages, and later guided by the Master's hand, has grown more and more insistent as the centuries have passed. And as they listen, may they be lured on to a life-long intimacy with that music, which "is the gladness of the world."

Ida Prentice Whitcomb.

CHAPTER 1
The Beginnings of Music

Music, the youngest child of the gods, is an art which is presided over by the Muses. It differs greatly from architecture, sculpture, and painting.

The architect hews massive blocks of granite, and lo! the mighty cathedral rises into the air; the sculptor overlays it with a lacework of stone; and the painter decorates it with holy pictures to tell the saintly stories to those who cannot read them for themselves. And century after century, the stately cathedral stands, and man may admire its graceful proportions and worship within its walls.

But music is not formed of granite blocks, but of just a succession of sounds which are so modulated that they please the ear. The composer writes it; the musician plays it — and when he pauses, all that remains is a beautiful memory instead of a visible monument. So, compared to the other arts, music is very ethereal.

Yet it has one advantage over the great cathedral, for that can never change its site — while the same music may be heard at the same time in different parts of the world.

And music is a most wonderful language, for it can express more emotion and intensity of feeling than any other language that has ever been spoken.

We wonder what came first in the musical story: whether the call of a bird — the human voice — the murmur of the brook — or the wind whistling through the reeds; for, like architecture and sculpture, music must have found its suggestion in nature, which is itself so full of sweet sounds.

Doubtless man sung before he ever made an instrument to accompany his song; and the oldest music of which we have any record is a primitive lament or funeral chant — a plaintive wail over fleeting youth and beauty. The Egyptians called it the Maneros — the Greeks, the Linos.

The Hindoos accorded to music a divine origin, and their delightful land of Ind, with its fascinating folk-lore, is full of musical story. One legend runs as follows: When the young god Krishna was upon the earth, there were sixteen thousand nymphs or gopis, all of whom determined to gain the love of this youth. So each invented a new key, hoping that by its novel construction, she might win to herself the heart of the beautiful god.

But alas! they were not all successful; for the story adds that the sixteen thousand keys were soon reduced to nine hundred and sixty, and finally to twenty-three. Think of the number of disappointed nymphs!

The national instrument of India is the vina, first formed by Brahma's wife. It is a pipe with metal strings which are attached to one or more gourds or resonators.

Once Nareda, the god of music, sat at his vina, worshipping in deepest contemplation. Suddenly the gently moving zephyrs drew from the strings the most entrancing sound, and ever after its melodies had miraculous effect.

They set men and animals in motion, according to the player's will; they obscured the sun; they called down rain; and one was played only at the risk of its performer's being consumed by flame.

One might write books on Hindoo music, without explaining its mystical significance, its vague systems, and its ever-varying metre; if we would wish to know what it is most like, the sweet melodies and wild, free rhythm of the gipsy music will always suggest it.

Our research, however, does not lead us through India, but instead, through those ancient countries whose music is simpler, and so will better fit into our story.

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"His lute and vina are beloved things,
He learns their souls, and counts each echo dear,
And he has taught his heart the way to hear
The ancient dream that lingers in the strings."

— *Old Hindoo Poem.*

"No mere machine is Nature,
Wound up and left to play;

No wind-harp played at random
By airs that idly stray;
A spirit sways the music,
A hand is on the chord,
Oh! bow thy head and listen —
That hand it is the Lord's."

— *Mrs. Charles.*

CHAPTER 2
Some Prehistoric Instruments

Every story should have an appropriate place for its beginning. So we commence our own, standing before a little case in one of the Music Rooms of the Metropolitan Museum, in New York. For this case contains prototypes of some prehistoric instruments which have been found in caves, mounds, and graves.

There are just a few whistles, flutes, and rattles, fashioned from pottery and the bones of animals. Some of them are carved in grotesque forms of men and birds and beasts. One of the rattles is formed from the strung seeds of the laurel-tree — another is a gourd filled with dry seeds.

Imagine the savage dance led by the rhythmic music which comes from this gourd as it is shaken in the hands of the rude musician — a primitive orchestra, indeed! Rhythm belonged to the earliest music, even in the day when the savage clapped his hands, and swayed his body, and danced to his own accompaniment.

How uncouth these little whistles, flutes, and rattles seem to our educated modern eye, familiar with the richly-graved orchestral instrument, the grand piano, and mighty organ; and it is indeed hard to realize that the forms of all these were first suggested by the primitive treasures seen in this case.

The history of ancient music consists largely of a description of various instruments and their functions, rather than a study of the lives of those composers who wrote the music that was played upon them.

China and Egypt are two countries whose music is perhaps most typical of that of the early day, and to these we first turn.

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"One day a line, the next another, a note, a bar, a melody."

CHAPTER 3
Chinese Music

There are as many varieties of music as there are peoples in the world to enjoy them, for even every savage tribe has its songs and its instruments. China, as we have said, is a typical country in which to study some of these; for besides its sweeter and more stately music, it has various forms that through all the ages have appealed to barbarous races — races of savages who have loved noise for noise's sake.

The ancient music of China is easy to comprehend; for in all time the Chinese have clung most tenaciously to the customs of their ancestors, absolutely refusing the slightest new thing. So the same music is played on the same instruments that were employed more than three thousand years ago!

The Chinese ascribe the invention of tone and half-tone to their mythical bird, Fung Hoang; and long before any other nation had thought of such a thing, they had arranged a scientific system of octaves, tones, and scales, and bound them together by an infinite variety of rules.

What an original people the Chinese must have been! and what a pity, too, that they were so satisfied with their first efforts that they did not continue to invent new things!

Chinese music has been greatly influenced by the teachings of Confucius, who was neither a priest, emperor, soldier, nor statesman, but just a beloved teacher; a kingly teacher, too, with millions of followers in all the centuries, who are yet learning of his beautiful wisdom.

He both wrote and loved music, always asserting that its holy influence checked evil passion. He passed many hours alone with his scholar's lute, enraptured by its sweet tones, which always brought a message for him only.

One special hymn in his honor is performed twice a year on lucky days. The altar is loaded with offerings of meat, grains, fruits, wines,

silks, and spices. When all are made ready, and the hymn is sung, the spirit of Confucius, accompanied by the spirits of other sages, is supposed to descend from heaven to enjoy the luxuries prepared.

And what are some of the favorite Chinese instruments? One of the most pleasing is the ti-tzu, a kind of flute formed from bamboo reeds, wound with silk and decorated with long tassels. The skeng is also very popular. It is of delicate construction from bamboo reeds, closely linked with a gourd, and it is specially used in the temple ritual.

Bamboo instruments have originated very naturally in China, for the country contains great forests of bamboo. Travellers tell us that in going through these, they love to listen to the whistle of the wind as it passes through the broken reeds. And how easily we may imagine a musical traveller of the olden day cutting some of these and binding them together, in order to carry away an instrument for his own pleasure.

There is a fabulous story told of a king of China who sent his minister to the forest to fashion a wind-instrument; and the minister cut beneath the knots a piece of bamboo, the length of the king's foot. He blew across it, and it emitted a sound which he called the base or tonic.

He cut a shorter reed and a higher tone was produced, and so from pipe to pipe, until he arranged a musical scale which has been handed down through all the centuries, and this is perhaps the origin of the simplest and oldest of instruments.

And probably the first stringed-instrument was invented as naturally as the first wind-instrument; for when warriors and hunters told stories of their brave deeds and toyed with their bows, how easy for one to discover as he plucked the strings with his fingers or struck them with an arrow, that strings of different lengths gave out different sounds, and thus the hunting-bow became the musical lyre.

The kin is the most important of these stringed-instruments. It is supposed to have been invented by Fo Hi, one of the founders of the religion. It is a primitive guitar with strings, and some metal bells inserted to add a clanging accompaniment to the music given out by the strings.

It must possess extraordinary power, for Rouse, a Chinese musi-

cian who lived long before Orpheus, said: "When I play upon my kin, the animals range themselves before me, spellbound!"

The che, or the wonderful, is also a kind of psaltery, and with the small drum is used to accompany songs and hymns. The singing has usually a nasal twang, for what self-respecting Chinaman would ever think of using his natural voice!

And how the Chinese love bells and chimes! The tones of the latter are produced by stones of different thickness, and very early they were skilled in casting metal bells. The neo-king is a richly ornamented royal instrument, formed of several bells suspended together and played upon by a mallet.

A bell is found at the door of every Buddhist temple, and the believer strikes it as he enters to arouse the attention of the sleeping god. There are also small bells attached by such delicate ribbons to the eaves of houses and pagodas that the softest breeze makes sweetest music.

The Chinese are very expert, too, in making gongs and clappers; and how the people love the booming of the giant drum used in the temple service! Indeed, their most popular music, with its uncouth rhythm, is produced by just these chimes, gongs, and drums. It has no apparent thought for melody or harmony, but then it serves a far better purpose, for it drives away dragons that otherwise would devour men.

The trumpet, also, is greatly enjoyed. It is blown from the fortress or on the field as a signal for battle, and it also increases the pomp of a religious pageant. It was originally the horn of a ram or of some other animal killed in the chase; and when the nation grew rich and worked on metal, it was beautifully fashioned and elegantly adorned.

A Chinese orchestra is very different from an American one, but it is most interesting to see it and to listen to its music, for it recalls very perfectly the music of the ancient day. The Chinese believe in "the music of the spheres," but their own is certainly not all harmonious.

A clever Chinaman has explained the old tradition that a good musician is always blind. He assures us that the eyes are closed, in order that while performing, no external object should engage the attention.

And the Chinese have always delighted in their native music, and considered it the finest in the world; and in contrast, they have called that of Europe barbaric and horrible. But to-day China is awakening to new ideas — and what will be the music of its future?

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"The birds instructed man,
And taught him songs before his art began;
And while soft evening gales blew o'er the plains,
And shook the sounding reeds, they taught the swains,
And thus the pipe was framed and tuneful reed."

— *Lucretius*

CHAPTER 4
Egyptian Music

Chinese music rings out loudly and clearly, telling very definitely its ancient story. But Egyptian music is silent as the grave; and we learn about it only by examining the fadeless pictures and sculptured reliefs graven on the walls of its old palaces, temples, and tombs.

Sometimes, too, the instrument is brought to light upon which the Egyptian played. For it is fortunate for our study that the things which he enjoyed in life were necessary to his comfort after death; so the instrument or its pictured representation was always preserved.

What a mysterious old land Egypt is — with its treasures of art and science and music, its fabulous wealth, and its wise priests! And how wonderful it is that we may trace to this country the origin of so many things that we enjoy to-day, and among them some of the musical instruments now in use.

In all early history of music, much more is said about the kind of instruments used, and the ceremonies in which they took part, than about the composers; while in modern story, our interest seems to centre about the great masters and their works.

Now, in order to study intelligently the character of the ancient instruments, it will be well at the outset to pause before another case in the Metropolitan Museum, for it contains prototypes of some Egyptian instruments which were the types upon which modern ones are fashioned.

They are arranged here in the four divisions into which musical instruments usually fall:

1. Stringed-instruments.
2. Wind-instruments.
3. Instruments with a vibrating membrane.
4. Instruments made of sonorous substances.

The first class, containing stringed-instruments, is the most

important, for these have an unsurpassed power of expression. And here we find an old harp of twenty-two strings of gut, which are tuned by some cords ornamented with tassels, and its wooden sound-box is covered with parchment.

The harp is always associated with ancient Egypt, and in the "Golden Age" it attained there a very high point of development. Besides being used in the temple service, we know that it was a royal instrument, because harps have been found in the tombs of the Theban kings. It was of different forms of beauty, often exceeding in size the harp of today.

Some were most elaborately constructed, the framework exquisitely carved over, and inlaid with ivory, gold, tortoise-shell, and mother-of-pearl, and adorned with sphinxes and heads of gods and goddesses. The harp was as splendid a piece of furniture in the house of an Egyptian lord as is the grand piano in the home of a modern nabob.

In the second order — the wind-instruments — the vibrations are regulated by a column of air, passing through a tube, and to illustrate these, the case contains a flute, some reed-pipes, and a war-horn. Think of the progress which has been made in these instruments as we see it in our day in the mighty organ! All honor to the inventive genius of the old mechanics and musicians!

The third class is illustrated by a drum and tambourine. Such instruments contain a vibrating membrane, the sound being obtained by striking the skin — the skin here taking the place of the cord in the stringed- and the reed of the wind-instrument. In these we do not discover as real progress in the modern day, unless we find it in the great orchestral or kettle-drum, with its perfect tuning mechanism.

The fourth class of instruments — the sonorous — is the most primitive of all, and the case contains a bell, cymbals, and two sistra. The sistrum was a special favorite with the Egyptians, and was commonly used in battle to intimidate the foe. A hoop of bronze is crossed by metal bars passed through holes in its sides; and bells are often placed within the hoop to add to the jingle made by the bars when the sistrum is shaken or struck by a clapper.

Savages, through all the centuries, have loved this kind of music, which they find not only in sistra, but in bones, castanets, cymbals,

bugles and rattles, and like instruments, that with simple rhythm can produce ear-splitting sounds.

Curious interest must always cluster about the mementos contained in this old Egyptian type-case; and curious interest, too, in wandering through all the halls devoted to the "Crosby Brown Collection" of musical instruments. Here is a most helpful place to study; for the cases contain varieties of instruments, from the prehistoric day quite down into the Middle Ages. A wondrous collection indeed-in which is revealed wondrous progress!

Just imagine the effect, if every one of the three thousand six hundred instruments here assembled could simultaneously begin to play! what a mighty orchestra they would make! and how the frightful din and confusion of sound would echo through the stately halls and out into the environing Park!

But to return to ancient Egypt, to which this type-case has introduced us. Its temple music was probably dignified and melodic — just a few notes repeated indefinitely — for only such music could belong to a country associated with majestic sphinxes and pyramids. The instruments most often pictured upon these walls are harps, guitars and lyres, single and double flutes trumpets, cymbals, castanets, and sistra and the scenes in which they play their part are both gay and solemn.

The sun, to the Egyptian, represented Deity, and his mysterious disappearance every night and his return every morning to roll over the heavens was full of symbolic meaning. The beautiful young god Osiris represents the sun, and surrounded by the blessed he floats in a boat through the sky. He is the giver of joy and life; he plays upon the harp; and sometimes, like Apollo, in Greece, he is accompanied by nine maidens. His wife Isis leads the song and dance, and her rope and tambourine signify the captivating power of joy and love.

Hermes, the counsellor of Osiris, plays upon a lyre of his own invention. It has three strings, called the grave, mean, and acute, symbolic in turn of winter, spring, and summer, the three seasons into which the Egyptians divided the year.

The lute is among the most artistic of Egyptian instruments, for it is used as a hieroglyph to express beauty and goodness. The trumpet constantly appears in a variety of scenes, probably because it had

power to frighten away evil spirits.

Sometimes a feast is represented, enlivened by a whole band of musicians, and the singers sing and the dancers dance, and though we cannot hear a note, we can see how perfectly the step is regulated by the rhythm of the music.

Again the palace is surrounded by a whole conservatory, with blind harpers, singers, and dancers. Mimicry accompanies the music, and perhaps the leader keeps his hand to his ear, as if to detect the slightest error.

One representation shows some foreigners just arrived in Egypt, one carrying a lyre, and this is called the arrival of Joseph's brethren. A lord appears with his musicians, as well as with his tailors, goldsmiths, and acrobats. What wonderful luxuries were enjoyed by these ancient grandees four thousand years ago!

How active and yet how silent now are all these scenes of the long ago; but all honor to the music of ancient Egypt! for it has had a remarkable influence upon that of the later age.

From Egypt, we start northward and westward upon our musical trail, pausing for a little in the Holy Land to delight in the witchery of Bible music; then up into Europe, through Greece and Rome, to linger among the great composers who are to modern music what the old instruments were to the ancient.

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"I am the great indestructible lyre of the whole world,
attuning the songs of Heaven."

— *An Inscription on an Ancient Egyptian Temple.*

CHAPTER 5
Hebrew Music

The Hebrews have left no pictures; and a few coins, the schofar, and one sculptured relief, are all that remain to give us any idea of the forms of their instruments. And yet we must know them as the most musical people of the ancient world, and the Psalms that they wrote live as perfectly as the colossal monuments of old Egypt.

What dignified lives these old Hebrews must have led, with all their festivals and stately ceremonials! They were always striving in some way to "Serve the Lord with gladness" — to "Come before His presence with a song."

We know very little about the forms of their music, while we are sure that they "played skillfully with a loud noise." They much revered the sacred number seven — but could they have even heard of the musical scale of seven notes, or have had any idea of harmony as it is used in the twentieth century? We doubt it; they must, however, have had some knowledge of unison, for we read in Chronicles: "The trumpeters and singers were as one to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord."

The people were exhorted to praise God on all kinds of instruments. Perhaps as they were so long in Egypt, they fashioned some of them like those that they saw there.

They constantly used the flute for festal and mourning occasions; even the poorest Hebrew was obliged to employ two flute-players to perform at his wife's funeral. The tabret, or timbrel, was probably a small hand-drum for festive occasions. It was then, as now, a woman's instrument. How frequently we see it used in our own day by the Salvation Army.

The Hebrews were exhorted to "Praise the Lord with the harp" and to "Sing unto Him with the psaltery and an instrument of ten strings." The harp and psaltery were their favorite stringed-instruments, but there has always been much dispute about their shape.

The former, which must have been small enough to be carried easily, was perhaps like a modern lyre or guitar. It was used for praise and thanksgiving, and not like the flute, for both joy and grief.

Perhaps the harp was the "instrument of ten strings"; and perhaps, too, that was the psaltery, for about the latter there is also much uncertainty. One of the venerable Fathers thinks that it was a square frame with ten strings, its four corners being symbolic of the Gospels, its ten strings, of the Commandments.

The Hebrews were also to "blow the trumpets at the times appointed"; and what loud, piercing notes those must have been that summoned the tribes together — that sounded forth the law for the New Year feast — and proclaimed the Year of Jubilee!

We have spoken in the beginning of the schofar and of one sculptured relief that alone remain to tell us a little of the form of old Bible instruments. The schofar, which is made from a hollowed ram's horn, is used in the same primitive form at certain festivals in the Jewish synagogue to-day as when Moses first ordered it; and the pair of silver trumpets fashioned according to Mosaic law were probably among the trophies which the Emperor Titus brought to Rome when he conquered Jerusalem.

We wonder what became of them! Perhaps when, later, Rome was despoiled by its barbaric invaders, they were thrown into the Tiber to save them from being seized by a heathen foe. But on the Arch raised to the victorious Titus, there is a sculptured relief of these trumpets, showing their ancient form.

And what curious attraction the schofar and this relief must always have for those who are interested in Hebrew instruments, belonging to the time of Moses.

Besides the flute and timbrel and harp and psaltery and trumpet, the Hebrews used the high-sounding cymbal, the dulcimer, which was constructed perhaps like an ancient bag-pipe; the cornet and flute, and probably the sistrum and triangle; besides other instruments of various forms and uses, of which the Bible speaks.

The Bible, too, is very full of vivid musical pictures; let us glance at just a few of them. Jubal first appears as the inventor of stringed- and wind-instruments; and we may imagine him at work, when yet the world was very young, turning the little harp and flute, which are

always ascribed to him.

And when the children of Israel came out of Egypt and crossed the Red Sea, and professional music took the place of their old folk-song, then it was that "Miriam took a timbrel in her hands; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dance" — and there burst forth her sublime song of deliverance: "Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea." And what a terrific picture is that when "the priests blew the trumpets and the people shouted and the walls of Jericho fell"!

Again, we see Jephthah's daughter coming out to meet her father with timbrel and with dance; and she was his only child, and the rude warrior was greatly grieved when he thought of the vow which he had made unto the Lord.

And Deborah and Barak triumphed over Sisera, and Deborah's song of deliverance is one of the finest word-pictures to be found in all Oriental poetry. And Saul the king was troubled, and he called for music; and David, the shepherd lad, played upon his harp, and the king's perturbed spirit was soothed.

In those old days, to sing was to prophesy, and Elisha awoke his inspiration by playing upon his harp. And when the splendor of Jerusalem was gone, its sacred Temple levelled to the ground, Jeremiah struck his lyre, and sang his many plaintive elegies as if he saw before him the terrible desolation.

Just one more picture, and it is that of the Hebrew exiles; for the Babylonians had heard of the beauty of their music and begged the captives to sing for them. But their instruments were not trained to respond to mournful strains; so they "hanged" their "harps upon the willows" "by the rivers of Babylon," for how could they "sing the Lord's song in a strange land"?

Much of the most beautiful music of the Bible is contained in the Psalms. The word "Psalm" comes from a Greek word which means "to sing or strike the lyre," and the psalter or psaltery was one of the instruments which accompanied the Psalm. There are Psalms for all occasions; among them "Psalms of Degree," which were doubtless sung by pilgrims journeying up to Jerusalem: as, "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord," and "Who shall stand in His holy place";

and "Hallelujah Psalms," which always begin and end with "Praise ye the Lord."

They were sung antiphonally or responsively, perhaps by the priest and congregation, or by two choruses; and "Selah" must have been a sign which was used to direct the singer to pause while an interlude was played.

In a very early age, Moses had given directions how instruments should be made and used; but Hebrew music did not reach its perfection until about one thousand years before Christ, in the "Golden Age" of David and Solomon.

David was the master-singer, and with his golden-stringed lyre he constantly poured forth his musical meditations. His Psalms reveal very vividly his heart-life and are full of sweetness and grace. The Book in the Bible is often called "The Psalms of David," but he did not write it all.

He instituted the Temple service, confiding the music to the care of the Levites and the chief conductors under them, and provided four thousand singers and musicians for the sacred services, dividing these into twenty-four orders. "And David and all Israel played before God with all their might, and with singing and with harps, and with psalteries and with timbrels, and with cymbals and with trumpets."

Very splendid must have been the music in Solomon's Temple! And Josephus, in describing the treasures of the latter, says that there were two hundred thousand silver trumpets which had been presented by Moses; two hundred thousand coats made of the finest silk for the Levites who sang sacred songs; and forty thousand harps and psalteries made of the purest copper.

He writes of one performance before King Solomon, in which were employed two hundred thousand singers, forty thousand sistra, and two hundred thousand trumpets.

And from the days of David, "The Sweet Singer of Israel," even to our twentieth century, the Psalms have been sung through all the ages. The Crusader has chanted them as he ascended the Hill of Zion; and the victorious general has been welcomed on his return by a hallelujah chorus.

The sailor on the dark night at sea, the shepherd on the lonely plain, the little waif upon the street, have alike been cheered by the

music of the Psalms. They have enlivened the vintage-feast, the boatman on the Rhine, the soldier by his camp-fire, and the far-away islander of the Pacific; and rugged natures have been softened and the sad have been cheered by these sweet inspirations to faith, penitence, thanksgiving, and adoration.

And many of our noblest Church hymns have been suggested by the Psalms; for it is a wonderful fact that this first hymn-book of the Hebrew nation remains to-day not only the hymn-book of the Hebrew Temple, but also of the Christian Church. It would have seemed easier to keep it, if the Jews had continued in one land; but although they have wandered the wide world over, they have ever held to their national music.

All honor to the old Hebrew bards who have done so much for the comfort and inspiration of the singer through all the ages! And all honor to the Jews who have preserved to us and to those who will come after us such a mighty monument!

What witchery belongs to this old music! What deep rhythm! what sublime inspiration!

The New Testament was not written until centuries later than the old, and then music had attained much higher development; and as it related to Christ, it is called Christian music. There are but few allusions to it in three of the Gospels; but Luke must have been an intense lover of music, for in his Book are the "Angels' Song," Mary's "Magnificat," and Zacharias's "Song."

In Acts, Paul and Silas sing behind prison-bars: the prison is shaken, the doors fly open, and they are free. In the Epistles, there are but few references to music, but in Ephesians there is a beautiful one, in which Paul exhorts the churches to sing "Psalms" and "spiritual songs," "making melody" in their hearts "to the Lord."

In recalling the music of the Bible, it is a lovely thought that at its beginning "the stars sang together"; the Psalms resound with the hallelujah chorus; the life of Christ is ushered in with the angels' song, "Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men"; and in the Book of Revelation, the mighty conflict over, there is heard the heavenly music — "the voice of harpers harping with their harps," and they sing "a new song."

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ONE OF THE HALLELUJAH PSALMS
PSALM 150.

1. Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in his sanctuary: praise him in the firmament of his power.

2. Praise him for his mighty acts: praise him according to his excellent greatness.

3. Praise him with the sound of the trumpet: praise him with the psaltery and harp.

4. Praise him with the timbrel and dance: praise him with stringed instruments and organs.

5. Praise him upon the loud cymbals: praise him upon the high-sounding cymbals.

6. Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.

CHAPTER 6
Greek Music — Legendary

Away westward, across the sparkling sea from the Holy Land, we follow our musical trail, to where, nestled under sunny skies, we find a most fascinating little country; and its story belongs to the golden youth of the world.

The gods sang and played and danced as they peopled it. Shrines were raised upon the hill-tops to their honor. Clustered about these shrines in the valleys below were States full of people; for the charming climate had early tempted many to settle in the beautiful land of Greece. And each little State enjoyed its own musical myth; and some of these myths are so charming that as we linger among them, we are almost inclined to forget the music story of the more stately countries, through which we have just passed. Indeed, the Greeks claim that not only the word but also music itself originated with the Muses.

These "Nine Sisters, beautiful in form and face," were fabled to have lived upon Mount Parnassus. When they wished to hold learned debates, they assembled upon its summit, but at other times they sported upon its sides. They explored its ravines and glens and romantic caverns; they wandered along its flower-bordered rills. They listened to the soft echoes, to the rustle of the trees, the whisper of the leaves, and the whistling of the reeds; and watched the gently murmuring brook full of frolicsome water-sprites. Was it not natural for the Greeks to feel that the first inspiration to music came to these Muses on Mount Parnassus?

Euterpe presided over lyric poetry and struck her golden lyre; while light-footed Terpsichore, youngest and gayest of the Nine, led the dance, usually accompanied by Erato, singing her love-songs. And "these Muses three" created such exquisite harmony that the others paused to listen; among them, dignified Polyhymnia, the inspirer of hymns of praise, who always preserved a thoughtful attitude;

while Calliope, the muse of heroic poetry, naturally wore the victor's crown.

The Muses were so jealous of their gifts that any who dared to compete with them were severely punished. The impudent sirens lost their wings, while the nine daughters of King Pierus were changed into birds.

They were naturally very proud — for was not the glorious sun-god Apollo their leader? But it was not as the sun-god, Phoebus Apollo, that he visited them, but as their leader, Apollo Musagetes, and when he took his cithara, as Apollo Citharoedes. After he had finished his daily task, he alighted from his sun-chariot, and removed from his head the dazzling rays. He placed upon it instead a wreath of laurel, and then, with either his lyre or cithara, he repaired to Mount Parnassus.

His lyre was presented to him by Mercury, who had formed it by stretching some strings across a tortoise-shell, and Apollo had invented his own cithara. When he reached Mount Parnassus, he instructed the glorious Sisterhood in music and poetry, and also led them in the merry dance.

Apollo was also the god of medicine; for though his bow sent death-dealing arrows, yet when he doubled or trebled the strings, they produced such sweet sounds that they healed the wounds which had been inflicted by the murderous darts!

> This "Lord of the unerring bow,
> The god of life, and poesy, and light,"

had many other offices, but as Apollo Musagetes he seems loveliest of all. But like the Muses and some more modern musicians, he was very jealous when anyone dared compete with him, and one legend runs as follows:

Minerva, the dignified goddess of wisdom, was one day seated upon a bank and playing upon a flute. As she played, she either began to feel that the instrument was unworthy of her, or glancing into the water, and discovering her distorted features mirrored there, she was not willing to wear such an odious expression. For one or other of these reasons — we are not sure which — she vowed never again to touch the flute, and threw it into the stream.

Now the young shepherd Marsyas was lying not far off on the cool grass. He had listened to the music, and saw Minerva cast away her instrument, and it was but the work of an instant to reach over the bank and seize the flute as it was floating by him.

He was delighted with his treasure, and when he put it to his lips and played, he was so perfectly entranced that he forgot his sheep and all his other duties. Presently, becoming very proud of himself, he felt that he might rival Apollo, and he challenged the great god to a musical contest. Apollo not only won, but he was so very indignant at poor Marsyas for his presumption that he had him bound to a tree and flayed alive!

His statue was set up as a warning to rash mortals. But the nymphs mourned the death of the beautiful youth, and shed so many tears for him that a new river was formed and named in his honor.

The laurel-crown which, through all the ages, has been associated with musicians, owes its origin to Apollo. It seems that he dearly loved the nymph Daphne, but somehow his ardent affection was not returned. As she fled from him, she called upon the river-god to save her, and he, in response, changed Daphne into a laurel-tree. Apollo was grieved, but comforted himself by saying, "This tree shall be sacred to poets and musicians and artists. I shall wear a wreath, and all who follow the arts shall be also crowned with laurel, and its leaf shall know no decay."

Very like this legend of Apollo and Daphne is that of Pan and Syrinx. For mischievous Pan, the idol of the Greeks, desperately loved this charming nymph; but alas! like Daphne, Syrinx gave but cold response. One day as he pursued her, she, too, prayed for deliverance; and lo! as Pan sought to lay hold upon her, she was transformed into a bundle of river-reeds; as they swayed in the wind, Pan heard mournful sounds proceeding from them. He cut them down, bound them together, and presented to the Greeks a new instrument, and the syrinx has made its mark in history as completely as the victor's crown.

> "The pipes of Pan to shepherds
> Couched in the shadow of Menalian pines
> Was passing sweet."

Orpheus, who best reveals the power of music, was sometimes

called Apollo's son, and Apollo gave to him a golden-stringed lyre. And when he played, the magic of his music was so great that beasts cowed at his feet, rocks and trees gathered about him. Mountains bowed at his will; old ocean's waves were stilled as noisy winds ceased their strife.

Orpheus dearly loved his gentle wife Eurydice, and when she died, he refused to be comforted. Jupiter heard his lament and allowed him to seek Eurydice, in Hades. As he wandered through its dismal shade, the music of his lyre calmed the Furies; even grim Plato was so won by its heart-rending strains that he allowed Eurydice to return with Orpheus, making just one condition. He was not to look upon her until they had crossed the threshold.

Orpheus agreed, and taking Eurydice by the hand, he led her away. They had almost reached the portal, when his longing to look again upon her features became too great. He forgot his promise, and turning, gazed into her face, and she vanished forever from his sight. And the sorrowful Orpheus wandered in the forest, until one day, when he was overtaken by some merry Bacchantes. They begged him to play some gay music that they might dance.

But when they heard the pitiful strains they were so perfectly enraged that they tore him limb from limb and threw him into the river; and as his head floated down the stream, his pallid lips still murmured "Eurydice!" Now only his lyre remained, and the gods placed it in the heavens, and there we may see it as the bright constellation, Lyra.

The music of the demi-god Amphion, King of Thebes, also possessed magical charm; for wishing to build a rampart about his city, he played upon his lyre, and even the stones listened and waltzed into place. Tennyson thus describes his inspiring tones:

> "'Tis said he had a tuneful tongue,
> Such happy intonation,
> Whenever he sat down and sung
> He left a small plantation;
> Whenever in a lonely grove
> He set up his forlorn pipe,
> The gouty oaks began to move,
> And flounder into hornpipe."

And in this charmed age, even the sweet tones of a child subdued the wild beasts. For one day little Eros was found seated quietly upon the back of a lion and playing upon his lyre. And Arion, the hero and musician, who lived at the court of Periander of Corinth, really once saved his life, by the same power that Orpheus and Amphion and Eros had displayed.

For legend tells us that he went to Sicily to take part in a musical contest, and after winning there the victor's crown of gilded laurel, and a quantity of gold, he embarked with his treasures for home. But alas! the vessel was manned by pirates, who naturally resolved to kill Arion and seize his riches. He was allowed, however, to choose the manner of his death.

He first called upon the gods for help; and then, arraying himself in his costliest robes, he took his lyre and played so exquisitely that a school of dolphins was attracted about the ships, and even the raging sea for joy "forgot to rave."

The pirates now beginning to fear that they might themselves be moved to pity, threw Arion overboard!

He jumped upon the back of a dolphin and reached Corinth before his captors, who, as we may imagine, were confounded to find him there on their arrival. And ever since these mythical days, the power of music to move dumb animals has always been felt.

We might linger yet longer over these beautiful legends of classic Greece, as we find Æolus, king of the winds, always playing upon his harp; the satyrs busy with their Pan-pipes; and the sirens ever rising from the raging sea, and with seductive strains luring mariners to shipwreck on the rocky coasts of Scylla and Charybdis; for the whole world of the gods resounded with music through all the mythical ages. But such legends are legion, and we leave them all to speak of a period of Greek history which is partly legendary and partly historical.

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SONG

"Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing;
To his music plants and flowers

Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

"Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing, die."

— *Shakespeare — Henry VIII.*

"E'en Tantalus ceased from trying to sip
The cup that flows from his arid lip;
Ixion, too, the magic could feel,
And, for a moment, blocked his wheel;
Poor Sisyphus, doomed to tumble and toss
The notable stone that gathers no moss,
Let go his burden and turned to hear
The charming sounds that ravished his ear."

— *Saxe.*

"Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half -regained Eurydice."

— *Milton.*

CHAPTER 7
Greek Music — Historical

In this new era of Greek music, the poet, the Homeric hero, and the minstrel with his lyre, all appear together in deeds of valor, and in glorifying those deeds in epic ballads.

The "Iliad" was probably begun by minstrels who were skilled in "moving the hearts by singing." First they told tales to magnify Achilles, and how he even forgets the loss of his beloved Briseis as "he comforts his heart with the sound of the lyre."

And then as the minstrel finds that "Men always prize that song most which rings newest in the ear," and that the flexible Greek language made all easy, they added adventures of other Trojan heroes; until presently both "Iliad" and "Odyssey" were sung all over Greece,

> "Telling the deeds of the heroes
> And great gods famous in story."

Musical contests also became features of the Games; and they specially belonged to the Pythian, as these were dedicated to Apollo.

The music story does not begin to be really historical until the seventh century B.C., and it commences in this wise: The Spartans had sent to the Athenians, begging for assistance in the Messinian Wars; but the latter were jealous, and the only response that they made was to send the lame school-master, Tyrtaeus. They knew that he would amount to nothing! But the Athenians never made a greater mistake; for as we shall soon see, the finest military genius could not have accomplished more!

For Tyrtaeus, roused to action, became both a warrior and a bard. He invented the trumpet; he wrote impassioned songs; and then, "Full fraught with patriotic fire," the Spartans rushed on to famous conquest.

And from the time when Tyrtaeus by his song led the Spartans to victory, even to the day of our own "Star-spangled Banner," martial

music has always proved a wonderful inspiration to patriotism.

Lesbos early became a centre of lyric song, because Orpheus's lyre had floated to its shore; and here Terpander founded a School of musical science. It is supposed that he introduced a new system of notation, and also that he increased the number of strings of the lyre from four to seven.

He had as great influence over the morals of the Spartan youth as Tyrtaeus had over their patriotism. His music also reconciled political factions. Once when a tumult threatened the State and the Delphic oracle was consulted, the reply was given in the following words:

> "When Terpander's cithara shall sound
> Contentions in Sparta shall cease."

But "The Star of Lesbian Song" was "Sweetly-smiling Sappho," who, in her day, was called the only musical woman in Greece; and her love-songs were so captivating that she became the "Tenth Muse."

We often see pictures of her queenly figure, holding the barbiton, or six-stringed lyre, which she had invented. Sometimes she is alone; and again, surrounded by a circle of graceful maidens whom she instructs in the dance and in rhythmic songs.

She presided with Alcasus over the *Æ*olian School; and though the latter brought the Lydian measure to perfection, and wrote beautiful choruses for the "Honey-voiced, lovely singing maiden," he never accomplished the thing that he most desired — and that was to win Sappho's love!

These lyric poets were devoted to their lyre; and it is said of Anacreon, who sang of love and wine, that he used to caress his instrument as if it were a darling child.

At the same time that lyric poetry flourished, music was becoming the subject of much philosophical speculation, and Greece became very rich in theorists. Among these was Pythagoras, a very learned man, who lived in the sixth century.

He originated some theories that were accepted, even through many centuries. He was the first to use a monochord, and also an octave scale; perhaps he found these in Egypt, where he studied for

many years. He believed in "the music of the spheres" — that is, that the seven planets of the ancient astronomers produced harmonious tones on their passage through ether, there being a mysterious connection between these tones and those of the seven-stringed lyre.

Pythagoras had many disciples, and he had them nightly lulled to sleep by the dulcet strains of the lyre, and awakened in the morning by jubilant notes. They fully believed that the gods were always revealing heavenly music to their master.

Not a manuscript remains — not a note — composed by Pythagoras; so "the music of the spheres" is as mysterious to us as it must have been to the old Greeks. But this idea that God regulated all things according to this harmony is a fascinating conception, and has been referred to by writers in all the ages; and Shakespeare, after studying it, uttered one of the noblest panegyrics on music that can be found in the English language.

There is, in the "Young People's Story of Art," a picture of the "Storied Hill," upon which in the days of Pericles stood the Parthenon, Minerva's priceless shrine. The Panathenaic frieze bore a long procession of men and maidens, representing all that was graceful and joyous in the old Athenian days; and among these exquisite figures are seen musicians, singing and playing and dancing.

The Greek drama which belongs to this same "Golden Age" of Pericles originated in the wild, rugged poetry of the dithyrambus. This is a long word — but it means just a simple hymn in honor of Bacchus. The Bacchantes, or satyrs, who sang and danced around the altar of Bacchus were disguised in goat-skins, and "tragedy" was only a "goat-song."

The Bacchantes brandished their thyrsus wands, clashed their cymbals, and shook their jangling sistra. At first their songs had religious meaning, but they became in time just orgies, in which drunken revellers took part, and Thespis tried to make them more refined. He introduced a single actor to alternate with the chorus or to hold dialogues with its leaders; and very soon song and gesture became dramatic action.

Thespis strolled about Greece, performing upon a rude stage, knocked up in the wagon which carried his machinery and skin-clad troupe.

He is rightly called "The Father of Greek Tragedy"; and from this primitive beginning, it was but a very short time before Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides appeared as the most famous tragedians of the ancient world.

Æschylus, in his dramas, was noted for sublimity; Sophocles, for his beautiful conceptions; and Euripides, for his pathos and tenderness.

Wealthy Athenians were allowed to select the singers in these dramas; and it is curious to recall the stately old choruses with their three divisions: — the strophe was sung while the procession moved slowly to the right; the anti-strophe while it moved to the left, and then the epode followed. From fifteen to forty-five persons usually took part, and they were probably accompanied by flutes or lyres.

From one actor in the time of Thespis, the number increased to three; and as tragedy was held too sacred for simple speech, a half-singing recitative took its place.

Pericles built an odeon for these musical and poetic contests; and if a victor became very famous, a choragic monument, surmounted by a tripod or three-legged stool, was erected to his honor in the streets of Athens.

These choragic monuments were often very beautiful.

But the "Golden Age" of Pericles soon passed, and music declined with everything else as little Greece lost her power and liberty. In the later centuries, the sacred art was just a pastime. One might become famous if he could hold a note longer than another, or could play neck-breaking skips or flourishes, and instruments were invented for new and startling effects.

Statues were erected to those who showed special digital skill, and one of the most valuable collection of precious stones in Greece was given to a musician for the execution of florid passages. And when the flute-player, Lesbia, played before her conqueror, he was so absorbed in her beauty and music that he entirely forgot his conquests.

In order that there might be more variety of expression, the celebrated bard, Timotheus, added strings to the lyre. Timotheus accompanied Alexander the Great in all his wars, and tried by his music to lead the conqueror back from his evil ways to paths of glory. And when Alexander espoused Roxana, "The Pearl of the East," the most

celebrated musicians presided at their nuptials.

In Greek literature, we find that many wise men wrote on music, its history, and influence. The philosopher Plato specially felt that it increased a love for all that was noble; and that every youth who wished to have a fine education should devote at least three years to this study.

The Greeks never used a large number of instruments and usually only those that accompanied the song; and these were smaller and more refined than those of other nations, the lyre and cithara and flute in various forms being the principal ones. The lyre was perhaps the most popular. It was borne upon the left arm, and plucked with the fingers of the right hand, or perhaps like the cithara, with a short staff made of ivory, gold, or metal. The cithara was usually carried by an embroidered band passed over the right shoulder.

Gifted little Greece has bestowed the loveliest gifts upon mankind. In its music, it had well-developed theories, and its scales are the foundation of modern ones, and the letters of the alphabet were used in its notation; but the Greeks had no idea of harmony as we know it to-day.

It was only a simple music and noted for its beauty of form, and but few fragments are preserved; but it was the heritage of Bach and Mozart and Beethoven and other masters of the modern time, who have fulfilled the ancient prophecy that "harpers shall fill again the seats once occupied by Orpheus and Arion."

And Apollo and the Muses preside over our music of the twentieth century as they presided in the fabulous days when they played and sang and danced upon Mount Parnassus.

• • • • • •

"There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims:
Such harmony is in immortal souls."

— *Shakespeare.*

"Most precious all, yet this is sure,
The song which longest shall endure
Is simple, sweet and pure!"

CHAPTER 8
Roman Music

Roman music was a shadow of the Greek; indeed, there was nothing ideal about it and very little that was national. What the Romans most enjoyed were war and building. Mars, the god of war, interested them very much more than Apollo, the god of music.

And on a Roman holiday, when the Salii, or priests of Mars, made their annual procession through the city, the spectators loved to watch and listen, for they accompanied their stately tread by a sort of rhythmic music which was made by the priests as they struck their golden rods against their metal shields.

Early Roman music must have been of the most primitive kind. But when classic little Greece was conquered, the victors brought to Rome its treasures in both art and music; its architects and sculptors were to adorn their city; its singers and players were to enliven their banquets, and to assist later in their gladiatorial shows.

Music was, at first, under the control of the government; and laws were made to regulate the number of instruments which were to be used in certain ceremonials. At one time there was a college of pipers in Rome, at which the youths studied.

The Romans borrowed their notation from the Greeks, and made it simpler by using the Roman instead of the Greek alphabet; and most of their musical treatises were written in Greek. But with all their borrowing, they perhaps did. some original things, among others the introducing of the major third into the diatonic scale.

The Romans, being a warlike people, loved best warlike instruments, and as they conquered one after another of the countries of the ancient world, many varieties of musical instruments were included in the spoils. These they either used as they found them or fashioned others which were suggested by them.

From warlike countries they specially selected trumpets, drums, and jingling sistra; while from musical little Greece they adopted the

lyre, cithara, and flute. The chief instruments which they used in war were the tuba and buccina. Under the name of tuba were several kinds of trumpets: one to gather forces; one to direct the marches; one to sound the charge against the enemy; one to close the city gates, and one to proclaim victory.

The buccina was a horn which was circled about the body of the wearer, and then passed over his head and under his left arm. This directed the movement of troops detached from the camp, and with the tuba was carried in the triumphal procession. Some of these trumpets were beautifully fashioned and graven.

As the Romans marched on to conquest, music became a real inspiration, second only to that of the "National Eagle" that led them on to victory.

The lyre and cithara were first played by those of noble birth, but afterwards too often they were considered fit for slaves. The tibia, or single flute, which was originally fashioned from the thigh-bone of an animal, was very much used; while the double flute, which was taken from the Etruscans, was perhaps the favorite instrument. It accompanied the song and was constantly used on sacrificial and other occasions.

The Romans had also a kind of hydraulic organ, with fifteen brazen tubes, two reservoirs made of elephant's skin, and twelve forge-bellows to imitate thunder. It is thought that the Emperor Nero possessed several of these.

Greek music sank very low in these Roman days. Its old simplicity had vanished; the victorious songs of gods and heroes were heard no more: but instead the martial notes of tuba and buccina.

Rome's conquests had made her very rich and proud, and music just ministered to luxurious enjoyment. It is true that eloquence was so greatly appreciated that the orator had a flutist stationed at a distance behind him, and the notes of the flute rose and fell with the sound of the speaker's voice; and also that a kind of recitative usually accompanied the comedy.

But the single flutist of Greece gave place to a whole army of singers and players who assisted at the Roman banquets. These were served in villas and palaces with gilded hangings, and adorned with furniture inlaid with ivory and precious stones.

Here the guests, anointed with costly perfumes, gathered about the tables and drank from vessels of gold and silver, and the good cheer and exquisite cookery were dispensed with a readiness and magnificence that surprise us as we read about them to-day, and then these delights were heightened by the music and dancing which followed the libation.

The Romans loved the brutal shows of the amphitheatre too much to appreciate classical Greek tragedy, and instead of its dignified chorus there resounded the gay music which was always associated with the combat. They were also very fond of choral pantomimes, in which the action was assisted by both vocal and instrumental music. In the later centuries, citharodic music — in which the cithara accompanied the voice — became very fashionable.

Dance retained its place longer than song, and how charmingly this is recalled as we look at the graceful female figures, keeping time to rhythmic music, which are painted in colors yet fresh on the walls of old Pompeian houses!

And who are some of the players and singers famous in Rome? Among them we name Tigellus, the protege of Augustus, and Dionysius, the friend of Hadrian. But more popular than either of these or other real musicians in the history story, is the capricious madman, Caligula, who played upon his citara, and the senators were even roused in the night to listen to its strains; and the monster Nero, for music was one of his accomplishments.

Indeed, he fancied himself a most wonderful vocalist, and it is said that he fiddled, too. Both in Rome and on his triumphal journeys through the provinces, his thin, squeaking voice was heard many times in the theatres.

No person was ever allowed to leave while he was performing, and soldiers were stationed among the spectators to see that proper applause was given, and then, like Apollo, Nero was crowned with a laurel wreath.

While Rome was at the very height of her power in the splendid Augustan Age, and the players played and the singers sang and the dancers danced — in a far-away province a new song rang out. It was heard in the stillness of the night, over the Judean hills, and there were only shepherds to listen; but this song was destined to be sung

long after Rome and all its pomp has passed away. The early Christians brought it to Rome, for they would sing it most forcefully in the "Eternal City"; but the heathen and pleasure-loving Romans, who delighted only in gladiatorial shows and in glorifying their emperors, could not understand it: for

> "What recked the Roman what befell
> A paltry province far away" —

and both song and singers were banished to dark catacombs, and there the Christians gathered together and in the gloomy halls were cheered by the music.

But it was not to remain there very long. For, in a later age, the Emperor Constantine accepted Christianity; and very soon magnificent churches were built, each with its own trained choir; and the joyful singers, coming out of their dark hiding-place, sang as never before, "Glory to God in the Highest, peace on earth, good will toward men."

And the new song, first heard over the lonely Judean hills, now, with many variations, rang out triumphantly, not only in Rome, but in many parts of the vast empire. And as the people heard it they knew that the coming of the Christ-Child had changed heathen music into Christian.

And Rome fell, and its conquerors forced their way into the splendid city. And in the terrible din and confusion, mingled with the victorious songs and shouts of the rude barbarians, there were heard the penitential Psalms of the Christians, imploring mercy for the captive, and the gay festive music of the pleasure-loving old Roman was forever silent.

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> "Ring out, ye crystal spheres!
> Once bless our human ears,
> If ye have power to touch our senses so;
> And let your silver chime
> Move in melodious time.
> And let the bass of Heaven's deep organ blow;
> And with your ninefold harmony
> Make up full consort to the angelic symphony."
>
> — *Milton.*

"It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
'Peace on the earth, good-will to men
From Heaven's all gracious King:'
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing."

— *Sears.*

CHAPTER 9
Early Saintly Music

But Cecilia was brave, and she said to Valerian: "I have a secret which I must confide to you. I have a Heavenly Lover who watches over me, and who will love you as He loves me." And Valerian was perplexed — he could not understand Cecilia's meaning.

So she sent him to the old hermit Urban, for she knew that he could better explain what it was to be a Christian than she could do it herself.

Valerian found Urban living in one of the gloomy catacombs under the city, and the old hermit told him very simply "the sweet story of old," and Valerian believed, and was baptized.

He hurried back to his bride to confide his secret to her, and lo! as he entered her room, he heard angelic music. And Valerian and Cecilia knelt together, and were crowned by an angel with a wreath of immortal roses — those emblems of love, purity, and wisdom, which bloom only in Paradise.

Valerian's brother Tiburtius was also converted, but as they dared openly to devote their lives to good works, both the brothers were very soon beheaded. Then Cecilia was threatened by the wicked prefect; she was told that terrible tortures awaited Her, unless she sacrificed to idols.

On her refusal, her enemies tried to suffocate her in a hot vapor bath, but God sent a cooling shower and she was preserved. An executioner was now summoned to behead her, but he was so impressed by her youth and beauty that, though he struck the three blows allowed by the Roman law, he did not strike hard enough, and she was left but half dead. Had he succeeded, we would not have had the greatest miracle of all to relate.

For during the few days of life that yet remained to her, she proclaimed her faith so eloquently that hundreds were converted. She made her father promise to turn her house into a church, and it

was arranged that Urban was to care for the poor to whom she had thrown provisions from her balcony.

Her death struggle was long, but through all she spoke words of cheer to sorrowing friends; and after her death the Christians met in secret and chanted at her tomb hymns of praise, in memory of one who had sealed her faith with her life.

Thus runs the story of this musical saint, and it has been told ever since in song and poetry and art, and always with a curious blending of historic and legendary interest. She seems a very real character when one visits her church in Rome, where her life is written in mosaic; and where her bath-tub and her exquisite marble monument are yet shown.

And in this church on November twenty-second, the day sacred to her feast, the Papal choir assembles "to glorify her in both song and chime."

Among the many songs dedicated to St. Cecilia is Dryden's celebrated ode, with its ever-varying metre and delightful rhythm. It gives a succession of fair and terrible pictures, showing the conquering power of music over both fiercer and softer passions.

From many works of art that illustrate her life, we select the "St. Cecilia" which forms the frontispiece to our book, for it seems as if more than any other picture in the world, it also expresses the conquering power of music. This picture was one of the great inspirations of Raphael's life.

In it, St. Cecilia, arrayed in rich robes, with her hair clasped by jewels, forms the central figure. Her face is one of divine sweetness, and her beautiful head is raised in eager, rapt attention as she listens to the angelic choir. She was evidently playing upon her organ when the heavenly music broke upon her ear, and now it is slipping from her grasp, while at her feet lie her broken pipe, flute, tabor, and other instruments, which she no longer needs.

At her side, St. Paul leans upon his sword; St. John's face has an inspired look as if he, too, heard the music; St. Augustine holds his bishop's crozier; and we recognize Mary Magdalene by her long hair and typical pot of ointment.

This altar-piece, so noted alike for its harmony and beauty of coloring and for its religious feeling, is unique in Italian art; indeed,

may we not call it the "St. Cecilia" of the art world, It was nearly four hundred years ago when it was placed in her chapel in Bologna, and it remains one of the principal attractions of this quaint old town.

And St. Cecilia has been throughout the ages the Muse of Christian and poetic art; and we dwell upon her story because she always must be "The Patron Saint of the Inspired."

• • • • • •

"At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame.
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before,
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down."

— From "Alexander's Feast"; or Dryden's Ode in Honor of St. Cecilia's Day.

ST. CECILY SLEEPING.

"There, in a clear-walled city by the sea,
Near gilded organ-pipes, her hair
Bound with white roses, slept St. Cecily,
An angel looked at her."

— Tennyson.

ITALIAN MUSIC

"Romantic Italy!
Thou land of beauty and love and song,"
— *Anna Jameson.*

CHAPTER 10
St. Ambrose and St. Gregory

We have seen how from the earliest times, a distinct note of music has been heard, growing more and more insistent as it has come down through the ages; and the Church felt its God-giving power, and so welded it to itself that, through all the dark days of conflict, it became the special handmaid of religion.

Very little can be known about this primitive Christian music, because, like most of the ancient, it was unwritten; and as songs passed on from, memory, they grew very different from the original.

Some of the old Hebrew melodies were probably caught up and brought to Rome, and we are sure that among them were a few of the sweet lyrics of Greece; for one of the most interesting of the symbolic frescoes in the catacombs represents Orpheus playing upon his lyre and taming the wild beasts; and this is typical of Christ, who, by His gentleness, wins His followers.

But although the singers in the catacombs could not quite forget Orpheus with his charming music, they were really forbidden themselves to use lyres and flutes and other instruments associated with pagan banquets. Good old St. Clement of Alexandria declared that he deemed all instruments unholy but one — and that was, "The word of peace, by which we adore God."

Probably much of this early music derived its beauty from the Greeks and its holiness from the Hebrews; it was used in these days

by the priests, for the inflection and modulation of the voice, in declaiming the Psalms, Epistles, and Gospels. There are a few distinct hymns that have floated down to us from such an early age that we may not trace their origin. Among those that are perhaps most famous are the "Tri Sanctus," the "Gloria in Excelsis," and the "Te Deum."

The first, the "Tri Sanctus," or "Holy, Holy, Holy," may have originated in an Oriental morning hymn; the "Gloria in Excelsis," or "Glory to God in the Highest," began with the angels' song; and the "Te Deum," or "We praise Thee, O God," which is probably just as ancient as the others, seems always especially associated with the traditions of St. Ambrose and St. Augustine, which will come a little later into our story.

We wonder if these sublime hymns had each its own author, or if instead they grew century by century in sanctity and power. Each one is like a beautiful cathedral that, though its architect is forgotten, still remains to bless the world.

When Constantine the Great embraced Christianity, and churches arose as if by magic over his great empire, these hymns were incorporated into their liturgy, and wherever the Church was carried, the hymns went with it; and they have been sung down through many ages of faith and struggle, and are to-day as pure and fresh and exulting as ever.

There were many saintly singers in those days whose lives we may not know; but when St. Ambrose appeared in the fourth century A.D., both singer and song became more real.

St. Ambrose, who always stands as a splendid type of the stirring age in which he lived, was one of the four "Latin Fathers" of the Church. He was a son of a prefect of Gaul; and it is said that when he was a baby in his mother's arms, a swarm of bees alighted on his mouth and did not injure him — and this was symbolic of his future eloquence. He first studied in Rome, and then became a prefect and resided in Milan.

At this time there was in Italy a great conflict in the Church between the Catholics and Arians; and on the death of the Bishop of Milan, a terrible dispute arose as to who should succeed him.

Then Ambrose harangued the people, and with such persuasive

power that they were quieted, and out of the stillness a child's voice was heard exclaiming, "Ambrose shall be bishop!" Multitudes took up the cry and it resounded through the streets.

A little later he was consecrated, and in order to be worthy of his high office, he bestowed all his worldly goods upon the poor. He invested the bishopric with more grandeur than it had ever known before; and as a preacher, he was so eloquent that some thought him inspired by an angel who stood at his side.

And besides this, he possessed marvellous gifts of prophecy. The following story is often given in illustration:

Once when he was on a visit to a Tuscan noble, he inquired about his life and home, and the noble replied, "I have a numerous family that has never caused me a pang of sorrow. I have never suffered from sickness or pain or loss." "Arise!" cried the holy Bishop, "Let us flee from this roof, lest it fall upon us, for the Lord is not here"; and they had scarcely gotten away when an earthquake swallowed up the castle and all that it contained.

And a brave old Bishop was Ambrose, for he dared defy the great Emperor Theodosius when the latter, in a fit of terrible passion, had caused the execution of several thousands of his subjects; and Ambrose forbade him to enter the cathedral until he had by public promise atoned for his terrible sin.

The Emperor threatened — but Ambrose stood firm — until finally Theodosius, clad in sackcloth and ashes, bowed in trembling submission before the representative of the Christian Church.

Bishop Ambrose built a wonderful Basilica in Milan, and although it is now so restored that only the old arches remain, it is most interesting to visit to-day; and among other relics, its cypress doors brought from the ancient cathedral are said to be the ones which the intrepid Bishop dared to close against the mighty Emperor.

And Bishop Ambrose was a great lover of music; and being very desirous to raise the zeal of his people, he decided to have the finest music in the world sung in this Basilica. So he originated what has ever since been known as the Ambrosian Chant — the earliest specimen of Christian composition known to exist — and this is the way in which he formed it:

He first collected melodies and fragments of melodies which were

known in his day, and he arranged them to be sung by his choristers in a short, monotonous, sombre measure — we would call it to-day a kind of declamation or recitative, probably like the old classic forms. Doubtless both he and St. Gregory used the Greek scale of four tones.

And the subjects of the hymns were as simple and austere as the metre in which they were sung. They were about the life of Christ, His Cross, Resurrection, Ascension, and also reminiscences of saints and martyrs. There were hymns for sunrise and sunset, for midday and midnight. They were about Peter and the cock-crowing, the star of Bethlehem, the spring, with birds and flowers and Easter joy.

Indeed, if we were to enumerate them, we would have to recall events associated with "Holy Days" throughout the year; but for those who could not read, these made a kind of pictorial song, in which they might keep in touch with all the great events belonging to the sacred story.

There remain but very few of these hymns that were written by the good Ambrose himself, but all that were done in his manner are called "Ambrosian." First used in the Basilica in Milan, they soon resounded all over Italy; and they found their way to the hearts of the people, who murmured them as they went about their daily tasks, and chanted them in the silent hours of the night.

That they were capable of soul-stirring effect is shown in the life of St. Augustine, who always declared that he was converted by the music of the Ambrosian Chant; for he writes, "O my God! when the sweet voice of the congregation broke upon mine ear, how I wept over Thy hymns of praise; as the sound poured into mine ears, the truth entered into my heart."

And the story adds that later, as he was being baptized by St. Ambrose, by sudden inspiration the "Te Deum" either gushed forth from the lips of St. Ambrose, or that the two saints were touched at the same moment by the same inspiration, and sang it responsively as they advanced to the altar. And many other miraculous stories belong to the life of the brave old St. Ambrose, and when he died, it is said that he was carried to heaven in the arms of angels.

We recognize him in art with his Bishop's robe, mitre, crosier and books. Sometimes he has a beehive at his side, symbolic of the legend of his infancy. Again, he flourishes a knotted scourge of three cords,

emblematic of his stern warfare against his foes; but when we see him accompanied by angels playing on musical instruments, we must recall him as having given the first regular form to early Christian music.

Two centuries passed, and just at the time that the Ambrosian Chant was beginning to lose its influence, St. Gregory appeared, and he is thought by many to have been the one who carried forward the great work so nobly begun by St. Ambrose.

He, too, was one of the "Latin Fathers"; his life was also one of singular interest. Let us glance into it a little that, knowing the man, we may better interpret the new inspiration which he put into Church music.

No bees, with prophetic humming, clustered about the mouth of the little Gregory, but even as an infant in arms, it was revealed to his mother that he would become the Head of the Church. And Sylvia was a woman of rare character, and she determined to educate her boy fitly for his great work. All seemed easy, for the family was wealthy, of senatorial rank in Rome, and the boy was clever.

He grew into noble manhood, skilled in rhetoric and the Latin classics. He practised law, but when his father died and immense wealth came to him, he devoted it to founding monasteries and to deeds of charity.

He finally assumed the garb of a Benedictine monk and dwelt in a cell; and when the plague broke out in Rome, he went about among the poor, ministering to the sick and afflicted; and the people watched him and were greatly drawn to him. He was honored alike by nobles and peasants.

And when the Pope was smitten by the plague, they determined that Gregory must be his successor. Hearing of this, Gregory, who was a very humble man and always shrank from publicity, fled from Rome and hid himself in a cave.

But when those who sought him were guided thither by a miraculous light, Gregory knew that the call was from God, and he accepted the Papacy. It was in the year 590, just at the end of the sixth century, when he was elevated to the Papal See. He became Gregory the Great, but he always styled himself "The Servant of the Servants of God."

His writings and teachings seemed inspired by the Holy Spirit, and his secretary explains this; for he says that as he wrote, a dove was sometimes seen, either perching upon his shoulder, or whispering holy messages into his ear. His boundless deeds of charity are often represented in art by the "Supper of St. Gregory," and this is its story:

It appears that the Saint was in the habit of having twelve poor men sup with him, and one evening as he looked about the table, he discovered that there were thirteen. In his surprise, he summoned his steward and demanded the reason. The steward replied, "Holy Father, I see but twelve."

Gregory said no more, but waiting until the feast was over, he questioned the unbidden guest, and this was the reply: "I am the poor man whom thou didst formerly relieve. My name is 'The Wonderful' — through Me thou shalt obtain of God whatsoever thou dost ask!"

It is said to have been through Pope Gregory's influence that slavery was abolished, that the celibacy of the clergy was established, and that Christianity was carried into Britain.

He believed very much in external rites; so he arranged the liturgy, and regulated the garments of the priests, and later the ceremonial at St. Peter's in Rome; and in spite of many Papal cares, he turned his attention to music, for this was an art of which he was always enthusiastically fond.

St. Ambrose had already collected the melodies of the West; St. Gregory collected those of both East and West, and so combined them that he remodelled the service into a harmonious whole; for he had long felt the need of a new chant, that of St. Ambrose having too little regard for musical rhythm, and he so based his on both rhythm and metre that it made continuous melody. And now this melody, released from its old fetters, became the independent Gregorian Chant, and by this name it has ever since been known.

Perhaps the most famous of the hymns set to this chant is the "Veni, Creator Spiritus." This seems so typical of the Holy Spirit, by which St. Gregory was inspired, that it is thought to have been composed by him.

These melodies were written upon parchment and arranged in a book called "The Antiphonarium"; and in order to show that the contents were to remain unchanged, it was attached by a chain to the

altar of St. Peter's at Rome. This "Antiphonarium," which is one of the oldest manuscripts in the world, now belongs to the monastery of St. Gall, in Switzerland. It is thought by some that it belongs to a little later age; but we tell the old story just as it has been handed down through the centuries.

At this time, crowds of pilgrims were flocking to Rome to visit the tomb of St. Peter. They heard the melodies of the Gregorian Chant as they rose from the great cathedral, resplendent with mosaics and illumined by thousands of candles, and they were so impressed by the beauty and the majesty of the music that it was not long before the "Cantus Romanus" was heard in many parts of Europe. And this chant with its single dominant note has remained a standard for all time.

Pope Gregory insisted that every priest should learn to sing, and he is supposed to have founded a magnificent singing-school in Rome, which lasted for centuries. He himself taught in this school, and his professional chair was long pointed out; and the little scourge with which he used to keep his choristers in order is still preserved in the Lateran.

And it is wonderful how his chant touched the hearts of the rude barbarians as did nothing else; and they tried to learn to sing, though sometimes with such bellowing voices that it seemed impossible to teach them. It is told in Milan, where more than twelve hundred years ago a school for singing was established, that the soldiers were once ordered to enter a church in pursuit of Christian worshippers. They were singing the plain-chant, and the hymn that went up from their fervent hearts was so powerful in its purity that the soldiers, instead of driving the Christians away, were converted upon the spot.

Considering all his reforms, his many offices and labors, his boundless charity, and the miracles that are attributed to him, and that his chant has been sung through the ages, and that he was the last Pope to be canonized — we may well call him St. Gregory the Great, one of the most famous of mediaeval heroes.

In art, he is represented with the usual Papal emblems — the tiara and crosier with the double cross — and his dove hovers about him whispering into his ear. Sometimes an angel is near, playing upon an instrument, and then we recognize our musical Saint — the author

of the Gregorian Chant.

Such are the vignettes of the intrepid St. Ambrose and the spiritual St. Gregory; and their lives must always form a link in the history of early Christian music.

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"One cannot sing to the Lord, unless he hath God in his heart."
— *St. Augustine.*

"A blast of thy trumpets, and millions rush forward to die; a peal of thy organ, and uncounted nations sink down to pray."
— *Lord Beaconsfield.*

CHAPTER 11
Church Music of the Medieval Day

In the early centuries of the Middle Ages, musicians as well as artists flocked to Rome, because here St. Peter's with its Papal choir was the centre of Christian worship, and its service with its gorgeous ceremonial must have been inspiring.

As women were not allowed to sing in the choirs, the soprano and contralto parts were usually given to boy-choristers. The organs were at first so small that they were wheeled about from place to place, but they were greatly improved by Pope Sylvester II in the eleventh century.

In the earlier days, congregations were called together by little hand-bells which were hung at the church-door; but these soon increased in size, and then as beautiful chimes they were hung in bell-towers or campaniles. These were at first placed at the side of the church and later upon its roof.

Some of these detached campaniles were delicate and lovely in form; those in Pisa and Florence, which are described in the "Young People's Story of Art," are of very great beauty. So pagan temples were seen no more, and instead churches and baptisteries and campaniles rose into the blue Italian sky, while bell and organ and voice carried their Christian message.

Much of the earlier music was written by the monks, who, in the quiet of their cloister-cells, did all for the glory of God, and there was great charm and fervor in many of their mediaeval hymns. The "Dies Irae" was perhaps the most sublime; the "Stabat Mater," most full of pathos; while "Jerusalem the Golden" was surely the sweetest and most familiar of all.

In the thirteenth century, music with the other six liberal arts — Architecture, Geometry, Astronomy, Grammar, Dialectics, and Rhetoric — began to be taught in the schools, and the first teachers came from the monasteries. It was then the fashion to write hand-books on

these subjects, and as Pope Gregory insisted that every priest should understand plainsong, many devoted their whole lives to the study of musical theories.

One of the most popular questions that was discussed— and the discussions began as early as the ninth century — was as follows: "Did the ancients understand counterpoint?" Now in order to know the meaning of this word, we must remember that notes were formerly called points — so counterpoint was literally one note against another; and its study consisted in the arranging of different tones or melodies so that they might be sung or played together — just the combining of different melodies into a harmony. And music that was written or sung contrepuntally, or according to the laws of counterpoint, is called polyphonic or part music.

In considering the question, the most learned masters thought that the ancients understood only melody which is a succession of simple tones, instead of their combination, which makes harmony; and so it was decided that polyphony or part music was what distinguished the modern from the ancient.

After the study of polyphony commenced, very much had to be accomplished before our wondrous modern music took form. A new system of scales was planned by taking from all sounds those most suitable for melody, and arranging them in an order of progress; and when we remember that the notes of the scale bear the same relation to music that the twenty-six letters of the alphabet do to literature, we marvel as we do in literature at all the wonderful variations that they have been made to express.

The monosyllables of which they were composed were taken from the first syllables of the seven lines of the first verse of a hymn to St. John the Baptist — which were as follows:

Ut queant laxis
Re-sonare fibris
Mi-ra gestorum
Fa-muli tuorum
Sol-ve polluti
La-bii reatum
San-cte Johannes.

They remain the same to-day except that the French changed "ut" into "do," as the latter is a more open sound, and "so" and "si" are convertible. Then there were keys and modulations and divisions of bars into sharps and flats and measures, trills, and other ornaments. Many rules must be formulated, many systems arranged, before a wealth of tone and expression should come into music as it came into painting, too, about this time; for this, also, until now, had been but a mere outline.

New ideas were added by the troubadours, whose pleasing melodies were in striking contrast to the Gregorian plain-chant, and to enhance the variety, Crusaders brought from the East some of the poetic melodies that are always to be found among the Orientals.

During these centuries, musicians of different countries worked together. Dutch and German and especially Flemish artists were attracted to Rome. They were so patronized by the Popes that often the majority of singers in the Papal choir were Flemings; and out of all these influences, there soon arose many styles of polyphonic music, the desire for varied expressions being always the principal aim. Some composers even colored their notes to suit different themes; one, for example, used red notes to signify light, green for trees and landscapes, and blue for the sky.

Among the numerous composers was Guido of Arezzo, a Benedictine monk, who lived in the eleventh century. He believed in a great variety of melodies: for youth there should be an exuberance of cheerfulness — for old age, a fitful seriousness; festival music was to be enlivening, and funeral, depressing. We do not know exactly what he originated, but certainly some of the best improvements date from his day.

He had, however, a theory for the teaching of singing, by which, as he said, "A boy would make greater progress in a few months than a man of intelligence formerly made in years." But like everything that was new, his theory met with opposition, and he was obliged for a time to resign his office.

But, fortunately, the Pope heard of his system and sent for him. He listened with wonder as Guido explained it all, and then he asked the master to give him a lesson — and he did not rise from his seat until he had sung correctly by note a verse he had never before seen;

and Guido was afterwards greatly honored both in Florence and Arezzo.

A little later Francis of Cologne wrote a famous work on music, in which he arranged in order everything that had already been learned about composition. He also introduced triple time into church music; and as the number three signifies perfection, this became the "Tempus Perfectum."

The foundation of organ-playing was laid in Venice, where a splendid school was early established in St. Mark's Church. It was really begun by Willaert, a very famous Flemish organist of the sixteenth century, who composed sacred madrigals, and had two organs built in separate galleries, in which choirs sang beautiful antiphonal music which he arranged for them.

And here, later, the two famous organists and tone-masters, the Gabrielis, gave to the church festival music such beauty and richness that it quite broke away from the spirit of the Gregorian Chant; but it was all in harmony with the charm and pompous display and rich coloring of Venice, the "Bride of the Adriatic," and later when its art faded away, its music became silent.

The church compositions which were most popular in those days were motets and masses. The word "motet," or "motto," is a musical composition set to the words of a Scriptural text, such as we would to-day call an anthem. It was less complicated than the mass. The Mass was the Communion service in the Catholic Church and derived its name from the phrase, "Ite, missa est," meaning "Depart, the assembly is dismissed." This phrase was used to send away before the Communion the neophytes who had been receiving instructions and who were not yet allowed to partake.

The Mass consists of six musical numbers:

1. "The Kyrie Edison," or "Lord, Have Mercy."
2. "The Gloria," or "Angels' Song."
3. "The Credo," or "Creed."
4. "The Sanctus," or "Holy, Holy, Holy."
5. "The Benedictus," or "Benediction."
6. "The Agnus Dei," or "Behold the Lamb of God,"

and as the last number is sung, the Communion is administered.

A mass has always been a very favorite form of composition, because in writing it, it is possible to express such a beautiful variety of emotions.

The Low Mass is chanted by the priests on ordinary occasions, while the High Mass is chanted by priests and deacons, and parts are sung by the choir to an elaborate musical setting, on Sundays and all feast-days.

As time went on, composers delighted to weave into the ancient Gregorian Chant all kinds of melodies; sometimes even a little street-song or folk-song or drinking-song would be linked with the holiest themes; and thus later sacred music formed a very strong contrast to the plain-song. It was really like combining "Hail Columbia" and "Old Hundred."

Finally, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the Popes saw that writers cared very much more about embellishing their works than creating a holy impression, and so Church music was losing its dignity. They became alarmed and decided that something must be done to restore the "Antiphonarium" to its place; and as they thought about it, Palestrina appeared, and for what he did, he won for himself the proud title, "The Saviour of Music."

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"Sundaies observe: think when the bells do chime,
'Tis angels' musick; therefore come not late."

— *George Herbert.*

CHAPTER 12
Palestrina
1524-1594

Before considering what Palestrina, "The Saviour of Music," did for the Church, we glance for a moment at his compeer, Orlando di Lasso, "The Musical Phoenix of the Sixteenth Century," for his works exerted great influence on those of Palestrina.

Di Lasso was almost the last and perhaps the most famous of the hundreds of Flemish composers who had been attracted to Italy, and who had been greatly honored there by Popes and priests.

It is said as a child he had such an attractive voice that three attempts were made to kidnap him. He spent his life in composing every kind of music, nearly three thousand works in all. Perhaps his "Seven Penitential Psalms" are the most renowned. A collection of his compositions may be seen to-day in the library at Munich, written on vellum and superbly illustrated.

Di Lasso was fond of travel, and often lingered at the different European courts. Maximilian, Emperor of Germany, granted him letters of nobility, and Charles IX of France often ordered his "Penitential Psalms" to be sung, for he said that in listening to them, he seemed to forget his remorse for the terrible massacre of St. Bartholomew. In Italy, he was the boys' friend, and for long he taught them music in the Lateran; and the Pope made him "Knight of the Golden Spur," in order to persuade him to remain in Italy, but he finally settled in Munich.

It seems difficult to realize that the works of this "most brilliant, charming, and courtly" Di Lasso ever influenced that of the peasant whose life is now before us; but the story of music is full of just such happenings, and we shall see how even the little peasant soon blazed for himself a pathway all his own into the world of glory.

We must, at first, call him Giovanni Pierluigi, for it was not until he had become a master that he ventured to follow the fashion of

other artists of his day, by taking for his own the name of his native town — and this was Palestrina, the Proeneste of the Romans.

It is perched upon a cliff at the edge of the Umbrian Hills, just about twenty miles from Rome. It had its Temple of Fortune, its beautiful villas, and the "Antinous" of the Vatican was among the treasures found here. It used to be a good hiding-place for bandits, and its nuts and roses have always been noted.

Its finest product, however, is "The Very Angel of Composers," who was born here in the year 1524, in a little house, set among chestnut-trees. We wish that we could know more of the personal facts of Giovanni's life, but we must remember that he lived so long ago that some things must always be uncertain.

As a boy, he probably played and sang and worked just like the other little peasants about him. The first important event seems to have occurred in the year 1540, when, as a lad of sixteen, he one day accompanied his father to Rome. Perhaps it was a "Holy Day," for on such — then as now — the peasants trudged down the hill and on to the great city to join in the festival.

Giovanni was singing as they entered Rome, and as they passed a church, the chapel-master paused to listen to the beautiful voice. He hurried out, bade the boy enter, and at once offered to become his teacher. It was the turning-point of the lad's whole life, for now Giovanni, the peasant, might become Palestrina, the composer!

And we may imagine how earnestly he studied during the four years that he was allowed to remain in Rome, and now, as well as all through his life, Di Lasso was his model. When he was twenty years old, he returned to Palestrina, where he became organist in the cathedral and also taught the children to sing. The salary was very, very small, but the position was an honorable one and Palestrina worked faithfully.

At this time there was a Cardinal in the town who watched the young master with great pleasure, and loved to prophesy that he would sometime make solemn and beautiful music. He was interested, too, when, in 1548, Palestrina married the peasant maid Lucrezia, who, on her mother's death, inherited a vineyard and a meadow.

A little later, the Cardinal was called to Rome to become Pope

Julius III. In arranging the music for his choir, he needed a director and he called his young friend, working so quietly in Palestrina. It was a law that the master should not be married, but this fact did not influence the kind Pope. He summoned Palestrina to Rome, and in spite of jealous rivals, made him the Director of St. Peter's Chapel; and Palestrina, in his gratitude, wrote and dedicated a beautiful mass to the Pope. This was the first time that a composer had done such a thing, and the Pope was so pleased that he at once made Palestrina one of the Papal choristers.

We remember how gay melodies had become so linked with the plain Gregorian Chant that the latter was gradually losing all its beauty and simplicity, and when the Council of Trent was convened in 1562 or 1564, this chant was one of the principal things discussed. Something must be done at once to free Church music from popular melody, and after much deliberation, it was decided to invite the young Palestrina to compose a mass so holy that it should become a rule for Church compositions.*

All eyes were turned upon the young master who had such a task before him, and he went to work with great earnestness and composed three masses. They all were fine, but one was wonderful in its holiness and sublimity. He placed at its beginning the little prayer, "Lord, enlighten mine eyes," and his prayer was surely answered, for as the mass was sung in the Sistine Chapel, its effect was overwhelming, and the Pope rapturously exclaimed, "These must be the harmonies of the New Song which the Apostle John heard in the Heavenly Jerusalem, of which another John [Giovanni] has given us a foretaste in this pilgrim Jerusalem."

And as it was sung, Michael Angelo's great prophetic figures, then in their fresh and brilliant coloring, looked down from wall and ceiling — and what an added inspiration it must have been as divine painting and divine music met together! Palestrina at once became "The Great Reformer of Church Music," and soon yet another honor was added — that of "Composer to the Pontifical Chapel."

But though his life seemed full of renown, he had many

* The following story has been doubted, in recent years, and even called by some the "Palestrina myth"; but because so long and familiarly associated with the composer's name, it is added here, just as it has been accepted in all the centuries.

disappointments. The good Pope Julius III died, and in course of time, Paul IV, "The Terrible," a reformer of the very worst type, took the throne, and he brought trouble to Palestrina as well as to many others in the city.

He at once enforced the law against married singers, and Palestrina, having a wife and four children, was set adrift. He felt the blow, but he was given positions in other Roman churches, and he enjoyed his work although he was very poorly paid.

But after a few years, Gregory XIII became Pope, and he not only gave back to the composer his old position, but also added new honors. Among others, he asked Palestrina to restore the Gregorian Chant, or "Antiphonarium," to its original purity, and Palestrina did much for it; but it was too great a work to accomplish in the few years that yet remained of his life.

In the year 1575, the Pope celebrated a jubilee, and pilgrims from Palestrina, fifteen hundred strong, descended from their mountain home and marched to the "Eternal City," to join with those of other towns in the great celebration. In the procession there were surpliced priests; monks with cowls and sandals, carrying crucifixes; peasants arrayed in brightest festal garb; children dressed as angels and bearing olive branches — and as they entered the city they sang Palestrina's music. As he took part in the fete, did this "Prince of Musicians" recall the little peasant who so many years before had trudged into the same city, singing as he came?

From all we may. learn, many shadows seemed to darken the later years of Palestrina's life. His wife died after thirty-five years of happiness, and under the inspiration of his grief, he wrote some of his finest music. It is thought that he married again.

His three musical sons, whom he educated himself with great care, all died young. While his work was always in Rome, he probably lived part of the time at Palestrina, going from time to time from the great city to enjoy the rest and cool air of his beautiful mountain home.

He shared the closest friendship with the charming and humorous priest, Filippo Neri, "The Apostle to Rome," whom we know as St. Filippo. In his last illness, the good Saint was constantly at his bedside, and, as Palestrina was dying he said to him, "Wouldst thou

go to-day to enjoy the feast which the saints and angels in heaven are making in honor of the Queen?" and Palestrina said, "Yes, I ardently desire it"; and with this he peacefully gave up his soul to God. This was in the year 1594.

His own music was sung at his funeral, and composers and singers and players and an immense concourse of people followed his body to his tomb in St. Peter's. On this tomb is inscribed, "The Prince of Musicians."

As Palestrina devoted his whole life to his work, he has left behind him a great number of masses, motets, and offertories, magnificats, litanies, indeed every kind of Church music, and most of it was written for the Sistine Chapel, and his masses have been ever since the models for that kind of composition. He wrote strong, beautiful, simple melodies, with clear meaning to every phrase — they were just a worshipful expression of his faith. He did not attempt much coloring or variety — that was left for Cherubini in a later age.

Perhaps the most noted of his works is the grand "Mass" of which we have spoken, a "Stabat Mater," and a "Benedictus"; and as his devotional music was placed on a level with the divine art of Raphael, he was styled, "The Raphael among Musicians." Just recall the many titles that were conferred upon him, for his patient and persevering efforts:

"The Very Angel of Composers."
"Great Reformer of Church Music."
"The Prince of Musicians."
"Composer to the Pontifical Chapel."
"The Raphael among Musicians."

Of his numerous disciples, perhaps the one who best continued the work which he had begun was Allegri, whose wonderful "Miserere" became the treasure of the Sistine Chapel. It was guarded so jealously that for long no member of the choir was allowed to take one of its parts out of the Chapel, under fear of excommunication; and this was the "Miserere" that the youthful Mozart when but thirteen wrote down from memory; and on his second visit to the Chapel, he took his copy with him in his hat, in order to correct any errors.

After Palestrina's day, masters kept on composing and the Papal choir kept on singing, until again Church music became linked with

secular; but this time it took on a more dramatic form, and so operatic and church airs were blended. Cherubini tried later to restore it to its original simplicity, but he failed.

Finally, in 1903, the first year of his Pontificate, the present Pope, Pius X, issued an encyclical letter on the subject of Church music, and it very properly appeared on November twenty-second, the day sacred to the martyrdom of St. Cecilia. In it he desired that the ancient, traditional Gregorian Chant — "the supreme model for ancient music" — be largely restored to the function of public worship.

He felt that during the centuries which had elapsed since it was written, the taste of the people had so changed that much theatrical music had crept into that of the modern Church — and he was determined to restore the sanctity and dignity of the ancient day so that the faithful might be more easily moved to devotion.

And so he laid down this rule: "The more closely a composition for Church approaches in its movement, inspiration and savor, the Gregorian form, the more sacred and liturgical it becomes; and the more out of harmony it is with that supreme model, the less worthy it is of the temple."

He added that as the singers have a liturgical office, and women are incapable of exercising such office, they should not be permitted to form part of the choir; and that according to the ancient usage of the chant, the soprano and contralto parts must be taken by boys. He forbade the use of pianos in churches, and also noisy and frivolous instruments, such as drums, cymbals, and bells; and but a limited number of wind-instruments might be used with the organ.

He also desired that in all the larger churches the ancient singing-schools should always be preserved, and everything be done for the instruction of the organists and singers, according to the principles of sacred art.

And with these four illustrious names — St. Ambrose, St. Gregory, Palestrina, and Pope Pius X — we leave the subject of Church music.

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"Many mighty harmonies have been discoursed by instruments that had been dumb or discordant, but that God knew their stops."

— *Ruskin.*

CHAPTER 13
The Oratorio and the Opera

The musical Italian has always sung, and it was given to Italy to make the first beautiful modern music. We have read what it did for the Church, and now we must know how this — the most social of all the arts — expressed itself in the language of passion, of joy and grief, of laughter and pathos.

Very early in the eighth century, bands of gypsies wandered over Europe from the East, and as they sauntered through Italy with their weird, sweet melodies, the lively, impressionable peasants caught up the strains and sang them, too; and they had besides their own folk-songs — songs for the land and songs for the sea — alike for the vintage-feast and the fisher-boy.

There is special charm to the ballads and madrigals and serenades and baccarolles that belong to the old Venetian days of pomp and splendor and golden sunshine, and of merry gondolas gliding over the blue lagoons; and would we know what instruments were used and how they were played in mediaeval centuries?

Examine the brilliant pictures of the Venetian painters from the time of old Bellini, with his plump, musical angels, even down to the age of Giorgione's "Concert," shining out of its golden glow, and Veronese's "Marriage of Cana," in which the artist-musicians figure so prominently. The lute, or testudo, was a very favorite instrument, and also the pipe and harp and viol and guitar and spinet and violoncello and clavicembalo.

Some towns had a poet-musician who was paid to perform in the public square, and one of the curious entertainments was that of reciting the words and deeds of Bible characters; and there would sometimes be a spectacular accompaniment. The Passion and Resurrection of Christ were thus given, as, for example, in the thirteenth century, in the market-place at Padua.

Lest these dramas be too solemn, a harlequin and peddlers and

fools were often introduced, their only duty being to jostle constantly against the sacred characters. The music which accompanied them was called a laud. These lauds were selections from the Gregorian Chant, combined with popular melodies.

But in the sixteenth century, Filippo Neri, Palestrina's saintly friend, determined to allure the peasants from these shows as well as from all carnival sports, by giving them something at once more dignified and more attractive. He tried many devices and finally hit upon the following:

He and his disciples would stand in little groups, just outside the doors of the churches, telling Bible stories and exhorting passers-by to pause and listen. These stories were interspersed with lauds, but at first were without any scenic display, but later they were pictured on stages as little dramas; and sometimes these were given in the churches, but more often in the small chapel or prayer-room called an oratory.

And presently Neri's disciples became "Priests of the Oratory," and the later oratorio, which commenced in these exhibitions of St. Filippo, took its name from the room in which his simple followers sat and listened with delight to his illustrated lectures.

Each form of music bided its time, and next in order came the opera, and in this love and passion found their true expression. The word "opera" is derived from the Latin "opus" — "work"; and so is a studied form of composition in contrast to an improvisation, which is given without study. It is a musical drama, representing some passionate action. It consists of airs, choruses, and recitatives, and it has a stage-setting.

To each fascinating little capital of Italy, there belonged in the olden day some special honor in history, art, literature, or music. Beautiful Florence, so famed in song and story, as "The Lily of the Arno," "The City of Flowers," and "The Home of the Renaissance," was the birthplace of opera, which was a kind of development of the farces, burlesques, and court ballets of the Middle Ages.

In the days when the proud Medicean Princes ruled the city, and great numbers of literary men clustered at their court, party struggle ran very high, and the old saying, "Song and the knife-thrust keep close company in musical Italy," was certainly proved; for just at this

time, out of all the turmoil and intrigue, the restless, pleasure-loving Florentines gave vent to their passion in opera.

Now it began on this wise: There was in Florence, in the latter part of the sixteenth century, a brilliant group of literary young nobles. There were originally seven, and they used to meet for discussion in the house of Count Bardi, one of their number. They called themselves "The Thirsters," and a basket overflowing with grapes was their device, because it was so symbolic of the wine of inspiration which they would drink.

Just now, Palestrina was the fashion of the day, and "The Thirsters" rebelled against his solemn, polyphonic forms of Church composition, and resolved to revive the music of old Greece, and thus they reasoned: Greek art had been proved the most wonderful in the world; why should not its music be just as famous? They would restore its old lyrics and choruses and recitatives, and so free music from its mediaeval counterpoint.

Galilei, the father of the astronomer, was a most enthusiastic "Thirster." He found some fragments of Greek music and then composed a cantata, and accompanied by his lyre, sang it to his friends. He thought that he had modelled it on the Greek form, but as a fact, it was not at all like the original.

Others, too, wrote little dramas and choruses and stiff recitatives; and these were accompanied by stringed-instruments, and there must have been a curious variety of tones; and as they sang them in the squares of different towns in Italy, old Thespis with his cart and strolling players must often have been recalled.

Peri, one of "The Thirsters," is "The Father of Opera," because, assisted by Caccini, he composed the music of the first one which was properly arranged and acted. It was called "Eurydice," one of the favorite Greek subjects, adapted from a libretto written by Rinuccino. It was planned to test the effect of a particular melody thought to have been used by the old Greeks, and it was produced in the Pitti Palace, Florence, on the occasion of the marriage of Henry IV of France with Marie de Medicis.

Peri himself took the part of "Orpheus." The beautiful female singer was "Euterpe." She was called "The Well-pleasing One," and was crowned with flowers. The scenery and dresses were magnificent,

and the orchestra hidden behind the scene consisted of a large guitar, lute, a great lyre, harpsichord, and three flutes — the last to take the place of the shepherd's pipe of the olden day.

When it was performed in Rome, the decorator of the Papal Chapel made the scenery, and the effect was so perfect that the painter Titian insisted on touching the canvas before he would believe that all was not in relief.

Very soon it was arranged that the framework of these operas must consist of arias connected by a recitative, in which the story and action were carried on. At first there were six performers, three of each sex.

The music of these early operas resembled the old Greek only in being melodic rather than polyphonic. They were to be played only before princes, while peasants yet clung to their folk-songs; but when, a little later, Monteverde, the Director of the music in St. Mark's, Venice, appeared, the common people also were allowed to listen and to enjoy.

Monteverde is called "The First Composer of Modern Music," and no occasion of his day was complete without a word from his pen. He wrote requiems, madrigals, and operas; and his singers were real beings expressing real lyric feeling. Now, only certain instruments were allowed to accompany certain voices, and he also improved the scenery.

It is curious in our day to recall some of these old operas. Frequently there were flying-machines, and the performances were often interspersed with carnival and mountebank scenes, and to accommodate them, stages would be placed in every corner. It is told of one of these operas, "Berenici," played in 1680, that the chorus consisted of a hundred virgins, a hundred soldiers, and a hundred performers on trumpets, cornets, sackbuts, drums, and flutes. There were two lions led by two Turks and two shepherds led by two Indians.

Berenici's victorious car was drawn by four horses. There were other cars laden with spoils and prisoners, besides triumphal arches, pavilions, and tents. Sometimes in these dramas the scenes would change a dozen times, and sometimes the performance would not close before two o'clock in the morning.

But it at once became the fashion to write operas, and the names

of the early composers are legion, but we can give space only to a few of the most famous. Among them was Lully, who, from being a kitchen scullion, rose until he became a noted master of opera in France. He developed the overture, largo, allegro, and minuet, and improved the recitative and chorus.

One of the greatest masters of the seventeenth century was Alexander Scarlatti, who gave his life to his work. He wrote over a hundred operas, as well as masses and oratorios. His airs and choruses possessed yet freer and richer flow of melody than those of earlier composers, and because of this he became "The Father of Modern Italian Opera."

Scarlatti is followed by "The Prince of Musicians," Benedetto Marcello. He belonged to a noble family whose palace is still pointed out in Venice. An erratic, impulsive boy, he was but twenty years old when he drew the lucky golden ball that entitled him to become a member of the Council, and all through life he took an active part in State functions. He was a poet, a witty and sarcastic critic, as well as composer and musician. He had all kinds of inspirations in opera and oratorio; and how the Venetians loved to sing his songs!

About nine years before he died, this brilliant nobleman had an accident that brought him so near to death that it startled him, and he gave up all else to write religious music. He composed paraphrases on the first fifty Psalms and set them to music — less sublime than that of Palestrina, but they are so full of melody that even if he had written nothing else, these would have made Marcello's work immortal.

And this is the romance of his life: One night as he sat in his palace overlooking the lagoon, the strains of a pure, sweet voice floated up to him from below; he glanced down and discovered the singer to be a beautiful peasant girl, who with her father was seated in a gondola directly under his balcony. Marcello expressed his pleasure and offered to teach the girl, and later he gave her his hand in marriage.

But there was a law in Venice that if a nobleman married a peasant maid, she could not bear' his name during his life; but Marcello and Rosina braved it all, and after his death she was allowed to erect to him a beautiful monument in Brescia. Marcello gave to his works

such rich coloring that he bears the fascinating title, "The Titian and Veronese of Music." His name brings us down to the earlier part of the eighteenth century.

About this time opera bouffe — which was in a way derived from the old interludes — was beginning to take form. Now "bouffe" comes from a word which means "to puff out" or "to blow out," and it was used in reference to comical actors who puffed out their cheeks in mimicry; and the opera bouffe was a playful dialogue interspersed with arias and choruses, which were introduced between the acts of the more serious opera in order to relieve its tragic strain.

Probably the most captivating opera bouffe of the eighteenth century, and one that has had marked influence on later works of this kind, was "La Serva Padrona," or "The Servant Mistress," composed by Pergolese, and its music even yet retains its fascinating charm. He adapted it from a humorous libretto which was written by Neri. It contains but three characters, a grumbling old hunchback, a bewitching maid, who, by her tantalizing and graceful flirtations, wins her master's hand, and another servant.

The life of Pergolese is a sad little love story, and it is very short, for he lived but twenty-six years. An orphan child, he was kept by his shoemaker grandfather, who loved him dearly; but all that he was able to do for him was to procure his entrance to an institution in Naples for "The Poor of Jesus Christ." This was a combination of monastery, asylum, and conservatory, and the best masters in the city assisted in the musical instruction.

The boys in red and blue uniforms went about in little bands to play, and Pergolese joined them. He was only a poor lad, but he had the mind and heart of a master-musician, and he improved the opportunity which now came to him to lift himself into something high and noble. He studied both violin and piano, and constantly composed. Soon he was the pride of his teachers, and delighted the audiences before which he played, and then became a master himself.

And now a wealthy young Donna Maria dared to love the poor composer, but her brother would not allow her to marry him, and, broken-hearted, she retired to a convent and died after a year. And later, Pergolese, sad and forsaken, was received into a monastery, and while ill with consumption he wrote his wonderful "Stabat Mater,"

for two female voices, and he sold it for ten ducats, which is less than nine dollars. The last part is called his "Swan Song," because it was written just before his death. He said of it, "God knows how posterity will judge it," and posterity has judged it, for its sweetness and charm can never be forgotten.

His two masterpieces, "La Serva Padrona" and the "Stabat Mater," were very unlike, but equally great, and these, with his many other works, prove him to be far above his contemporaries. What might he have accomplished had he lived longer! And the good monks buried him, and carved upon his tomb the inscription, "Young and Dying."

The librettos of these seventeenth- and eighteenth-century masters reflect very perfectly the spirit of their age — an age when anything too silly to be spoken could easily be sung. Some of the composers were summoned to the German courts of Munich, Dresden, Berlin, and Vienna, and so helped to give form to German opera; and printing-presses set up in many cities did very much to spread the knowledge of music.

The Church at first opposed this new form; but as many of the composers wrote equally well both gay and serious strains, it was not long before operatic airs were easily mingled with those of the Gregorian Chant.

All honor to Peri, Scarlatti, Marcello, Pergolese, and other masters, of two hundred and three hundred years ago. It is true that their music is little known to-day, and yet what a wonderful foundation they laid for a noble work!

And could the seven "Thirsters" be assembled in a box to witness the performance of a "Grand Opera" in its magnificent setting, in this, our twentieth century, we wonder if they would realize that all grew out of their discussions held in the latter part of the sixteenth century, when they met under the impulse of a great inspiration in the salon of Count Bardi, in Florence.

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ROW GENTLY HERE

"Row gently here, my gondolier; so softly wake the tide,
That not an ear on earth may hear, but hers to whom we glide.

Had Heaven but tongues to speak, as well as starry eyes to see,
O, think what tales 'twould have to tell of wandering youths like me!

"Now rest thee here, my gondolier; hush, hush, for up I go,
To climb yon light balcony's height, while thou keep'st watch below.
Ah! did we take for Heaven above but half such pains as we
Take day and night for woman's love, what angels we should be!"

— *Thomas Moore.*

CHAPTER 14
Marie Luigi Carlo Zenobi Salvatore: "Cherubini"
1760-1842

The real name of this composer is Marie Luigi Carlo Zenobi Salvatore, but this is so long and difficult to remember that we shall at once adopt the more familiar "Il Cherubino." This was a title given him by the Venetians, either because of his cherubic expression, or for the angelic charm of his music.

He was the son of a poor Florentine player in the Pergolese Theatre, a puny babe, the tenth of twelve children, and the only one who lived to grow up. The father taught the boy as best he could, but he was too poor to do much for him. He was a precocious little fellow, and he tells us himself that he began to study music at six. He greatly enjoyed scraping on an old violin, and one night, when he was ten years old, a member of the orchestra was absent from the theatre, and Cherubini took his place and played his part well.

He was but thirteen when he composed a mass, which, to his delight, was performed in a Florentine church; and before he was sixteen he had written more masses, a magnificat, an oratorio, a miserere, and three cantatas, besides some smaller works. At this age, one of his cantatas came under the notice of the Duke of Tuscany. He saw the promise in the boy, and sent him to Bologna to study under the great master, Sarti. Cherubini was delighted with the opportunity.

He had to work in a large, bare room, where, by the glimmering light of a lamp suspended from the ceiling, he copied and analyzed the scores of the great composers, and also wrote anthems in Palestrina's style — for Sarti was a genuine admirer of Palestrina. Besides, he assisted Sarti in padding his operas — that is, writing the minor parts, which in those times were rarely listened to.

The days were solemn and monotonous, and at times Cherubini

was very tired and discouraged. But in his later years, when he found that through just this preparation he had become one of the finest contrepuntalists in the world, he felt very grateful for all that Sarti had done for him.

After he left the study, he began to write operas, and worked so quickly that in one year of his life he produced about two hundred, but many of them had but one act. They seemed, however, too profound for the Italians, who greatly preferred lighter and simpler melodies.

After his young manhood, his life is always associated with France rather than with Italy. He first spent one year in London, as Composer to King George III, and the Prince of Wales was delighted with his music and they used to sing and play together. But after being once or twice in Paris, he found that he loved better the life in that gay city; besides, his gifted countryman, Viotti, invited him to go there and live with him, and Cherubini, who had a strong gift for friendship, was glad to accept.

Viotti presented "The New Italian Composer," as he was called, to the court, and aristocratic salons were thrown open to him, and he played in concert before Marie Antoinette; indeed, it was not long before the graceful and dignified young Cherubini was all the rage. He was very happy in these early years and always loved to recall them.

About this time, French opera was established by a rather curious character; this was no other than Leonard, perfumer and hair-dresser to Marie Antoinette, and who was both wealthy and very fond of music. Through his influence with the Queen, Louis XVI granted him a patent, by which he was allowed to open an opera-house. A company was at once formed, and Cherubini was appointed to direct the musical matters. He was greatly interested, and selected the performers, arranged the chorus, and led the orchestra.

Italian opera was then the fashion, and Viotti begged Cherubini to produce a novelty by writing one in French, and in response, the composer, in 1791, produced "Lodoiska." It was full of brilliant orchestral effects and unusual harmonies that seemed to give such new life to dramatic music that at first it fascinated the Parisians.

The silly libretto which is very representative of those times runs

as follows: Lodoiska is in love with Floreski, a beautiful maiden who is confined in the castle of a more powerful suitor; and the true lover, disguising himself as the girl's brother, presents himself at the castle, demanding his sister's release. Then, just at the proper moment, the castle is stormed by the Tartars, and in the melee the maiden is easily captured.

The opera was having a great run when all progress was checked by the terrors of the French Revolution. Many of the performers even fled the country, and when Louis XVI was executed, Cherubini lay hidden in a monastery near Rouen.

Just about this time he was married to a charming wife, and he tried to keep on writing, but the years that followed were so full of horrors that all musical ventures had to be deferred until they were over.

There were constant happenings in the streets of Paris on account of the restless mobs. Once Cherubini fell into the hands of a band of Sansculottes, who were roving about the city in search of some one to conduct their songs. They asked him to sing, and as he refused, he heard "The Royalist! the Royalist!" resounding on all sides.

Fortunately, at this moment, one of his friends, discovering his predicament, thrust a violin into his hands and begged him to lead the mob. Cherubini dared not hesitate now. He recalled his knowledge as a boy, and for a whole day he accompanied this mob, playing as they yelled; and when they halted for a banquet on the public square, he was obliged to mount a barrel and to fiddle till the feasting was over.

In 1794 he was enrolled among the musicians of the National Guard, and when a year later this was dissolved and the Conservatory founded, he became one of its first Directors, and again, in 1797, Composer to the Republic. Through these years he was obliged to waste his talent on all kinds of songs for Revolutionary fetes; and not being a native, it was often extremely difficult for him to adapt the music to the French words which must have represented every kind of passion.

In 1800, "Les Deux Journees," his masterpiece in comic opera, appeared. The libretto was composed by Bouilly, and the story was full of thrilling and amusing incidents, just suited to those days. It

described how a French magistrate, during the "Reign of Terror," was befriended by a kindly water-carrier. The music was so lovely and captivating that the opera ran for about two hundred nights.

It also made such a tremendous impression on the water-carriers that one day a number of them went to the residence of M. Bouilly and presented him with an immense bouquet as a tribute from all the carriers, and they also asked his permission to supply his house with water for one year. Cherubini was begged to dedicate the music to Haydn, but refused, saying, "I have as yet written nothing worthy of such a master."

The most harmful influence in Cherubini's life was surely that of Napoleon Bonaparte. Perhaps the first offense had been when the composer assisted in a curious memorial service in honor of General Hoche; and Napoleon, a young officer just coming into power, may have been jealous of his musical tribute to the brave leader. Cherubini was introduced to Napoleon on his return from, one of his first campaigns, and it was probably at this time that the following conversation took place:

Napoleon, in speaking of his admiration for Paisiello, the favorite composer of the King of Naples, said, "I like Paisiello's music immensely — it is soft and tranquil. Yours is very fine, but the accompaniment is too loud"; and thereupon Cherubini ventured to reply, "I understand that you like music which does not prevent you from thinking of affairs of State." Well, it is a long story, and full of just such anecdotes and we cannot dwell much upon it.

Napoleon later begged Paisiello to come to France, probably just out of enmity to Cherubini. He made him Director of the music of his Consular Chapel, and he gave him a large salary, a residence, and a carriage.

Paisiello, however, was not happy and after a few years, under pretense of ill health, he begged to return to Italy, and then it was suggested that Cherubini be given his place. And Napoleon said, "Do not speak to me of that man. I want a master who will make music, not noise," and the honor was given to Lesueur.

Alas! for Cherubini. The young Commander rose from being Consul to all-powerful Emperor, and the composer paid dearly for daring to treat such a formidable foe with the brusqueness for which

he was always so noted.

Finally, perfectly discouraged, because he was so ignored he determined to Accept an invitation to bring out two operas in Vienna. He took with him to Austria his beautiful young wife and infant daughter. He played in Vienna before the Emperor Francis II and his splendid court, and here he brought out his "Faniska," the libretto and music of which resembled that of "Lodoi'ska." It was delightfully received, and its brilliant overture has ever since been known. Both Papa Haydn and the young Beethoven were present at the first performance, and after hearing it, they declared Cherubini the greatest of living composers.

But his tenacious foe seemed forever pursuing him. Austria and Russia had been in alliance against France, and just now Napoleon determined to break up the coalition very quickly, and he appeared suddenly in Austria, and as if by a clap of thunder, gained the battles of Ulm and Austerlitz, and Vienna threw open her gates to her conqueror.

And "Faniska" had but just appeared when the sound of French artillery drove it from the stage; and besides this, Cherubini had opened a music-printing establishment in Vienna, which also went under in the great defeat. Then the French Emperor established himself in the beautiful summer palace at Schonbrunn, and hearing that Cherubini was in Vienna, he summoned him and said, "Since you are here, M. Cherubini, we will have some music together," and the master was obliged to arrange concerts to entertain His Majesty.

A little later he decided to return to Paris, and on his departure Papa Haydn presented him with one of his scores, saying, "Allow me to call myself your musical father and to greet you by the title of son." Cherubini's friends were delighted to welcome him back; but somehow he was so vexed by Napoleon's neglect that his musical impulse seemed forever gone, and for the next few years his life amounted to very little.

But he could not be idle, and so devoted himself to a most frivolous occupation, sometimes giving to it seven or eight hours daily. He decorated playing-cards with pen-and-ink sketches of all kinds of fantastic figures and landscapes, and with these he covered the walls of his room. But about two years later, he tired of this and took up

something better — a diversion that is always good to any one out of heart with life. He went to Nature, and day by day wandered away into the country with a learned friend, studying botany most assiduously.

Finally, in 1808, accompanied by Auber, he accepted an invitation from the Prince de Chimay to visit him at his castle in Belgium. On his arrival he gave much time to botany, his favorite study, spending long hours in rambling through the beautiful park and out into the country beyond. And here by the merest accident he returned to his first love. St. Cecilia's Day was near and the townspeople wished to celebrate her festival. Why not approach the great composer who was sojourning at the castle and beg him to write a mass?

It was a daring venture, but it was decided to do it, and a deputation appeared before Cherubini. A short, decided "No!" was the response to their humble request, and they sadly departed. But a little later Cherubini was discovered walking alone in the park in a most absorbed manner. Surely he was not seeking flowers!

We wonder if the Princess de Chimay was in league with the peasants, for while he was out, she is known to have laid some music-paper on his table, which was littered over with all kinds of specimens. On his return he took the paper, seated himself, and wrote out the full score of the beautiful "Kyrie" of his famous "Mass in F"; and it is also told — we do not know with how much truth — that just then a game of billiards was in progress, and that as he wrote he rose from time to time to take his turn. "The Gloria," also, was completed for the festivities, and with great joy the peasants gathered in the little Chimay church to listen to the music. It is true that all the instruments they had were a bassoon and a flute, two horns, and two clarionets; but even so, it was the finest celebration that had ever taken place in the town.

Later, in Paris, Cherubini finished the whole mass, and his friends were delighted. They had been much discouraged about him, and for long had not dared even mention the subject of music in his presence; and he, too, was glad that a new songfulness had come into his heart — and this was Church music to which he almost wholly devoted his later years.

In 1815, he was invited by the Philharmonic Society of London to produce a symphony, overture, and some vocal pieces, and again he was fêted in that great city. He wrote from here some charming letters to his wife, which have been preserved, but they all had to be smuggled through Belgium; for now — happily for our composer — Napoleon's "Waterloo" had come! and with Napoleon's fall and the Restoration of the Bourbons, his life struggle seemed over.

Perhaps it was his stately "Requiem," performed on the anniversary of the death of Louis XVI in the Cathedral of St. Denis, that first made his peace with the Royalists. Some objected to it, as there were parts for women's voices, but for grandeur and passion it is certainly one of the finest creations in modern music. Everything is developed out of the simple lament, "Dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return." And as if in contrast, he afterwards wrote the "Coronation Music," performed in 1824, on the accession of Charles X, in the great Cathedral of Rheims.

Princes and rulers now vied in doing him honor. He was the first musician to whom had been awarded the Red Cross of the Legion of Honor; he was made an Academician; Prince Esterhazy, the King of Prussia, and others sent him gifts; and the walls of his room were now decorated with orders, as before they had been with playing-cards.

It was decided that the Paris Conservatory must be reformed, and in 1821, Cherubini was made its Director, and now he threw all his energies into teaching. Indeed, he proved such a wonderful power that he might almost be called the "Founder" of the Conservatory. He engaged the best masters in every branch, and was harsh with both professors and pupils. Never idle himself, he insisted that all should be diligent.

His room in the Conservatory was separated by triple doors from those where the pupils practised. Here he arrived every morning at exactly ten o'clock, always claiming that those who came either earlier or later were equally wanting in promptness. Here he sat until two o'clock before a table with his writing materials and snuff-box, and here he received every one who asked his advice, and all kinds of singers came to him.

One day a Frenchman with a tremendous voice asked him what he would best do with it. Cherubini begged him to sing, whereupon

he opened his mouth and bellowed, and the master instantly told him that he should at once become an auctioneer!

Cherubini's young friend, Auber, had every prospect of wealth, and took up music only as a diversion, but his father died without leaving the expected fortune, and Auber went to Cherubini for advice. "The matter is very simple," said the master. "You are a musician — you have ideas — work!" "That is easily said," replied Auber, "but I am not accustomed to it, and it is not to my taste." "Very well," was the retort, "then throw yourself out of the window!" And it goes without saying that Auber became a composer.

But in spite of his sternness, the master was deeply interested in the pupils, who regarded him with the highest respect; and hundreds of famous composers and musicians went out from his Conservatory. One has well said, "Cherubim's name may perhaps cease to be numbered among the first of composers — but where is the master that has produced such scholars?"

He was always studying himself, and one day said to his wife, "If I were to live a thousand years, I should still find something to learn." He had great love of order, and all his scores were most carefully written. He kept a complete catalogue of them, even commencing with the mass which he wrote as a boy of thirteen.

While he was conscious of his own merit, he was always modest, and it is told that once on seeing his own name on a programme next to that of Beethoven, whom he much admired, he exclaimed, "I shall appear but as a boy next to the great German."

We have seen in reading his life how easy it always seemed to him to say "No" — and a friend once said to him, "O, my dear Cherubini, what a pity that your second impulse never precedes your first!"

In speaking of Cherubim's music, his operas belong to the earlier part of his life. These were interrupted by the French Revolution and hampered by uninteresting librettos. Besides this, his music was too serious to have more than a passing influence in France, and except their overtures, many of them are forgotten.

Perhaps the ones best known are "Les Deux Journees," which, as "Die Wassertrager," is loved in Germany; "Faniska," with its beautiful overture; and "Medee," which is a masterpiece among the world's inspirations, and as sung by Pasta, "The Lyric Siddons," was especially

full of pathos and classic grandeur.

But it was in sacred music that Cherubini won his laurels, for here it was that he seemed to proclaim a new era by linking the old classical forms with modern dramatic effect. He may be called a kind of successor to Palestrina, for taking his simple worshipful music, he gave to it form and coloring. As one has said, "Palestrina's music places God before man, while that of Cherubini places man before God."

He was the greatest contrepuntalist of his day, and made so by his early studies with Sarti. His works are models because written according to exact laws, and his theory on counterpoint and fugue will always be valuable to the musical student. He wrote many kinds of religious music — masses, chorals, requiems, litanies, and motets — and they display his rich, harmonious, and brilliant instrumentation.

His grand "Requiem in C minor" has sometimes been regarded his finest mass, while his "Credo" for eight voices is considered one of the best since the days of Palestrina. His music was stimulating, and he ranks among the finest of sacred composers. Perhaps to-day he is more honored in Germany than anywhere else.

The home-life in Paris of "The Grim Florentine," as he was sometimes called, was very happy, surrounded by the loving thought of his stately wife, son, and two daughters, and here he received many distinguished men. He was very fond of a game of whist, and sometimes he would sit and compose with a room full of people. Nothing disturbed him but singing and playing on a flute — this instrument he thoroughly disliked — saying that the only thing morse than one flute was two!

And old age came to him, but he remained a Director in the Conservatory until almost the end of his life. He sat to Ingres for the half-allegorical, statesman-like portrait which we may to-day admire in the Luxembourg. In appreciation of the excellent likeness, he sent to the painter a beautiful canon which proved to be his last work.

He was severely shocked by the death of a son-in-law, and died a little later, in the year 1842, at the ripe age of eighty-two. His is a long story, but it is a story of a long life, and one very full of music.

Cherubini's funeral took place in the Church of St. Roch in Paris, and it was attended by fully three thousand persons. There was a

band of sixty-five instruments, and his last great score — his "Requiem in D" — was given. Probably he had prepared it for this occasion. Among the bearers were Auber, Halevy, and Ingres. After the services his body was borne to its grave in Pere la Chaise to the rhythm of his own funeral march, and here on his handsome monument, "Music" crowns the composer. And Paris has given him other honors in sculpture, and has even named a street in his memory.

In closing, we must return to Florence, the city of his birth. Although he gave her little if any of his great work, she, too, holds her composer in precious memory. There remains the little house where he was born; there is the Via Cherubini; and in Santa Croce — the city's Westminster Abbey — his splendid monument is pointed out, among those erected to Dante, Michael Angelo, Galileo, Alfieri, and other famous Florentines.

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"Genuine work done faithfully that is eternal."
— *Carlyle.*

CHAPTER 15
Luigi Gaspardo Pacifico Spontini
1774-1851

Melody-loving Italy gave genius to many of her sons, and it is difficult to decide which ones to select as typical composers of opera. But as Spontini is often called the logical successor of Cherubini, we take him for our next study.

His life presents a striking contrast to that of Cherubini, for Napoleon was Spontini's hero, and his operas show a spirit of realism and martial grandeur which belong to the Empire. His whole long name was Luigi Gaspardo Pacifico Spontini, and he was born at Majolati, in the year 1774. As a small boy he was designed for priestly orders, but he had such perfect passion for music that he would study nothing else. He loved to go to church just to hear the choir and organ, and often he hid in the belfry to listen to the ringing of the chimes.

Finally, after causing his uncle and other priestly tutors no end of trouble, he ran away, and after this was allowed to follow his own sweet will. At sixteen, he entered the Conservatory at Naples, and after studying here for years, he left suddenly for Rome, in order to assist a composer there in writing an opera. At the age of twenty-one, he produced one that was so kindly received in the great city that managers everywhere begged him to write for them.

But a love affair with a princess got him into trouble; and besides, on account of French invasion, Italian affairs were just now very unsettled. So again he wandered, this time to Paris. Here he produced some works, but he was little known until the sweet melodies of his "Milton" were heard, and this was followed by two or three comic operas which were much enjoyed.

"La Vestale," which appeared in 1807, really made Spontini famous. He had been given a libretto which had been rejected by other composers and was asked to write a score for it. This libretto contained a most dramatic tale of a Vestal Virgin.

In the music, Spontini depicted the glory of the old Roman Empire, the Vestal heroine of ideal purity, her terrible conflict between love and duty, and the grand funeral-march, to the sound of which the maiden, escorted by priests and populace, was led to her burial. It was a daring subject, and Spontini, who composed very slowly, worked upon it for two or three years.

Then he dedicated it to the Empress Josephine, who admired his work and employed Spontini for a time as her Chamber-musician. The epic beauty of "La Vestale" was at once acknowledged. Napoleon enjoyed its airs, and not only awarded a prize to its composer, but also predicted his continued success.

Somewhat later, "Fernand Cortez" appeared. The music is not so inspiring as that of "La Vestale," but it maintained the reputation that Spontini had already won. This is a wonderful musical picture of the contest between the Spanish chivalry of the sixteenth century and the fanatical Aztecs. The love-story of the Spanish Captain and Aztec maid is full of passion and dramatic force.

About this time, Spontini married a niece of a famous French piano-forte-maker. He was for a while Director of the Italian Theatre in Paris and Court Composer to Louis XVIII. But his character was not a winning one, and whatever his work, there were usually cabals against him. But he kept on writing, and in 1819, produced "Olympic" He had worked very long upon it and very patiently, and considered it the best thing that he had ever written.

Unfortunately his audiences did not agree with him. Among other criticisms, they said that it was so noisy that even the deaf could hear every note! Spontini was embittered by all this, and was glad to accept an invitation which just now came to him to leave France.

It appears that when Frederick William III. of Prussia, in 1814, had entered Paris at the head of the allies, he had been greatly attracted by Spontini's music; and now he summoned him to Berlin to become his Court Composer; and although Spontini neither spoke nor understood German, he accepted. On his arrival in the German Capital, he expressed himself so forcibly that cabals were formed against him, led by Count Bruhl. The King for a time tried to stand by him, but the popular feeling grew very strong, and in 1841, he was dismissed.

On his return to Paris, he found himself almost forgotten, for he had been gone so many years that very naturally he had been supplanted by new composers. It is true that many honors had come to him from time to time, so that his breast was covered with decorations, but even so, he had lost his grip on the musical world. He was, however, invited to Dresden and Cologne, and in both cities he had the pleasure of bringing out his principal works.

Finally, wishing to revisit his old home, he returned to Italy, in 1850, and spent his last days in Majolati, and here he interested himself in founding schools; and having no children of his own, at his death, in 1851, he left his fortune to the poor.

Spontini's musical creations were novel and heroic, but many of them were more dramatic than musical. After his death, however, "La Vestale," "Cortez," and "Olympie" were restored to the German stage, and these would probably be better known to-day, if they were not so vast in conception and so very expensive to mount.

Wagner felt that he owed much to Spontini's influence, and certainly highly honored his memory when he said, "Let us bend low with reverence before the grave of the creator of 'La Vestale,' 'Cortez,' and 'Olympic.'"

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"What passion cannot music raise and quell?"

CHAPTER 16
Gioachino Rossini
1792-1868

Cherubini was the composer of Revolutionary days — Spontini of the Napoleonic era — and when the people tired of the soul-stirring music that belonged to such ages of conflict, Rossini appeared, and listening to his alluring melodies, they forgot the horrors and imperialism and styled him "The Author of the Restoration."

Gioachino Rossini was born on February 29th, 1792, and being a leap-year child, he declared when he was sixty that he was but fifteen. His father, who was always called "The Jolly Fellow," was both town-trumpeter and inspector of slaughter-houses in Pesaro. His sweet-voiced mother was a baker's daughter, while Gioachino himself was the merriest, handsomest, and most indolent of little vagrants.

His father tried to teach him to play the horn, but he would not study, and one day announced that he would rather compose. Upon this his father flew into a perfect rage, exclaiming, "You might become the first trumpeter in the Kingdom, and you will never be anything but its poorest composer!"

Later, on account of political troubles, the jolly trumpeter was thrown into prison, and the mother, taking her boy with her, joined a wandering opera-company. Gioachino with his true, sweet voice sometimes sang, too, and so added a little to the family earnings, and when the father was released, he became horn-player to the itinerant troupe; and little Gioachino was fascinated with the fairs and fetes and all kinds of excitements that belonged to such a life, but his parents were clever enough to know that they were not good for him.

So they placed him with a butcher in Bologna, where he was to receive instruction on the harpsichord. His teacher could play scales with only two fingers, and the boy mimicked him and joked about him, and his father, hearing of his misdemeanors, determined next to try the effects of hard labor. So Gioachino was put to work with a

blacksmith and he blew the bellows all day long. This was exhausting, but he tried to make merry over it, as over almost everything else in life, always insisting that this exercise taught him to keep time.

He was very fond of music and really a gifted fellow, and if he had studied, he would have proved a prodigy; but he was both capricious and indolent, and he made it his first duty to be amused. He had, however, even from a boy, a very strong gift for friendship, and as time went on, celebrated teachers grew interested in him. One offered him lessons on the spinet, another on the piano; one would train his voice; and yet another would read poetry with him — and the merry, aimless fellow took just what he chose from each!

At the age of fifteen, he entered the Conservatory at Bologna. He cared little for Church music, and so left as soon as he was able to compose an opera-score; and then, doubtless recalling his early delight, he became a strolling composer and wandered through Italy. Sometimes the larger towns attracted him, but he was usually found in the small ones, where at this time the local opera was of great importance.

As we are studying Rossini's life, it will be interesting to understand how these operas were brought out. An impresario who was usually a prominent citizen formed the company and selected the singers and the play. He would buy a libretto, often from some unlucky poet, for a very small sum, and then engage a composer to adapt a score. For several years Rossini wrote these scores. If he was given four weeks in which to arrange one, he would generally amuse himself for the first two and then set seriously to work.

Fortunately he wrote both easily and quickly. He gave the mornings to composition and the evenings to rehearsals. He took great care in adapting the music to the different voices and was very successful, even in teaching those to sing who did not know one note from another.

His first operas were short and simple in construction and very much alike. He himself said, "If you have heard one, you have heard all" Once a tenor dared to load his part with so much ornament that Rossini did not recognize his own work. He was very indignant and afterwards put on his own embroidery.

He loved this gay Bohemian life, receiving ovations in every town

in which he tarried. He was always improvising love-songs, and maidens of every rank were constantly falling in love with this fascinating modern troubadour. Through writing these operas, he gained exemption from the army — and he felt that the army had a lucky escape!

He was but twenty-one years old when "Tancredi," the best of his youthful works, appeared, and Pasta, the great tragedienne, resplendent in casque and cuirass, took the part of the "Red Cross Knight"; and her improvisation gave to the opera an added wealth and reality of inspiration. The theatre was crowded, night after night, those who could not get in, encamping in their vehicles about the building. Everywhere on the streets the airs were whistled and played, and "Tancredi" had a short success, not only in Italy but all over Europe.

The following story is often told of its exquisite aria "di Rizzi": It appears that the prima-donna, owing to some whim, refused to sing one of her parts, and though it was but two hours before the performance, she sent to Rossini, insisting that he should prepare another. He was in a cafe waiting for a diet of rice. "The Rice Air" came into his head — he scribbled it off in five minutes and sent it to her.

Three years later, "The Barber of Seville" was produced, and this was so full of capricious and charming melodies that in listening to it, "Tancredi" seemed to be quite forgotten. In this, the witty barber Figaro, by all kinds of skillful and humorous intrigues, assists the beautiful Rosina in claiming her true lover, while her cruel guardian who had promised her to another is completely outwitted.

The libretto was arranged by Rossini and Stubini from Beaumarchais's comedy. He wrote the words as Rossini hummed the tunes to him. It took them but thirteen days, and lest they should be disturbed, they did not leave the house during the whole time. It was rehearsed for one month, and then played in Rome before a critical audience, and everything happened:

Garcia, the tenor, while singing a serenade snapped a guitar-string; another performer fell over a trap-door; and a cat appeared and ran hither and thither over the stage — and the audience was so divided between laughter and hisses that Rossini went home perfectly disheartened.

The next night he feigned illness and went to bed; but after the performance the audience assembled at his house and gave him a

perfect ovation, and later "The Barber" was played on every stage in Europe, and from that day to this, it has never lost its fresh inspiration. When we think of the delight that it has given to the world, it is sad to know that two thousand francs was all that the composer ever received in payment.

His oratorio, "Moses in Egypt," was brought out in 1818; and on its first appearance, the crossing of the Red Sea was so humorously represented that the whole effect was spoiled. The audience laughed and hissed, and for the second time Rossini retired disgusted; but the librettist appeared and suggested that he compose a prayer to be sung both before and after "the crossing." Rossini, seizing upon the idea, sprang from his bed and wrote with great rapidity.

The next night the audience was again assembled, and as before was delighted with the opening, and ready to be once more amused at "the crossing." But Moses began to sing, and the people, falling upon their knees, joined in the chorus — and the sea opened and the march was performed! A burst of applause followed: — the humorous had become sublime! arid this "Prayer of Moses" was the precursor of other operatic prayers.

In 1821, Rossini was married at Bologna, to Colbran, the famous Neapolitan prima-donna. He fell in love with her while he was writing a part in which best to display her voice, and he proved himself as excellent in love-making as in voice-training. Colbran was a woman of rare charm and she tried in every way to make Rossini more serious. For two or three years she remained his prima-donna; and her last appearance was as the ancient Babylonian Queen in his "Semiramide." This opera, which was arranged for a carnival in Venice, has later proved a masterpiece; but on its appearance, it was so coldly received that Rossini resolved to work no more for Italy.

We hear of him in Vienna, where he always loved to linger. In 1824, he was delightfully received in London. Here he sang duets with George IV, drank tea at fashionable houses, played the piano with expressive and lightning-like rapidity at concerts, and when he left the city, carried away a fortune of seven thousand pounds. He finally settled in Paris, joining the delightful society of musicians there.

He always held Cherubini in special honor. It is told that one day,

calling upon the great contrepuntalist and finding him out, he struck up an air from one of his earliest works. Cherubini entered and, surprised and pleased, asked Rossini how he knew it. "I heard it upon the streets where it is still sung," replied Rossini. And Cherubini grew very fond of the merry, fascinating composer, who always had a good story ready to keep up the spirits of his more serious friend. Indeed, Rossini was a great favorite among all the composers and musicians, and he was appointed Director of the Italian Opera, and held that position until the abdication of Charles X, in 1830.

He had a curious habit of introducing into his later works airs from his earlier ones, believing that a good piece of music should not be lost; when he needed money he worked very rapidly, and many charming and popular songs belong to this period of his career. His admirers in Paris begged him to produce something new, and in response "William Tell" appeared, in 1828. This was his masterpiece, and it actually thrilled the musical world, for it was in such striking contrast to all that had preceded it. He took Schiller's poem, and assisted by two friends arranged a libretto in which they preserved the principal incidents.

It describes the Revolution of the Swiss, in 1207, which ended later in the freedom of the country. It shows how the dauntless patriots led by William Tell opposed the tyrannical Austrian governor, Gessler. It portrays in Arnold and Mathilde the struggle between love and patriotism, and how Tell, ordered by Gessler, dexterously shoots the apple from his son's head, and then with a sword pierces the heart of the tyrant.

The overture, perhaps the finest part of all, is the only dramatic one that Rossini ever wrote, and never did an overture better indicate the character of a plot. It opens amid the quiet and peaceful scenes of the upper Alps; and then in sudden contrast a storm bursts forth with fury, with darting lightning, and reverberating thunder, and raindrops are heard as it dies away amid the joyous notes of the "Ranz des Vaches," or "shepherd's call," and the tinkling bells of the quietly grazing sheep. And then over this peaceful scene, the trumpet sounds the call to arms — the soldiers muster and march to a quickstep to meet their Austrian foe — and the overture ends in exciting strains of victory.

The opera abounds in stirring melody. There are the songs of the fisher-boy and mountaineer — the hunting-song and the call to arms — the plaintive love-notes and Alpine chorus — the vivid storm and fierce battle; and the last scene closes with the solemn Swiss song of liberty, in which mountains, rocks and valleys, echo the glad strains. The bag-pipe is sometimes heard among the other instruments, but the horn is constantly resounding, and this is unusual, for horn-music is difficult to write, but Rossini seemed very fond of it. We must remember that his father was a trumpeter, and that he began his study at a very early age.

These Swiss heroes are no more, but Schiller's word-pictures and Rossini's sound-painting will ever be picturesquely associated with the beautiful blue Lake Lucerne, in its romantic mountain setting. "William Tell" was Rossini's "Swan Song." He was but thirty-seven years old when it was finished, and forty years yet remained of his life. Why did he stop? He is reported to have said that another success would add nothing to his reputation, while a failure might damage it, and he added, "I have no need of the one, and do not wish to subject myself to the other, I have enough money — let me rest. I have written enough Italian — I don't wish to write French — and I cannot write German."

For the rest of his musical career there is but little to tell. Apart from his "Moses in Egypt" and his solemn "Mass," we will speak of but one other of his religious works. This is his "Stabat Mater," written eight years after "William Tell." It ranks as among the three "Stabat Maters" of the world, the others being by Palestrina and Pergolese.

This theme is usually sad and gentle and set for two voices. But Rossini's "Stabat Mater" is perhaps more dramatic than devotional. It has been greatly admired, however, and when it was first written it seemed impossible to get copies enough to supply the demand. One has said, "It was like a crown of brilliant flowers that he hung one Good Friday upon the Cross."

Rossini, at one time in his life, became misanthropic, and grew so tired of music that he would not allow even a note played in his presence, or the subject to be mentioned before him. And then he left Paris and interested himself in a variety of most unmusical ways,

among which were fishing and pig-raising in Bologna. But he presently returned to the city of his first love.

He built for himself at Passy a new house, and furnished it luxuriously, and here during the later years of his life, he entertained brilliant men from all the world over. His portrait hung in his salon and on its side were inscribed the names of his works, but the face never seemed quite to reveal the characteristics that we ever associate with the laughter-loving Rossini.

He was always ready to give his advice to young musicians, and constantly expressed his dislike for screeching voices and thumping performers who wreaked vengeance on the piano-forte. He admired Haydn, was devoted to Mozart, whom he considered the greatest world-composer, and felt that he owed more to Dante than to any one else.

During his last illness he was attended by four physicians of European celebrity, and when he died it seemed as if half Paris would take part in his obsequies. Madame Patti and Madame Albani sang his "Stabat Mater," and he was buried in Pere la Chaise.

"The Swan of Pesaro," as the genial Rossini was affectionately called by his admirers, had so many followers that he really may be said to have founded a school. For many years there was a perfect mania for his music, but later a great variety of opinion has been expressed about his "Filagree Melodies."

We may surely claim that while the gifted composer, except in two or three of his works, made no claim to the grand and majestic, yet his sparkling, alluring melodies have sung themselves very deeply into the heart of the music-loving world.

Rossini devoted about four million francs to establishing a Retreat for aged Italian and French musicians. This is called "The Foundation Rossini," and it was opened in Paris, in 1889. Here are seen the academician-robe, the inkstand, wedding-ring, and other souvenirs, belonging to the composer about whose name are linked some of the most charming musical associations of the nineteenth century.

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"The soul of music slumbers in the shell;
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell;

And feeling hearts — touch them but rightly — pour
A thousand melodies unheard before!"

— *Rogers.*

CHAPTER 17
The Singing-Opera
Bellini, 1802-1835 — Donizetti, 1798-1848

Rossini's operas were for long the model for Italy, and many composers belonged to his school. Their works are called "Singing Operas," for at this time a rare and delightful group of singers appeared and took the leading parts, and they infused such marvellous beauty and expression into these melodies that in listening to them one easily forgot the weak and unattractive librettos which they too often revealed.

As they burst one by one upon the world, their careers form fascinating stories, describing their caprices and coquetries and rivalries, and their golden spoils won from the great courts of Europe as they made their wonderful lyric impersonations before them. Some of them had sung in Rossini's operas, and his two most famous pupils who prepared their works to be sung by these virtuosi were Bellini and Donizetti.

The Sicilian Bellini was a picturesque writer, and his works abound in pure melody of simple, touching airs. Perhaps these affecting notes recall his own disappointment in love, or else the sad state of his country in the age in which he lived his short life. He was most skillful in writing music for the voice, and at least three of his operas have won their way into the heart of the world. These are "La Sonnambula," "Norma," and "I Puritani."

"La Sonnambula" is admired for its attractive melodies, and "Norma" is his masterpiece. It was indeed a lofty flight of genius. As he wrote the score he had always Pasta in mind, and when she sung it, she was no longer Pasta, but "Norma, the Druid Prophetess."

Bellini conducted his own rehearsals, and no part was finished until it was sung exactly according to his ideas. Rubini, the tenor, Rossini's special friend, was a man of awkward figure and mean countenance; and although he possessed wonderful vocal powers of

expression, he could be as stolid as a wooden block. When Bellini was rehearsing "I Puritani," with its splendid cast composed of Grisi, Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache, Rubini could not seem to catch the composer's meaning, until finally the latter cried out in rage, "You put no life into the music — show some feeling! Don't you know what love is?" and Rubini, stung by the reproach, sang magnificently; and when the opera was brought out it made such a furor in Paris that its author received the Cross of the Legion of Honor. This was Bellini's last work, and at his funeral a lachrymosa was sung, combined with a melody taken from "I Puritani."

Donizetti was at first a follower of Rossini, but he later imparted a very strong originality both to his tragic and comic operas. He sometimes mingled sweet fragments and gay careless airs, but his perspective was not always true. Perhaps the best known of his serious works to-day are "Anne Boleyn," "Lucrezia Borgia," "Lucia di Lammermoor," and "La Favorita"; while "Don Pasquale" and "L'Elisir d'Amore" must always retain their merry humor.

The libretto of "Lucia di Lammermoor" was adapted from Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor," and the score is so full of touching and familiar melodies that it has always proved his most popular work, while its northern setting reveals Donizetti's Scotch descent.

"Lucrezia Borgia," as sung by Grisi and Mario, was all the rage, and once when it was performed in St. Petersburg before the Czar, they were recalled twenty times.

"La Favorita," with its magnificent cast, perhaps contains his finest music. Donizetti wrote the whole of its fourth act, except one song, in three hours; and "Don Pasquale" was written in eight days. The music in this is especially merry and sparkling, and the story most amusing. It describes how the credulous, obstinate old bachelor, Don Pasquale, while seeking matrimonial felicity, is caught in a trap which has been very cleverly laid for him.

We must not forget the graceful little comic opera, "L'Elisir d'Amore," for it is so piquant and so full of bright airs. It appears that Adina, the prettiest and richest maiden in the village, is such a capricious little peasant that her timid lover, Nemorina, knows not how to win her. And he is in despair as he watches her flirtations with Sergeant Belcore, "the lady-killer."

Presently a trumpet is heard, announcing the arrival of a golden chariot, which soon appears upon the village square, and in it, seated on a gilt chair, surrounded by papers and bottles, is the charlatan, Dr. Dulcamiro, attired in gorgeous array. He addresses the curious peasants that throng about him, telling them that he has brought nostrums of every kind of which he is the sole manufacturer.

He claims that he can not only cure all diseases, but change old people into young, dry tears, efface wrinkles, and also bestow upon gallants the power to win back truant maidens with his wonderful "elixir of love." Poor Nemorina listens to all, and then approaching, begs to know about this astonishing "elixir," and on the Doctor's assuring him of its success, he gives his last coin for a bottle — drinks — and wins the maiden!

Many famous singers took part in Donizetti's work. Doubtless Persiani's impersonations, more than any other, contributed in making his music popular. She was small, thin, colorless, with long golden hair and clear, sweet voice, and she seemed specially adapted for the kind of characters that he created; but all this group of singers are a delightful memory in Europe to-day, and some of them also in the United States.

It is difficult to know which of the works of the Rossinian school are the best, for each one possessed at least some fragments of sweetest music, and tastes are so varied. Donizetti wrote sixty-three of these operas, laboring so constantly that at last his mind gave way, and in his hallucinations he would go around saying, "Poor Donizetti is dead!" and he was the last great composer of the Rossinian school.

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"If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again; — it had a dying fall.
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odor."

— *Shakespeare.*

CHAPTER 18
Giuseppe Verdi
1813-1901

After the Rossinian period, Italian opera seemed to languish until Verdi came, and he infused into it such new dramatic life that he occupies a very brilliant place in modern musical art. But Verdi, like many another great composer, commenced his career as just a picturesque little peasant boy. His parents kept an inn and a shop in the poor hamlet of La Roncali, and here in the year 1813, Giuseppe was born.

His earliest musical memory was of the irresistible attraction of an organ-grinder whom he followed from house to house, and just as far as he dared out into the country. Then a little later he would listen with delight to a wandering minstrel, who would often pause to play his wretched violin before the door of the little inn, just because he loved to watch the face of the eager Giuseppe. Indeed, this violinist was the first to prophesy the child's splendid future.

Father Verdi was an ignorant peasant, but he, too, loved music, and poor as he was, he bought the boy an old spinet. The little fellow, barely seven years old, was given lessons upon it, and he used to spend hours trying to pick out chords and making harmonic combinations.

Twice a week, Father Verdi, taking two baskets upon his arm, would trudge away to the neighboring town of Busseto, and here at Barezzi's wholesale grocery, he renewed his supplies of sugar, coffee, spirits, tobacco, clay-pipes, and other things which he sold in his little shop. Very often the lad accompanied him. Barezzi and his family were passionately fond of music. He was the President of the Philharmonic Society, and his home was the centre of all the musical interests in Busseto; and just here comes in a pretty story, for the truth of which we cannot fully vouch.

Barezzi's house was one of the finest in the town, and it seemed as if at almost any hour in the day, one might hear enrapturing sounds

floating from the windows. And time and again as little Verdi passed he would pause to listen. One evening as he was perfectly absorbed in Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata," Signor Barezzi, who had often noticed the lad, came to the door and said to him, "Why do you come so constantly and stay so long doing nothing?" and Giuseppe, who was at this time just ten years old, replied, "I play a little myself, and so I like to listen to the fine music in your house."

And Barezzi took the forlorn lad by the hand and led him in, and presented him to his daughter Margarita, who was seated at the piano. If this story is true, we shall soon see how it marks the beginning of Verdi's career in both music and love. The lad was sent for two years to Busseto to school, where his annual expenses were but twenty-five dollars; and after that, Barezzi took him as a clerk, and he saw such great promise in the lad that he was glad to interest his musical friends in him.

Provesi, the organist of the cathedral, gave him lessons without charge, and he not only studied but constantly improvised. So on he worked, bravely and industriously, until he was seventeen years old; and then, as it was thought that he had learned all that was possible in Busseto, it was determined that he would better go to Milan, which was at that time a great musical centre. He had no money, but he was assisted by Barezzi and also by a poor fund in the town.

When he reached the city he took his compositions with him and presented himself before the Conservatory, and he was told to play on both piano and organ. But the critics liked neither his face nor his mannerisms; besides, the age limit was fourteen, and Verdi was seventeen, and the scholarship was given to another. Disappointed but not discouraged, Verdi took a good teacher and studied with him for two years, trying this time to master the principles of harmony, counterpoint, and composition — living, it is said, on a franc a day!

Then Provesi died, and Verdi was recalled to Busseto on a salary of forty dollars a year. He also became the leader of the Philharmonic Society there, and for this he was obliged to compose the marches for the military bands of the town. In 1836, he married Margarita, the daughter of his benefactor, the grocer and gentleman, Barezzi. The father did not object; he knew Verdi's poverty, but then he had talents. Margarita was a great favorite in the town and everybody came

to the wedding — even the old violinist who had made the beautiful prophecy.

After a while Verdi decided on an operatic career, and he later removed to Milan with his little family, which, at that time, consisted of his wife and two children. His first score met with such fair success that the impresario invited him to write three more. But composition was very slow work, and he had to find other employment as he wrote. Even so, the Verdis were very poor, and it was difficult to meet the rent of their miserable little home.

To add to other difficulties, Verdi had an illness, and upon his recovery, there followed one upon another the most terrible afflictions of his life. It was in the year 1840 — a year which he never could recall without a shudder. His two children died within a few days of each other, and a month or two later, his charming wife followed them to the grave. Poor Verdi! with his heart breaking with grief and loneliness, how could he write comic opera! but he knew that he must try to fulfill his engagement, and so he worked on.

It goes without saying that the opera was a complete failure — his audience hissed — and he resolved that he would never write another note! The next year and a half of his life is a blank. He lived in a small room on the outskirts of Milan, supporting himself as best he could, while he tried to fill his mind with trashy novels.

But his impresario would not lose sight of him, and meeting him one day, he took from his pocket the libretto of "Nabucco" and begged him to write the score. Verdi read with interest the old story of Nebuchadnezzar, and then threw the manuscript among a pile of papers. Several months after, he found it, took it out, and looking it over, began to hum some airs — the musical impulse returned to him and in three months he completed the score.

It is full of pretty melodies. These were first enjoyed by the laborers in the theatre, during its rehearsal. One by one they stopped work, and seated on ladders or scaffolds, they listened, and at its end they gave the noisiest kind of applause by pounding with their tools upon the wood-work and shouting, "Bravo, bravo, viva il Maestro!" And Verdi's sad heart was cheered, and long afterwards he gratefully confessed that it was a handful of carpenters that gave him his first assurance of success.

And now he continued to write, and as "Nabucco" had won applause he was constantly sought; for as we remember, Rossini's pen was now silent, Bellini's short life was over, and "Poor Donizetti" was mentally "dead." For a time he brought out a new opera every year, but of the first sixteen, only "Ernani" has really kept the stage. They all resembled the works of the Rossinian School, for very much depended on the singers and the showy airs. And famous singers have done much for Verdi's music as well as for that of the earlier composers.

In 1850, he married Madame Strepponi, who had sung in his operas, and they lived together long and happily, Madame Verdi often assisting her husband in his compositions. Soon after his marriage there appeared in turn the three popular works which belonged to this period of Verdi's life — "Rigoletto," "Il Trovatore," and "La Traviata" — and they were so full of spontaneous melody and of new dramatic strength that they showed wonderful artistic progress in the style of their composer.

"Rigoletto" is founded upon one of Victor Hugo's dramas. Its declamation is beautiful, its storm-music in the last act vivid; indeed, it is full of such captivating airs that the singers were begged not to let any one hear them before the opening night, and the world-famed melody he did not put upon paper until a few hours before the performance.

"Il Trovatore" followed two years later. This was a Spanish tale of the fifteenth century, in which a gypsy who is put to death by a nobleman on a charge of witchcraft, bequeaths to her daughter the avenging of her murder. The latter steals one of the nobleman's sons and brings him up as her own. He and his brother becoming rivals in love, a deadly quarrel ensues, and when he is executed by his brother's order, the despairing maiden takes poison.

This story is given here only to show with what lyric beauty Verdi could clothe a most revolting plot. "Il Trovatore" received great applause in Rome, where it was first produced, and it was not long before it attained the popularity which it has never lost. It was the composer's favorite opera, and when it was performed, Verdi and his wife would travel miles to hear it, and usually they would lead the applause.

Then "La Traviata" appeared, and its airs have perhaps more delicate charm than those in "Il Trovatore," parts of the last act being among the finest things that Verdi ever wrote. It was not at first so enthusiastically received as the others, for its heroine, Violetta, must needs die of consumption, and its prima-donna was such a huge woman that it was not easy for her to waste away, but later it drew overflowing houses.

The librettos of "Rigoletto," "Il Trovatore," and "La Traviata" are all such repulsive tales of mystery and jealousy that one could wish that beautiful melodies might always clothe beautiful themes. Through these works Verdi acquired such wealth that the rest of his life forms a striking contrast to his earlier years.

"Les Vepres Siciliennes," "Un Ballo in Maschera," and other works followed. They were well received, and then came a long operatic silence in which the composer was gaining strength and resources to surprise the world again; and while he is silent, let us fill up the gap by the mention of another note that Verdi struck — and this was the note of liberty, for he was a passionate advocate of "Italy free."

He lived in those years in which his loved land was passing through a terrible Revolution. He gave of his money to help the cause; and his stirring patriotic melodies that were voiced in several of his operas were sung the land over, and by them the jaunty ragged volunteers of Garibaldi, "The Hero of the Red Shirt," were fired to great enthusiasm. And when in fear of the Austrians, the troops dare not shout for their king, their slogan was "Viva Verdi!" and they knew, and Verdi knew, that the five letters "V-e-r-d-i" formed the initial ones of Vittorio Emanuele Re D'ltalia.

And when the struggle ended, and Victor Emmanuel was crowned King of United Italy, the name of Verdi, the inspirer, should have been linked with those of "Garibaldi, the sword — Mazzini, the brain — and Cavour, the genius of Italian liberty." The leaders tried to get Verdi into politics, and once or twice he was elected Member of Parliament; but he resigned as soon as possible, saying that his music gave him enough to do.

His long operatic silence was at last broken when, in 1871, "Ai'da" appeared, and this will bring to mind our story of old Egyptian music. A magnificent new opera-house had been building in Cairo,

and Ismail Pacha, the Khedive, determined to open it with an opera reproducing the ancient life. The noted Egyptologist, Mariette Bey, sketched a plot which Verdi and his friends worked up in Paris, for the Khedive had invited Verdi to write the score. The scene is laid in Memphian days when an Ethiopian revolt is in progress, and when Osiris and Isis reign supreme.

Rhadames, a divinely-appointed leader, goes forth to battle, in consecrated armor, and after a victory is borne back in triumph. He loves Ai'da, a noble Ethiopian captive, who is an attendant on the haughty Egyptian princess, and his one desire is to lay his laurels at her feet. Unfortunately the princess herself loves the handsome young leader, but rather than marry her, he betrays his country, and he and Ai'da die together.

The play is one of barbaric splendor and has wonderful scenic effect. We are transported to the ancient land lying in tropical sunlight, with its temples and palaces and pyramids, its imposing avenue of sphinxes, romantic banks of the Sacred Nile, and solemn Hall of Judgment. The haughty Pharaoh himself appears; the High Priest in full Pontifical array; priestesses tread the mystic dance; women are harping upon their harps; there are troops and slaves and dancing-girls.

And the music set to this romantic dream of love and glory is vivid with Oriental coloring. It is said that some ancient music is interwoven with the modern. The chant, the deep harp-chords, the war-cry, the hymn to Isis, the love-songs, pure and tender, glory, vengeance, pathos and despair — all find expression in "Ai'da."

The scenery and costumes were delayed in Paris by the Franco-Prussian War, and when all was finally ready, Verdi so dreaded the sea-trip that he would not go to Egypt to superintend the setting. Seats had been secured months in advance, and the first performance was before a distinguished audience of musical notabilities from many lands. And the wonderful spectacle, so rich in vocal melody, gave to the modern Egyptian people a true glimpse into the life and love and hate and religion of the ancient and mysterious land of the sphinx.

The Khedive was delighted and, besides the royal sum of twenty thousand dollars, he conferred a title upon Verdi; and he was also presented with an ivory sceptre, the title "Aida" appearing in rubies,

while his name, set in precious stones, stood out on a laurel-branch.

Years before this time, on the death of Rossini, the great composers, wishing to honor his memory, had purposed to write a mass to be performed in Bologna once in every century. Thirteen numbers were arranged, but on account of their variety in style, all were unsatisfactory, and the Rossini "Memorial" was given up. Verdi's part, however, was the most admired; and so after Mazzini's death, he was asked to write a "Requiem Mass" for the great man.

It was performed in Milan on the anniversary of Mazzini's death, and was greeted with much enthusiasm. It is very serious and inspiring, but perhaps more operatic than churchly. Like Rossini's "Stabat Mater," it is rich in ornament; and though the views about it are various, it must always remain the grand "Mazzini Mass."

And again years passed — silent years for Verdi — and it was not until he was seventy-four years old that his "Otello" was written. This tragedy has furnished a libretto for both Rossini and Verdi, and Verdi's is in perfect accord with Shakespeare's conception. Desdemona and Iago move forward both heroically and musically from beginning to end. We do not know which part to emphasize — the exquisite love-theme, the festal music, the vigorous choruses, or Desdemona's "willow-song," with its horn and bassoon accompaniment, so famed all the world over. La Scala, in Milan, was packed with a brilliant and enthusiastic audience; Verdi was called out about twenty times; and at the conclusion, his admirers yoked themselves to his carriage, slowly dragging him to his hotel, and all through the streets the crowds were shouting "Viva Verdi!"

Once more he comes before us, and this time as a gray-beard of eighty, and now after devoting his life to lyric tragedy, what should he give to the world but a comic opera! and in this he has caught the genuine spirit of the boisterous joke-loving Falstaff, and of the "Merry Wives." The librettos of both "Otello" and "Falstaff" — which are among the most perfect of librettos — were arranged by the famous poet-musician, Boito, and it seemed very easy for both poet and composer to get into touch with the great dramatist.

In "Falstaff," the music is bubbling over with fun and vivacity, and its laughter-loving audience made very merry, and Verdi was almost carried home on the arms of his admirers. King Humbert was

not able to attend the first performance, which, like "Otello," took place in La Scala; and in sending his congratulations to the composer, he added, "May you be preserved for many years to come, to the honor of art, to our affections, and to enjoy the recognition of Italy, which, even in her saddest day, found patriotic comfort in your triumphs."

When later "Falstaff" was performed in Paris, the old composer was led out between the two "Merry Wives" to receive an ovation. "This is the last work of my life," Verdi said. "I wrote it for my own amusement, but Boito let it out."

These three works, "Ai'da," "Otello," and "Falstaff," had showed, like his three earlier ones, a wonderful artistic progress. It was really now as if a new Verdi had arisen. Like Wagner, in Germany, he had subordinated the solos to enrich the value of the choruses, and his orchestral music had grown very rich and harmonious. And what versatility he had displayed! While these operas are not yet so familiar as his first ones, they are certainly the highest expression of his dramatic genius. Very truly he was styled, "The Old Man of Music."

Verdi was always much sought by the brilliant society in Rome, Florence, and Milan, but even from his boyhood he had disliked the turmoil of the world. He was not a Bohemian, like Rossini; he lived much in Milan and Genoa, but more often at his country villa of St. Agata near Busseto, and here in the quiet of his simple life, there came to him his best influences.

Verdi was a man of very regular habits. He was an early riser, and devoted much time to his estate, specially to the cultivation of flowers; and when enjoying his evening walks, he would often catch snatches of his favorite airs as they were sung by the peasants.

Titles and decorations came to him without number, not only from Italy, but from France and Austria— ribbons and stars enough to cover his breast, if only he would have worn them!

And after "Falstaff" appeared, King Humbert wished to make him Marquis of Busseto, but he preferred to remain Signor Verdi. He had a keen sense of justice, and sometimes has been accused of meanness because he would never yield in a business arrangement; and yet, he gave hundreds of thousands of dollars to the poor.

He built a hospital at Villenova, which was opened in 1888. The

only inauguration ceremony that he allowed was the admission of the sick. He also erected near Milan at lavish cost a beautiful home for aged and needy musicians, and a place was set apart in the Chapel for his tomb.

Verdi died at Milan, in 1901, and was buried there, and this monument which was completed just before his death speaks as eloquently of his greatness as his most famous opera. And later in Milan, in Rome, and in other cities, there were many memorials testifying to the honor in which the "Grand Old Man of Music" was held.

Verdi was, like Burns, a universal melodist; and his music, like Burns's poems, is loved the world around, alike by educated and uneducated. The prima-donna takes her part in his brilliant opera, while below in the street the organ-grinder plays a Verdi air. One day, as the composer listened to the latter, some one remonstrated, and he smilingly said, "Let him play, we must all live somehow."

It is perhaps too near the time of Verdi's death to set his work in fair perspective. Some have complained that his spirited airs, which always make an immediate impression, have too much taken the place of more elaborate and sustained music. But Verdi has certainly revealed a fresh impulse in modern Italian music, giving to it new freedom and beauty. As Italy's greatest dramatic composer, he will always occupy a brilliant and picturesque place in the musical history of the nineteenth century.

There are other operatic composers who now represent a new sensational school, and if space permitted, we might linger over their lives. There is Ruggiero Leoncavallo, who certainly has reached fame with, his "Punchinello," or "Pagliacci," founded upon a real incident connected with some strolling-players. He wrote the libretto himself, and the score is full of catching and beautiful harmonies.

Among his other works, "Roland of Berlin" was set to a libretto written for it by the German Emperor.

Giacomo Puccini is the master whom Verdi named as his successor, and he certainly possesses rare musical gifts. His most popular work is probably "La Boheme," which is enjoyed the world over for its sweet and dashing airs. It is the story of a quartet of Bohemians who live and love and work together in the "Latin Quarter"; and his "Tosca, the Songstress," is one of the most realistic operas ever

produced by an Italian.

Perhaps at the beginning of our twentieth century, the music of Italy has less of the national element than in the earlier day; yet all honor must be accorded to this "Fair Land of Song" for the inspiration which, through all the ages, she has given to the world through her Church music, oratorio, and opera. She just now waits for another great personality — who shall he be?

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"Soft is the music that would charm forever;
The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly."
— *Wordsworth.*

FRENCH MUSIC

CHAPTER 19
The Church and the King

Clovis, the fierce young leader of the pagan Franks in the sixth century, had a Christian wife, Clotilde. In the midst of a terrible battle when about to be overcome by his enemies, he called upon her God to deliver him, vowing that, if victorious, he would adopt her faith. And suddenly the battle turned — he won the day — and with three thousand of his followers, he went to Rheims to be baptized.

The old town put on its festal garb, decorating its houses with gay stuffs and banners, and the baptistery was sprinkled with perfume. The clergy, carrying the Cross and the Gospels, headed the long procession; the Bishop followed, leading the young King by the hand; and on behind came Queen Clotilde, the chiefs, and the three thousand followers who were also to receive the sacred rite. As they marched they sang, and Clovis, turning to the Bishop, asked, "Is this the Kingdom of Heaven to which you are leading me?" "No," replied the worthy Bishop, "but it is the beginning of the road to it."

During the baptismal service, the young King was so impressed with the chants that later when making a treaty with Theodoric, King of the Ostrogoths, he exacted from him a promise to send him from Italy some singers and players on the cithara.

We open our story of French music with this incident, in order to illustrate how easily the gay and barbarous Franks were touched by the power of sacred song; and also to show how, even in the sixth century, the Church music of Italy had found its way to France. Two hundred years later, it was again brought over the Alps by some masters whom the Pope sent to King Pepin to instruct his subjects.

The voices of the singing Franks distressed Charlemagne, for they sounded to him like squeaking wagons or the howling of wild beasts.

Perhaps he was a good critic, for he was really a famous lover of music and took most enthusiastic interest in its spread. He held to a firm belief that in everything men became great, by doing carefully day by day what others did hurriedly; and this principle was most helpful when applied to music. Indeed, was not this "doing carefully" the supreme motive which made this hero of mediaeval romance the only hero, in whose name the word great is imperishably associated.

Charlemagne disliked the Ambrosian Chant; and in Milan and elsewhere, when he found the books he commanded them to be burned. But he loved the Gregorian plain-song, which he first heard in Rome, in 790; and over his vast empire he established schools for boys, in which this was taught.

The strictest discipline was observed in these schools. The pupils must study and listen with the utmost attention; they must not count ahead to find the line which they were to sing; and in copying this masterful chant on their waxen tablets, every note must be carefully written.

Charlemagne often sought relief from the affairs of State, by listening to the songs of the old Breton Bards. He made a collection of these, but unfortunately the melodies are lost. There is, however, yet in existence, a laud upon his own death. For the rest of his interest in music we must find it recorded in our German story, for it belongs to Aix-la-Chapelle, the centre of all things that most attracted the mighty monarch.

So the Roman masters taught the Franks, and may we not hope that "squeaking voices" soon gave place to harmonious tones? for just about this time the study of harmony was beginning. The earliest attempts to arrange this contrepuntal music must have been very crude, and have met with much opposition. One primitive writer says, "You throw tones by chance, like boys throwing stones; scarcely one in a hundred hits the mark, and instead of giving pleasure, you cause anger and ill-humor — what gross barbarians!"

Naturally the progress was very slow, owing to a most indefinite system of notation; but as soon as this was improved, better results were apparent. A Conservatory was established in Paris, which, from the eleventh to the fourteenth century, became a famous centre. Monks and doctors belonged to this school, the teaching of which

was confined to Church music, and it was not long before French singers went over the Alps to be employed in the Papal choir; and commencing in the twelfth century, a long list of splendid organists succeeded one another in Notre Dame.

But to return to the kings, of whom many were so interested in the subject that they had a body of musicians attached to their private chapels. Robert the Pious showed his devotion, by composing hymns and leading the choir in the Abbey Church of St. Denis. The story is told that when on a pilgrimage to Rome, he deposited with great solemnity a packet upon the high altar at St. Peter's. As soon as he left, the monks, full of curiosity, wished to open it, expecting that a treasure would be contained therein. But alas! for their disappointment, they found only a scroll of music which the gentle King had himself composed.

Charles VII employed the noted Fleming, Okenheim, as Conductor of his choir. Joachim de Pres made the music in the King's Chapel almost the best in Europe. Francis I, "The Patron of the Renaissance," in the sixteenth century, aspired to be a composer as well as a builder and a lover of art. His victory of Marignano over the Swiss formed a most exciting subject for a canon, in which were heard the calls of command, trumpets, roll of musketry, march with drum and fife, whistling bullets, flight of enemy, and triumphal shouts of victory for this noble "King of the Gentlemen." Its effect was indescribable!

The feeble Henry II was a church-chorister in that day when France was torn by religious dissension; and Charles IX, in that same age of terror and recklessness, had a perfect passion for singing, constantly going to the lectern to take his tenor part in the service; and we recall how, in listening to the "Pentitential Psalms" of Di Lasso, he seemed to forget the shocking massacre, of which he might remorsefully say, "Et quorum pars magna fui!"

And notwithstanding St. Bartholomew's Day, Calvin, the great preacher, later influenced the music of the Church, and his Psalmody was introduced into it. He insisted that the song be "not light nor flighty," but instead have strength and majesty; so that according to St. Augustine, "there should be a great distinction between the music which delighted men at table in their homes, and the Psalms which were sung in church in the presence of God and the angels."

So, in all the centuries from Clovis to Calvin, Church music had gained wondrously in strength; and the church itself, from its heavy Romanesque architecture, had now risen into the perfected Gothic cathedral, pointing heavenward with airy lightness, and overlaid with a lace-work of stone and an "Aerial host of figures human and divine." Saintly stones were pictured in variegated color on its windows; while through the mellow light of its dim aisles were echoed sublime strains of heavenly music.

And while the praises of God were chanted in the grand cathedral, we must not forget that the masses outside were singing, too; and it is not a long step from the holy song to that of the people. Let us see what the latter was like.

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"But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antic pillars massy proof,
And storied windows, richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
Or may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes."

— *Milton.*

CHAPTER 20
The Song and the Singer

One has fitly said, "The songs of a people are just the story of its life, set to music." In the early day these were very simple, perhaps just a rhyming couplet, with a refrain that was easily carried from lip to lip as the peasant pounded his defenseless garment in the stream, or danced over the village-green. It kept time to the flail beating out the wheat, or to the step treading out the juice of the purple grape; the fisher-boy, the shepherd, the lover, the mariner — each had his own ditty, catching an air one from another; and the popular airs were remembered for long centuries, even until a later day when they were set to music.

France is very rich in its folk-songs, or chansons, as they are called, and we mention a few of the many kinds which have been sung there from the earliest time. Among them is the lai, which originated with the old Breton Bard, and which was usually accompanied by the harp, or by a kind of hurdy-gurdy called the vielle; the rondeau, which literally means "a round," contains a constant repetition of one strain; the sirvente, at first a holy song of service to the Virgin, but later used in war and politics, becoming expressive of both praise and satire.

Then there was the alba, or morning-song; the serenade, or evening-song; the tenson, or debate, in which two took part; the comic-song to frighten away evil spirits, and the dirge for the dead. Martial-songs were often set to the music of the flute, violin, pipe, harp, horn, trumpet, trombone, or drum. Then there was the "Chanson de Geste," or romance of chivalry.

The most vivid and perhaps the oldest of these epics is "The Song of Roland," the hero of Roncesvalles. It contains forty thousand lines, and perpetuates the deeds of the brave knight of Charlemagne's Court — who was so terrible in battle and so fascinating as a lover in times of peace. It was as popular in France as "The Iliad" in Greece,

and parts of it were sung and recited even as late as the Battle of Poitiers in the fourteenth century, and it is greatly to be regretted that its music is now lost.

Many quaint, sweet specimens of the noels, or Christmas-carols, have been preserved. In one of the most realistic which was sung by the shepherds around the crib of the Infant Jesus, the instruments were made to imitate the joyful notes of the crowing cock, the lowing cow, the bleating goat, and the braying ass. Most prominent, however, of all were the "Chansons d' Amour," sung by the troubadours of fair Provence, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. We look to the Orient for the origin of these chansons, especially to that "Land of the blest, where love was sung to the music of the tinkling lute!" But when Mohammed brought his message to Arabia, he put a check upon its music, for he said, "If it form a part of prayer, it will all end but in piping and in hand-clapping."

And then the lute and dulcimer and harp were silent, and even the bell was disallowed, the muezzin from his minaret giving the call to prayer. So that when a Caliphate was established in Spain, we may imagine how eagerly the Arabs brought their instruments with them to a country that was already given to song.

Later, the Counts of Barcelona, by marriage, obtained possession of fair Provence — the land of beauty and roses, where the "melodious warbler" pours forth its nocturne and the merry matin-bird "Singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singeth." And here, as in Barcelona and Toulouse, the troubadour took up the Oriental lay. We linger for a little in this smiling Provençal land, bordered by the great blue sea, that we may study "The Song and the Singer."

The word "troubadour" comes from the old "trobar" — "to find" — and it exactly expresses the troubadour's art — that of finding and composing music. He was always of lordly birth, sometimes even a prince or a king; and to knightly accomplishments, he added the gentle art of love. Graceful in the passage of arms, as Apollo with his bow and arrow, he must always, like Apollo, be ready to burst into song. His jongleur, or jester, was his squire, and the latter was sometimes even more clever than his courtly master whom he was often allowed to accompany.

The troubadour passed his winter in his castle where he enter-

tained magnificently. But as he must fulfill his lovely life motto, "To go through the world and give to it the benefit of his song," he usually sallied forth in the spring, clad in knightly armor, and mounted on a richly-caparisoned steed. Instead of a lance, his weapon was a ribboned guitar, a harp, or lyre, or vielle. His jongleurs and perhaps other retainers accompanied him on foot, and he rode from castle to castle, his delightful flatteries opening every gate to him.

Arriving at one of these lordly feudal homes, he first divested himself of his knightly armor, and was arrayed in costly garb; and then before the welcoming lords and ladies, he poured forth his impassioned lay, every word of which must be distinctly uttered; and while it contained many quaint conceits, little touches about localities and custom and etiquette, its true theme was always love. "Unless I love, how could I sing!" cries one; "For love sing the birds and for love sing I!" cries another; while a third takes up the strain and adds, "I give without return, love's reward is all I claim."

But although the troubadour refused many tokens, he received beautiful ones, in gold and jewels, houses, and suits of armor. The banquets and jousts in his honor often lasted for days, and at these his jongleurs always "sat below the salt." And the troubadour journeyed on, the same theme ever upon his lips, and if he became discouraged over the cruel coldness of the fair ladies, he would sometimes wander away to lands beyond the seas.

And who was the "Queen of Hearts," to whom this singer of mediaeval romance poured forth his lay? Often she was the fair lady who lived in the castle; and again an imaginary or conventional one, with skin white as milk, rosy cheeks and tender face, and hair shimmering like gold wire; wonderful, fair hands, with long, slender fingers; and so beautiful that when she was walking through the meadows even the birds paused to sing her praises.

Let us follow the adventures of Prince Geoffrey Rudel, who, like many another, determined to dedicate his life to some unknown lady. He heard of the loveliness of a Countess of Tripoli, away over the seas, very famed for her goodness to the poor Crusaders. Day after day he celebrated her charms, till finally feeling he could bear her absence no longer, he resolved to go and throw himself at her feet.

And so over the land and over the sea, a weary way he journeyed;

and as he voyaged, his agitation increased, until arriving at Tripoli, he fell down as if dead! The Countess was summoned and arrived just as he was expiring; and as he clasped her in his arms, he murmured, "Most illustrious princess, I will not complain of death, for I have in seeing you realized the whole joy of life."

And the Countess had him buried in a porphyry tomb among the Knights-Templars of Tripoli; and then she was so overcome with grief that she retired to a cloister, from which she soon followed her Knight to the grave.

One of the most royal and chivalric of all the troubadours was Thibaut, the courtly Count of Provence and King of Navarre, of whom the old chronicler says, "He made the most delectable and melodious songs that were ever made for singing." They were usually inspired by Queen Blanche of Castile, the mother of the saintly Louis IX. He often ended his lay with an envoie which might apply equally to the Heavenly Virgin or to his earthly Queen for whom he always stood ready to die.

"The Court of Love," before which the troubadour was sometimes obliged to appear, was governed by thirty-two sentimental laws. At this "Court," all kinds of silly disputes were settled, regarding etiquette, rivalry, and the deserts of false lovers.

Although this song shed its romantic lustre over smiling Provence, it was heard also in other parts of France. Regnault de Coucy of Picardy sang to the Lady of Fayal; Adam de la Halle, "The Hunchback of Arras," wrote many graceful melodies, and went from place to place performing his picturesque little drama, "Robin and Marion," which in our day would be called an operetta. It had at least one air, "L'Homme Arme," which it is said the Crusaders sang when, led by Godfrey of Bouillon, they were first gladdened by a sight of the Holy City.

The trouveres of Northern France took up the lyre after the troubadours had laid it down. The warlike land in which they lived suggested more soul-stirring and chivalric lays. They also indulged in allegory and comic fable, and the jongleurs allied themselves with the trouveres as they had earlier done with the troubadours. These jongleurs more and more justified their name of "jugglers," for as time went on they degenerated into mere travelling players, or mounte-

banks. They were so clever that they could do many things and boasted that they could play on every instrument.

They were homeless in the Middle Ages; they were not protected by law and were frowned upon by the Church; and yet they were most useful members of society, appearing at fairs, weddings, funerals, pilgrimages, and saint-day fêtes; and carrying alike their quaint, sad, and playful melodies, news of the day, and some pantomime or acrobatic feats to delight the assembly. Their satire was most annoying, and severe, too, on all who dared oppose them, and even those of high rank would often pay for their goodwill.

The story of "Renard the Fox" was one of the most popular of their tales; and often they sang and recited the amusing adventures of Master Renard, to the eager delight of the listeners.

The jongleurs carried on their arts far into the Middle Ages, long after the music of the troubadours was stilled. For it was early in the thirteenth century when their gay reign of love came suddenly to an end.

It may perhaps seem strange that in such a lawless age, the troubadours were permitted for even two centuries to sing their peaceful lays. They had dared take part with the Albigenses, a sect that propagated curious tenets over Southern France; and when persecution arose against them, the troubadours were included in the general anathema.

It was a "Holy War" which the Pope waged against this sect, and the results were terrible. Castles were razed to the ground, fields and gardens trampled down. Among the towns Beziers was destroyed with fearful slaughter; and while Carcassonne was being attacked, its inhabitants tried to defend themselves to the lyric strains of the violin and guitar. Everywhere such desolation reigned that even if the singer had been left — how could he have sung?

Later Provençal poets ignored these pioneers of rhyme, even until the nineteenth century, and then Mistral appeared. He became the leader of a Brotherhood called "Les Felebres," their aim being to give back to the world the old Provençal poetry and language, with all their beauties and fantastic imaginings; and this "Last of the Troubadours" was so successful that to him was awarded the Nobel prize.

Would that another Mistral might catch for us some of the

quaint, sweet, impassioned strains which the troubadours poured forth in the old Provençal day. But, alas, the ruined castles are almost all that remain to tell the story of the graceful singer and his "Queen of Hearts."

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"There lived a singer in France of old,
By the tideless, dolorous midland sea,
In a land of love and ruin and gold.
There shone one woman and none but she.
And finding life for her love's sake fail.
Being fain to see her, he bade set sail,
Touched land and saw her as life grew cold,
And praised God, seeing; and so died he."

— *Swinburne.*

"Robin loves me, loves but me;
Robin's asked me if his love I'll truly be.
Robin's brought me dainty things in lover's fashion,
Sung me many tender songs to prove his faithful passion,
True lovers we!
He, Robin! If thou lovest me,
For love's sake come to me!
Robin loves me, loves but me —
Robin's asked me if his love
I'll truly be!"

— *From "Robin and Marion"*

CHAPTER 21
The Age of Lully and Rameau

In France as in Italy, early theatrical performances took place in the churches; for here, in order to give emphasis to religious truths, Bible characters were often portrayed by the priests. And when this dramatic service was transferred to the plot of green outside the church-door, then it was that the Church and stage began to be separated.

But Bible characters continued for a long time to be introduced into the drama, Balaam's ass often adding very much to its humor. The jongleurs continued their crude performances far into the Middle Ages, and the quaint operetta, "Robin and Marion," grew more and more popular. All these diversions seemed far removed from those of the court, which, being only for the gay court, were given a magnificent setting.

There were allegorical and mythological displays, in which the performers, who often were kings and princes, lords and ladies, took part in gorgeous costumes. The ballets were very graceful, for the French are natural dancers as well as actors; and even in the sixteenth century, when the country was so terribly torn by political and religious dissension, the court played and danced all the time.

Fascinating ballets were brought from Italy, the most popular being the "Ballet de la Royne," which was arranged for a courtly marriage by Catherine de Medicis and her flying squadron, the Queen herself taking part. It represented the story of Circe, transforming her human victims.

The orchestra was hidden in a vault of azure behind Circe's palace; the clouds which enveloped it were pierced with openings so as to allow the tones to escape; and the naiads, satyrs, nymphs, and virtues were introduced by different instruments. This magnificent display took place between ten in the evening and four in the morning.

A little later, when Cardinal Mazarin was presiding over the court of the child King, Louis XIV, many singers were brought from Italy; and many musical comedies were played with recitative and song and dance and orchestra. Indeed, Cardinal Mazarin was so devoted to Italian music and the play that he squandered fortunes upon them.

The first French opera, however, had already been arranged, in 1628, by Cambert, assisted by the poet Perrin. It was called "La Pastorale," and in it the flute and violin were so harmoniously combined that the people thought it a revival of an old Greek play; and it was so successful that Perrin obtained permission of the King to establish Academies of opera throughout France.

Taking a tennis-court in Paris, an opera-house was built upon it, and here for the first time the people were admitted by ticket, and here one of Cambert's plays, "Pomona," was acted for eight months; and though the price of admission was high, there was always a crowd, and Cambert and Perrin, through their ventures, made great fortunes, but they quarrelled, and also later lost their patent.

Next appears Lully, who, by birth, was an Italian, but he was naturalized in France and always appears among the ranks of French composers, and his was a singular career.

Giovanni Battista di Lully was born in Florence, in 1633, and he was a quaint, fascinating, but very mischievous little Florentine. Indeed, as a child, the only thing that ever seemed to appeal to his better nature was music. His parents could not manage him; but fortunately an old Franciscan monk became interested in the eager, susceptible little fellow, and taught him to play on both violin and guitar.

And then very suddenly when he was about thirteen years old, the whole fortune of his life changed, and thus the story goes: Giovanni was one day sitting by the roadside singing when the Due de Guise chanced to pass that way. As he looked at the boy he recalled a promise which he had made to "La Grande Mademoiselle" in Paris that he would bring her from Italy "a pretty little Italian boy." Surely this graceful musical fellow was just the one! It did not take long to obtain the consent of his parents, and they were soon upon the road.

But alas! for Giovanni's reception. One of the characteristics of the Duchesse de Montpensier which has made her so famed in history

was that she always said and did exactly what she chose! She was greatly disappointed when she saw Giovanni. "I asked you to bring me a pretty boy," she exclaimed. "This one is not pretty enough for a page!" and she banished him as a scullion to her kitchen. Giovanni quietly obeyed and began his duties, but he was filled with rage and he never forgot! He became a great favorite with the other servants. In some way he managed to obtain an old violin and played and danced and sang for them.

What a curious life! at one moment practising his elusive melodies among the pots and kettles in one corner of the kitchen — the next, at the call of the cook, assisting in preparing a meal.

But this was not for long; a guest, hearing him play, told the Duchess, and she at once removed him to her private orchestra. And now with a good instrument and in a musical atmosphere, Lully improved all the time, and was constantly asked to sing and play at the court. When he was about seventeen years old, another crisis came. For one day the ungrateful fellow was caught surrounded by a merry audience, singing a satire upon his mistress, which he had himself composed. He had not forgotten, and was avenged! but he was also dismissed upon the spot!

Penniless and obscure, the audacious fellow went from Paris to Versailles and begged an appointment of Louis XIV. His fortune was made when he was admitted to the service of "Le Grand Monarque." He soon became a member of the royal orchestra and began studying the laws of composition; and also learned the organ and harpsichord, the latter being at this time a very fashionable instrument. The King was delighted with the boy's talent, and soon gave him a band of his own called "Les Petits Violons du Roi," and its music became the best in the land.

Lully was a natural musician; his pantomimes were most amusing; and besides, he danced gracefully. A stage was erected in the garden at Versailles, and upon this with a background of beautiful trees, the King and Lully often took part in the ballet. Finally the King grew so absorbed in Lully that he would listen to no music but his, and no favor was too great for him to bestow on his "Battista."

Moliere, too, was devoted to him, and Lully wrote music for his comedies and sometimes took part in them. When he was twenty-

nine, he married a frugal wife who helped him in the care of the great fortune that came to him. He became more and more interested in the Italian operas which were brought over the Alps for the amusement of the court, and finally determined to write some French ones; and he did this in a most unique way, the poet Quinault arranging the librettos. These Lully committed to memory and repeated them over and over, till the melodies began to hum of themselves. He played them first on the harpsichord and then wrote them down. Like Cambert and Perrin, he had a tennis-court transformed into a theatre, and this was called the "Royal Academy of Music," and on the opening night his "Fetes de l'Amour et de Bacchus" was given.

Naturally his operas, which were usually on mythological subjects, were gotten up magnificently. He was an excellent Director, most overbearing to those beneath him; no detail, even of facial expression, was too trifling for his study. In a duet, the voices must never be heard together, but one after the other; every word must be distinctly uttered; the actors must always be dignified; so he trained each member of his troupe to perform his part in a perfect manner, never before known in France.

It mattered not if the gay court sometimes tired of his stately, classical scenes — the King liked them — so they were received with the greatest applause. Lully's operas were given precedence over all others, and as Court Composer he was allowed to seize the patent which had been bestowed upon Cambert and Perrin. And even with all the power given him by the King, he was most jealous of any other theatrical display in the Kingdom.

On account of difficult communication between cities, fairs at this time were very important centres; and each had its own theatre where sometimes most attractive plays were given. Lully now obtained a royal order forbidding the performance of these comedies, and limiting the orchestra of the fair to four pieces. But the bourgeois, always ingenious, resolved to outwit this autocrat.

So the performers came upon the stage, each carrying a great placard on which in large letters were written the songs they would sing. Then in dumb show each performer went through his part in pantomime, while the orchestra played familiar airs, and very often the merry audience added the vocal part by singing the words. These

pantomimes were so ludicrous that larger audiences than ever gathered, and Lully was obliged to give up his opposition.

He also wrote religious works, and many spontaneous airs. The shepherd-song in his "Armide" is perhaps the sweetest. In connection with this a story is told that once when he was ill, his Confessor would not grant his absolution till he had burned the score of "Armide" — and he complied. The next day the Prince Conti visiting him, hearing what had passed, exclaimed, "Surely, Lully, you cannot have burned so fine a work!" "I knew what I was about!" replied Lully, "I had another score in the drawer."

Lully finally closed his unique career from the effect of an injury to his foot, caused by striking his baton against it when conducting a rehearsal. He was surrounded by his wife and children, and passed away singing a "Penitential Psalm." He left an immense fortune, and such a reputation that his works kept the stage for a hundred years.

We have lingered over the life of this "Father of the French Opera," as he has ever since been called, because he was so prominent in the reign of "Le Grand Monarque" — a reign very rich in music and art and literature. After Lully's death, although there were other composers, Louis XIV would not for a time interest himself in music; and an age of indifference followed until Rameau came, and his works belong to the earlier half of the eighteenth century.

Rameau was a man of greater genius than Lully; his style was much more declamatory, and he improved the orchestration. He played an organ in one church in Paris for many years and high-born ladies were his pupils on the harpsichord. During the reign of Louis XIII a huge work had appeared on universal harmony, and Rameau, who was naturally very scientific, took up the study with much interest. His operas belong to the later years of his life, and he simply developed Lully's style. He was more widely honored than Lully, and when he entered his theatre-box, the audience always rose to welcome him.

Just about the middle of the eighteenth century, an Italian bouffe troupe arrived in Paris, and Pergolese's "Serva Padrona" was given between the acts of Lully's "Atys"; and then such a contest arose as to which was better, French or Italian opera. It was the "War of the Lullists and Buffoonists," and the theatre was the field of battle. The

veteran Rameau naturally defended the French; and yet he was so attracted by the Italian melodies that he said if he was thirty years younger, he would go to Italy and Pergolese should be his model.

Every writer joined in the contest. Rousseau was hanged in effigy for daring to side against the French; but later he recovered his reputation when he wrote a famous dictionary on music.

King Louis XV and Pompadour took the side of the Lullists, while the Queen sided with the Buffoonists.

Just at this time, the eyes of all Europe were turned upon the glittering picturesque French court, revelling in splendor and luxury; and the courtiers sang and played and danced and drifted on, the music reflecting perfectly the spirit of the age; but they knew that "The Deluge" was just before them!

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"The shepherd's horn at break of day
The ballet danced in twilight glade,
The canzonet and roundelay
Sung in the silent greenwood shade:
These simple joys that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale."

— *Rogers.*

CHAPTER 22
Revolutionary Song and Opera-Comique

Lully's and Rameau's operas held the stage for about a hundred years after the death of the former, until the people grew very tired of their classic, statuesque scenes; and now fortunately, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, several influences combined to change entirely the character of the French drama. And first the great German composer, Gluck, came to Paris, and completely transformed Lully's pompous, artificial scenes into those which were truthful and natural, and he also added new dramatic intensity to the music of his day.

Then the Italian bouffe, coming a little earlier, had, like Gluck, given a blow to Lully's representations, and in spite of the war of words which it had created, it had come to stay. Besides we must not forget the influence of the old jongleur entertainments which yet lingered; and which, in the later years, had been given in the open air by any vagabond actors.

They were now beginning to be called vaudeville — this word, by the way, is of uncertain origin. Perhaps it comes from "voix-de-ville"; or again from the Norman village "Vau-de-vire" where, in the fourteenth century, Basselin composed his popular songs. These vaudevilles at this time included song and dance and frequent dialogue with always a happy-ending to the little scene. Very naturally out of these elements the opera-comique took form.

Gretry might be called its "Father," for he it was who first delighted the people with his sparkling, vivacious plays, set to simple, pleasing melodies. He was a native of Liege, and only after hearing "Serva Padrona" did he determine to be a musician. He went on foot from Liege to Rome to study, and after years of hard work, advised by Voltaire, he established himself in Paris.

He wrote over fifty of these popular little operas. The best of them are "Barbe Bleue" and "Richard Coeur de Lion," the latter containing

the infectious air, "O Richard! O mon roi!" which became one of the favorite songs of the French Revolution. Indeed Gretry wrote many of these songs.

It has been well said, "Wherever there is a slave, there is a song" — and even more truly, a song and a revolution always go together, and nearly three thousand lyrics were born of the French Revolution, and never did lyrics more perfectly express every sort of savage passion which was awakened by a terror. They were rarely melancholy, but set to old familiar tunes, were sung in jesting mood. Nobles, Girondists, Jacobins — everybody sung!

Cherubini's experience in Paris was shared by all composers who dared remain in that fateful city — they must voice the sentiment of the people.

The three most popular of these lyrics are "La Carmagnole," "Ca Ira," and "La Marsellaise." "La Carmagnole" was a sailor or dance tune, and to its refrain every kind of irony was sung, especially aimed against Marie Antoinette. "Ca Ira" was the French interpretation of an expression, "That will go," which was often used by Benjamin Franklin. Lafayette probably heard it in America and gave it to a Paris street-singer, little thinking that it would be quickly converted into an ominous song.

Both the words and the music of "La Marsellaise" have been attributed to Roget de Lisle, a brilliant captain with a musical gift. He was stationed with his company at Strasbourg, and on the night of April 24th, 1792, he was dining with Baron Dietrich. At the table they both regretted that there was no national air to inspire the army of the Rhine, which was about to move. They were dining upon war rations, which consisted of only ham and bread.

As they talked the host grew enthusiastic, and finally told De Lisle that he would give him the last bottle of wine in his cellar, if on its strength he would try to, compose a patriotic air. The wine was drunk and De Lisle went to his quarters. He worked all night with pen, ink, paper, violin and piano; and his "Chant de Combat" finished, he fell asleep over his desk, perfectly exhausted.

The Baron was delighted with the soul-stirring notes and the song was received with enthusiasm, especially at Marseilles, where it inspired the troops on their march to Paris; and from Marseilles it was

caught up all over the land, till the "Chanson de Combat" became the battle-song of the nation. The poet Klopstock has said that with "La Marsellaise" De Lisle had caused the death of fifty thousand Germans.

To show the inspiration of national song in wartime, it may be added that a little later Napoleon Bonaparte forbade the soldiers under penalty of death to sing the "Ranz des Vaches," the Swiss milkmaid's song; for it made the soldiers so homesick that often they would either desert or commit suicide.

So much for Revolutionary music; let us now return to some of the makers of opera-comique of this period, and they were at this time a brilliant company.

One of the most noted of those who followed Gretry was Boieldieu. His family was ruined by the Revolution, and the poor fellow was set adrift in Paris, selling for a few francs the songs that later made the fortune of his publishers. But happily he was enabled to study in the Conservatory under Cherubini, and so he made great progress. After writing several operas his "Calife de Bagdad" appeared, and its author was overwhelmed with applause; but he was not long to be proud of himself, for meeting Cherubini the latter said, "Malheureux! are you not ashamed of such an undeserved success?" Boieldieu humbly begged the great teacher for more instruction and it was three years before another work appeared.

Boieldieu's masterpiece is "La Dame Blanche," and although the plot is taken from two of Scott's novels, "The Monastery" and "Guy Mannering," the setting is very French. It is full of delightful airs, among which is "Robin Adair."

Boieldieu's yet more brilliant successor is Daniel Francois Esprit Auber, "The Prince of Comic Opera." From a child Auber was devoted to music, though he did not intend to follow it as a profession; but when his fortune was suddenly lost, we remember how Cherubini inspired him to work, and also the close friendship that always existed between the master and the pupil; and on Cherubini's death he succeeded him as Director of the Conservatory.

Auber was a generous, pleasure-loving Parisian, and while he composed five or six hours daily, he was always ready for society; and how he did entertain the Parisians with his vivacious comedies, many

of them describing so perfectly the life of the bourgeois, with all the piquant, amusing characteristics, with which he was so familiar. Perhaps much of his success was due to his friendship with the skillful librettist Scribe; during forty years they worked together, blending most harmoniously words and music, and his graceful operas met with unbounded success.

Among the best of Auber' s comic operas are "Le Cheval de Bronze," "Le Domino Noir," and "Les Diamants de la Couronne." He wrote about fifty in all, and but two of them aspire to be at all serious. One of these is the story of the noted bandit "Fra Diavolo," which appeared in 1830.

Auber's masterpiece, however, is "La Muette de Portici," or "Masaniello." It describes the revolt, in 1647, of the fishermen against the tyrannical Neapolitan Viceroy, and in the love-story which we remember belongs to every opera, a dumb girl is the heroine, and by her expressive gestures, she does everything but speak, while the orchestra plays a wonderful role by interpreting what she would say. But even with its dumb girl, the music is full of Neapolitan life and sparkle, and its Revolutionary spirit is contagious.

Charles X was very kind to Auber, but he made him distinctly to understand that he could bring out "La Muette" very seldom. It is said that a performance in Brussels, in 1830, really resulted in the uprising which later led to the independence of Belgium. Auber died in Paris, in 1871, amid the horrors of the Commune.

Massenet is another delightful composer of opera-comique. "Le Cid" was very popular, and "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" is specially full of lyrical melody. In this a starving jongleur is found before a statue of the Virgin, apologizing for all his sins. The monks threaten him with excommunication unless he join with the Brotherhood, and the sight of their donkey, laden with food, at once decides him.

But all are busy — praying, painting, illuminating manuscripts — doing everything for the service of the Mother of God, and he is sad, for he knows no art. Finally he determines that he can amuse her, and he is found before her statue, performing acrobatic feats. The horrified monks are preparing to punish him, when the Virgin comes to life and gives him her blessing, for he has done what he could.

Just at this time Oriental art and Oriental music were the fashion

in Paris, and Massenet produced "Le Roi de Lahore," which is full of bright Eastern melody.

A work which probably represents the very highest type reached by opera-comique in the nineteenth century is "Mignon," written by Ambroise Thomas. He had already produced lighter works full of fun and sparkle, of which "La Caid" was the most popular. And then he pondered long, and "Mignon" was the result — only the suggestion was taken from Goethe — and this is the plot:

Mignon, the child of noble parents, is stolen by gypsies from her ancestral home. Her mother dies of grief, while her almost demented father, Lothario, roams as a minstrel from place to place, seeking his child. Mignon, the ornament of the gypsy band, is obliged to dance for money, and always beaten when she refuses. Wilhelm, a young student, meets the gypsies and witnesses the ferocity of the master, and he buys Mignon to guard her from further ill-treatment.

The friendless girl, deeply touched by the young man's kindness, falls in love with him. He is, however, fascinated by an actress who belongs to a theatre troupe. There is a fête at a grand castle, the troupe perform, and Wilhelm is one of the guests. Mignon is frantic when she sees his devotion to her coquettish rival, and is about to throw herself into the lake, when she is attracted by the sweet strains of a harp, played by an unseen hand, and old Lothario appears and they are at once drawn to each other. She begs his protection as she calls down vengeance upon the castle where even now her rival triumphs, and Lothario, entering into her mood, sets fire to the castle; then Mignon, repenting her rash wish, rushes in to die, but is rescued by Wilhelm. In the terrible illness that follows, he discovers in her wild ravings her passion and vows to give her his love.

And next in Lothario's home on a beautiful Italian lake, Mignon appears, and by certain tokens is found to be the long-lost child. The people gather to welcome Lothario's return, and he presents to them his daughter and her lover. Perennial "Mignon" is a work full of grace and beauty and it is always delightfully received.

Gretry, Boieldieu and Auber, Massenet and Thomas, were typical composers of opera-comique, and there are many others over whose lives we may not linger. Herold has won great renown with his brilliant pirate "Zampa"; Adam, with his rollicking gaiety; while Offen-

bach, who is a perfect master of burlesque and satire, has, in a later day, introduced a more modern original form, perhaps more full of bustle and of external ornament than of true melody.

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"Yes, I'm a Sans-Culotte am I,
To vex the Royalists I try;
Long live the Marsellaise
And Breton laws and ways!
Come! Dance the Carmagnole,
Hark to the roar, hark to the roar!
Come! Dance the Carmagnole;
Harken once more:
The cannon's roar!"

— *From the "Carmagnole"*

Now glory dawns upon the world!
"Come, children of your country, come.
Our tyrants, rushing to their doom,
Their crimson standards have unfurled.
Already on our plains we hear
The murmurs of a savage horde,
They threaten with murd'rous sword
Your comrades and your children dear.
Then up and from your ranks
The hireling foe withstand, —
March on, march on, his craven blood
Must fertilise the land!"

— *"Marsellaise" Tr, Oxenford.*

CHAPTER 23
The Grand Opera

Paris, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, was an international centre to which composers of other countries came to establish grand opera, and so Paris may rightly be called its birthplace. And grand opera originally belonged to the French court as perfectly as opera-comique to the people. What is grand opera? It chooses its libretto from a great variety of subjects, rarely mythological ones, and there is no spoken dialogue. The story is presented in a magnificent, spectacular setting, with airs, choruses, ballets, great masses of people in motion, and a perfect wealth of orchestral display.

The German Gluck is "The Father of Grand Opera," and just at the time when the people had grown tired of Lully's pompous work, he introduced it into Paris, giving a human touch to his actors, and new intensity to his music.

It is a striking fact in the early history of this grand opera, as well as in other kinds established in gay Paris, that they were at first fostered almost entirely by foreigners. Among these the stories of whose lives we seek in their own lands, were Gluck, Cherubini, Spontini, Rossini, and Meyerbeer.

Cherubini carried out Gluck's ideals, and apart from his operas, he exerted strong influence as Director in the Conservatory. He voiced the Revolutionary Era, while Spontini infused into his music the glory of the Empire; Rossini showed a revolutionary spirit in "William Tell," and yet we associate his life very much with the endless captivating Italian melody; romantic Meyerbeer, with his dramatic imaginings, sacrificed everything to effect, and his mission seemed to be to bring the "Grand Opera" to perfection.

There were, also, at this time, some French composers. Among them was Mehul, a low-born lad of high musical aspiration. One night he stole into a theatre and Gluck prevented him from being expelled. He at once fell in love with the master and his work, and

then Gluck superintended his studies. Revolutionary times, however, were not favorable to his dramatic compositions.

His masterpiece is the opera, "Joseph in Egypt," and this is sung also as an oratorio, and the tenor airs are sometimes used in classical concerts. It shows the impressive patriarchal life in the old Bible history, and among its solemn strains are found some sublime passages.

Halevy, a favorite pupil and friend of Cherubini, was a man of great versatility. His masterpiece, "La Juive," appeared in Paris in 1835. This was one of the first grand operas in which gorgeous decorations added to the success. It is said that one hundred and fifty thousand francs were expended in its setting. It is a work of great dignity, the libretto being written by the fertile Scribe.

Halevy's pupil, the composer Bizet, married his daughter. After bringing out some insignificant works, "Carmen" appeared. The story of the coquettish cigar-maker in its half-comic, brilliant Spanish setting was delightfully received, and ever since it has been most popular. But the gifted Bizet died three months after "Carmen" came out — almost before he could realize his great success.

We have left for the last, Charles Gounod, the most famous of these French composers. He is noted for his church music, songs, and opera-scores. He was a successful student in the Paris Conservatory, and won the "prix-de-Rome," which enabled him to study for three years in that city. Here he composed some, worked hard over the scores of famous composers, and formed friendships with great men who firmly believed in the gifted future of young Gounod.

He went to the theatre and specially enjoyed the operas of Bellini and Donizetti. And on Sunday he went to High Mass in the Sistine Chapel; and as he listened and looked at the frescoes, he realized the strong union that existed between music and painting — between Palestrina's solemn strains and Michael Angelo's sublime art. While sojourning in Rome, he took long excursions over the country, and later compositions were suggested by what he saw and heard. His "Goblins," in "Faust," originated in his nocturnal expeditions at Capri, when seated upon a steep cliff, he heard the sea breaking against the rocks, and now and again the cry of a solitary bird.

Gounod loved his Italian life and was very sorry when it came to an end, and it was with much sadness that he watched the retreating

dome of St. Peter's as he was borne away from the "Eternal City." Then he travelled northward through the German cities, where he accomplished some successful writing. In Vienna he had the joy of hearing Mozart's "Magic Flute," and he was received at Leipsic by Mendelssohn, who honored and encouraged the work of the young composer; and Gounod was always greatly fascinated with the works of Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Schumann.

On his return to Paris he was organist for a while in the Church of the Foreign Missions. During the Franco-Prussian War, he with others sought refuge in England, where he remained for several years. He died in Paris, in 1893.

Gounod has written his own "Memoirs," a work full of reminiscences that are pleasant to read. He was a very interesting man, and at the same time — especially in later years when his struggles were over — a very retiring one. Speaking of his own modesty and of his admiration of Mozart, he once said, "When I was very young, I used to say 'I'; later I said 'I and Mozart'; then 'Mozart and I'; — and now 'Mozart!'"

We recognize him in the captivating melody of many of his lyrical songs. He has written much beautiful Church music; a requiem which he arranged in Germany, and his "Redemption," for the Birmingham Festival in England, are noted.

Gounod's operas were not all well received. "La Reine de Saba" has had success, principally owing to the magnificent setting worthy the visit of King Solomon to a queen of untold wealth; while "Roméo ot Juliette" is full of beauties, perhaps the most familiar of which are the "Song of Queen Mab" and the "Garden Duet."

But "Faust" is Gounod's masterpiece. He thought of the subject for years, and then with two librettists he worked long upon the score. He always delighted in singing of love; and so it is the love episode that he has emphasized in this great drama of life and death. The plot is a familiar one, but we glance at its merest outline in order to recall its music.

The aged magician, Dr. Faust, who is disappointed with life, is restored to youth by yielding himself to his evil spirit, Mephistopheles, and he falls in love at Easter-time with a simple village maiden, Marguerite. He attracts her by a casket of rare jewels, woos her, but urged

on by his tempter, he kills her brother. Marguerite later becomes insane and dies, and she is revealed in vision to her lover as she is borne upward by ministering angels.

Of the beauties that chase one another in picturesque succession through this drama, which shall we choose? The quaint kirmess waltz and chorus which show how fully Gounod entered into the spirit of dance-music — the blissful "King of Thule," the "Jewel Scene" or the "Spinning-song"; or the impressive ecclesiastical music, which, by the way, is a kind of quotation that is sometimes allowed by composers— and then in striking contrast is heard the wild "Goblin Symphony."

"Faust" is an ideal opera of the people, full of tender beauty, voiced in lyric, solemn strains. It appeared in Paris, in 1859, but it had not at first marked success. Since then its roles have been taken by such singers as Mario and de Reszke, by Patti and Nilsson and Titiens. It has become more and more a favorite, until it ranks to-day as one of the most popular of modern operas.

It is curious how many composers have been inspired by this weird "Dr. Faustus," about whom there has clustered such wealth of legend. Fully seventeen operas have been written on the subject. Then there is Berlioz's fantastic work; Schumann's and Liszt's symphonies; Wagner's overtures; but a world-famed "Faust" is the beautiful lyric drama written by the French composer, Charles Gounod.

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"But Music waves eternal wands, —
Enchantress of the souls of mortals!"

— *Stedman.*

CHAPTER 24
Hector Berlioz
1803-1869

The Romantic Movement in literature, art, and music first began to take form about 1830. Its spirit was fostered by the Revolution, and also by authors in search of novel and picturesque themes. Victor Hugo, Goethe, Byron, and Shelley had great influence on the literature; Delacroix and Gericault on the French art; while Schubert, Schumann, Chopin, Liszt, and Berlioz were the leaders among the composers.

Hector Berlioz is prince among French Romantic masters, and he is such a colossal genius that we must devote a whole chapter to his life. He was born at St. Andre, in 1803. His father, a successful physician, naturally trained his son for his own profession, while Hector, who was passionately fond of both music and ideals, lived in a kind of dream-world, peopled with all sorts of enchanting beings. At twelve, he fell in love with a charming maiden many years older than himself, but his goddess made light of his devotion and laughed him to scorn.

As a lad he sang, and played beautifully upon the flute, and his father, thinking that music would be a pleasant diversion for a physician, allowed him to enjoy it.

And the years went on, and when Hector was nineteen, he was sent to Paris to study medicine. Imagine him living with other students in the "Latin Quarter," trying to banish his ideals and to work bravely. At first he succeeded, but the dissecting-room so overpowered him that one day in his misery, he cried out, "Become a physician, study anatomy, take part in horrible operations! No — never! —" and then after listening to Gluck's "Iphigenie," he made a rash resolve that whatever the result, he would give his life to music, and he went home to tell his parents.

Perhaps they had never understood his passionate, obstinate

nature, for his mother denounced him and his father cut him off without a sou. And this beginning of Berlioz's career is typical of the struggle which lasted throughout his life. He returned to Paris and began to compose, and was so poor that he lodged in an attic and lived on bread and grapes. After a time, however, he managed to secure a few pupils on the guitar and flute; and he wrote a cantata that gained him admission to the Conservatory.

Here his stinging wit annoyed his fellow-pupils, and he was never a favorite with Cherubini, for the master believed in method and Berlioz seldom did anything with regularity. He spent most of his time in the library studying scores; he was so industrious that he could not be dismissed, and yet he was rarely able to pass an examination.

Feeling that he must have an added income to keep from starving, he applied with others for the position of chorus-singer in a second-class theatre. Every other applicant carried a roll of music under his arm, and the critic said to Berlioz, "Where is your music?" "I don't want any," replied Berlioz, "I can sing anything at sight," and he named over the scores of seven composers, and it goes without saying that he was engaged. And it is told — but we do not know how truthfully — that Dr. Berlioz later found his son ill in Paris and restored his allowance.

While still a student in the Conservatory, an English Shakespeare company came to Paris. Berlioz did not understand English; he could only watch the pantomime, listen to the accents of the players, and read a poor translation; and yet he was so completely carried away with the drama that he exclaimed, "Shakespeare has struck me like a thunderbolt!"

The leading roles were taken by a Miss Smithson, a pretty Irish actress, over whom poets, painters, and aristocratic idlers were raving. True to his nature, Berlioz promptly fell in love with her — both in "Ophelia" and "Desdemona," and he was almost distracted when he felt sure that his passion was not returned.

And then, having at last gained the "prix-de-Rome," for which he had long been striving, he started for Italy. In Rome, at the Villa Medicis, he met Vernet, Liszt, and Mendelssohn, and formed with them and a few other congenial spirits "The Society of Indifference on all Subjects," and they played and discussed and went on excur-

sions together.

For the rest, while he did revive his "Symphonie Fantastique" and gather some materials for his "Harold," he led a fairly idle life. He visited churches, studios, and galleries, and listened to Italian music, which, by the way, he did not like. Then taking his harp he would wander into the Coliseum by moonlight, or stroll away into the wild country. He often met bandits, but they never molested the lonely, melancholy musician.

Berlioz remained in Rome only two years, and then surprised every one by his sudden reappearance in Paris. He would have liked now to obtain a professorship in the Conservatory, but Cherubini's hostility was too much for him. His compositions would not support him, for the French did not like them, and it was always difficult to get a hearing, and so in order to maintain himself, he became a musical critic.

His style was brilliant, and very lashing, too, when he attacked anything unusual or insincere. Once an editor returned his manuscript with this comment, "Your hands are too full of stones, and there are too many glass windows about!" And yet he was both clever and successful, being employed on the best musical magazine in Paris for over twenty years.

Again he heard Miss Smithson play, and this time it was as "Juliet" that she fascinated him; and five years after he had first seen her, she accepted him and they were married. She met with an accident by which her leg was broken, so that she was obliged to give up the stage, and she brought to Berlioz the burden of a great debt. The union was very unhappy, and after her death he married again.

While Berlioz's music was rarely heard in Paris, because he offended the French by his daring originality, in some countries he was treated as a great composer. Heine honored him in his writings; Mendelssohn exchanged batons with him; and Pesth and Prague received his music with the warmest enthusiasm. Paganini, the great violinist, once in a time of real need made him a most generous gift in money, and gave him also a commission to write a concerto for his Stradivarius violin. Indeed Paganini considered Berlioz as famous as Beethoven; and what wonder — for he treated the orchestra as Paganini the violin and Liszt the piano.

And now we must see what Berlioz accomplished in the world of music that has made him such a unique and prominent personality. The thing for which he is famed above all else is his wonderful orchestration; first, his knowledge of what a single instrument can do, and then his skill in combining several in such a way that they will give a novel and beautiful effect, sometimes making many as flexible as if they were but one.

He maintained that music had such power of expression that it could tell a poetic story, and he often made it do this, sometimes with startling audacity; and so he has ever since been called "The Founder of Programme Music." And while the Parisians did not like his style, they never dared dispute his wonderful skill in inventing marvellous combinations, and in telling musical stories.

He had a perfect passion for massing instruments, especially in his religious works. For example, he arranged one composition for three orchestras, three choruses, four organs, and a triple quartet; and yet with all his grand conception, he could write the sweetest lyric songs and romances. His operas, although containing many beauties, have never been popular. The finest of these are "Benvenuto Cellini" and "Beatrice et Benedict." His symphonies are his best works. A symphony is a composition for a full orchestra, and it usually consists of four movements. We shall study it more fully in the life of Haydn, who is called "The Father of the Symphony."

Berlioz was devoted to the ode symphony, which form has been much cultivated in France in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. This is a medley of orchestral music, solo, and chorus. His symphony "Romeo et Juliette," with its entrancing love-scene, and his "Childe Harold" are good examples.

His first attempt to tell a love-story was in his "Symphonie Fantastique," a bit of musical autobiography, founded on some unhappy love experiences of his own. It describes the reveries of a discarded lover — first at a ball amid song and laughter; then among the shepherds in an idyllic country; and then his trance among witches and goblins; and through the whole symphony one melody runs, with little variations — always symbolic of the loved one whom he has lost. This composition is so full of weird imaginings that it is indeed a "Symphonie Fantastique."

His finest symphony is said to be "La Damnation de Faust." The music is both picturesque and magnificent with its Easter-song, love-scenes, dances of gnomes and sylphs, and chorus of spirits. Berlioz's compositions seem so perfectly to reflect his own temperament that he must have greatly enjoyed writing them. He always seemed to be seeking a hero who was forever in a tempest, either of love or hate.

Virgil, Shakespeare, Gluck, Haydn, Beethoven, and Byron were all his ideals, and they stirred his soul to the very depths. He loved sympathy, but his irritability and obstinacy always prevented his making strong friendships; and he grew solitary, bitter, and defiant as he grew old. He was always in revolt against the music of other composers — believing only in that of Berlioz — and waiting always for its recognition in France.

His death in Paris, in 1869, was hastened by grief at hearing of the death of his only son in a far-away land. It took place a little after that of Rossini, and then almost at once that — for which he had longed so many years — came. For Paris seized upon his compositions with great enthusiasm, and ever since his influence has been gaining in France. For Wagner had appeared in Germany, and Paris must have a rival to present to the musical world.

Berlioz's life is not one over which it is pleasant to linger. He failed to establish a school, and to appreciate his larger works, a full orchestra is needed. He has many admirers; and the question is constantly asked whether this versatile master of orchestration will live in the centuries to come as one of the world's great composers.

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"In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing, die."

— *Shakespeare*

CHAPTER 25
French Music of Today

Until the closing years of the nineteenth century, opera was the most popular form of composition in Paris. But since then there has developed a wonderful wealth of ecclesiastical, orchestral, and chamber music. Chamber music took its name because especially adapted for performance in a room. Originally it was both vocal and instrumental; but now it is principally restricted to various combinations of the piano-forte with stringed-instruments, or of the latter alone. It is most delicate and refined, admitting most exquisite shading.

And very charming song-writers more and more are enriching the world with their melodies; and to-day these kinds of music make almost as strong an appeal to the French composer as that of opera.

Paris, too, is always seeking new varieties. Berlioz, as we have seen, led the Romantic Movement, while Debussy now stands at the head of the Impressionists. We remember that the Impressionist painters believed that detail killed a picture; and the Impressionist composer delights in wandering through a maze of ever-changing keys, or in arranging curious combinations of chords. To some, such music seems to be a jumble of weird, incomprehensible sounds, while to others, it possesses a vague and alluring charm.

Debussy's successful opera, "Pelleas et Melisande," his symphonies and fascinating songs, with the works of his followers, have created so much interest that some dare to venture that the Impressionist is to be the music of the future.

And the mystical is also found in French music. If we would seek the best work of the Master Mystic, we must wander away from the brilliant opera and gay concert hall into the twilight of the dim cathedral, and there listen to the compositions of the devout recluse, Cesar Auguste Franck.

A Belgian by birth, he became a naturalized Frenchman, and he spent in Paris a quiet, happy life as teacher, organist, and composer.

His pupils reverenced their ideal master, who was so patient and inspiring that they named him "Pater Seraphicus." He seemed indeed a kind of Fra Angelico, belonging way back in the old monastic days. For many years he was organist of St. Clothilde, and his holy mystical music was expressive equally of his contemplative life and the aspirations which stirred his soul to its very depths; but he cared not for the applause of men and did all for the glory of God. Saint-Saens has styled his compositions "Musique Cathedralesque."

He did, it is true, try opera, his only successful one being "Hulda," the story of a Viking maiden of the eleventh century. His other principal works are his symphonies and symphonic poems and his three oratorios. Of these, "Les Beatitudes" is perhaps his masterpiece, but it was not given as a whole until after his death.

This oratorio, which it took ten years to write, is a musical paraphrase of "The Sermon on the Mount." And in this, depths of pathos are reached when the weak and despairing cry out in agony; and the dramatic power is shown when the evil spirit stirs up rebellion; and then a tone of tenderness and peace pervades the music as the voice of the Saviour is heard, and the weary are comforted and the tempter is silenced.

Franck exerted a broad but very quiet influence over his pupils and over other composers: and to-day he is called "The French Bach," and he is slowly gaining recognition as one of the foremost religious composers.

Paul Dukas has won much renown as a symphonist, and Gustave Charpentier has written delightful orchestral suites. The latter has the unique honor of having made a noble musical appeal in behalf of the Parisian working-girls. He has won the most fame by his "Louise," with its attractive and inspiring airs. He possesses the rare talent of depicting with equal felicity the sweet woodland note and the discordant sounds of the "Montmartre Quarter," in Paris.

Charles Camille Saint-Saens is perhaps the most typical representative of the modern French school, and his life and work stand out in brilliant contrast to that of Franck. He was born in Paris, in 1835. Before he was three years old he began to study the piano with his great-aunt. At five, he wrote little waltzes, while at ten, "Le Petit Saint-Saens" made his first appearance in public, playing selections

from Handel, Bach, Beethoven, and Mozart.

The youthful prodigy grew more and more wonderful, until at sixteen he produced his first symphony; and at seventeen had won wide reputation as both pianist and organist — which reputation, by the way, has increased year by year, until now it is world-wide. He is also a gifted literary writer, a great traveller, and a delightful composer.

As a writer, he is a man of keen musical judgment, as is seen in his "Harmonie et Melodie" and his "Portraits et Souvenirs." There are also works on Philosophy and Astronomy; and the latter subject interests him so deeply that he has planted an observatory on the Canary Islands.

He has journeyed over Europe and America as a virtuoso; and travel has for him such fascination that sometimes he disappears for weeks and no one knows where he has wandered. Very amusing stories have sometimes been told of the incognitos which have been taken by this picturesque Frenchman.

As a composer, he is called "The Proteus in Modern Music," for he has given to the world such variety of composition. He easily assimilates the styles of Bach, Berlioz, Strauss, Mozart, and Haydn. His greatest triumphs have been on the concert stage. Among the many kinds of music for which he is noted, he has written much for the piano and organ, beautiful symphonies, symphonic poems, and love-songs. He is always a master in both rhythm and harmony, and his work possesses finish and refinement rather than depth of passion.

Among his operas is "Samson et Dalila," first brought out at Leipsic under the influence of Liszt. This has also been sung as an oratorio. It follows the old Bible story, and the music is vivid in coloring, the love-scene between Samson and Delilah being specially fine.

Saint-Saens is also noted for his wonderful improvisations on both piano and organ, in which perhaps for hours he will be so enwrapped with his subject that he entirely forgets his audience. Versatile and accomplished, he is indeed a typical modern French composer. He is a warm admirer of Beethoven, Mozart, and Liszt. He is a man of most interesting personality and greatly honored among the brilliant men of his age.

We have taken a brief glance into the French music of to-day,

touching on the lives and works of a few composers. It is perhaps a daring thing to do, on account of the great diversity of views expressed by music-lovers, and also because of the impossibility of putting modern composers into any fair perspective; for many years must pass before they can take their proper places in history.

It is pleasant, however, to come into friendly touch with those who to-day are wielding the strange, sweet spell of music. Paris was never such a fascinating centre as now, for the student, the composer, and the artistic traveller; and instead of being dependent, as formerly, upon foreign masters, the city is full of its own national musical life.

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THE ARROW AND THE SONG

"I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend."

— *Longfellow.*

ENGLISH MUSIC

CHAPTER 26
Early English Music

A glance into the picturesque story of early English music reveals many panoramic scenes, and as we peer into the dim twilight of the centuries and try to catch their outline, some of them are very indistinct. Our first picture must needs be taken from "The Land of Song"; because Ireland is the only one of the British Isles that has interwoven its national harp with the green and gold of its national banner.

The old Celts kept the harp suspended over the doors of their rude dwellings, waiting the touch of the harper; and the bard always accompanied the soldier to battle, inspiring the troops by singing the deeds of real and legendary heroes. The language was couched in rough metre, because the ring of the lines helped to recall the tales they would sing.

The famous "Royal Hall" of the early Celtic kings was on the Hill of Tara — a hill, which, even to-day, is the centre of Irish aspirations. When the great apostle, St. Patrick, first entered this hall, he was surrounded not only by kings, but by venerable bards; and when the debate was over, they sounded forth their national melodies. And later, when invasion came, the usurper felt the power of the bards, and sought to destroy both singer and song — and the triumphant strains were subdued, but they never died away through the centuries.

And then Tom Moore, "The Sweet Lyrist," unbound his own "Island Harp,"

> "That once through Tara's Halls,
> The soul of music shed,"

and gave again to its chords "Life, freedom, and song!"

The aristocratic Welsh Bards, too, were devoted to music in these shadowy days. Their instrument was a kind of violin called the cruth, or chrotta. Each prince had his household bard, and on his investiture, the king presented him with an instrument, and the queen, with a gold ring. In singing, each took a different part, so that in a song there were as many parts as there were singers; and with war-songs and Druidical chants and clanging strings, the bards advanced at the head of the armies. These old melodies formed a precious part of Welsh traditions, and many of them were for centuries preserved in manuscript.

The Scots, also, had their folk-music, both Highland and Lowland. One of their traditional instruments was a kind of jew's-harp, and another a bagpipe, the latter being of great antiquity.

And now we turn to England and recall the stalwart old Pope Gregory. It was in the year 596, that one day, walking in the slave-market at Rome, he discovered some fair-haired Angles, and they were so beautiful that he likened them to angels; and he sent Augustine with forty other monks to carry the Gospel to their far-away isle.

So, with scrip and staff and water-bottle, over land and sea they journeyed, until finally they reached Kent, where King Ethelbert and his followers received them under an oak-tree; and as the brown-robed monks approached the King, they chanted a litany — for there were singers in the band. And then, through an interpreter, the monks told the King the simple story of the Babe of Bethlehem; and presently more singers were sent, and the message and the song were accepted by the barbarians.

Schools and monasteries were established; churches were built; and as time went on, great cathedrals rose all over the land, in which was developed a rich, full, choral service, which had its beginning in the plain-chant sent by Pope Gregory.

And a merry, contrasting picture is that of the gleeman, who is so associated with war and chase and hospitable Saxon halls. Like the bard, he stored his mind with legend and historic deed; and when the meadbench was filled, he touched his "wood of joy," and let his fancy play about the prowess of King Arthur and his Knights and many another noble hero; and the smoky halls resounded with shouts and

cries as he roused the passion of the warriors or soothed their fiery mood.

And just here comes in the inspiration of Caedmon — Caedmon, the poor swineherd of Wearmouth Abbey — who had no skill; and so, night after night, as the harp was passed around at supper-time, he would slip quietly away; and once he fell asleep in a stable, and a stranger touched him and told him to sing. And Caedmon said, "I have nothing to sing"; and the stranger replied, "But thou hast something — sing the Creation!" And suddenly the mantle of song fell upon the poor swineherd and sweetest music flowed from his lips. Then the Abbess Hilda gave him as a text a passage from the Bible, and he composed his famous "Paraphrase."

Another Saxon picture — and it is that of King Alfred, who loved music, and very early committed the gleeman songs to memory. He donned the minstrel's dress, and in this disguise entered the tent of his insolent enemy, Guthrum; and while the unwary Dane enjoyed his music, King Alfred learned the war-tactics that later on helped him to break the power of his ravaging foe.

Another view — and now the Normans have appeared in England, bringing with them the picturesque minstrel, and we must linger over his story, for to him was long accorded great honor by mediaeval kings. A very ancient figure is that of the minstrel; for he believed that he was descended from a king who lived hundreds of years before Christ, and who was entitled to the greatest renown, because he played on every known instrument; and to add dignity to the ancestry, the minstrel also possessed a patron — St. Julian.

Julian had lived a haughty and wicked life, but he had repented and donned the hermit's robe; and among his other virtues, he gave hospitality to the poor, and this fact, appealing to the homeless minstrel, he adopted St. Julian.

The earlier dress of the minstrel consisted of a bright jacket decked out with streaming ribbons, with hose of gayest color. Poetic literature gives him a harp, but many other primitive instruments were cherished among these "tuneful brethren," one of whom, for example, makes the following proud boast: "I play the timbrel, the cymbal, the regal, the gittern, the sackbut, the fiddle, the lute, the tabor, the guitar, the Spanish penola that is struck with a quill, the

organistum that a wheel turns round, the rebeck so enchanting, the little gigue that chirps up on high, and the great big horn that booms like thunder." Many of these names have no association for us; indeed, excepting the organ, there hardly existed in this rude day an instrument that would be familiar to our modern ears.

As for the minstrel, he was always the welcome guest at court or castle or tournament, and none but he could open wide the pocket of king or bishop. And when the lords were gathered around the oaken board and wine began to flow freely, the minstrel poured forth his tales of love and war, the chase and chivalry, of King Arthur and Roland and Charlemagne, and many other brave knights and fair ladies, too; and as the ruddy light streamed from the pine-knots, it played over eager, listening faces.

Some minstrels attached themselves to noble houses, wearing the arms of their patrons suspended about their necks. Their ballads were very simple in structure, formed of short phrases, in which the words were distinctly sung to rippling music, made up of catchy airs, and they well embalmed the deeds of the old chivalric days.

When in a later age, the listener tired of the simpler lays, little shows were introduced, in which the gleemaidens would sometimes appear; for arrayed in bright tunics and short skirts, and decked out with gaudy jewelry, they, too, wandered over the land, accompanying their song with a violin, and followed by a goat or a dog. Sometimes they took part in a little pageant, perhaps assisted by a dancing bear, that footed it step by step with the maiden, clasping her dainty hand in its great paw.

Some of these gleemaidens have left their mark on history; one, for example, who was patronized by William Longsword. She knew three or four languages, and composed such charming French songs that the nobles delighted in her lays.

But to return to the minstrels. They finally tired of their wandering life, without any protection of law, and so they formed themselves into guilds and chose a king to rule over them. The king wore a golden crown and carried a white wand. He presided at the yearly courts; and at the high revels which always followed, he drank from a golden cup.

Some towns kept a staff of minstrels to perform on public

occasions, and we may be sure that the "St. Julian Quarter" was a merry one, with singing and fiddling and dancing. And from the drawings and carvings of the period, we may get a realistic idea of the antics of these jolly brethren.

Of course, there were tramps among the minstrels, and a bad side to the picture, if we would turn it; and we shall quote one law that as "Idle persons under color of minstrelsie were received into houses for meat and for drink, that none should resort to the homes of prelates, earls and barons, unless he be a minstrel, and only four in a day unless invited."

In time, the minstrel dropped the song and the poet took it up; he dropped the mimicry and the jester took it up; but he still played on, though somehow he seemed to be losing his social importance. And finally there came a day in the year 1597, when Queen Elizabeth struck a mortal blow at the craft; for she had a statute passed by which minstrels were included in the law against vagabonds — and why should she have any interest in such rude music when her whole land was ringing with the sound of dainty, merry madrigals!

But the minstrel had done his work and done it well; and there is perhaps no more tender word-picture in our language than that of "The Wizard of the North," when with pathetic touch he painted the old harper whose "withered cheek and tresses gray seemed to have known a better day."

We must not forget in our shifting scenes to glance at the English troubadour. For when the high-spirited Eleanor of Aquitaine married Henry Plantagenet, she brought to him not only her vast French possessions, but also the singer and the spirit of romance that had inspired her native land.

She herself was a good type of Provengal chivalry; for when in the Second Crusade, she had accompanied her French husband, King Louis VII, to the Holy Land, she had dressed as a knight and had succeeded in diversifying the war scenes with many delightful love episodes. And the troubadour that followed her to England sang far into the fourteenth century a song more epic than that in France. There were Richard Coeur de Lion, Bertrand de Born, and hosts of others, to whom were given the troubadour vision and the singing voice.

During the Middle Ages, there was a great variety of folk-tune in England, to some of which we find allusion in both Chaucer and Shakespeare. Many ballads clustered about Robin Hood and his Merry Men, in Sherwood Forest. There were the street-criers, some of whom with antiphonal songs sang responsively from one side of the street to the other, those of the lavender-sellers being a good illustration. Then the Crusaders sang to inspire their courage on their long and weary pilgrimages.

But sweetest of all are the carols that must have originated with the "angels' song," and which were linked with the blithe Christmas-time and chimes, with holly and mistletoe and Yule-log. In the earlier centuries, bishops and priests took part in them; but later we associate them with ruddy-faced, gleeful children, carolling through the streets, welcoming in the holy Christmas-tide.

Many of these are very beautiful. Among them is one that is often quoted, because it is set to such a lovely melody, and these are the words:

> "As I lay upon a nyght,
> Forsothe I saw a semely sight,
> I beheld a birde so bright,
> A child she bare on hande."

We turn to just one more picture of these old mediaeval days and it is that of the Miracle Play. It seems very curious that while Christianity was so opposed to the drama that the first dramatic element sprang up in the Church itself. And, indeed, the Bible is full of most alluring material for dramatic treatment, in both art and music; and in England, very striking subjects were used: as the Creation, the Fall, the Deluge, Abraham's trial, the Passion, Crucifixion, and Resurrection of Christ.

In the Miracle Play, three platforms were commonly used, one above another, thus forming a triple stage. The topmost represented Heaven, the actors being God and the angels; below were the Redeemed; while upon the lowest, men in the world were acting their parts; and at the side of the lowest stage was a dark and smoking cavern, from which emanated shrieks and howlings. The Prince of Darkness was the leading comedian, and he provoked all kinds of

grotesque merriment.

In connection with the Miracle Play, it is interesting to recall a little one-act comedy — a contest between Pontius Pilate and Judas Iscariot — which has developed into our modern "Punch and Judy" show.

After a time, Miracle Plays were replaced by the Moralities, in which instead of Scripture characters, abstract qualities such as Justice, Mercy, and Vice, took part. We refer to these old plays because they were always accompanied by a kind of recitative and chorus, curious quaint melodies different from any of which we have spoken.

To these we might add yet other scenes, but we must not make our gallery too full. The Irish harper, the Welsh Bard, the chorister, the gleeman, the troubadour, the carolling children, the Scripture character strutting about in the Miracle Play — all as they pass in review before us seem to form part of a musical pageant, belonging to the picturesque days of long-long-ago.

And could we recall any one of these figures to life, how far removed he would appear from our conception of a modern composer or musician; and yet the works of these very old song-makers have formed a rich heritage bequeathed to the song-writers of to-day.

• • • • • •

"Ye Joglars in ye Markette Playce,
They quippe and trippe with ympish grayce;
They playe ye Rebecke and ye Viol,
And feare nor Singing Bout nor Trial;
They laugh, and sing, and dance a-payce,
Ye Joglars in ye Markette Playce,

"Yet times I ask me if the Rayce
Of hurried Life weigh not a spayce,
Ye Laughter and ye Song grow sadde,
Ye Hearts be drear that once were gladdc
Pitye, deare Saintes, their weary Cayse,
Ye Joglars in ye Markette Playce!"

CHAPTER 27
The Madrigalian Era

Perhaps it was because England was an island that it seemed very much cut off from the kinds of music that were known in France, Germany, and Italy, in the Middle Ages. But England is proud to show in the British Museum the earliest secular part-composition that has been found in any country. Indeed, it must have been written one hundred and fifty years before the rise of the famous Flemish School.

It is a canon, so called because it is composed according to rule; and it is a rota or round, being so arranged that one voice begins a melody which is imitated note by note by another voice, which comes in at a stated period after its predecessor — four voices following in the same order. The subject is the coming of summer, and it commences, "Summer is i-cumen in," and the refrain is "Sing cucco," and a sweet little pastoral melody clings to the old Northumbrian round.

In the fifteenth century, many singers were added to the Royal Chapel, and the English tried to imitate the work done by the Papal choir in Rome. But we know very little about what was accomplished, except that Dunstable's name is prominent. In his short life he was honored alike as an astrologer, mathematician, and contrepuntalist. At this time, the Flemings were noted for their part-melodies; and Dunstable seems to have spent the greater portion of his life among them, and to have done much in the development of euphonious harmony.

The Reformation, in the reign of Henry VIII, naturally interrupted the Church service; and when the King suppressed the monasteries a great mass of music was destroyed, and for long, only plainsong was allowed. Marbeck arranged the musical portion of the prayer-book, and later the sweet and solemn harmonies belonging to King Edward's liturgy were heard over the land. Then John Knox appeared in Scotland, and organs were silenced, and only paraphrases

on the Psalms were permitted to be sung.

Then what a contrast in England when in the "Golden Elizabethan Age," the Shakespearean drama suddenly took form. Shakespeare's songs were sung, and the plays of Fletcher and Ben Jonson were set to music. The Queen was a skillful performer on both lute and virginal. Was she the virgin for whom the latter was named?

It is told of an ambassador who once was sent by Mary Stuart to her dear "Cousin Bess" that as he approached her apartment he heard ravishing sounds, and he paused before the tapestried doorway to listen to the soft tinkle of the virginal. Then his curiosity overcame him, and lifting the hanging, he saw the Queen arrayed in a splendid gown, seated before her instrument. She looked up and remonstrated with him, saying, "I play not before people, but to shun melancholy"; however, he was allowed to remain and listen.

The virginal was easily portable, and it is associated with gilded halls, in which ladies of rank with jewelled fingers plucked the strings. Spenser wrote:

> "My love doth sit…playing alone,
> Careless on her heavenly virginals!"

John Bull, a famous composer and organist, was a great favorite with the Queen, and he was one of three illustrious gentlemen that later, in 1611, published "Parthenia," or "The Maydenhead of the Musicke printed for Virginals." The spinet, the lute, and the viol were also much used in this day.

Apart from instrumental music, this was the far-famed Madrigalian Era when the madrigal stood for all that was most delightful in the union of song and words; and the whole country was vocal with the sweetest songs ever produced in England. The word "madrigal" is of uncertain origin. Some have thought it derived from "maundra," "a flock of sheep," because it is so often of a pastoral nature; while others think that it finds its origin in the Spanish "madre," as a song to the Virgin — for the madrigal of an earlier day was often devotional.

It was arranged for from three to eight voices, usually without accompaniment, though many madrigals were "apt for viols." We might have studied it in Italy, where it seemed to have its beginning

and to flourish luxuriously among the dark-eyed youths and maidens, or again among the Flemings; but we have left it for England, because here it attained its perfection. It was first used about the year 1588, remaining in fashion some fifty years, or from the age of Shakespeare to that of Herrick's sparkling lyrics.

The subjects of these madrigals were the joy of living, the beauty of nature, the charm of women — indeed, pleasures of every kind. The song sounded free and spontaneous, though the music was very studied; it was used by nobles and ploughmen, and heard alike in the brilliant court or at the merry tavern. Indeed, in that day, every one who pretended to a liberal education must sing at sight; for at social gatherings, madrigal-books were laid upon the table and all had to take their part.

Queen Bess herself was as fond of this as of instrumental music, and often kept time to the melody by nodding her royal head. Poetic Sidney, intrepid Raleigh, excitable Essex, and many another gallant courtier and jewelled lover sang "right gleefullie and full merrillie" the rippling, dainty music.

In dedicating a number to the Countess of Pembroke, the sister of Sidney, Morley, one of the most noted collectors, says: "If her ladyship shall but vouchsafe them her heavenly voice, it cannot but be that they will return so perfumed that the air will be made delightful thereby."

Perhaps the most famous collection was called "The Triumphs of Oriana." This was written in response to an offer made by the Earl of Nottingham of a prize to be awarded to the best madrigal on the "Virgin Queen." Twenty-two compositions were sent in, each one ending "Long live Oriana!" It is said that the royal "Oriana" greatly enjoyed the delicate flattery.

William Byrd was one of the renowned composers of madrigals, and he prefaces his collection with the following epistle to the reader: "Benign reader, here is offered unto thy courteous acceptance musicke of sundrie sortes to content divers humours. If thou be disposed to pray, here are Psalmes; if to be merrie, here are sonnets; if to lament for thy sinnes, here are songs of sadness and pietie."

Byrd was also one of the best contrepuntalists of the day, and is known for all kinds of ecclesiastical and secular music. His carols are

specially noted, and among them is the one with the refrain, —

"Lulla, la lulla, lulla lullaby,
My sweet little babe, what meanest thou to cry?"

Byrd's whole life was given to the court. With him was associated the learned Tallis, who improved the choral service of the Church and had so large a part in forming the anthem.

In 1575, Queen Elizabeth granted to Byrd and Tallis a monopoly for twenty years to the exclusive right of ruling music-paper and printing music; and this was the first royal issue of letters-patent.

The tumult of the Civil War did not at once silence the singing note; but the lute and spinet and harpsichord were used more and more to accompany the song, and finally madrigals gave place to "ayres," which were arranged for one voice with an accompaniment. But a small portion of these madrigals are preserved, for part-music is so often incomplete; but those that are in existence are as bright and fresh as in the olden day.

The English have always sung, and a great variety of songs appear in their musical history; but never before nor since has the English song so sung itself into the very hearts of the people as in the Madrigalian Era, and except in sacred music nothing finer has ever appeared in English music.

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THE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

"Come live with me and be my Love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

"There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

"There will I make thee beds of roses,
And twine a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle

Embroider'd all with leaves of mrytle.

"A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fur-lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

"A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my Love.

"The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning;
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my Love."

— *Christopher Marlowe, Old English Madrigal.*

CHAPTER 28
A Musical Medley

During Queen Elizabeth's reign there were pageants or royal progresses in England, and with the increasing love of scenic display, these in the early years of the reign of James I developed into court masques, after the manner of those in Italy. In these, the actors, who usually were allegorical characters, were masked.

The masques were to England what the ballet was to France. They were sung to a kind of madrigalian music, and there were generally as many parts as there were actors. These were for years in great vogue, and many of them under Fletcher and Ben Jonson attained a high degree of beauty. Probably the most charming ever written was Milton's "Comus."

But alas! for madrigals and masques and all other gayeties the Civil War came and "Merrie England" was "merrie" no more. For the Puritans who now came into power, with an iron hand crushed out every amusement. Stage plays were "fancies" and must be prohibited; carols fell into disuse, for there must be no more observance of Christmas Day.

Cathedrals were invaded; vestments destroyed; organs shattered; choirs disbanded; song-books burned; for to Puritan ears such music as was then heard was too ornamental for holy expression, and it must be suppressed.

The Puritans obeyed the Bible injunction, "Is any merry, let him sing Psalms," and only metrical paraphrases on the Psalms were used. All the congregation were obliged to join in the singing and every word must be distinctly pronounced. Even such a free composition as a hymn was not allowed — that had to wait the later days of Watts and Wesley. This was most depressing for composers, organists, and singers. Indeed, one speaks of the music of the time as "that innocent and now distressed muse, driven from her sacred habitation and forced to seek a livelihood in streets and taverns."

But after a long, long sleep, music awoke with the joy-bells of the Restoration that, in 1660, rang in the accession of Charles II to the throne. This King had no appreciation of artistic composition, but he brought with him from France a real fondness for light, frivolous songs. And as for Church music, he never enjoyed solemn things; the organ alone was monotonous to him, and the compositions of the older masters tedious.

So he decided to form his service on the model of that which he had enjoyed at Versailles, and which had been arranged by Lully. Twenty-four instruments were engaged to accompany the organ. Mr. Pepys describes the first service at Whitehall, in 1662, as follows: "This is the first of having violls and other instruments to play a symphony between every verse of the anthems; but the musique was more full than it was last Sunday and very fine it is." The King also enjoyed the opera; sometimes it was sung in Italian, sometimes in English, and sometimes both languages were used in the same performance.

And now just as the public was ready for fresh inspiration, Henry Purcell appeared — "The Greatest among English-born Composers." He belonged to a musical family, his father being a member of the King's band, a master-chorister in Westminster Abbey. He was born in London, in 1661. As a baby, with his fair, delicate features and dreaming eyes, he was called "the beautiful Purcell." As a child, he was especially fond of fairy tales, which later he introduced into his elfish music.

His father died when he was very young, but a kind uncle who was "one of the gentlemen of his Majestie's private musick" always called him "My son Harry." At six years of age, the little fellow, with his angelic face and beautiful soprano voice, became one of the boy-choristers in the Chapel Royal. Captain Cooke, who had himself been a chorister in the reign of Charles I, and who had fought on the Royalist side in the Rebellion, and who had remarkable skill in the training of boys, was his first instructor.

His second was the precocious young Pelham Humphreys, whose charm of manner made him a great favorite with the King. He had been in France, studying under Lully, and he had returned with many French "airs and graces" — an absolute monsieur! And he was so

vain that he thought that he alone in all England understood music! He was indeed, a brilliant composer, and also a fine performer on the viol, and some of his works remain to-day.

He proved a good master for the children in the choir-school at Westminster Abbey, and his influence was always seen in Purcell's compositions. His career was cut off at the early age of twenty-seven; and after his death, Dr. Blow became Purcell's master, and from the first he realized the genius of the boy.

When Purcell was but twenty-two years old, Dr. Blow did a very notable thing in resigning his position as organist in Westminster Abbey, in favor of his young pupil; and during all the rest of his life, Purcell played the great organ. And one has said of his cathedral music that it was far beyond mortal comprehension as it went "Singing in angelic whispers down the aisles."

Purcell also wrote operas; and one of them, "Dido and Æneas," which appeared in 1680, was so true in its form and so full of melody and dramatic power that perhaps if he had lived longer, he would have succeeded in developing a real English school. He was invited to compose "Dido and Æneas" for a fashionable boarding-school at Chelsea, and it was performed there with great success by the young gentlewomen.

Purcell was indeed the master of his age, for he composed a wealth of music of every kind. His melody was rich and fluent, and his construction masterly. His settings of the Church service and his anthems were very beautiful; and in his secular music many of the graceful and fanciful little gems of poetry that belong to his day owe their preservation to the fact that Purcell made them into songs. Perhaps those taken from Shakespeare's "Tempest" are the most familiar — as "Ariel's Song" and "Full fathoms five."

He must have been a most conservative man; for he wrote welcoming odes alike to Charles II, James II, and William and Mary. His merry, private life does not seem in perfect accord with his wonderful genius. He was always equally gay at the court, or at the historic old "Cobweb Hall," where he enjoyed his boon companions, Tom Brown and the well-known Tom D'Urfey. The latter wrote the quaint book entitled "Pills to Purge Melancholy," which has lately been republished.

At that time, the "Feast of St. Cecilia" was celebrated annually by a service in her memory, and the gifted Purcell often took part in the ceremonies. It seems strange that he should have died on its very eve — on November twenty-first, 1698. He was in his thirty-seventh year — the age that has proved so fatal to great artists and poets and musicians. Shortly before, he had composed some music to be played at Queen Mary's funeral. He had done it with a sad heart, for the Queen had been very good to him.

He was buried in Westminster Abbey, beneath the organ with which for years he had been associated, and on a near-by pillar we read, "Here lies Henry Purcell, Esq., who left this life, and is gone to that blessed place where only his harmony can be exceeded."

A few of his works were published during his life-time, under the title, "Orpheus Britannicus," and some later; and had it not been for the coming of Handel, more of his compositions would probably be known to-day.

After his death, Dr. Blow was the best sacred and dramatic composer. He was one of those who assisted in introducing the verse anthem, for before, only the choral anthem had been used. He was a very modest man, but the proudest fact of his life was that he had taught Henry Purcell; and this fact, by his own request, was engraved upon his tomb.

"Honest John Play ford" was the most active publisher in these days, and Purcell's works and many popular hand-books issued from his establishment. Much dance-music appeared to be played on instruments of the harpsichord and violin type. The violin was now becoming very popular. Among the curious books of the time was "Mace's Musick Monument."

In this, when giving instruction for keeping the lute in order, the author recommends "that it be put during the day-time into a bed which is constantly used, between the rug and blanket."

After the Restoration, organ-builders were kept very busy restoring the organ from the great destruction during the Civil War. When the new organ was completed in the Royal Chapel, at Whitehall, Mr. Pepys writes, "At Whitehall Chapel, I heard very good musique, the first time that ever I remember to have heard the organ and singing-men in surplices in my life."

Among the famous builders was a man named Smith, who was employed on a new organ for St. Paul's. He was greatly hampered in his work because Sir Christopher Wren would allow only a case of a certain size, complaining that the building was already spoiled by its "box of whistles."

Such is a sketch of seventeenth-century musical England, with its court masques, its Psalm singing, its destruction and restoration of services and instruments, its charming and frivolous songs, its gifted Purcell, and its quaint and curious literature — a musical medley, indeed — unique in our story of music.

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"The songs of a people are the story of its life told in music."

CHAPTER 29
The Age of Handel
1685-1750

To continue our study of English music, we must now introduce into it a little German boy, eight years of age, who, on our first sight of him, is dashing down the road after a carriage, just as fast as his small legs will carry him. The gentleman in the carriage, driving quietly along, happens to look around. He sees his son whom he has forbidden to accompany him; he relents, stops the carriage, and while he blames the boy, allows him to jump in, and on the promise of good behavior to go with him to visit the Duke of Saxe-Weissenfels, at his great castle.

Such is our introduction to George Frederick Handel, who was born in Halle, in the year 1685, and who with Bach exerted such mighty influence on eighteenth-century music. Even as a child he wished to study music; but everything that he did was under protest, for his father designed him to be a lawyer.

He had in his possession a dumb little spinet, and he played upon it at night in the dusky attic, and as he played, he conjured up all kinds of musical spirits that danced about him in the dim light. He longed for real study; and in some way — we do not know how — he associated music with his father's journey to Saxe-Weissenfels.

In the old castle he found that many of the inmates were musical, and he made friends with them and obtained access to the grand organ; and one afternoon at the end of the service, he sprang upon the organ-stool, and unconscious of the presence of the Duke, commenced to improvise. The latter was delighted and summoned the father to question him about his son's musical advantages — and this visit settled the boy's future!

As Handel is to come into our English story, we shall not linger over his years of study in Germany; or his successes in Italy as a writer of opera and an organ and harpsichord player; nor relate how in

Venice he was adored as the "Dear Saxon." From Italy he returned to Germany, and became Court Composer at the court of George of Brunswick, the Elector of Hanover.

After a time he obtained leave of absence, and in the year 1611, landed in England, bringing with him a great reputation. German as he was, he came to establish Italian opera, for he had a firm conviction that only this musical language was fitted for song. In the delight at his coming, the music of Purcell and his contemporaries was almost forgotten.

He was introduced in London as "Signor Handello," and all were impatient to have him at once produce such an opera as he thought would take. He composed one on "Rinaldo," and this was translated from German to English; and then into Italian, by the poet Rossi.

Poor Rossi was given no opportunity to polish his verse; and in the preface to his libretto, he says, "Indulgent Reader…Herr Handel, the Orpheus of our times, hardly gave me time to write while composing the music, and I saw with stupor an entire opera set to harmony with the highest degree of perfection in a fortnight."

"Rinaldo" was mounted with great magnificence: for example, in the garden scene, real birds were flitting from tree to tree. It was an instant success, and probably the most popular opera that Handel ever wrote; for soon over the whole country, everybody was whistling or dancing or marching to the airs. He also wrote a birthday ode for Queen Anne which was a favorite at the court.

A little later, in 1713, when the Treaty of Utrecht was celebrated by a solemn service in St. Paul's Cathedral, Handel composed it for a "Te Deum" and a "Jubilate," which delighted the audience. Queen Anne was ill at the time; but hearing of the beautiful choruses, she conferred upon the composer a life-pension of two hundred pounds.

We must not forget that all this time Handel was really the Chapel Master of the Elector of Hanover. He went back and forth once or twice, but the pompous little court wearied him. He was fascinated with England, and always lingered beyond his leave of absence. Unfortunately, in the year 1714, Queen Anne, his best friend, died, and the Elector of Hanover succeeded her as George I.

He was very indignant at the liberties which his Court Composer had taken, and when he came over to be crowned King, although

Handel prepared the music for the occasion, he would not allow him even to appear at St. James's. A grand excursion was planned for the King, and a band accompanied the royal barge up the Thames. Handel had arranged the "water-music" and himself conducted the band. The King was enchanted, and on hearing that Handel was its author, he was at once restored to royal favor.

Just about this date the wild "South Sea Scheme" interfered with the success of opera in London; and Handel accepted the invitation of the Duke of Chandos to become Musical Director of his private chapel, which was attached to his palace at Cannons, where the Duke and Duchess entertained magnificently. To this chapel, fashioned like those in Italy, the Duke went daily, "with true Christian humility," attended by his Swiss Guard; and on Sundays, the roads to Cannons were thronged with those going to worship in the Duke's chapel, and to hear Handel play the organ.

Here besides some masses, the composer wrote his first oratorio, "Esther," with its popular overture; also his pastoral, "Acis and Galatea"; and his twelve famous "Chandos Anthems," each a miniature oratorio. But when a little later it was decided to establish in London a Royal Academy of Music, Handel returned to become its Director, and very soon he was launched upon his career of Opera Composer and Manager; and when the King's theatre in the Haymarket was opened, the struggle for place was so great that ladies fainted and beautiful gowns were ruined.

Handel kept on bringing out operas, but their mounting always entailed very heavy expenses. One especially proved a marked success, and it was that which he arranged for the debut of the soprano, Signora Francesca Cuzzoni; and Handel was so delighted that he resolved to introduce a second primadonna, Signora Faustina Bordoni, and "thereby hangs a tale."

Handel wrote for the two debutantes the opera "Alessandre," and in it the airs and duets were carefully balanced that each should have equal showing; and he could not foresee the fact that the "Cuzzoni-Faustina" rivalry was to become one of the most terrible ever witnessed among famed virtuosi. The art of song had recently been developed in Italy in connection with the opera, and it was becoming the fashion to rave over the charm of great singers and to reward

them with golden spoils.

Cuzzoni had a rare soprano voice, but she was ugly, jealous and obstinate — and Handel, like others, was often subject to her caprice. But all the same, English ladies raved over her, while aristocratic fops fought for the privilege of escorting her to her carriage. Faustina, who had a rich mezzo-soprano voice and who was of noble Venetian birth, was amiable and of great charm and dramatic power.

When these two "Queens of Song" appeared together in "Alessandre," they provoked the audience to perfect uproar — while one would be applauded, the other would be hissed! Even royalty joined in the discordant sounds. There was such violent contention between the factions that ladies would not receive visits from friends belonging to the opposing party.

Epigrams were written — duels fought — about the rival charmers. Faustina tried to retain her amiability, but in time she grew malicious against her jealous opponent, and it is said that the two several times resorted to blows. The opera season naturally came to an abrupt end!

Then Handel divided his attention between composing four "Coronation Anthems" for the accession of George II, and trying to make peace between Cuzzoni and Faustina so that they might again appear together. For the moment he seemed successful — but alas! the factions were renewed. What could London do? and this is the way in which it all ended:

Cuzzoni had vowed never to receive a guinea less than her rival; so a contract was offered to each, in which Faustina was to have just one guinea more than Cuzzoni. The latter at once broke her contract and accepted a Viennese engagement. Her later years were very sad; for she was imprisoned for debt and obliged to sing under surveillance, and she finally died in extreme poverty.

As to Faustina, she continued her brilliant successes, not only in London, but all over Europe. She married the popular dramatic composer, Hasse. They passed their last years in Venice, and noted travellers loved to visit the "brown, sensible, lovely old lady," and listen to her wonderful musical reminiscences.

"The Cuzzoni-Faustina" bickerings threw Handel's operatic schemes into debt, and there were other troubles that made his work

difficult. Buononcini, an Italian manager, kept a rival opera playing in London, season after season; but the intrepid Handel wrote on, until finally Buononcini was entirely silenced.

But the thing that injured him most was the appearance, in 1728, of Gay's "Beggars' Opera." Perhaps this was suggested by Swift's remark that "a Newgate pastoral might make an odd, pretty sort of thing." A highwayman was the hero, and it was a brilliant satire on the fashions and follies of the day. The music was just a collection of English and Scotch folk-songs strung together. It was enormously liked, as light opera always is — the rich enjoying the satire, and the poor, the story.

But when the fickle theatre-goers deserted as in a mass to the "Beggars' Opera," Handel was almost on the verge of bankruptcy; but the royal family as always stood by the great man, and for a time he struggled on manfully. And once when the house was almost empty and a friend commiserated him, Handel replied bravely, "Never mind — the music will sound all the better!"

Handel's temper grew irritable, and his huge wig, which had a complacent vibration when all went well, became at times very erratic. The Princess of Wales would sometimes blame her ladies for talking instead of listening to the play. "Hush!" she would say, "don't you see Handel's wig!"

But finally his anxiety affected his body as well as his mind, and he was stricken on one side with paralysis; but he took heroic treatment at Aix-les-Bains, and at last was restored to health. And now at fifty-four years of age, he decided to give up opera and to turn his attention to oratorio. Like Michael Angelo, he had always loved the epic, and the Bible offered many attractive subjects for his pen. The decision was not made hastily; perhaps it was inspired by the success of the religious concerts which he had given in London during the Lenten season when opera was not allowed there.

His oratorios were on a grand scale; "Israel in Egypt" is noted for its twenty-eight magnificent choruses. The different "Plagues" are depicted with startling realism. We can hear the buzzing of insects and the pattering of the hail-stones; can feel the darkness over the land and the power of the Avenging Angel. We listen to the sighing of the children of Israel, toiling beneath the burning sun, and in

contrast — to the gentle strains of the melodious pastoral — the boisterous waves and plunging horses as the Red Sea is crossed. These are but a few of the realistic musical pictures found in this oratorio.

Handel's "Messiah" is one of the mightiest compositions of the world. He had been invited to Dublin, and there three charitable societies had begged him to write a work to help their funds. So he began his task — a friend suggested the Scripture topic — and in twenty-four days "The Messiah" was completed, and first performed in Dublin, on April thirteenth, 1742. The announcement which heralded it ended with an appeal to the ladies not to come with hoops nor the gentlemen without swords. The hall, opened for the first time by a lyric society, was packed.

The music touched the Irish heart and, the performance over, Handel was crowned with shamrock, and his carriage was drawn through the streets by two hundred students. He was given the freedom of the city in a gold box. The proceeds amounted to nearly four hundred pounds.

Which shall we recall of the many matchless airs that belong to "The Messiah"? Perhaps the most familiar of these priceless jewels are, "I know that my Redeemer liveth"; "O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion"; "For unto us a Child is born"; "Glory to God in the Highest"; and the grand "Hallelujah Chorus." Handel describes his sensations when writing "The Messiah" in the following words: "I did think that I did see all Heaven before me and the great God Himself."

"The Sacred Oratorio," as Handel always called his "Messiah," has kept its hold upon the world; he shows in it, as in his other works, a remarkable mastery of counterpoint and wonderful variety of expression. An oratorio, being without action and scenery, is very dependent upon its choruses; for they must in a way take the part of both.

One of the greatest testimonies to the power of "The Messiah" is, that at its first performance in London, the whole audience with George II at its head rose with one consent at the "Hallelujah Chorus," and the custom has survived to the present day.

As "The Messiah" was written originally for charity, its composer always felt that charity had a special claim upon it; and not only during his lifetime but ever since, it has been often performed to aid

some good cause. Probably no other musical work has gained so much money for the poor. Its most frequent benefactions were for the "Foundling Hospital," to which Handel was devoted and to which he gave the organ.

Perhaps we do not realize that many of the instruments used in Handel's day, and which were very imperfectly put together, are now obsolete; and it has proved difficult to rescore his oratorios for modern orchestration, and so he never knew his mighty harmonies as we may now enjoy them.

Among his other oratorios are "Saul," with its "dead march"; "Samson," which was as dramatic in its setting as "The Messiah" was lyrical; the popular "Judas Maccabaeus"; "Solomon," with double choruses; and "Jephtha," the final one, which appeared in 1852. When Handel relinquished opera for oratorio, fame and prosperity returned to him, and during his later years, he not only paid off all his liabilities, but accumulated a fortune of twenty thousand pounds. The performances of the oratorios in London were the events of the aristocratic world. They were always interspersed with organ solos, in which he displayed unrivalled skill.

A sad affliction came to Handel in his closing years — he became totally blind. His spirit gave way a little, but he still was led to his seat at the organ, for his courage did not desert him! A touching story is told that at a performance of "Samson," the tenor had been singing with great feeling the tragic cry of the blind-stricken hero:

> "Total eclipse, no sun, no moon,
> All dark amid the blaze of noon" —

and over the old man's face as he sat at the organ, there passed such an expression of sadness that many were affected to tears.

During his last illness, he hoped that he might die on Good Friday, but his death took place instead on Easter Eve, 1759. About three thousand persons attended his funeral, and his remains rest in the "Poets' Corner," Westminster Abbey. A cast of his face, noble in repose, was taken after his death and wrought into imperishable marble; and the figure moulded in colossal calm towers above his tomb, as if he would yet accept the homage of the world. Beside the figure is a carved sheet of music from "The Messiah," and on this we

read the words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Handel himself selected them for his tomb.

Beethoven once said as he paused before the monument, "He is the monarch of the musical kingdom; I would bow my head and kneel before his tomb." And on the centenary of his birth, a wonderful festival took place in the Abbey; and Dr. Burney speaks of the fitness with which the "Hallelujah Chorus" seemed to unite with the saints and martyrs represented in stained glass on the western windows.

Handel wrote his music for England. He was naturalized there, and his paintings and statues are seen everywhere over the land. Some of the airs in his statuesque operas are yet sung, while the operas themselves have long gone out of fashion.

"Alexander's Feast" opens with an inspiring overture. It contains the graceful bridal chorus, "Happy, Happy, Happy Pair!" and among its other beauties is the lovely tenor air, "Softly sweet in Lydian measures."

Among his shorter works, "L' Allegro" and "Acis and Galatea" contain much charming idyllic landscape-painting, very suggestive to later composers. He wrote hymns and anthems, "fireworks" as well as "water-music," and a great variety of compositions for the organ and harpsichord. He played upon his favorite harpsichord until its keys were hollowed out like spoons. His oratorios have given him greatest fame, and their sublime choruses have never been surpassed in grandeur and simplicity of treatment.

He lived very quietly, made friends wherever he found that his music was appreciated, and was in pleasant touch with the wits of the age. Among these friends was Thomas Britton, the musical coal-heaver, who used the lower part of an old stable for an office, while above was a long room with ceiling so low that one could hardly stand, and this was the concert hall.

Many Thursday mornings, concerts were held in this hall, in which Handel and other prominent musicians took part; the wits of the day and nobles and even royalty itself came to listen to the charming music. They were received by "mine host," attired in a blue blouse, with a maroon kerchief tied about his neck. He had an excellent musical library, and a yearly subscription of ten shillings entitled one to its use. Poor Britton! a ventriloquist foretold his death

— and he at once died of fright!

Dr. Arne was another friend who also took a leading place in the musical world; he was especially noted for the daintiness of his operas and songs, many of which are sung to-day. The fondness for part-singing had not died out after the Madrigalian Era, and catches and glees had become very fashionable. Dr. Arne's operas and oratorios and perhaps even his glees may be forgotten, but his bold and splendid "Rule Britannia" will last as long as the English nation sings.

In connection with this, a beautiful story is told of the virtuoso Catalani. While in Brighton once, a captain invited her and some other ladies to a fete on his ship, and they were escorted on board by the captain in a boat manned by twenty men. Catalani suddenly burst forth with her favorite song, "Rule Britannia."

At the electrical power of her magnificent voice, they dropped their oars and tears rolled down their weather-beaten cheeks; while the captain said, "You see, Madame, the effect this familiar air has on these brave men when sung by the finest voice in the world. I have been in many battles, but never felt an excitement equal to this!" The title Doctor of Music was given to its author at Oxford.

Henry Carey was also one of the best writers of the day. Among the songs in his "Musical Century" is "Sally in our Alley"; and he is also one of the many to whom is attributed the authorship of "God Save the King." What a pity it is that we may not be sure of the origin of this inspiring national air, which has been adopted by other countries as well as England.

And would we have fuller light thrown upon the musical doings of the eighteenth century, we may read the histories by Dr. Burney and Sir John Hawkins, with their quaint and rambling reminiscences, which also belong to this "Age of Handel."

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"So to live in heaven;
To make undying music in the world
Breathing a beauteous order; that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man."

— *George Eliot.*

CHAPTER 30
A Glimpse into Nineteenth-Century English Music

After Handel's death, Italian opera for a long time kept its hold in England. This naturally had a depressing effect on native talent; for it was hopeless to do successful work when such masters as Handel, Gluck, and Cherubini imported foreign talent. The adoration of Handel lasted into the Victorian Age. Between 1829 and 1846, Mendelssohn paid several visits to England, taking part in the Philharmonic Concerts, assisting in the four-hundredth anniversary of the invention of printing, and in the Birmingham Festival. His oratorio "Elijah" was written for one of these. He, too, was charmed with his reception, and the English fairly worshipped this great composer; so that for a time "Mendelssohnism" seemed to supplant "Handelism."

Later in the century, the German violinist, Carl Rosa, with his singing wife, Parepa, were very successful in bringing together excellent native talent, and did good work for English opera. And as the century went on, German opera was more and more in fashion as the influence of Wagner and his contemporaries increased.

England is unique in one respect — that of being always ready to welcome foreign composers to her shores; and during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, London has been a great musical centre where a constellation of famous composers, musicians, and singers have been heard. Besides, English colleges have conferred many titles upon them, and this the foreigners have appreciated. Haydn once said, "It is England that has made me famous in Germany."

Noble music has been written for the great cathedrals. Among the finest organists was Thomas Atwood, a friend of both Mozart and Mendelssohn, who for forty years played at St. Paul's. He composed the "Coronation Anthems" for both George IV and William IV, and he was preparing one for Queen Victoria when he was cut off by

death.

And among the many who have done good work during the century, it is difficult to select a few typical ones. Samuel Wesley, the nephew of Rev. John Wesley, "The Father of Hymnody," was the first to introduce into the country the works of Sebastian Bach.

Sir Henry R. Bishop was one of the founders of the Philharmonic Concerts, and did so much for the advancement of music that he was knighted by Queen Victoria. His operas, which once were popular, have long since been forgotten; while some of his glees, and his "Home, sweet Home," from "Clari," will always be sung.

And as for orchestral Conductors, never before has England had one equal to Sir Michael Costa, who, for several years, was President of the Philharmonic Concerts and the Birmingham Festivals. He selected both performers and instruments with the greatest care, and wherever Sir Michael Costa went, there went his loyal Band. As an illustration of what he could do — in the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace, in 1857, his orchestra contained about four thousand members — and they responded as a man to his baton.

Perhaps for the ballad opera which was first played in the latter part of the eighteenth century, Balfe has done more than any other man. Like Purcell and Arne, he had a great gift for spontaneous melody. His masterpiece is "The Bohemian Girl." These composers are a few of the many names that gave musical lustre to the earlier years of the Victorian Era.

In the latter part of the century there was also a group of prominent men. Among them the romantic Cowen, with his "Scandinavian Symphony," which has world-wide reputation. Arthur Goring Thomas has perhaps achieved most honor by his English opera "Esmeralda"; while like tribute has been accorded the Scottish Alexander Campbell MacKenzie for his "Troubadours" and "Colomba."

Charles Villiers Stanford has gained special notoriety by his "Shamus O'Brien" and his "Canterbury Pilgrims"; the latter gives a quaint picture of the merry pranks in Chaucer's day. Stanford has tried to do for English song what the mastersingers have done for the German. He loved to set Tennyson's poems to music, as well as many beautiful Irish songs.

Of the later composers, Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan has

appealed to a larger public audience and is perhaps the most widely popular. He has written numerous light operas in connection with the clever librettist, W. S. Gilbert. The sparkling wit and the merry music trip along so gayly together that sometimes we do not know whether we owe more to Gilbert or to Sullivan. As we recall the two — "Patience," "Pinafore," "The Pirates of Penzance" and "The Mikado" are among the comic operas that pass in review before us.

Sullivan scored very quickly, his best work always being done late at night or in the early morning hours. He enjoyed his "Golden Legend" most of all, and so he lingered long and lovingly over its score.

One of the most talked-of composers to-day is Edward Elgar, who was born in 1857. He is enthusiastic over Mozart, a lover of books, and his study is the field. He has great knowledge of counterpoint and orchestration, and his works are full of melody. One of his widely-noted compositions, and one of the finest productions in modern opera, is his setting in oratorio of Cardinal Newman's "Dream of Gerontius," in which there are strong dramatic contrasts and many sublime passages; and the work nobly begun by Elgar has developed into a kind of Renaissance.

Since the Madrigalian Era and the days of Purcell, there has not been so much native talent as among the younger composers of to-day. Musical education is well provided for by royal grant, and so there is truer appreciation of what is best than ever before.

England is reviving her national melodies; many a village church has its own choral society; and the Provincial festivals belonging to some of the larger towns form inspiring centres for the works of musical celebrities. Ernest Walker, of Balliol College, says: "Nearly seven hundred years ago, England gave to the world the first artistic music it had ever seen; who knows that we may not be its leader once more?"

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"O for the days of chivalry, —
Of tournament and glittering throng,
And masque and pageantry and feast,
And lady-love and minstrel song!"

— *M. Sabiston.*

GERMAN MUSIC

CHAPTER 31
The Early Songs of Germany

Heroic songs belong to ancient German music, and very early in our story, Charlemagne made a collection of these, as well as of those of the Breton Bards, but later all were lost.

As for instrumental music, it progressed much more slowly than vocal, for except the organ, the instruments were of rude construction. There was in Germany a bewildering variety, for then, as now, Germany led in orchestral music; and many were in some way suggestive of those with which we are today familiar.

The families of nobles and princes were taught to play on those instruments that were struck with a plectrum, and those whose wires were pulled by the fingers; and the sweet, bright angels which we see in mediaeval pictures are not ideal, but real boys and maidens of the period. Sometimes their expression is so natural that it would seem as if we could tell upon what note they were singing or playing.

The earliest wind-instruments were horns and trumpets and drums. Small horns exquisitely embossed were used by the ladies when they accompanied the chase; and as to the larger ones, they were the principal means of communication from hill to hill. The one associated with the famous "Roland Song" was the oliphant, because it was fashioned from an elephant's tusk; and the Spanish peasant today delights to tell us of the wondrous blasts which Roland blew on his enchanted horn.

As in the other countries, much of the music remained in the monasteries until the twelfth or thirteenth century; and then, like magic, song seemed to burst forth suddenly as if from the very heart of the people. And this was in many ways a marvellous age, when the

Suabian kings were ruling in all their pride; when architects and sculptors were building their lives into stately cathedrals; and when Crusaders were wandering to far-away lands.

And as for the music, now first appeared in manuscript the colossal epic, the Nibelungenlied, ringing with the fresh national life of the earlier centuries. It was a bewitching story of a great treasure; Siegfried was the hero, and this is the overture:

> "In ancient song and story, marvels high are told
> Of knights of high emprise, and adventures manifold;
> Of joy and merry feasting, of lamenting, woe and fear,
> Of champions' bloody battles,
> Many marvels shall ye hear."

Next in order came the gay and tuneful "minne," or "love-song," and for about a century this was heard over the land. The note resembled that which the troubadours were singing in Southern France. It was struck in Germany by kings and princes, and also by those whose only claim to renown was this very gift of song.

And it was curious that though many of these poet-knights could neither read nor write, they composed and committed to memory very perfectly both poem and tune. Some of the songs were written upon slips of parchment and tied together with a gay ribbon.

The minnesinger, or nightingale, as he was sometimes called, would take his harp or fiddle, and either a roll of parchment or a bit of love-ribbon, and travel from castle to castle. For in these old Suabian days, there were few towns, and so the castles were the centres of all gayety. And here in the evenings, when the trenchers were loaded with flesh and cups of ale, when the work went on by the light of the glimmerings logs, the lady and her maidens, with their embroidery, would sit apart on a dais or a little balcony; and the lord, having thrown aside his armor, was perhaps busy mending his bows and arrows.

The poet-knight would sing, and we can fancy that many dull evenings were enlivened by his songs. The castle whose banquet-hall rang with the loudest minnesong was the Wartburg, and it was for long a gathering-place for musical tournaments.

The "Sweetest of all the Nightingales" was Walther von der Vogelweide, so called because he learned from the birds his lyric gifts.

He wandered far and wide in Germany, a welcome guest at every court; and when he grew old he begged of the Emperor a little home, because, as he said, "full forty years" he had sung of love; and a small fief was given him at Würtzburg. And Longfellow describes very charmingly how, according to his will, the birds were fed daily on his tomb —

> "in the cloister
> Under Wurtzburg's minster towers."

There were other minnesingers famous in the musical contests, and among these at the end of about a century appeared Heinrich von Meissen, who is better known as Frauenlob, because he always sang in praise of women, and they flattered him so that he, too, was filled with conceit; and when he died they bore his coffin on their shoulders to his burial at Metz, and moistened his grave with their tears.

Frauenlob is called not only the last minnesinger, but also the first mastersinger; for he it was who tried to reduce the free and graceful minnesong to fixed rules, but this could not be done.

However, the knightly minnesinger laid down his instrument, and it was taken up in the fifteenth century by guilds of tailors, carvers, glass-painters, locksmiths, weavers, blacksmiths, and shoemakers, and the mechanical mastersong which was suggested by Frauenlob was first sung in his birthplace, Metz.

The twelfth and thirteenth centuries had been the "Golden Age" of the minnesong; the best mastersong belongs to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

The mastersong was much more religious than sentimental. Very little attention was given to expression. It had notes long and short and of every conceivable color, and thirty-two laws, which were rigidly enforced.

The burghers assembled, usually in the churches, at the call of the trumpet, and woe to him who had not a rhyme at his tongue's end! And before this audience, any one who would become a master must undergo a severe test in both music and poetry: for example, the smith would leave his anvil, and stepping upon a high dais, would sing without notes; and as he sang, four markers concealed behind

curtains noted his errors — one in rhetoric, another in rhyme and metre, a third in construction, while a fourth kept a large Bible opened before him to see if he rendered the sacred text correctly.

If the smith was successful, he received a reward; sometimes in the form of a silver chain, bearing a medal, upon which was engraved the head of King David — for King David was the mastersinger's model — and then he returned to his forge and "his iron measures hammered to the anvil's chime,"

Sturdy Hans Sachs, the cobbler-bard, was the mastersinger of them all — and a delightful cobbler he must have been, ever ready to turn aside from hammering a rough bit of leather to frame a song. As a young man, he had wandered all over Germany, picking up every kind of information, and at Munich finished "the charming art of singing." And in later life, we recall him at Nuremberg as

> "The old man gray and dovelike
> With his great beard white and long."

He did not confine himself to religious subjects, but wrote on every topic current in his day, and he was always an optimist. He was devoted to Luther and in earnest sympathy with the Reformation. Of the six thousand works that are attributed to him, over four thousand were "mystic rhymes," and his quaint, droll satire is yet enjoyed. We leave Hans Sachs and the mastersingers as we left the Nibelungenlied for Wagner's vivid presentment.

Besides the mastersingers, there were wayfaring minstrels, who, as cities were formed, flocked to them, and were first dubbed town-pipers and later town-trumpeters. They, too, belonged to guilds; and unless they were members, they never dared accept an engagement. Some of these were attached to noble houses; in time their numbers swelled, until they became large orchestras and assisted when farces and ballets were given at the different courts with great magnificence.

But to return to the songs. Apart from those of which we have spoken, there were many kinds springing up all over the land; for no nation is richer in these than Germany. Perhaps one of the most popular and typical of the spirit of these days is "The Boy's Wonder Horn." In this a boy rides up to a palace, bearing to the empress a beautiful ivory horn, adorned with precious stones and little silver

bells. It has been sent to her by a fairy as a reward for her purity, and as he gives it into her hand he says:

"One pressure of your finger
And all these bells around
Will breathe a sweeter song
Than e'er from harp-string rang,
Than e'er a woman sang!"

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"Lady! part me from my sadness,
Love me while 'tis May:
Mine is but a borrowed gladness
If thou frown alway.

Look around and smile anew!
All the world is glad and free;
Let a little joy from thee
Fall to my lot, too!"

— *Walther von der Vogelweide.*

"Thy songs, Hans Sach, are living yet."

— *Whittier.*

"And song — there's nothing surer —
Should day by day be purer,
And nobler and securer,
Made by the poets' wit."

— *Hans Sachs.*

"There was once a gentle time
When the world was in its prime,
When every day was holiday,
And every month was lovely May."

— *Croly.*

CHAPTER 32
German Church Music

Our old friend Charlemagne again appears as we approach the subject of Church music in Germany, for he was most enthusiastic in carrying the plain-chant of Pope Gregory over his vast dominions, and he brought trained singers from the choirs in Rome to take charge of his school. Once the Pope sent to him two monks, bearing copies of the "Antiphonarium." Peter arrived at Metz and founded there a celebrated school; but Romanus fell ill, and claimed hospitality at the monastery of St. Gall, in the very wilds of Switzerland.

And the "Antiphonarium" which he carried became the most precious possession of this monastery, and a school was founded there, which, through all the ages, was as "a light shining in a dark place."

Charlemagne made his capital at Aix a kind of German Athens or Rome. Here he built a splendid cathedral, for which the eastern emperor sent him an organ, and the choir singing there was magnificent for that day. And from this time, organ music began to develop in England, France, and Italy, as well as in Germany.

The organ itself was perhaps suggested by the ancient bag-pipe, and at first each pipe spoke. When keys were introduced, they were very much broader than those now in use, and as they were struck by the whole fist, the performer was called an organ-beater.

Monasteries at this time were becoming the repositories of all that was best in art, music, and literature, and it is interesting to study how these were first established. A site was selected, to which some missionary monks were sent; here they built huts for themselves, felled trees, erected a chapel where they held a service, and then tried to secure the relics of some saint to be deposited under the altar, so that worshippers might be attracted by miraculous cures.

In due time, cloisters and schools and hospitals arose; lodgings for travellers and for the various artificers that were employed; and then,

later, like a mediaeval town, the monastery was fortified by walls and towers. And in these monastic schools cantors taught, Church music was composed, and the grand mediaeval Latin hymns were written, which were to be used later in the cathedral services.

For cathedrals as well as monasteries were rising all over Germany, each holding its cathedra, or bishop's chair. The finest organs were built for these cathedrals, the music was always conducted by the choir, the only duty of the congregation being to respond "Kyrie Eleison," or "Christe Eleison," many times in each service.

And the German cathedral music has floated down to our day with a beauty less elaborate but more lyrical than that heard in the Italian churches; and it has grown sweeter and more insistent as the centuries have passed. For it has been led by trained organists whose rich harmonies have filled the vast aisles, and by trained singers who more and more have voiced the praises of God.

As space has been given elsewhere to this subject of the Church, the purpose in this chapter is to speak of the new school of ecclesiastical music which was established in the sixteenth century by Martin Luther.

There were in Germany in the Middle Ages dramatic mysteries, and Passion music, Crusaders' hymns, Christmas carols, and chorals addressed to the Virgin and saints. Besides, the mastersingers with their "measured rhymes" had kept the Gospel text before the people, for the singing Germans were serious as well as gay; and even before the era of the Reformation, folk-song had passed through many religious phases.

And in the sixteenth century, Martin Luther, the great reformer, appeared, and by his protest against some evils in the Church, he gave Protestantism to Germany — and through Germany to the world. He was but a miner's son, yet he always expressed a passionate love for music, even from the day when as a little boy he carolled for bread from door to door in the streets of Eisenach.

In later life, he made it a habit to play upon his lute daily for half an hour after dinner, because he believed that music, being a gift from God, "put the devil to flight and rendered men more cheerful." Indeed, those that were not moved by music, he held to be "like sticks and stones."

Apart from his "protest," he really re-created the German language, when in the old Wartburg castle that had rung earlier with the contests of the minnesingers, he translated the Bible for the eager people, and in such simple language that all might understand. And when Luther struck the Protestant note in music, he did almost as much for hymnology.

Choir-singing was yet allowed, but it was not to be exalted above that of the congregation. For Luther claimed that in his service, each individual had a personal responsibility — and so each must "make a joyful noise unto the Lord." In his hymns, his idea was to keep the Word of God alive, not in courtly and new-fangled phrases, but in simple, manly words, full of faith and devotion.

Some of the hymns were taken from old chorals, some were paraphrases from the Psalms, and some were original; and Luther would even turn aside from graver duties to write a hymn for his little son Hansichen. Thirty-seven hymns are attributed to him, and many of his friends also wrote; and in the years 1523-1524, four Erfurt printers were kept busy most of the time publishing them.

The most familiar and knightly of all is —

"A mighty fortress is our God,"

and it is to-day sung in Germany to the original music set to it by Luther. He probably either composed or sung this on his way to the Diet of Worms, where he made his brave "stand"; and it became the battle hymn of the warlike centuries that followed, and many victories have been won through its inspiration.

And succeeding Luther, there was a perfect outburst of German hymnology, and it laid the foundation of the future greatness of the Protestant choral service. The study of the different hymns and their writers in both Germany and England would be interesting; one of the leading influences that induced Wesley to write in England was a study of the power of the German hymns. Their character has changed very greatly from the days of Luther and Gerhardt and Watts and Wesley, to the lyrical sentiment which is expressed in our hymns of to-day.

The era of German hymnology was followed by the era of the great masters of tonal art which was ushered in by Bach and Handel.

And we shall soon find how Bach with his chorals and Passion music, and Handel with his oratorios, gave another new impetus to Protestant sacred music.

• • • • • •

"Music is the art of the prophets, the only art that can calm the agitations of the soul; it is one of the most magnificent and delightful presents God has given us."

— *Luther.*

"It is most surprising that while one voice is singing a simple air or tenor, other voices leap and play about it as with shouts of joy adorning the same air or tenor with manifold, grace and beauty, until led, like a heavenly choir, they fondly encircle and greet one another."

— *Luther.*

CHAPTER 33
Johann Sebastian Bach
1685-1750

Bach — the very name suggests a family unique in musical history, because for centuries it contained an unbroken generation of musicians. Great grandfather "Miller Bach" enlivened the monotony of grinding out corn by keeping time with his cithara while the mill was whirling. Indeed, he was so devoted to performing at festivals, that milling never prospered.

And as for "Weaver Hans," he made for his wife and for each of his numerous family of children an instrument. There were among them marvellous fiddles, some with one string, and some with twenty; and wooden wind-instruments like flutes, and drums that even the smallest tot could play — and merry times he and his little orchestra enjoyed together.

Then, as "Fiddler Hans," he travelled from town to town, and when rumor carried the good news of his arrival, very quickly the peasants gathered to caper away on the green, flinging their arms about, or beating time with their hands to the fiddle. Indeed, he was as much sought at weddings and christenings as the pastor, and the latter was often obliged to warn his little flock against the allurement of Hans and his fiddle.

And then there was Ambrosius Bach, who was a shiftless fellow, but also Court Organist, and he lived in the quaint Thuringian town of Eisenach, near the wooded hill where stands the castle of Wartburg, where the minnesingers fought their battles in song, and where memories of Luther and his Bible and his protest still linger.

We pause at his home in Eisenach, because it was here, on March twenty-first, 1685, that his favorite son, Johann Sebastian, the most famous of all the Bachs, was born. The boy was not a prodigy, but rather a brave, industrious child, and his father taught him to play on the violin.

For generations the Bach family had formed themselves into a musical guild, and every year the clan gathered in different towns for a two-days' celebration. A sermon was preached in the church, and then each performed on his favorite instruments, and they sang chorals, ballads, and comic songs together, and separated with tears and handshaking to meet the next year.

One of Johann's early happy memories was of being taken by his father to one of these reunions; and then, in the same year, came a very sad memory — it was of the death of both his parents, and the boy was not yet ten years old.

When his brother Christoph, who was organist at Ohrdruff, came to attend his father's funeral he decided to adopt little Johann, and when the child was made ready to return with him, he was allowed to take from his home the one thing that he loved best — and he selected his father's violin. He carried it in the little green bag which his mother had woven for it.

The organist Christoph was, in a way, faithful to his young charge, and he perhaps intended to be kind. He sent him to school and instructed him in music, but his wife disliked the noise of practising, so Johann was allowed only an hour a day. Sometimes he would start off to the woods with his precious violin, and on his return be punished for disobedience.

Christoph had a good musical library for his day, and it was kept in a fascinating cupboard with a latticed door. He kept the key in his pocket, and on rare occasions exhibited his treasures to his young brother. In time the boy tired of his exercises, and his longing grew to study from a rare old book of manuscripts which the cupboard contained. The temptation grew until one night, when the family were sleeping, he stole to the cupboard, and climbing up, either picked the lock or dragged the book through the latticed door. Then on moonlight nights, for Johann dared not burn a candle, he sat on the deep ledge of his window and copied the precious score.

What a picture! The quaint room — the moonlight illuminating the manuscript pages, and an eager little German boy working away with his fingers. But alas! after months of faithful writing, Christoph discovered what he had done and took away the copy on which Johann had so lovingly toiled, and his eyes never recovered from the

strain.

Johann was one of the composers that from a boy always exemplified the characteristics which Goethe says belongs to the true German — "to do and to learn — rather than to enjoy."

He remained in his brother's home until he was fourteen, and then, carrying under his arm the old violin in the green case, he trudged away with a school-fellow to Luneburg, twelve miles distant. Here, as in most German towns, music was a very important element, and the best singers were set apart for the cathedral choir.

The boy's sweet voice and charming playing surprised the townspeople, and presently he led the choir, and in part payment his education was given him in the gymnasium. For the rest, he was allowed to sleep in the organ loft, and he had an occasional bowl of soup and a bit of rye bread.

Sometimes on a holiday he took his violin and started off to Hamburg, a hundred miles distant, to hear the celebrated organist, Reinken. On the way he slept in the open air or in a cattle shed and played in taverns for something to eat. But the tired, dusty wayfarer was well paid when he reached Hamburg, in listening to the wondrous music filling the great cathedral. Some say that Reinken took a personal interest in the boy and showed him many things. He, however, always returned to Luneburg with a fresh impulse and vowing to devote his life to organ music.

When Bach was eighteen years old, he received an appointment as organist in the church at Arnstadt, with a salary of forty dollars a year; and the old time record says that while he was there he once took a vacation without leave, and that when he came back his playing was called "fantastical," and this was what he did:

He went to Lubeck to listen to Buxtehude, the greatest organist of his age, and he remained away without permission for three months; on his return he tried to imitate the finest master, so we may not wonder at the "fantastical."

And there was yet another charge against the youthful composer. It was that he introduced into the loft a stranger maiden and allowed her to play. The people were horrified at the thought of a woman playing the organ, and they argued that the next thing, she would be found in the pulpit. The stranger maiden was Bach's cousin Barbara,

whom a little later he married.

Finally, on account of many dissensions, he was obliged to leave Arnstadt, and we soon find him acting as Court Organist and Director of the concerts at Weimar. His magnificent organ compositions belong very largely to this period of his life.

Pilgrims from different parts of Germany attended the musical festivals here — and then would return to tell of the fame of Johann Sebastian Bach, so that he was continually invited to play on his favorite instrument in other towns. Besides, he made himself familiar with all the mechanical details of organ-building, so that builders from all over the country came to Weimar for suggestions from him.

While here he visited the splendid court of Augustus II of Saxony to accept a challenge with Marchand, a brilliant harpsichord player, who had been Court Organist at Versailles. A large audience assembled to listen to the contest. Just as all was ready Marchand disappeared — he was afraid to play before Bach!

It took long for music, the greatest of the arts, to invent its many means and forms, and at this time both Bach and Handel did much to help it. For example, it is said that Bach discovered the human hand. Before this the thumb in playing had hung down idly over the keys, and the fourth finger was very sparingly used. Bach employed all the fingers.

Time, too, in his days became a carefully arranged system, a certain value being given to each note and so many beats to the bar. A wonderful story these little black notes could tell of the development they have made, in melody and harmony, through all the centuries.

After remaining nine years at Weimar, Bach accepted the invitation of Prince Leopold of Anhalt-Kothen to become his Court Musician. The prince was devoted to Bach, and while he was at his court he accompanied him on his various journeys, and Bach greatly enjoyed his royal patron. Here the composer's attention was specially directed to orchestral compositions. Here he wrote his concertos, sonatas, and suites for the clavier.

From here he again visited old Reinken at Hamburg, who was now nearly a hundred years old. When the aged man heard Bach improvise on the organ, his eyes filled with tears as he said, "I did think that the art would die with me, but you will keep it alive," and

Bach left Hamburg with a beautiful memory of the noble old man.

He tried now, and again ten years later, to meet Handel — the other "giant" among the composers of his day. It does seem strange that these two never met. They were born the same year; both were masters of polyphony; both loved the organ, and both exerted a great influence upon the age; and both became blind. Bach was the musician for musicians; Handel for great audiences. It is always interesting to look at the two faces and to compare the two lives and discover their harmonies and contrasts.

Once on a return from a journey with his princely patron, sad news awaited Bach of the death of his devoted wife. Two years later he married again. The second one had a powerful soprano voice and often assisted him in copying scores. He taught her to play on the piano — and in the Royal Library at Dresden there may be seen today a book of exercises which he had arranged for her. Bach had twenty children, and several of those who lived to grow up were musical.

In 1723, he removed to Leipsic, where he became cantor to the Thomas School. His pupils sang in the different churches, and three days in the week went carolling through the streets. Bach himself played the organ in the Protestant Thomas Church. This position he retained for the remaining twenty-seven years of his life. It was a time of great activity, but the pay was very small. He was given annually about sixty-five dollars, besides fees at weddings, funerals and concerts, also lodgings, firewood, corn and candles.

In the contract which he signed, two of the conditions were that the Church music should not be operatic, but such as should encourage devotion, and that the singing service must never be too long.

Here there were many rivalries among the composers, and Bach always tried to maintain his position with reserve and dignity. Now he wrote his grandest music, his preludes and fugues, his "Mass in B minor," his Christmas oratorio, and his "Magnificat"; his chorals, which represented every age of Church music, from the early Latin hymns to the German Psalm tunes; and most important of all, his Passion music. This, set to the exact words of the Gospel, describes the Passion of our Lord. He produced five of these compositions the one from St. Matthew being the finest.

Here, too, he wrote music for the harpsichord, that harp-shaped instrument with chords of wire, of which Bach was always specially fond, his "Well Tempered Harpsichord" being among his best-known works.

Now the virginal and spinet were going out of fashion, and a new instrument, first called the forte piano, from its loud and soft notes, was taking its place. Bach wrote dance music for this, as well as for the clavichord and harpsichord, the stately saraband, and the brilliant gavotte. The latter, by the way, took the name from the Gavots in Dauphiny, who danced it beautifully.

And the "modest Cantor and noble Master" labored faithfully year by year with his talent. He was a man of sweet nature, and as a Lutheran deeply religious. His home was a very happy one and a musical centre for other composers. His daily life seemed like Millet's, to be that of a village rustic. He tended his own little garden, was always ready for a frolic with his children, or to leave the most serious composition to assist his wife in her household work. Then at night, when all the family were sleeping, he would take long, lonely walks, which often brought to him fresh inspirations. Sometimes he journeyed to different cities to attend musical gatherings, and he was always accompanied by some of his children.

His son Emanuel was Chamber Musician and accompanist to Frederick the Great. Three years before Bach's death, he was invited to Berlin to visit this noted sovereign. Frederick was a passionate lover of art, music, and literature; indeed, he felt that he himself enjoyed no small talent, and one of his greatest delights was to gather at his court the leading lights of Europe. When Bach reached there a concert was in progress, the King being about to perform a solo on his flute. He was told of the composer's arrival, and laying down his instrument, said to the audience: "Gentlemen, old Bach is here." He was at once summoned and obliged to appear without changing his dress. He played on the organ, tested the various pianos, and the King exclaimed in an ecstasy, "Gentlemen, there is but one Bach."

During the latter years of Bach's life his eyesight failed; it had never been perfect since the moonlight days of his boyhood, and in time he became perfectly blind; and even then he would spend hours improvising on the old organ in the Thomas Church, entertaining his

hearers by his grand fugues.

Finally, when he was sixty-five years old, he was seized with a fever and died in the year 1750. His family was so poor that his death attracted little attention, and no cross or stone marked his grave; yet this was in harmony with his life, which, always enrapt in his own musical purposes, had been most unostentatious.

It seems to fall naturally into three divisions. First at Weimar, where he devoted himself to the organ; second at Anhalt-Kothen, where his special interest was orchestral music; and third at Leipsic, to which belongs his greatest works.

We have already spoken of his musical ancestry, and Bach, in turn, was the ancestor of nearly sixty of the best-known composers of Germany. His works were so far in advance of his age that they waited for Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert and Mendelssohn, to give them recognition. How little he realized that to-day he is "Father Bach," honored as the representative of Lutheran chorals — the very first to develop forms which have become the models of later German ecclesiastical music. "His works are his abiding monument, and they will last as long as hearts and voices unite in churches and homes to the praise and glory of God."

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"To me it is with Bach as if the eternal harmonies discoursed with one another."

— *Goethe.*

"You must feel the mountains above you while you work in your little garden."

— *Phillips Brooks.*

CHAPTER 34
Christoph Wilibald Gluck
1714-1787

In looking at the picture of Christoph Wilibald Gluck, his bright, handsome face, with its dome-like brow, and his dignified bearing, show the repose of a strong, passionate nature, endowed with splendid physical gifts.

He was born at Weidenwang, in the upper Palatinate, in 1714. His father was a forester in the service of Prince Lobkowitz, and, though he was a poor man, he determined to educate his boy.

In a neighboring town there was a Jesuit college, to which Christoph was sent when he was twelve, and here he remained for six years. The Fathers were interested in their bright, eager charge, but they could hardly foresee what a gifted master he was to become. They soon discovered his fondness for music, and he was allowed to study on the violin, harpsichord, and organ — and Christoph was so happy that once he almost decided to devote his talent to the Church. But he left the college when he was eighteen, to continue his musical studies at Prague, and here he remained for four years. It was difficult always to get money enough to pay his masters; but he managed to obtain a few pupils, besides playing the violin at fairs and rustic dances, and sometimes, too, he gave acceptable little concerts in the near towns.

Finally, in 1736, he resolved to go to Vienna and try his fortune there. When he arrived in the musical city, he called upon Prince Lobkowitz. The latter remembered very pleasantly his gamekeeper's little son and his interest in music; and he introduced him to another dignitary, the Italian Prince Melzi, who was then visiting the city. The latter was so much attracted by duck's personality that he invited him to return with him to Milan and become the Director of his private band. And very delightful hours the young composer enjoyed in the gardens of the Melzi villa, gazing out over the waters of the blue Lake

Como, and, perhaps, recalling old Greek tales of gods and goddesses. As he lingered here he may have caught a vision of the magic garden, which long years after he introduced into his "Armide" — and, besides, Prince Melzi gave him good masters in Milan, and he soon began to write Italian operas.

His reputation grew year by year, until even the poet Metastasio became interested in him and gave him some librettos. The English, hearing of his fame in Italy, summoned him, in 1745, to London to compose two operas there — but they proved complete failures; perhaps English literary men were too clever to appreciate the composer's Italian style, and besides, Handel was now all the rage. Handel called Gluck's operas detestable, saying that he did not know as much about composition as his cook. Handel's cook, by the way, was quite a musician. Fortunately Gluck was wise and learned much, not only from Handel's criticisms, but from a study of the great composer's scores, and all made him very much dissatisfied with his own efforts.

Just about this time there was a fashion in London for the glasses, a kind of harmonica, played upon by the fingers moistened in water. It seems amusing, but Gluck, Mozart, and Beethoven all composed and played music on the glasses, Gluck in the Haymarket Theatre in London.

After his dramatic failure in England, he determined to visit different capitals, and learn what he might from the works of their best masters. He took special interest in the study of Rameau's declamatory style in Paris, in German orchestration, and in Italian melody.

Finally, in 1748, he settled in Vienna, and for years devoted himself to the study of languages and literature as they were applied to music; and, as he worked, new ideas struggled within him for recognition— he was no longer satisfied with his earlier operas.

Here he fell in love with the daughter of a wealthy banker, but the father would not allow her to marry a composer, so that the wedding did not take place until after his death. The union proved entirely happy. As they had no children, they adopted Gluck's fascinating little niece, Marianne. She loved her uncle's music and sang it like a bird, but she died just as she was bursting into womanhood, to the terrible grief of her foster-parents.

Gluck continued to write operas, which were performed in

Vienna, Naples, and Rome. For two of these, which the Pope specially enjoyed, he received the "Order of the Golden Spur" — and from this time was always honored as "Chevalier de Gluck," and thus he always inscribed his name on the frontispieces of his published works.

The Empress Marie Theresa had several times called upon Gluck for special music, and finally he became her Chapel Master. His serenade on the marriage of the Archduke Joseph was performed before the court, with magnificent scenic effect, and also his ballet, "Don Giovanni." The Queen engaged him as a singing-master for her daughter, Marie Antoinette, and the latter, in her enthusiasm, spoke of him as "Our dear Gluck." We recall a picture of the maiden in her brocaded gown and high coiffure, seated before her instrument in those graceful old days — while at her side stands her grave, dignified master.

In honor of the marriage of Joseph II, Gluck brought out, in 1762, his "Orpheus and Eurydice." In this, as in some of his other works, he followed the old fashion of drawing his subject from classic lore. The original cast included among its performers august dukes and duchesses, counts and countesses.

We recall the Greek story, with its mournful lament for Eurydice and its outburst of innumerable furies. Through all the scenes the voices were without affectation, for music colored the words with pathetic fidelity. Gluck's ideas surely were changing, he was freeing himself from the old fetters. This opera was received with great favor, and at once laid the foundation of the composer's fame. It was followed five years later by "Alceste." The people could not fully understand the new departure in his style, and yet "Alceste" was very kindly received.

But Gluck's later operas were not popular in Germany, and, like many another composer, his thoughts turned to Paris — picturesque Paris, now overflowing with Revolutionary ideas in many things besides politics. Besides, his pupil, Marie Antoinette, had married the Dauphin; she certainly would show her old teacher some personal favor. So to Paris he would go, and to Paris he went. Here, in 1774, when he was sixty years old, he brought out, through the influence of his royal patron, one of his finest works — "Iphigenie, in Aulis."

Nothing so lofty in style had ever been heard in the French capital, and its appearance formed an epoch in musical history. The gentle submission of "Iphigenie," the sorrow-stricken father's combat between love and duty, the thunderbolts of Jupiter — the action in all was so intense, that the opera proved one of the most dramatic in the whole range of musical literature, and now Gluck's music of the heart found its way to the heart of his audience. On the first night the Queen of France gave the signal for applause, and the whole house followed her example, and in the inspiring song, "We celebrate our Queen," all bounded to their feet in wildest enthusiasm and respectfully saluted Marie Antoinette. It was a wonderful success, and from night to night the greatest excitement prevailed. Gluck was called "The Hercules of Music," valuable gifts were showered upon him, wits and poets composed sonnets in his praise.

After this, "Orpheus and Eurydice" and "Alceste" were also arranged for the French stage; the ballets were fine, but the interest seemed to have died away, and this was owing very largely to a great rivalry that was going on, of which we shall presently speak. Gluck was disappointed, and the story is told that one day meeting Rousseau in the street, he said, "Alceste is fallen." "Yes," replied the graceful Frenchman, "fallen from Heaven."

In 1777, "Armide" appeared. Armide was the princess, who, with all her magic charms, could not win the proud Crusader Rinaldo. It was probably composed in order to make a flattering allusion to the Queen, Marie Antoinette, for she was devoted to her old master, always receiving him in her boudoir, and doing everything in her power to encourage his art. Gluck was a great admirer of his "Armide," and had besides a perfect belief in himself. This is shown in his reply to the Queen, when she asked him when it would be completed. "Madame, that opera will soon be finished, and in truth it will be superb." And later he added, "I have written the music of my 'Armide' in such a manner as to prevent its soon going out."

But Gluck, like other foreign composers of his day, met opposition in Paris. At this time, when factions were raging on many subjects, Marie Antoinette held to Gluck and his operas, while her rival, the Italian Du Barry, insisted on also having her pet composer — and Piccini, who had already made a reputation in Italy, was imported

from there to carry out an "opposition." His works were full of melody and well received, while it was declared that Gluck's music was not "melodious" — but noisy. The "Gluck-Piccini" feud raged with great obstinacy. "Are you a Gluckist or Piccinist?" was the continual question at court. It was finally decided to have the two composers write an opera on the same subject, all promising that this should settle the dispute. The subject chosen was to be "Iphigenie among the Taurians."

Gluck's opera was a most vivid tonal picture, portraying the barbaric splendor of the Scythian dames, their defiant shouts, frantic gestures, clanging of cymbals and beating of drums; and then in contrast — the quiet beauty of the classic Greek sentiment as seen in "Iphigenie." Gluck was the first to introduce cymbals and big drums into the orchestra. His enemies objected to his "big noise," but he insisted that they should be heard.

Paris was enraptured. "Iphigenie" was acknowledged as a masterpiece, even by the Piccinists. The Abbe Arnaud said a pretty thing about it — that "There was but one beautiful part, and that was the whole!" But where was Piccini's "Iphigenie"? Safely hidden away in a portfolio, where it remained for two years.

It was considered a great honor to be invited to be present at one of Gluck's rehearsals, for as charming as he was in society, he was the veriest tyrant when he appeared before his performers. He usually conducted in nightcap and dressing-gown, for he was so afraid of draughts from the wings of the stage that he must need doff his wig for a warmer head-gear, and nobles vied with each other for the privilege of holding his wig and his coat.

He entered with the greatest intensity into his dramatic situations, living and dying with his heroes. It is said that in the closing scene in "Alceste," he threw himself back and became as a corpse. The slightest error put him into a towering passion, and he sometimes insisted on passages being repeated twenty or thirty times. Most of the artists performing in his operas demanded double pay.

Two capricious ladies once in singing their roles dared to disobey him. "Mesdemoiselles," said Gluck, "I have been summoned here to produce 'Iphigenie' — if you sing — well and good — if not that is your business. Only I shall then seek an audience with the Queen,

and shall tell her that the opera cannot be performed. And I shall at once enter my carriage and leave for Vienna." Gluck was not obliged to leave.

His last opera, "Echo and Narcissus," was coldly received in Paris. He was irritated at the failure, and in spite of the intercession of his Queen, he returned to Vienna, in 1780, and here he spent his later years.

There seems little left to tell of his life, except that he enjoyed both fame and fortune. He was honored by Goethe and Schiller; he received frequent visits from nobles and sometimes kings — among others, the Emperor and Empress of Russia came to assure him of the pleasure which they had taken in his works. Always generous and kind to young artists, his special admiration during his later years was the young Mozart.

Gluck died of apoplexy in the year 1787. He was buried in Vienna, and a noble monument was erected there to his memory; and not only in Vienna, but in Munich, Paris, and many other cities, there are marble and bronze memorials.

It is easy to remember his place in musical history, for the works are few upon which his fame rests. But as "Regenerator of the Opera," he is associated with one great reform, that of putting life and soul into dry, soulless composition; and Gluck and Wagner will ever stand side by side as masters who have given to music new dramatic power.

Such is the story of Gluck, the forester's son — and of Gluck, the princely composer.

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"Faith in his subject is an indispensable requisite in the work of an artist."

— *Mendelssohn.*

"O Music! sphere-descended Maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid!
Why, goddess, why to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside!

"'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humble reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,

Than all which charms this laggard age.

"O bid our vain endeavors cease:
Revive the first designs of Greece:
Return in all thy simple state!
Confirm the tales her sons relate."

— *W. Collins.*

CHAPTER 35
Franz Josef Haydn
1732-1809

Another landmark in this famous musical age is Franz Josef Haydn, whose life now opens before us. He was of peasant ancestry, perhaps Slavonic; his home, the market-town of Rohrau, in Austria. Here he was born in 1732, in a vine-clad cottage, the reproduction of which may to-day be seen in Rohrau.

The wheelwright father was a typical hard-working peasant; the mother had been a serving-maid; and the homely, dark-skinned little fellow was one of a large family of children. It was a simple home, of few recreations, and yet it had one that richer homes might have envied — for music was the household delight. The day's work over, the father would sit in the doorway of his cottage and gather the family about him.

He knew not a note, but he sang in a fair tenor voice, accompanying it with his harp. The mother joined in the simple folk-songs which had been handed down from generation to generation, and each child had a part. Tiny Josef kept time by scraping two pieces of wood together, imitating the school-master, who played the violin. There was a cousin who was a choir leader in a neighboring town, and he often came over to Rohrau to assist in the musical evenings. He watched little Josef keeping perfect time, and listened to his pure soprano voice — he was sure that the boy had an ear!

The mother had decided that Josef was to become a priest, and so he must be educated; and when he was but six years old, this cousin, Herr Frankh, took him home to Hamburg, where he was to go to school and to study music. This was the end of his childhood, for at Hamburg he was treated just like a drudge, although he did learn to play on some instruments. After he had been there for two or three years, Herr Reuter, who was seeking choir-boys for St. Stephen's Church, in Vienna, came to visit Herr Frankh. The little

prodigy was brought in from the kitchen and his voice was tested.

Herr Reuter, who was a selfish, exacting man, was charmed, but he kept his feelings to himself; however, he insisted in taking the prize back to Vienna, and Josef was soon installed as choir-boy in the old cathedral of St. Stephen's, with its wonderful lacework spire and its carved doorway. Here, when the service was over, and the other boys would hurry to the playground, he would steal away to practise, for he had lessons on both violin and piano; and it is said that some days he worked from twelve to sixteen hours, and always when the big organ played he would hurry back into the church to listen.

He longed for lessons in composition, that he might try to write such music, and every bit of paper that he could get was covered with attempts at masses and anthems. Sometimes he showed them to Herr Reuter, who promptly ridiculed him. It was a hard life — he was often hungry — but they were happy afternoons when he was selected as one of the choir-boys to sing at entertainments, for such an invitation always included a good meal of cakes. After several years at St. Stephen's, Herr Reuter became dissatisfied with him, and one cold, stormy night, when he was perhaps sixteen years old, he was set adrift in Vienna.

He might return to Rohrau, but he knew that if he did this, he must give up the idea of a musical life; and so all through the night, the sturdy young philosopher wandered through the streets, trying to form some plan. In the morning he came across another poor musician, to whom he told his plight, and he was invited to share an attic with himself, his wife and child. And now our little dark-skinned friend became a street violinist; and he sang in choirs whenever he could get a hearing. He joined the bands in the pleasure-gardens; and with the first money that he could spend he bought some lessons on composition, and also managed to get hold of some of Bach's scores, and very soon he composed his own taking music.

There were many tired, hungry days; but Josef was full of fun, and always looked on the bright side of life. Finally, wishing to live alone, he hired a tiny attic, which contained an old worm-eaten harpsichord. The poet Metastasio lived on the floor below, and was at once interested in Haydn. Through him Haydn became acquainted with Porpora, the renowned singing-master, and as he felt that he might

learn much from him, he offered to become his lackey. He powdered his wig, beat his coat, cleaned his shoes, and ran errands for his surly Highness, until presently the tyrannical old man softened, and really taught him so much in singing and composition and Italian that Haydn remembered him gratefully all his life.

We cannot follow the career of our struggling young hero step by step, or realize what a constant gain he made year by year. Serenades were quite fashionable in this day, and with his musical friends he wandered about the city at night, singing trios and quartets of his own composing. Sometimes he was invited to assist at weddings and baptisms; the pay was small, but as the acceptance always included a meal at the servants' table, it was a great consideration.

It seems curious whenever we pause to think about it — but how many of the world's brightest men have passed through just such years of struggle!

In time, Haydn's compositions began to be honored. He made friends among the nobles; Gluck admired his work; Karl Josef von Furnberg, a wealthy amateur, encouraged him to write string-quartets. The accomplished Countess von Thun, struck with one of his sonatas, wished to become his pupil, and begged him to call upon her; yet when he appeared, his dress was so shabby, she was sure that he was an impostor; but after hearing his touching story, she became his life-long friend and supporter.

Through the influence of some of these friends, Haydn was, in 1759, invited to be Director of Count Morzin's orchestra. Count Morzin was a Bohemian and a passionate lover of music; and Haydn remained with him until he was obliged, on account of some business difficulties, to break up his orchestra. Then he returned to Vienna, and just here comes in the one discordant note in his whole life, for about this time he made an unfortunate marriage.

The wig-maker and barber Keller, who had several times befriended him, had two daughters, and he fell in love with the younger one; but his affection was not returned, and the girl entered a convent. The father tried to console Haydn by offering him his other daughter, Maria Anna, and in a rash moment he married her — and for nearly forty years she embittered his life. She was very frivolous, but at the same time devoted to priests and monks, and always

begging her husband to compose masses and motets for them. He provided her amply with money, but they lived very little together through all the years.

And now Prince Esterhazy, the head of the noble old Hungarian family, and a lavish patron of both art and music, heard a symphony that delighted him; and finding that Haydn was its author, he at once invited "the little Moor," as he called him, into his service. He told him that before he came to his castle, he must clap on a new coat, mind that his wig was curled, provide himself with collar and buckles, and add high red heels to his shoes, so that his stature might correspond with his merit. And, in 1761, we find Haydn established at Esterhazy, which was a kind of miniature Versailles.

Here were two theatres, one for operas and the other for marionettes, and for both our young master wrote the music. The scenes must have been most amusing at the latter, where puppets were the performers, even in the grandest operas.

Haydn was treated as a member of the family, and his duties were to give music-lessons to those employed by the Prince, to abstain from undue familiarity in eating, drinking, and conversation, and to make his subordinates always preserve harmony. There was a prescribed dress for his orchestra; when playing before company, they were all to wear white linen, white stockings, and either a pig-tail or a tie-wig. Some say that Haydn had always worn a wig from the time when as a little fellow of six he first went to Hamburg.

The Prince hated Vienna and rarely went there; but sometimes he entertained musical celebrities, among them the Empress Marie Theresa, and Haydn always arranged the welcoming fetes. The life was a quiet, happy one. He enjoyed the mountain rambles, the hunting and fishing, the outings, the early morning when the world was washed with dew, the animals and birds and flowers — and we may not know how many of these charming sights and sounds crept into his later works.

He labored several hours daily, and so he composed a great number of works here. Among them are some operas, symphonies, and string-quartets, which were dedicated to King Frederick William II of Prussia, and his "Seven Words from the Cross," so full of deep religious feeling. These were published in Leipsic, Paris, London, and

Vienna; indeed, he had now a world-wide reputation for symphonies and quartets.

He had many tempting invitations to do other things, and perhaps he was sometimes a little dissatisfied, but for nearly thirty years he kept firmly to his resolve to live and die for his noble patrons. Finally, in 1790, the last musical prince died, leaving him a legacy, which his successor increased; but the orchestra was disbanded and Haydn returned to Vienna. He had often thought that he would like to visit England, and two or three times had been invited by Salomon, a violinist, who was a leading Director in London.

Salomon now renewed the invitation, urging Haydn to come and give twenty concerts at fifty pounds apiece. A journey to London was a great affair in those days, and Haydn was sixty years of age. But he accepted. He had a stormy passage, and was very tired when he reached the great city, and its sights and sounds bewildered him. But he was most delightfully received — indeed, his coming made such an excitement that his own Emperor Joseph II later declared that he had "to learn from abroad what a musical hero he counted among his subjects."

The King and Queen welcomed him; the Prince of Wales invited him; he was called upon by the nobility; he met the astronomer, John Herschel, and found in him a former oboe-player at Esterhazy. He never could decide which delighted him more — the astronomer or his telescope. He also received the honor which every one craved in that day, that of being painted by the great autocrat, Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The University of Oxford asked for a specimen of his composition, and he sent a curious manuscript — for whether it was read backward or forward, up or down, or from the middle of the page, it always presented a complete air — and the University conferred upon him the title of Doctor of Music.

Haydn remained for three years in England, and among other things that he wrote were his twelve "Salomon Symphonies"; and he conducted them himself at the Haymarket Theatre. Salomon was delighted, and said to him one day, "You will never surpass these!" And Haydn replied, "I never mean to try!"

He left England laden with riches and honor, and later, after

repeated invitations, again visited the country, and it is said that the enthusiasm even exceeded that of his first visit.

On his final return to his Fatherland, he was invited to Rohrau to see a monument which had been erected there in his honor; and he paused at the little threshold of the cottage where he was born, and kneeling down, kissed the door-step.

The struggle of life was over, and both fame and fortune smiled upon Haydn; and now, in the days of impending war with France, he wrote the hymn, "God Save the Emperor Francis!" which has become the Austrian national anthem.

He settled down in a small house in the Faubourg Gumpendorff, and lived here quietly during his remaining years. His wife had earlier begged him to purchase this house, as it would be "just the place to live in as a widow!" But she died, and Haydn naively remarked, "I am living in it as a widower!"

Here he composed two of his greatest works, "The Creation" and "The Seasons." While in London, he had heard in Westminster Abbey Handel's "Messiah," with its colossal choruses; and he determined that he, too, must write an oratorio. So as soon as he was fairly settled, in the year 1795, he went to work. He spent nearly three years on his "Creation"; and later he said, "I was never so pious as when I was engaged in writing it; for I fell upon my knees daily and prayed to God to help me carry out the work."

It is so full of beauties that it soon found its way all over Europe, and probably will always be regarded as his masterpiece. It opens with the strangely dull sounds of chaos, and then the rude powers of Nature rush in with headlong fury; and then at the creation of light, there is marvellous harmony as one might imagine "the effect of a thousand torches suddenly flashing light into a dark cavern while the Heavens are telling the glory of God." This was followed by a musical description of the works which God created on the different days. We hear the birds sing, the great leviathan sporting upon the waves, the roaring lion, and the insect hosts, and then Adam and Eve are adoring their Creator. All ends in a song of praise to God as the sublime work of creation is accomplished.

Haydn was nearly seventy when he wrote his other work, in which he took Thomson's "Seasons" as his libretto. It has great

variety and charm of instrumentation, being full of the merry sounds which Haydn loved. There are pastoral songs, harvesters' courtships, a vintage feast, bird song, and shady woods. On being congratulated, after writing "The Seasons," he said, "It is not the 'Creation' — there angels sang — here, rustics."

Haydn was the true author of the string-quartet; he understood so well the value of different instruments, the finely balanced instrumentation that composers reserve for their effective chamber music.

He also gave the symphony new form. His arrangement was for four movements; first, an allegro, or a quiet joyful one; second, a largo, adagio, or andante, slower or more graceful; the third, a minuet or dance; and the fourth, another allegro movement, to form a pleasing close.

And he wrote over a hundred symphonies, many of which are famous. Among them are "La Reine," arranged for Marie Theresa; "Le Matin," reminiscences of mornings at Esterhazy; and "The Toy Symphony," a medley of noises heard at a village fair, where he bought the instruments, took them home and arranged the music.

His "Farewell Symphony" was written at Esterhazy. It appeared that the prince had once promised the musicians that they might visit their families, and then he had insisted on their remaining, and they went to Haydn for sympathy. After much thought, he decided what he would do.

He wrote a new symphony, and when the Prince and guests were all ready, he raised his baton and the concert commenced. The music was delightful; but in its midst one musician stopped, blew out his candle, took his instrument and went away. After a few bars, another followed his example — another — and yet another — till only Haydn was left. The Prince, who loved a joke, laughed heartily and said, "I see what you mean — they want to go home — they shall all go to-morrow."

His "Surprise Symphony," written in England, was either to astonish the people by something new, or to arouse the English women from sleep. The surprise is occasioned by a sudden clash, which like a musket rouses a shepherdess, who has been lulled to rest by the sound of a waterfall.

Haydn will always be called "The Father of Modern Symphony,"

and "The Master of Chamber Music," as well, for he wrote nearly a hundred string-quartets; and all bring out so perfectly his own feeling for sweet, fresh and jovial sounds, for he was always full of humor. He was deficient in dramatic power, and so his operas did not amount to much; but his masses are still very popular.

It is said that always before he seated himself to write, he had his wig curled, and dressed himself as perfectly as if going to a fete, and his paper was of the whitest. King Frederick William II had sent him a diamond ring, and if he had forgotten to put it on, he had not an idea. Many of his scores have at the beginning "Soli Deo Gloria," and conclude with "Laus Deo."

He was a very dark, homely man, with high cheekbones, long nose and protruding under-jaw; and he often wondered why children were so fond of him, and he had "grown-up" friendships too. Among them was that with Mrs. Billington, with the charming voice, whom Sir Joshua Reynolds painted listening to the angels. Haydn, on looking at the picture, said that the artist had made a great mistake — that instead he should have represented the angels as listening to her!

His most tender friendship, however, was with the young Mozart. It was Mozart that gave to him the quaint, affectionate title, "Papa Haydn," by which he has ever since been known.

When Haydn was called to England, Mozart, who was already ill, could not bear to have him leave him, and said, "Oh, you are too old to go out alone into the great world, and you speak so few languages"; to which Haydn replied humorously, "My language is understood all the world over." They spent the last days together, and when they parted Mozart put his arms about Haydn's neck and said, "This is good-bye — we shall never meet again"; and while Haydn was in London, he heard of his young friend's death, and he mourned very deeply. Beethoven was, at one time, his pupil, but they were not adapted to each other, and so Haydn was glad when the engagement came to an end.

As Haydn grew older, he wrote less and less; however, he held a kind of musical court, where many came to visit him. His guests were always received by "mine host" with the most marked courtesy.

As he grew more feeble, he went out but seldom, and it was after years of seclusion, on March twenty-seventh, 1808, that he appeared

for the last time in public. This was on his seventy-sixth birthday, when a performance of "The Creation" was arranged in his honor. The old man was carried in his chair into the concert-hall, and as he entered, the audience rose and cheered, while drums and trumpets saluted. The night was chilly, and some ladies sitting near threw their costly wraps about him. The oratorio commenced, and when the passage, "Let there be light," was reached, Haydn tried to rise, and, pointing Heavenward, said softly, "That comes not from me, but from the Power above!"

In the year 1809, the French besieged Vienna, and it is said that his death was probably hastened by the booming of the cannon as some shots fell near his house. His servants crowded about him, frightened by the cannonading. "Why be afraid," he said, "no harm can happen to you while Haydn is here."

His loyalty kept him alive to the end of the siege. On May twenty-eighth, he was carried to the piano, and played and sang the national hymn, "God preserve the Emperor." Then he begged his servants to lay him down, and he died peacefully two or three days later. Nobles and princes escorted his remains to their last resting-place in Vienna.

A eulogy would not be in keeping with the simple, genial life of "Papa Haydn," "The Father of Instrumental Music." But we feel sure that he brought music so home to the hearts of the people, that he left the world the happier for his having lived in it.

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"He who wintry hours hath given,
With the snows gives snow-drops birth,
And while angels sing in Heaven
God hears robins sing on earth."

"If all were determined to play the first violin, we should never have a complete orchestra. Therefore respect every musician in his proper place."

— *Schumann.*

CHAPTER 36
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
1756-1791

Of all the musical prodigies that have ever lived, the immortal Mozart is one of the greatest.

His father was Chapel Master to the Duke of Salzburg, at the time little Wolfgang was born, in 1756; and we begin the story of the baby boy with his remarkable feats, for they were displayed even in his infancy.

As soon as he could toddle, he lingered near the harpsichord when anyone was playing and very soon began to pick out concords for himself — loud and discordant notes always distressed him. As for games, he enjoyed only those in which music was interwoven.

When he was about five years old, he offered to take the violin at a chamber concert. After much entreaty he was allowed to assist, and perched upon a chair was given the instrument. He had never had a lesson, but he played his part correctly. With his sweet earnest face, large soft eyes, tiny dimpled hands toying with the strings, he must have seemed very like one of the musical angels that belong to the pictures of mediaeval days.

At this age he also composed a concerto for the harpsichord, and though the sheet of paper on which his score was written was all daubed over with ink, the accuracy of the composition delighted his father. When he began to take regular lessons he proved a difficult problem for his teachers, because he so constantly rambled off to original themes, his little hands conquering difficult passages with praiseworthy skill — it really seemed as if the child thought in music. But he was most loving and sensitive, too, perfectly devoted to his home and his parents — once exclaiming with real fervor — "After God, immediately comes Papa."

He had a great passion for mathematics as well as for music; and like other youthful prodigies, of whom we have read, he was always

scrawling either notes or figures over every bit of paper he could find.

Nannerl was the pet name of his sister, five years his senior, and Nannerl and Wolfgang studied and dreamed and played together. She, too, had a talent, and the father would speak of them as his "Wonders of God."

When Wolfgang was six years old, the father determined to make an artistic tour with his "Wonders," visiting the principal capitals of Europe, and some of the episodes of this tour, which really lasted in all for about three years, are most interesting; for the children both had charming manners, and evidently made surprising and delightful impressions wherever they tarried.

At Schonbrunn, they were received at the gorgeous court of Marie Theresa. Wolfgang was told that he must kneel before the brilliant Empress, but as he approached her, he entirely forgot his duty and instead climbed right upon her knee, put his arms about her neck and kissed her; and then the father, taking each by the hand, led them out upon the stage — the sweet-faced German maiden in her quaint gown, and the tiny court gentleman with knee-breeches, silken hose, satin coat, lace ruffles, wig and sword. First they saluted their audience, then each played alone and also in duets, either on the organ, harpsichord, piano or violin — and the Emperor petted Wolfgang and called him "a little Magician."

The children were allowed to join in the games of the young princesses. Wolfgang was specially charmed with Marie Antoinette, and once when he slipped and fell upon the polished floor she picked him up, and he exclaimed gratefully, "You are good; I will marry you some day."

Goethe, who was then fourteen, heard the Mozarts at Frankfort, and many years later he said, "I can still see the little man in his wig and with his sword."

At Heidelberg, the Dean was so astonished at Wolfgang's performance on the organ that he had the boy's name inscribed upon the instrument.

In France, they were received by the court at Versailles, and Wolfgang's variations as usual amazed the listeners. The child was disgusted when Madame Pompadour refused to kiss him, exclaiming — "Who is this, have I not been kissed by a Queen!"

While in Paris his first work was published: "Four Sonatas for harpsichord and violin, by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, aged seven."

At this time foreign music was becoming very popular in England, and the children played before the King and Queen in Buckingham Palace. The King placed before Wolfgang some of Bach's and Handel's compositions, and they were perfectly rendered. Other concerts in London were announced: "For the benefit of Miss Mozart, aged thirteen, and Master Mozart, aged eight, with overtures of the boy's own composition." The King and Queen were present at some of these, and many courtly ladies were brought in their Sedan chairs to listen enthusiastically to the playing of two small children. Royal favor helped to other honors; and such lovely gifts as the children received — toys, rings, laces, shoe-buckles, swords, and even wigs and snuff-boxes! The father was very careful that these gifts should not excite his "Wonders," and sometimes he felt it necessary to convert them into money, to pay the travelling expenses.

They reached Amsterdam during Lent, when all amusements were forbidden; but a decree was passed allowing them to give concerts, because, as was stated, "The marvellous gifts of these children redounded to the glory of God."

We have lingered long with Wolfgang in this atmosphere of perpetual applause, because his later life presents such sharp contrasts to these early joyous years.

When he was twelve years old, he was invited by the Emperor to write an opera, to be brought out in Vienna, and he at once set to work; but older composers were so jealous that a boy should be allowed to compete with them that it later appeared only in Salzburg.

A visit to Italy seemed in those days to be part of the education of every composer, and what was Wolfgang's delight when, in 1769, his father proposed to take him to the beautiful "Land of Song." This time Nannerl, who had not proved such a prodigy as her brother, remained at home with her mother.

The boy's letters, like those that he wrote all through his life, are delightful reading — he described the wonders that he saw, the music that he heard, amusing incidents of travel, and at the same time wishes Nannerl to take good care of his dog and of his little canary, and he asks if the latter still sings in the key of G.

They reached Rome in Holy Week, and in the Sistine Chapel listened to Allegri's great "Mass," and pontiff and cardinals knelt about the altar, and the chapel was darkened as the dread strains were played. This "Mass" was so precious that none might copy it, under pain of excommunication; but after hearing it once, Wolfgang wrote it off from memory, and the second time he went, he took his score in his hat, that he might correct any errors. It was a wonderful thing to do, and the boy received diplomas and honors, among others the Pope conferring upon him the "Order of the Golden Spur." He was allowed to wear his splendid gold cross, and it amused his father to hear his young son addressed as "Chevalier," or "Signor Cavaliere" Mozart.

Many sunny days were passed in travelling and giving concerts in different cities. For Milan, he wrote the opera "Miltiades," and, in 1770, it was successfully performed there. Finally they returned to their Salzburg home, where later the father and son were both employed by the Archbishop. The latter appreciated good music, but he was most exacting with his young concert Master and the pay was very small; after a time Wolfgang became discontented and before he was twenty begged his dismissal and went forth to find somewhere a more congenial appointment.

He travelled for a time with his mother and while spending the winter at Mannheim, they met the Webers. He heard the daughter Aloysia sing, and at once her superb voice obtained complete mastery over him. He would give up everything and follow the Webers to Italy, but his parents interfered, for he was too young to bind himself to any girl. He accepted their decision, and for a little, his love affairs were interrupted.

They spent the winter of 1778 and 1779 in Paris. He recalled the enthusiasm with which he had been received here as a child, and the present indifference, for now he was a man, and besides the thought of musical Paris was centered on the "Gluck-Piccini" feud. Mozart was disgusted with everything, and added to all else during the winter his beautiful mother died here. Ever after this, the city was most distasteful to him.

Now in his grief his father allowed him to go to Munich to see Aloysia Weber, who was then singing there, but when they met she

received him coldly; he was stunned for the moment, and then turning to the piano, he sang the song beginning —

"I gladly leave the maid who loves me not,"

and he was very soon on his way back to Salzburg.

Italian opera was now all the rage in Germany, and when Mozart was twenty-four, he commenced his career as a classical composer, by producing a German opera. The subject of this was the Greek legend of Idomenea, King of Crete. It was a remarkable composition for such a young man and with its harmonious music it proved a success. Perhaps, if the plot had been more dramatic, it might have kept the stage.

After a time, Mozart determined to make his home in Vienna — where the nobles vied with one another in giving courtly patronage to music and dancing, masked balls and concerts. Here, too, clustered a perfect constellation of German composers. There were rivalries, naturally, and the Emperor Joseph II was devoted to Italian opera; but he generously welcomed young Mozart, and besides whom should he find here but the Webers. Surely they were destined to influence his whole life. They had now lost their property and were delighted to receive him as a boarder, and he remained with them for a short time. He found Constance less frivolous than her older sister, Aloysia. He gave her music-lessons and at the same time wrote love songs for an opera. Somehow the lessons and songs became "mixed," and soon the two were engaged. There was very strong opposition, but they were married, in 1782.

Mozart was hoping when he asked her, to receive an imperial appointment, but it was not given him. The marriage, however, was a happy one. The home was always in Vienna, where Mozart worked as teacher, pianist, and composer; and many times by her cheerful counsel, and merry fairy stories, Constance inspired her husband while he was writing his flashing, melodious music. But household affairs never went well. Constance was not strong; Mozart was a jovial, careless and improvident fellow, and sometimes found it difficult to win even the daily bread for his wife and children, and then his courage almost broke. Then, too, there were cabals against his music and he felt that it was rarely appreciated. Once in speaking of

a reception in a certain town, he said, "When I play there, I feel as if only chairs and tables were my listeners."

This is the pathos of an immortal life and it is not pleasant to record. He had, however, many admirers and received beautiful gifts — such as watches, snuff-boxes and rings, but too often, they had to be converted into the necessaries of life.

However, in spite of all his trials, Mozart seems to have reached the very highest point of his genius, when, in 1784, "The Marriage of Figaro" appeared. The orchestra were so delighted with the music, that as they rehearsed it under the composer's lead, they often broke forth with the cry, "Viva Grand Mozart!" Vienna was wild over "Figaro," and the Emperor was obliged to forbid encores, in order that the piece might be performed in the time limit. The airs were soon used for all kinds of dances, and yet the composer was so illy paid that he had to continue to give lessons.

Later, in Prague, he received an ovation that delighted him. He was visiting Count Thun, who with his wife was among his best friends. "Figaro" was being played at the time, and, going one night to the opera, the whole audience rose as he entered and saluted him with a rousing "Viva Maestro!" — and this determined him to write an opera for Prague. After giving much thought to the subject, he decided to set to music the romantic Spanish story of "Don Giovanni." The libretto formed a kind of continuation of Rossini's "Barber of Seville." In it the reckless hero, with his witty servant, is pursued by his enemies and meets a dreadful doom. It seems curious, but Mozart did not put a note upon paper until just a month before its appearance. A garden-house is yet seen in a vineyard, just outside of Prague, where upon the stone table Mozart wrote the score, and while composing, he frequently took his turn at a game of billiards.

The overture, however, was not written until just the night before the performance. During this whole night, Constance kept him awake with punch and fairy stories, and at seven in the morning the score was sent to the copyist. Mozart drilled the artists who were to take the different parts, even teaching them to dance the minuet; and as in "Figaro," all were delighted with the irresistible music, and the brilliant "Don Giovanni" has ever since held its place as one of the world's masterpieces.

The composer now returned to Vienna and the Emperor, who was growing more interested in him, appointed him his Chapel Master, and so he was able to give up his teaching. He was now kept busy composing operas, quartets, cantatas, masses, sonatas, symphonies, serenades and songs. And he wrote on year after year with a kind of reckless haste, as if he foresaw how short his life was to be, and must crowd all that he could into its little span.

While the time had not yet come for German opera to supplant Italian in Vienna, it was gaining in influence, and we must always remember Mozart as its true founder.

He dedicated six well-known quartets to "Papa Haydn," and in the dedication he writes — "I strove to do something which should do honor to my Master Haydn and to myself." Many anecdotes show his love for his "Papa"; among them is a story told of a popular composer, who, seated at Mozart's side, was listening to Haydn playing a new string-quartet. He was envious and leaning towards Mozart said, "I would not have done that." "Nor I," promptly replied Mozart, "and do you know why? because neither you nor I could ever have had such an idea." The envious composer never forgave Mozart.

In his seventeen symphonies, he revealed a wondrous gift in painting a great variety of emotions. The First, the E flat major, is thought to contain reminiscences of his childhood days. The Second, in G minor, recalls his struggles with the world. Wagner said that in both he seemed "to breathe into his instrument the passionate tones of the human voice."

Many consider his Third, the "Jupiter Symphony," the finest of all. Now the struggle is over and it is full of joy and victory. This was composed in fifteen days. Mozart has written lovely serenades and beautiful songs, but they are not so famous as his other works.

He was considered in his day the finest performer on the piano, and many have spoken of the ease with which his small, well-shaped hands moved naturally over the keys.

As the year 1791 approached, he seemed more and more overcome by a form of weakness, and yet he worked on. In this year his spectacular "Magic Flute" appeared in Vienna. It was a genuine fairy opera, written for a libretto composed by a Viennese manager, who had gotten himself into financial trouble. He begged Mozart to write

the score, and while he was composing it constantly invited him to his home, in order to keep him in good humor, and made him eat and drink with a jovial company. But when it was finished, he rewarded him with but a scanty pittance, while the opera laid the foundation for his own great fortune.

"The Magic Flute" is a tale of old Egypt, in which modern Free Masonry also plays a part. The Prince Tamino is implored by the Mighty Queen of Night to rescue her daughter Pamina from the Sage Sarastro, who is bringing her up as a virtuous maid.

The gay bird-catcher, Papageno, promises to share the adventures of Tamino and three angel boys are sent to point the way. The bird-catcher, shaking his bells, receives the princess from a negro and falls in love with her, while Tamino reaches Sarastro's castle and plays upon his "Magic Flute," promising the sage to prove his constancy. Temptations of every kind are thrown in his way, but he does not yield, and finally he is initiated into the Mysteries of Isis, and Pamina, the princess, also shares the tests. They are put through fire and through water, but protected by the "Magic Flute" they come forth purified, and their last appearance is in the Temple of the Sun, beside Sarastro, who is seated upon his throne; and the Queen of Night sinks into the earth as evil vanishes before the sunny light of truth.

The "Magic Flute" attracted birds and animals, as did Orpheus's lyre in the olden day; besides its sweet mysterious music, the opera contains some delightful ballads, among them "The Bird-catcher's Song." Luther's famous hymn is also interwoven.

This opera was very popular in Vienna and it was not long before it was heard all over Europe, and there were many silly imitations, such as "The Magic Ring," "The Magic Arrow," "The Magic Mirror."

And while "The Magic Flute" was drawing crowded houses, Mozart lay dying — and perhaps his death was hastened by the following incident: One day during the last months of his life, a mysterious stranger, clad all in gray, appeared at the composer's door with a letter, which contained a request for a requiem. It must be finished at a certain time, when it would be called for and the money would be paid; but the composer was never to know for whom he wrote it, and Mozart never did know. But ill and nervous as he was,

he believed it a messenger from the other world telling him to prepare it for his own funeral.

The requiem was later found to have been ordered by a Count Von Walsegg, a musical amateur, who was mourning for his wife, and he wished to obtain it, re-write the score, and publish it as an original work.

Mozart became perfectly absorbed in the requiem, and as he wrote he grew more and more exhausted, for his life was waning away.

The day before his death his friends, at his request, sang at his bedside part of the score and Mozart joined them. His voice failed him at the "Lacrymosa," and then he made a gesture to indicate an effect which he wished introduced into the closing part of his "Swan Song." When he died the unfinished "Requiem" was lying upon his bed, and just then, too, the world was ringing with the fame of his "Magic Flute."

On the day of the burial the body received a benediction in St. Stephen's, and then was borne through a raging storm to the distant cemetery of St. Marx, and there Vienna gave to her immortal composer only a pauper's grave. But his "Requiem" has been many times sung at the funerals of other great men, and on the hundredth anniversary of his own death, it formed part of a magnificent Liturgical Memorial Service.

It is true that he had no grave to deck with flowers, but statues and other monuments to his honor are found all the world over. One of the most interesting relics is a little manuscript music-book, one of the treasures of the Mozart Museum in Salzburg. It contains minuets and trios by different composers, which the child used to play, and after one minuet the father adds, "The preceding music was learned by my little Wolfgang in his fourth year," and in the same book is another which he wrote when he was six.

Graceful, handsome Mozart, his own personality is so engrossing that we have no space to dwell upon his family and friendships; his short life was but a series of gay and pathetic pictures, and it is well that it is not measured by these, but instead by his achievements, as one of the most brilliant of composers.

His three world-famed operas, his symphonies, and his other music of which we have already spoken, reveal him always the master,

in inspiration, sportive melody, beauty of form, and wealth of imagination. In versatility, he has been likened to Shakespeare; and it has been said of Raphael's Madonnas that if they could sing, they would attune their songs to the melody of Mozart's music.

Corot, in his fresh and shimmering colors, has been called "The Mozart of Landscape." May we not call Mozart, with his airy, lyrical music, "The Corot among Musicians?"

No words can fitly describe the charm of his music. Get familiar with it; only so can you understand the master and the beautiful heritage that he has given the world.

• • • • • •

"Where music dwells, lingering and wandering on, as loath to die, like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof that they were born for immortality."

— *Wordsworth.*

"But many days have passed since last my heart
Was warmed luxuriously by divine Mozart;
By Arne delighted, or by Handel maddened;
Or by the Songs of Erin pierced and saddened!"

— *Keats.*

CHAPTER 37
Ludwig Von Beethoven
1770-1827

Ludwig von Beethoven stands as a central figure among the group of composers who form the "Golden Age" of German music.

A glance at his picture shows a massive head, crowned by a tangle of dark hair, a noble forehead, deeply-set piercing eyes, and a firm mouth. The strongly-marked features make a face which, in its passion and intensity, may never be forgotten. It might easily have belonged to a seer of the olden day.

His story begins in a familiar way, for it is that of a struggling lad, doing his best, amid an unkindly environment.

In later years, as he looked back upon his earlier childhood, the one bright figure that he recalled was that of a dignified old gentleman in a red coat. This was the Dutch grandfather, who as a young man had led a military band in Antwerp, and played on the organ in old St. Jacques. But later he had come to Germany and settled in Bonn, and at the time Ludwig was born, in 1770, he had a fine position in the Electoral Chapel there. Here Ludwig' s father had been a tenor singer, but being a good-for-nothing fellow, he had lost his fine place and really did nothing for the support of his family. But the grandfather helped in every way and Ludwig was his pet and namesake. It was a sorry day when he died, and our little composer not yet four years old. The gentle, patient mother did all in her power to help, but the family grew poorer and poorer, and there were many anxious and hungry times in the dreary home at Bonn. The father in his sober moments was naturally perplexed, but one day he had a bright idea.

He had followed with great interest the glowing accounts of Mozart and his little Wolfgang, and he felt quite sure, from what he saw, that his own Ludwig also had genius. Why not turn him into a prodigy for the support of the family — and though the boy was but

five years old, the imperious father at once began to give him lessons upon the harpsichord. He was obliged to practise many weary hours day and night, for his father was always robbing him of both play-time and sleeping-time, and Ludwig absolutely hated the very thought of music. After a while, however, a good teacher was called in to assist the father, and with two task-masters over him, the little fellow improved so rapidly that he finally began to enjoy his work.

His first real musical longing was for the organ, and he was allowed to study under Neefe, the Court Organist. There was a Franciscan monk in a neighboring monastery, who also became interested in him and helped him over many difficulties; and then, in order to follow in the steps of the youthful Mozart, his mother took him, when he was between ten and eleven years old, on a tour to Holland. Here he gave private concerts in the different towns; but there was little money in the trip, and the awkward boy did not enjoy himself, and on his return he vowed that he never again would go to Holland.

He was, however, growing more and more fascinated with his study and often took Neefe's place at the organ, and at twelve had composed some sonatas. Besides he was sometimes allowed to play the harpsichord at the opera. Now, too, he went regularly to school like other boys, and made good progress in German, French, Latin, and Italian.

The court of the Elector of Cologne, established at Bonn, was a very brilliant one, and here a little later we find young Master Beethoven with his superb voice and rare skill; and as this is the only time in his life when he ever thought of dress, we must add that he was arrayed in a sea-green coat and white, flowered waistcoat; and his sword hung by his side.

While studying, composing, and playing year after year at Bonn, a great longing was growing to meet the celebrated Master Mozart, and, in 1787, some kind friends arranged for him a trip to Vienna. Handsome young Mozart received the bashful lad with his usual courtesy. After allowing him to play scores from the great composers, he begged him to improvise, and Beethoven's fingers glided swiftly over the keys and the room was filled with sweet music. Mozart was first astonished and then absorbed. We do not know what he said to Ludwig, but he whispered to his friends — "Keep your eyes on this

youth, he will some day make a noise in the world."

While he was in Vienna, word came that his mother was alarmingly ill; he tried to hasten home, but the journey was very, very long and very anxious, too. And his mother died, the one being in the world who understood her eccentric, passionate son. In his grief he exclaimed, "There was once someone to hear me when I said mother, but to whom can I address that name now!"

He had, however, much to think about, for his father's habits were growing worse and worse, and the whole support of the family fell upon him; but he was always very kind to his father, and furious if any one dared speak against him.

He now determined to remain in Bonn and give music-lessons, and he was fortunate in securing pupils from among the best families.

He was a strange, awkward fellow and usually wore a kind of proud, abstracted air — yet there must have been something taking about his personality, for people were always trying to win his friendship.

Among his special admirers in Bonn was the wealthy Count Waldstein, who was constantly doing something to help the proud youth, and who, just when he most needed it, presented him with a fine piano.

Then there was Madame von Breuning, who was really almost like a second mother to him. She was the one who seemed best to understand the silent boy, with his moments of inspiration. She introduced him to good literature, directing his readings in Shakespeare, Milton, and Goethe, and then she watched his mental progress with so much interest.

The years in Bonn passed, and later in life when the deafness and greater struggle came, Beethoven looked back to them as the happiest of his life. He remained here until after his father's death, in 1792. Then it seemed better to remove to Vienna, which was just now the great musical centre. Beethoven brought with him some excellent introductions, which assured him at once an entrance to the homes of the nobility.

He placed himself under Haydn's tuition, but he did not like his methods; perhaps he was too critical and Haydn too courtly, but somehow they did not agree and he took other masters. While he

always insisted that he had learned nothing from his teachings, as an older man he greatly enjoyed his works. But it was Mozart's music that he loved the best.

The piano was now supplanting the harpsichord as the instrument for the home circle, and it was the fashion to arrange for it songs, opera airs, and short character pieces; and Mozart and Beethoven were among the first famous pianists.

Beethoven's playing was soon recognized in Vienna, and he was very often the guest of honor at musical functions; there was such magnetism about him, that when he was in the room, the room knew it, and his private concerts were everywhere the delight of the listeners, for in them he would become perfectly enrapt in playing his wonderful improvisations.

Prince Lichnowski and his charming wife were at this time living in Vienna, and they were so devoted to music that they had a small orchestra attached to their palace. They were delighted with the wayward, eccentric fellow, begging him to become an Honored member of their court, and this was in a day when the standing of music was not high. Beethoven accepted on the one condition that he should not be obliged to observe court etiquette. Perhaps it would have been better for him had he not made this condition, for more courtly polish was one of the things which the great composer most needed.

He spent several years with his noble patrons, instructing the orchestra, and composing music for the quartet parties that assembled every Friday at the palace. Through Prince Lichnowski's influence, his fame grew more and more, until after Mozart's death he became the genius about whom musical Vienna seemed to centre.

Now that he must appear before the public, he decided to leave the Prince's court, and took lodgings for himself. The future seemed full of hope and brightness and he was really beginning to enjoy the charms of society. But very soon a shadow passed over his life—Beethoven became deaf.

The trouble was thought to have commenced in this way. He had always been most careless of his health, and one day, while writing in a garden-house, it began to rain; and he was absorbed and not conscious of the shower until his music-paper was so wet that he could not write, and he caught a cold that resulted in deafness. Doctor after

doctor was consulted, but no one could help; and in time the deafness increased so that the loudest orchestral notes or even the heaviest clap of thunder failed to rouse him.

Beethoven was a sensitive man, and at first he went apart, for he did not want people to know. Finally he confided his secret to his pupil Ries as they were taking a holiday together in the woods, and he could not hear the joyous notes of the song birds and the shepherd's pipe.

And now, in his loneliness, he devoted himself more and more to that music which filled his brain and could never let him rest. That soul music, so expressive of his own life, and which makes him as a composer more original than the other great masters.

He once said, "He who can enter into the spirit of my music will be beyond the reach of the world's misery," and certainly if anyone ever enjoyed the truest friendship with music, it was Beethoven.

Among his finest works are his opera "Fidelio"; his great oratorio, "The Mount of Olives," which is placed by the side of those of Haydn and Handel; his world-famed "Mass in D"; his overtures, "Egmont and Coriolanus"; his beautiful string-quartets and his charming songs.

Following the fashion of the day, Beethoven wrote an opera "Fidelio," and in the imperial gardens of Schonbrunn, there is pointed out a seat between two oak-trees, where he arranged the score. "Fidelio" is unique in having four overtures, of which Schubert says, "Each is more beautiful than the last."

The Spanish libretto describes a faithful wife, disguising herself to rescue her noble captive husband, from prison and from death.

The music is so full of beauty that "Fidelio" is one of the finest works of the lyrical stage. But the action is too deliberate, and the opera is really best enjoyed when it is heard in parts on the concert stage.

Poor Beethoven! he tried to conduct the rehearsals for the first performance, but he could not hear the mistakes, and in an agony of deafness laid down the baton.

If we would really know the master, we must study his sonatas and symphonies. Indeed, his sonatas are just miniature symphonies. In these we find him in every mood, and see with what perfect ease he changed from one to another.

Which among the sonatas shall we select? for all music-lovers have their favorite: the one in D minor, suggested by Shakespeare's "Tempest"; the joyous one in E flat major; the "Waldestein"; or the "Moonlight," which is fitly called "a tone poem of entrancing merit." There are two or three stories describing its origin, and we select the following: It happened that once on a moonlight night Beethoven and a friend were wandering through a dark, narrow street in Vienna, and they paused before a little dwelling where they heard some one playing one of the master's sonatas. Presently Beethoven said, "Let us go in." They entered the room, a pale young man was seated working at a pair of shoes, while a blind girl was leaning sorrowfully over an old-fashioned harpsichord. They both turned towards the door as the strangers entered. "Pardon me," said Beethoven, "but I heard the music. Shall I play for you?" and he at once seated himself at the harpsichord and began.

The young man laid aside his work, the girl leaned forward as if afraid to lose a note of the sad and lovely melody. After a time the single candle flickered and went out. The shutters were thrown open and as the moonlight flooded the room, the music became brighter, for now sprites and fairies were dancing in the mellow glow.

Again the notes became softer. The brother and sister were silent, spellbound with wonder — finally the master paused and the girl exclaimed eagerly, "You are Beethoven!"

Presently he pushed back his chair, said farewell, hurried home, worked till daylight, and the "Moonlight Sonata" was completed.

The symphony is a masterpiece in music and admits of a great variety of instrumentation. The form had been developed by Haydn and Mozart, but Beethoven's fancies soared higher than theirs; indeed, his symphonies are the very loftiest expression of his genius. He knew so well how, while sticking to his text, to vary it by all kinds of surprises and fanciful episodes. He also substituted the joyous scherzo for Haydn's stately minuet.

Of his symphonies there are, like the Muses, "An Immortal Nine" — we can speak of but two or three of them.

The Third was the "Eroica," and it was always his favorite. Beethoven was greatly interested in the stirring events of his day and, through his love for Plato, he had become an ardent Republican.

And he raved over Napoleon. His "Eroica" depicted the struggle for liberty, the death and the immortality of a great hero, and he dedicated it to his hero. It was just ready to go to the publishers when he learned that Napoleon had been proclaimed Emperor of the French. He was thunderstruck, his hero had fallen, he was now only like other men, ready to trample human rights under foot. He tore his title-page in pieces and dedicated his "Eroica" to Prince Lobkowitz, and he only wished now that he were a soldier that he might conquer the tyrant. But later, when he heard of the Emperor's death, he once more referred to the "Eroica," saying, "His funeral march is all ready."

The Fifth, or "C minor Symphony," which also represents struggle and victory, moved the old poet Goethe more than any other music.

And when Beethoven wrote the "Pastoral," how he must have recalled the sounds of Nature, which he formerly loved so well. The bird notes, the trickling of the brook, the noisy peasants gathering for a merry-making, the thunder storm that bursts upon the scene, and then the joyous song of the shepherds in the calm that follows.

The Ninth, or "Choral Symphony," forms the very climax of his sublime compositions, and it must ever remain one of the world's masterpieces. In it is mirrored his own life, his struggle, his happiness in forgetfulness, his aspirations, and his closing hymn to joy. This was first given in Vienna, in May, 1821. He had himself invited the court, and all Vienna was there besides. He conducted it himself, wearing on the occasion an old green illy-fitting coat. The audience silently listened to the wondrous music and when the last note died away there was a storm of applause, but Beethoven's back was turned and he did not hear it. One of the musicians touched him, and he looked around, and amid renewed applause and the waving of handkerchiefs, he quietly bowed.

We must also speak of the "Battle Symphony," which is not among "The Nine Immortals." It was written in honor of Wellington's victory at Vittoria. In it he introduced the English National Anthem — adding as he wrote it — "I must show the English what a blessing they have in 'God Save the King.'"

And would we know the influence of Beethoven? He once visited a friend who was mourning the death of her son, and as she advanced

to meet him, he said, "To-day we will talk in music," and he went to the piano. For a long time he played, then he rose silently and left the house. Thus he gave the suffering mother a sweeter sympathy than words.

Again, he was invited to try a new organ in a monastery. When he arrived, the chapel was empty and two peasants were sweeping it. He commenced to play very low, the tones gradually increasing in richness and beauty, and as they echoed through the aisles, groups of black-robed monks glided silently in and knelt in prayer, while the peasants stood with bowed heads and folded arms.

Think of all that the master wrote, think of its inspirations to those who have listened from his day to our own, and then think of Beethoven — deaf!

Among the most pathetic of his possessions which have been preserved is a piano-forte, with an ear-trumpet attachment, which he used just as long as he could hear a note of his own music.

Beethoven had a perfect passion for the country. "No one loves it as I do," he said, and he tried every year to spend six months wandering aimlessly among hills and dales and in the woods of the obscure villages in the neighborhood of Vienna. And, like Wordsworth, some of his most delightful inspirations came to him in his rambles.

He always carried his sketch-book and many of the haunts are yet pointed out where he would jot down his ideas, which later he embodied in a delicious musical description of all that he had thought and felt, and sometimes he would also introduce little bas-reliefs of people and incidents.

Once he was about to move into an apartment which some one had engaged for him at Baden, and he said to the landlord, "Where are the trees?" "There are none," replied the landlord. "Then I shall not take the apartment," replied Beethoven, "I like trees better than men."

Beethoven never married, but he was always craving woman's love, and in spite of his eccentricities, he had some tender friendships. After his deafness he became very dependent upon his friends, and they responded most cordially, making him dainty dishes, knitting his stockings, and mending his clothes. He sometimes said that they were

so devoted that he wondered they did not keep him under a glass case.

But unfortunately he too often cared for titled ladies, and he lived in an age when, as we have already seen, a composer might not aspire to a title.

The Countess Giuliette Guicciardi and Therese de Brunswick are two names especially associated with him. To the former he dedicated his "Moonlight Sonata," and his world-famed song "Adelaide." She married a count, but it has been said that she always loved Beethoven.

The proud and noble young Countess de Brunswick was the heroine of his "Fidelio," and among other works he dedicated to her his "Fifth Symphony." Once he sent her a bunch of immortelles, "From an immortal lover Ludwig to his immortal beloved." She kept them always in a casket, and after his death on every anniversary she placed upon his tomb a bunch of immortelles.

Goethe's Bettina, that mysterious sprite of genius, was passionately fond of music, and she fascinated Beethoven as she fascinated every one who came within her reach.

Beethoven had many offers to leave Vienna, but his pupil and friend, the Archduke Rudolph, settled upon him a small life-pension which seemed to make it best for him to remain there. And so, with the exception of his annual trips to the country and concert tours to Northern Germany, he rarely left home. If he had only been able he would have greatly enjoyed accepting an invitation which the London Philharmonic Society once or twice extended to him.

Beethoven's friendships were many and they always lasted through life. Perhaps among those that he most valued were Moscheles, the pianist, Czerney, the writer of the famous "Etudes," and the poet Goethe. It seems almost strange that the aristocratic author should admire any one who had such contempt for titles as Beethoven. The story is told that one day when they were walking together, the royal family passed. Goethe, the born courtier, uncovered; Beethoven kept his hat on.

The slightest kind of assumption was repugnant to him, and when he chose, his satire was tremendous. A good story is told of his brother Johann, who grew wealthy, and on the New Year sent to Ludwig a

card, inscribed "Johann von Beethoven, Land Proprietor." Beethoven returned the card and on the other side was written. "Ludwig von Beethoven, brain proprietor."

We shall not emphasize the numerous anecdotes that show his blunt speech, quick and suspicious temper, and absent-mindedness. Does not his deafness account for all? But let us rather keep the composer before us, who has in his greatness been compared to Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, and Michael Angelo.

He was large-hearted and generous, actuated by the loftiest motives, and one has beautifully said, "He never let go of what seemed to him the right." He was by profession a Roman Catholic and was always very reticent on religious subjects.

Like other great composers, he did not understand the care of money, and with all the honors that were lavished upon him, he sometimes had terrible struggles with poverty. Besides, on account of his deafness, his servants were very careless. Once he lost the "Kyrie" in the "Mass in D." After a long search the cook produced the sheets — she had used them to wrap her kitchen utensils.

In the year 1815, his brother died and left to Beethoven his son Karl. Beethoven wished to make a musician of the boy and offered him every advantage, but he was a worthless, ungrateful fellow, and his uncle was constantly annoyed with his escapades, for he both drank and gambled. Notwithstanding all this, Beethoven set apart for him a certain sum of money which later, when he was himself in need, he would not touch.

During the last years of his life his health gradually gave way, but he enjoyed many delightful hours with Haydn's compositions and Schubert's songs. His own spirit seemed singularly in touch with the latter.

In his increasing weakness he was seized with a dread of absolute want, and through Moscheles, he accepted an offer made by the London Philharmonic Society for some of his music — and it promptly sent him a hundred pounds.

In returning in an open chaise from a visit to his brother Johann, he caught a cold, which resulted in an illness from which he could not recover. Young Franz Schubert and his old friends, the von Breunings, were with him at the last, and it was in the year 1827 that

his spirit took flight in the midst of a terrific thunder-storm.

Eight composers bore his coffin to the church, and they were followed by thirty-two torch-bearers, and they by kings, princes, poets, painters, and composers, and all Vienna besides. Indeed, it is estimated that twenty-five thousand people accompanied the remains to his tomb in the Wahring Cemetery, Vienna. And here we find the simple stone with the one word "Beethoven" engraved upon it. And all the world over, where music is loved, there are noble monuments to the colossal genius — Beethoven.

Sailing down one of the most beautiful parts of the storied Rhine, as it winds between castled hills and clustering vineyards, one pauses at quaint, picturesque Bonn. There the inhabitants point out, with great pride, a low building facing a narrow street. Over the door is a tablet which reads — "In this house Ludwig von Beethoven was born December 17, 1770." Standing before the house we recall the pathos of his life, its struggles and its victory, and remember that through both he was ever singing a song to which others love to listen, but which he could not hear himself, his inward life was given to the world, in

> "The tide of music's golden sea,
> Setting towards eternity."

• • • • • •

> "What greater pleasure than the musician listening to his own beautiful creations, or the great painter at his work! Until a Raphael be struck with blindness in the full freshness of his powers, Beethoven is without a compeer in the history of all ages, either in misery or in bliss!"
>
> — *Wagner.*

> "Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter."
>
> — *Keats.*

"The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that he heard it once; we shall hear it by and by.

"Sorrows are hard to bear, and doubts are slow to clear,
Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe;
But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason and welcome; 'tis we musicians know."

— *Robert Browning.*

CHAPTER 38
Carl Maria Friedrich Von Weber
1786-1826

We now approach the life of a great composer, the last of an immortal seven — Bach, Handel, Haydn, Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber.

The father came of a noble, careless race; he was once rich and honorable, but after squandering not only his own money, but all that his first wife brought him, he became a restless, eccentric spendthrift.

As a widower with a large family of children, he was always wandering from place to place; he played exquisitely on the violin and he called himself the leader of a travelling operatic troupe, but they were really only "Weber's strolling players." All his children were born actors and rovers, they belonged to his band, trouping after him wherever he fiddled. They loved the life with its music, costuming, and theatrical display.

When the improvident father was fifty years old, he married a delicate young singer of sixteen, because he thought her voice would help. Carl Maria, her only child, was born at Eutin, in Holstein, in 1786. He was a weakly little fellow and throughout life he suffered so much from hip-disease that he was always lame.

Little Carl's first glimpses of the world were behind shifting scenes, with paint-pots, and costuming and stage lights; his playfellows were actors' children — and sometimes gypsies, and their games were theatrical. From observations made in his childhood, it was always very easy for him in later years to paint scenes and design costumes, and, indeed, he became a perfect stage manager.

Mozart's wife belonged to the same Weber family, so that the stories of the prodigy Mozart were always familiar; and old Weber determined that Carl should be his wonder child. So he was taught tor sing and to play on the piano, almost before he could talk; at six he was given the bow and fiddle, and when the little fellow practised,

his selfish father stood over him, baton in hand. The child did not at first amount to much, and one day an older brother said to him, "You may be anything you like, but you never can be a musician." But the father persisted, and as soon as Carl was old enough, he gave him masters, but they really could not help him much, for everything was so irregular.

But the fragile boy, with his great blue eyes and soft, expressive voice, had many beautiful fancies and lived in a little dream world of his own, even while he was dragged from one place to another by his unprincipled father. When he was twelve years old, a grief came to him, for then his gentle mother seemed just slowly to fade out of his life.

After a time, the father, tired of his roving ways, determined to settle with his family in Munich; here he pretended to be a retired officer, and insisted on being called Major von Weber. But he was always too restless to remain long in one place and he tried unsuccessfully several kinds of business, which led him to many different towns.

When Carl was seventeen, he was sent to Vienna to study, and here he had the pleasure of meeting both Haydn and Beethoven. Here he worked under the Abbe Vogler, who, by the way, is a unique character in literature. He was a scholarly man, and such a great traveller that he even visited Greenland; he was considered a good authority on many subjects; he had the most perfect faith in himself, and was a fine organist. Vogler was an excellent teacher, too, but it was difficult for Carl to settle down to regular work, and he unfortunately came in touch with a band of roysterers, who led him into all kinds of noisy excesses.

After leaving Vienna, he roved about from court to court with his father, who was always in debt, and always trying some new means of support. He hampered Carl's life very much, so that the next years are full of "ups and downs." Finally Carl obtained the position of private secretary to Prince Ludwig, the brother of the King of Würtemberg. This was a bad place for a young man, for the Prince was a dissipated fellow; and always, through his secretary, was trying to beg money from his brother the King. And besides, and what was far worse, old Weber misappropriated some of the Prince's money, but

Carl stood by his father and both were banished from Würtemberg.

They next settled in Mannheim, and now Carl, frightened at this last escapade, determined to take life more seriously, and his artistic career really commenced here. He had before this attempted operatic work, and now there appeared his first success, his one-act comedy, "Abu Hassan."

He presently went to Darmstadt to study again under the Abbe Vogler, and here among the students he met young Meyerbeer. The latter was already a leading pianist, though not yet seventeen years old. They formed a delightful friendship, and the Abbe was very happy at having brought them together, exclaiming, "How sorry I should have been to have left this world before I joined these two. There is within me a something which I have never been able to call forth, but these two will do it for me."

One day with his friend, the poet Kind, Carl was ransacking an old book-shop in search of a libretto, when they came across a collection of ghost stories, and there was among them one that delighted them. This was the ancient legend of the hunter Bartrusch, a woodland myth full of German folk-lore; they spent a whole night planning an opera, but it was long years after that before "Der Freischutz," or "The Hunter's Bride," took form.

In the following years, Weber spent much time giving concerts in different cities, for he was a magnificent performer upon the piano, and, although naturally of a melancholy nature on account of his disease, he was made very happy by the enthusiastic receptions that were given him, even by those who were the highest in the land.

There was one thing that perhaps more than any other made young Germans specially love Weber, and that was his inspiring song. For at this time patriotism had been intensely aroused. Paris had fallen, Napoleon had been exiled to Elba, and the call to arms had resounded throughout the land. Korner, with his lofty lyrical genius, which he displayed in his "Lyre and Sword," had first roused the people, and Weber read and re-read his poems and then set them to music, and they became the national songs of that period.

Weber did not settle anywhere permanently until after his father's death; he then accepted the invitation to become Music Director in Prague, and here he threw all his energy into bringing his

orchestra to a rare pitch of excellence. Here he enjoyed many pleasant friends, among them Spohr and Moscheles. He put opera after opera upon the stage, Beethoven's "Fidelio" for one; it was full of beauties and he was greatly disappointed that it was not received with more enthusiasm. But Spontini and his Italian works were all the rage here now, and Weber could not at once make the Germans love their native music. During these years he wrote some sonatas and his famous cantata, "Struggle and Victory." This was to celebrate the Battle of Waterloo; the Germans were delighted with it, and it was not long before it was known over the broad land. But he was discouraged about operatic rivalries, and finally, in 1816, resigned his position.

But this very year he was fortunate in being invited to Dresden to become for life the Chapel Master of the King of Saxony. The King, while he loved the Italian opera, felt that the time had come to encourage the German; and although Weber had a hard struggle, he in time overcame opposition, and before his death a national opera was really enjoyed.

Weber had long been in love with a young actress, Caroline Brandt, even from that day in years gone by when she had played the leading role in one of his earliest works. The performance over, she had been obliged to pull the frightened youth out on the stage and to insist that he should make his bow. Now he married her and she gave up her position, and after a short wedding tour the bride and groom established themselves in "the comfortable, sweet nest which he had prepared for his little birdie." After his marriage there came to Weber, as to so many others, the most brilliant period of his inspiration. To these years belong his "Invitation to the Waltz," arranged for his wife; his great "Mass in E flat"; and the "Jubilee Cantata," to celebrate the fiftieth year of the reign of the King of Saxony. He had now lost his roving instincts and enjoyed his composing and his happy home life, but his cruel disease would never let him rest.

And now we come to his principal operatic works. One of these is "Preciosa," the libretto of which is founded upon Cervantes' s tale, "The Gypsy of Madrid." Preciosa is a lovely and virtuous German maiden, who as a child has been stolen by the gypsies, and she charms everyone by her exquisite songs. Her noble Spanish lover, disguised

as a hunter, follows the camp in order to win her. In time she is restored to her own, and her hunter lover claims his bride.

Next in order he produced his masterpiece, "Der Freischütz." We remember how, years before, he had found the poetic and fantastic legend, which ever since had been floating in his brain. It was based on an ancient tradition of a demon who offered magic bullets to a poor huntsman in exchange for his soul. The libretto runs as follows: The young huntsman, Max, is in love with the delightful, serious German maiden, Agathe, but their wooing depends upon a master-shot, and Max has all the day been unlucky in shooting. His evil genius, Caspar, lures him on to seek an enchanted bullet at midnight in the wolf's glen. Max, under the influence of his charmer, repairs to the glen, where the bullets are to be moulded. Here in the blackness horrible forms flit about, and terrible noises are heard. Agathe, at home, waits for her bridesmaids. She is perturbed and sad, not knowing what has become of Max. All assemble to witness the master-shot. Max appears and fires, and Caspar falls dead. Max confesses his sin and Agathe prays for him, and he is now given a year of probation to prove himself worthy of his bride.

The play first appeared in Berlin, in 1821, on the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo. Weber's friends were very anxious about the machinery, especially that which was required for the terrible wolf's glen, but this did not trouble the master, for from a child he had known about just such things. The house was filled with an excited crowd, and when the composer entered the orchestra, the bursts of applause were deafening, and he had to lay down his baton three times before he was allowed to begin. At the end of the overture, the whole audience rose and he was obliged to repeat it; for Weber's overtures, unlike those of previous masters, contained an epitome of the whole opera and so are most interesting as programme overtures. And in the opera, in the noble "Horn Quartet," one heard every voice of the forest. The "Drinking Song," the "Hunters' Chorus," the sombre music from the wolf's glen, and the sensational climax — were all listened to with breathless attention. At its close, amid thunders of applause, flowers and verses were showered upon the author. Joyful news of his success was carried all over the country, and soon the airs of "Der Freischütz" were whistled everywhere, even among

the huntsmen of the Hartz Mountains, from whom he had drawn his inspiration.

"Der Freischütz," with its fiery, passionate music, placed Weber in the front rank of composers, for it was so German that it really touched the hearts of the Germans. We remember in Spontini's life what a blow it struck at his conventional operas. Beethoven admired it and said, "I should never have expected such a work from that manikin. Weber should write operas — only operas, one after another." And when Weber visited Beethoven, the latter exclaimed good-humoredly, "You're a clever fellow. God rest with you!"

"Euryanthe" appeared two years later, in Vienna. It is a favorite in Germany and Weber ranked it among his best music, but it was injured by a weak libretto, which was arranged by a sentimental old poetess.

"Der Freischutz" was so popular in England that Weber was invited by Charles Kemble to write music for an English opera to be performed in Covent Garden. He was advised by his doctors not to go there to conduct it on account of failing health, for he was now in the last stages of consumption; but the offer was a fine one financially and he wanted the money for his family, so he wrote "Oberon" and carried it to England. It was founded on Wieland's story, the old legend of a quarrel between the Elfin King and his Queen Titania, and their vow never to be reconciled until their devoted Puck would reveal to them two lovers, who, through every trial, were faithful to each other. In spite of awful tempests, shipwreck and slavery, Sir Huon and his lovely bride remained true and King Oberon regained his Queen.

The opera is full of fairies, elves dance in the moonlight, sea-nymphs sport among the waves, and Puck makes merry everywhere. The music is charming, though the composer was dying when he wrote it, and it goes without saying that it was delightfully received. Weber conducted twelve performances, but his health failed more and more and he had a perfect longing to return to Germany. Just as he was making ready he died, in 1826, in London at the house of his host, Sir George Smart, and Mozart's "Requiem" was performed at his funeral. Eighteen years later, especially through Wagner's influence, his remains were removed to Dresden.

In regard to his works, he could depict in his operas with equal felicity a gypsy merry-making, an incantation scene in the lonely Black Forest, or a tale of mediaeval chivalry. His melody was the offspring of German folk-song and it was perfected later by Wagner in his operas. Like Schubert, he wrote many beautiful songs and much music for the piano. He was always poetic and always picturesque, and Beethoven once said of his works, "Such music should be heard."

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"Where is the minstrel's fatherland? —
Where noble spirits beam in light;
Where love-wreaths bloom for beauty bright;
Where noble minds enraptured dream
Of every high and hallowed theme:
This was the minstrel's fatherland!

• • • •

"And what are the hopes of thy fatherland? —
She hopes, at length, for a glorious prize;
She hopes her people will arise;
She hopes in the great award of Heaven;
And she sees, at length, an avenger given:
And these are the hopes of my fatherland!"

— *Korner.*

CHAPTER 39
Franz Schubert
1797-1828

Each composer had his special gift, and of all the song-writers of Germany, and they are legion, Schubert is by many thought to be the master. But, perhaps, if there had been no such poets as Shakespeare, Goethe, Rückert, Heine, and Uhland, to furnish inspiring words, there might not have been a Schubert or a Schumann to turn them into songs.

Schubert's history is but that of a short life of thirty-one years, a life full of both struggle and inspiration, and with but little recognition from the musical world. He never played before kings, or received courtly presents, or the applause of admiring audiences, and his story is very colorless in comparison with others which we have read.

He was the son of a school-master, living in the suburbs of Vienna, and he was born in 1797. He entered his father's school at five, and when a little later his fondness for music was discovered, he was given a master. He made unaccountable progress, and it was finally discovered that with a little friend he was in the habit of visiting a piano factory, where, perched upon a high stool before a piano, he picked out exercises for himself. His fine voice early admitted him to the parish choir, and he was also allowed to study on the organ.

The father wished that Franz should become a member of the Emperor's choir, and so, when he was eleven years old, he was prepared to pass a test. On his appearance before the examiners, the other boys made merry over the little dark-skinned fellow with fiery eye, puffy face, and short, crisp, curling hair, and arrayed in a patched blouse. Franz heard them whispering together about him; but all merriment ceased when he began to sing, and very soon he appeared with the others in a court uniform trimmed with bands of gilt lace.

He was also given admission to the Stadtconvict School, where he had every opportunity of studying all the great masters, and he worked so hard that one of the teachers exclaimed enthusiastically, "He has already learned everything and the good God has been his teacher."

Even as a youth his brain was perfectly overflowing with music, but he could not afford enough paper to jot down all his ideas, and sometimes a rich friend would buy some for him.

Franz remained in the choir until he was sixteen, and then his voice lost its purity, and he returned home to assist his father in the school. For three years he taught the small boys, and as these years are among the busiest of his life, we are very sure that he was often composing, when he should have been keeping them in order. He produced chamber music, symphonies, operas, and over a hundred songs, and among the latter two of his most famous were "The Wanderer" and "The Erl-King." The latter was written in less than an hour — an hour it must have been of great inspiration.

It appears that one afternoon, escaping from school earlier than usual, he took up Goethe's poem and read and re-read it, and as he read, he seemed to see before him the terror of the forest, he heard the rustling of the wind and saw the father and child riding on into the night, fleeing before the spectre of fear; and as the weird, sweet, fantastic melody filled his soul, it was at once committed to paper. As soon as his score was finished he returned to the school and sang it before the pupils, and the master embraced the young composer with transports of joy. If Schubert had written nothing else, this would have made him famous, but it was years before it was sung.

Schubert had a wealthy friend, Franz von Shober, who was constantly begging him to give up the drudgery of teaching and to come and live with him. He finally yielded, and we next find him an inmate of his friend's family, composing all the morning, and enjoying delightful outings in the afternoon. Here he remained for two years. Then, in 1818, he took a position with Count Esterhazy, who belonged to the old family of musical enthusiasts. With them he passed a summer at the Count's estate in Hungary, and here he was fascinated with the weird and striking Hungarian melodies, and in listening to them, he gathered many suggestions for his own songs.

He taught the Count's daughters and promptly fell in love with the young Countess Catherine, who really worshipped his genius and flirted with him to her heart's content. One day she reproached him for not dedicating any music to her, and he replied with a soul full of love, "What's the use, you have already got it all!" But he could not dare to ask her hand, for it was the old story of a titled lady and a poor composer.

Schubert was never much at home with women. It seems strange that one who wrote such sweet songs should have in his life but few love passages. Indeed, he usually laughed at his sentimental friends, representing himself as a woman-hater.

He never danced, but often in his joyous moods would improvise for hours the most beautiful music for others. The waltz, which probably came from the Tyrolese, was just now taking the place of the old minuet; and Schubert was among the first to develop it, while the Strauses later took it up and perfected it.

He was always timid in society, but when his enthusiastic young admirers established what they called the "Schubertliade" and gathered about him to sing and play his compositions, he entirely lost his shyness. He has sometimes been accused of laziness. He certainly had no "push," and so never understood how best to make his works known; and most of his life was spent in a dreamy, aimless kind of way, trying to secure a permanent position. He could accompany his songs with exquisite touch on the piano, but he had no real skill as a virtuoso on any instrument.

There were seasons of depression and dull, gray days, and yet he had a sweet nature and did not complain; indeed, it seemed as if always the spontaneous song was ready for a singer.

Besides his boon companions he had many influential friends, and they were constantly prophesying his success. Among his musical admirers was Vogl, the celebrated singer, who made it a practice everywhere to sing his songs. After the "Erl-King" had been refused by two or three publishers, his friends had it brought out by subscription, and from this time his works became better known. But even when they began to be noticed he could sell them only for very little money.

It is curious how easily he could compose when people were

talking all about him. Two of his most charming works, "The Serenade" and "The Song from Cymbeline," were written when he was surrounded by his jolly friends, the latter, while they were making merry one evening in a cafe. One of them happened to let fall a small volume, Schubert picked it up, and opening it, read Shakespeare's lyric:

> "Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
> And Phoebus 'gins arise,
> His steeds to water at those springs
> On chaliced flowers that lies;
> And winking Mary-buds begin
> To ope their golden eyes;
> With everything that pretty bin,
> My lady sweet, arise!
> Arise, arise!"

And as he read, the words seemed to turn themselves into a song. He looked about for a bit of music-paper, saying, "I have such a lovely melody in my head for this poem, if I only had some paper." One of his friends handed him a bill of fare; some lines were hastily drawn across the back, and upon these Schubert at once wrote the score.

Many of his songs might be compared to little Dutch genre pictures, for in them the incidents of every-day life are so perfectly attuned to the music. "The Slumber Song" hushes the babe to sleep; the child plays his hurdy-gurdy; the fisher-boy sings in his boat on the lake; and while the maiden sits at her spinning-wheel, the whirring sound goes on.

His operas are full of delightful phrases, but they lack dramatic unity, and so they are forgotten to-day; for Schubert's power best lay in expressing the swift emotions represented in a song rather than in the sustained one required in longer works, yet he also wrote some of these, among them masses, sonatas, quartets, and symphonies. His famous "C major Symphony" belongs to the last year of his life. It was declared in his day "too long and too difficult"; but later, after Schumann listened to it, he spoke of it enthusiastically as "The heavenly long-drawn-out symphony, which ought never to end."

Schubert had three ideals. Early in life it was Haydn, then Mozart, and the last and greatest was Beethoven. He modelled his piano

compositions after the style of Beethoven's music; and as the master lay upon his death-bed, he enjoyed reading Schubert's scores — and he seemed to come in touch with his songs, for he said, "Franz has my soul." Schubert was one of the torch-bearers at Beethoven's funeral, and on the return from the grave drank with his friends to his memory, and then, as was the custom, they toasted the next one who should die, and Schubert drank to himself. Young as he was, his constitution was giving away and he knew that he had not long to live. He died in the very next year, 1828, and by his own request was laid near Beethoven in Wahring Cemetery — "The King of Song" by the "Master of Symphony" — and on his tomb is the inscription which, translated, reads:

"Music Buried here a Rich Possession and yet Fairer Hopes."

Thus ends a story of a short life, full of a charming inspiration that has ever since been gaining fuller and fuller recognition. Indeed, today many love Schubert's songs more than greater works of master composers.

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There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
Than tired eyelids upon tir'd eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down
From the blissful skies.

— *Tennyson.*

"Schubert wrote for silence; half his work
Lay like a frozen Rhine till Summer came,
That warmed the grass above him, even so!
His music lives now with a mighty youth."

— *George Eliot.*

CHAPTER 40
Robert Alexander Schumann
1810-1856

Robert Alexander Schumann was born in 1810, in the quaint Saxon town of Zwickau, where his father was a book-seller.

He was a strange, emotional little fellow and was always having curious dreams and vivid imaginings; and he was so sensitive that his parents had to be most careful in his training — they soon discovered that he was fond of music. The only musicians in Zwickau were the church organist and the town-trumpeter, and when Robert was six, he was allowed, to his great delight, to take lessons from the former.

And it was not long before he could make the piano talk. He would gather his young friends about him, promising to take their musical portraits, and then he would play all kinds of variations, and every likeness was recognized, to the great amusement of the boys. When he was ten he arranged a small orchestra; there were two violins, two flutes, a clarionet, and two horns, and he was conductor, and when he could not find music that he liked, he improvised. Besides, he was devoted to the piano.

He was a great reader, and the dreamy-eyed fellow would linger for hours among the books in his father's shop. He did not choose those authors that boys usually liked best, but instead, such as Byron and Heine, while Jean Paul Richter was his very idol. This was not exactly healthful reading for a boy, but all the same, he was allowed to enjoy it. Long years after, he had the pleasure of meeting Heine, and he also called upon the widow of Jean Paul, and she presented him with a picture of his idol.

When he was about fourteen, he began to write little essays, which he submitted to his mother, whom he called his "Gentle Reader." He was such an intellectual fellow that it was most natural that his parents wished him to become a lawyer, and he was sent to Leipsic to study. Here he met the famous pianist, Wieck, and with

other gifted young men, Schumann was often invited to his house to assist at concerts; and playing the piano was so much more delightful than studying dry law-books that we fancy that he devoted most of his time to the former.

Robert was sixteen when his father died, and now his mother was more than ever determined that her son should study law in earnest. He really wished, to please her, but he hated the very thought. But later he went to Heidelberg to join a young friend, Rosen, and to make one more effort to follow in the path his parents had designed for him. He had a delightful room here, with a window looking off on to the picturesque old castle; indeed, as he said, "a prince could not ask for a more lovely view." But we hear very little about the law, but much about a dumb spinet, which he always kept near him, using it constantly for practice, even when travelling in a chaise. Finally, he wrote such a passionate letter to his mother about his one desire that she was obliged to give her consent that he should pledge his life to music.

Now that she had yielded, all was easily arranged. He again went to Leipsic, this time to study under Wieck, and for one year he practised very diligently and all went well; then the third finger of his right hand gave out, and the whole hand became so useless that his hopes of being a pianist were defeated. This was a great disappointment to him. Now he could only become a composer, but Wieck's little daughter Clara tried to comfort the young musician, saying, "Never mind, you write the music and I will play it for you!"

Schumann soon came in touch with several gifted young friends, Bohemians like himself, and they formed themselves into a mystical community, which they called "The Davidsbündler," their idea being that, like David of old, they would do battle against the Philistines — the Philistines being any who did not agree with them on all sorts of subjects. "The New Musical Newspaper," which they established, was to develop a school of music, to be founded on Beethoven's and Schubert's romanticism. Schumann was the editor, and he always used his pen delightfully. These papers have been translated, and in reading them we get many amusing and picturesque glimpses of the curious ways and doings of "The Davidsbündler."

As the years went on, Schumann became more and more inter-

ested in the charming Clara Wieck, his "Chiara," as he called her. Her irascible father opposed their union, for he had great ambition for his gifted daughter, but that made not the slightest difference, and they were married in the year 1840. They lived together and worked together, and the love story of "Robert and Clara" is one of the most delightful which musical history records.

Madame Schumann was one of the most magnificent players on the piano-forte in Germany, and her special charm was always her wonderful interpretation of her husband's music.

The year after Schumann's marriage has always been called his "Year of Song," for in his new joy streams of the richest lyrical melody flowed constantly from his pen. Indeed, one hundred and fifty of his finest compositions date from this one year.

The home in Leipsic was the centre of many delightful associations. He never had to contend with poverty, and so always came into easy touch with the prominent men of his day, and would you know familiarly the incidents of Schumann's life, read his charming "Letters," for he was a most voluminous correspondent.

Mendelssohn helped Schumann to his popularity in Leipsic. He always expressed for him special gratitude and admiration, one day exclaiming, "Mendelssohn is now the best musician in the world!"

One of the brightest inspirations of his life was the discovery of Schubert's music, and he did all he could to make it known. We always trace Schubert's influence in Schumann's songs, though the latter are more dreamy and fairylike than Schubert's. They also have more of the feminine touch. His lovers say that he was the very first to reveal the innermost sentiment of a woman's heart. Indeed, in depicting such yearnings, as well as in his fondness for sprites and fairies and every weird imagining, Schumann is a genuine follower of the Romantic School.

His one opera is "Genoveva," but his "Faust" and "Manfred" are both very dramatic; and he was devoted to his "Paradise and the Peri," often called his "Profane Oratorio." Besides these he has written sonatas, oratorios, and string-quartets — the latter being greatly admired by all who enjoy chamber music.

Of his symphonies, that in B flat is usually considered the finest; it was composed shortly after his marriage, and so is naturally full of

joy. He said of it, "It was born in an ecstasy!" and the pen with which he wrote it was one which he found near the graves of Schubert and Beethoven.

The "Rhenish Symphony" embodied a description of an interesting ceremony which he had witnessed in the Cologne Cathedral. Schumann has also left many compositions for the piano-forte.

Now and again his music possesses an intensity and a weird charm that are not quite understood; did not the shadow over his own life sometimes creep into it? But his short, fascinating phrases, his rich, flowing melody, and his fantastic flights of the imagination, are today the delight of the musical world.

He had times of nervousness and melancholia, when it would seem that he must hide himself from the world — and how tenderly his gentle and brave wife ministered to his moods. She would arouse him to new interests by inviting Chopin and Brahms and others to visit them, and they would also make concert tours to different capitals, where they were usually received with great honor; specially at the court of St. Petersburg, where the Czar and Czarina were so enthusiastic over Madame Schumann's music, that they were royally entertained at the Winter Palace.

But in spite of all the diversions of friendship and travel, Schumann's health gave way more and more, until by a physician's advice they moved to Dresden, where for a time he was forbidden both music and friends; and silent and preoccupied himself, he leaned upon his gentle wife. But he grew stronger again, and later we find him presiding as Chapel Master in Dusseldorf, but alas! in about two years his nervous affection again returned. With other fancies, musical spirits were whispering in his ear, among them Schubert and Beethoven, and he would rise from his bed to write down the messages which they brought him. So he lived on for a time in a world of visions, his dear "Chiara" always near to comfort him, until finally, in 1856, he died in a private insane asylum in Bonn, and at his funeral, the maidens, who called him a second "Frauenlob," covered his tomb with innumerable garlands.

And what did Clara Schumann do? Left at thirty-seven with a family of little children, she devoted the rest of her long life to giving concerts, in order to familiarize the world with her husband's music

— and she interpreted it with such a beautiful wealth of expression, that people wondered why they had never listened before; and now wherever Schumann's songs are sung and his string-quartets are played, we must honor not only the composer, but "The Schumanns."

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"God sent his singers upon earth
With songs of gladness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men
And bring them back to heaven again."

— *Longfellow.*

CHAPTER 41
Jacob Ludwig Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy
1809-1847

Among the many great composers who belong to the Hebrew race, Felix Mendelssohn claims a most distinguished Jewish ancestry, his family having been for centuries renowned in both social and literary circles. His grandfather was a famous philosopher; his father a wealthy banker; and Felix himself won such fame as pianist and organist, conductor and composer, that his father very naturally exclaimed, "that he was the son of a gifted father, and the father of a gifted son."

In reading about Mendelssohn, we turn from the stories of our struggling composers to that of one who literally enjoyed all the goods that the gods could bestow. Indeed, his very name "Felix" is symbolical of his felicitous life. He was born in Hamburg, in 1809. Just at this time the family were renouncing their Jewish faith, and so he was baptized into the Lutheran Church, and educated as a Protestant. When a little later the French entered Hamburg, his parents escaped to Berlin, which they made their home.

In describing Felix's childhood, we must at once introduce all the children belonging to this happy family, as they did everything together. Their names in the order of their ages were — Fanny, Felix, Rebecca, and Paul. Their gifted mother gave them music lessons. These were at first only five minutes long, so they should not tire, and she always sat by the piano while they practised, and every fortnight each took part in an orchestral concert. In this Felix was the conductor, standing on a stool and beating time with his small baton.

And they were very busy little people — for they had tutors on a variety of subjects, and every morning, except Sunday, they had to rise at five to study. The rules which governed them were exact ones, but then, when the play-time came, how they did romp in the garden and clear hedges and climb trees!

Fanny, or his "Dear Fance," was three years older than Felix; the two were "the inseparables," and a quaint little couple they made; and it seemed as if all through life, Felix cared more for Fanny's opinion than that of any one else. Although she played herself, she was the greatest admirer of Felix's music. Sometimes he would go to the woods, and on his return sit right down at the piano and tell Fanny in music all that he had seen and heard. Once she exclaimed, "Oh, Felix, did a bird sing like that to-day!"

Felix was such a distinguished-looking boy, with his sweet face, lustrous brown eyes, and beautiful auburn hair, clustering in ringlets about his shoulders, that he seemed everywhere to attract attention; and, except for his music, he was a real boy, always ready to enter into any kind of sport. He had a passion for the water, he was devoted to athletic games, and he danced beautifully.

As for his music, when he was ten he could play some of the best works of the great composers, and he was given masters as soon as he was old enough to understand. Gruff old Zelter, who always taught with a pipe in his mouth, instructed him in theory, and it was not long before he saw through the mysteries of counterpoint. Zelter was so proud of Felix that he asked permission of his friend Goethe to bring his best pupil to exhibit to him — and what was Felix's joy when he was invited to accompany Zelter to Weimar. The poet, now seventy-three years old, received very graciously the tall, slender youth of thirteen. He placed before him selection after selection and bade him play, and all were rendered without a fault.

While here, Felix received a letter from his father in which he said: "Keep a strict watch over yourself. Be very particular in your behavior at meals. Speak clearly and to the point, take pains to use the correct word." And the mother added: "Would I were a tiny mouse to have an eye on my Felix far away." But they need have had no anxiety, for the old poet and the young composer soon became fast friends; indeed, they were just like boys together, and Felix visited him again and again. Once on his arrival, Goethe opened the piano, saying, "Come and wake for me the winged spirits that have been long slumbering. You are my David. If I am ever ill and sad, you must banish my bad dreams by your playing. But you may be sure that I shall never throw a spear at you as Saul did at David." The friendship

ended only with Goethe's death, in 1832.

Just after his first visit to the old poet, he was taken to Frankfort to attend the meeting of the "Cecilia Society," and he electrified the older musicians by his extemporizing, choosing his text from Bach's motets.

After the Mendelssohns had lived for a time in Berlin, they moved into a new home which was fitly called "the house of many gardens." There were quantities of flowers, great old chestnut-trees, and the most delightful rambles. The special attraction, however, was a kind of a summer dining-room, which was fitted up as a music-hall, and it became the fashion for artistic people in Berlin to go to the Mendelssohns, to listen to Felix and Fanny, and sometimes they also heard great composers. Here one met such celebrities as Humboldt, Hegel, Heine, and Bettina, too, for Bettina was everywhere.

Once when Moscheles, the famous virtuoso and composer, was giving a concert in Berlin, he noticed among his listeners a slight, handsome lad. As soon as the concert was over, the boy came forward, caught Moscheles by the hand and took him home, and after supper they had a concert in the music-room, the children being allowed to stay up; and everybody played, and this was the beginning of one of the most delightful friendships of Mendelssohn's life.

Felix was constantly composing music for these concerts, sometimes little one-act operas. Here his elfin overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream" was first performed, and it has never lost its freshness. Fanny and he, sitting on the velvety green sward, had been reading Shakespeare's play together, and as they read and talked, they imagined themselves listening to the elves and woodland sprites in fairyland; and it seemed easy to Felix among such beautiful surroundings, to weave his fancy into that delicious music, which belongs not only to young lovers, but to all others who delight in the music of the air.

After spending two years in the University of Berlin, Felix accompanied his father to Paris, in order to consult Cherubini as to whether he had talent enough to give his life to music, and the critical master flattered him so much that he was allowed to continue. Just at this time his opera, "The Wedding of Camancho," was brought out at the Royal Theatre in Berlin. Spontini greatly admired it, and pointing to

a church steeple he said to the young composer of sixteen — "Always aim high." The public enjoyed it, too, but the critics were very severe, and Felix was disgusted. He, however, consoled himself with reviving Bach's "Passion Music," for he had great enthusiasm for the old composer, and he brought out his masterpieces, which for nearly a hundred years had been forgotten. He trained a choir, and concert after concert was given, and he said to a friend that it seemed strange that "it was an actor and a Jew who gave back to the people the greatest of Christian anthems."

A little later Fanny was engaged to the painter Hensel, and Felix, in his loneliness, was glad that an opportunity was now given him to visit England, and he sailed away, in 1829. He was received in London in the house of Moscheles, and he then appeared before the Philharmonic Society; the baton was given him and he conducted two of his own works. The audience was electrified, everybody talked about his music; besides, his high-breeding, personal beauty, and charming manner gave him entree to the most exclusive circles. London seemed immense to him, and he called it — "The greatest and most complicated monster on the face of the earth."

After leaving England he visited Scotland, for he loved to read Scott's works, and he wanted to see the home of that "Wizard of the North." He enjoyed the cold, gray skies, the lonely mountains and lochs, the tall pines and the heather, and later he described the country in his melodious u Scotch Symphony," with its merry, fiery, and melancholy music, in which we detect the tones of the bag-pipe.

His deepest impression was received in his visit to Fingal Cave after a stormy voyage. He found the cavern very dark and filled with echoes, the sea moaning and sobbing as it swept through the vaulted arches between the pillars. When later Fanny asked him to describe it to her, he replied, "It cannot be told, only played," and he seated himself at the piano and she heard the sighing of the winds, and the waves dashing against the rocky walls; and this conception later became his "Hebrides," or "Fingal Cave" overture.

And then he went to Italy, and there was something magical under the soft Italian skies that responded to his passionate love of the beautiful. It seemed so easy to write here, and he painted in brilliant, musical colors Goethe's "Walpurgis Night," and also his

sportive "Italian Symphony," and some of those string-quartets which he called his "little whirlwinds." In his journey northward he spent some time in Switzerland and Paris, and then went again to London. One day he strolled into the Philharmonic rehearsal and someone spied him and called out, "There is Mendelssohn!" and there was such shouting and clapping. He loved always to be in England as much as England loved to have him there.

These were very full years in Mendelssohn's life; he was busy conducting concerts, festivals, and operas, and yet he always seemed to have time to enjoy delightful correspondence with his friends and to write new music.

In 1835, he conducted a Beethoven festival in Cologne. The "Eighth Symphony" was played with the utmost delicacy and finish. Mendelssohn was so delighted with his orchestra that he laid aside his baton and listened. He only wished that Beethoven might have been there to hear it. As a memento of the occasion he was given a collection of Handel's works, thirty-two great folios bound in thick green leather.

He was invited this same year to become the Conductor of the celebrated Gewandhaus Concerts in Leipsic, which position Bach had filled a hundred years before. Here he had a lovely home. Here he enjoyed Moscheles, Chopin, Schumann, and other composers, and they improvised delightful entertainments together.

About this time his father died and in his sadness he solaced himself, working with zeal over his oratorio "St. Paul," which, in his last letter, his father had begged him to finish. This was first produced at Dusseldorf, in 1836, with a large orchestra and a chorus of over two hundred voices. Mendelssohn, as conductor, was on a kind of pulpit decorated with a golden lyre, and when all was over, young girls showered him with garlands of flowers. "St. Paul" is full of charming recitatives. To this oratorio belongs the lovely air, "Be Thou faithful unto Death."

While in Frankfort, in the summer of 1836, he met the widow and two daughters of a French clergyman. He was charmed with one of the daughters, gentle Cecile, who was not yet nineteen years old, and he married her — and year by year his work grew in beauty and power.

In 1841, he was summoned by the King of Prussia to Berlin to conduct the musical department of the Academy of Art. His inaugural address to the court was taken from Sophocles's drama of "Antigone," and it was in harmony with his conception of Greek life. A little later he wrote his "Hymn of Praise," to celebrate the fourth Centenary of the invention of printing. This was performed at Leipsic and also at the Birmingham Festival, and this outpouring of thanks for the great discovery contains the familiar duet and chorus, "I waited for the Lord."

Mendelssohn's imagination soared highest in his oratorio, "Elijah." The subject was suggested to him one evening as he was reading his Bible. Suddenly he looked up and said to a friend — and a gleam transfigured his whole face — "Listen. I have found a superb theme for an oratorio," and he read that passage from First Kings beginning, "Behold, the Lord passed by."

Very soon he began to write, designing his great work for the Birmingham Festival. It was finished and performed there in 1846, and the noble house was crowded with thousands, who had come to listen to the oratorio of their favorite composer. He had trained his orchestra magnificently, and there were among the singers many fresh, beautiful voices, and the choruses were masterly. In depicting the grand character of Elijah, he seemed to reveal the Hebraic side of his own personality. The whole is full of that superb, descriptive music which Mendelssohn knew so well how to write.

After all was over, there were bursts of enthusiastic applause, and then, at a given signal, hundreds of ladies showered the composer and conductor with bouquets; and he, entering into the spirit of the fun, caught the blossoms and threw them to the members of his orchestra, and then the crowd rushed madly forward to grasp him by the hand.

Of the gems with which this oratorio abounds, we mention only four: the graceful song of the angels that appear to Elijah under the juniper-tree; the striking appeals of the Baal worshippers on Mount Carmel; the favorite air, "Oh, Rest in the Lord"; and the majestic, "Then shall your Light shine."

When this was performed in Exeter Hall, her Majesty Queen Victoria and Jenny Lind, "The Swedish Nightingale," were both present. They were the two that Mendelssohn wished most to please, and it is

needless to say that they were delighted.

He was invited by the Queen to call upon her, and when he came, only Her Majesty and Prince Albert were present, and out of courtesy to their guest, the conversation was in German. The Queen begged him to excuse the "pleasant disorder" of the drawing-room, and Mendelssohn assisted her to arrange it and to carry out some pet parrots. Then they played and sang together, her Majesty assuring him that she could do much better were she not afraid of him! They drank a cup of tea and she parted with him with "Aufweidersehn." In the story of her life, Queen Victoria refers to Mendelssohn as her "dear friend," and was he not a King in Art!

Mendelssohn had made many visits to England, but this proved to be his last. On his return he met his wife and children at Frankfort and he found that he was unusually tired. The many rehearsals, as well as the many honors, had worn upon him. He spent long days in the country resting, perhaps just lying quietly under an apple-tree. And then there came the sudden news of Fanny's death, and he was perfectly overcome, and he grieved and brooded so much that his gentle wife was very anxious and took him to Switzerland for a change of air. Just as soon as he grew better, he commenced to compose, and they returned to Leipsic, but he never recovered from the shock of Fanny's death. Finally, he had an apoplectic attack, of which he died in 1847, m his thirty-eighth year, just when it would appear that he was at the very height of his fame.

All Leipsic, indeed all the world, mourned the scholarly composer, and friends brought rare and beautiful flowers to lay upon his bier. Thousands joined the grand funeral procession that passed through Leipsic to the Church of the University, where impressive services were performed, "for it seemed as if a King was dead." His remains were later taken to Berlin for interment.

Mendelssohn was a very remarkable conductor for his age — and the duties of this position are not light. A conductor must study the score, correct and perhaps rearrange the parts, and take the entire responsibility for the proper interpretation of the work to be performed by his orchestra. Mendelssohn never lost his temper, but instead he always kept himself in such magical touch with his performers that they would do anything for him. It is told of him that

once or twice, even while the audience was waiting, it was discovered that a part of the score was missing, and he either improvised or dashed off from memory a part which fitted perfectly.

Critics are divided to-day in regard to the rank which he takes in the musical world. He was in close sympathy with Bach and Handel and revived some of the best of the older forms. While his own works are not, perhaps, so grand and original as those of some others, they are full of sentiment and melody and picturesqueness. His oratorios, "Paul" and "Elijah," stand next to those of Handel in popularity. We seem to know him best in his "Songs without Words," which are varied and beautiful, but perhaps not so spontaneous as those of Schubert. He did not write operas because he did not find librettos to please him.

In regard to his personality, he combined in an unusual degree strength and beauty of character. He once wrote a little verse which shows the spirit of his life:—

"Love the beautiful,
Seek out the true,
Wish for the good,
And the best do,"

and his favorite motto was — "Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well."

It has been said, "It is great to be a great musician, and many musicians are nothing else, but it is better to be a man than a musician," and Mendelssohn was both!

We close with one little illustration showing the influence of Nature in his music. One day when he had some visitors, he entertained them for a time, showing them statues and pictures, and then he said, "Now, we will go to an open-air concert," and they went to a lonely corner of the garden, where a nightingale was pouring out its soul. "He sings here every evening," Mendelssohn said, "and I often come to listen, and I sit here if I want to compose."

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"Art is the beautiful way of doing things."

"Rest is not quitting

This busy career,
Rest is the fitting
Of self for one's sphere.

"'Tis the brook's motion,
Clear without strife
Fleeing to ocean,
After its life.

"'Tis loving and serving,
The highest and best,
'Tis onward, unswerving,
And this is true rest."

— *Goethe.*

CHAPTER 42
Giacomo Meyerbeer, 1791-1864
Johannes Brahms, 1833-1897
Franz Liszt, 1811-1886

There are seven or eight lives among the German composers that stand out so prominently, that others, over which one would love to linger, must either be omitted or appear only as vignettes, else all would seem out of proportion in a book which touches on the music of different countries and of many different centuries.

So we pass without even a mention many writers whose works are familiar. But we linger over three vignettes, and they are such contrasting pictures that it will always be easy to recall them.

For our first, we select Giacomo Meyerbeer, because he is so noted for his historical masterpieces. He was the son of a rich Jewish banker, in Berlin, and his name was Jacob Beer; but when an uncle left him a fortune, the "Beer" was converted into "Meyerbeer," and after his first musical success in Italy, plain "Jacob" became Giacomo.

He was a child prodigy, for at seven he played one of Mozart's concertos, but he would not bear discipline, and long years passed before he was willing to settle quietly down to study in Darmstadt under the Abbe Vogler. Here he met Weber and a life-long friendship was formed between the youths.

Here, too, he became patient and industrious, even sometimes so absorbed in his work, that he would disappear for days as a recluse. Indeed, this habit of at times absenting himself from his friends clung to him throughout life.

He went to Vienna, determining to establish himself there as a virtuoso on the piano; but after hearing Hummel play, he decided that he would better study more. In Vienna, he was charmed in listening to one of Rossini's operas, and presently he determined to visit Rossini's land of fluent song; and he went to Italy, where he came

so under the spell of the master that he composed opera after opera in his style. Years later, on his return to Germany, Weber remonstrated with him and begged him to devote himself to work in his native land. But Meyerbeer was a man of too strong personality to be easily moved, and he never seemed to get into touch with German music, and it was not until a later day that his influence was felt.

But if he did little for his native land, he really introduced romantic opera into France, when he produced in Paris his "Robert le Diable." The scene is laid in Sicily, where Duke Robert of Normandy has come to compete in a magnificent tournament for the hand of the Princess Isabella. The Duke is constantly tempted by his demon father, but in time the evil power fails and he weds the beautiful princess. No wonder that the Parisians were delighted when they listened to the original, flashing music; no wonder that they were enthusiastic over the song "Robert toi que J'Aime," or the duet with its charming harp accompaniment; or over that "Air of Grace," where the bugle-call sounds out so clearly.

Meyerbeer, in his later opera, "The Huguenots," selected a daring and sanguinary theme, a striking musical picture indeed of the religious persecution of the sixteenth century, and of its end in the massacre of "St. Bartholomew." Here the chivalrous young Raoul with his staunch Huguenot servant, Marcell, appears on one side, while opposed to them are the Catholic St. Bris and others, working under the influence of Catherine de Medicis. The queen Margarita of Navarre, who foresees the issue, would reconcile the parties by marrying the Huguenot Raoul to Valentine, her Catholic lady-of-honor. On the terrible night of the massacre, Valentine accepts the creed of her Huguenot lover, and they perish together. While in such a theme the music must needs be most dramatic, some of the love passages are as gentle and delightful as those in "Robert le Diable."

Of his other operas, we mention "L'Africaine," because it was the master's favorite. This embodies the love story of the navigator, Vasco de Gama, but it was Meyerbeer's last work, and he did not live to see it brought out.

In selecting such subjects, it was difficult for him always to sustain the power of the music which was necessary in producing his vivid effects. Many later-day composers have shown his influence in their

works.

In our second vignette appears Franz Liszt, "The Wonder Child of Hungary," that land of sweet, weird, fascinating gypsy melody, and the land to which "The Wonder Child" has given added renown.

Franz Liszt belonged to an old but very poor family, but fortunately he was born in the "comet year 1811" — and the comet brought him such good luck that he became very rich.

His father loved music and did all in his power to foster the gift which was possessed by his infant prodigy, but he was only a bookkeeper in Prince Esterhazy's family and so he could not do much. Delicate, dreamy, passionate little Franz was very like the gypsies with whom he sung and played and danced — indeed he always loved their wild, free life. He was constantly at the piano and from the first had little difficulty in execution. For when he could not make his tiny hand cover as many notes as he wished, he just reached down and touched one with his nose.

It is told that when he was five, being asked by his father what he would like to do, he replied that he would be a musician, and that Beethoven should become is ideal.

At eight he played before Count Esterhazy and some other nobles, and they were so pleased with him, that they arranged an annuity by which the father was enabled to take him to Vienna. And so the family left their home at Raiding, and when the townspeople came out to bid them farewell, the old Women predicted that some day Franz would return in a glass carriage.

And the Liszts journeyed to Vienna and settled there in order to educate the boy. Just now the celebrated teacher, Czerny, was at the height of his fame; and he was so charmed with Franz that he gave him lessons without pay, and the boy always held the master in grateful remembrance. Soon he surprised Vienna with his music; indeed, they could not say enough about the "Boy Virtuoso from the Clouds"; and really at twelve he was probably without a rival in the world.

Once he played before Beethoven and the presence of the great composer seemed to inspire him. Amid the applause at the end, Beethoven, who never admired prodigies, came forward, took the boy in his arms and kissed him. And Franz never forgot that kiss!

He later made concert tours with his father to the leading

European cities; among others they visited London, where the pompous King George Fourth was delighted with the "new young Mozart." Franz Wanted to enter the Conservatory in Paris, and was greatly disappointed when Cherubini would not allow him to do this because he was a foreigner.

When he was about sixteen there came a great sorrow, for his father who had been all in all to him, died. Now he must care for his mother, and very soon he took her to Paris to live. And it was not long before the Parisians were as delighted as the Viennese had formerly been with "Le Petit Prodige."

Beethoven's kiss was perhaps Liszt's first real inspiration; he found his second in Paris, when he heard Paganini play. We wish that we had space for the story of the violin and a glance into the romantic life of Paganini, that extraordinary virtuoso who suddenly appeared in its "Golden Age." When Liszt saw and heard him he exclaimed, "What a man, what a violin, what an artist! Heavens! what suffering, what misery, what tortures in these four strings!" Paganini, "The Hercules of the Violin," and Liszt, "The Great Singer on the Pianoforte," dazzled Europe at the same time — in all the cities where they tarried, they were idolized by the courts, and received by the people with the greatest enthusiasm; and Liszt, as we have said, gained inspiration in listening to the magician who held his audiences under a wondrous spell as he conjured up with equal ease a tempest or a bird song.

Liszt himself was a curious character, for in him many conflicting passions were always struggling for mastery. In the Revolutionary days of 1830, he would have liked to become a soldier, again he would be a socialist; and as for religion, it at times seemed the very ruling power of his life. In his delightful letters, we catch many glimpses of his temperament; here is one: "For a whole fortnight my mind and fingers have been working like two spirits; Homer, the Bible, Plato, Locke, Byron, Hugo, Lamertine, Chateaubriand, Beethoven, Bach, Hummel, Mozart, Weber, are all around me. I study them, meditate on them, devour them with fury; besides this I practise daily four to five hours."

Once when he was about twenty-seven, he had a perfect longing for his gypsy friends, so he set out for his old home, where they

welcomed him. He roved with them, sang, danced and played with them, sometimes by torch-light far into the night, and the visit greatly refreshed him. He has beautifully embodied his gypsy friendships in his "Hungarian Rhapsodies." Hungary was always delighted to honor her "Wonder Child," and conferred upon him the sabre, as the emblem of manhood, and also the freedom of the city of Pesth.

Perhaps the most active years of Liszt's life were those which he spent at Weimar as Conductor of the theatre there. He succeeded in making the literary town a rallying-place for composers, and so a centre of great musical interest. He admired the works of Goethe, Schiller, Wieland, and others, and always called them "The Weimarites." And all Weimar adored Liszt; indeed, throughout life he was the centre of a fascinated group both of men and women.

He was loyal in friendship, and Franz von Schobar was the friend nearest his heart. Among others were Victor Hugo, Heine, Meyerbeer, Berlioz, Schumann, and Chopin. He was always assisting others that were less fortunate than he in their musical careers. Liszt was the first to prophesy Wagner's genius, and then to foster it. Wagner once said, "My dear friend, Liszt, gave me faith in my work, when no one else knew anything about me."

Liszt enjoyed his concert tours over Europe, especially one which he made to Russia, in 1840; and here he was greeted with such favor that in one evening he took in ten thousand dollars.

He was often in Italy, for he loved its art and its Church. Pope Pius IX was so devoted to him that he called him "My dear son," and on one occasion he presented him with a beautiful cameo of the Madonna. Another time, after hearing him play, he begged him to prepare by his earthly harmonies for those that would reverberate everlastingly.

But it is of Liszt the virtuoso that we must speak more definitely, for in his playing lay his special charm. His delicate hands seemed to find no difficulty in executing the most intricate passages, so that the piano came easily under the spell of his softest notes, or of those passionate ones that could drown a whole orchestra. He centred his thought on the expression, and he had a wonderful power in interpreting the music of different composers. Wagner once said that when Liszt played his music, it was like listening to himself.

He was not often asked to perform, but if in the mood he was always ready and never flustered. He once said to a lady, "When you make a run you must wait a minute before you strike the chords, as if in admiration of your own thoughts," and it was his own habit to do this. As a composer he is not so well known. Among his larger works, we find his oratorio, "The Legend of St. Elizabeth," his "Mass," his "Faust" and "Dante Symphonies," and his symphonic poems.

In reading into the different periods of Liszt's life, his career seems full alike of romance and excitement; and we do not wonder at the surprise which was expressed by the world when he finally took Holy Orders and settled down in Rome as Abbe Liszt. In doing this he said, "I have now reached the third period of a life, which I wish to bring to a good ending."

Liszt and Wagner had passed many glorious days together, and after the death of the latter, Liszt came to Bayreuth in festival time to renew his tribute of loving admiration to the memory of one who was to him, "The only true musical genius of his age." And here, in the year 1886, death came to him suddenly, and he was buried in a chapel in Bayreuth Cemetery, not far from Wahnfried, where rest the remains of Richard Wagner, whom Liszt had helped to make immortal.

Liszt's life is full of interesting sayings and doings, and we will in closing recall three or four, which may bring us into closer touch with his personality.

Although usually surrounded by his aristocratic friends, he was at heart a republican, and he often said, "When I play I always play for the people in the gallery, so that they may get the worth of their money."

He was a great admirer of Jenny Lind, or Frau Lind Goldsmith, as he always called her; and he once said, "What is the use of orchestra, and singers and rehearsals and preparations, and pieces and programmes, when all wish only to hear the Lind."

A story is told of a rich American lady, who once said to Liszt, "Ah, Abbate, if you would come to America you could make a large fortune" — she entirely forgot how rich Liszt already was. "Madam," replied the great virtuoso, with a touch of the wit and courtesy for which he was noted, "If you stood in need of that large fortune,

believe me, I would go!"

And to illustrate the wonderful influence of his music-making hands, we recall an incident of a tour in Switzerland which Liszt once took with a party all dressed in peasant costumes. Liszt carried a reed pipe with which he from time to time awoke the mountain echoes. Finally a sudden rainstorm drove the wayfarers into a church and Liszt seated himself before the organ and began to play. The village priest ran out and called the neighbors to come quickly, as the angel Gabriel, in the guise of a mountaineer, was playing the organ. And the villagers knelt, and their eyes filled with tears as they listened to the marvellous music. Such harmonies had never before been heard in the little Swiss town.

We now lay aside the vignette of romantic, passionate Liszt, to gaze for a moment at that of scholarly Brahms, a composer whose life is not so brilliant as that of the Hungarian "Wonder Child," but it fills a larger place in the world of classic music.

Johannes Brahms was born in Hamburg, in 1833; he was carefully educated and at fourteen made his debut as a pianist. He succeeded in obtaining an introduction to Schumann, and the latter recognized in him one of the charmed youths over whom both graces and heroes keep guard. Schumann's opinion of his talent inspired the youth, and he always held the song-writer in grateful honor.

Young Brahms was such an intellectual fellow that he soon lost his desire to become a virtuoso, determining instead to devote his life to composition. He Was exact in all that he wrote, being especially careful about its artistic form, so that his works are sometimes considered cold and classical, rather than filled with the romantic coloring that belongs to so much of the music of to-day.

Like other composers he finally made his home in Vienna, where he never liked to accept public engagements, but instead he worked very quietly there year after year. He gave himself to every kind of composition except opera. His "Requiem," which set forth the brevity of life and the hope of immortality, first established his reputation, and this was followed by chamber music, cantatas, choral works, symphonies, and by many songs, for he loved the old folk-music; besides these, his Hungarian dances are most spirited. His symphonies are charming and more than anything else reveal his artistic greatness.

In all his compositions the influences of both Bach and Beethoven are strongly marked.

A characteristic story is often told which illustrates his modesty. The musical friends of Frau Straus, the wife of the composer, were all invited to write an original line on her fan, beneath which they were to place their autographs. When Brahms's turn came, he wrote the opening phrase of the "Blue Danube Waltz," and underneath the words, "Not, I regret to say, by your devoted friend, Johannes Brahms."

Both old and young loved Brahms, and he had a marked influence on the composers of his own and a later day. Indeed, he is more and more admired as his music is becoming better understood. He died in Vienna and was buried in Wahring Cemetery, not far from the graves of Beethoven and Schubert.

Dramatic Meyerbeer, wonder-working Liszt, and classical Brahms have all done their part toward perfecting the beautiful music to which we may listen to-day.

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"The greatest genius is the most indebted man."
— *Emerson.*

"'Tis God gives skill,
But not without men's hands, he could not make
Antonio Stradivari violins without Antonio."
— *George Eliot.*

CHAPTER 43
Wilhelm Richard Wagner
1813-1883

Wilhelm Richard Wagner was the youngest of a large family of children, and he was born in Leipsic, in the year 1813.

During the great battle which was fought here by the allies against Napoleon, his father, who was a government official, caught the fever which was raging in the city and died. The widow was a thrifty woman, and she was given a pension by the government; but even so, she found it difficult to feed and clothe her children, and her oldest boy was not yet fourteen.

She had as a lodger a court actor, writer and painter, named Geyer, and he was interested in the family, and after helping them in many other ways, he finally married Frau Wagner, and proved a real father to her little flock; through his influence, several of the older ones became actors, so that from his earliest years, Richard heard much theatrical talk.

Geyer was devoted to this small boy, but he could make nothing out of him, for Richard would neither study, nor paint, nor play on the piano, that is, unless he could begin with a life-sized portrait, or some grand operatic composition. His special delight was in the long wood rambles which he often took with his step-father, of whom he was so fond that until he was twenty-one he insisted on calling himself "Richard Geyer." With all his heart Richard loved to compile ghost stories, and aided by his step-sister, Cecilia, he would night after night conjure up all sorts of supernatural creatures and make them both act and talk.

During Geyer's last illness, he one day heard Richard actually trying to play on the piano, and he turned to his wife and exclaimed with pleasure, "Can it be that he has talent!" After his death, the mother aroused the boy a little by repeating this to him, adding sorrowfully, "He wished to make something of you." But Richard was

never to become a musician, for he did not learn to play well on any instrument.

He was first put into school at Dresden, where he remained for five years, and when the family removed to Leipsic, he entered the University there. His favorite studies were Shakespeare, History, Mythology, and Greek. At thirteen, he had translated twelve books of the "Odyssey," and it was at about this time, too, that he wrote a remarkable drama. During the plot the forty-two actors all died but one, and they had to reappear as ghosts in order to have personages left for the closing act. This tragedy led him to look a little into the study of harmony, and it greatly interested him. His first musical attraction was for Weber, whom he believed to be the greatest composer upon earth, and his "Der Freischütz," the greatest opera. Next he heard Beethoven's symphonies, and Beethoven became his idol, and he neglected everything else to study his scores, and he hummed and whistled his airs day and night. Probably there was never a young man of eighteen more familiar with the works of the great master than was Richard Wagner.

He did not enjoy student life and in course of time his thoughts turned towards music, and presently he began to study diligently. The Leipsic Gewandhaus Concerts assisted him much, his special attention being always given to orchestral works and how to manage an orchestra. His first regular composition was a grand overture, and it was performed at the theatre amid shouts of laughter, for every four bars all the way through, the drum gave a loud beat.

Finally, in order to support himself he wandered away to different towns; sometimes he led choruses, sometimes he wrote operas that were not popular, and somewhere he met a pretty little actress, named Wilhelmina Planer. They became acquainted across the footlights, and one moonlight night they ran away and were married. She proved a commonplace wife, and yet, when one sympathized with him, he said, "Never mind, Minna lives her life the best she can, she expresses the thoughts that come to her, and what more could you or I do?"

Wagner and his wife both received positions in the theatre at Riga, and here he commenced his first important work, "Rienzi." He had been very much interested in reading Lytton's story — how

Rienzi, the scholar and dreamer, had tried in the fourteenth century to rouse the people to free Rome from the tyrannous usurpation of her great nobles, headed by the rival Calonna and Orsini factions.

He finished a part of the score at Riga, and then, believing that his opera would be worth producing, he determined to carry it to Paris, and try to have it brought out there; so, with his wife, and a great Newfoundland dog, he started from Riga to London by water.

It seemed as if the North Sea let loose its fury, for they encountered terrible storms, and were three times nearly shipwrecked. During the voyage, the sailors entertained Wagner with the popular legend of "The Flying Dutchman," who vowed that whatever happened he would round the Cape of Good Hope. They described to Wagner how for his blasphemy the evil spirit of the ocean wove a spell about the Dutchman, by which he was condemned to forever wander, until he found a woman faithful unto death. In order to seek her he was allowed to land once in every seven years. After various failures, he met a poor Norwegian skipper, who, for gold, would sell his daughter Senta — she gave to the Dutchman her undying love, and her fidelity broke the fatal spell, and as the ship sank, the two ascended together to eternal bliss. The deck was a realistic place to hear this story, and to listen to the sea music that should go with it, and both legend and music made a deep impression upon Wagner.

After a boisterous voyage which lasted for over three weeks, they finally reached London, and embarked again for Boulogne. Here they met Meyerbeer, to whom Wagner showed "Rienzi," and he was so much interested in it, that he gave Wagner some introductions, which he thought would help him in Paris; but on reaching the great city what was his disappointment to find no one willing to accept his opera. And indeed during the three years that he remained here, the French musical leaders did little for him.

He settled down in a cottage in the suburbs, hired a piano, and in seven weeks his "Flying Dutchman" had taken form. He introduced into it some of the songs that he had heard the sailors sing. He also composed other music, wrote for "The Gazette," and did everything in his power to support himself, but he received scant pay for anything that he did. Greatly discouraged, he was preparing to leave Paris, when word was brought him that "Rienzi" had been accepted in

Dresden, and he hurried back to assist in bringing it out, and he was glad indeed when he reached his fatherland. "Rienzi" was produced with great magnificence, and it was most enthusiastically received, and so, after all the hard years, Wagner was permitted for a little to enjoy the delights of success.

He obtained the appointment of Opera Conductor in Dresden, and there he brought out opera after opera of other composers, and also some of his own. Among the latter was his "Flying Dutchman." This was not received so well as "Rienzi" had been, for it showed too much originality to be at once appreciated.

"Tannhauser" was Wagner's next production; the story centres about a tournament of song which was held in Wartburg Castle, in the old minnesinger days. The prize was to be the hand of St. Elizabeth; Tannhauser wins it, immediately disappears, and later goes on a pilgrimage. "The March," "The Pilgrims' Chorus," "Elizabeth's Prayer," which charm all listeners to-day, must even then have prophesied the future greatness of the composer; but music like that of "The Flying Dutchman" was not understood, and those who took part called it "unsingable." Its failure was a great blow to Wagner.

When "Lohengrin" appeared — the story of that graceful, mystical, swan knight who rescued Elsa of Brabrant from her cruel guardian — there was no place on the stage for it, while to-day it is perhaps Wagner's most popular opera.

During these years, Spontini made his appearance in Dresden, bringing "La Vestale." The two composers became fast friends, but Spontini strongly advised Wagner to give up dramatic composition. His advice just then seemed excellent, but it is fortunate for the music-lovers of to-day that Wagner did not accept it.

We hear little of Wagner during the next years, for he was a Revolutionist in politics as well as in religion, and in the disturbances of 1847-1848, his free speech made him liable to arrest, and he had to flee the country. He remained away for many years, spending much of his time in Switzerland, and this is always called "The Literary Period of his Life."

He studied much, wrote treatises on many subjects, composed some music, and among other things formed his colossal work, "The Ring of the Nibelungs." The Germans are as proud of their great epic,

"The Nibelungenlied," as the Greeks are of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey"; and well they may be, for it is filled with the brave deeds of legendary German heroes, among them knightly Siegfried and Amazonian Brunnhilde.

Wagner called his "Ring of the Nibelungs" a "Trilogy" — the first part, "The Rhinegold," being for a "Fore Evening." The three divisions are "The Valkyries," "Siegfried," and "The Twilight of the Gods."

We shall only touch upon the plot, for it has been so many times and so ably described both for older and younger. It all turns upon the possession of a magic ring, which, as a symbol of earthly power, is sought by many, but which brings a curse upon all who possess it. The golden treasure from which the ring is forged, is first in possession of the Rhine Maidens, then it is stolen by a wicked dwarf. After passing through various hands, Knightly Siegfried, by slaying a dragon, gets possession of the ring. One of his adventures is to leap through a wall of flame and rescue Brunnhilde from a rocky prison; he presents the ring to her and she breaks its evil spell by returning it to the Rhine Maidens. The "Trilogy" embodies in it a great variety of myth and legend, and every shade of emotion is expressed in its music, while its wonderful setting in tableau and panorama gives it an added scenic charm.

Wagner called this drama his "Music of the Future," and he gave to its completion twenty years of his life. He did not write continuously, however, for there was very little in these days to encourage his effort, very small hope of his ever being able to place the "Trilogy" before the world.

While working upon it, he became impressed with the old Cornish legend of "Tristan and Isolde," and upon this he founded his beautiful drama. Indeed, the love of the Cornish hero for the Irish maiden is embodied in one of the noblest songs that has ever been sung.

While in Switzerland, Liszt had begun to show himself Wagner's friend; he had helped in his escape, and sometimes he came to visit him here; and they took long mountain rambles together, from which Wagner returned with fresh inspirations. Long years after at a banquet in Munich, in honor of Wagner, Liszt said, "I ask no remem-

brance for myself or my work beyond this." Franz Liszt was the loved and loving friend of Wagner, and played his scores with tear-filled eyes; and knew the Heaven-born quality of the man, when all the world seemed in doubt.

In 1850, Liszt brought out "Lohengrin," in Weimar, and he was distressed that it was not received with the enthusiasm which he felt that it deserved. It was long years before Wagner heard it himself, and once he sorrowfully exclaimed, "Nearly every German has heard 'Lohengrin,' and I have not." It seems sad in recalling the great composer, to think of the years of exile before his genius was recognized. He was, however, cordially received in England, and, in 1855, conducted the Philharmonic Concerts there, but the best part of his life had passed before his own countrymen really loved to listen.

In time, however, "Lohengrin" began to gain in favor, and among its greatest admirers was the young King Ludwig of Bavaria; indeed, he often dressed himself as a swan knight and sailed around for hours in a swan boat. Finally, hearing of Wagner's discouragement, he suddenly determined to become his patron and summoned the composer to his court at Munich. Wagner could not at first be found, but we may be assured of his joy when the message was brought to him, for now he would obtain a hearing. The King was delighted to receive him, and he was given a home and a small yearly pension, and, in 1865, "Tristan and Isolde" was performed at the Court Theatre. But rivalries interfered with his work in Munich, and after a time he decided to go to Lucerne to live, and work there for his patron.

Here he wrote "The Mastersingers," a humorous and delightful picture of those old days when prizes In love were won by singing a mastersong. In this the noble knight, Walter, has come to Nuremburg, to wed the gentle Eva, but alas!

"The Birds beloved of Vogelweid"

had given him tunes for singing, and how could he succeed in a contest which was to be decided by studied rule — but the delightful "Cobbler-Bard," Hans Sachs, is on his side, and in the end he wins his bride by his spontaneous song. "The Master-singers" was performed in Munich, in 1868, and now even the Germans were becoming enthusiastic.

Wagner's wife had died years before, and in 1870 he married Frau Cosima von Bülow, the daughter of Liszt, and the widow of the composer. And then having completed his "Ring," he determined that it should be performed amid ideal surroundings. So he appealed to the world to assist him in building a theatre, and the town of Bayreuth was selected for its site. Here, in 1872, the foundation stone was laid with appropriate ceremonies, in which Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony" was performed.

The theatre was built with seats tier above tier. It had a single row of boxes, and a gallery above them, and it was so arranged that every one had an uninterrupted view, and the orchestra was concealed. When it was completed, in 1876, pilgrims came from all parts of the world to Bayreuth, to listen to the first performance of "The Ring" — even the Emperor of Germany was present.

Wagner had himself arranged all the details of the rehearsals, costumes, and wonderful tableaux, and as a leader, his orchestra obeyed his slightest look and gesture, and as for his music, we shall presently speak of that.

This festival was Wagner's first great triumph; he was crowned with honors, and from that time to this his fame has constantly increased.

His last drama, "Parsival," was completed in 1882. This was his rhapsody of religion; its subject being the Holy Grail. It is perhaps the least understood of all his works.

Wagner built for himself at Bayreuth a beautiful home and called it "Wahnfried," and this is the inscription which it bears: "Here, where my imagination found peace, the house shall be called by me, the peace of imagination." We wish that we might linger amid the homelife of the family at Wahnfried over which Frau Wagner has presided so charmingly, and in which the musical atmosphere has always been so delightful. The eldest son, Siegfried, was named from Wagner's favorite hero, and since his father's death he has tried to carry on his work in Bayreuth.

In 1882, on account of failing health, Wagner was obliged to go to Italy to live. The family made their home in Venice, and there the composer was adored by both rich and poor; and there he died suddenly, in 1883, and no death since that of Garibaldi has made such

an impression in the country. The body was borne back with great pomp to Bayreuth, and interred there in a vault at Wahnfried, to the majestic notes of "Siegfried's Funeral March." A simple stone marks the spot, and near it is another stone to his favorite dog, bearing this inscription: "Here lies in peace Wahnfried's faithful watcher and friend, the good and beautiful Mark."

Wagner's colossal genius still hovers over Bayreuth, where stands the temple of his "Music of the Future"; and at every festival time music-lovers gather from all countries of the world, and Bayreuth adorns itself, and welcomes its guests — indeed the whole town is given up to a kind of Wagner idolatry.

His was a brave spirit, else so much of his life could not have been spent in trying to make the world believe in him. There is an Italian proverb of which he was very fond, and it is this, "Where light is, there is joy." Perhaps he was always trying to live up to it.

He called himself first a poet, and then a musician. He has written several literary works, and he is the greatest musical genius that has appeared in Germany since Beethoven. He believed in treating intellectual rather than trivial themes upon the stage.

As for his music, we might as well attempt to describe its beauties in our little space as to describe his villa Wahnfried by examining a tiny bit of its sculptured ornament. The only way to know Wagner as a composer is to listen to his, lyrical dramas, and then to listen again and again. His works never consisted of airs and duets strung together by a recitative, but instead he made use of a "Leit Motif," or "leading motive," that is, he gave to each character appropriate musical phrases. Indeed, there are phrases to represent every shade of emotion, and he shows wondrous skill in combining all these motives in his "endless melody." The orchestra reflects everything that goes on upon the stage, every change of scenery, even every gesture has its orchestral response. With the power of his imagination, Wagner has touched alike poetry, music, and gesture, and has revealed through them such richness and variety of expression, that he has really placed his lyric drama on a level with the symphony.

Great controversy has arisen about the music of Richard Wagner, but is there not always controversy when a reformer appears? The supreme greatness of his genius is more and more recognized by those

who would get away from the graceful melodies of the song opera, to enjoy that "endless melody" which is so expressive of every strong, brave, and beautiful sentiment; indeed, the German opera of to-day might almost be included in the dramas of Richard Wagner.

Through the influence of her "Immortals" music has reached its highest development in eager modern Germany, but let us not forget to honor that "Song Land" from which Germany gained her first impulse in the rude barbaric days — that "Song Land" which for centuries has led the music of Europe.

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"We must hear Italian music among the Italians; German music can be enjoyed under every heaven."

— *Schumann.*

CHAPTER 44
Modern Music of Other Countries

There are many composers that belong to countries upon which we have not touched in our little story, composers that are also helping to develop the "Music of the Future." A glance into a few of their lives may perhaps bring us into touch with the new spirit which is revealing itself to-day, alike in a richer tonal coloring and in a new wealth of folk-song.

Denmark is proud to claim Gade as her leader in the nineteenth century; his works are as full of national feeling as of charm and refinement. His chamber and piano-forte music, his symphonies and delightful songs, have already made him both famous and familiar. His works were loved by the German composers, especially Schumann and Mendelssohn. Among his pupils in Copenhagen was the Norwegian Grieg, who, through Gade's teaching, as well as through the inspiring words of Ole Bull, the Norwegian violinist, made a brave and early start on his musical career.

If ever a man loved his native land, and loved to picture Norwegian life and scenery in true musical coloring, it was Edward Grieg — folk-songs seemed forever ringing in his brain: songs of the lonely fjord and icy glacier, of the sunny meadow, and the fisher-boy in his boat. It mattered not whether gloomy or gay, he gave to his work an artistic and enduring form; and so has won his place among the few great song-writers of the world.

Grieg travelled at different times all over Europe and was everywhere received with honor, but he was devoted to his own country and its music. All the later years of his life, we associate him with his picturesque home near Bergen, where he was the idol of the people. Every music-lover is familiar with his piquant melodies and harmonies — every pianist plays "Grieg" — the violinist enjoys his sonatas— while the orchestra tries to draw with faithful realism his vivid picture of "Peer Gynt's" struggle.

Another modern troubadour is Dvovrak, who is the pride of Bohemia as Gade is of Denmark and Grieg of Norway. His career shows a wonderful triumph over early uncongenial surroundings, for his father was a butcher, and at first he was strongly opposed to his son's following any other career. Later, however, he helped him a little. Fortunately the boy lived amid musical surroundings, for in Bohemia everybody loves music. He was taught to sing and play on the violin by the village school-master, and at twelve had some lessons on the organ, and a little regular teaching in Prague. For the rest, he fiddled away at fetes or in restaurants, and whenever an opportunity was offered he played on a church organ. He had no book knowledge and no money to buy scores; but he studied orchestration to good purpose, as shown in his later compositions, in which he has delighted the world with the most delicate forms as well as with the broadest strokes. Once he heard "The Mastersingers," and after that Wagner became his idol.

Finally, Dvorak obtained a position as an organist in a church with a salary of seventy-two dollars a year. He began to study scores and also to compose, but at first he burned everything that he wrote. His "Slavonic Dances" brought him into sudden notice. Soon the publishers took him up, and then he was recognized all over Europe and America for his originality. Of his religious works, his "Stabat Mater" is one of the most beautiful of modern compositions. He introduced into his symphonies two new forms: one was a kind of dirge or elegy called "The Dunka," the other was a merry "Scherzo," and his symphonies are very famous.

His "Spectre Bride" was written for the Birmingham Festival, and both this and the "Stabat Mater" made him popular in England. His operas being in his own native language, are little known outside his own land.

As Americans, we are interested in Dvorak because he was interested in our music. He had a theory which he brought forward here, that the folk-song of a country could, by its great composers, be built into a national school of music, and such a school he would have liked to found in America. He took some of our plantation melodies and wove them into his glorious "New World Symphony." His "American Flag" was also another graceful tribute to our music. He

spent his later years in Prague, devoting himself there to symphonies and cantatas. He was always a simple peasant, though his life was crowned with many honors.

We have little native music in America, and few traditions upon which to build, and yet, as a people, our ideal is very high and our opportunities are constantly widening. We have already many great leaders, of whom perhaps Edward MacDowell stands foremost. He it was who delighted Grieg by dedicating to him a beautiful symphony. The day will surely come, though perhaps it may be in a future century, when we shall pay our debt to the Old World composers.

We have left Russian music for the last, because of all the border lands, Russia has perhaps in the nineteenth century made the most striking progress.

No race has greater wealth of song than the Slavonic; and while the Slavonic genius has been repressed in many ways, it has always found its outlet in that folk-song which, century by century, has given cheer to the lonely life of the Russian peasant.

In the Greek Church, the use of instruments is prohibited, and so special training is given to the voice, and Russian singers are noted all the world over for the marvellous quality of their tones. Far back in the reign of Catherine II., a beautiful liturgical service was arranged, and this has grown fuller and richer as the years have passed.

Russia, like other countries, accepted Italian opera, but when Glinka appeared early in the nineteenth century, he founded a national school. Among his operas his "Life for the Czar" specially delighted the people; it originated in a real incident which took place, in 1613, when a peasant rescued the Czar from his Polish enemies, and it is full of lyric melody. Glinka, in breaking the spell of Italian opera and giving to his people a native one, has impressed himself vividly upon the Russians.

Tschaikowsky is the composer who is best known to our Western World, and he, like Brahms in Germany, has tried to carry out the theories of Bach and Beethoven, so that sometimes his countrymen have called him more German than Russian. As a young man he worked day and night under his teacher, Rubinstein, that virtuoso with a meteoric career. Tschaikowsky was always patriotic and had a passionate love for melody. Sometimes his music expresses a perfect

whirlpool of passion and again it is monotonous. He is great in vivid moments rather than in sustained conception; but he is a man of rare genius, as is seen in his sonatas, concertos, symphonies, songs, and operas; his "Pathetic Symphony" is very popular.

There is also Korsokoff, who has written many beautiful operas and symphonies, and much chamber music, and in his folk-songs and dances he sometimes introduces gorgeous coloring. Glazonoff, too, shows his melodious spirit in all kinds of composition. And there are many, many others, for Russia is just now at the height of her musical activity.

In 1818, an English composer prophesied the future influence of Russian music, and how it would be known and enjoyed all the world over. Russia has certainly made wondrous progress during the last centuries — will she be the next leader in the musical world?

Young People's Story of Art

By Ida Prentice Whitcomb

Foreword

"Picture study," a wise man has well said, "is one of the most powerful methods of instruction known." And in this book, young people will find illustrated short stories about Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting.

But you ask: "Shall we learn which are the most wonderful buildings, the most famous statues, and the best pictures?"

That question we may not answer conclusively, for even the most competent critics cannot agree. Nevertheless, through picture study all may become familiar with the masterpieces into which the men of genius have embodied their beautiful thoughts; learn to recognise what is really great in art; and decide what we most enjoy.

Hence, we will begin our art story, by taking a brief glimpse at the massive stone monuments of ancient Egypt, climbing the "Storied Hill" of Greece, and wandering among the ruins of Rome.

Then, at the coming of the Christ-Child, we will see the temple give way before the church, the heathen god before the Christian saint; and we will glance at the pictures of different masters who have revealed to us their ideals of the Madonna and Child.

Several churches will be described to illustrate the true forms of this architecture; and turning over another page, we will see the marvellous architecture given to the world by the followers of the warlike prophet, Mohammed—its mosques and minarets, its forests of pillars, its network of arabesques, and dazzling gleam of crystal.

A few groups chiselled by the world's famed sculptors, as well as the patient carvings of the busy craftsmen of the Middle Ages, will make their appeal for sculpture.

For the rest, there are mythological, historical, and religious scenes, portraits, and romantic pictures from the world's great galleries, and landscapes, too, which nature-loving artists have given us from many different points of view; and we may wonder if the right way to paint a landscape has yet been discovered.

But we pause now—face to face with modern art. For whereas in the earlier day the masters were few, and upon their works the judgment of centuries has been passed, to-day there are hosts of painters, myriad forms of modern art and sculpture, and it is too soon yet to determine which are the typical ones.

At the present time, an important question is being asked: Which is the greater, ancient or modern art? Who can decide?

Art is a difficult subject, for even in the case of one picture, there are many ways of looking at it. However, of one thing we may be sure—that precisely as it is through our researches into the ancient and mediæval periods that we lead up to the history and literature of to-day, so it is through our knowledge of the development of art in the past that we appreciate the art of the present.

One word more: When you take up these stories, read them carefully and with emphasis—then, lest you forget, tell what you have learned to someone else. A little added study of legend and mythology as you read, and sometimes a visit to an art museum, will soon bring the subject clearly before you, and the wider your knowledge becomes, the greater will grow your interest. If you like the quotations, commit them to memory—then they will always be your own.

This book makes no claim of being an exhaustive treatment; rather, the effort has been to bring the young reader into closer friendship with a few leading masters, and to a study of their influence.

If our book proves a sesame in unlocking the larger gallery which belongs to the school of modern art, its aim will be fulfilled.

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"Never lose an opportunity to see anything beautiful. Beauty is God's handwriting."

—*Charles Kingsley*.

CHAPTER I
Egyptian Art

A GLIMPSE INTO EGYPTIAN ART

For the beginning of our story of art we must, in imagination, go back thousands of years, to far-away Egypt in northern Africa. There, beside the river Nile, we find the most colossal tombs, palaces, and temples in the world.

Memphis and Thebes, the two famous cities of ancient Egypt, were built on the banks of this sacred river, and in or near these cities, the ruins of many wonderful monuments now stand.

Near Memphis, on the edge of the desert, is Cheops's gigantic pyramid. How much of the world's history must have passed before it, as it has looked out for thousands of years over the river and the great desert!

You know the picture of the immense triangle of stone, rising 480 feet, and covering thirteen acres of land. It towers far above the other pyramids and the sphinxes that are near it.

Shadowy Cheops, one of the earliest kings of Egypt, is said to have built it. Perhaps he used it for his observatory, but we know that he designed it for his tomb.

To build it he must have employed one hundred thousand men for thirty years. They worked under cruel task-masters, beneath a burning sun, hauling gigantic blocks of stone from distant quarries to put into it, and all they had to eat was garlic and radishes.

When the pyramid was finished, the ambition of mighty Cheops was satisfied; for he believed he should have the largest tomb in the world.

His people thought differently. They were angered by his oppression, and punished the proud monarch in the way that would most have humiliated him; for at his death, they buried him elsewhere.

So one who climbs Cheops's pyramid, enters its narrow winding

passages, and approaches the little sacred chamber in the centre, knows that it is only an empty tomb.

On the outside, the gigantic blocks of polished stone with which the pyramid was at first encased have been torn away to be used for building in Cairo. By more than two hundred steps, one may climb to the top and rest on the platform there, and look out over the Nile and the wonderful desert.

The Sphinx below it is very curious—an animal shall we call it? with its lion's body and human head. It is a monolith—that is, it is cut from one great stone, and it is 142 feet long and 65 feet high. This huge creature is a symbol of some religious power, but of what? That is the Sphinx's riddle! It is always spoken of as the Sphinx, though there are in Egypt rows and rows of ruined sphinxes, always lining the avenues leading up to the temples.

Some of the rocks on the banks of the Nile be-tween Memphis and Thebes are perfectly honey-combed with tombs. For like Cheops and other famous Egyptian kings, the people of ancient Egypt spent their lives in making their tombs ready to receive their mummies when they died.

These tombs are cut out of the solid rock. The mummy is buried in the lower part; and above, the tomb is like a little dwelling, sometimes containing several rooms. The walls are painted over with the stories of the lives of those who are buried beneath them. Different occupations are pictured here; the sowing of seed, the gathering of harvests of figs and grapes, and the making of cloth or brick. Wagons and trading-vessels are seen, and the games and feasts of the people.

Although the old Egyptians spent so much time on their tombs, these pictures show that they must have been a gay and merry people; yet a people, too, with great knowledge of arts and sciences.

In all pictures, a king is depicted as very much larger than his subjects. The artists had no idea of perspective; that is, of showing the various figures in the same picture as if they were seen at different distances. For example, in a procession, one file of men is frequently represented as marching directly over the heads of another.

What the artist tried to do was to tell very simply and plainly a story in picture; and he succeeded, and the colours he used are still fresh and bright.

About these stories, are traced hieroglyphics, or picture-writings. These were supposed to explain the story; but the priests kept to themselves the secret of their meaning. It was only in the eighteenth century that a stone was found that enabled scholars to decipher the strange writing. So that if the pictures had not told their own stories so clearly, there would have been, through all the past ages, very little knowledge of life in ancient Egypt.

Leaving the pyramids near the site of old Memphis, and following up the Nile, past its rock-cut tombs, the ruins of "Hundred-gated Thebes" are finally reached.

Thebes was the most splendid capital of ancient Egypt; and the temples in and near it are magnificent, even in their decay.

An Egyptian temple was unlike any other. It was usually approached by an avenue of sphinxes. Before its entrance gates were frequently placed one or two obelisks. These obelisks were monoliths, like the Sphinx, but shaped like the pyramids, from which they differed in being very tall and slender. Their form was symbolic of the sun's rays.

Upon each obelisk was traced in hieroglyphics an ascription of praise from a king to the god, in whose honour the temple was built.

Many of these obelisks have been brought from Egypt to European cities; and one of them stands in Central Park, New York. Perhaps you have seen it there, and have tried to read the hieroglyphic inscriptions traced upon it. Passing by the sphinxes and obelisks, the old Egyptian entered his temple through a strangely-shaped gateway called a *pylon*.

The temple consisted of courts and pillared halls, and dwellings for the priests. At its further end, was a little dark enclosure called the *cella*. This was the holiest place of all; for here the image of the god was kept, for whom the temple was built. Though it was perhaps only an ape or a cow, an ibis or a crocodile, it was guarded with the greatest care, and decked with beautiful jewels. Only the priests could enter the *cella*; the people always worshipped without in the courts.

Karnak, at Thebes, and Luxor, two miles away, are most wonderful ruined temples. The hypostyle or pillared hall of Karnak is the largest hall in the world. It is so immense that if it were empty several churches might be placed within it. But originally it must have been

a perfect forest of huge columns, one hundred of which still remain. The twelve central ones are 60 feet high and 30 feet around, and the others are nearly as large.

The capitals as the tops of the columns are called are decorated with the lotus, a flower resembling the water-lily. It was considered a sacred flower, because it grew beside the sacred river Nile; and, therefore, its buds and blossoms were copied to decorate the columns of the temples. The shafts of these columns and the temple walls were covered with brightly-painted hieroglyphics and figures.

Even in its ruin, the hall of Karnak is a most impressive sight.

Think of the numbers of ancient Egyptians, who, thousands of years ago, worshipped in this hall!

In and near Thebes, are many other wonderful courts, built by famous kings. The temples were all surrounded by high walls, and in war-time, they became grim fortresses.

The statues in Egypt are not nearly so life-like as the paintings. They are often placed close to temple walls, the figures seated stiffly with their feet together, and their arms either pressed to their sides, or folded upon their breasts; or again they are standing; but so rigid that they look as if nothing could move them. The faces always wear a stony set expression. Often, as gods, they are given human bodies and animal heads.

Among these statues are two great figures seated on the plain near Thebes. They have a solitary look, for the temple to which they once belonged was destroyed ages ago.

The larger, which is 70 feet high, is the "Vocal Memnon." It is called "vocal," because the Egyptians used to think that it sang when struck by the rays of the rising sun. The music was probably made by a priest, who concealed himself within the statue and beat upon a stone.

Egypt had many mighty rulers, and many mighty builders, in its "Golden Age." The most arrogant of all was Rameses II the Great; who, after his plundering campaigns, devoted his life to erecting colossal monuments, covered with flattering inscriptions—not to the gods, but to himself.

In front of the Rameseum, his splendid Theban palace, stood a great monolithic statue of this proud monarch seated upon his

throne. It weighs 900 tons. Alas! his pride has had a fall! for to-day his statue lies in stupendous fragments!

Farther up the Nile, among the rock-cut tombs of Nubia, there are four stony-faced statues of him, each 70 feet high.

Like Cheops, Rameses II wished to be remembered forever; and he has succeeded in one way which he little anticipated—for in 1881, his mummy was discovered!

So, now, when we visit Egypt, we see not only his halls and palaces and stony face, but in the museum at Cairo, we may gaze at Rameses himself!

Egypt has many pyramids, temples, and rock-cut tombs, and it is easy to-day to see this land of wonders. We land at Alexandria, go to Cairo, and from there, by trolley-car, we visit the great pyramid and the sphinx. Then sailing up the Nile, we reach the wonderful ruins in and around Thebes, and linger in the hall of Karnak.

The names of the architects who built, and of the sculptors who carved these pyramids and temples, and of the painters who told upon them the stories of Egyptian life are all forgotten. But their monuments will stand for centuries to come as the most colossal art wonders of the world.

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"Men die and are forgotten, but the great world of art still lives."

CHAPTER II
Grecian Art

A STORIED HILL

Greek art in the "Golden Age" of Pericles! How different from the solemn and massive Egyptian art, in the time of shadowy Cheops and of Rameses the Great!

The Greeks lived in the open air. They loved nature and peopled the earth and sea and sky with gods and goddesses. Besides these they had heroes who did such wonderful deeds that they almost became gods.

There were Greek poets, always ready to sing the praises of gods and heroes; and Greek sculptors and architects ready to carve their statues and build temples in their honour.

There are, to-day, only fragments of their work remaining. But after looking at these fragments, the wisest critics agree in thinking that there has never existed an art more beautiful. Would that we might have seen it, in the olden day, when all the statues were perfect and the temples were always open so that the people, coming in and out, could join in the hymns and dances which were their simple form of worship.

There are so many gods and heroes in Greece that we might easily fill our book with legends of them. But we will, instead, just withdraw Minerva from this group, because she was the patron goddess of Athens, the centre of Greek art. First we must read her interesting story, and then examine some of the monuments raised in her honour. The gods and goddesses were supposed to live on Mt. Olympus, in northern Greece. Jupiter was the king, and Juno, the haughty queen. Every day all assembled in Jupiter's palace to feast, and to consult about the affairs of Greece; and when they descended to earth, they came through gates of clouds.

One day, while they were all feasting together, Jupiter com-

plained of a terrible pain in his head. It was so severe that he finally commanded Vulcan, the lame blacksmith god, to strike his forehead to give him relief. Vulcan obeyed, and behold from his head out sprang the goddess Minerva, fully armed, brandishing her sword, and shouting her war-cry!

All Olympus trembled as she appeared! She was, at once, admitted to the assembly in Jupiter's palace; and she was so wise that her influence among the gods almost equalled that of Jupiter, her father.

Minerva's favourite bird was the owl, and her favourite tree was the olive.

Shortly after her sudden appearance on Mt. Olympus, there was a contest among the gods, about naming a city in Greece. Neptune and Minerva both wished the honour. Their rivalry became so great that it was necessary to call a council of the gods to decide the matter. After much consultation, it was determined that the privilege should be given to whichever could produce the most useful thing.

Neptune quickly struck the ground with his trident; and, at once, a strong and beautiful horse sprang forth! The gods all applauded. A horse was so useful that they were sure that Neptune must win!

Then Minerva touched the earth with her distaff and brought forth an olive-tree; telling the gods in eloquent words that from it oil and food, clothing and shelter might be obtained.

With their wisdom the gods knew that an olive-tree was really more useful to man than a horse; so Minerva was chosen to name the city.

All Greek gods and goddesses have two names—a Greek and a Latin one. Minerva is her Latin name, and means "wisdom." Her Greek name is Athene; and from this, the city is called Athens.

Greek cities were usually built around a fortified hill or Acropolis. On this hill, was a shrine to the guardian deity of the city, and here the people would flee for protection in time of danger. On the Acropolis of Athens was placed a small shrine, holding a little olive-wood statue of Minerva. This was especially sacred, because it was fabled to have fallen from heaven. It was washed and dressed and cared for most tenderly every day.

Minerva proved a splendid guardian for Athens. She taught the maidens to spin and to weave, and the youth the art of war.

When the Trojan War was fought, through Minerva's wise intercession, the Greeks were victorious. Then, after a few centuries, the Medo-Persian War took place; and little Greece won the famous battles of Marathon and Thermopylæ from her haughty Persian rival.

And nearly always Athens seemed foremost in the triumphs; and the Athenians felt that their warrior-goddess had inspired them. They were very grateful to Minerva, for leading them on to such glorious victories; and they determined to show their gratitude by making her shrine on the Acropolis the most beautiful one in the world. It was easy to do this; for the city had become very rich with the great spoils taken in the Persian War.

Besides, it was now governed by Pericles, one of the wisest and most noted statesmen of the time into whose hands the Athenians entrusted their project.

Pericles called to his aid Ictinus, the architect, and Phidias, the most famous sculptor in the world; and Phidias gathered artists to assist him from all over Greece.

Our picture shows the Acropolis, after Phidias and his pupils had completed their work.

We can see at a glance that this Greek temple was very unlike those of Egypt. It was much smaller; it was built of white marble and some parts of it were brightly coloured; it had a pointed roof, the gable ends of which were called pediments.

It was upheld by beautiful columns. Two kinds of those used on the Acropolis were the low Doric, with a flat capital, and the taller and more slender Ionic, with a scroll-like capital which resembled rams' horns. The interior was lighted only from above, and the *cella* or shrine held the statue of the god or goddess to whom the temple was dedicated.

Do you like a hill with a story? Let us approach the Acropolis, and see how Minerva's story is traced all over it. The two broad flights of marble steps lead up the steep rock, which rises 150 feet above the city. The road between was for beasts and chariots. The gateway or propylæum in front is not like the massive pylon of the Egyptian, but instead a colonnade in the form of a graceful temple surrounded by Doric columns.

The modest little temple to the right, upheld by Ionic columns,

was dedicated to Minerva, and called the "Temple of the Wingless Victory."

Passing through the propylæum or gateway, and up the hill, a colossal bronze statue confronts us.

This is the warrior-goddess Minerva, whom Phidias named "The Champion." Here she stands 70 feet high, fully armed with spear and shield, in the attitude of battle.

She overtopped the temples about her, and the golden plume of her helmet could be seen far out at sea. For she was so placed that "she would terrify a coming foe, and give the first welcome to the exile or mariner, when, after long absence, he appeared in sight of his beautiful home."

Far back to the left in the picture we see an irregular-shaped temple. This was named for Erectheus, a legendary king of Athens, and so called the Erectheum. It had replaced the earlier shrine, and so it held the little olive-wood statue and some other sacred emblems. It had a charming porch at the side, and this was upheld by statues of maidens instead of pillars.

The most famous building on the Acropolis was the Parthenon. The word "Parthenon" means "Home of the Virgin," and this Parthenon was the shrine of the most wondrous statue of Minerva ever wrought. It was made by Phidias of wood, overlaid with ivory and gold, and it was 37 feet in height. The head, hands and feet were of ivory, the eyes of precious stones, and the tunic of gold.

Minerva, in her golden peplos, stood erect, and wore a helmet upon her head. Her aegis or breastplate was studded with precious stones, and bore upon it a copy of the gorgon's head which she had won as a trophy. Her ornamented shield rested at her side, and a little figure of victory perched upon her outstretched hand.

People came from all over Greece to see this wondrous statue. To-day we know it from the descriptions of Greek writers. Besides, we may see a picture of a little statuette which has been lately found, and which many think is a copy of the Minerva.

On the outside, the Parthenon was upheld by rows of Doric columns, and it was beautifully decorated in honour of Minerva.

The sculptures on the two pediments were full of grace and motion. On one side, Minerva was seen, springing fully armed from

Jupiter's head; on the other, was represented her contest with Neptune in naming Athens. Back of the columns ran a band of sculpture all around the Parthenon, and this was called a frieze.

This frieze represented scenes from the Panathenaic procession. This was such a glorious festival that we must pause to describe it. From time to time, in Athens, it was the custom for the noble maidens to weave a new peplos or veil, for the little olive-wood statue of Minerva, in the Erectheum. After it was finished, it was suspended from the masts of a kind of ship, and then it was borne up the hill by a long procession, and placed over the olive-wood goddess in the Erectheum.

The sacred procession consisted of heralds, warriors, and musicians, of old men bearing sacred olive branches, of noble youths, holding or mounting prancing horses.

There were heroes in chariots—there were graceful maidens, some with parasols, others bearing baskets upon their heads. Indeed, one might see, in this procession, Athenians in every attitude and costume.

The sculptor Phidias and his pupils probably watched the procession wind up the hill; and they caught the very life and action of it all, and then sculptured it upon the long lane-like frieze.

To-day this frieze is in fragments; but even these yet reveal to us the graceful, joyous life of the old Greeks.

Is not the Acropolis indeed a "Storied Hill"?

If Minerva could only have been a real queen, instead of being wrought in bronze and wood and ivory and gold, how she would have enjoyed all the honour given her on the Acropolis I first as the champion-goddess—next as a little olive-wood goddess—and then as a magnificent gold-and-ivory goddess, symbolic both of victory and wisdom.

The streets of Athens in this "Golden Age" were full of statues and temples; and the Acropolis, towering above the city, was like a gorgeous museum.

And when its white and glowing marbles, its gems and bronzes and gildings were glittering in the sunlight, it was in its dazzling beauty the crowning glory of Greek art!

And what of this treasure-hill to-day? for we have been reading

of a "Golden Age" that existed over two thousand years ago.

Greece was conquered again and again, and many of its works of art were buried, or taken to other countries. The Parthenon was later used, in turn, as a Christian church, a Turkish mosque, and a powder-magazine; other buildings on the Acropolis were ruined by the ravages of time and war.

For many centuries the Parthenon retained its beauty; but in the year 1687, its destruction came very suddenly. In that year, there was a war between the Turks and the Venetians. The latter threw a bomb upon the marble roof of the Parthenon, and the wondrous structure was blown to pieces.

Our last picture shows our "Storied Hill" as it looks to-day; and it stands out in strange distinctness in the transparent air of Greece. But the picture cannot reproduce the mellow tint which the ages have given to the marble—a bloom and a glow which time and war can never efface!

One has beautifully said, "Visit the Acropolis by moonlight; then the ruins disappear, and, in imagination, the hill is again covered with the statues and the buildings that adorned it m the 'Golden Age' of Pericles."

"Minerva, goddess azure-eyed,
Rose to Olympus, the reputed seat
Eternal of the gods, which never storms
Disturb, rains drench, or snow invades, but calm
The expanse, and cloudless shines with purest day.
There the inhabitants divine rejoice forever."

—*Homer*.

THE JUPITER OLYMPUS

Pericles had made Phidias master of the art-works in Athens, but the Athenians were a fickle people. After the Parthenon was finished, they did something that made the great sculptor indignant, and he determined to be avenged. He decided to leave Athens and go to some other city. There he would make a more wonderful statue than the Minerva and then perhaps the proud Athenians would be sorry for what they had done.

After thinking for some time over his plan, Phidias decided to go

to Olympia, in western Greece, where the Olympic Games were held. So he travelled to Olympia, and the people there felt greatly honoured at his coming, and received him joyfully.

Soon a whole army of architects, sculptors, and gold-beaters, followed their famous master.

At Olympia, Phidias wrought his statue of Jupiter Olympus, which was so famous that it became one of the "Seven Wonders of the World."

Let us try to imagine how it looked; for from what the ancient writers have told us, and a copy of the statue found on an old coin, we may form some idea of it. Like the Minerva, its foundation was of wood, and it was overlaid with gold and ivory. Its height was forty feet. Jupiter was represented as seated on a magnificent throne. A green enamelled wreath crowned his golden locks. In one hand he held a sceptre or thunderbolt, tipped with his favourite eagle; a statue of victory rested upon the other hand.

Phidias's aim was to carry out the poet Homer's sublime description of Jupiter; and it is said that he represented the king of the gods with such grace and majesty that the Greeks thought the hand of Jupiter himself must have guided the chisel.

The temple in which the statue was placed was of great height; and yet had Jupiter risen from his throne, he would have carried away the roof!

All Greece was enchanted. Crowds from every direction made pilgrimages to the shrine; for the people firmly believed that, if they could see the god face to face, all their care and suffering would be forgotten; and that if they did *not* behold him, they would be unhappy when they died.

There is a pretty legend that fitly ends the story: After the Jupiter Olympus was finished, Phidias gazed long upon it. Then raising his hands in prayer, he begged Jupiter that if he was satisfied, to reveal himself by some sign.

At once, as if in response to the sculptor's prayer, a stroke of lightning illumined the statue. Phidias was avenged! The Athenians begged him to return, but he refused.

So, while Minerva presided over Athens, Jupiter Olympus presided over all Greece.

"He spake, and awful bends his sable brow,
Shakes his ambrosial curls and gives the nod,
The stamp of fate, and sanction of the God."
—*Homer*.

A LITTLE SCULPTURE GALLERY

The Greeks loved to carve the figures of the gods and goddesses in pure white marble. Think of the exquisite skill that could chisel rough stone into a statue, that should be for centuries one of the art wonders of the world.

Let us now make a little imaginary sculpture gallery, putting into it a few of the most famous of these statues; then when we see pictures of them, it will always be easy to recognise them.

We choose first the "Venus of Milo," because it has been said that if this alone of all ancient statues had been preserved, it would have proved the Greek art to be the *finest* art in the world.

Venus, you know, was the goddess of love and beauty. So, naturally, she has always been a favourite among artists.

Her story is, that she rose from the sea-foam, and then was wafted by gentle breezes to Mt. Olympus. All the gods there were charmed by her beauty, and as they were in the habit of falling in love, Venus had many suitors; but she haughtily rejected them all. Then Jupiter, the king, to punish her for her pride, obliged her to marry Vulcan, the lame and repulsive blacksmith.

The statue of Venus which we have selected for our gallery is called the Venus of Milo, because its home was on the Island of Melos, for perhaps two thousand years. Over a hundred years ago a peasant found it there. It was concealed in the niche of the wall of an ancient theatre buried beneath the rubbish of ages. It was discovered to be in two great pieces.

The peasant rescued it from its rocky hiding-place. It was restored and later sold to Louis XVIII, the king of France. Now the home of the Venus of Milo is in the Louvre in Paris.

The French value this statue very highly. During the Franco-Prussian War, fearing that the Prussians might carry it away, they put it into a great metal box and buried it.

See what a lovely face Venus has! Our print, however, cannot

reveal one of her greatest charms—that is the tint of the marble, which has an appearance of velvet softness quite unlike the cold polish of other statues. Probably she is called "Venus," because of her beautiful face and the graceful pose of her head. If her broken arm formerly carried a shield as many think that it did, she would really be a statue of victory.

The "Venus de' Medici" is also so famous that she, too, must go into our gallery. Her face is not attractive; indeed, it seems almost without expression when compared with that of the Venus of Milo. Her charm is in her perfectly-formed figure. This statue also, was buried for ages. But in the seventeenth century it was dug out of a Roman portico and restored.

Then it rested for a time in the Medici Palace, from which it took its name. Now we may see it in a little room in the Uffizi Gallery in Florence, surrounded by other noted statues and pictures.

We will next add two statues that were found at Olympia. This you remember was where Phidias wrought his Jupiter Olympus. These statues were also excavated from the ruins that the centuries had wrought. They were found in the year 1875, and they are noted for two things. They are of wondrous grace and beauty, and upon the pedestal of each is carved the name of its maker.

One is a statue of "Victory" and it bears the name of Paeonius.

The Greeks were so successful in war that perhaps the thing that they most loved to look upon was a statue of "Victory." Usually she was represented wearing a garland of laurel. She carried a palm-branch or a shield, and sometimes she had wings.

Alas for Paeonius's "Victory"—it is both headless and armless! But the body that is left shows such life-like grace and motion, and the flowing drapery is so natural, that this "Victory," with neither head nor arms, is world-famed.

The other is a Hermes or Mercury, and it was carved by Praxiteles, a renowned Greek sculptor. Hermes was a messenger among the gods; and he was a great favourite, because he was so swift and so cunning.

In this statue, Hermes leans against a tree-trunk, across which he has carelessly flung his cloak. He holds the infant Bacchus in his arms. Probably he is carrying him to the nymphs; for they were to take

charge of the education of this little god of wine and song.

Hermes's face expresses a very loving interest in the child. This is conceded by many to be the most beautiful of all Greek statues. What do you think?

Next to the Hermes, we must place the "Apollo Belvedere," which is also justly celebrated. There are few stories so rich in legend as that of Apollo. He was the sun-god and the divine archer, the god of music and poetry, and of youth and beauty. So, in art, he is represented in a great variety of ways.

The "Apollo Belvedere" was found in the fifteenth century, among the ruins of an old Italian city, and it took its name from the Belvedere Gallery of the Vatican, in Rome, where it now stands.

How youthful and full of life Apollo seems! What beauty and strength is in his figure! How finely he carries his magnificent head! His mantle falls very easily into its folds.

What do you think of his expression? Is it just an eager look? or is it one of pride or disdain? We might decide, if we only knew what story the artist was telling when he designed this Apollo. But, unluckily, whatever the god held in his hand is lost! It was, for several centuries, supposed that he had just sent a shaft from his bow, and was watching it in its flight.

But about a hundred years ago, a little bronze statuette was found that seemed to be a copy of the "Apollo Belvedere." This statuette held a part of an *aegis* or goat-skin shield.

Now this *aegis* always bore in its centre a terrible gorgon's head that possessed a charm; for whenever it was shaken in the face of an enemy, it turned him to stone.

Perhaps Apollo held in his hand an *aegis* which he had just shaken in the face of a foe, and was watching the effect. Who can tell?

At Apollo's side, we place his graceful twin-sister Diana. Diana was queen of the night, and also a famous huntress. She was the moon-god as Apollo was the sun-god; for in southern countries, where the sun's heat is fierce, the people call the sun a god, and the mild and beautiful moon a goddess.

In October, when the harvest moon appeared, she always left her chariot of polished silver, and seizing her bow and arrows, gathered her maidens about her to join in the chase.

Our statue is called "Diana with the Stag," and like the Venus of Milo, it is in the Louvre. Here Diana is seen in her hunting-habit and with buskins on her feet. She has flung over her shoulders a quiver full of arrows; her stag, famed for lightness and swiftness, runs at her side. With one hand, she grasps her stag by the horn; while with the other, she reaches back to draw an arrow from her quiver.

Running and wrestling developed such splendid forms that the Greeks loved to carve athletes. There are many of these. We have chosen the "Discobolus," or discus-thrower, carved by the sculptor Myron.

Just see how every part of his body is in motion, as he bends forward to gain more force in throwing the discus! How Myron must have caught, in a flash of time, a memory picture of the swaying motion of the discus-thrower! How wonderfully he has shown it in marble. If we compare this with an Egyptian statue, we shall see at once the great contrast between Egyptian and Grecian sculptures.

Our gallery has yet a little more space, so we add to it the statues described in the previous chapters. Now let us in imagination pass before each one and try to recall it:

Minerva.
Section of the Parthenon Frieze.
Jupiter Olympus.
Venus of Milo.
Venus de' Medici.
Victory.
Hermes.
Apollo Belvedere.
Diana with the Stag.
The Discobolus.

It is a very small gallery; but it is large enough to give a little glimpse of the grace and perfection, to which the Greeks raised the art of sculpture.

STORIES OF GREEK PAINTERS

There are to-day very few remains of Greek painting, because the colours used will in time always fade and decay. But there have come

down to us some curious and interesting stories of the old Greek masters.

How little they could have imagined that over two thousand years after their death, the boys and girls in America would be speaking of what they did! But so it is, and the old Greeks never even heard of America. These stories have been told so many times, in all the centuries, that they are probably a little exaggerated; but perhaps this makes them still more interesting.

The first Greek painter used but one colour, then others used two; one showed but one figure, and later two were seen side by side.

The drapery was, at first, very stiff; but, in time, it was full of graceful folds. One pretty legend in early Greek art concerns a potter's daughter: One night she was surprised to see the shadow of her lover's head, cast by a lamp upon the wall. She drew the outline of the shadow, and then she filled it in with a dark colour. This was said to be the origin of light and shade in painting.

The painter Polygnotus was called "The Admiration of the Athenians." This was because he decorated the porticoes of Athens with stories from Greek history.

The grateful people offered him, in return, large sums of money, but Polygnotus refused, telling them that he wished only their applause. Then the Athenians gave him a beautiful palace, in which to live. He was never taxed, and whenever he travelled he was magnificently entertained. "For," said the decree, "the chiefs of the state reign by force, but the artist reigns by his talent."

Zeuxis was one of the first of Greek painters. He worked very slowly. "I work for immortality," he said.

People so much admired his pictures that sometimes when they bought them, they would pay by covering them with gold pieces. Finally, Zeuxis became so wealthy and arrogant that he declared his pictures beyond price, and said that if he wished to dispose of them, he would give them to his friends. He dressed very richly, and often appeared in public in a robe, on which was embroidered in letters of gold the word "Zeuxis."

At the same time, there lived in Athens another very arrogant painter. He, too, dressed magnificently and had many admirers.

His name was Parrhasius, and naturally Zeuxis and Parrhasius

were bitter rivals. Finally, they felt that they must know which of the two the Greeks more honoured. Each one, of course, felt himself the greater, but in order to decide, each determined to paint a picture. These pictures should be exhibited in public, and a jury should decide between them.

Zeuxis selected for his subject a child carrying upon its head a basket of grapes. And do you know, the grapes were so natural that when the picture was displayed, birds came to peck at them.

The multitude applauded. Zeuxis was *sure* that he would win. All this time, Parrhasius stood silently near his picture; and the judges waited impatiently for him to draw aside a curtain of light and silky stuff which seemed to cover it.

Finally, Zeuxis, annoyed at the delay, approached Parrhasius, and exclaimed angrily, "Why do you thus delay—draw the curtain!"

"The curtain is my picture," quietly replied Parrhasius.

Zeuxis could not believe it, and so put out his hand to push aside the curtain.

"I am conquered," he cried. "I deceived only *birds*, but *Parrhasius* has deceived *me*."

One more story about Zeuxis: It is said that he made a very funny picture of an old woman, and when he looked at it he was so amused, that he laughed himself to death.

Protogenes was also a very careful painter. He went over his pictures so many times that it was said of him that he never knew when to stop working.

He made a picture of a hunter and his dog, and he worked upon it for seven years.

While he painted, he lived only upon vegetables and water; for he was afraid that if he ate meat and drank wine, his mind would be weakened and his hand rendered unsteady.

People admired his picture, but Protogenes was not satisfied, for the dog would not foam at the mouth. One day, utterly discouraged and in a fit of vexation, he threw his wet sponge at the dog's mouth, and lo! the foam was perfect; the painter was overjoyed.

Protogenes lived in the island of Rhodes. This island was attacked by an enemy, but the artist would not stop painting. For he said, "The enemy makes war against the Rhodians, not against the arts."

After a little, the siege was raised, just that his picture might not be harmed.

Apelles was the most famous of all Greek painters, and he must have been both wise and good. He and Protogenes lived in the fourth century B.C. He loved art, even when he was a little boy. His father was delighted at this, and gave him the best teachers.

Apelles learned very quickly, not only because he had genius, but also because he never wasted his time. His motto is an excellent one, for any who wish to accomplish good work. It was, "No day without a line."

All his pictures were graceful, and his portraits were considered perfect likenesses.

He was not foolishly vain like Zeuxis and Parrhasius; but instead, he was always glad to accept wise advice.

Often when he finished a picture he placed it on exhibition, and then concealed himself behind a curtain to hear the criticisms of those that went by.

One day a cobbler, in passing, paused to look at one of Apelles's pictures. Be discovered that something was wanting in one of the sandals.

Apelles, feeling that a cobbler was naturally a better judge of a sandal than a painter, corrected the fault. The next day when the cobbler passed again, he was very proud to see that the great artist had heard and accepted his suggestion.

So he determined to try once more. This time he criticised the leg to which the sandal belonged. This was too much for Apelles! Coming forward, he struck the cobbler on the shoulder, exclaiming, "A cobbler must stick to his last!"

Apelles visited Protogenes in Rhodes. Protogenes was not at home. So Apelles drew a straight line on a tablet, and left it for him. Protogenes found it on his return. It was drawn with such evenness that he exclaimed, "Apelles has been here." Just the line revealed the master!

Protogenes split this line by tracing through it one of a different colour. When Apelles again called, he divided this by a third one.

Then Protogenes declared that Apelles was the greatest artist in the world. Ever after there existed, between the two, a rare and loving

friendship.

Apelles was court painter to Alexander the Great, the king of Macedon. He made several portraits of the monarch. In one of them, he represented him as grasping a thunder-bolt.

Alexander was delighted, for he loved to think of himself as Jupiter; and you may be sure that he paid Apelles richly for the portrait.

When, however, Apelles painted the monarch with his favourite horse Bucephalus, Alexander was not satisfied, and he told Apelles that his horse was not true to life. The story goes that as they talked together, a passing horse stopped, looked at the picture, and began to neigh!

Then Apelles, turning to Alexander, said, "Shall this animal be a better judge of painting than the king of Macedon?" Alexander acknowledged his mistake by offering his hand to Apelles.

The most noted painting by Apelles was one representing Venus as rising from the sea, and pressing with her hands her dripping hair.

Hundreds of years later, the Roman Emperor Augustus carried this picture to Rome; and he placed upon it such a high value, that he lowered the taxes of the town to which it had originally belonged.

From these stories and from others of the same kind: we learn the honour in which painters were held in Greece; and pictures were so much valued that sometimes they were paid for with their weight in gold.

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"Love the beautiful,
Seek out the true.
Wish for the good,
And the best do."

—*Mendelssohn.*

CHAPTER III
Roman Art

MONUMENTS OF ANCIENT ROME

Beautiful Greece was conquered! When its conquerors, the Romans, marched, plundering through the country, they were greatly attracted by the many works of art which they saw. They wished that they might take whole temples to Rome.

Indeed, if it had been possible to transport it, the "Storied Hill" itself would have been carried away. The Romans loaded waggons with pillars and statues; and many of these works of art were placed in their temples as trophies of victory.

Then the Romans tried to imitate the Greeks, by carving statues themselves. But they found that though they could build splendid roads and bridges, they could not make life-like statues. So they determined that the Greek sculptors must come to Rome, bringing their chisels with them; and many of the finest statues in that city were carved by these Greek sculptors.

But as we have said, the Romans *were* splendid builders. We find in Italy to-day ruins of roads and bridges and aqueducts and temples that were made in the days of its old rulers.

When we visit a modern city, we are shown its newest buildings and its latest pictures. But when we travel far over the sea to sunny Italy and visit ancient Rome, the things we go to see are these monuments, some of them over two thousand years old.

Under the blue Italian sky, among these ruins, dark-eyed children have played for many centuries. They do not think them wonderful, for they are so used to them. But how marvellous they seem to us when compared with our modern buildings.

Truly, work must have been well done in those olden days, for every stone was sound, every building made to last.

Rome is very full of these monuments. The Romans liked to make

their famous buildings round and with a dome, and they also used the arch.

Besides, they copied Greek temple forms, and their buildings were often upheld by stolen Greek columns. Of these columns, the Corinthian was a favourite in Rome; for the Romans loved ornament, and this column was more ornamental than the Doric or Ionic.

There is a pretty legend about its origin: A young girl died at Corinth. Her nurse had laid upon her grave a basket of fruit, and some acanthus leaves had twined about it. A sculptor, in passing the grave, was attracted by the beauty of the twining leaves, and in imitation he carved the Corinthian column.

The Pantheon is the most remarkable ancient temple now in Rome. It is round, it has a dome, and, also, Corinthian columns.

Probably it was originally the hall of a Roman bath—now it is a Christian church. It was built by the Emperor Augustus, nearly two thousand years ago, when Christ was upon earth. Imagine a church in America two thousand years old!

Although the Pantheon is round, its front, or *façade*, as it is called, is like that of a Greek temple. Within, it is one great circular cell, upheld by Corinthian columns. Its dome is immense, and far, far away, as you will feel when you stand under it, and gaze up into the small round opening in its centre. Small? it is twenty-six feet across, but you would never think it.

There are no side windows, for they might suggest earthly things; only the light from the heavens above streams down in a circle upon the pavement.

In contrast to the great Pantheon, is the beautiful little round Temple of Vesta. This, also, is very ancient, and its roof is upheld by Corinthian columns.

Vesta was the goddess of the hearth; and this temple was the hearthstone of all Rome.

Here the Vestal Virgins kept the sacred fire glowing. They were very much honoured while they kept it bright; but if they ever let it go out, much trouble came to them and to their families.

Among the most picturesque ruins are the arches of the ancient aqueducts that brought water from distant hills to Rome.

Great quantities of water were needed to supply the baths, some

of which accommodated thousands of bathers at once.

There were separate marble halls for cold, tepid and hot baths, for rubbing and drying, and for games.

Then there were the gymnasia and race-courses, and halls for pictures and statues. The walls of the baths were ornamented; and beautiful mosaic pavements were made from bits of varicoloured stone, glass and marble, fitted together to represent a picture or design.

When the old Romans were not gaining victories, they must have spent much of their time at their baths. Those of Caracalla are the most marvellous, with their marble halls and mosaic floors. Through the centuries many people have found pleasure in wandering among their glades and trees and fountains, and their arches overgrown with vines. But in exploring them, wonderful groups of ancient sculpture have been discovered hidden away among their ruins; and in order that these might be brought to light, it was necessary that the ruins should all be laid bare, and so we see them to-day.

The favourite amusements of the Romans were chariot-races and gladiatorial shows, and for these they built great round or oval-shaped amphitheatres with an arena in the centre. The Coliseum is the most striking of these; it is, indeed, a "Colossus." Here, on the outside, it is upheld by the three forms of Greek columns: Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian.

At the top of the walls, there are sockets that formerly held poles, over which an immense canvas covering could be spread to protect the audience from either sun or rain.

Look at the picture and see the seats rising tier above tier. Imagine the emperor and senators and Vestal Virgins and eighty thousand Roman citizens gathered here in holiday dress to witness a chariot-race or a gladiatorial combat!

Nothing gave the Romans more pleasure than these shows; and the more brutal they were, the greater was the applause. No festival was complete without such an exhibition.

Think how the gladiators fought! Think how Christian martyrs, and among them beautiful maidens, were thrown as a prey to the wild beasts, which were goaded on to fury, only "to make a Roman holiday!"

For the past centuries, the Coliseum has served as a stone-quarry for palaces and churches in Rome. But Victor Emanuel, in the nineteenth century, stopped this pillage.

The poet Longfellow, after looking at the great structure, wrote the following lines:

> "Its mossy sheath half rent away and sold,
> To ornament our palaces and churches."

The Romans greatly honoured their victorious generals. When they heard that one was returning, after making a glorious conquest, they would sometimes raise in his honour an arch as a symbol of victory.

Then the victor led his army through the gaily-decorated city and under the triumphal arch, amid the applause of the multitude.

Of all the arches remaining in Rome, the Arch of Titus is perhaps the most interesting. Titus conquered Jerusalem, the Holy City of the Jews, and brought its treasures to Rome. The most valued of these were the sacred things which had been used in the Temple services in Jerusalem, and the most precious of all was the seven-branched candle-stick.

This was of solid gold and had been fashioned in the time of Moses.

After seeing it, the artist sculptured it, with other interesting things relating to the conquest, on the inside of the Arch of Titus.

Later the candle-stick was lost. Perhaps the Romans threw it into their sacred river, "Holy Father Tiber," to save it from being carried away by the Goths when they invaded Rome; for these barbarians were famous robbers, and when they left the "Eternal City," they took much plunder with them. In recent years, old "Father Tiber" has been made to give up some of its buried treasure; what if the golden candle-stick should some day be found beneath its waters!

But we must return to the monuments that are still standing.

Trajan's Column is another memorial of victory. The Emperor Trajan made many conquests over the Dacians. This column was raised in honour of these conquests. It is a shaft one hundred and six feet in height. A figure of Trajan formerly stood on top, but now St. Peter has taken his place. Winding around the column are sculptured

reliefs, which are said to represent one hundred different scenes in the war. There are, in these, over two thousand soldiers and horses and forts and fights.

But it is so high that it is very difficult to stand beneath it and, looking upward, catch the action of the different groups.

Very famous are the ruins of the Roman Forum, or market-place. This was really the centre of the old city. In and around the buildings here, the people assembled to transact their daily affairs.

We have described only a few of the most interesting monuments of ancient Rome. With each of them is associated some important historic event. Yet there, to-day, we find but fragments of temples and broken columns.

When the Empire was at the height of its power, and some of the rulers became so arrogant that they thought themselves gods, it was the custom to carve portrait-statues in their honour. Some of these, especially that of Julius Cæsar, are very spirited and life-like.

But many of the later emperors reveal such weak and wicked faces that we are not surprised to know that the great Empire over which they ruled grew less and less powerful, and that it was finally conquered by barbarians from the North.

"The sun had set, the city gates were passed.
The dream of childhood had come true at last,
We were in Rome!"

—*Maria W. Lowell.*

PAINTINGS FOUND IN A BURIED CITY

Roman villas were usually built around a central court. The Romans cared little how these looked on the outside, but the interiors were very luxurious. There were libraries and picture-galleries and fountains and roof-gardens. The walls were lined with brilliant paintings, and the floors were inlaid with mosaic-work.

A Roman palace was like a small city; it included a villa and temple and courts and baths and lovely gardens, for the Romans were devoted to gardening. Painters and decorators were always busy in Rome, ornamenting the walls of villas and palaces. To-day these paintings are all faded.

There is, in Italy, a city that has been buried for many centuries, but has now come to light; and in looking at the pictures upon its walls, we may imagine how the villas and palaces of ancient Rome were decorated.

It must have been at the time when Pompeii was at the height of its glory and wealth that Mt. Vesuvius, the famous volcano of southern Italy, lighted its smoking torch. In its terrible eruption it sent out such quantities of lava that three cities were overwhelmed.

Pompeii was one of these cities. Its lava covering preserved its decorations from the ruin that time and barbaric invasion brought to Rome.

Centuries passed; and men seemed to forget the buried cities. But now, Pompeii is uncovered—an ancient city revealed to the modern world. The paintings, on the walls of its theatres and porticoes and villas, are as bright and soft as in the ages long ago, when the inhabitants were obliged to flee so suddenly from their beautiful homes to escape the fire and the lava.

There are pictures of all kinds with borders, and backgrounds of brilliant reds and soft yellows. There are landscapes and myths; there are exquisite dancing girls in colouring as intense, and with filmy drapery as graceful as if they had not been painted so long ago. Indeed, they seem to be *dancing* still!

So, in this twentieth century, we may visit Pompeii, and imagine it a kind of miniature Rome.

Rome itself is a city full of art history and of art treasures. We might live there for a whole life-time, and still we would always be finding something new to study.

A story is told of a traveller who spent five days in Raine, and then thought that he had seen everything. A friend advised him, however, to remain five weeks. Then, to his surprise, he found that there was still more to see: so he determined to wait five months. At the end of the five months, he was becoming so interested that he thought he would stay five years.

When these years had passed, he felt that he had seen so little that he resolved to stay in Rome for the rest of his life. He is *still there*—and constantly discovering something *new*!

"The world of Art is an ideal world,
The world I love, and that I fain would live in;
So speak to me of artists and of art,
Of all the painters, sculptors, and museums
That now illustrate Rome."

—*Longfellow*.

CHAPTER IV
Early Christian Art

THE FIRST CHURCH

In the first century, the city of Rome was called "The Mistress of the World." Its emperor, Augustus Cæsar, adorned it with so many buildings and statues that he boasted that he had found Rome a city of brick, and would leave it a city of marble. Just at this time, when many beautiful statues of heathen gods were being chiselled, and many temples were being built in their honour, a strange thing happened.

Far away toward the East, in the little town of Bethlehem, the Christ-Child was born. His coming into the world was soon to change the subject of art from heathen to Christian. Instead of the temple, holding its statue of Jupiter or Minerva, the Christian church was to appear, decorated with statues and pictures, representing the Madonna and Child, the saints and angels, and holy men and women. The change could not be accomplished all at once—it really took centuries. For after Christ was crucified, His followers who were called Christians were cruelly persecuted by the heathen Roman emperors.

These men considered themselves gods, and wished to be worshipped; so they did not welcome Christianity with its teachings of humility and patience.

So the poor Christians, in fear and distress, went down into the stone-quarries under the city of Rome. There they hewed out for themselves living rooms and little chapels, where they dwelt and worshipped, and died and were buried.

In these dark Catacombs, as they were called, we find the beginnings of Christian art. It is not much to see—just a carving, or a faded picture here and there upon the walls—Moses striking the rock, or Daniel in the Lion's Den, or Jonah and the Whale. Christ is portrayed as the Good Shepherd, carrying upon his arm a lost lamb. Sometimes

there are symbols, a cross perhaps, to represent Christ's suffering; or a vine and its branches, for Christ and his Church; a palm carried by the martyr as an emblem of victory; or a dove to signify the Holy Spirit.

After hundreds of years of persecution had passed, a strange thing happened. One day one of the greatest of the Roman emperors, Constantine, was in a battle. As he fought, there suddenly appeared to him in the sky a brilliant light. To Constantine, it took the form of a luminous cross, and under it he read, "With this sign, you will conquer."

Constantine at once embraced Christianity; and carrying a cross at their head, his legions ever after marched to conquest.

Now the joyful Christians came forth from their gloomy hiding-place. Now they might worship as they chose—but where?

When Christ was upon the earth, they had met in an "Upper Room"; but now that would be too small, and they would not use a heathen temple.

There were in Rome buildings called Basilicas. These were named for an old Greek ruler called Basileus. In Rome, a Basilica meant a "Royal House."

The Romans were using their Basilicas as gathering places for merchants and as halls of justice. The Christians liked to worship in these Basilicas, and the Romans allowed them to use them for their services. They had flat roofs and long, wide halls. These halls were separated into aisles by rows of pillars. The middle aisle was called the nave.

At one end, there was a little half-circular shaped place raised above the rest, and this was called an apse. The clergy were upon the apse, and the worshippers sat or stood in the long, wide hall before them. When Christians began to build churches for themselves, they made them in the form of these Basilicas. In some of these churches, a bishop's chair or "cathedra," as it was called, was placed in the apse; and a church holding such a chair became a cathedral.

Churches were dedicated to saints as heathen temples had, in the earlier ages, been dedicated to gods.

And the churches soon became very popular, and so much money was given to them that they also became very rich. Then they were

more and more decorated on the inside. A high altar upon the apse was made magnificent; also seats for the bishop and clergy, pulpit and choir and chapels were added.

The best artists were employed to paint upon the walls incidents in the lives of the saints to whom the church was dedicated.

This was done to make the story of the saint familiar to those who were not able to read it for themselves.

Since those earliest days of church-building, there have been many different forms of architecture. But in them all, in your church and in mine, we find to-day traces of the very first church. It was just a flat-roofed and very plain building on the outside; and on the inside it was separated into nave, side-aisles, and apse.

Such was the old Roman Basilica. Such was the first Christian church.

It was the calm and silent night:
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was queen of land and sea.
No sound was heard of clashing wars,
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain,
Apollo, Pallas, Jove and Mars
Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
In the solemn midnight, centuries ago.

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It is the calm and silent night,
Ten thousand bells ring out and throw
Their joyous peals abroad,
And smite the darkness charmed and holy now.
The night that erst no name had worn,
To it a happy name is given,
For in that stable lay new-born
The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven,
In the solemn midnight, centuries ago.

—*Dommett*.

ST. SOPHIA AND ST. MARK'S

We remember that there were no churches until after Christ came into the world. Since then architects have been kept very busy

designing them. Those of the Middle Ages were under the control of monks and priests. It took centuries to build them, and so they have remained for us to admire to-day.

They were in different forms—Byzantine, Romanesque, Gothic, and Renaissance—but whatever their form, they were always built for the worship and glory of God.

St. Sophia, in Constantinople, was a Byzantine church built by the Emperor Justinian. He thought that an angel appeared to him in a dream and told him to build. He followed the angel's direction, and called the church St. Sophia, or "heavenly wisdom," because its design was planned in heaven. He was himself its architect. He daily put on a linen tunic, and directed the work of ten thousand labourers, and every night they were paid for their toil.

The outside of the church was plain, but the inside was gorgeous; for it was intended to surpass in glory the splendid temple of Solomon at Jerusalem.

There was a great central dome, and about this were half-domes and arches; the walls were decorated with mosaic pictures, taken from Bible history and from the lives of the saints.

In mosaic-work, the figures are always stiff; for it is not easy with bits of stone and glass to copy a picture with its delicate outline and light and shade. But all was done upon a gold background, so the whole effect was brilliant and glittering.

Such pictures patiently wrought have lasted through the ages. Truly has it been said, "Mosaic-work is a painting for eternity."

Heathen temples were robbed to decorate St. Sophia. There were marble columns of every hue; there were pulpits and shrines; and doors of amber, ivory, and cedar. The golden altar was inlaid with onyx, pearls, sapphires, and diamonds; and the church was crowned with a cross of pure gold. On Christmas Eve, in the year 548, St. Sophia was dedicated.

On that occasion, Justinian drove his chariot to the entrance, and ran with outstretched arms from the door to the altar, exclaiming, "God be praised! Solomon, I have surpassed thee!"

St. Sophia was, for centuries, the most beautiful church in Byzantine art; but in the year 1453, the Turks conquered Constantinople. These Turks were followers of the warrior-prophet Mohammed, and

St. Sophia must now be given to his worship. They cleansed it with rose-water. Saintly mosaic pictures were whitewashed over; and above them were placed shields, bearing texts from the Koran, Mohammed's Bible. The massive golden cross was taken from the top, and the crescent, symbol of Mohammed, was put in its place. So, today, St. Sophia is a Mohammedan mosque.

St. Mark's, in Venice, is another example of Byzantine architecture; or rather it seems a combination of different forms that belong to it alone in all the world. How did St. Mark, to whom the church is dedicated, become the patron saint of Venice?

His story runs as follows: Once in coming over from Egypt where he had been preaching, he was caught in a storm on the Mediterranean Sea, and forced to land on an island. As he stepped on shore, an angel accosted him, saying, "Peace to thee, Marco, my evangelist!" And then the angel told him that one day he should be worshipped in Venice.

So, after his death, the Venetians stole his body and placed it in a basket; and then fastening this to the mast-head of their ship, they started for their city. A dreadful gale arose and the ship was driven upon the rocks. Then St. Mark revealed himself to the sailors, and brought them safe to land.

Both clergy and Doge welcomed the body with great honour, and thus St. Mark became the patron saint of Venice. His emblem is a winged lion.

Venice was the home of merchant princes who had brought to it the spoils of many conquered lands, and their St. Mark must have a magnificent shrine. They determined to build it in the form of a splendid church, in which they could make a display of their great wealth.

The history of its building reads like a fairy tale. For centuries, Venetian galleys brought to it from all parts of the earth all kinds of precious stones and beautiful marbles. The façade is a grand mosaic-screen! The arches are inlaid with mosaic pictures. Above the façade rise slender turrets, holding statues of saints, and domes tipped with square Greek crosses. Below the great window, stand four bronze horses, each weighing nearly two tons; but heavy as they are, they have been great travellers. Probably they were first brought from

Egypt to Rome, where they adorned more than one triumphal arch. Later, Constantine the Great took them to Constantinople; then the Crusaders brought them to Venice. Later, Napoleon Bonaparte stole them and carried them to Paris, where they were placed on his triumphal arch. When he fell, the horses were again restored to Venice, and placed on the church of St. Mark's, where they are to be seen now. As Venetian carriages are gondolas, we may imagine how much the people must prize these trophies, even though they are very curiously-shaped animals.

Entering the church, we find beautiful columns of marble, jasper, and agate. The walls are covered with mosaic pictures of doges, saints and angels and Bible scenes.

St. Mark's is, indeed, a veritable mosaic-museum. The fourteen marble statues which separate the choir from the nave represent the Mother of Christ, St. Mark, and the Twelve Apostles. In the arch above the altar, is a colossal statue of Christ, in the act of blessing the people. The tomb of the Saint under the high altar is adorned with gold and jewels, and rich alabaster columns.

On the square or "piazza" in front of the church there formerly stood a graceful Campanile, or bell-tower. It was three hundred feet high, and decorated by Sansovino, a famous Italian sculptor. In the summer of 1902, the Campanile fell! And when the news was flashed abroad, not only Venice but the whole art world mourned.

The "piazza" has been, for a thousand years, the pleasure-ground of doves and people. Here many famous events have taken place, and here sailors have gathered from every part of the earth to show their treasures, and to tell their tales of adventure. When you leave your gondola to stand on this old historic "piazza," and gaze up at the great mosaic church—St. Mark's—you will feel that it possesses a charm and beauty all its own. It stands as the crowning glory of "The Island City."

"Enter when the glory of the setting sun sifts in, and falls
in shattered shafts of light on altar, roof, and wall."

VENICE

"Where Venice sate in state, throned

on her thousand isles."

—*Byron.*

TWO GOTHIC CATHEDRALS

Byzantine churches with their great central domes were used very much in the Eastern countries; but in Italy, Germany, France, and England, many Romanesque and Gothic churches were built.

The word "Romanesque" means "like the Romans"; and Romanesque churches somewhat resemble Basilicas, but they are larger and higher and more massive.

The Campanile, or bell-tower, had been placed at the side of the Basilica; but Romanesque churches were surmounted by one or two square towers. These were for the chimes. They were used also in times of war as watch-towers, and as places of refuge for the timid.

These cathedrals were much ornamented on the outside, especially about the doors and windows; and their gutter-spouts were carved with heads of curious animals. Within the church, heavy arches were upheld by stout piers, instead of columns; and there was a cross aisle called a transept, which gave to the church the form of a Latin cross.

This architecture became more and more pointed, until it rose into the Gothic—the noblest form of all.

There are many beautiful Gothic cathedrals, two of the largest being at Milan and Cologne.

The cathedral of Milan in northern Italy is built in the square, or Italian Gothic form. It is covered with pure white marble. The quarry from which this marble was brought belongs to the cathedral.

When sculptors have wished to buy a block of marble from this quarry for their own use, they have paid for it by making a statue for the cathedral. So the church has many statues, ready to greet the wor-shipper as he approaches. The poet Wordsworth calls it an

"Aërial host of figures human and divine."

See, on the outside, the many slender spires, tapering heavenward with airy lightness. See the carved stone piers or buttresses built against the wall, to strengthen it, and to add to its beauty. Climb the staircase to the roof, and go through a perfect gallery of sculpture;

mount yet higher and pass through a second and a third.

And then, climbing to the very top, and forgetting all these works of human hands, look out over one of the most charming landscapes to be found in all Italy!

It is said that Milan Cathedral holds over seven thousand statues; and that fifteen hundred different kinds of flowers are carved into its delicate tracery.

The interior of a Gothic church is upheld, not by heavy piers but by tall clustered columns. Those bordering the nave of Milan Cathedral are seventy-two feet high.

Each capital has eight different figures upon it, and the figures upon each capital are different. The arches overhead are carved in delicate lacework. Much of the tracery is too high for us to admire; but that mattered not to the sculptor, for was not the cathedral built for the glory of God? What a grand lesson this teaches!

In Gothic cathedrals, saintly stories are painted over the windows, instead of being laid in mosaics upon the walls; and the gorgeous colouring of these windows gives to the interior a glow of warmth and richness which is most beautiful, even in the twilight.

Milan Cathedral in its pure whiteness is dazzling in the sunshine; and very fairy-like when the Italian moonlight glints its towers and pinnacles.

The city of Cologne, far away to the north among the vine-clad hills of the Rhine, is built around its pointed Gothic cathedral. See how tall the building looks in the picture! See the beautiful tracery covering its exterior—showing an endless variety of flowers and scroll-work and vegetables and grotesque animal forms, and of statues and hovering angels.

Indeed, every grace of ornament that can be made in stone is found here—and each one points heavenward!

The spires, rising five hundred and thirteen feet, seem, also, to be covered with lacework of stone.

Let us enter. Why, the roof seems almost in cloud-land! How tiny we are! The arches meet overhead like the interlacing of trees in a forest. As the sunlight glints through the trees in the woods, so here floods of light of every brilliant hue stream through the stained-glass windows.

The holy characters painted on the glass are irradiated. The great circular rose-windows, with petals of every colour, are splendid in the twilight glow.

This cathedral is full of treasures. The one that has made its fortune is something contained in a richly-studded, gilded shrine, kept in a treasure-room back of the high altar. We enter this little room. Let us see what this one box holds.

A bit of the lid is raised, and we look upon three skulls with their jewelled crowns. These are said to be the skulls of the "Wise Men" of the East, who came bringing gifts to the Christ-Child. We recall the story—how in their far-away homes they had heard that Christ was to come—and how they saw the star and followed it, until it "stood over the place where the young Child lay."

Then they presented to Him their gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh. This is the Bible story; but to it is added a beautiful tradition that the Christ-Child, in return for their gifts, gave them faith and meekness and charity.

Again the star guided the "Wise Men" back to their distant homes.

They had been kings before; but now they put off their royal robes, and went about doing good and preaching the Gospel to the poor.

It is said that, long after death, their skulls were found and removed, in turn, to Constantinople, Milan, and then to Cologne, where they now rest in their costly shrine.

There are many interesting legends connected with Cologne Cathedral. It was begun in the thirteenth century; but it was not until October the fifteenth, 1880, that the grand old German Emperor placed upon it the last stone, and announced to the nation that it was completed.

We recall St. Sophia, with its gorgeous interior; St. Mark's, with its treasures in marble, mosaics, and gems; Milan Cathedral with its seven thousand statues; and Cologne—most lofty and solemn and impressive of all.

From Catacomb to Gothic spire—what an uplift!

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"O peerless church of old Milan,
How brightly thou com'st back to me,
With all thy minarets and towers,
And sculptured marbles fair to see!
With all thy airy pinnacles
So white against the cloudless blue;
With all thy richly storied panes,
And mellowed sunlight streaming through."
—*Henry Glassford Bell.*

"Oft have I seen at some cathedral door
A labourer, pausing in the dust and heat,
Lay down his burden and with reverent feet
Enter and cross himself, and on the floor
Kneel to repeat his pater-noster o'er;
Far off the noises of the world retreat,
The loud vociferations of the street
Become an indistinguishable roar."

CHAPTER V
Italian Art

PISA AND PISANO'S PULPIT

Gothic architecture was the last pure form. Churches which are not modelled after the Greek temple, or after the Basilica, the Byzantine, the Romanesque, or Gothic form, are usually built by combining some of these, and they are said to be in the Renaissance style.

We may see in the churches about us combinations of these various forms. Apart from church-building, the art story was not very interesting in the first centuries that followed the coming of the Christ-Child.

There were, it is true, rare and costly things such as crucifixes, small ivory carvings, and brilliantly illuminated missals, or mass-books. There were, also, statues of Christ and of the Virgin and saints; but all were very stiff and awkward, in strong contrast to the earlier and life-like Greek statues.

But in the thirteenth century, there was a revival of beautiful art in the city of Pisa, in the western part of Italy. Every Italian city has its own distinct charm; and Pisa is always recognised by its four famous buildings—the Campo Santo, Cathedral, Leaning Tower, and Baptistery.

"Campo Santo" means "holy ground." The Campo Santo of Pisa was covered with earth brought from the Holy City of Jerusalem.

It was surrounded by cloisters, adorned with quaint frescoes and sculptures, and it was used by the Pisans as their burial-ground.

The cathedral, wrought in variegated marble, is one of the most beautiful in all Italy; and its form illustrates what has been said about church architecture. There is a Basilica apse, projecting at the back. There are Roman arches, a Byzantine dome, and the building is cross-shaped, like a Romanesque or Gothic cathedral.

The Campanile, or "Leaning Tower," which we see in the picture

is one of the wonders of the world, because it leans over thirteen feet. It is of white marble, airy and beautiful, and very graceful as seen against the blue Italian sky.

This tower is eight stories in height, and each story is surrounded by a gallery enclosed by arches. By a winding staircase of three hundred and thirty steps, we mount to the top, and it is not exactly a pleasant place to stand.

Its ancient bells have summoned the Pisans for many centuries to join in the cathedral service. They are so hung as to counterbalance, by their weight, the leaning of the tower.

This Tower was built about eight hundred years ago. The story generally given is, that its architects—for it had two—discovered "the lean" as they were working; and that when they found one side lower than the other, they tried to design the upper stories so as to make the tower level.

This seems very unlike the careful work of other famous architects of the Middle Ages.

The design of the circular Baptistery was taken from one of the rooms of a Roman bath. The outside is covered with exquisite Gothic tracery; and the Baptistery is surmounted by a statue of John the Baptist, for all Baptisteries are dedicated to him. In the interior is a carved marble font. To this, through many centuries, the little Pisans have been brought for baptism.

There also hangs here a bronze lamp which is famous, because its swinging suggested to the astronomer Galileo the idea of the pendulum.

There is, besides, a wonderful echo; and one sel-dom hears such rich and harmonious blending of sweet sounds.

We admire the font—we look at the lamp—and we listen to the echo; but we linger before a pulpit placed near the wall. For this pulpit, carved all over with bas-reliefs, was the first work that showed the change in art, from stiff and awkward figures to graceful and life-like ones.

The man who carved this pulpit, in the thirteenth century, was named Pisano, because he was born in Pisa. He was full of holy thoughts, and, like many other sculptors, took for his subjects favourite scenes from the life of Christ.

The pulpit is upheld by Corinthian columns, some of which are placed upon lions—these being symbols of the watchfulness of the priests. The eagle above, supporting the lectern or reading-desk, typifies the lofty flights of inspiration.

There are five groups of bas-reliefs on the sides of the pulpit. The one which is perhaps the most admired represents the visit of the "Wise Men" to the Christ-Child. Study this one especially when you see the pulpit. The Mother is seated, holding the Child upon her lap. The Baby leans forward toward the "Wise Men," who are approaching, and He holds up two of His little fingers in the act of blessing, as He takes the gifts which they have brought. In the background are seen Saint Joseph and an angel, while at the left are some spirited horses. As the scene of the Adoration of the Magi is laid in a stable, horses and oxen are usually introduced.

Pisano was greatly honoured, both as an architect and a sculptor; and he was called to different cities in Italy to design pulpits, altar-pieces, and churches; but the pulpit at Pisa is his masterpiece.

In the Middle Ages, Pisa was rich and powerful; but to-day her wealth and influence and commerce are gone. But her four famous buildings still recall the busy craftsmen of the Middle Ages, who, with sturdy activity, worked under renowned princes and patrons of art.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF FLORENCE—GIOTTO'S TOWER

Among the charms that belong alone to Italy are its many artistic capital cities. Let us take a bird's-eye view of Florence, the most enchanting of all. In the Middle Ages, it was called "The Lily of the Arno," "The City of Flowers," "The Home of the Renaissance," and "The Art Centre of the World."

The legend is that Florence arose originally right out of a field of lilies, and so the city took the lily for its shield; and it was said that if the heart of a Florentine were cut open, a lily of perfect form would be found therein.

So Florence is, indeed "The Lily of the Arno," and it is just as truly "The City of Flowers." Flowers are everywhere in profusion; and the silver foliage of the olive orchards gives added beauty to the landscape.

There are also flowers in painting and mosaic, and those on the

bronze gates of its Baptistery are among the most exquisite of all flowers moulded by the hand of the sculptor.

We shall take a bird's-eye view of the city, and read the stories that cluster about three of its most interesting buildings. First, we glance at that tall, square tower in the picture. It rises above a building that looks like a fortress, but instead it was one of the palaces of the powerful Medici family that ruled Florence in the Middle Ages.

The strong, warlike-looking tower recalls many party struggles of the fiery Florentines. Within the tower was a hoarse old bell called "the vacca," or "cow," and too often its angry clanging was a summons to the Florentines to come out and fight.

The workman carving on the cathedral would often make his chisel fly fast in the morning, that so he might finish his day's work early and join in the afternoon fray.

Glance again at the other tower nearer the Cathedral. This is carved in white marble, and it, also, is as solid as a fortress, but at the same time as light as an air-castle. This is the famous Campanile, or bell-tower, carved by the painter Giotto.

In the fourteenth century, when the cathedral was being built, Giotto determined that, like other cathedrals, it should have its own bell, and not be dependent on the old "vacca."

Giotto had been a painter all his life, and was now fifty-eight years old; and it is remarkable how easily he turned from painting to make his most charming work in architecture and sculpture. He began to build, and soon his graceful marble bell-tower rose into the air; and then, assisted by his pupils, he carved exquisite figures all over it in bas-relief.

The Florentines are very proud of Giotto's tower, and they have an expression—"as beautiful as the Campanile."

So, while the old "vacca" has ever given out its grim summons to war, Giotto's bell-tower has rung out through all the centuries a peal of praise and good-will.

Charles V said on seeing it that it ought to be placed in a glass case and exhibited only on fete days.

A story is told of Ruskin, the famous nineteenth century art critic. One day, when he was lecturing to some boys, he showed to them the photograph of a dog, taken from one of the groups on Giotto's tower.

The boys raised a shout of applause as they recognised in Giotto's dog of the fourteenth century a strong likeness to the English dog of the nineteenth.

"The brightness of the world, O thou once free,
And always fair, rare land of courtesy!
O Florence, with the Tuscan fields and hills,
And famous Arno, fed with all their rills;
Thou brightest star of star-bright Italy."
—*Coleridge*.

"In the old Tuscan town stands Giotto's tower,
The Lily of Florence blossoming in stone,
A vision, a delight, and a desire."

GHIBERTI'S GATES OF PARADISE

Near Giotto's tower stands the quaint eight-sided Baptistery. In the fifteenth century, a terrible plague raged in Florence; and the people to show their gratitude for deliverance from it determined to make a thank-offering to heaven—in the form of two sets of bronze gates for this Baptistery.

From different parts of Italy artists were summoned to compete for the honour of making these gates.

Ghiberti, a young Florentine, had been working for a goldsmith there, but had wandered away to other cities; perhaps paying his way by casting little bronze figures, which were then very much in vogue. One day he received a letter from his step-father, telling him that there was a contest for the building of the gates, and urging him to return at once.

Ghiberti was so excited at the news "that it seemed to him a thousand years before he could get to Florence."

He finally reached the city, and sent in his drawings with the others, and they were accepted. He made the two sets of bronze gates, and it took him nearly fifty years to complete them.

The first pair were covered with bas-reliefs, representing scenes from the New Testament; while the second pair represented scenes from the Old Testament; and these have always been considered the more beautiful. Michael Angelo said that they were "worthy to be the

gates of Paradise."

The figures in the scenes pictured on these gates were not all in low-relief. Some stood out in half-relief, others projected so far that they were in high-relief, and Ghiberti combined the three kinds very skilfully. The scenes are so striking that they ap-pear almost like paintings.

You will like to know the subjects of the ten panels; then when you see the gates, you can interpret them for yourself, if you are familiar with Bible stories.

They are as follows:

1. Creation of Adam and Eve.
2. Cain and Abel.
3. Noah.
4. Abraham and Isaac.
5. Jacob and Esau.
6. Joseph and his Brethren.
7. Moses on Mount Sinai.
8. Joshua before Jericho.
9. David and Goliath.
10. Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.

The borders are adorned with statuettes and fruits and animals.

Ghiberti lived to be an old man, and when he died he left wealth, and grandsons to bear his name.

But as Longfellow says:

"Ghiberti left behind him wealth and children,
But who to-day would know that he had lived,
If he had never made those gates of bronze
In the old Baptistery,—those gates of bronze,
Worthy to be the gates of Paradise,
His wealth is scattered to the winds; his children
Are long since dead; but those celestial gates
Survive, and keep his name and memory green."

BRUNELLESCHI'S DOME

In our bird's-eye view, we find between the "vacca" and Giotto's tower a great dome. See how it springs with perfect grace right up into the sky! There are domes and domes all over the world to-day,

but this is one of the largest and most beautiful. It is called Brunelleschi's dome.

Let us, in thought, detach the cathedral from the group of buildings, and weave about it the story of Brunelleschi's life. He was a Florentine boy—small, plain-featured, and a great talker. Perhaps his best trait was, that he always persevered in any task that he began until it was accomplished.

Like many other boys of the time, Brunelleschi loved art. He became a goldsmith; and the work that he most enjoyed was casting little figures in bronze.

From being a goldsmith, he began to draw designs for buildings.

The great cathedral in Florence had been begun many years before this time. After its architect had finished its sides with their shining marble walls, and had planned the dome—he died.

The building stood for years without a roof. All Florence wondered who could plan a cupola large enough to cover such a great cathedral.

As Brunelleschi walked the streets, he often looked up at the massive, unfinished building. One day the thought came to him that *he* would *crown* it!

Then, full of hope and energy, and taking with him his dear friend Donatello, he went to study in Rome. There he frequently stood for hours, gazing at the Pantheon, his one thought being how he could make his dome higher and more graceful!

Then he would dig among the ruins of Rome, trying to find there something to help him; for Rome, you know, had been more than once sacked by barbarians, and many of its priceless works of art had been buried. The Romans, supposing that Brunelleschi was looking for hidden treasures, nicknamed him "the treasure-hunter." But the treasure which Brunelleschi was seeking was only an *idea*!

As you may imagine, he met with many discouragements, for others besides himself were planning to complete the dome. After he had worked for many years, the Florentines finally declared that the cathedral must be finished at once.

In 1420, a public proclamation was made that fair payment would be given for the best design.

The competitors met and gave in their plans, some of which were

very absurd. One was to make a great central pillar in the cathedral to uphold the dome built over it.

Another was to fill the cathedral with soil, into which some coins were thrown. This would uphold the roof while it was being built; and then the people would remove the soil without pay, in the chance of securing the coins.

Brunelleschi's design was offered with the others and was accepted. The "treasure-hunter" had in-deed found his long-sought treasure!

Then he selected his workmen, and began his great task. Sometimes his men would refuse to work; but this master knew how to end a strike quickly—for there were no labour-unions in those days.

Brunelleschi's whole heart was in his project, and day after day the great dome grew—rising gradually into the blue sky. As the Florentines watched it, they were very proud, for nothing like it had ever been seen before!

It was so perfect in shape that some thought that the master was trying to imitate the vault of the heavens above.

Brunelleschi died before the cathedral was finished; but his superb dome has ever been the crowning glory of beautiful Florence.

To-day, Brunelleschi "sits in stone" before the cathedral. He holds in his lap his architectural plan and gazes up at his grand work.

Giotto—Ghiberti—Brunelleschi—each one brings to us from the long ago a lesson of patient, persevering effort.

BRUNELLESCHI'S DOME

"In the busiest haunts of Florence,
In the centre of the mart,
Worn as rarest of her jewels,
Closest to her throbbing heart.

The cathedral stands and o'er it,
Springs its light aerial dome,
As the sod breaks into blossom,
Or the wave climbs into foam.

So the mighty master planned it,
But his life's declining sun
Set, and saw it still unfinished,

Saw his glory still unwon.

Yet to-day in the broad Plaza,
Brunelleschi, carved in stone,
Sits before the great Duomo
Keeping watch upon its own.

Dead, he speaks through all the ages,
Speaks as Moses spake of old,
From the mighty marble tablets,
To an age of faith grown cold!

Planned in doubt and reared in darkness
Is thy soul's cathedral here,
Left unfinished every fresco,
Left unfinished every pier.

Yet, in the Eternal Florence,
City of the spirit's home,
Shall thy life's full rounded purpose,
Rise like Brunelleschi's dome."

—*Maud Wilder Goodwin.*

LUCA DELLA ROBBIA AND DONATELLO

Having taken our bird's-eye view of Florence, we will now descend into the city and study some of its art works.

The fifteenth century was the beginning of the "Golden Age" of Italian sculpture. It was then that Ghiberti made his gates, and there were other noted sculptors—among them, Luca della Robbia. He was, at first, a goldsmith, but he was specially fond of moulding figures in clay. He had one trouble, however, and that was that he could never make the parts of his figures stick together; but he resolved to discover some way to do this.

So he worked all day and all night, until sometimes his feet were nearly frozen. Finally, he succeeded in producing a kind of glaze which held the clay together, and the material which he thus produced became famous as "terra-cotta," or "Robbia ware."

An old writer speaking of Luca della Robbia, says something worth remembering: "No one ever became excellent in anything whatever who did not from a child learn to put up with heat and cold,

hunger and thirst."

Luca della Robbia made bas-reliefs in his ware. These were often in pure white with a background of blue. Then, again, he would introduce a more varied colouring.

His children are very fascinating. He caught their half-humorous, half-serious beauty as perfectly as a painter. The expressions of their sweet, bright faces are so natural, and their motions are so full of vivacity that they seem like real children.

They are represented as dancing, or singing, or playing on musical instruments. Sometimes it seems as if we might almost tell in which note each boy is singing or playing. Such children had never before been seen in art, and Luca della Robbia became very renowned.

His brothers and sons helped him in his work. His studio came to be a manufactory, in which hundreds of pieces of "Robbia ware" were made, many of them being used as wall decorations. These were sent to different parts of Europe and it was difficult to work fast enough to fill all the orders.

Luca della Robbia kept the secret of the ware in his own family; so when they all died, there could never be another piece made. Today a group in "Robbia ware" is much more precious than it was five hundred years ago.

Another sculptor who helped to make the "Golden Age" of Italian sculpture was Donatello. We seem to know him more intimately than other masters of the time; and the better we know him, the more we admire his frank and kindly character.

He, too, made charming reliefs of children, but not in "Robbia ware," for that you remember was a secret. His works were usually chiselled in marble, or moulded in bronze.

Donatello and Brunelleschi worked together as lads in Florence, and always were devoted friends. When Donatello carved his first wooden crucifix, he was very proud, and showed it to Brunelleschi, asking what he thought of it.

Brunelleschi, who always spoke bluntly, hurt Donatello's feelings, my telling him that it looked more like a day-labourer than a figure of Christ on the cross.

Donatello was very angry at this and exclaimed: "If it is so easy as you think, take wood and make one yourself!"

At once Brunelleschi went to work, and after months of labor finished his crucifix; then, placing it where Donatello would see it as he entered the house, he invited him to dine. The two friends went together to the market, and bought eggs and bread and fruit for the frugal meal, and Donatello carried them in his apron.

Donatello entered the workshop first, and was so overpowered by the beauty of the wonderful crucifix that, forgetting the dinner which he was carrying, he threw up both arms in surprise. Everything fell from his apron.

Brunelleschi following, saw what had happened and exclaimed, "What do we now, Donatello, how shall we dine—you have spoiled everything!"

"I have had dinner enough!" replied Donatello. "To thee it is given to make the Christ, to me the day-labourer."

Although, in this instance, Donatello so gracefully acknowledged Brunelleschi's superiority, as he grew older he was usually very well satisfied with his own work, and he deserved to be. He understood perspective and foreshortening so much better than other sculptors of his time that his figures are very truthful to life.

It is said that he was so delighted with the life-like expression of one of his statues that he had just finished, called "David" or "Zuccone," that he struck it a blow, bidding it speak.

He was greatly honoured and he received many orders.

Once a rich merchant of Genoa begged Donatello to make for him a portrait bust of himself. When finished, it was placed on a balcony for exhibition. The merchant admired it, but objected to paying Donatello's price. "I know how to destroy the result of the study of years in the twinkling of an eye," said Donatello; and with this, he threw the bust from the balcony to the street below, breaking it into bits. Then the merchant, ashamed and disappointed, begged Donatello to make it again, promising him twice the money; but no entreaty could move the sculptor.

He did not care for wealth; for he always kept his money in a basket that was hung on a beam in his house, and whenever they chose, his friends and workmen were allowed to help themselves; but Donatello had a strong sense of justice.

We add one military saint to our sculpture-gallery—Donatello's

"Saint George," the patron of chivalry. Saint George, clad in complete armour and bearing the shield of a crusader, adorns the exterior of a Florentine church.

He stands firmly on both legs as if no power could move him.

Michael Angelo was so struck with his life-like expression that, recalling Donatello's command to his "David," he ordered Saint George "to march."

> "No man is born into the world whose work
> Is not born with him; there is always work
> And tools to work withal, for those who will;
> And blessed are the horny hands of toil."
>
> —*Lowell.*

MICHAEL ANGELO

On a rocky ledge overlooking Caprese, in northern Italy, there stands to-day a ruined castle. On a tablet in one of the rooms we read that, in the year 1475, Michael Angelo was born here. How little the parents could have known that their baby was destined to become famous!

Now over four hundred years have passed, and we look back to Michael Angelo as a great master—world-renowned as an architect, sculptor, and painter—all three!

His father had held some office in Caprese, and when his work there was accomplished, the family returned to their Florentine home. The child, however, was left with his nurse, who was the wife of a stone-mason. As soon as the little fellow was old enough he played in the quarries, watching the stone-cutters with their chisels; for he loved both the sight and the sound.

A little later he was taken back to Florence to be educated, and he went most unwillingly; but he must have masters now and study from books. He did not enjoy his lessons, however, and hurried through his daily task so that he might have time to draw and to chisel. He had a boy friend Granacci, who helped him by lending him brushes and paints; for Granacci was studying art, in the workshop of the fine painter Ghirlandajo.

One happy day which Michael Angelo always loved to remember, Granacci took him to the workshop, and showed his work to

Ghirlandajo. The master was much interested and said to Michael Angelo, "You must give up your other studies and become my pupil."

The father did not easily consent, but at last he was forced to yield; for Michael Angelo was now a very determined boy of thirteen years. He was clever in the workshop, making original designs that none of the other boys dared attempt. One day Ghirlandajo said, "The boy understands more art than I do!" and he actually became jealous of his young pupil.

At this time, Italian cities were governed by wealthy families. The most powerful family that ever governed any city was the Medici, and it devoted great wealth to the giving of beautiful works of art to Florence.

Lorenzo de' Medici was the most art-loving of these princes. One day he sent to Ghirlandajo, inviting him to send two of his best pupils to study in his gardens, which were full of old Greek statues.

Michael Angelo and Granacci were chosen to accept the invitation.

How delighted Michael Angelo was to see the wonderful sculptures! Really, as he walked through the garden, a whole world of art opened before him! Rough marble was there, too, that with their chisels the lads might copy anything they chose.

A story is told of Michael Angelo that one day he was intently working upon his first sculpture—the head of an old faun. The great Lorenzo, walking through the garden, paused to watch the boy at work, and finally said to him, "You have made your faun old, yet you have left all the teeth; at such an age, generally teeth are wanting."

Michael Angelo made no reply and Lorenzo passed on. The next time he came that way he looked again at the faun, and discovered that one tooth had been carefully broken off. Lorenzo was pleased that the boy had taken his advice, and besides he had heard many good things about him. So what did the great prince do but invite him to come and live in his palace. The father objected. He thought that art was only for peasants, and his son was of noble birth. Besides he had a large family and little money; and he wished his son to be a silk- and woollen-merchant and to bring home his earnings. But the prince insisted, and for the second time, the father had to consent.

Now we find the young sculptor living in a palace and dressed in

fine clothes, sitting daily at the table with princes, and enjoying a monthly allowance. Here he remained for several years, and then his noble patron died.

Michael Angelo was very grateful and very full of grief, as he returned to his father's house and arranged his studio there.

Pietro de' Medici succeeded Lorenzo, but he was weak and silly. The only thing which he ever ordered Michael Angelo to make for him was a great snow-image, which melted in a single night.

In our brief story of Michael Angelo's life, we may not follow him from city to city, or describe many of the things which he did; but only speak briefly of some of his principal works. For he was always working and usually either in Rome or Florence.

When he was twenty-four years old, he carved a statue in Rome, considered by many to be his finest. It is called the "Pieta," and it represents the dead Christ in His Mother's arms.

This statue gave him great reputation, and the Florentines, knowing of it, said that he must now return and make an art work for their city.

There had been long lying idle in Florence an immense block of marble. One hundred years before, a sculptor had tried to carve something from it, but had failed. This was now given to Michael Angelo. He was to be paid twelve dollars a month, and to be allowed two years in which to carve a statue.

He made his design in wax; and then built a tower around the block, so that he might work inside without being seen. Then, inspired by the great idea, he attacked the marble furiously with his chisel, making the chips fly very fast. He seemed to see the imprisoned statue in the rough block, and he must bring it out! What skill of the sculptor to change a rough stone into an object of beauty!

Presently there appeared a great white "David"—eighteen feet high:—and so heavy that it took forty men four days to roll it from the workshop to a central square of the city. There it stood until the year 1874, when, on account of wind and weather, it was placed in the "Academy," where we may see it to-day.

The youthful David stands erect—his face full of purpose; for Michael Angelo had chosen the moment when he is about to strike Goliath.

The Florentines were very fond of this statue. Its appearance was such an event that they used to reckon time from the date of its removal to the square.

About this time Julius II, the warrior and art-loving Pope, wished to raise to himself the most magnificent tomb in Europe; and as Michael Angelo was now the greatest sculptor in the world, he was summoned from Florence to Rome to build the tomb.

It was to be three stories high and to be adorned with forty statues. It was to stand in old St. Peter's church, if that was large enough to hold it; if not, a larger church should be built.

Michael Angelo was delighted with the grand idea. He went to the marble quarry at Carrara, and spent eight months in selecting suitable blocks. When they were brought to Rome, they nearly filled the square or "piazza" in front of St. Peter's church. You see in the picture what a large square it is.

The Vatican, the Pope's palace, is just at the side, and the Pope was so eager to watch the work that he had a covered passage made from the Vatican to the sculptor's workshop, on the "piazza." Then he might go and come without being observed, and Michael Angelo was always to be admitted to the Papal palace.

All went well for a time; but unfortunately there were in those days great jealousies among artists.

Enemies stirred up the Pope against Michael Angelo, telling him that it was an evil omen to build his tomb in his life-time. Then the doors of the Vatican were closed against the sculptor. He could not get money to pay for the marble, and in great indignation he left Rome. It was not until the Pope had sent several couriers after him that he was willing to return.

And what was the end of it all? Forty years of toil and trouble, and instead of the great monument, a group placed in a church too small to show it well. The central figure is of colossal size and represents Moses, just as he has come down from the mount.

You see his fiery expression as he is evidently gazing at the "Golden Calf," which the children of Israel had made to worship. His right hand rests upon two tables of stone which he had brought down with him; with his left, he presses his long flowing beard as if he would hold himself back from springing forward in indignation. It is thought

that the horns protruding from the top of his head should have been rays typical of light and power.*

The figure of Moses is not beautiful but masterful, and in it we may perhaps trace the restless, dissatisfied spirit of Michael Angelo himself, impatient at his disappointment.

The best artists in Italy had been called upon by the Popes to decorate different parts of the Vatican, and now Julius II insisted that Michael Angelo should paint the ceiling of his Sistine Chapel.

Michael Angelo objected, saying, "I am not a painter, but a sculptor."

"A man such as thou," replied the Pope, "is everything that he wishes to be."

"But this is an affair of Raphael, the painter," replied Michael Angelo, "give him this room to paint, and give me a mountain to carve."

But the Pope was firm, and the sculptor was obliged to put aside his chisel and to take his brush. The roof of the chapel was vaulted; and the Pope told him that he might fill the spaces with saints, being paid so much for each one.

Michael Angelo was too good an artist to be willing to do this, and so finally the Pope allowed him to arrange his subjects as he chose.

He made for himself a cardboard helmet, into which he could insert a candle, in order to work by night as well as by day. Much of the painting had to be done lying flat upon his back on a staging that he had designed. He was forced to look up so constantly that, after the ceiling was done, he could never look down easily.

Michael Angelo loved to read his Bible, and from it he drew his inspiration for his colossal paintings.

He divided the centre of the ceiling into sections, and upon each one he painted a Bible story.

These scenes are surrounded by masterful sibyls and prophets, with most inspired countenances.

There are, in all, over three hundred figures, most of them larger than life. That of Adam is one of the finest.

* See Vulgate for source of Michael Angelo's error.

The whole painting shows force and sublimity, and a remarkable knowledge of the human form.

It is curious that while Michael Angelo loved sculpture best, many agree that these paintings are his finest works, showing perhaps more than his sculptures his wonderful power and personality.

Julius II did not think that the dresses were rich enough, and wished some of the pictures retouched and gilded. "It looks so poor," he said. "They are only poor people," replied Michael Angelo, "they did not wear gold on their garments."

The next Pope was a Medici, and he sent Michael Angelo to Florence to design some grand tombs for his family. Two were made —one for Lorenzo, the grandson of his kind patron; the other for Giuliano, and beneath both were placed allegorical figures.

The one of Lorenzo is not a likeness, but, instead, the most imaginative thing that Michael Angelo ever made. It is called "Il Penseroso," or "the thoughtful one."

When many years later, Paul III came to the Papal throne he said: "I have desired for ten years to be Pope that I might make Michael Angelo work for me alone, and now I will not be disappointed."

So Michael Angelo was again summoned to Rome, and once more set to work by the Papal power that had seemed almost to govern his life-work.

This time he painted "The Last Judgment." You see it at the end of the Sistine Chapel, back of the high altar. It is a huge picture, and in it are hundreds of figures; that of Christ, the Judge, is very powerful. Originally the colouring was rich. Now the plaster is cracked, and the picture is covered with the dust and incense-smoke of centuries.

Probably to-day you will admire far more a bright, beautiful nineteenth century fresco by Abbey, Sargent, or Chavannes.

Michael Angelo had one strong rival—the great painter Raphael. Yet the two unconsciously helped each other. Raphael must have caught strength from seeing Michael Angelo's work; while Michael Angelo may perhaps have gained a bit of sweetness or gentleness from Raphael's holy pictures.

Michael Angelo had a proud, imperious spirit, and he hated party strife. Misfortunes came to his beloved city Florence. He tried to help it to regain its freedom, but he failed; so he left it, spending his last

years in Rome.

His old age here was perhaps the quietest and happiest part of his life. He was never married; for he said that his art was his wife, and his works, his children.

One very beautiful friendship came to the solitary man—that for the gracious and gifted Vittoria Colonna. For years, the two knew each other intimately. They talked together on many interesting subjects, and wrote sonnets to each other; and while Vittoria Colonna lived, her influence seemed to illumine Michael Angelo's whole life, and he was distressed at her death.

He grew rich but he always lived simply, giving yearly large sums of money to support his father and family. "Rich as I am," he said, "I have always lived like a poor man."

His old age in Rome was devoted to architecture. The church of St. Peter had fallen into decay, and was being rebuilt. As it was the Pope's own church, money was sent from all the Catholic countries; the best materials were used, and the most gifted artists employed.

Michael Angelo was appointed its architect. He accepted the commission, but would receive no pay, saying that he was doing all for the glory of God. His design, however, was not carried out, except in the splendid gilded dome. He had always loved to gaze at Brunelleschi's dome in Florence, and he followed its proportions. "I will make her sister dome larger but not more beautiful," he said. It is in reality higher, but not so large around.

As the great dome rose into the sky, Michael Angelo felt strongly that architecture *did* more for the glory of God than either sculpture or painting. Once on looking up, he exclaimed: "I have hung the Pantheon in the air!"

We may not pause now to enter the wonderful church of St. Peter's, the largest in all Christendom.

It may, however, give you some idea of its size, if you glance in the picture … at the little ball on top. In it, sixteen people can stand together. It is interesting to know that the dome of our Capitol at Washington is modelled after that of St. Peter's.

Michael Angelo was eighty-nine years old when he died in Rome, in 1564. His body was carried from the city by torch-light, and back to his loved Florence. Splendid services were held there in honour of

the grand old man.

He was buried in the church of Santa Croce, or "Holy Cross." On his tomb are three female figures, representing architecture, sculpture, and painting. In all three, Michael Angelo had a noble part, in making the sixteenth century the "Golden Age" of Italian art.

"Michael Angelo!
A lion all men fear and none can tame;
A man that all men honour, and the model
That all should follow; one who works and prays,
For work is prayer, and consecrates his life
To the sublime ideal of his art,
Till life and art are one; a man who holds
Such place in all men's thoughts that when they speak
Of great things done, or to be done, his name
Is ever on their lips."
—*Longfellow*.

CELLINI, BOLOGNA, AND BERNINI

A great company of sculptors followed Michael Angelo—but a genius is rare—and those that come after must suffer in comparison. So it was that sculpture now began to decline.

Greek statues were being dug out from among the ruins of old Rome; and these were thought so beautiful that artists began again to use mythological subjects for their works.

It is difficult to choose from the many sculptors two or three that will best show the spirit of the age—but Cellini, Bologna, and Bernini have been selected.

Cellini was very fond of Michael Angelo; and the latter, in his old age, tried to give his young friend good advice, and Cellini needed it. He had a fiery temper, and from the time when as a little boy he ran away from home, his life was full of rash adventure.

Cellini was most skilful in making richly-chased vases and sword-handles and armour in repoussé work and gold, silver and bronze statuettes, and no other could set jewels with such grace.

His finest work is his "Perseus," in the Loggia dei Lanzi, in Florence.

Florence, like Venice, has a sunny storied "piazza," on one side of

which stands this Loggia dei Lanzi. It is so called because the Lancers used to drill there.

Now it is filled with statues. Duke Cosmo de' Medici begged Cellini to make a statue to adorn it.

Cellini consented, and a comfortable home and good salary were given him while the work was in progress. It took him nine years; and just when all was ready for the casting, the sculptor was taken very ill.

He believed that he would die; and was greatly distressed to feel that his work must go on without him.

One night someone ran suddenly into his room, exclaiming, "Oh, Benvenuto, your work is ruined!"

Cellini rose from his bed, hurriedly threw something over him, and ran to the furnace. He found that the fire had gone out, and that the bronze had become cool, and so could not flow into the mould. with great effort he remade the fire, and presently the bronze melted and flowed, and his work was saved.

Falling on his knees, he thanked God, and then going home, he ate a hearty meal, and went to bed and slept until morning as sweetly as if he had never been ill.

This group of "Perseus" with the head of Medusa stands in front, on the left side of the Loggia.

See how defiantly Perseus holds up the gorgon head of Medusa. with its snaky locks! There is great life and action in the group. Perseus dares not even glance at Medusa; for anyone that looked upon her was turned to stone. When he cut off her head, he succeeded in doing it, only by gazing into the mirror where he could see her reflection.

Now he will place the head in his magic wallet, and give it to Minerva to wear in the centre of her breastplate. The statuettes introduced at the base of the statue are exquisite in detail.

Bologna's one desire was to be like Michael Angelo; and it is thought that he succeeded in this better than any other sculptor of the age.

He was a man of gentle manners, and much loved by his friends.

Two of his groups are also in the Loggia: but his masterpiece is "The Flying Mercury," in the Bargello Museum, in Florence.

The most admired "Mercuries" of the world seem to be the old Greek one by Paeonius, and that of Bologna.

They are very different as you will see, if you compare the two prints.

Mercury was the messenger of the gods, and swifter than the wind. Bologna represents him as balancing himself on a bronze zephyr, preparing to take his flight to Mt. Olympus. He has wings on his cap and on his sandals. He carries a magical wand called a caduceus. This has marvellous power, for if thrown between combatants, it always stops their fighting.

Once Mercury saw two serpents quarrelling. He threw his caduceus between them, and they at once ceased and twined lovingly about it; and Mercury has always held them there to show what his caduceus could do.

Bernini, the last of the trio, lived in the seven-teenth century, and his home was usually in Rome where he worked under several of the Popes. He was greatly honoured wherever he went, and his style of work is called "Berninesque."

Very many of his best works are in Rome; and one has no difficulty in recognising them, for they are very dramatic. He always chose for his subject something that called for a striking attitude.

In fact, it had become the fashion in the seventeenth century to choose sensational and exaggerated subjects in art. Everything was sacrificed to effect.

Bernini used too much flying drapery; indeed the drapery often gives expression to a whole group.

Do you see in the picture the figures on the colonnade in front of St. Peter's church? There are one hundred and sixty-two of them, and Bernini designed them all.

He made the showy fountain of Trevi, and the legend that goes with it is—that if before leaving Rome, one drinks at this fountain and then throws in a coin, he will sometime return to this wonderful city.

Perhaps Bernini's finest work is his "Apollo and Daphne," made when he was but eighteen years old. You must know the legend to understand the group. It runs as follows:

One day Apollo found Cupid playing with his arrows and

reproved him. Whereupon the mischievous little fellow drew two of his tiny shafts from their quiver, and shot the golden one into the heart of Apollo, and the leaden one into the heart of a beautiful wood-nymph Daphne. Now Cupid's golden shafts always inspired love, while his leaden ones inspired hate. So Apollo loved Daphne, but Daphne hated Apollo. Daphne escaped from Apollo, and he pursued her; but as she could not run very fast, she called upon her father, the river-god, to save her. He heard her cry, and responded by at once turning her into a beautiful laurel-tree.

Bernini represents the moment when Apollo has caught up with Daphne, just as she is being transformed. He was grieved to Jose her, but he said, "This tree shall be sacred to poets and musicians and artists. I shall wear a wreath of laurel, and all who follow the arts shall be crowned with a laurel wreath."

The "Perseus" of Cellini, the "Mercury" of Bologna, and the "Apollo and Daphne" of Bernini express, in turn, powerful action, beauty, and dramatic grace.

How different they are from the sculptures of Michael Angelo! He perhaps never thought of beauty and grace, but instead his works always showed great power and solemn dignity.

We have lingered long in Florence and in Rome—to-day the two cities of Italy in which art is most honoured.

Think how many works you can recall—in Florence, "The Home of the Renaissance," and in Rome, "The Eternal City."

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."
—*Longfellow*.

CANOVA

About the middle of the eighteenth century, there lived in Possagno, not far from Venice, in northern Italy, an old stone-cutter called Pasino Canova. He had with him a little orphan grandson named Tonin. The grandfather determined that, like himself, the boy should be a stone-cutter, and so taught him to use the chisel when very young. Tonin liked this, and besides when he was not very busy

with his books, he was allowed to mould small figures with bits of bread and clay. The grandfather was very proud of his industrious young grandson, and made him his constant companion, taking him everywhere with him.

At that time Signor Faliero was one of the principal men in Possagno, and he greatly honoured the old stone-cutter, often giving him work to do. Sometimes he even entertained him at his villa.

Once when the old man and his little grandson were there, a festival took place, and this the boy remembered all his life.

At the very last moment, it was discovered that the ornament for the dessert had been forgotten. The servants were distressed, for they did not know what to do.

Little Tonin, however, was equal to the emergency. He called for some butter and with it he moulded a lion. This was placed upon the dessert, and when it was carried to the table, the guests were charmed; and Tonin, who was now only twelve years old, was summoned to the dining-hall and greatly praised. Then Signor Faliero knew that Tonin would be a sculptor.

He gave him a teacher, and later took him into his own family, and then Tonin worked very hard. He made small figures in clay for his friends, and two angels which his delighted grandfather chiselled in stone. Later, he was sent to Venice, and soon he did as good work as his teachers there.

Venice, in the sixteenth century, had a famous architect and sculptor named Sansovino. He had decorated Venice as Bernini had decorated Rome; but his style was purer and nobler than Bernini's.

But after Sansovino's time, Venice had no famous sculptor, so naturally Canova's work was greatly admired. He carved several statues, and finally was paid for one of them such a large sum of money that he exclaimed joyfully, "At last, I shall go to Rome!"

He took with him letters of introduction, and was received in Rome with the greatest kindness.

And how wonderful the city seemed to him! He studied early and late the works of Michael Angelo, and also old Greek statues recently excavated. Often, almost at daybreak, he would be found before one of these, sketchbook in hand.

Through such study, he did much to bring Italian sculpture back

from its overstrained and theatrical attitudes to the beauty and repose of the old Greek forms.

Canova wished to undertake some great thing to show the Romans what he could do. So the marble was given him, and a workshop, too, in which to chisel it.

He took for his subject the mythological hero Theseus, who killed the Minotaur. This Minotaur was a terrible legendary animal that had ravaged Greece, and had eaten up quantities of children.

Canova chose the moment when Theseus, having slain the monster, seats himself upon the body.

When the colossal group was uncovered such praise and delight were expressed that Canova's fame was firmly established and all his later works were considered masterpieces.

He was most successful in carving monuments. Among them is one on the tomb of Pope Clement XIII, in St. Peter's church, in Rome. This is adorned with a remarkable sleeping lion.

Then, in Vienna, there is a monument to Queen Marie Christina, in which the marble figures going up the steps are so true to life that it seems as if they were really moving.

Canova made a beautiful statue of Hebe, the goddess of youth, and cup-bearer to the gods.

He represents her just as she is pouring out nectar for a feast on Mt. Olympus.

He made among other portrait-busts one of Napoleon Bonaparte, and also a statue of our own George Washington. This was brought to America, and placed in the Senate Chamber of the Capitol, in Columbia, South Carolina. It is honoured as being one of the first famous statues ever sent from Europe to America.

Napoleon Bonaparte had conquered many cities in Italy, and had carried from them a large number of beautiful works of art to Paris; but when he lost everything, all these stolen treasures must be returned.

Canova was asked to arrange the matter with France. His mission was difficult; but he accomplished it with great dignity. And when all was done, the Romans conferred upon him the title, "Marquis of Ischia."

He now wished to make in Rome a colossal statue of "Religion,"

in honour of a Papal triumph; but he was not assisted in carrying out his idea, and so was keenly disappointed.

Failing in this, he decided to do something for his birthplace, Possagno. He would build and adorn a church there, and later be buried in its crypt. So he made a great fete in Possagno, gathered the workmen, broke the ground for the church, and presented gifts to all who had come. Then when the cornerstone was laid, there was a magnificent ceremony of dedication.

Canova led the procession as "The Knight of Christ."

The people of Possagno could not help recalling their little peasant Tonin, as they looked with pride on their great sculptor, Canova.

Canova died in the year 1822. Although he is buried in Possagno, there is a splendid monument to his memory in the church of the Frari, in Venice.

He was a just and generous man, and his life was always quiet and simple. He never married, but one romance of his life is often recalled. He admired a lovely girl whom he met daily on her way to study in an art-gallery. Finally she came no more. Canova met her attendant, and asked for her mistress.

The reply was, "La Signora Julia is dead!" He asked no more—he knew … nothing of her history—but she always remained his ideal.

Canova entered very fully into the spirit of old Greek art, and is noted for the beauty and simplicity of his statues. He is called "The Prince of Modern Italian Sculptors."

ITALIAN PAINTING

THE CHRIST-CHILD IN ART

"Dost thou love pictures?"

—*Shakespeare*.

The history of Italian painting is centred in the figures of the Christ-Child and his Mother, the Virgin Mary.

In art, they are usually represented together. Such a picture is called a "Madonna and Child." The word "Madonna" was used long ago in Italy in addressing a lady, for "ma donne" means "my lady";

but now "Madonna" usually refers to the Holy Mother.

Sometimes she holds the Babe, and again she kneels before Him in adoration. In such pictures, we find revealed the holiest of all human affection—pure and sacred mother love. Very often the scene is laid in a stable, with horses and oxen, and poor and rude surroundings.

At other times the Mother holds the Child before the adoring shepherds. They have heard the "good tidings of great joy," and are bringing their offerings of fruit and lambs and doves. And then, as if to give the picture a touch of heavenly radiance, a glory of angels appears; and most lovely are the angels that sing "Glory to God in the Highest!"

In some of the pictures, the "Wise Men" have come from afar. They have followed the star in the East, till it "stood over the place where the young Child lay." They bring rich gifts—gold and frankincense and myrrh. Their robes are gorgeous, in marvellous contrast to the lowly surroundings of the Babe in the manger, whom they have come to worship.

Very frequently in these pictures a second child appears. This is St. John—the little dark-skinned Baptist—a most picturesque figure. He is girt about with a coat of skin, and he carries a cross of reeds. A lamb is often introduced as a playmate for the children. They are all charming together.

So there are pictures and pictures of the Madonna and Babe, of the adoration of the shepherds, of the worship of the Magi, and of many scenes associated with the life of the Christ-Child.

When he is twelve years of age, he is pictured in the Temple with the Doctors, "both hearing them and asking them questions."

Then the scenes of childhood are ended; for now he must be about His "Father's business."

"A mother is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive."

—*Coleridge.*

"It was the winter wild,
When the Heaven-born child,
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies."

—*Milton.*

CIMABUE AND GIOTTO

The earliest picture of the Madonna and Child were of Byzantine type. The figures and draperies were very stiff; the faces had little expression, but the colouring was brilliant.

In the thirteenth century, however, there appeared in Italy a noble artist named Cimabue.

His paintings of the Madonna and Child were more true to nature than any that had gone before, and because of this, he has ever since been called "The Father of Italian Painting."

Cimabue first studied the stiff Byzantine forms; then he studied nature; and then he painted his picture. The figures in it are not graceful, but they are much more life-like than the Byzantine ones. The faces have more expression, the draperies are more natural, and the colours are softer. Let us examine our print; for the picture itself is so faded that we doubt, if you will ever pause before it, when you visit the church in Florence where it hangs.

The Mother in a red gown and blue mantle is seated on a chair-like throne which is supported by six adoring angels. She holds the Infant Christ upon her knees. His tiny fingers are raised in the act of blessing. The background is gilt, and the throne is hung with drapery, flowered with blue and gold. Surrounding each head is a nimbus, or band of light. This nimbus was used by the old painters as a symbol of holiness.

While Cimabue was painting the altar-piece, he would allow no one to visit his studio, until one day a royal guest appeared in Florence. This was the Duke of Anjou, the brother of the French king.

The nobles took the Duke everywhere, and among other places to Cimabue's studio, and to him the artist uncovered his picture. The Duke was so delighted that soon everyone heard of the wonderful altar-piece, and all Florence flocked to see it.

We like to read of the honour given to it when it was finished—how the citizens formed a procession, and how amid singing and dancing and blowing of trumpets and showers of garlands—it was borne in triumph from Cimabue's studio to the church where it may now be seen.

In memory of this procession, that part of Florence has ever since been called "The Joyful Quarter," and the road, "The Street of

Rejoicing."

Another thing for which we greatly admire Cimabue is his interest in the little peasant Giotto.

The story goes that one day as the great painter was walking in the fields, he was attracted by a brown and homely lad. The child was watching his sheep, and at the same time, with a bit of slate for a pencil, he was drawing a picture of one of them upon a stone.

Cimabue looked at his rough work, and saw in it the touch of genius. He was so interested that he bade Giotto leave his sheep, and go with him to Florence where he would teach him to paint.

The father consented, so Cimabue took the boy home, and became his teacher, instructing him so well that, in time, he became even a greater painter than his master.

When Giotto grew up, he wandered all over Italy. He lived always a sturdy, honest, and merry life; but, peasant as he was, he painted everywhere as if he were inspired.

He loved the great Italian poet Dante. Once when he was painting on a wall in Florence a picture of Paradise, he introduced Dante into the picture! Later on, the poet was banished from the city, and the Florentines, in scorn, whitewashed over the wall. So the head was hidden for centuries, but in the year 1841, the whitewash was scraped off.

To-day, on the wall of the old Podesta, may be seen Giotto's fresco of Dante's beautiful head—imperfect indeed—but very precious to the fickle Florentines.

Giotto loved the story of the Christ-Child, and was often seen lingering before Cimabue's Madonna; finally he painted one himself which is more true to nature than Cimabue's.

Giotto was especially interested in the story of the holy St. Francis, of Assisi. And if we would understand Giotto's picture, we too must read it. St. Francis was the son of wealthy parents; he was reared in luxury and loved fine clothes and pleasure. In a battle fought between two Italian cities he was taken prisoner. While in confinement, he was very ill, and thought much about his useless life.

One day, after his return to health and freedom, he met a beggar who so moved him to pity that he gave him his magnificent robe, and clothed himself in the beggar's rags.

That night Christ appeared to him in a vision, and asked him to become His follower, and Francis gave up everything for His service.

He lived in a cell—barefooted—his coarse brown robe girded with a hempen cord; and in this cord were always tied three knots—symbolic of his three vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience.

His life was full of love and good deeds, shown to every living creature.

He founded the Franciscan Order of monks, and became so famous, that after his death, a church was built in Assisi as his shrine; and contributions were sent to it from all parts of Europe.

Over the walls of this church, Giotto has frescoed many stories of the good deeds of the holy Saint. We realise that very little could have been known in the Italy of Giotto's day concerning the rules of painting, when we see his impossible rocks and trees and wooden-looking figures. But his holy stories are told simply and lovingly and reverently. And through his influence, painting soon became much more life-like.

Everybody liked Giotto, for he was as good-hearted and witty as he was ugly. The Florentines called him their great and dear master, and his School, or followers, became renowned.

Among the amusing stories told of him is the following: One summer day when he was busily painting, the King of Naples visited his studio. "If I were you," said the King, "I would not work when the weather is so hot." "Neither would I, sire," said Giotto, looking up with a twinkle in his eye, "if I were you!"

Perhaps you have heard the expression, "Round as Giotto's 'O.'" This is the story. The Pope wished to select the best Florentine artist to come to Rome and decorate some buildings for him. So he sent his messenger to Florence to bring back to him specimens of art work.

The messenger entered Giotto's shop, and asked for a bit of his painting. With a smile on his face, Giotto took a piece of paper; and with a brush full of red colour drew such a perfect circle that it was a marvel. He handed this to the courtier. "Is this all?" was the surprised question. "It is all and too much," replied Giotto, "send it on with the others." It is said that the Pope was delighted and called Giotto to Rome.

Giotto's life passed both busily and merrily. And as we remember,

he was fifty-eight years old when he was called upon to lay down his work and become an architect and sculptor. Then it was that he built and ornamented the graceful bell-tower which Ruskin calls "The Shepherds' Tower." This was the gem among all his works.

To return to Cimabue. We see how by painting the first important Madonna, and by helping Giotto to become a yet greater master, he has sent his influence down through the wonderful centuries of Italian art. Do you not think he was rightly called "The Father of Italian Painting"?

"Cimabue thought
To laud it over painting's field; and now
The cry is Giotto's and his name eclipsed."
—*Dante*.

THE MADONNA AND CHILD OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY

We may see how life-like painting had become since the time of Cimabue, by comparing his Madonna with one painted by Botticelli, in the fifteenth century.

The beautiful Mother with her transparent veil, and quaint, graceful robes wears a sweet yet sad expression, as if looking far away into the future. The Child seems to have caught from the Mother's face a serious and thoughtful look, and little St. John enters with sympathy into the feelings of both. This face was one that Botticelli greatly loved, and he repeated it with only slight changes many times.

See the graceful nimbus about each head, and the Babe's chubby hand on His Mother's neck.

The whole scene is full of life and light and movement. In the background are trees and flowers, and among them the roses that Botticelli always painted with delight.

Botticelli was devoted to religious subjects; but he was also fond of mythology, and had an intense love for nature. One of the most attractive of all his pictures is called "The Allegory of Spring."

The next picture is supposed to have been painted by Lippi, a pupil of Botticelli, and one of the most famous artists of the fifteenth century.

He was a gentle and pious man, and learned much from his renowned teacher; but the faces which he painted are not so sad and thoughtful as those of Botticelli.

Reverent, charming, graceful, and happy—are four words often used to describe his works, and surely they fit the picture before us.

You notice that the picture is round—the shape which Lippi must have learned from his master; for Botticelli was the first to make a round picture of the Madonna and Child.

We glance first at the bit of scenery in the background. The rocks and stiff trees show little perspective; but remember that artists were then just beginning to paint landscapes, and did not know how to arrange them.

Looking more closely, we see a hedge of roses, surrounding the square enclosure. Before us lies the chubby Christ-Child. His Mother kneels before Him in reverent love. Right in front is the piquant little figure of St. John in his lamb-skin coat. He kneels in adoration; but at the same time he glances out of the picture, as if to attract our attention to the Holy Infant.

Child-angels are hovering about. One of them is showering roses upon the Babe, while the others, with folded hands, are adoring Him. They look to us overdraped, but Lippi loved to paint drapery.

We must add to these pictures of the Madonna and Child two of the delightful little boy-angels of the fifteenth century. These were never sweeter than when placed below the Mother and the Infant Jesus, for they seem in such perfect harmony with holy themes.

We have taken these children from "The Madonna Enthroned," one of Bellini's most noted pictures. Bellini was the first great painter in Venice, and he was very fond of putting boy-angels into his pictures.

These little fellows are standing on the steps of the throne. The plump one on the right is playing a pipe. The one on the left is more often copied. He has a sweet, serious face and far-away eyes. He is playing on a small guitar.

Both are praising God for the gift of the Christ-Child.

We have reached back across the centuries to study these pictures painted by Cimabue, Giotto, Botticelli, Lippi, and Bellini, and there are many other famous ones on the same subject.

These, however, are enough to reveal to us the Madonna and Child, as pictured by the Italian master of the earlier age.

"O child! O new-born denizen
Of life's great city! on thy head
The glory of the morn is shed,
Like a celestian benison.
Here at the portal thou dost stand
And with thy little hand
Thou openest the mysterious gate
Into the future's undiscovered land."

—*Longfellow*.

FRA ANGELICO—THE PAINTER-MONK

We come now to a painter whom it is easy to remember, for his story is different from any other. We never think of him by his real name Guido, for his life was so saintly that he is always "Il Beato," "the blessed," or "Fra Angelico," "the angelic brother."

He always prayed for inspiration before he began to paint, and believing that God directed his brush, he never altered a stroke that he had once made. Sometimes he painted upon his knees. Truly, "He prayed as he painted, and he painted as he prayed."

His pictures were sought by many. The money paid for them was always given to the convent; for he believed that the truest riches are found in contentment with poverty!

Fra Angelico had a gentle temper. He never wished to rule others, saying that there is less risk in obeying than in commanding.

Once when the Pope asked him to be Archbishop of Florence, he refused in the following words, "I can paint pictures but I cannot rule men!"

He never painted worldly pictures, and rarely scenes of sorrow and suffering. Saints and angels were his favourite subjects.

Surely you will like to know something of his simple and reverent life.

He was born at Vicchio, among the Apennines, in the year 1387. He had a free and happy home, and he loved the trees and flowers and birds.

He was devoted to a brother, who, like himself, led a religious life.

When Fra Angelico was twenty years old, the brothers presented themselves at the convent gate in Fiesole. They asked that they might be admitted and trained to become monks.

Let us enter the convent with them that we may learn something about monastic life; for convents were very important places in the olden day, and held not only the rarest gems of painting, but also most of the learning of the Middle Ages.

They were really like small towns. There was a chapter-house, so named because in it the chapters of the law by which the convent was governed were enforced upon the monks. There was a refectory or dining-room, on the wall of which hung a picture of "The Last Supper"; and a scriptorium or writing-room with a rude table, chests of manuscripts, and pots of paint and brushes. Then there were cloisters where the monks walked, and cells where they slept.

There were preacher-monks and teacher-monks, for the convents were the schools of the Middle Ages; there were artist-monks who painted; and farmer-monks who tilled the soil and gathered the rich harvests. It was the rule of convents that every monk must work and every monk must pray.

Each convent was dedicated to a saint. Those in which Fra Angelico lived were dedicated to St. Dominic, the preacher and disciple of faith.

St. Dominic is represented in art with a star above his forehead, a lily in one hand, a book in the other, and a dog by his side. Those who followed his star were called Dominicans.

He instituted the use of the rosary—the beads on which Roman Catholics count their prayers.

When Fra Angelico entered the Dominican convent at Fiesole, and told the monks that he could paint, they received him gladly; for they were always pleased to add to their number one who could copy and illuminate manuscripts.

Fra Angelico lived in the age before printing was known; and the missals or mass-books that were used for the church service were all written. And in the same spirit in which cathedrals were ornamented with sculptures and paintings, religious books were exquisitely decorated for the glory of God.

So the artist-monk sat in his straight-backed chair before the

table in the dimly-lighted scriptorium, bending over his sheet of parchment. He had black ink and a reed pen, and brushes, and his palette was rich with brilliant colours.

He would sketch a lace-like border about the page. Within this he painted bright flowers, shells, fishes, and tropical birds of beautiful plumage, and sometimes saints and angels. He decorated, also, the initial letter, the rest of the text being written in black ink. Day by day, month by month, and year by year, the busy monk worked patiently on—each page like a bit of beautiful embroidery. At last, the manuscript was finished. You can never imagine its beauty and detail, until you hold in your hands such a manuscript, and turning over its leaves, examine it through a magnifying-glass. If you will believe it, the owner of such an illuminated missal valued it more than the rich man to-day values his costly home.

Fra Angelico loved the life at Fiesole—the views of hill and valley, the sunrise and moonrise, and the blue Italian sky.

Gradually on looking out upon all these beauties, he seemed to behold visions of angels, and at last he gave up illuminating manuscripts for larger works.

Every painter, you know, sees different things from any other. Fra Angelico saw angels, and his skill in painting them has rarely been equalled.

To him the sky formed just a background for them, for blue and gold were his favourite colours.

He painted his angels in easel pictures, and on the bare walls of the convent. They were musical angels with trumpet or cymbal or drum or harp; or angels gliding along, hand in hand, among bright flowers as we see them in his picture, "The Vision of Paradise."

They had radiant faces, flame-tipped foreheads, halos about their heads, and delicately-tinted wings.

Some of their star-bespangled robes were in ruby red, the colour of passion; and others in green, the colour of spring; or in blue, the colour of heavenly faith and love.

There is a legend that one day Fra Angelico was weary and fell asleep, and while he slept the angels finished his picture. We are familiar with his angels for they are so constantly reproduced as panel-pictures, and on Christmas-cards. The ones that are most

familiar to us are taken from the border of a picture in the Uffizi Gallery, in Florence, called "The Madonna of the Tabernacle."

After Fra Angelico had lived for eighteen years in Fiesole, the monks were called to the convent of San Marco, in Florence, and in their black and white robes they marched in a long train down the hill from Fiesole into Florence, and as they went, they chanted psalms.

At about this time, Donatello was the principal sculptor in Florence. Ghiberti was fashioning his "Gates of Paradise," and Brunelleschi was rounding his dome.

San Marco had fallen into ruins, and now was being rebuilt.

Fra Angelico was asked to decorate the white walls and he covered them with frescoes, his most beautiful painting being done in the cells that only the monks could enter.

These cells were narrow, low rooms, lighted by a little arched window, and just large enough for a bed and table and chair and crucifix—but each was irradiated by one of Fra Angelico's pictures!

What an inspiration to each monk as he fasted and prayed alone!

One of the most charming pictures in San Marco is "The Madonna della Stella," or "The Madonna of the Star"; for a single star gleams above the head of the Mother, just as it gleams above the head of St. Dominic.

The Mother's face is sweet and pure. She wears a long blue cloak, and tenderly presses the little Child, whose hand is laid lovingly against her cheek.

Around the frame, as in "The Madonna of the Tabernacle," are adoring angels and below are Dominican saints.

Finally the painter's fame reached Rome, and naturally the art-loving Pope called him there to work in the Vatican.

So he bade good-bye to the monks of San Marco and started for the Holy City. He journeyed from convent to convent, being most hospitably entertained everywhere.

We may wonder, if he left a picture on the walls of the different convents where he lingered for rest and refreshment. At last he reached Rome, and there passed the closing years of his life.

Here he decorated with frescoes the chapel of Pope Nicholas V.

These frescoes represented the lives of the two martyrs, St.

Lawrence and St. Stephen. These are more dramatic than his other works, and many consider them his best.

Fra Angelico died in Rome, in the year 1455. On his tomb, there is sculptured a quaint figure of a Dominican monk.

Before leaving Fra Angelico, let us turn again for a moment to San Marco in Florence. Here, a little later, there lived a preacher-monk named Savonarola. He preached to great crowds, for he had wonderful power over the people, and even bade defiance to princes, if they did not rule in the fear of God. Indeed, his whole life was a crusade against evil.

His cell in San Marco contains his picture painted by Fra Bartolommeo, an artist who gave up his art to join the preacher.

Here are seen, also, his crucifix and girdle, and some of his manuscripts.

We constantly recall Savonarola and Fra Angelico as we wander to-day through the cells and cloisters of the now empty convent.

Which will interest you more—the cell of the great preacher with the relics of his life and work? or the shadowy remains of those pictures, each of which carried its message of love and uplift to the Dominican monk of the olden day?

THE GLORIOUS SONG OF OLD

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold.
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men
From Heaven's all-gracious King."
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

• • • • • •

For lo! the days are hastening on
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world give back the song

Which now the angels sing.
—*Edmund H. Sears.*

LEONARDO DA VINCI

In a castle not far from Florence, there lived, nearly four hundred and fifty years ago, a wonderful child. His name was Leonardo—Leonardo da Vinci he was called, because he lived in the castle of Vinci.

He was very handsome, having long curls falling below his waist, and he was always dressed in rich robes. He had a remarkable memory, and it was well that he had, for he wished to learn everything. He studied with the greatest ardour history, geography, mathematics, music, architecture and painting; and he mastered every study which he undertook, often puzzling his teachers with questions which they could not answer.

He was so strong that with his hands he could easily bend an iron ring. Dumb animals loved him, and he tamed the wildest horses. He never could bear to see any creature cruelly treated, and sometimes he would buy little caged birds that he might just have the pleasure of opening the doors of their cages, and setting them at liberty.

He was happy and generous, and had such a charming manner, and could do so many things that naturally everybody liked him.

His father had intended that Leonardo should be a notary, until he found that he was fond of art.

So he put him to study with his friend Verrocchio, a celebrated Florentine painter, and with him Leonardo spent several years.

One day Verrocchio was very much hurried in finishing a picture. He called Leonardo, and told him that he might paint in one of the angel-heads. Leonardo went to work, and was delighted when the judge pronounced his angel the most beautiful thing in the picture!

The story goes that Verrocchio was so enraged that his pupil had done better work than himself that he burned his brushes and broke his palette, declaring that he would never paint again.

After Leonardo left Verrocchio's studio, he lived for a long time in Florence, and every kind of work tempted him there. He wrote verses, he invented a curious musical instrument, he used his paintbrush, he modelled in clay. He designed roads and bridges and canals

and fortresses; indeed, he anticipated many of our modern inventions, even to using steam as a motor-power.

He tried as men are trying now in our twentieth century to invent a flying-machine. Then, too, he made funny automatic toys which on being wound up "would go."

It seems hardly possible that he could have thought about so many things. We cannot describe them here, for it is as a painter that we are to study his life. But before leaving the subject, we must add that he had one very serious fault—he *attempted* too *many* things and he *finished* too *few*! He was seldom satisfied with his work; and after making a brave start, would often leave it incomplete.

To-day, the only fragments that remain are a few pictures, some plans and drawings, and his volumes of manuscripts written from left to right.

What a contrast between Leonardo and Fra Angelico, the painter-monk, who attempted but *one thing* and did that *one thing well*!

Leonardo loved to call himself a painter. He was often seen in the streets, sketch-book in hand, watching the people as they passed along.

If he saw a face that attracted him, he would follow until he caught the expression, and perhaps had copied it in his sketch-book —then he would go home and paint it.

Sometimes he would invite peasants to his house, and tell them funny stories till they were very merry; then he would take a pencil and draw their pictures.

He was well paid for his work in Florence, and after a time grew rich, and lived in a fine house and had servants and horses.

Thinking that he would like to attach himself to one of the small Italian courts, Leonardo wrote to the Duke of Milan, asking him to receive him. The Duke consented and welcomed him graciously. He was charmed with Leonardo, and soon found him a most valuable addition to his gay court. If the Duke gave an entertainment, Leonardo would sing, and play on the silver lute that he had fashioned in the shape of a horse's skull, and his beautiful music always enchanted the guests.

If the Duke desired a pageant, Leonardo would invent something to add to its interest—perhaps some automatic toys.

One of these toys was a lion that on being wound up would walk into the presence of the guests, open its mouth, and display bunches of flowers within.

In Milan, Leonardo established an Art Academy, and here by order of the Duke, he painted his masterpiece, "The Last Supper." The Duke commanded Leonardo to paint this picture on the wall of the refectory of a Dominican convent, and the master threw himself eagerly into the work.

No scene in the life of Christ has been represented with more feeling and reverence than this.

Let us pause here and look at the picture. We see the "Upper Room"; at the back is a window through which we may catch a distant view of the Judean hills. At a long table are seated thirteen men, Christ being in the centre. The figures are more than life-size, and the tablecloth and dishes are carefully copied from those in the convent.

Christ's face wears a divine yet tender and sorrowful expression; and though the picture is now so faded that it is but a shadow of its former self, we may still feel the charm and sweetness of this face.

Leonardo thought more about Christ's face than any other part of his picture; but his hand trembled when he tried to paint it—he never was satisfied—and never considered it finished.

On either side of Christ are two groups, each containing three figures.

See the faces—no two alike—and on each is a look, either of grief or surprise or inquiry.

See the violent gestures—how much expression is revealed even in the hands!

All are intent upon one startling thought. What is it?

Christ has just spoken to his disciples the dreadful words, "One of you shall betray Me"; and Leonardo has chosen to represent in his picture the moment when each one exclaims, "Lord, is it I?"

We shall not describe all the disciples, but three or four are easily remembered.

In the group to the left of Christ, as we face the picture, John is clasping his hands in grief at his beloved Master's words; Peter, with his usual impetuosity, is leaning forward and beckoning to John to

ask of whom Christ spoke.

In front of the two sits Judas. He is grasping the money-bag.

He looks towards Peter and John as with a convulsive start he tips over the salt. This act, you know, is always symbolic of a quarrel.

See on the other side of Christ the keen face of doubting Thomas! He beckons with his fingers and leans forward behind two other disciples.

Leonardo worked on this picture for about two years. Often he would be so absorbed that he would remain on the scaffold from sunrise to sunset, without even eating or drinking. At other times, he would not work for days; or perhaps he would go quickly into the room, put in a stroke or two, and then hurry away.

His work was very slow; for he was constantly altering and retouching what he had done. Then, too, he waited as everyone must wait, for an inspiration. The prior of the convent tried to hasten him but Leonardo could not be hurried.

One day after the prior had both teased and threatened him, Leonardo said to him, "I can hasten my work very much, if you will consent to sit for the traitor Judas." We can imagine that, if this story is true, the prior did not again worry Leonardo.

To-day, even the little print in your book will show the details better than the great faded picture itself on the wall of the refectory in Milan. Leonardo painted it in oils on wet plaster—but to last it should have been done in fresco.

Painters have tried to preserve it, by daubing it over; dampness and smoke have injured it; and finally when Napoleon Bonaparte was in Milan, his soldiers used the refectory as a stable; and worst of all, a door was cut right through the lower part of the picture.

After painting "The Last Supper," Leonardo remained for several years in Milan. When the French captured the city, he travelled all over Italy, and finally he returned again to Florence.

Among other pictures that he painted there is a woman's face that will always be remembered. This was Mona Lisa, or my Lady Lisa, the wife of a Florentine gentleman.

Leonardo spent four years on this picture—twice the time given to his "Last Supper." It must, indeed, be a famous portrait, over which a painter will work four years.

Mona Lisa is seated in a marble chair; her drapery of gold and blue is arranged in graceful folds. The face is wonderful. See how her eyes follow us! The hair is very natural, for Leonardo was noted for painting hair. The hands are beautiful and the skin very life-like. While Mona Lisa sat for her portrait, it was arranged that flowers should he strewn about; that pet animals should be near for her to caress; that she should listen to music; or that buffoons should make her merry.

Faded as is the portrait now, the face is yet considered to be one of great loveliness. But why does it wear such a curious smile?

Do you like it?

Leonardo painted other pictures and moulded some statues.

At last, Michael Angelo was called to Florence, and the two painters were together to make some cartoons for the town-hall there. When these were exhibited, Michael Angelo's were said to be finer than Leonardo's. Leonardo could not bear this.

Can you wonder when you think of his past renown? How could he easily give place to the greater glories of Michael Angelo and Raphael! Then, too, he heard the whisper, "Leonardo is growing old," and he had been the one great painter of Italy.

Francis I, King of France, was very fond of Italian art, and he wished to carry "The Last Supper" to France; but as he could not do that, he invited its painter to come there and live. Perhaps he thought that he would do some great thing for him.

Leonardo accepted the invitation, and bade farewell to sunny Italy. He had never been willing to sell "Mona Lisa," and he took it with him to France. Francis I gave him nine thousand dollars for it—a great sum to be paid in those days for a portrait. Then "Mona Lisa" was placed in the Louvre gallery, in Paris, where we see it to-day. Francis I gave him a beautiful chateau, and called Leonardo both teacher and father; and the courtiers imitated his dress and cut their beards … after his fashion.

Leonardo lived but three years in France. He died in the year 1519, and the old chronicle says, "Sore wept King Francis when he heard that Leonardo was dead."

Almost under the shadow of the Milan Cathedral is a marble monument raised in his memory. The master, in thoughtful attitude,

stands upon a high pedestal. Before him are statues of his pupils, and bas-reliefs of some of his principal works.

It is beautiful thus to honour him in Milan; for here it was that he lived so many years—the most brilliant man of his day—and here in the convent is his shadowy masterpiece, "The Last Supper."

LEONARDO'S "LAST SUPPER"

"Therefore I wait, within my earnest thought
For years, upon this picture I have wrought;
Yet still it is not ripe; I dare not paint
Till all is ordered and matured within.
Hand-work and head-work have an earthly taint,
But when the soul commands I shall begin."
—*Story*.

"Nothing that my pencil ever touches
Is wholly done. There's one evasive grace
Always beyond, which still I fail to reach."
—*Mrs. Preston*.

RAPHAEL

From century to century, Italian art grew more beautiful and natural, until in the sixteenth century it reached its highest glory.

Great painters with their pupils always gathered in Florence, and from the time of Cimabue and Giotto, all had combined to make it "The City Beautiful."

Rome, too, was a centre of another and a still greater art world; for its ancient buildings remained, and vases and statues were being excavated which adorned the houses of the wealthy, and added to valuable collections of ancient Greek sculptures. Besides, there was always a Pope in Rome, who summoned the best artists to do their finest work in the Vatican.

Michael Angelo and Raphael were the leading artists in both Florence and Rome, in the brilliant sixteenth century. We have placed Michael Angelo among our sculptors, but we remember that he was famous also as architect and painter.

Raphael was an architect and sculptor, too; but it is as a painter

that he is the first love, not only of many Italians, but of art-lovers all the world over.

His life is before us now.

Raphael was born on Good Friday, in the year 1483, at Urbino, a little town nestling among the mountains of central Italy. The baby was so sweet and gentle that he was named for the archangel Raphael, the guardian angel of the young. We visit to-day, in Urbino, Raphael's early home, and some sketches are shown there which he is supposed to have drawn when he was a child. From what is known, Raphael must have had a lovely mother, and his father was a painter of holy pictures. They both died, however, when he was very young. When he was seventeen or eighteen years old, he was apprenticed to a painter called Perugino, because he lived in Perugia.

When Raphael was brought to Perugino, he looked at his work and said, "Let him be my pupil, he will soon become my master." And Raphael, in the tender feeling which he displayed in this painting became so like Perugino, that, after a time it was difficult to tell their pictures apart. Like all Italian youths who studied art at that time, Raphael longed to see Florence. And when someone told him of Leonardo's wonderful work there, he could restrain himself no longer. He hurriedly left Perugia and sought the artistic city.

Just recall the things that he must have seen as he wandered for the first time through the town! Imagine, too, his surprise and delight as he gazed upon them all!

Massaccio had, in an earlier century, made wonderful frescoes. Raphael stood before these and learned how to group his figures. From Michael Angelo's muscular forms he studied anatomy. Then there lived in San Marco, a painter monk, Fra Bartolommeo. He had been so inspired by the preaching of Savonarola that he had burned his books and brushes, and for four years had just fasted and prayed in the convent.

Raphael sought him in his cell, and a beautiful friendship was formed between the two. Fra Bartolommeo again took his brush, and taught his young friend Raphael many secrets of modelling and colouring and drapery, and developed his gift for the portrayal of spiritual beauty.

But perhaps the pictures of Leonardo had the strongest influence

upon Raphael. He was charmed with "Mona Lisa," and the study of the face had a great influence on his own works.

Raphael was very handsome; he had a kind heart, a sunny temper, and a charming manner, and he had the power of attaching to himself many friends. The Florentines who greatly admired him called him "The Youthful Master."

He lived only thirty-seven years; but in his short life he painted two hundred and eighty-seven pictures. Many of these are of the Madonna and Child, for this was the subject that he most loved to paint.

Among his pictures, painted in Florence, perhaps the most familiar is the one called "La Belle Jardiniere," or "The Beautiful Flower Girl."

The Mother is seated in a garden looking down tenderly at her child, who is gazing eagerly up into her face. The little St. John whom Raphael was very fond of putting into his pictures is kneeling reverently at the feet of the Mother.

See the varied landscape at the back, with lake, trees, mountains, castles and clouds.

Raphael was but twenty-five years old when Pope Julius II called him to leave Florence and come to Rome, to do his part in the decoration of the Vatican.

Both Julius II and his successor, Leo X, were charmed with Raphael, and their portraits that he painted are among the best likenesses in the world.

Raphael ornamented the walls of four Stanze or halls in the Vatican with magnificent frescoes.

These dealt with theology, philosophy, law and poetry; indeed, he pictured here every subject in which the Pope and wise men of his day were interested.

Everywhere we see copies of these great frescoes. Perhaps the most familiar one is "The School of Athens." This represents fifty-two wise men, teachers and pupils of ancient Greece. Before us is a great vaulted hall. The two philosophers, Plato and Aristotle, are advancing through a corridor. Plato points upward, for his teaching is of heavenly things; while Aristotle, who teaches about the earth, points downward. The wise men are grouped very naturally, each

group having a teacher surrounded by questioning pupils.

The most interesting group is the one to the left of Plato and Aristotle as we face the picture, for it is taught by Socrates, the best-loved teacher in Greece.

See his pupils leaning forward in their eagerness, and beckoning others on to listen to his words of wisdom.

Have you ever read the story of Diogenes? If so, you will understand why we see the old cynic all alone in front upon the steps.

Raphael also painted some holy pictures upon the ceiling of a Loggia, or open gallery, in the Vatican. These were called "Raphael's Bible." He also designed cartoons for some tapestries for the Sistine Chapel, the ceiling of which Michael Angelo had already painted.

Indeed, the Vatican became a perfect museum of his works. He was as greatly admired in Rome as in Florence, and it is said that he was escorted daily by fifty painters from his home to the Vatican.

Think, in comparison, of the lonely life of Michael Angelo, now living in the same city.

Raphael was always busy; and although he was assisted by many pupils, he could not possibly fill the orders for pictures that came to him from all over Italy. His "Saint Cecilia," which was carried to Bologna, was painted in Rome. This is the legend. Saint Cecilia was a noble Roman maiden, and devoted herself to a religious life. She sang so sweetly that it is said the angels came to listen. As she could find no instrument fit to express the music other soul, she invented the organ to be used only in the service of God. She married a rich young noble, and through her influence he was converted; and an angel crowned them both with immortal roses which bloomed only in Paradise.

Raphael has represented St. Cecilia as a graceful girl. Her sweet face is upturned as in a vision she sees the golden light, and is absorbed by the music of the angelic choir. In listening to heavenly strains, she forgets her earthly instrument, and it is slipping from her hand. At her feet are her violin and pipe, her tambourine and castanets—now they, too, are all cast aside. To the left of Saint Cecilia, as we face the picture, stand St. Paul and St. John. St. Paul, lost in thought, leans upon his sword. This is one of Raphael's grandest figures.

This St. John is not the Baptist, but the beloved disciple. Like Saint Cecilia, he is listening to the divine harmony.

Saint Augustine, with his bishop's crook, stands on the other side. Next to him we recognise Mary Magdalene by her pot of ointment. This is always given to her in art, because she anointed the feet of her Lord. Her face is thought to be the same that was painted later in "The Sistine Madonna," the face of the girl to whom Raphael gave a life-long friendship.

We constantly see copies of Raphael's "Madonna della Sedia," or "Madonna of the Chair;" but no copy can show the exquisite colour and finish of this small round picture.

The sweet-faced Mother wears upon her head a gay Roman scarf, while another is draped about her shoulders. The Baby is charming. Raphael painted many baby faces, and this is one of the loveliest of all. How gracefully the Mother folds the Child in her arms, and how closely He clings! See the action even in His chubby little feet! John the Baptist is here, his hands clasped in adoration as he leans intently forward.

A pretty legend of an old hermit always clings to this picture. The hermit had but two friends: the one was Mary, the daughter of a vinedresser who brought him grapes when he was hungry; the other was an old oak-tree that sheltered his hut, and whose rustling leaves made music in his lonely life. One day a terrible storm destroyed the hut, and the hermit was saved only by seeking refuge in his tree. Then Mary came and took him to her home, and the tree was cut down, and its wood made into casks. The old man was always grateful to Mary and the tree, and before he died, he prayed that both might be remembered.

The legend goes on to say that Mary married, and one day when she was seated with her two children in her garden, the great painter Raphael passed.

He saw the lovely group, and taking the top of a cask which was standing near, and which had been made from the old tree, he drew a sketch upon it.

Then he went home and from his sketch painted the "Madonna della Sedia." So the hermit's prayer was answered, in the famous picture which is covered with glass, and guarded as one of the treasures

of the Pitti Palace, in Florence.

"The Sistine Madonna" was the last "Holy Family" that Raphael ever painted. People differ about the beauty of his other works, but this everyone admires. It is honoured by having a room all to itself in the famous art gallery in Dresden, in Germany. The voice is hushed and the gaze riveted as one stands before it. The green curtains in the picture are withdrawn, and there is disclosed a vision full of heavenly light. The Mother is not an earthly mother as we have just seen her in the "Madonna della Sedia"—she is now the queen of heaven. She seems to approach us floating upon the clouds out of which peep countless tiny angel-faces. She does not clasp her Boy; He seems rather enthroned within her arms. Her face is pure and dignified; her eyes are looking far off into the future as if thinking of the mission which she is bringing her Son to fulfill.

The face of the Child, also, is serious, as if, like His mother, His thoughts are on His great work.

From the vision in the clouds, we turn to the two saints below.

St. Sixtus, for whom the picture is named, was a bishop who lived in the third century, and who became a martyr to his faith.

You see his tiara at his side. What a grand old man he is! As he gazes up reverently, he points to the people as if imploring a blessing upon them.

What a contrast to graceful St. Barbara. We recognise her by the little tower behind her. Why is this always at her side?

She was a wealthy and noble Eastern maiden. Her father was so afraid that someone would be entranced by her beauty and carry her off that he shut her up in a high tower.

Here, through the influence of a saintly man, she became a Christian. She begged that her tower might have three windows that through these her soul might receive light from the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Like St. Cecilia and St. Sixtus, she, too, was martyred for her faith.

The familiar little cherubs complete the picture. It is said that their faces belonged to two children whom Raphael saw one day with their arms on a ledge, gazing into a baker's window, or at this picture as he painted would you call their expression wistful or adoring?

Raphael was always noted for his draperies; nowhere do we find

them more graceful than in "The Sistine Madonna."

His last picture, now in the Vatican, is "The Transfiguration." It is one of the world's masterpieces, and it is noted for its wonderful face of Christ. Two scenes are represented—a heavenly and an earthly. Above the mountains, in a glorious cloud, hovers the Saviour soaring heavenward. On either side, are Moses and Elijah.

Christ's face is marvellous, but Raphael never considered it finished. Is it strange that neither Raphael nor Leonardo could paint his ideal of this face?

The three disciples, Peter, James and John, who have gone up into the mountain with Christ are dazed by the glory, and they have prostrated themselves before the vision. The two figures, kneeling at the left, are perhaps St. Julian and St. Lawrence; but more probably the father and uncle of the cardinal who ordered Raphael to paint this picture.

Then, as if to make the strongest contrast which is shown in any of Raphael's paintings, we see below a lunatic boy. He is being brought by his father to the nine disciples who are waiting below. They listen with sympathy to the story, but they cannot help.

Two of them, however, are pointing up to the mountain, for there is the "Great Physician," who alone can heal. The colouring of the upper part of the picture is glowing and harmonious, but in the lower part, the light is broken and shadowy.

While the picture was yet unfinished, Raphael was taken suddenly ill, and he died in the year 1520, on Good Friday, the anniversary of his birth.

"The Transfiguration," with some of his other works, was left to be finished by his pupils.

What a brilliant work he had accomplished in a short life of just thirty-seven years!

All Rome mourned his death; for their "most rare and excellent master had passed away."

A long procession followed his body from his studio to the tomb in the Pantheon. At its head was borne, "The Transfiguration," its colours still wet.

To us of the twentieth century, Raphael's works are very lovely. Shall we unite with his devoted admirers of nearly four hundred years

ago in naming him "The Prince of Italian Painting"? We may better decide after reading Titian's life.

THE DRESDEN MADONNA.

"Mary, Mary! pure and holy,
Onward floating, onward soaring,
Heaven's effulgence round thee pouring.

Mary, Mary! sweet and lowly,
Radiant with the mystic shining
Angels languish for divining.

Mary, Mary! pure and holy,
In thine arms the Lord of Glory,
In thine heart the wondrous story.

Mary, Mary! sweet and lowly,
Cherubs pausing do adore thee,
Lost in love and awe before thee.

Mary, Christus! pure and holy,
Shadowed eyes, O Love pathetic!
Starry eyes, O Light prophetic!

Mary, Mary! sweet and lowly,
Throbs the hush with music's swaying
Human pain and grief allaying!"

—*Mary E. Storrs.*

"Raphael is not dead,
He doth but sleep, for how
Can he be dead
Who lives immortal in the hearts of men?"

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

CORREGGIO

Correggio, who lived in the sixteenth century, is another famous master in Italian art. His pictures are not serious and spiritual like those of Michael Angelo and Raphael, but they have their own peculiar charm.

He was named for his birthplace in quiet little Reggio, or

Correggio. Here he was born in the year 1495. He studied here as a child, and later in an excellent art school that had been established in Mantua.

The lad must have learned how to draw, and in drawing to foreshorten. To foreshorten is to represent in a life-like manner objects that recede slantingly from us. It is thought that Correggio saw some of Leonardo's pictures, and that in them he studied light and shade. The facts of his life are not well known. He must have had a beautiful wife, for her face is in some of his lovely Madonna pictures; and the merry frolicsome children that he was always painting were surely his own boys.

Correggio never worked under any great painter, who loaded him with honours and presents. We never hear of his being in Florence, and an old writer says, "He died young without being able to see Rome."

Just think of it! How could he have been a master, and yet never have visited the great art centre of Italy! Indeed, during his life, he was almost unknown except at Parma. He formed his own style, however, and by his genius raised himself to the highest rank. He died in the year 1534.

Correggio was never well paid for his works, but probably that was his own fault; for he was always so timid about their merits that he took whatever was offered him. They sometimes offered curious things in Parma; for example, for one of his finest frescoes he was given a little money, some provisions, two loads of wood, and a fat pig! Once, however, he did appreciate himself; for when he saw a picture painted by the great Raphael, he gazed at it, thought of his own works, and then exclaimed with enthusiasm, "I, too, am a painter!"

He loved to picture Madonnas and saints and mythological characters, and especially delightful children. He was noted for a daring foreshortening, and for a delicate blending of light and shade. If you would like a long word that exactly describes such a blending, use "chiaroscuro"! Action, sentiment, foreshortening, chiaroscuro—these were the four gifts that made Correggio famous. In three buildings, in the quaint old city of Parma, are seen his principal frescoes.

The first are in a room in the convent of San Paula. The abbess

of this convent, unlike other nuns lived a luxurious life. She loved to surround herself with beautiful things, and so she called upon Correggio to fresco her salon. He covered the walls with mythological scenes instead of holy ones.

Over the mantel is Diana, the huntress, arrayed in graceful drapery. She is just returning from the chase in a car drawn by white stags. The vaulted ceiling is decorated with a trellis-work of vines. In this there are sixteen oval openings or lunettes. Through these, the most gleeful and fascinating little boys are peeping. They are all busy—some frolicking, others caressing one another, and still others plucking the grapes from the vine.

When you see these frescoes you will not wonder that the abbess was delighted. She recommended Correggio to the church of St. John, and for this he painted an ascending Christ with the adoring disciples below. The monks connected with this church were so fond of Correggio, that, while he painted, he lived with them in their monastery, sharing in all their masses and prayers.

His most magnificent frescoes, however, in Parma, were in the dome of the cathedral. We remember how hard it was for Brunelleschi and Michael Angelo to design a dome. It is almost as difficult to paint the interior in a life-like way.

Correggio took for his subject the Assumption or Ascension of the Virgin to heaven. That the figures might appear natural to those standing far below, he used much foreshortening, so that as the Virgin is borne upward by angels, tier head is thrown far back, and her knees almost touch her chin.

About her is a confusing number of saints, disciples, and joyous little angels, whirling about in every direction. This fresco has always been considered as a master-piece for its daring foreshortening as well as for its rich colour.

When the great Venetian Titian saw it, he exclaimed, "Reverse the cupola, and fill it with gold, and even that will not be its money's worth."

Correggio painted many oil or easel pictures that have proved an inspiration to many other artists. One of these is a "Marriage of Saint Catharine," in the Louvre gallery, in Paris. Let us first read the legend of Saint Catharine that we may understand the meaning of the

picture. She was an Eastern princess who possessed four gifts—she was rich, noble, wise, and beautiful. She determined to marry only one who was richer than any other; so noble that he would not be indebted to her for being made a king; so beautiful that angels would desire to see him; so benign as to forgive all offences. Then she saw a picture of the Christ-Child and as she gazed into His face, she loved Him. The Child smiled upon her; He placed a ring upon her finger, and they were betrothed.

St. Catharine spent her life in doing good that she might go when she died to her heavenly Bridegroom.

Sometimes she is represented with a book as a symbol of her great wisdom; again with a wheel, the instrument of her martyrdom; or with the Christ-Child, as in Correggio's picture. The sentiment of the story, the sweet faces, and the beautiful hands make the picture most attractive. The noble young St. Sebastian who stands behind St. Catharine seems greatly interested in the betrothal. He usually wears a bright happy look, although pierced by arrows.

The gem among Correggio's pictures is an "Adoration of the Shepherds" called "The Holy Night," or "La Notte." It is night—the scene is the manger. The Mother holds the Babe. His body is illumined with a heavenly radiance that shines from it up into the Mother's face. It falls, also, upon the shepherds and shepherdess. The latter with one graceful hand shades her face, while with the other she brings to the Christ-Child her offering—a little basket holding two turtle-doves. For the shepherds have just heard the "glad tidings" and have come bringing their gifts.

The angels are hovering above in a softened radiance.

The cold morning light is just breaking and Joseph in the distance is caring for the ass upon which Mary rode to Bethlehem. As we study our little print, let us try to imagine this glowing picture, touched by its three lights—the transparent loveliness emanating from the Christ-Child, the softer tints of the angelic choir, and the grey morning dawn. "La Notte" with its rare grace and beauty ranks with Raphael's "Sistine Madonna" as one of the gems of the Dresden Gallery.

In speaking of Correggio, one has fitly said, "Out of smiles, sunlight, grace and beauty, he made his pictures."

"There are bridges on the rivers
As pretty as you please;
But the bow that bridges heaven,
And overtops the trees
And builds a road from earth to sky,
Is prettier far than these."

—*Christina Rossetti.*

TITIAN

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, painting in Venice burst into sudden bloom. Venetian pictures were not noted for perfect drawing, charming sentiment, or spiritual beauty; but, instead, for brilliant, glowing tints.

And how the Venetians loved colour! From the early days when their sailors had brought from the East gorgeous stuffs and gems and marbles of every hue, the Venetian painter found in his "Island City" the things which a painter best loved to look upon. He saw the deep, blue sky, the constant play of light and shadow on the water, the gay gondolas, or the merry pageant gliding along. He saw the gilded marbles palaces, the splendid Venetian women, the prince or doge in gorgeous robes. He saw a Madonna or an angel or a St. Mark with his winged lion. He caught the life and spirit of it all, and then he painted a portrait or a story of old Venetian life.

In an earlier chapter, we lingered in Venice long enough to admire St. Mark's church. But to study the pictures we must now visit other churches, the Doge's Palace, and the art gallery called "The Academy." Its spacious rooms are filled with pictures, painted by Titian, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, and others of a brilliant group, who to-day recall to us the magnificence of Venice, in the sixteenth century.

Let us ask Titian to tell us his story. His father was an honoured soldier, and counsellor of Cadore, a little town nestling among the Dolomites. This is a wild and strange country with stormy blue skies, and picturesque crags and torrents. Here in a castle belonging to his father, Titian was born in the year 1477. He was so fond of the home of his childhood that all through his long life he returned to it on festal days, carrying gifts to his old friends. Besides, he made its grand

Alpine scenery the landscape background of many of his pictures.

When a very little boy, Titian showed his love for colour. He often escaped from his teachers and ran away to the fields. Here he gathered bright flowers, and squeezing out their juices, used them for paints.

There are shown to-day on the walls of the castle of Cadore some faded colours that are said to be the remains of little Titian's earliest efforts. Titian did learn to read and write; but his teachers were discouraged in trying to teach him anything else, for the boy would do nothing but paint. Finally, when he was only nine or ten years old, he was sent to Venice—there to study the thing which he best loved to attempt. A little later, we find him in Bellini's school, where he remained for several years.

At this time, Bellini was a famous painter of holy pictures. His colouring was soft and tender. Besides, he was a most delightful teacher, and it was the fashion to send Italian boys to his studio to study art. Titian liked Bellini, and at first followed his manner faithfully. But there was an older pupil in the school, in whom he became greatly interested. This boy, who was called Giorgione, was of peasant origin, but he had such fine manners, such a rare talent for music, and was so fascinating that everybody admired him.

Titian was first attracted to Giorgione because he liked the glowing colour of his pictures better than Bellini's quieter tints. He soon found himself copying Giorgione's style rather than Bellini's.

A warm friendship soon sprang up between the lads. After a time Bellini could not keep them to his style of colouring, and a story is told about the veteran master that seems probable.

One day Titian and Giorgione left the studio, spent all their money, and did not return at the appointed hour. When they did come back, the door was closed forever against them. Then they set up for themselves. They made money by painting the outside of houses. But, alas! for the jealousy of artists.

Once when they had frescoed the front of a public building in Venice, Titian's work was declared the better. Giorgione was hurt and insulted, and the friendship was suddenly broken.

Giorgione did not live very long after this. His short, gay life, however, had been long enough to make him famous. Such a golden glow

as he gave to his "Concert," and the few other pictures that he has left had never been equalled in Venice.

Titian had learned much from Bellini; but the secret of his colouring had come from Giorgione, and on the death of his old friend, he was left without a rival in Venice. His pictures were more and more brilliant until at last he came to be known as "The Father of Modern Art in Colouring."

He was fond of mythological subjects, and his little cupids or amorini, as they are called, are very charming.

But as a portrait-painter Titian was magnificent. He painted handsome Venetian women with wonderful flesh tints, wavy auburn hair, brocaded robes, embroidery and pearls. He painted poets, princes, kings and doges, always choosing for his pictures a happy moment in the life of each. His renown spread to different countries; and if Titian's portraits could all be gathered into one gallery, we would find there nearly every famous man of his time.

He was so successful in painting a variety of subjects that some make him, instead of Raphael, the most famous Italian painter.

He visited many cities, and was always most honourably entertained.

At the court of the Duke of Ferrara he painted some of his finest mythological pictures. Here he became acquainted with the famous poet Ariosto. The painter and the poet immortalised each other; for Titian made a life-like portrait of Ariosto; while Ariosto, in turn, introduced Titian into his greatest poem.

Naturally, the Pope invited Titian to Rome; but he did not accept his earlier invitations, and it was not until he was sixty-eight years old that he first saw the Holy City.

He was treated in Rome with the greatest honour, being lodged in the Vatican.

Titian painted the picture of Pope Paul III. It was so life-like that when it was placed upon the terrace to dry the varnish, the people, thinking that it was the Pope himself, lifted their hats to it.

It is said that Titian, "the gracious and serene," was visited in Rome by Michael Angelo, "the grave and austere." Michael Angelo admired Titian's colouring, and he felt that if he could only draw better, he would be the world's greatest painter.

We remember that the Romans thought everything of correct drawing, and the Venetians, of colouring.

At this time the famous Emperor Charles V ruled over both Germany and Spain. He saw one of Titian's portraits, and determined that the artist should paint his picture, and Titian did paint it several times. The Emperor was delighted, and Titian sometimes visited him in Germany.

One day when Charles V was in his studio, the brush slipped from the painter's hand. Not a courtier moved. The Emperor however, at once stooped and picked it up.

Titian was embarrassed and exclaimed, "Ah, Sire! you confound me!" And the Emperor replied, "How, then, is not Titian worthy to be served by Caesar?" adding as he saw the jealousy of the courtiers, "I know many kings and princes, but I believe that there are not two Titians in the world."

Titian must have sea and sky and sunshine, and after travel, he always loved to return to his Venetian home.

His wife died early, leaving him with three children. One son was a painter and worked with his father. There are several pictures of his daughter Lavinia, the darling of his household. In one, she carries a casket of jewels, in another, she is in a yellow-flowered gown, holding over her head a silver salver with fruit.

Titian's home was called "Casa Grande," and it was indeed a "Great House." It had gardens sloping down to the sea. In the distance over the water was the Island of Murano, where glass was wrought in wondrous forms and colours. Yet beyond were the rugged Alpine peaks, amid which nestled little Cadore, his childhood's home. At "Casa Grande," Titian lived and dressed like a prince, and entertained with royal hospitality. Many noted guests visited him. He showed them his pictures. They feasted at a table loaded with delicacies—they enjoyed the beautiful garden, and the views of the lagoon and distant peaks. Once two Spanish cardinals were his guests. While they were admiring the pictures in his studio, he threw his purse to his steward, exclaiming, "Now, prepare a feast, since all the world dines with me."

As Titian lived until he was ninety-nine years old, and as he painted from the time that he was five until the end of his life, a

description of his pictures would fill our book. We have, however, selected a few that are most familiar.

One of these is called "Christ and the Tribute Money." It was originally painted for the door of a press in Ferrara, but it is now in the Dresden Gallery.

This depicts the scene where the crafty Pharisee is bringing a penny to Christ to tempt him. There is a wonderful contrast in the two figures. Christ is in a red robe and a blue mantle. He is calm, intellectual, and majestic. The Pharisee's face is one of brutal cunning. How striking, too, are the hands! Christ's are gentle and beautiful; while those of the Pharisee are cruel and grasping.

Titian's picture of St. Christopher is also noted. This is on the wall of the Doge's palace in Venice. The Doge for whom it was originally painted was so fond of it that it was placed where he might see it every morning when he first arose. And there is an old saying, "Whoever shall behold St. Christopher in the morning, shall not faint." The legend is very beautiful. It is about a giant named "Offero," which means "bearer," and it runs as follows: Offero was very proud of his great strength, and he vowed that it should be given only in the service of the mightiest of kings. He joined the retinue of a ruler, whose very name was the terror of nations. But he was surprised to see that this ruler trembled whenever the name of Satan was mentioned. So Satan must be yet greater—he would seek and serve him!

Then he wandered until one day he came upon a dark and terrible warrior, and his army called him Satan. So Offero followed him.

And now he found that Satan was frightened whenever they passed a wayside shrine, or whenever the name of Christ was spoken. On inquiry, he learned that Christ was ruler over all. And now Offero sought him far and wide, but he could not find him. Finally one day he reached the hut of a pious old hermit, and the hermit told him that only through deeds of pity and helpfulness could he find Christ. Then he led Offero to a deep river with a very swift current. Many pilgrims crossed it, and those who tried to cross were often swept away by the current. The hermit told Offero to live here on the bank of this stream, and for love of the unknown Christ to carry from shore to shore those who were weak; and Offero gave himself to this service

and saved many who would otherwise have been drowned.

One dreadful night when the wind blew and the stream was very rough, he heard a child's voice—"Offero, wilt thou carry me over?"

The giant, taking a lantern, went out of his hut, and saw a little child seated on the edge of the swollen stream. He took him upon his shoulders, and advanced into the stream. But the farther they went, the heavier grew the child. Offero's limbs trembled. It seemed as if he would sink, but he bore on courageously and finally reached the other shore.

As he set the Child gently down, he exclaimed, "If I had borne the world, it could not have been heavier."

A bright light irradiated the Child's face as he replied, "Oh, Christopher, I am Christ thy King, the ruler of the world," and he added, "Christopher, I accept thy service;" and the giant Offero, the Bearer, became henceforth Saint Christopher, the Christ-Bearer.

Titian's picture represents the two in mid-stream. Offero resembles a huge Venetian gondolier. The child is weighing down the giant, but his little fingers are raised in blessing as he urges him on.

One of Titian's largest and most pleasing pictures is "The Presentation of the Virgin in the Temple," which introduces to us one of the most charming little girls to be found in all art. Her parents have dedicated her to a religious life, and they have placed her in the Temple on the lowest step leading up to the entrance. The High Priest, in gorgeous robes, stands on the upper step waiting to receive her.

The quaint, winsome little maiden is supposed to be but three years old. She is surrounded by a halo of light, and is attired in a shimmering blue robe, which she gathers up daintily as with perfect confidence she ascends the steps. Her long flaxen hair is braided simply down her back. The windows and balconies are full of spectators; below, too, are all sorts of people, among them stately senators and monks, and an old woman with a basket of eggs. All eyes are upon the Child. It is believed that several of the faces are portraits of noted Venetians who were then living.

In the same gallery in Venice is Titian's "Assumption," or "Ascension of the Virgin to Heaven." This, in its splendid glow of colour, is the "Assumption" of the world.

It is told that, after the death of her Son, the Virgin prayed to be taken to heaven. She also asked that, as she should ascend, the Apostles might he about her.

As she prayed, a rushing sound was heard; the air was filled with angels; and they bore her upon a cloud swiftly heavenward.

Titian represents her, as a splendid woman, with wavy, golden hair. She gazes upwards, her fair face irradiated with a heavenly light. Over her crimson robe is a blue mantle. We almost see it flutter in her swift ascent, and as she is borne aloft, an angel sent from God floats downward bearing her crown.

The little angels, or amorini, are wheeling about full of life and motion.

The heavenly scene is peaceful and radiant—the one below is dark and turbulent; for here are the longing disciples, in striking attitudes and gestures, gazing wistfully after the figure which is fast receding from them into the clouds.

Titian lived a longer life than any other painter. Sometimes as a very old man he would lay upon his pictures too much bright colour; but at night when he slept, his pupils scraped it off.

He desired to live until he was one hundred years old; but in 1576 the plague visited Venice, and carried off one-fourth of the inhabitants of the city. Titian and his son were attacked by the disease, and they both died. In grief, at the loss of their greatest painter, the people … forgot their fear of the plague.

All Venice in a long procession followed his remains to the burial-place in the church of the Frari—the church for which "The Assumption" had been painted.

A noble monument now crowns Titian's tomb here, and it is ornamented with bas-reliefs of his principal works. The inscription reads as follows:

"Here lies the great Titian, rival of Zeuxis and Apelles."

If we might compare our great painters to beautiful flowers, Raphael, with his spiritual conceptions, might be likened to the pure white lily lifting its chalice to heaven; Correggio, to the fragrant rose, blushing in every charming shade; Titian, to the brilliant sunflower lifting its face to catch the golden rays of the sun.

"You have caught
These golden hues from your Venetian sunsets.
—*Longfellow*.

"If the Venetian painters knew
But half as much of drawing as of colour,
They would indeed work miracles in art,
And the world see what it hath never seen."
—*Longfellow*.

A GROUP OF VENETIAN PAINTERS

The Venetian art history that clustered about Titian's life in the sixteenth century is full of interest.

Among the famous painters were Palma Vecchio, noted for his portraits of beautiful women; Tintoretto, for his brilliant colouring; and Paul Veronese, for his banquet scenes.

We always associate Palma Vecchio, or old Palma, with Titian, because Titian admired Violante, one of Palma's three beautiful daughters. He copied her face in his "Flora" and in other pictures.

Palma himself painted Violante as "Santa Barbara." The figure forms the centre of an altar-piece in Venice. She stands like a queen, her sweet face full of expression, her eyes raised to heaven. A graceful veil is draped over her head, and her golden hair is crowned by a diadem. She wears a rich brown robe and a crimson mantle.

Her tower with its three windows is by her side. The cannon at her feet show her to be the patroness of firearms.

This picture in its grace and beauty is perhaps one of the most womanly in all art.

While Titian was painting in Venice, it is said that a boy was one day brought to his studio. This lad had spent his time in drawing all kinds of pictures over the walls of his father's dye-shop. So the people had nicknamed him "The Tintoretto," or "The Little Dyer."

Tintoretto's father, however, was so proud of his son's work that he took him to the studio of the great Titian. The story goes that Titian examined his pictures, kept him for a few days in the studio, and then dismissed him, telling him that he would never be anything but a dauber. But Tintoretto was a bold lad, and was not to be

discouraged. He kept on studying, and later established his own studio; and he showed that his ideal was a high one when he placed over its door as his motto, "The colouring of Titian, and the drawing of Michael Angelo." At first Tintoretto accepted all kinds of work, and any pay that was offered for it.

He painted so rapidly that he became known as "The Furious Tintoretto," and "The Lightning of the Pencil." Many of his pictures are immense, for the larger the canvas, the better he was pleased.

Tintoretto painted portraits and mythological and religious subjects, and in all his works he shows a vivid imagination. His colouring was sometimes most brilliant, and again entirely wanting in force. There is no painter about whom people are so divided in opinion as Tintoretto. Ruskin makes him equal to Michael Angelo, while others feel that he did little careful work.

His pictures are everywhere in Venice. In the Doge's Palace is his "Paradise," one of the largest fresco pictures in all the world. It contains over four hundred life-size figures, whirling in every direction.

In Tintoretto's "Crucifixion," the head of Christ is by many considered as wonderful as the head painted by Leonardo in his "Last Supper;" or that other head by Raphael, in "The Transfiguration."

Here about the cross are eighty figures of women, horsemen, and soldiers; and the grouping and movement of all are considered most natural.

Tintoretto's bold imagination and wonderful management of light, colour, and action are perhaps best shown in "The Miracle of St. Mark." We add this picture to our collection, not only because it is so famous, but also because it is so unlike any other in our book.

A slave has dared to worship at St. Mark's shrine, and as a penalty, he is bound hand and foot to be tortured. St. Mark is seen plunging head downward from heaven to destroy the instruments of torture. His figure suspended in the air is wonderfully fore-shortened, for Tintoretto has caught its instant motion. The body of the slave glows with a luminous light. This is reflected in the faces and the polished armour of the group.

The brutal executioners and the other persecutors are aghast as they see their weapons shattered to bits. The judge is astonished—the accusers flee!

Tintoretto had a dearly-loved daughter, Marietta Robusti. She, too, was a gifted painter. She was invited to foreign courts to paint, but she would never leave her father's studio, for they loved to work to-gether. She died when she was about thirty years old.

A touching story is told of the painting of her picture by Tintoretto, in her last illness. It was a hard struggle for the poor old man, but he was determined to preserve the features of his dearly-loved child.

Titian was well advanced in years when Paul Veronese, the last great Venetian painter of the sixteenth century, appeared in Venice.

Titian treated Veronese more kindly than he had the little Tintoretto. He welcomed him to the city, and tried to win for him the favour of the Senate. This was not difficult, for Paul Veronese was himself so kind-hearted and winning that he was always surrounded by friends.

Born in Verona, his name Veronese came from the place of his birth. When he arrived in Venice, he brought with him letters of introduction to the prior of the monastery of St. Sebastian. Here he lived with the monks, and here he is buried in the church of St. Sebastian, which is decorated with some of his finest works.

Veronese's motto was as follows: "One has never done well enough, when one can do better; one never knows enough when he can learn more."

Perhaps no other man more enjoyed the pomp and festivity of Venetian life than Paul Veronese. He has sometimes been called "The Most Magnificent of Magnificent Painters." His large canvases were covered with groups of gay knights and fine ladies.

Whether his subject was taken from mythology, history, or the Bible, the picture would reveal Venetian architecture, and the people were gorgeous in Venetian robes.

Sometimes he would introduce parrots, dogs, horses, and buffoons, into his holy pictures. For this he was brought before the Inquisition.

But even this did not frighten him, and the only reply that he made to the accusation was, that he should put into his pictures whatever he pleased.

The Venetians were naturally devoted to Veronese, and they

adorned their city with his paintings. Once after making an allegorical picture for the Doge's Palace, the council rewarded him with a gold chain.

Veronese loved best to paint banquets; for in them he could show his pomp of colouring, his natural grouping, and his ornamental detail. The largest and most brilliant of these feasts is "The Marriage in Cana of Galilee."

This picture which was originally painted for the refectory of a convent now covers a whole side wall of one of the galleries of the Louvre, in Paris, for it is one of the largest easel pictures in the world.

It contains one hundred and thirty life-size figures. It is the simple Bible story of Christ's first miracle—how at a wedding feast in Cana of Galilee, he transformed the water into wine.

But we quite lose sight of the small room in the little town of Cana, where the miracle was wrought so long ago. Instead, we see before us a brilliant Venetian banquet. At the back of the hall is a superb marble portico. Through this, we get a glimpse of blue sky, and of many spectators in windows and balconies. All are gazing over into the festival hall, in which on a table that occupies three sides is laid the wedding-feast, in vessels of gold and silver.

Christ and his disciples are there; but we hardly notice them among the other prominent guests, many of these being portraits of famous men of Veronese's day.

The wedding-feast is made for Francis I of France and his royal bride who are seated at the left as we look at the picture. Vittoria Colonna is there, the gifted poetess whom Michael Angelo loved, and Mary of England, and Charles V of Germany, the emperor who honoured Titian.

Titian himself is among the musicians, with Tintoretto and Paul Veronese. The water-pots stand in front, where the miracle is being performed. Servants are appearing and disappearing. The whole scene is full of colour, life, and action. Veronese was paid but about forty dollars for this great picture which it took years to paint.

Veronese was the last great Venetian painter of the sixteenth century, and the seventeenth century was an age of decline.

We remember how Bellini, in the fifteenth century had founded the Venetian School. He was followed by many painters, among

whom were Carpaccio, Giorgione, and Titian, Palma Vecchio and Tintoretto; and now Paul Veronese, with his brush, gives the final brilliant touch to Venetian art.

"Three great names,
Giorgione, Titian, and the Tintoretto
Illustrate your Venetian School and send
A challenge to the world, the first is dead,
But Tintoretto lives."

—*Longfellow*.

"There is a youth in Venice
One Paul Cagliari, called the Veronese,
Still a mere stripling, but of such rare presence
That we must guard our laurels, or may
lose them."

—*Longfellow*.

ITALIAN ART IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

We have spoken only of the great masters of the sixteenth century. There were many besides that helped to make it the most famous age in Italian art.

The painters of the seventeenth century were divided into two Schools—the Naturalist and the Eclectic. The School of the Naturalists was established in Naples. The principal lesson taught by this School was as follows: That all who wished to become painters must study nature, even to its minutest detail, and that only by doing this would progress be made in art.

Salvator Rosa was the finest painter of this School. He was wild and impetuous, and it is thought that early in life he may have lived with the bandits that infested Southern Italy.

Perhaps the lonely scenes, the wild dells and jagged rocks in his pictures were his robber-haunts while pursuing his unlawful profession.

But Salvator Rosa was a poet, a musician, and a painter. His dark and wild landscapes and his stormy seascapes have not been equalled by those of any other Italian master.

The Eclectic School was founded in Bologna by the Caracci, a

family of painter-teachers. In this the pupils became imitators of the sixteenth century masters. They copied Michael Angelo's grandeur and muscular development; Raphael's drawing and drapery and spiritual beauty; Correggio's grace; or Titian's colouring.

The pictures painted by the Eclectics are full of sentiment. There were Venuses and Cupids, for it was now the fashion to paint the goddess of love, and her mischievous little son, playing his merry pranks. There were Madonnas with sweet and loving faces, and sibyls with prophetic expressions. There were "Ecce Homos," or pictures of Christ crowned with thorns; and "Mater Dolorosas," which represented His weeping Mother.

There was Mary Magdalene with her pot of ointment, and many suffering martyrs. Among these the youthful St. Sebastian pierced by arrows was a favourite subject.

It was a fashion at this time to represent but the half-figure, and the faces and eyes are raised to heaven in every conceivable manner.

These paintings seem affected, after studying the earnest and holy expressions seen in the sixteenth century pictures.

But there have come to us also from this time a few of the masterpieces that have most delighted the world.

There are the lovely, tender Madonnas painted by Sassoferrato, in which the Baby is often seen sleeping in its Mother's lap.

Then there are Carlo Dolce's pictures that are always special favourites of the young art-lover. We admire his saintly faces and beautiful hands in "The Madonna holding the veil of the Sleeping Child," or in his "St. Cecilia playing the Organ." She is absorbed in her own music—while Raphael's "St. Cecilia" had dropped her own earthly instrument in listening to the heavenly strains.

Then there is Guercino, whose quiet life seems reflected in his works. One of his most attractive pictures is that of the beautiful youth Endymion lying asleep.

Domenichino and Guido were the most famous of these seventeenth century masters.

Domenichino was, at first, so stupid that his companions at school in derision nicknamed him "The Ox." But "The Ox," after a time, surpassed all the other pupils.

Among his pictures he painted one that was counted worthy to

be placed in the Vatican, opposite Raphael's "Transfiguration."

The subject of this was "The Last Communion of St. Jerome."

The aged, dying saint has been borne to the chapel to receive his last communion. A young priest sustains him, while another administers the sacrament. His devoted lion is by his side. It has followed him ever since that time long ago when the saint, finding it in the desert in great distress, had fearlessly extracted a thorn from its foot.

It now droops its noble head, seeming to share its master's sufferings. A noonday light illumines the scene and bright little angels hover above.

Guido Reni was also famous. He lived in Rome for twenty years, greatly honoured. He painted Madonnas and saints, "Ecce Homos," and "Mater Dolorosas."

Unfortunately, he became fond of gaming, and late in life squandered all his money. Then he painted to pay his debts, and as he was paid by the hour, he worked with furious speed. Sometimes a creditor, with watch in hand, would stand at his elbow and urge him on.

Among his finest works are his "Beatrice Cenci," his "Saint Michael," and his "Aurora." A famous poet says of his "Aurora" that to see it is worth a journey to Rome.

It is a large fresco painted on the ceiling of a garden room in the Rospigliosi Palace in Rome.

Although painted so long ago, its colours are yet bright. A mirror placed below perfectly reflects the picture; so that when one is tired of looking up, it can be seen in the glass.

Aurora, goddess of the dawn, floating on luminous clouds, is opening the way for her brother Apollo, the sun-god. As she is borne gracefully along, she touches with roseate hue the clouds of morning, and scatters flowers over the awakening earth that is just below with its sea and land, towers, and castled cities.

Phoebus Apollo, seated in his chariot of silver, follows his sister, driving his prancing steeds across the sky. The rosy hours as graceful maidens attend him. In filmy drapery, they encircle his car, hand in hand, advancing in smooth and rapid steps, "in living, rhythmic grace."

Above the chariot, the morning-star is represented by Lucifer. He advances so rapidly that the light of his torch is borne backward. He

is hurrying on to proclaim to the sleeping earth that the sun will soon be over it again.

Our little print reveals the beauty and motion of the scene. A larger and coloured picture will better show the grace of Aurora, the dance of the hours, the different lights that illumine the picture, and the life and joyousness of the early morning.

With Guido's "Aurora," we close our story of Italian art.

We have traced it from its rise in the thirteenth century to its decline in the seventeenth. How life-like and beautiful it has grown since the appearance of Cimabue's Madonna!

Which picture do you most admire? Which painter do you think has done the most to enrich the history of Italian art?

• • • • • •

"Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty bin
My lady sweet, arise!
Arise, arise!"

—*Shakespeare*.

CHAPTER VI
Spanish Art

A GLIMPSE INTO MOORISH ART

"Fair land of chivalry the old domain,
Land of the vine and olive, lovely Spain!"
—*Hemans*.

"Spain—the land of mountains and mules, Moors and mosques, monks and Murillos."

In the sixth and seventh centuries, A.D., there lived in Arabia a religious leader called Mohammed. He established a religion and this is its text: "There is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet." His religion, Islamism as it is called, was spread by fire and sword over many countries of the earth.

The faithful Mohammedan was taught to believe that the more Christians he killed, the higher place he would have in Paradise. The warlike followers of the prophet marched in vast armies over Western Asia and Northern Africa.

In the beginning of the eighth century, under a leader named Terek, a flotilla of their Moorish galleys crossed the narrow strait separating Africa from Spain.

They landed in Spain, at the foot of a rock then called "Mons Calpi." In honour of their leader, the Moors renamed it "Gebel Terek," or the "Mount of Terek." Gibraltar we call it to-day.

The Moors landed in the early spring when everything was in bloom, the oleanders with their scarlet blossoms fringing the river banks.

What wonder that they were delighted with the country, and that through the strait of Gebel Terek they overran it, conquering its Gothic rulers.

The Moors not only established their power in Spain, for eight hundred years, but in this sunny land their architecture reached its most perfect forms.

For Mohammedanism, like every other religion, found its expression in art. It is called Saracenic or Eastern architecture; but as it was brought by the Moors to Spain, there it is known as Moorish architecture.

It is quite unlike the Greek or Roman, the Byzantine or Gothic architecture, which we have already studied.

Let us try to understand its character. The place of worship, called by the Mohammedans a mosque, was its centre.

A mosque contains a large hall for prayers, a court holding a fountain for the ablutions of the faithful, a holy place where the Koran, Mohammed's Bible is kept, and a slender tower called a minaret.

From a balcony surrounding this tower, a muezzin, or crier of prayers, in musical tones summons the faithful to worship.

All kinds of arches are used in the mosques, the horseshoe arch being invented by the Moors. They originated, also, a stalactite decoration. Stalactites consist of carved pendants, or cylinders, hanging from a ceiling. They resemble icicles in form.

Mosques are usually crowned with domes; their exteriors are very plain but their interiors are gorgeous. Their ceilings and arches are upheld by many forms of columns.

The Moors were not allowed to decorate their places of worship with pictures of any sort, for the Koran distinctly forbade the making of an exact likeness of anything in the heavens above, the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth. So, since they might not imitate anything in either sculpture or painting, they invented a decoration called the Arabesque, so named because it came originally from Arabia.

In describing this ornament, we must use the word "conventional." Conventional forms are those which artists agree in using, and which are adapted from nature to their uses.

Arabesque decoration is a fanciful mixture of all sorts of geometric figures, and conventionalised rather than life-like forms of vegetables, fruit and foliage, and cunningly woven among them are Arabic texts taken from the Koran. The general effect is that of

embroidery or lace-work, and it is placed upon walls in stuccoes of gorgeous colouring.

Among the many remains of Moorish architecture now to be seen in Spain, the Mosque of Cordova and the Alhambra are perhaps the most interesting.

Cordova was the capital of the Moorish Empire, and the religious centre of Mohammedan worship. Its mosque was begun in the eighth century, by a famous caliph or ruler, who determined that it should be the finest in the world. It was added to by succeeding caliphs, until its area became about equal to that of St. Peter's in Rome. It was said of it, "In all the Land of Islam there was none of equal size, none more admirable in point of work, construction, and durability."

The great Hall of Prayer contained originally fourteen hundred columns, arranged in many rows, and interlaced above with two spans of arches.

The shafts were plain and twisted, and of every colour that could be found in marble, jasper, or porphyry.

The Hall was an endless artificial forest, the columns representing the trunks of trees and the arches their branches.

Some writers say that these columns were brought from heathen temples in the East; others, that all were hewn from Spanish quarries.

The ceiling was a dazzling gleam of crystals in every colour, and of bas-reliefs and stalactites; and it was lighted by thousands of lamps fed with perfumed oil. So, in the old Moorish days, "Gold shone from the roof like fire."

One small room contained a magnificent pulpit which held a splendid copy of the Koran.

The minaret was ornamented with gilded balls, lilies, and pomegranates. Then there were courts and fountains and shady gardens, in which the rows of tall trees seemed but a continuation of the forest of columns within the great Hall of Prayer.

When the Moors were expelled from Spain, the Mosque of Cordova became its cathedral.

Four hundred pillars were then removed from the Hall to make room for a Christian service, and embellished walls were built about it, strengthened by thirty-five tower-like buttresses.

There are to-day in India, Persia, Turkey, Egypt, and Spain, many

famous mosques, but that of Cordova is always admitted to be the finest of them all.

The fortress-palace of the Alhambra was built very much later, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. It stands upon a rocky height of more than three thousand feet, overlooking the city of Granada, and may fitly be called "The Acropolis of Spain."

The word "Alhambra" means "Red Rock," and the name was given to the fortress because the rock upon which it stands is of unusual brightness.

The rooms and halls of the palace are arranged about two central courts; the "Court of the Lions" and the "Court of the Fish Pond."

The roofs and arcades are borne up by over four thousand slender columns, made in precious marbles of many colours.

There are fairy-like pavilions, balconies, terraces, and fountains which give delightful coolness to the air.

Originally, the courts were shaded by myrtle and orange trees and palms and firs. The decorations were in brilliant Arabesque, in gleaming gold and mother-of-pearl, and the pavements were tiled and inlaid with mosaics.

Perhaps the original design was copied from the tent of the wandering Arab; the Arabesque, from the pattern on the rug with which he draped his tent-walls; the slender marble columns from his tent-poles.

The great Hall of the Ambassadors in the Alhambra was the audience-chamber of the Moorish rulers, and it still shows many traces of past magnificence.

Then there is the "Court of the Lions." This pavilion of marble and alabaster is so exquisitely decorated that some call it the gem of Moorish architecture in Spain. In the centre of the court stands a fountain upheld by twelve lions.

It is well that they have names, for we should not know what to call them. They are so conventionalised that they bear no resemblance to any animal, thus fulfilling the law of the Koran. Their manes are like scales, their legs like bed-posts, and each mouth holds a water-pipe.

The Moors regarded their Alhambra as a miracle of art. They said that the caliph who founded it must have dealt in alchemy, for only

so, could he have procured the enormous sums of gold used in its building.

In speaking of its grace and beauty, we must not forget the colour which always enters into its description, the red rock upon which it is built, the bright soft greens of the foliage of trees and perfumed flowers and fruit of a tropical clime. Over all is the brilliant sunlight glow and the deep blue of the Spanish sky, and at night the witchery of the moonlight as it steals among the arches and columns.

The Moors held the country for about eight hundred years. By that time, the Spaniards had grown strong enough to expel them. Now their old port of entry became their port of exit as they were driven hurriedly out and away over to the coast of Africa.

After they were banished, the Alhambra was desolate, the lights went out, and the fountains ceased to play.

Then the Christians came. They used the fortress and tried to convert the fairy-like halls and rooms into a palace for the king.

Since then war and earthquake have wrought havoc in the Alhambra. Now, however, much of it has been restored. The glamour of time is over it all; and its beauty is celebrated by the modern traveller who wanders among its halls and courts, or who lingers in its perfumed gardens, listening to the nightingales singing among the orange trees; or who looks down over that extended view of valley, rivers, and distant snow-capped Sierras.

The Arab poet describes the Alhambra in its day of glory as follows:

"My pillars were brought from Eden, my garden is the Paradise. Jewels are my walls, and my ceilings are dyed with the hues of the wings of angels. I was paved with petrified flowers, and those who see me laugh and sing. My columns are blocks of pearls by night, by day perpetual sunshine turns my fountains to gold."

De Amicis, the modern Spanish writer, thus describes the "Court of the Lions": "It is a forest of columns, a mingling of arches and embroideries, an indefinable elegance, a prodigious richness, a something light, transparent, and undulating like a great pavilion of lace."

Our own Washington Irving proves the Alhambra the most romantic of palaces.

He has immortalised for us the many legends of love and war that

will ever cluster about this royal abode of the old Moorish kings.

"Palace of beauty! where the Moorish lord,
King of the bow, the bridle, and the sword,
Sat like a genie in the diamond's blaze,
O, to have seen thee in the ancient days."
—*Croly*.

"How Sultan after Sultan with his Pomp
Abode his destined Hour, and went his way."
—*Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*.

EARLY SPANISH PAINTING

As the making of pictures was forbidden by the Moors, it was not until they were expelled from Spain, in the fifteenth and sixteen centuries, that we hear much about Christian art.

It is interesting for us to remember that just about the time when Ferdinand and Isabella were upon the throne, and Columbus was discovering America, the Spaniards were beginning to paint.

Their early painting like that of Italy was very religious, so intensely so that some of the painters would fast and pray, and perhaps even scourge themselves before beginning a picture.

The object in decorating the walls of churches was, as in Italy, to reveal the holy story to those who could not read it for themselves.

An old Spanish writer says, "For the learned and the lettered, written knowledge may suffice; for the ignorant what master is like painting? They may read their duty in a picture, although they cannot search for it in books."

This art was governed by rules laid down for it by the Inquisition, the religious court, which, at that time, held great power in Spain.

Among the many rules were that the Virgin must always be represented with her feet covered, and that saints must not have beards.

Any painter daring to disobey any rule made by the Inquisition was obliged to pay a heavy fine, and perhaps was sent for a year into exile.

The art was truly realistic; depicting Spanish life as it was found in the church, the convent, or the palace, and very charmingly as seen in the street. It was also much influenced by the Italian. Many

pictures were brought from Italy, and Spanish artists went there to study.

The Spaniards were delighted with Titian's colouring. There was a dumb painter Navarrette who copied it so perfectly that he was called "The Titian of Spain."

He made a picture of the Nativity, noted for its three lights. That shining over the shepherds is so lovely that the picture is often called "The Beautiful Shepherds."

Beneguette was "The Michael Angelo of Spain," because he was an architect, sculptor, and painter.

Then there was Morales, "the Divine," so named because his power lay always in painting very sorrowful, religious pictures.

An anecdote is told of his appearing at the court of King Philip II.

He was dressed with such elegance that the King not only ordered him dismissed from the court but also commanded that he should never paint another picture. Morales confessed that he had spent his all, in order to appear properly before the King. Then he was pardoned and allowed again to use his brush.

Once more he appeared before the court, this time clothed in rags. And the King said, "Morales, you are very poor. I will give you money to buy your dinners." "And what for suppers, Sire?" quietly responded the painter. Then the king added enough to make Morales comfortable for the rest of his life.

Navarrette, Beneguette, and Morales, with many other artists, lived in the sixteenth century, and by their work prepared the way for the brilliant seventeenth century, the most famous period in Spanish art.

Turbarran and Ribera lived in the seventeenth century. Turbarran made portraits and pictures of animals; but he is the special painter of the Spanish monk, and he made a wise choice of subject for Spain is "The Monks' Elysium."

Turbarran, in sombre and glowing colour, pictured him in every stage of devotion, ecstasy, and vision. He really made the monk as life-like as Titian made the Venetian noble, or Velasquez, the Spanish grandee.

Ribera, also, was very renowned. He had great influence in the

art world, and he used it very badly.

A poor Spanish lad, he managed somehow to journey to far-away Rome. There he was discovered by a wealthy cardinal, in front of a palace, copying a fresco. The cardinal was attracted by the lad, he questioned him, and was pleased with his replies. So he took him to his home, and cared for him luxuriously.

But what did the little fellow do but run away! When he was found, he gave as an excuse that the cardinal had made him so comfortable that if he had remained longer, he would have lost ambition, and so he ran away because he needed the spur of poverty. The cardinal naturally called him "an ungrateful little Spaniard," and thought no more about him.

Ribera, later, went to Naples, and became there the leader of a cabal of artists. Everybody outside of their *côterie* who dared to paint in Naples suffered from their persecution.

Ribera became wealthy. He lived in a magnificent house and rode in his own coach; but he never helped even one poor boy, and many stories are told of his jealousy of other artists.

However, few Italian masters are better known than "this ungrateful little Spaniard."

He showed a wonderful knowledge of anatomy, and his famous historical and religious works adorn the great galleries of the world.

Among his pupils was Salvator Rosa, of whom we have spoken in Italian art.

Painting had now become the fashion in Spain, and there were many masters. The two that best interpret the art of the country in this its most brilliant period are Velasquez and Murillo.

> "His pencils first demand the painter's care,
> Of varied size, for various use designed,
> And formed of quills in which the silken hair
> Of sylvan creatures he must closely bind,
> The surly wild-boar's stubborn back is rough
> With store of bristles, wiry, long, and tough.
>
> Next from the sweet pear's variegated stock,
> Your palette shape, with surface smooth and shining;
> Pierce then a hole in front, in which to lock
> Your thumb, the tablet to its place confining,

While on its polished plane the paints you fix,
And various shades in nice gradations mix."

[Extract from Cespedes's quaint "Poem on Spanish Painting," written in the sixteenth century.]

VELASQUEZ

Velasquez was born in Seville, in the year 1599. He belonged to a good family, and his father gave him an excellent education, for he wished him to follow some public calling. But Velasquez, even as a very little child, sketched pictures everywhere.

Though his parents were disappointed, they soon yielded to his desire to become a painter.

His favourite teacher was Pacheco, who was at that time well known. Pacheco grew very fond of Velasquez as he studied with him year after year; and he was so sure that he would become famous that he finally allowed him to marry his daughter.

There was in the studio a peasant lad whom Velasquez used as a model. He would make him laugh and cry, and pose in every possible attitude, and then he would catch his expression.

Besides, he made a careful study of the people and things about him in the streets and picturesque markets of Seville.

Madrid, which had been but a military outpost in the time of the Moors, had just become the capital of Spain. It had an old house of Caesar—"Alcazar" as it was called—which had been used as a fortress by the Moors. It had no cathedral, for the age of cathedral building had now passed. It possessed none of the Moorish attractions of other Spanish cities, but it was fast becoming rich and powerful; for in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, money literally flowed into Spain, from its newly-conquered provinces of Mexico and Peru.

Paintings and sculptures were being collected in Madrid. These later made the Prado, its art-museum, a rival of the finest galleries in Europe.

When Velasquez was twenty-three years old, Pacheco advised him to visit Madrid; for he felt sure that there his pupil would be inspired by the artists and pictures which he would see.

Velasquez bade good-bye to his Sevillian home, and attended by a faithful slave, set out for the gay capital. They made the long and

costly journey on mules.

On reaching Madrid, Velasquez tried to get an audience with the King, but it was not until months later on his second trip that he first met him.

When the King saw a portrait by Velasquez, he was so charmed with it that he determined to sit himself to the painter; and then he was so delighted with his portrait that he decided that Velasquez should never leave his court.

This court was a brilliant and intellectual one, filled with literary men; for the King himself was both a writer and a painter.

He arranged a studio for Velasquez in a corner of his palace; and at his own expense, he brought the painter's family from Seville to Madrid, treating them always with great munificence.

In a picture now in Venice, we have a pleasant glimpse of the family of Velasquez—himself, his portly wife, and their seven children.

A comradeship was, at once, established between the King and painter, and they grew old together.

When resting from affairs of state, the King, if not at the chase, was usually in the painter's studio.

Velasquez was a rare friend for a king, for he was a man of gentle temper, frank, generous and noble.

Velasquez sought truth not beauty, and his light and atmosphere are very real. To-day he might be called a Realistic or Impressionist painter, for his portraits show the vivid impression made upon the eye by a single glance at a figure. He worked for more than forty years in Madrid, and few royal courts are so familiar to us as that of Philip IV pictured by the brush of Velasquez.

Many times he painted the long, thin, solemn face of that King who is said to have laughed but twice in his life. We see him in court-dress on a hunt, or in a war scene. The portraits on horseback are perhaps the most life-like.

After Velasquez had been for six years in Madrid, Rubens, the great Flemish painter, came on a diplomatic mission to Spain. While there, he became much interested in the Spanish painter. He told him so many things about the wonders of Italian art that he inspired him with a very strong desire to go to Italy.

Then Velasquez threw himself at the feet of his King exclaiming, "Sire, I wish to visit Italy; one cannot be a great artist without studying the wonders which the masters, Michael Angelo and Raphael, have left."

"Say rather that you wish to leave me," replied the offended King.

Velasquez, however, persisted until he obtained a reluctant consent. But he promised to stay only long enough to study the masterpieces of Italian art.

Yet the King was kind, after all, for he offered to continue his salary while he was gone, and he gave him money for his journey and letters of introduction.

Velasquez sailed away in the suite of Marquis Spinola. He was delighted in Venice with the colouring of Titian, Tintoretto, and Paul Veronese. He spent a year in Rome studying and copying, and in Naples he formed a friendship with Ribera, "the ungrateful little Spaniard."

Eighteen months passed. King Philip grew so impatient that he ordered his court-painter to return at once. But when Velasquez appeared, and told him of all the wonders he had seen, the King quite forgot his absence in the pleasure of having him once more by his side.

A new sitter was now presented to the painter—the King's baby son, Balthasar. The life story of this bright, merry little boy is very short. Being the eldest, he was heir to the throne and the pride of the court. He was very clever and studious, and such a fine shot that he could kill game while riding at full speed.

When he was but seventeen years old, he died of small-pox, and the whole court and the country mourned for him.

Velasquez painted Balthasar in frocks, in court-dress, in military- and hunting-costume, and also as a little wooer of ten years.

The picture which is best known is the one where we see him perched upon a prancing pony.

He wears a green embroidered velvet jacket, and crossed over it a gold and red scarf with fluttering streamers. He has a broad lace collar, and a black hat with a feather. He gallops towards us right out of the picture, leaving in the distance the snowy Sierras.

Velasquez also painted Don Philip, Maria Theresa, and quaint

winsome Margarita, the darling of the court.

Her picture in the Louvre shows a gentle, little face, with fair hair and blue eyes, so unlike the usual dark Spanish maiden. She holds in one hand a rose, in the other, a handkerchief.

The little boys and girls whom Velasquez painted lived in the age when children were dressed in garments which exactly reproduced those of their fathers and mothers.

And what a pity that the beauty of the Infanta Margarita should be marred by her long stiff bodice and large hoop, and her hair arranged in a most artificial way.

Velasquez loved to paint these royal children.

Only Van Dyck, the Flemish master, equalled him in the olden day, in giving to such children the grace and dignity that seemed to belong to them alone.

His portraits of court lords and ladies are among the finest in the world. Those of the ladies are not numerous; for it was difficult for the artist to gain access to high-born Spanish dames. Perhaps it is well that it was so; for the stiff arrangement of dress and hair which was the fashion of the day was not conducive to the making of a pretty picture.

Velasquez's pictures were very true to life. A good story to prove this is told of the King.

One day when he was in the painter's studio, he discovered there an admiral whom, several days be-fore, he had ordered to sea. "What! still here," exclaimed the indignant King. "Have not I ordered you to depart!" There was no reply, and the King discovered to his surprise that he was addressing a *portrait* of the admiral.

Do you know Aesop? Look at Velasquez's life-like portrait of him and you will surely wish to read his quaint old fables at once.

Philip IV was naturally so inclined to melancholy that he always kept at his court dwarfs and buffoons to amuse him. Some of these were made rich enough to live in palaces of their own. Velasquez many times painted these odd little creatures. in their fantastic dress.

He did not like religious or mythological subjects; but he depicted street and tavern life, war and hunting scenes, made lovely flower pictures, and was the first in Spain to paint natural landscapes. And in looking at them all one seems to forget the painter, and to think

only of the living face or story seen upon the canvas.

His pictures are in many galleries. There is one in the Prado called "Las Meninas," or "The Maids of Honour."

The lnfanta Margarita, perhaps five years old, stands in the centre, while a kneeling maid of honour presents a glass of water to her little Royal Highness.

To the right of the picture are two well-known dwarfs caressing a dog.

Velasquez, in one corner, is painting a picture of the King and Queen, their faces being reflected in the mirror.

The King was delighted when he saw the picture, but he said that it lacked just one thing, and taking the painter's brush, he dropped it into carmine. Then, with a royal hand, he emblazoned the cross of Santiago on the heart of the figure of Velasquez.

This badge of knighthood was attained only by the most famous Spaniards. In this graceful way, the King conferred it upon Velasquez. This red cross yet glows upon his breast, and it alone would make the picture famous through the ages.

"The Surrender of Breda" is another of his works in the Prado.

This is really one of the great historical pictures of the world. It shows an incident in a war between Spain and Holland, which the Marquis of Spinola had described to Velasquez when they journeyed to-gether to Italy.

Breda belonged to the Dutch, and it seemed an impregnable stronghold; but, at last, it had been taken by Spinola, Spain's "last great captain." Although victorious, he was very merciful.

The background of the picture represents the Dutch town of Breda, with its canals and army-tents, while in front the act of surrender is taking place.

On one side is the Spanish army, carrying such a forest of lances that the picture is sometimes called "Las Lanzas." Spinola, their leader, stands in front.

The Dutch army on the other side is led by the venerable commander, Julian of Nassau. He bends forward, presenting to the conqueror the keys of the fortress. Spinola, with uncovered head, receives them with the humanity and dignity of a generous victor.

The faces are all said to be portraits. There are but few soldiers,

but they are so skilfully arranged that one would think there were two whole armies.

Velasquez accompanied his King everywhere, planning hunting and military expeditions and court pageants; and he carried in his girdle a key that would unlock to him all the rooms in the palace.

The King was interested in every stroke from the brush of Velasquez. He had determined to found in Madrid an Art Gallery, like those in Italy. So, in 1648, he sent Velasquez there to purchase for him a collection of pictures, marbles, and bronzes.

While in Rome, he painted a picture of the Pope, who was so well satisfied with it that he presented the painter with a gold chain.

Velasquez returned later with his art treasures, and they helped to establish the great fame which the Prado enjoys to-day.

During most of the reign of Philip IV there had been war between France and Spain, but now peace had been declared, and the union was to be strengthened by a royal alliance; for Maria Theresa, the daughter of Philip IV, was to marry Louis XIV, "Le Grand Monarque" of France.

In the middle of the little Bidassoa River which separates France and Spain was an island, through which passed the boundary-line of the two countries.

Here a pavilion was erected, and in the centre of this, the French and Spanish bridal parties were to meet, each standing on its own territory.

The journey of the royal party from Madrid to the frontier was long and difficult. Castles were thrown open for their entertainment, and everything connected with the betrothal was conducted with great pomp and splendid ceremonial—and Velasquez superintended it all.

But the effort proved too exhausting. The painter caught cold, and soon after his return to Madrid was seized with a fever, and died in 1660. His wife lived but eight days later, and they were buried in one grave.

When the King heard of Velasquez's death, he exclaimed, "I am overwhelmed!" And well he might be, for Velasquez had given to his King a life-long devotion. His statue erected in 1899 stands upon the plaza in Madrid, while within the Prado are gathered his finest works.

His influence to-day is great, not only in Spain, but wherever in the world we go to study the pictures of "The Painter to the King and The King of Painters."

"Ah, were to do a thing
As easy as to dream of doing it,
We should not want for Artists, but the men
Who carry out in Art their great designs,
Are few in number; aye, they may be counted
Upon the fingers of this hand."

—*Longfellow*.

MURILLO

There is an old Spanish proverb which runs as follows:

"He who Seville has not seen
Has not seen a marvel great;
Who to Granada has not been
Can have nothing to relate."

We have in imagination visited the Alhambra, the fairy fortress-palace of Granada. Let us now in the same way visit Seville, "The White City on the Guadalquivir"—"The most Spanish City of Spain."

It is in the midst of a country of sunny vineyards, orange and olive groves, and its climate is delightful.

Seville was for many centuries the home of the Moors, and its architecture is a grotesque mingling of Moorish and Christian forms. When the Moors were expelled and the Christians took the city, a cathedral supplanted the mosque. It is of Spanish Gothic architecture and stands in the central square of the city.

It is the third largest cathedral in Europe, only St. Peter's in Rome, and the one of which we have already spoken in Cordova, exceeding it in size.

This cathedral was decorated by famous Spanish monks; and it holds a great statue of the Virgin with eyes of rubies and hair of spun gold.

Near it is the old Moorish minaret, now converted into a bell-tower and called "La Giralda." Like Giotto's tower in Florence, this is a marvel of lace-work in stone.

The richest monument in Seville is the old Alcazar, the palace of Moorish kings. Like the Alhambra, it is a fairy palace with a perfumed garden.

Seville was in all its glory in the seventeenth century. Its palaces were occupied by the nobles; splendid buildings were erected by its merchant-princes; and it also had beautiful public squares and gardens.

The streets were gay with dark-eyed youths and maidens in picturesque costumes, romancing together over old Moorish tales, or dancing to the accompaniment of organ, concertina, or castanets.

The Guadalquivir was alive with shipping; the great galleons lying against its banks were laden with oils and fruits, with wines and silks and velvets, and with pictures, too; for Seville now held the commerce, not only of the Mediterranean Sea, but also of the Spanish Provinces in America.

The city had an added charm, in being the birth-place of Spain's two greatest masters—Velasquez, the painter of the court, and Murillo, the painter of the church—one "the painter of earth," the other, "the painter of heaven."

The story of Murillo's early years forms a sad contrast to that of Velasquez. Velasquez was rich, and had every advantage that wealth could buy, while Murillo's childhood is but a tale of struggle and poverty.

He was born in 1617. His father was a poor mechanic, who hesitated even about having his little boy learn to read and write. But when he was given a book he proved so clever that he surprised both his parents. He pleased them, too, by showing the usual signs of great genius, scribbling over the pages of his book and the walls of his poor home. His mother had a brother Castillo who was a painter. She begged him to let her boy study with him. Castillo was not much interested; but his sister begged so hard, that he finally consented and taught Murillo without charge.

The boy was very industrious, and never so happy as when with pencil and paper he was copying the lesson set for him. He was soon left an orphan and without his art, life would have been very dreary. When he was twenty-two years old, Castillo removed to Cadiz. Murillo wished to go with him, but there was no money to pay for his

keep, and besides he must care for his sister. He could not afford another teacher, so he was left without friends and advisers. What *could* he do?

There was in Seville, at this time, a weekly-market called the Feria. Here were displayed in stalls on the public square the bright flowers and delicious fruits and vegetables of Southern Spain; also old clothes, old iron, and utensils of every kind, for all sorts of hucksters brought their wares to the Feria.

It was the gathering-place, too, for a picturesque crowd of monks and priests and gypsies and peasants and beggars and muleteers and donkeys with paniers.

Artists, also, unknown to fame came here to work. They put into their pictures whatever things the purchaser wished, often painting them while he waited.

Not knowing where else to go, the young Murillo decided to establish himself in one of the stalls of the Feria. Here he painted rude pictures of the subjects about him. They were quickly finished and sold for trifling pay. He earned hardly enough to support his sister and himself, but then he was doing his best, and rude as his work was, he was certainly learning freedom of touch and knowledge of colour.

After he had worked for two years in the Feria, an old friend Moya returned to Seville.

He had been with the army in Flanders, and had also studied art in foreign cities. Wonderful were his stories of the artists and pictures that he had seen.

Murillo was inspired by Moya's pictures and his tales of adventure. He must see for himself the great art world.

Moya remained but a few months, and he helped Murillo in every possible way; but like Castillo, he, too, departed and the young artist was again in despair.

One day in the very depth of his discouragement, he suddenly exclaimed, "I will go to Italy!" But how could he go? for he had no money.

But somehow, his resolution inspired him with courage. He bought a large piece of canvas, cut it into small squares, and covered them with rude pictures of Madonnas and saints.

Fortunately he found for these ready purchasers in traders who

came to Seville for just such pictures: for hundreds of them were sent every year to their newly-conquered provinces in America. There they were used to decorate the little Jesuit chapels which the Spaniards were building. And we can hardly realise how much such pictures added to the attraction of a service in a lonely log chapel far away in the American woods.

After selling his pictures, Murillo placed his sister in charge of a relative, and without telling anyone where he was going, set out on foot over the mountains for the city of Madrid, determining to live on bread and water on the way.

It was a very long and tedious journey, but finally he reached the city, exhausted and friendless, and with nothing left but a stock of courage. Now his one great desire was to meet Velasquez; for Velasquez was living, rich and honoured, at the court of Philip IV, and he could help him if he would.

One day Murillo watched the royal cortege as it passed. Velasquez was pointed out to him, and his kindly face attracted Murillo and he again took courage. After spending some time in repairing his tattered garments, he presented himself at the studio in the palace, and sent in his name as a Sevillian painter.

It is not probable that the great master had ever heard of Murillo, for he had left Seville when the latter was a little boy.

But one of Velasquez's many charms was that he was always accessible, and he ordered that the young man at once be brought to him.

Velasquez liked his frank, intelligent face, and said to him, "You are a painter." "If I believed that I was," replied Murillo, "I should be disabused since I have seen your works; but I would be one, if God gave me a protector."

Velasquez then asked him about his study and his motive in coming to Madrid.

The poor fellow told a tale of poverty and suffering, of his strong desire to learn, and to visit Rome.

He also showed Velasquez a little picture which he had brought.

After the master had heard the story and looked at the picture, how delighted Murillo must have been to hear him say: "Courage, my friend, and a day will come when Seville will be proud of you!" And

then how royal Velasquez showed himself!

He offered Murillo a home, and gave him permission to work in his studio. He procured him admission to palaces and galleries that so he might study and copy all kinds of works of art.

It is said that Murillo was so overcome with his kindness that he told him that he was willing to die for him, and Velasquez replied, "You will not die for me, Murillo, you will live for art."

And now what a great world opened before the eyes of the young painter! Having been introduced to the most distinguished masters in Madrid, he at once began his work.

Later Velasquez left Madrid on a tour with the court, and on his return was delighted to see how much Murillo had improved during his absence.

Murillo remained for three years in the capital, and then Velasquez advised him to go to Rome, and offered him letters of introduction to famous men there. But the young painter was so satisfied with what he had already learned, and so homesick for Seville that he resolved instead to return to his home.

So back he went to Seville, and there remained for the rest of his life.

He *never* saw Italy, the goal of the great masters of his day.

On his return to Seville, he first accepted an order to paint for the Franciscan convent. The monks had long wished for some pictures, but they could offer so little money in payment that no good artist had been willing to paint them.

Murillo was young and unknown, and the monks hesitated before giving him the commission. He worked for three years. The pictures were beautifully painted and although he received but small pay, his fame was at once established. He began to receive orders from nobles and merchant princes; his works soon became the pride of churches and convents and hospitals. Indeed, he had commissions from all parts of Spain, for Murillo was now the fashion.

There is a pretty tradition of his falling in love, which must come next in our story. One day, in the year 1648, while painting in a church in Seville, a beautiful maiden came in to pray. The artist's eyes wandered from the canvas to the worshipper. He was greatly impressed with … her beauty and devotion—he was seeking an angel

face for his picture—so he used hers, and while he was painting it in, he won her love, and a little later they were married.

His wife, Doña Beatrix, belonged to a noble family. His fortunes had now so increased that he was able to establish a home—a home that was soon known for its large hospitality, and its receptions given to the most distinguished people in Seville.

He had three children. One son came to America; the other was a canon of the Seville Cathedral; and his daughter Francesca became a nun.

Murillo used three styles in painting—the cold, warm, and vapory.

In the first, the lines and colour are most distinct. In the warm style, the outline is less sharp, the colouring softer, and the figures fuller and rounder; in the vapory style, the outlines are softer still and the colouring more transparent.

His favourite subjects in painting were beggars, monks, saints, and Madonnas. How charmingly he has revealed to us the many moods of the little sun-browned Spanish beggars, with their dark eyes and glossy black hair. Unconscious of their rags, they are seen sunning themselves lazily in the corners of the squares—forgetful of yesterday's discomfort in the merriment of to-day.

They are doing all kinds of things; eating mac-aroni or luscious fruits, playing games, or tossing coppers. Murillo's eye and brush caught them in the very act.

We have selected for our picture "The Dice-players"—three bewitching children. Two of them are playing a game, using a flat stone as a table. The maiden forgets her tattered clothes, and with her Spanish love for any bit of decoration, wears a wreath upon her hair. She looks perplexed, but what a pleased expression is on her partner's face. Surely he must be the winner! The other boy with dark, liquid eyes stands apart and idly bites a piece of bread, and he has never laid it down since Murillo put it into his hand long ago. He has a far-away look, and has entirely forgotten the dog that waits eagerly for its share. It's a pathetic little face. We wonder what the child is thinking about!

If Murillo had painted only beggars and gypsies, he would have been celebrated; but his holy pictures so far surpass these in beauty

that they have made him one of the renowned masters of the world.

His monks and saints are noted for their wondrous visions. Those which he painted for the Franciscan convent strikingly illustrates this. One represents St. Francis, reclining on an iron bedstead, listening with ecstasy to a violin which an angel is playing.

In another, St. Diego is asking a blessing on a kettle of broth which he is about to give to some beggars.

The most unique of all, however, is "The Angel's Kitchen."

Here St. Diego again appears. The legend is, that this pious, humble friar was one day performing his daily task in the convent kitchen. While cooking the dinner for the monks a strange thing happened. He was suddenly seized with a heavenly ecstasy and floated upward. Thus he appears in the picture—his face raised in adoration. In the kitchen below, ministering angels are doing his work, while a few astonished friars are looking on.

This picture is now seen in the Louvre; for it is one of many which Marshal Soult carried away to France during Napoleon's invasion of Spain.

Murillo was very fond of the story of St. Anthony of Padua, who, like St. Francis, devoted his life to good works. He painted St. Anthony several times. The familiar picture in the Cathedral of Seville represents the brown-frocked monk, with rapturous face and outstretched arms, receiving the Infant Jesus, who descends to him in a flood of glory. On the table beside him there stands a vase of lilies. These are painted with such life-like skill that it is said that birds flying about the cathedral have sometimes tried to perch upon them and to peck at them.

After finishing this picture with its rich dark colour and dazzling vision, Murillo was called "The Painter of Heaven."

In the year 1874, the figure of St. Anthony was cut out of this picture by a thief and carried away. Later he appeared in New York, and sold it for two hundred and fifty dollars to Mr. Schaus, who gave it to the Spanish consul. It was returned to Seville, where it was received with great joy, and again the rapturous saint kneels in the cathedral.

Sometimes Murillo depicted a group representing a golden-haired Christ-Child, a dark-skinned John the Baptist, and a lamb.

Perhaps such groups were suggested to him, by seeing children leading a lamb through the streets of Seville for the Paschal feast.

Murillo's Virgin was always a peasant maid, robed in blue and white; for it is said that in a vision she revealed to the Spanish painter that these were the colours in which she always wished to appear.

One charming picture represents the Madonna seated upon a bank, holding the Christ-Child. Elizabeth, kneeling upon the ground, pushes forward her little son John to receive from his Master the reed cross. John carries a scroll in his left hand, holding it ready to fasten upon the cross. It bears the inscription which he would proclaim abroad, "Behold the Lamb of God."

God is above in the act of benediction, and the Holy Spirit in the form of a dove. Above also are hovering countless cherubs with very expressive faces—those faces that Murillo always loved to paint.

What a contrast in this picture between old age and childhood—the satisfied expression of the aged Elizabeth, who now, for the first time, beholds the Christ-Child, and this Child, one of the most charming ever painted by Murillo.

One of Murillo's loveliest Madonnas is in the Corsini Palace in Rome. The sweet, wistful-faced Mother holds her earnest dark-eyed Babe. They sit beside a ruined wall. Just such a mother and child one might see any day in walking through the country.

Murillo's favourite subject, however, and one he painted many times, represented the Virgin floating in mid-air. These pictures are in his vapoury style, for the atmosphere is very soft. One of the finest of these is in the Louvre. Here the Virgin is borne upward by heavenly zephyrs—here sweet, youthful face raised as in a vision. She wears a flowing white robe and simple blue mantle. Her beautiful hair floats over her neck and shoulders, and the crescent moon is beneath her feet. Out of the golden light or peeping from behind soft clouds are countless cherub faces, each with its special charm.

Murillo was such a devout Catholic that his holy pictures are very holy.

For his most famous works he received but a few hundred dollars, yet even such payment was called princely in his day.

He was devoted to his pupils—not only when they were with him, but throughout their lives.

He was a man of rare sweetness of temper, noble, generous, and good.

He lived in Seville in a large fine house which is still pointed out.

In 1680, he went to Cadiz to paint some pictures. While there, he was severely injured by a fall from a scaffold. He was taken back to Seville, and died there in 1682.

At his own request, he was buried in the church of Santa Cruz beneath his favourite picture. The inscription on the tomb ran as follows: "Live as one who is about to die."

Murillo was the last great Spanish painter of the seventeenth century, and rich and poor alike mourned his loss.

His pictures are seen everywhere in the famous galleries of the world, and his stately bronze statue stands upon the public plaza in Seville.

Velasquez and Murillo were to Spain, in the seventeenth century, what the greatest Italian masters had been to Italy in the sixteenth.

De Amicis, the Spanish writer, says: "Velasquez is in art an eagle; Murillo is an angel. One admires Velasquez and adores Murillo. By his canvases we know him as if he had lived among us. He was handsome, good, and virtuous. He was born to paint the sky."

"When I was a beggarly boy,
And lived in a cellar damp,
I had not a friend nor a toy,
But I had Aladdin's lamp;
When I could not sleep for cold,
I had fire enough in my brain,
And builded with roofs of gold,
My beautiful castles in Spain."

—*Lowell.*

CHAPTER VII
Flemish Art

THE VAN EYCKS AND THEIR FOLLOWERS

The Netherlands, or Lowlands, included, in the Middle Ages, most of the country which we know to-day as Holland and Belgium.

It had many artistic craftsmen. Some made designs for pageants; as, for example, whales, sporting mermaids, or mysterious pasties, which, on being uncovered, revealed a band of musicians all ready to perform.

Others were skilled in painting miniatures, in weaving tapestries and making brocades; in designing stained-glass windows, or gold and silver ornaments.

And in the monasteries, as in those of Italy in Fra Angelico's day, rare and costly manuscripts were seen.

In the fifteenth century, the country was governed by the wealthy and powerful Dukes of Burgundy.

Bruges, the city of bridges, was its superb capital, and its craftsmen were noted all over Europe.

Here Duke Philip the Good, the most magnificent of all the rulers of Burgundy, presided over an art-loving court. And here was developed the first good School of painting that was known in Northern Europe.

This came about through the discovery by two brothers, Hubert and Jan Van Eyck, of a new process of mixing paints with oil, by which they produced a richer, softer colouring than had ever before been known. Presently the rich dark red known as "Van Eyck's purple" became as famous as "Titian's gold," or "Veronese's silver."

Even the far-away Italians eagerly sought the secret of the new colouring—the Italians who had given so much to the painters of other countries; and it was well that the northern painters could give them something in return.

Duke Philip the Good was devoted to Jan Van Eyck. He made him his confidential friend, and sent him on difficult missions.

When Jan's little daughter was baptised, the Duke stood as her sponsor, and gave her at least six silver cups.

Jan's modest motto was always, "As I can."

The brothers responded to the religious fervour of the age by painting many sacred pictures. Indeed, the most noted altar-piece of the fifteenth century came from their brush. This was ordered by Judocus Vydt and his wife, to decorate their funeral chapel in St. Bavon's church, in Ghent, a city not far from Bruges.

The altar-piece, which is called "The Adoration of the Mystic Lamb," was arranged in twelve separate panels, connected by hinges. The outer panels which are painted on both sides were originally used as shutters to close over the central ones. But the painting has suffered all kinds of accidents, and parts of it are to-day in different cities.

To recall it as it was in its perfection, we must imagine ourselves in St. Bavon's church, on a festal-day, far back in the fifteenth century; for only on festal-days were the shutters opened that the picture might be seen by admiring crowds. We cannot examine it in detail; but will just glance at its most striking features.

The shutters when open reveal seven panels above and five below.

The dignified figure of God the Father is in the central panel above. He is seated on a damask throne and is arrayed in a dark red brocaded robe, whose ample folds are bordered with rows of gems, and fastened in front by a jewelled brooch. Two fingers of His right hand are raised in blessing, and in His left, he holds a sceptre.

In the three panels on one side, are the Virgin, singing angels, and Adam; on the other, St. John the Baptist, St. Cecilia, and Eve.

Perhaps you are familiar with the panel representing St. Cecilia, for it is often copied. She is dressed in a flowered robe of brocade, and is playing upon an organ. Four angels accompany her on their harps and viols.

Their light, wavy hair is bound with fillets; and they, too, are gorgeously arrayed, as Flemish angels usually are.

In the central panel below, Christ is portrayed as a bleeding lamb,

standing upon an altar surrounded by graceful, kneeling angels. Just in front, a fountain pours forth streams of living water to purify the world. And at the back, the Holy Jerusalem is represented by a Flemish city.

The flowery meadow upon which the scene is laid is very lovely, for it is sprinkled all over with bright daisies and dandelions.

Here are seen four groups—saints, martyrs, the church, and the people—all adoring the "Mystic Lamb." Many interesting faces are found in these groups.

From the side panels, crowds of hermits, knights, crusaders and judges are all journeying towards the Holy City. Some of these are in such rich costumes that they recall the life at Duke Philip's superb court.

On the outside of the shutters when closed are the kneeling figures of the donors, Judocus Vydt and his wife. In those days donors often appeared, side by side, with saints and angels.

The influence of the Van Eycks with their rich scheme of colour was very great, and they had a number of worthy followers. The most noted was the poet-painter, Hans Memling.

There is a tradition that he arrived as a wounded and fainting soldier at St. John's Hospital, in Bruges; and that in gratitude for great kindnesses received there, he painted for the hospital some of his best pictures.

This story is most improbable; although the finest thing that he ever did is treasured there.

This is a small ark, fashioned in rich Gothic architecture and called "The Reliquary of St. Ursula"; for upon it, Memling has painted the tragic history of St. Ursula and her eleven thousand virgins.

The legend which he illustrates runs as follows: St. Ursula was the beautiful and gifted daughter of a king of Brittany. The king of England asked her in marriage for his son. St. Ursula promised to accept him on three conditions: The first was, that ten noble maidens should be given her as companions, and that each should have one thousand attendants; the second, that they should spend three years in visiting saintly shrines; and the third, that her suitor and all his court should be baptised.

These requests being granted, the eleven thousand maidens

started on their pious pilgrimage. When they travelled by water, they steered their own vessels; and when by land, they were always preceded by angels, who directed their course, threw bridges over rivers, and pitched their tents by night.

They visited the Pope in Rome; and in all their journeys, as we may imagine, they had a great variety of adventures. On their return, they were all martyred by the barbarians, in the city of Cologne, and there to-day their bones are to be seen.

Memling could not get eleven thousand virgins on the tiny pictures with which he illuminated the little shrine; but they are crowded with figures, and the whole shrine is a very rare and beautiful piece of workmanship. Indeed, these miniature pictures are among the finest things in early Flemish art.

For this and other religious works, Memling became almost as famous as the Van Eycks.

From his time, Flemish painting declined; and in the sixteenth century, there was hut one noted painter. This was Quentin Matsys, "The Blacksmith of Antwerp."

While working at his trade, he fell in love with a young girl whom he wished to marry. But, alas, for the poor blacksmith, her father would give her only to a painter.

So Matsys laid down his anvil, and took up his brush. He was very persevering; and in time painted such fine religious pictures, and such realistic misers, that he was considered the finest Flemish painter of the sixteenth century.

He won his bride and later when he died, he was buried in the cathedral in Antwerp. On its walls, we may read his story in the following words: "Love converted a blacksmith into an Apelles."

After the time of Matsys, Flemish art was lost for a time in the revolution that was shaking the Netherlands.

Within a short period, the little country had been governed in turn by the Dukes of Burgundy, the Emperor of Germany, and the King of Spain.

Then the people revolted from the tyranny of the gloomy Philip II of Spain, and his "bloody Duke." The northern provinces united; and became the free and Protestant country of Holland. The southern provinces remained Catholic; and at the beginning of the seven-

teenth century, were governed by the Archduke of Austria.

To this century, belongs a "Golden Age " in art, in both Holland and Flanders. In Holland, it was led by Rembrandt; and in Flanders, by Rubens.

> "Do noble things, not dream them all day long.
> And so make life, death, and that vast forever,
> One grand, sweet song."
>
> —*Kingsley*.

RUBENS

Do you know the city of Antwerp, in Belgium, situated on the Scheldt River, twenty miles from the sea? In the sixteenth century, it was one of the fairest cities in Europe. It had beautiful churches and palaces, and two hundred thousand people, within its walls. Hundreds of ships rode at anchor in its harbour; and its great fairs attracted strangers from all parts of the world.

But, late in the century, when the Netherlanders were revolting from their Spanish masters with their "Spanish Fury," Antwerp became a centre for siege and pillage. The city was prostrated, and it was long before it recovered its commerce and influence.

But it had another honour in the seventeenth century, for it became "Rubens's City"—Rubens, the prince of Flemish painters, who made a second glorious era in Flemish art.

Rubens was not born in Antwerp; for during the religious struggles with the Spaniards, his father had been banished. It was in the little town of Siegen, in Germany, that he first saw the light. This was in the year 1577, on the feast day of St. Peter and St. Paul, and in honour of the day his parents named him Peter Paul.

They were wealthy and aristocratic, and Peter Paul was their seventh child. His parents determined that he should be well educated; and even as a little boy, he was so taught that he spoke to his father in Latin, to his mother in Flemish, and to his tutor in French.

The father died before Peter Paul was nine years old, and his mother returned to Cologne to live. Here she placed him in a Jesuit school, and he was brought up as a Roman Catholic.

Rubens loved study; even when ten years old, he translated

Greek, and played on the lute. As a child, he had easily learned three languages; so now it did not seem difficult to add to these—English, French, Spanish, and Italian.

In order to have him acquire graceful and accomplished manners, it was thought best to accept the invitation of a noble lady to become her page. He went for a year, but he did not like the gay, idle life; so he begged his mother to allow him to return and study painting. It seemed difficult to decide what was best. The good mother assembled the family in council, and it was determined that the boy should be placed with a painter. He studied under two masters; and then with Vaenius, who, at this time, was court-painter to Archduke Albert, the governor of the Netherlands.

It is said that when Vaenius looked at the picture which Rubens had brought to show him, he uttered a cry of surprise; for he discovered in it a genius that sometime would surpass his own!

Rubens remained for years with Vaenius. The master was delighted with his industry, and when he was twenty-three years old, advised him to go to Italy to study. Again a family council was called to decide the question, and again permission was granted.

Before Rubens went, he painted a very life-like picture of the mother who had always ministered so carefully to her son's best interests.

The Archduke gave Rubens letters of introduction to different courts; and he also placed a golden chain about his neck, in order, as he told him, that he might remember his country.

So, in the year 1600, full of happy anticipations, Rubens set out on horseback for Italy. He reached there after a very long journey, over bad roads. He had always a great love for colouring, and so he was especially attracted by Venice, and enjoyed the works of Titian and Veronese.

Indeed, he so closely followed Veronese's style that he has sometimes been called "The Veronese of the North."

He had not been long in Italy when in some way he gained an introduction to the Duke of Mantua. The Duke was charmed with his face and manners, and made him court-painter. In Mantua, he painted pictures and copied master-pieces for the Duke, who, in return, made him magnificent presents.

Just at this time, the Duke wished to gain the favour of the King of Spain; and the more he saw of Rubens, the more he felt sure that he would make a good ambassador. He had great tact, courtly manners, and a cultivated mind, and he could speak seven languages. The Duke was right; for just these attributes made Rubens, throughout his life, a splendid diplomat; and just such a personality has been necessary to successful diplomats ever since.

So Rubens started on his mission, carrying with him gifts to the King of Spain. These consisted of rare jewels and vases and pictures, also a magnificent carriage and six Neapolitan horses. Travel in these days was very slow. Rubens sometimes rode on horseback; sometimes in a coach, dragged by mules or oxen over terrible roads; and at Pisa, he embarked in a sailing-packet. The journey lasted three months, and some of the gifts were injured by the storms encountered on the way.

The passport which he presented on reaching the court of Philip III contained the following sentences: "With these presents, comes Peter Paul, a Fleming. Peter Paul will say all that is proper, like the well-informed man that he is. Peter Paul is very successful in painting portraits. If any ladies of quality wish their pictures, let them take advantage of his presence."

Here, as in Italy, Rubens was most cordially received. He gained the favour for which he was sent; he copied great works of arts; and among the portraits which he painted was that of Philip III the king.

The Duke of Mantua was delighted with his success; and it is told that on his return he welcomed him with open arms, and begged him to remain with him always. But, after a time, Rubens asked to be dismissed, for he had come to Italy to study art.

"The Fleming," as the Italians called him, was everywhere received with marks of distinction. In Rome, he painted pictures for the Pope; he studied Michael Angelo's great muscular figures; and he was specially interested in a picture by Volterra called "The Descent from the Cross." Probably this later suggested his own great work on the same subject.

Italy was, indeed, to Rubens a vast treasure-house of art, and he loved to paint and to copy its master-pieces.

At last, after eight years, a message was brought him. His mother

was alarmingly ill; if he would see her again, he must hurry home. Freighting a small ship with his treasures to go by sea, he himself started over the Alps.

Oh! how slow and weary the journey seemed; and he was too late to look again upon the mother whom he had so dearly loved. Now he shut himself up for four months, in the convent where she was buried.

Then he thought that he would return to Italy. But the Archduke offered him a good salary, and begged him to stay as his court-painter. Rubens accepted, on condition that he need not live at the court in Brussels. He would, of course, be ready as a court-painter must, whenever the Archduke wished him to paint; but his home should be in Antwerp.

In 1609, Rubens married Isabella Brandt, a robust Flemish beauty, and she and her two sons often appear in his pictures. He built a magnificent house in the Italian style. In it, he had a charming studio, to which a royal staircase led—so broad that over it the largest pictures might be carried.

In the centre of the house a rotunda was arranged, in which to keep the valuable collection of pictures, vases, bronzes, cameos and jewels, to which he was constantly adding.

It was in connection with building this house that, in 1612, he painted his master-piece. It appears that, in digging the cellar, the workmen encroached upon land belonging to an archers' guild. The archers complained; and finally asked the artist to make compensation by painting for them a picture of their patron, St. Christopher.

Rubens surprised them when he painted a picture of all who could ever have been called "Christ-bearers."

This picture hangs to-day in the old cathedral of Antwerp. This cathedral is noted for its lofty arches, saintly windows, and a grotesquely carved pulpit. It possesses two other famous holy pictures by Rubens, but "The Descent from the Cross" is its greatest treasure.

When the curtain is drawn, a vast triptych is seen; and the large central panel rivets our profound attention. A group of nine huge figures nearly covers it, and all but one of these is in action.

In the centre, the dead Christ is being lowered from the cross. How indifferent are the faces of the workmen above, compared with the pathos and tenderness of the faces below!

On one side, Joseph of Arimathea directs the lowering of the precious body. Peter stands opposite on the ladder. Below, as the Christ-bearer, is St. John, the beloved, and near him are the three Marys.

This is a strange subject for a master-piece; but many consider that the limp, dead Christ is the best figure that Rubens ever painted. The contrast between the flesh tints and the intense whiteness of the winding-sheet is most realistic.

Of the three Marys, the Mother of Christ stretches out her arms imploringly. Mary Magdalene kneels in front; the foot which she once bathed with her tears touches her shoulder. She is one of the most beautiful women ever painted by Rubens.

See how firmly John stands and what muscular strength he shows!

What an imposing mass of light in the centre of the picture! How wonderful the contrast between life and death!

When the shutters of the triptych are closed, on their outside is seen the giant St. Christopher, who strode through the world, seeking its mightiest lord, and who now strides through the waves bearing the Christ-Child upon his shoulders.

"The Descent from the Cross" added greatly to Rubens's fame. Indeed, no painter ever rose more rapidly, in the esteem of his countrymen. He was surrounded by many pupils, and he had more orders for pictures than he could fill.

His life was very methodical. He rose at four, attended mass, breakfasted, and painted for hours; then he rested, dined, worked until late in the afternoon; then, after riding for an hour or two on one of his spirited horses, and later supping, he would spend the evening with his friends.

He was fond of books, and often a friend would read aloud to him while he worked. Naturally, a man who could speak seven languages was interested in literary subjects.

He lived very elegantly and yet very simply; and among his guests and correspondents were many princely men. He filled his life with two good things—happy work and pleasant thoughts.

In 1620, Marie de' Medici, the mother of Louis XIII of France, invited him to Paris to picture on the walls of her Luxembourg Palace different scenes from her life.

Rubens accepted the proposal. His was a colossal undertaking; as

we may know, when we look at these pictures that are now in the Louvre.

They are great canvases, covered over with a combination of allegorical and historical characters. All are gorgeous in colouring and vigorous in action.

Surely these pictures reveal Rubens's wonderful imagination and decorative power.

Marie de' Medici was delighted with the painter, and often sat and talked with him while he worked. Probably, as they chatted, he explained to her why he introduced into her history so many gods and goddesses.

Rubens painted so quickly that he was called "a perfect wizard with his brush." A German writer says that he once painted eight pictures in eighteen days. He always valued his time in painting at fifty dollars a day.

Once an alchemist asked him for money to help him build a suitable furnace; and he promised, in return, that when he discovered the philosopher's stone, Rubens should share his fortune.

Rubens replied, "You have come twenty years too late." Then pointing to his palette and brush, he added, "Everything I work with *these*, turns to gold."

He painted almost every kind of subject; in his great mythological pictures, the Flemish people whom he daily saw were converted into gods and goddesses; and with them, were often represented huge, muscular animals.

In his religious pictures, Flemish peasants appear as Madonnas, apostles, saints, and martyrs. His genius is often seen at its best in the grouping of his great holy scenes. His historical subjects, too, are among his finest. In landscapes, he never cared for mountains or sea. He loved and often introduced into his works the scenery around his country home, Steen. He delighted in the place, and here he came to rest when tired or ill. There are, also, many por-traits of kings and princes, and gaily-dressed lords and ladies. They have bright, rosy faces and wide-open eyes; but no soul nor character by which we may recall them, like those painted by Rembrandt or Hals.

Rubens was very fond of children; and had the rare gift of revealing their beautiful forms and grace of movement. The little

group in Munich, representing some children carrying a festoon of fruit and flowers is most charming.

Reubens is specially noted always for his imagination and grouping, and soft, glowing colour. As we have said, soul and character are usually wanting in his faces—but who *could* paint everything?

His pictures are of all sizes; but as he said of himself, the larger the canvas, the better he liked it! His pupils assisted him in many of his works. He would first outline the picture; they would work it up under his direction; and then he would retouch and finish it, and put his mark upon it.

Sometimes Rubens's pupils or other artists would be jealous of him, and he would say, "Do well, and you will make others envious; do better and you will master them."

In the year 1626, his good wife Isabella Brandt died, and he sought diversion from his grief through travel. He was sent as an ambassador to The Hague, and to Philip IV of Spain. Once more, by his personal charms, he made himself very popular.

He was now forty-nine years old, and he became intimate with the young painter Velasquez, who was twenty-one. They were very congenial and became fast friends.

While in Spain, he painted gorgeous pictures for the King, who soon invited him to become ambassador to the court of Charles I of England, and to arrange a treaty of peace between the two countries. Once more, he proved a dignified and successful diplomat.

Charles I was delighted with him and he painted for the King the ceiling of his banqueting hall, at Whitehall. One day a courtier who was watching him paint said, "Does the ambassador of his Catholic Majesty sometimes amuse himself with painting?"

Rubens at once replied, "He sometimes amuses himself with being an ambassador."

Charles I knighted the painter, and then presented him with the jewelled sword, with which he had performed the ceremony. He also placed a chain about his neck, to which was attached his royal miniature. By this time, Rubens's breast must have been covered with chains and decorations!

The Duke of Buckingham, the favourite minister of the king, became intimate with Rubens, and later visited him at Antwerp.

When he saw the rotunda filled with his art collection, he offered Rubens fifty thousand dollars for it. Rubens hesitated a little, for it contained among other things valuable pictures—three by Raphael, nineteen by Titian, and thirteen by Veronese.

But Rubens loved money, and the price offered was a great sum in those days. So he accepted the Duke's proposal, and at once commenced a new collection. And in this purchase of Buckingham originated a custom, now very common in England, for noble-men to make private collections of pictures.

Rubens, at last, grew weary of an ambassador's life, and determined to go home and enjoy himself as a private citizen. In the year 1630, he married again. He was now fifty-three years old, and his bride, Helena Fourment, was a wealthy and beautiful maiden of sixteen. He must have been deeply in love, for he never tired of painting her and her little family. Her large hat is always picturesque and her complexion fresh and brilliant; and she wears very gracefully her rich and varied costumes.

Rubens had painted one picture, of which he was so fond that it could not be bought for any price; and he carried it everywhere with him. This was called "The Straw Hat," and the face under the hat is supposed to have been that of one of Helena's sisters.

When a great artist paints between fifteen hundred and eighteen hundred pictures of all kinds it is difficult to decide which is the greatest, yet all cannot be equally well done. So people are much divided as to the merits of Rubens's pictures. Some, in going through the large galleries, grow very tired of looking at his "miles of canvas," as they call them. Others see only the coarser pictures, and decide that he could not have been great. Others stand too near the paintings, and forget that they were intended originally for the walls and ceilings of great public buildings, and so ought to be viewed from a distance. But if we stand far enough away, and look at the pictures over which the artist worked most carefully, we shall always find much to admire.

Some of Rubens's best works belong to his later years; but at this period, he was more and more a prisoner to the gout, which increased very fast. First, he had to abandon his large canvases, for he had not strength to stand when he worked; so he devoted himself to small easel-pictures. And when the gout reached his fingers, he was obliged

to lay down his brush.

He died, after a sudden illness, in the year 1640; and when the news was told in Antwerp, there was great sorrow in "Rubens's City" —and in the art-loving cities in different parts of Europe; for Rubens was known and honoured in many countries!

A costly and impressive funeral was given him in the church of St. Jacques, Antwerp, where a few years before his splendid wedding had been celebrated. He was buried with great pomp under the altar of his private chapel. Sixty orphan children bore torches in the procession.

The most beautiful ornament of this chapel is one of the best of the painter's pictures. This is sometimes called "The Holy Family of St. George," and sometimes "The Family of Rubens."

It is thought that, at his death, his art collection was worth half a million dollars.

So passed Rubens's life of sixty-three years: From the clever little school-boy, and linguist, to the page, the art-student, the traveller, the head of the princely house, and in his more stirring years the painter-diplomat, and the diplomat-painter.

Rubens had brought about a second "Golden Age," in the art of his country, and always stands first among Flemish painters.

Rembrandt and Rubens are the two greatest names in the Netherland art of the seventeenth century. Rembrandt was noted for his glowing light and deep shadow; Rubens only for his glowing light.

> [From the fly-leaf of the manuscript copy of "In Memoriam," presented by the author to Harvard College, Cambridge, Mass.]
>
> "The more things thou learnest to know and to enjoy, the more complete and full will be for thee, the delight of living."
>
> —*Alfred Tennyson.*

VAN DYCK, AND OTHER FOLLOWERS OF RUBENS

A story is told of a visit that was once paid by a courtly-looking stranger, passing through Haarlem, to Franz Hals, the distinguished Dutch painter. Hals was not at home, but he was sent for to the tavern and hastily returned. The stranger told him that he had heard

of his reputation—had just two hours to spare—and wished to have his portrait painted. Hals, seizing canvas and brushes, fell vigorously to work; and before the given time had elapsed, he said, "Have the goodness to rise, sir, and examine your portrait!" The stranger looked at it, expressed his satisfaction, and then said, "Painting seems such a very easy thing, suppose we change places and see what I can do!"

Hals assented, and took his position as the sitter. The unknown began, and as Hals watched him, he saw that he wielded the brush so quickly, he must be a painter. His work, too, was rapidly finished, and as Hals looked at it he eagerly exclaimed, "You must be Van Dyck! No one else could paint such a portrait!"

No two portraits could have been more unlike. And the story adds that the famous Dutch and Flemish masters heartily embraced each other.

Anthony Van Dyck, of whom this anecdote is told, was the son of a prosperous silk-merchant of Antwerp; and was born in that city in 1599. His mother was very skilful in embroidering beautiful tapestry work, and she tried in form and colour to imitate nature.

Anthony, like Rubens, was a seventh child. He was a precocious little fellow; and it is thought that, as day by day, he watched his mother's deft needles, tracing some rare design in silks of many hues, he must have caught from her his love of harmonious colouring. The mother, who was a great admirer of Rubens, was delighted when, at the age of seventeen, Anthony was admitted to the studio of the great painter.

From the following story, we judge that he soon became the best assistant. It happened one afternoon when Rubens was off on horseback that the pupils bribed the old servant to give them the key of the studio. They wished to see what their master was doing. While looking around, one of them carelessly brushed against a freshly-painted picture, and saw, to his consternation, that he had blurred the chin and throat of one of the figures. The students were in despair—what could be done! Finally, it was suggested that as Van Dyck was the most gifted among them, he should repair it; and he did this so perfectly that the next morning Rubens did not discover any change.

Later, however, he felt sure that he saw the touch of a strange hand; but he was so pleased with Van Dyck's artistic skill that he

complimented, instead of blaming him.

Van Dyck drew so well, and Rubens had such confidence in him, that he sometimes allowed him to retouch his works, and also to make small sketches from them.

And Van Dyck was very early a master himself, for before he was nineteen, he was admitted to the "Guild of Painters," in Antwerp; and it is told that, at twenty-one, some of his works were almost as much esteemed as those of his master. He was a tall, handsome youth, with bright eyes, and a profusion of blonde hair, and he was always noted for a courtly refinement of manner. He was very restless and fond of travel; and Rubens, remembering how much his trip to Italy had helped him, advised Van Dyck to go there to study.

Finally, the latter determined to act on his master's advice. Before setting out, Rubens gave him letters of introduction to different courts; and also one of the finest horses from his own stable to use on his journey. When the young artist reached Italy, he found, in Venice, the same magical charm that had fascinated other artists. He was greatly interested in copying some of Titian's works. Indeed, he made one copy which he considered finer than the original.

Among his other works in Rome, is the splendid portrait of the stately Cardinal Bentivoglio. But Van Dyck did not at all enjoy the life in Rome, and was very glad to leave the city. This was probably because his dignified manners and fine clothes disgusted the other painters. In jest, they called him "The Cavalier Painter," and would not admit him to their club. It is true that Van Dyck always cultivated too much a haughty manner—and it is equally true that all through his life he lost friends by it.

In Genoa, he received a most hearty welcome for Rubens's sake; and commissions were given him to paint the noble families there. Stately figures he has left of churchmen and warriors, of princes and nobles and grand ladies—some in magnificent robes, some in knightly armour, some in silks and velvets and laces, some on horseback, some seated in elaborately decorated chairs. Their eyes follow us as we pass through the halls of the old galleries and ancient marble palaces.

The Genoese have ever been grateful to Van Dyck, for the superb works of art which he left in their "City by the Sea." It was either here or in Sicily that he met a blind lady who was nearly one hundred years

old—a noted artist in her day, and a friend of Titian—and he had many long talks with her. The young Fleming afterwards declared that he learned from her conversation more about painting than from any school, in which he had ever studied.

After four years in Italy, Van Dyck returned to Antwerp, living here most of the time for several years; and now he did his part, in making works to adorn his own country.

Many of his best religious pictures were painted for churches. These are not grand in conception as those by Rubens, but they are gentler in colouring, and the faces have more expression. The pathos that he puts into these faces is often touching; and his Madonnas are always graceful and poetic. One of his favourite subjects was the entombment of Christ—indeed, he painted many pictures, relating to His agony and death.

Historical and mythological works also belong to this period of his life; however, he cared very little for mythology.

Besides, Van Dyck was now the fashionable portrait-painter of Antwerp, "The Velasquez of Painters," he has often been styled. He was indebted to Rubens; but in his portraits he put so much soul into the faces, and the figures had so much elegance and dignity that he far surpassed his master.

His prices were so high that only the rich could afford to sit to him. But the wealthy burghers of Antwerp came to his studio, bringing their wives, arrayed in brocaded bodices and great ruffs, and with their hair drawn back by a circlet of jewels. And people, passing through the city, often delayed their journey long enough to sit to Van Dyck.

His appointments with his sitters lasted just one hour. At the end of the time, he would rise, bow, make an engagement for another day, and then dismiss them courteously. Then his valet at once cleaned his brushes and prepared a fresh palette and canvas, so that another sitter could enter.

Van Dyck first posed him, and this he always did most gracefully. Then he outlined the figure with chalk, upon grey paper. He gave the outline to his assistant, who painted the clothes—for the sitter's clothes were always sent to the studio that they might be perfectly copied. After this was done, Van Dyck painted in the face and hands,

and for the latter, he employed hired models.

He often invited his sitters to dine with him; for when they forgot themselves in conversation, he could catch their more natural expression than when posing. He caught expression quickly and worked rapidly, and he usually employed most skilled assistants.

Previous to his time, England had shown but little interest in painting. Van Dyck had been there once or twice, trying to secure patronage for his work, but he was unsuccessful. Finally, however, through the influence of the art-loving Duke of Arundel, or else after seeing one of his portraits, King Charles I summoned him to England as his court-painter.

Van Dyck, who was always seeking change of scene, was delighted with the plan. And now, in 1632, we find him in London, where he received a most flattering welcome; for the king was charmed with his courtly manners.

He was given a yearly salary of two hundred pounds, and a winter home in Blackfriars, overlooking the Thames. Here a special landing-place was arranged, so that the royal family might easily sail from Whitehall Palace to the painter's studio.

Van Dyck was given, also, a country-place, not far from London. Servants and horses were attached to his establishment, and everything else that would make it easy for him to live like a prince.

King Charles grew very fond of his painter. When he wished to escape from the burdens of his high estate, he often took his barge and sailed down the Thames to the studio. There he would sit and watch Van Dyck at his work, and listen to his witty conversation; and so, for a time, he would forget the terrible trials that more and more were assailing his kingdom. Because the King frequented the studio, it became the resort of the nobles. Indeed, to pay a visit here was then quite the fashion in London. The King would gladly have kept Van Dyck busy with painting only the royal family; and we may thank Van Dyck for making us so familiar with their faces, especially that of the King himself. No less than thirty-six times has the painter revealed to the world the countenance of this noble and unfortunate ruler. Sometimes the King is in royal robes, often in a family group, and again in the chase.

One picture in the Louvre is very well known. The scene is laid

on the edge of a wood, a lovely bit of country sloping away to the sea. The King has just dismounted from his superb grey steed. He is in a wide-brimmed black hat, white satin jacket, red hose, and yellow jackboots. The equerry holds the impatient steed, and the page carries the King's wrap over his arm.

Van Dyck so greatly liked to paint horses that he introduced them whenever he could; and among them, are some of the most life-like and spirited ani-mals to be found in all art.

"That most lady-like of queens," Henrietta Maria, sat twenty-five times to Van Dyck; and she is always dressed in the soft, lustrous fabrics that he loved to display. And the quaint Stuart children, what charming little sitters they were! We may know them all—even the baby Anne, who lived just long enough for Van Dyck to preserve her picture. They appear in shimmering silk, in colours so bright that we forget that they were painted so long ago!

Van Dyck loved music; and the children as well as the grown-up sitters, while posing in the studio, were often entertained by a delightful concert.

He was as successful with dogs as with horses, and the pet spaniels that appear in these pictures were so fashionable, at this time, that they have ever since preserved the name "King Charles" spaniels.

Beside the royal family, noble lords and ladies flocked to the studio. Their pictures hang to-day on the walls of the stately old homes of England, where the descendants of those very lords and ladies live and admire their ancestors.

There are Cavaliers with plumed hats and long love-locks, broad collars edged with lace, doublets and ruffled shirts, breeches, and high-topped boots. There are ladies in graceful draperies, and adorned with ribbons, laces, and jewels; and, year by year, the painter's colouring grew more silvery.

There were many Puritans as well as Cavaliers in London at this time; but their simple manners and plain coarse dress never appealed to the aristocratic Fleming.

While in England, he painted over three hundred portraits, so he had very little leisure for any other subjects; but he founded in London the "Club of St. Luke," in which other painters joined him as members. Charles I knighted him as he did Rubens, and also

presented him with a gold chain, to which his picture was attached. For two years all went well. Sir Anthony was courted, and as we have said he lived like a prince. But the more he had, the more extravagant he became, until he found himself heavily in debt.

This was most unfortunate, for now dark days were coming to England; the shadow of a terrible civil war was over the land. After a while, the Parliament refused to give the King money, and Sir Anthony could no longer be paid.

Besides, the painter had lived a life of such luxury and dissipation that he was becoming weak and ill; and it added to his distress to see his kind patrons surrounded by sadness and danger.

Although he had been so successful as a portrait-painter, he had always been dissatisfied, wishing instead to do some great decorative work. Rubens had covered no less than thirty-nine ceilings—why could he not be given a commission to paint some palace-walls in London, or to decorate the Louvre in Paris!

But there was no money now in his own country to pay for art; and Louis XIII allowed a Frenchman to decorate the Louvre. Money, in some way, he *must* have; and so he turned his attention to alchemy, and tried, like many other foolish men of his day, to find the secret of converting base metal into gold: but he never found the treasure that he sought. We remember that Rubens would never become interested in alchemy.

As Van Dyck grew more and more disheartened, the king advised him to marry, and he selected for him Marie Ruthven, the poor but beautiful daughter of a noble Scotch family. He travelled a little with his wife, but all the time he was growing more and more broken in health and spirits.

The King, overburdened with his own cares, was yet distressed to see his favourite painter in such a condition; and he offered the court-physician a large sum of money, if he would cure Van Dyck.

But money could not save him now. He died in London in 1642, just one year after Rubens died in Antwerp. Van Dyck was but forty-three years old, at the time of his death. He had lived a life of too much gaiety, but to the end he had been faithful to his art. He has ever been noted for his religious and historical pictures; but it is his greatest honour that he stands to-day as one of the world's most life-

like and courtly portrait-painters.

After Rubens and Van Dyck, Jordaens is considered the most famous Flemish painter. He was an intimate friend of the great master. "The Vulgar Rubens," he is often called, for he liked large canvases, and on them are pictured the same subjects that Rubens selected.

But Jordaens never went to Italy, so his style was not refined by the study of Italian art. Sometimes his pictures were coarse, and sometimes humorous. His colouring was very bright, and many think that it possessed "a golden glow," which was never equalled by Rubens.

Franz Snyders, the great animal-painter, was another of Rubens's friends. It is said that sometimes he painted animals and flowers for Rubens; while Rubens, in return, would put the human figures into Snyders's pictures.

Snyders will always be known for his raging wild-boars, tearing the hounds with their tusks; for his poor hunted stags; and equally, for the minute accuracy seen in his dead game, vegetables, fruit, and flowers.

Fyt almost rivals Snyders as an animal-painter. We may easily remember him, by associating with his name two other words beginning with "f"—"fur, feathers, Fyt."

It seems as if we could touch the real fur on his hares and greyhounds, and the plumage on his birds is full of beauty. His animals are either very wide-awake or very dead game, and often both are seen in one picture.

Our group of Flemish painters must include Teniers the Younger. He painted all kinds of pictures, but he was "The Prince of Genre-Painting." His works, more than those of any other artist, resemble those of the Dutch.

Teniers belonged to a family of painters, and he, also, was the friend of Rubens. He was a most attractive man, and for his art was honoured all over Europe. He painted for kings, and was, at one time, the court-painter at Brussels.

He became very rich and established at Perck, near Mechlin, his magnificent home. Here he entertained nobles, and he also joined the peasants in their merry-makings; for in doing this, he could catch

the life and expression which he wished to put into his village revels.

The subject that Teniers evidently best liked to paint was a fair or festival, a tavern-scene or a guard-room. These were pictured in a most realistic and pleasing way, and in soft and brilliant colouring.

He did not, like Van Dyck, foolishly seek "the philosopher's stone," yet no one *painted* an alchemist like Teniers! He loved a bit of humour, sometimes introducing cats or monkeys into his pictures. His smokers are perfect. Greuze says, "Show me a pipe, and I will tell you if the smoker is by Teniers." A fireplace, or even just the luxurious glow of the fire-light, seems always to belong to this painter's pictures.

While his canvases were not very large, hundreds of little figures often appeared in them, and once, at least, a thousand! All were active and picturesque, but the heads are too much alike; so his most valuable pictures are said to be those with the fewest figures.

He worked so easily and rapidly that sometimes he finished a picture between dinner and bed-time. These he called his "after-dinner pictures." And as he painted until he was eighty-four years old, it was said that it would take a gallery *two leagues long* to contain all his works!

Rubens, Van Dyck, Jordaens, Fyt, and Teniers—had many imitators and followers.

At the end of the seventeenth century, Flemish art steadily declined. But, in the nineteenth century, there was a great revival, led by Leys and Wappers, both of whom rapidly won fame and many honours.

And the work of reformation thus begun was carried out by Gallait, Dubois, Stevens, Boulenger, Willems, DeKnyptt, and others, whose paintings, in vigour of presentation and charm of colour, made them masters of high rank.

Lübke writes, "For a small country, with a population less than that of New York State, Belgium is one of the most artistic of modern communities. The influence exerted by Fine Art on the whole nation is exceptionally great."

CHAPTER VIII
Dutch Art

REMBRANDT

As we glance at the pictures that have made brave little Holland so renowned, we may well exclaim, "Truly Art is of many kinds."

The early pictorial history of the country is like that of the Netherlands. When, however, William, Prince of Orange, won for Holland its independence from Spain, a new art arose.

We know how rapidly freedom grows, and with it almost at once appeared the brilliant School of Dutch painting.

The art of Holland is too Protestant for ideal Madonna pictures; but the quaint Dutch Mother caring for her Babe, in the carpenter's homely workshop, is very charming.

Italian art is filled with legends of saints and angels. The Dutchman did not care for legends. He wished, instead, to preserve truthful portraits of the brave men who had helped to win the freedom and prosperity of his country.

The Italian loved his sunny skies and hilly landscapes, while the Dutchman equally enjoyed his grey cloudy skies, and flat country, diversified by trees, canals, and windmills.

What matter if it were foggy out-of-doors—the fire within glowed the brighter!

The "Golden Age" of this brilliant School of art belongs to the seventeenth century; and its typical painter was Rembrandt.

Rembrandt was born in Leyden, probably in the year 1607. Beautiful Leyden, with its orchards and gardens, is renowned alike for its famous siege and for its splendid University.

Rembrandt's father was a miller and Rembrandt was the brightest of his little Dutch family. Indeed, he was so clever that while the other children were taught to follow trades, his parents determined to make of him either a priest or a lawyer. So they sent him to the

Latin school, and to the famous Leyden University; but the restless, talented boy never cared for books. Instead, he was always studying nature, and faces, and pictures on the walls.

His father finally told him that, if he spent his time in this way, he would never grow rich.

Rembrandt replied by asking him, if he had heard of the fabulous wealth of Master Rubens, the Flemish painter, and added, "Why can *I* not make a fortune in the same way?"

The father was interested in the suggestion, and placed the boy with a painter to see what he could do. So three years were passed under masters in Leyden and Amsterdam. Then the young artist, feeling sure that he had learned all that they could teach him, went home to study nature. His life-work shows that he was more indebted to this "wonderful teacher" than to any other.

He fitted up a studio, and here, by opening and shutting the window, studied the effects of light and shade. He took long walks and enjoyed the landscape, and the varying expressions on the faces of the people whom he met. He sold one of his earliest pictures to a dealer for a good price, and this delighted his friends.

Over and over again, he drew the portraits of the different members of his family. As long as she lived, he never tired of picturing the strong face of his dear mother.

Amsterdam, at this time, was a large and flourishing city. It had so many canals and bridges that it was called "The Venice of the North." Busy merchants thronged its streets; there was a picturesque Jewish quarter; and ships, laden with treasure from every part of the world, sailed into its harbour.

Besides, Amsterdam was the home of many artists and literary men. So, in 1630, young Rembrandt determined that he would go there to live. He travelled all the way by canal, and on reaching the city, set up his first studio in a large warehouse. He went directly to work, and in 1632, he painted "The Lesson in Anatomy." This picture can appeal only to surgeons. However, it made a name for the young artist. This was partly because the faces of Dr. Tulp and the physicians to whom he was lecturing were, at once, recognised as perfect likenesses.

This picture aroused great enthusiasm. Pupils eagerly flocked to

Rembrandt's studio. He arranged separate cells for them, for he knew that each one would do better work alone. He also became for a time the fashionable portrait-painter of Amsterdam. Indeed, so many rich merchants and fashionable ladies came as sitters that he found it difficult to accomplish all that he wished to do. He charged high prices for his portraits, and all that he did seemed to prosper; but his greatest happiness was just before him.

Rembrandt had a friend, Hendrick Van Uylenborch, who kept a shop where he sold engravings and bric-a-brac. This was the kind of shop in which Rembrandt always loved to linger.

Sometimes he would meet there Hendrick's cousin, Saskia Uylenborch, who, also, was very fond of looking at pictures.

Saskia was not pretty, but she was a winsome maiden, with a bright, expressive face and curly, auburn hair. Rembrandt was asked to paint her picture; and the more he looked into her merry eyes, the more attractive she seemed, and it was not long before she had won his heart.

She was a wealthy, aristocratic Friesland girl of twenty-one—and he a poor artist of twenty-eight—but then he was rapidly becoming famous.

In 1634, Rembrandt and Saskia were married. He bought a handsome house, and made of it a perfect museum. He filled it with antique furniture, armour, embroidered stuffs, costumes and jewels, with pictures and busts, and zoölogical specimens, and even the barbaric weapons of the North American Indians. For Rembrandt was deeply interested in such things, and bought everything that appealed to his taste in the shops, the Jewish quarter, and on the ships that brought curiosities from distant lands. A high price never hindered him from buying treasures which he wished to possess.

And how he delighted to array Saskia in various costumes and beautiful jewels, and then have her pose for him! To know Rembrandt, one must become familiar with Rembrandt's wife; for her face appears so many times in the great picture-galleries. Now she is "Flora," again a Jewish bride, and yet again a princess.

In the Dresden Gallery, there is a very well-known picture, in which she sits upon Rembrandt's knee. She is richly dressed and her face wears a pleased look. Rembrandt is arrayed as a Cavalier, with

velvet coat and ostrich plume. He laughs merrily, as he holds above Saskia's head a tall Venetian glass, full of foaming beer. This picture displays the warm brown tints that Rembrandt loved so well to paint.

What rich robes and laces and gleaming jewels are revealed in these pictures! Nothing was too good for Saskia! and she herself was the brightest picture in Rembrandt's life.

Besides painting Saskia, Rembrandt has left more pictures of himself than any other artist. He would array himself, as well as Saskia, in all kinds of costumes, with chains and earrings.

He was his own most willing model; and he would stand before a mirror, and there note and draw every kind of expression that he could reveal in his face; for every wrinkle was a study of light and shade.

He also took portraits of all sorts of people, for he wished to catch every variety of human expression; and he had always so great sympathy for the poor and oppressed, that many sad faces appear among his pictures. His beggars would fill a gallery by themselves. The Jewish ones in their tatters are very striking and picturesque. Tramps flocked to his door, and begged to be allowed to sit to him.

The faces of old men and women stamped with great character—how faithfully he reveals them!

One picture shows a stately old Dutch lady, with shrewd and kindly face. She is dressed in a gown of black silk, and bedight with stiff ruff and head-dress and many jewels.

Then there is another wrinkled dame, with shrunken skin, whose dark hood casts a shadow over her face. A dear, sad old face it is, filled with memories of the long-ago!

Her busy hands are folded now, for her work is done. Now she may rest!

Rembrandt always studied and painted hands, with the deepest sympathy and insight. Very often pathos and sorrow are revealed in them.

But a greater power than expression lay in his *chiaroscuro*, or management of light and shade. He concentrated a strong light upon the important object or action in the picture, while the rest of the picture is in a rich dark and often transparent shadow.

His pupils could not find out how he did this, no matter how

closely they watched him. Once when he was working, one of them stood by him, anxious to learn his secret; but Rembrandt sent him off exclaiming, "Paint is unwholesome; it is not to be smelled at."

Rembrandt was as famous an etcher as he was a painter; and through his work, he established a new School of engraving.

The following story is told to show how rapidly he worked with his etching-needle. His wealthy friend, Jan Six, often took him to his place in the country. One day as they sat down to luncheon there, Six discovered that there was no mustard on the table. So he sent his servant Hans to the neighbouring town to procure some. As he started, Rembrandt made the wager that he could engrave a picture, before the boy returned.

Six replied, "I wager that you cannot!" Rembrandt drew a copper-plate from his pocket, for he seldom went anywhere without carrying one. He seated himself in the window, took his etching-needle, and on the film of wax which covered one side of the plate, he traced the landscape which he saw before him.

As Hans entered the room, he handed the plate to his friend—he had won the wager!

Years passed along very quickly and happily to Rembrandt and to Saskia; but the artist's life, like his pictures, was to be made up not only of the brightest lights but of the deepest shadows.

It is not easy in art to please everybody; but surely a portrait-painter should try. As Rembrandt worked, he gradually grew more and more proud and moody and eccentric. He always sacrificed beauty to a strong expression, and would not be influenced by his sitters, who naturally wished to look their best.

Other Dutch painters at the time visited Italy, and when they returned, they adopted the fashion of the day. Rembrandt loved Italian pictures and sculpture, and it seemed strange that he never wished to visit the ideal land. By and by, the Dutch grew tired of his likenesses, and turned to more accommo-dating artists.

In 1642, Rembrandt painted his largest work called "The Night Watch," or "The Sortie of the Civic Guard."

In Holland, every town of any size possessed a guard composed of its most prominent citizens; and upon this, rested the responsibility of the order of the town.

Franz Banning Cock was, at this time, captain of the civic guard in Amsterdam; and he and his wealthy company asked Rembrandt to paint their portraits.

There are, in the picture, between twenty and thirty life-size figures. They are promptly responding to a sudden summons to action.

Rembrandt has chosen to represent the moment of disorder, as they are preparing to leave the guard-house, and fall into line.

Captain Cock is an aristocratic-looking man, dressed in dark coat and red sash. He stands in the foreground, giving orders. See how the shadow of his raised hand falls on the yellow coat of the lieutenant standing at his side! This shadow for its truthfulness is surely well worthy of the brush of "The King of Shadows."

The drummer is sounding his call—the dogs bark. The musketeer loads his gun, while a saucy boy with a powder-horn runs at his side. The ensign unfurls his flag. A gaily-dressed gypsy-like child, or little woman, with a cock slung at her side, slips in among the crowd. Guardsmen and pikesmen are all making ready. This picture, full of action and splendid colouring, is touched by Rembrandt's enchanting light.

Indeed, as you enter to-day the Ryks Museum in Amsterdam, you can see how its wonderful *chiaroscuro* has made it one of the world's master-pieces.

Sir Joshua Reynolds called it "The Night Watch"; but when, in the year 1889, it was cleansed from the dirt and smoke of centuries, it was proved that the scene was really represented as occurring in the daytime. But as one has well said, "It is neither the light of the sun nor of the moon; it is rather the light from the genius of Rembrandt."

This picture, at the time, did not add to Rembrandt's fame. The members of the guard were discontented. Each had promised to pay for his own portrait—so naturally each wished to be prominent. Rembrandt had dressed them in old costumes which he kept in his studio, and they were almost all in the shadow. Only those in the light ever paid their part.

We remember that Rembrandt had already lost favour. Van der Helst now became the fashionable portrait-painter in Amsterdam. But it did not much matter to Rembrandt; for at that time Saskia, the

joy of his life, lay dying; and when he was parted from the wife whom for eight years he had tenderly loved, his happiest days were over. Life was very lonely now—his only consolation was in his work. It is said that he grew still more sad and moody; and that he often ate his simple meal of salted herring and bread and cheese, while sitting at his easel.

Rembrandt always loved to study his Bible, and we especially associate his holy pictures with this part of his life. He had never been in Palestine, and so he could not show the type of people that lived there; but he believed that the Bible story should be pictured by simple folks. He liked to paint Old Testament scenes, with their Oriental costumes and romantic localities.

He usually took for his models the Dutch Jews, feeling that these, more than any others, must be like those who appeared in Old Testament times, and to whom Jesus talked.

What a contrast to Paul Veronese's "Marriage at Cana" is Rembrandt's "Supper at Emmaus!" This supper takes place on the Easter Sunday evening, after the crucifixion.

The room is bare. The two disciples, seated at the rude table, are just Dutch peasants. Rembrandt pictures the instant when they suddenly discover that their guest is the risen Lord! Astonishment is depicted upon their faces, as they look upon the transfigured countenance of the Christ of Nazareth! a face that in its pathos is one of the most significant in all art.

We cannot see the source of the radiance that touches all the faces, and falls with such distinctness upon the table-cloth, while all the rest of the room is in shadow.

Rembrandt etched and painted a great variety of subjects, and many artists since his day have tried to imitate him.

We do not know much about the later years of his life, except that he married once or twice again. Over all these years, there hangs a great shadow-struggling ones they must have been, for he painted so many sad faces.

Rembrandt was very ignorant about business. He had spent too lavishly, and he grew poorer and poorer. His house and all his rare pictures and curios, and the jewels that Saskia loved best, had to be sold to pay his debts. Still he worked on bravely, and one of his

noblest pictures was painted in the year 1661. Some regard it the very best of his works. It is called "The Syndics of the Cloth Guild."

There were many wealthy guilds as well as guards in Holland. They were corporations of master-craftsmen. They owned fine halls for their meetings, the walls of which were adorned with pictures of the syndics themselves.

In Rembrandt's picture, the light is concentrated on a group of these syndics, who are assembled in an oak-panelled room. They wear dark coats, wide white collars, and broad-brimmed hats. A bare-headed servant stands in the background. The table, at which they are seated, is covered with a rich scarlet cloth, and upon it rests the ledger of the corporation. Evidently the syndics are going over their yearly accounts; but someone must be entering, for all are glancing upward.

The heads are noble and dignified. The expressions on the different faces are varied and masterly. All the portraits must be perfect, and we recall them long after seeing them.

When we think of Rembrandt's remarkable genius, which is felt throughout Holland more and more as the centuries go on, it is sad to relate that he died poor—but so it is. He had a short illness and was but sixty-two years old. According to the registry, his funeral expenses were less than ten dollars.

These are some of the titles that have been given to Holland's greatest painter:

"The Prince of Etchers."
"The Shakespeare of Painting."
"The King of Shadows."
"The Painter of Painters."

Which title do you think Rembrandt best deserves?

"A single sunbeam is enough to drive away many shadows."
—*St. Francis of Assisi.*

A GROUP OF DUTCH PAINTERS

Near Rembrandt's "Night Watch," in the Amsterdam Museum, is another huge portrait-group, containing over thirty life-size figures. It is "The Banquet of the Arquebusiers." This banquet was given in

1648, to celebrate the Peace of Munster.

The feast represents a brilliant gathering of captains, lieutenants, sergeants, musketeers, and guests. See the display of velvet and sashes and plumes! See the drum in the foreground, and the city flag at the back of the picture—and the two Dutch houses showing through the window!

The guardsmen gathered about the table, chatting and feasting, have very striking faces and easy attitudes. Everyone is in good humour, and everyone is trying to look his best. This is most natural; for Van der Helst, the artist, allowed each to pose for himself. Do we wonder, then, that Van der Helst succeeded Rembrandt as the fashionable painter of Amsterdam?

Jovial Franz Hals must next be added to our group of Dutch portrait-painters; and he is becoming more famous as the centuries pass.

To know him *really*, we must visit quiet old Haarlem, a city which, like Leyden, is renowned for its siege.

It may be sleepy to-day—but what a merry life it must have known in the seventeenth century, when Franz Hals lived there. How he loved to walk the streets, or frequent the tavern or game-house, and tell his jokes, and then catch the expressions of his listeners! And no one else *could* catch a transient expression like Hals!

But he must have been a man of more character than is usually accorded to him; for only a clever man could have been elected to the offices that were given him in Haarlem. Only a firm hand could have painted his great corporation-pictures.

It is true that he died poor; but so have many other famous men.

Let us imagine ourselves to-day in the Haarlem Museum, and face, in turn, the eight groups of portraits that gaze down upon us from the walls. It is no wonder that it took Hals the fifty best years of his life to paint them. They contain great life-like figures, dressed in realistic clothes, and their speaking faces tell of the stirring scenes, in which they had a part. It almost seems as if any one of them might easily detach himself from his group, and come down and talk to us!

The last of the groups—and Hals painted it when he was eighty-four years old—is called "The Regents of a Hospital." It represents five old ladies—and prim dames they are, indeed! What deep marks

of character in both their faces and their hands! They look as if they could manage with thrift and economy the affairs of any benevolent institution!

As we have said, Hals could seize upon and portray a momentary glance; and this he did whenever he found a face that interested him.

How instantly he has caught and preserved for us the merry laugh of old Hille Bobbe, the Haarlem fish-wife. How easily he tells her story—and a careless reckless one it is—as she sits there holding in her withered hand a pewter mug of schnapps.

This is a genre picture, and Franz Hals was one of the first in Holland to paint such pictures. The word "genre" has such a general meaning that it is difficult to define it exactly. It may be a representation of dead game or fruit or flowers, or a snug interior with dresser and pots and kettles. But more often it is an everyday scene of everyday life. Sometimes it shows us a doctor or dentist, a music-lesson or a school of mischievous children, or a shop or tavern-scene, or a rural fête. Genre pictures are usually small, and the anecdote is told in a simple, striking way.

So many genre pictures helped to make the "Golden Age" of Dutch art that it is difficult to select typical ones. Among the artists, Steen must be one of the most noted; for his pictures are found in the choicest collections. He has been called "The Laughing Philosopher of Dutch Art." He kept a tavern, and he himself was very fond of eating and drinking, and of a good story. His colouring is bright; his faces are full of expression; his festivities are very real; and his children very mischievous.

Then there is Gerard Dow, who fascinates us by his perfectly finished little pictures. Dow was, at one time, apprenticed to a glass-painter, who taught him to paint with careful detail and finish.

At another time, he was a pupil of Rembrandt; and from him, he caught a soft and glowing colour—as seen in his candle- and lantern-lights—and also the habit of painting his own portrait.

His pictures are usually less than two feet square; but his tiny figures fit very perfectly into them, and sometimes they are surrounded by an arched background.

His subjects are varied. One is a sick woman, to whom the doctor is ministering, and for whom a daughter is grieving. Another is a

praying hermit; and still another an evening school, with a magical light falling upon the children's faces.

Dow is *great* because he *saw little things*; and if we examine his pictures with a magnifying-glass, we may know how *wonderfully* he saw them! He would work for five days on a lady's hand, one day for each finger!

Once, being complimented upon a broomstick which he had painted, he replied, "I have yet three days' work to do upon that broomstick!"

Poynter says that he delighted in depicting a broomstick or a woman scraping a carrot; but it was because he painted broomsticks and carrots as no one else could!

Van der Meer and Maes are also great favourites. The former has left a few rare pictures. They are generally of a street or an interior with a single figure.

Maes uses soft, glowing tints, which light up the one or two figures in his homely scenes. We may recall the familiar copy of his "Old Woman Spinning." How life-like she is, and how intent upon her work! and how naturally the light touches her wrinkled forehead, her hand of labour, and the bare rough walls!

Ter Borch admired aristocratic ladies, in handsomely decorated rooms. Probably this was because he knew just how to give the proper sheen to their white satin gowns!

Metsu, also, was very skilful in painting fabrics, and he, too, liked fine ladies; but his markets, filled with gay vegetables, fruit, and flowers, are especially attractive.

One Van Ostade was so successful with his chiaroscuro that he became "The Rembrandt of Genre Painters"; while his brother pictured, as no one else could, frozen canals, covered with merry skaters.

Kalf painted metal and porcelain pots and kettles; but his ideal subject was a neat kitchen with vegetables, various utensils, and crockery on a dresser.

D'Hondecoeter delighted in poultry-yards; and he devoted his time, also, to studying peacocks and turkeys and pigeons and swans. He holds a prominent place as a painter of poultry and living birds.

He is said to have owned one cock, so perfectly trained, that it would keep any position that its master wished, long enough to be

painted.

Weenix reproduced life-size dead game, and his hares are remarkable.

Jan de Heem is called "The Titian of Flowers," because his brush reveals such natural buds and blossoms in bright, warm colours. His crystal flower-vases are very sparkling. Always look for beetles and dew-drops on de Heem's flowers!

Van der Helst, Hals, Steen, Dow, Van der Meer, Maes, Ter Borch, Metsu, Van Ostade, Kalf, d'Hondecoeter, Weenix, Jan de Heem—a goodly number of names, indeed, for one short chapter!

But when we shall visit in Holland the famous galleries at The Hague, Amsterdam, and Haarlem, and also collections of Dutch pictures in other cities, it will add greatly to our interest, if we are familiar with the characteristics of even thirteen of these painters.

We shall seek the portraits of Van der Helst and Hals. We may discover Steen's amusing story; or recognise Dow's little picture, by its arched back-ground or charming lantern- or candle-light.

We may possibly find a Van der Meer, but surely one of Maes's homely interiors. We may study the lustrous fabrics worn by Ter Borch's or Metsu's richly-dressed ladies.

And then, leaving such aristocratic subjects, we may descend into Kalf's kitchen and catch the sheen on his pots and dishes. Then take a view of Hondecoeter's poultry-yard; and linger, at last, among Jan de Heem's bright flowers.

Whatever an artist *sees* always creeps into his pictures; and what a variety of things the *Dutch* artist saw!

> "We are so made that we love
> First, when we see them painted, things we have passed
> Perhaps a hundred times, nor cared to see."
> —Robert Browning.

LANDSCAPE AND MARINE PAINTERS

The landscape-painters of Holland, in the seventeenth century, made the quaint little country seem very charming. Indeed, we may almost feel that real landscape painting originated here; because the Dutch have always insisted on such a truthful imitation of nature.

The name of Jacob van Ruysdael usually stands first among these painters. He seems to have been a solitary rambler who loved to wander away, and sit upon a hill, if he could … find one, until he had absorbed into his mind every charm of the great plain spread out before him.

He might have thought this "Hollow Land," or Holland, monotonous, but he never did. Instead, he studied how best to diversify it in his pictures, with a castle or a giant windmill, with a little spire nestling among the trees, with bridges and canals and fishing-boats, ang gentle rivers reflecting perfect shadows.

He liked to paint a solitary road, and tall trees with their dark green foliage reflected against the sky. Some think that he enjoyed painting trees and skies best of all.

Ruysdael loved sometimes to linger on the sea-shore, and there to study eagerly the rough waves and storm-tossed sky mirrored in them. He never could put people and animals into his pictures, but his artist friends always did that for him.

Ruysdael is sometimes called "The Melancholy Jacques of Landscape-Painting," because his skies are so often cold and grey. But this title seems hardly fair; for often a splendid gleam of sunshine breaks through a rift in his clouds, touches the trees and fields and rivers, and irradiates the whole scene.

Ruysdael had a friend or pupil named Hobbema. The poor man was never appreciated while he lived; but to-day it is difficult to buy one of his landscapes for any price.

His villages and roads and canals and windmills are always illumined by a golden light.

Our print, "The Avenue, Middleharnis," is a copy of one of his finest pictures. See the long straight road lined with poplar-trees, leading to the distant village, clustering about its little church. On the right, separated by a ditch from the road, is the most charming corner of the picture.

Examine this through a magnifying-glass, and see the exquisite nursery-garden, and in it the tiny horticulturist grafting his trees. Beyond this nursery are farm-buildings.

If we could only see the original picture, we would also enjoy the bright, blue sky, flecked with tiny, white clouds. It seems strange that

for long, people passed Hobbema's pictures without discovering their beauties.

The greatest lover of light among all the Dutch painters was Cuyp. The people and sheep and cows that animate his bright fields and river-banks are usually enjoying either the cool freshness of a misty morning, or else the warm sunshine at mid-day. His pictures to-day are worth almost their weight in gold.

Wouvermans also painted landscapes most industriously; but more than these he delighted in the many-plumed Cavaliers and horses and dogs that he placed in them, and always in spirited action. Now he paints picturesque hunts—now a cavalry charge! Always look for a white horse in Wouvermans's pictures—you will be almost sure to find one.

Speaking of animals, we introduce just here the famous animal of Holland, Paul Potter's "Bull." This picture always takes its place among the master-pieces of the world.

It is in the gallery at The Hague, and bears the date 1647; and if it were the only picture there, *to see it* would be worth a visit to the attractive capital of Holland.

The bull stands with head erect, and body quivering with life! He seems to breathe defiance as we look into his fiery eyes! The single hairs on the top of his head and his great horns are singularly life-like. His hide is marvellously painted. Indeed, examine him where you will, he is a *true bull*! He so fascinates us that, at first, we do not see the cow and three sheep that are near, and the shepherd who stands beside the tree. Another look, and we discover the great open meadow beyond, and the beautiful clouds above.

The story of Paul Potter's life is interesting as it seems to centre about this master-piece. It appears that, as a child, he was always studying the habits of cows and sheep, either in the farm-yard, in the grassy meadow, or standing in the quiet pool.

At fourteen, he was already a clever artist. He was sent to The Hague to study; and there fell in love with the pretty daughter of an architect with whom he lived. But the father would not give her to a young man who could paint only animals. When he was twenty-three years old, he painted this bull, originally intending it as the sign-board of a butcher's shop. It gained for him such fame that he won his bride;

and at The Hague they established a most attractive home.

He continued to paint sheep and cows, and won for himself the proud title of "The Raphael of Animals."

And, like Raphael, his life was short, for he died when he was but twenty-nine years old.

We commenced our chapter with a simple landscape; then we studied landscapes with animals; and Paul Potter's "Bull" may be called an animal with a landscape.

The Dutch also excelled in seascapes. Much of sea-girt little Holland had originally been wrested from the waves. And later, its brave captains had fought with England—the greatest sea power in the world. Truly, if Dutch art is a picture of Holland *free*, its seascapes should help to tell its story.

So Van de Velde, the younger, must have thought, when he gave his life to a study of the sea in its every mood; and through this study, he became the finest Dutch marine-painter.

He knew how to represent the effect of light and shadow over the water; the quiet river view; a calm sea, or raging waves; or perhaps a ship struggling in a storm.

The Dutch appreciated his power, and sometimes he was given a little vessel, in which to accompany a large fleet and paint a sea-fight. Sometimes he risked his life, by sailing between the battling ships, in order to see the action on both sides. He painted truthfully the victories of both the Dutch and the English, and so became very popular in Holland and in England.

Backhuysen was another famous marine-painter. He went to sea in all weathers to study old ocean, in its varying moods. And he pictured as perfectly every part of the rigging of the high Dutch ships as the sea upon which they sailed.

His colouring was so much colder than Van de Velde's that someone has said, "Backhuysen makes us fear the sea, while Van de Velde makes us love it."

And now our Dutch painters have told their stories, and there are many different ones for every separate subject—in portrait, genre, landscape, or marine view. Not what they *thought* but what they *saw*, they *painted*!

Looking at Dutch pictures will lead us to understand the word

"realism"; for Dutch art is among the most realistic arts in the world. And every modern artist that has become a Realist has learned his best lessons from the seventeenth century Dutch painter.

In the eighteenth century, the art of Holland declined; but now a revival has begun. This revival is led by Josef Israels. Many with him are trying to recall Rembrandt's *chiaroscuro*.

They are studying the picturesque life of the fisher-folks, or are finding poetry in little home scenes. Some are painting animal pictures, full of character and sentiment, others are newly interpreting the beauties of the Dutch landscape and the fresh moist air and striking cloud effects that may always be seen in a level country.

What wonder if the twentieth century shall witness a second "Golden Age" of Dutch painting!

> "A land that rides at anchor and is moored,
> In which they do not live but go abroad."
> —*Butler*.

> "Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself hath said,
> This is my own, my native land."
> —*Scott*.

CHAPTER IX
German Art

NUREMBERG

Far to the north of Italy, lies Germany; and German art forms as striking a contrast to that of Italy, as does its sterner climate and rugged country to the eternal sunshine and beautiful vine-clad hills of the southern land. Italian art was ideal; German art was realistic.

The Germans made stiff portrait statues; and while we admire the earnest, religious spirit which is revealed in them, we miss the grace and beauty which the southern sculptor gave to his work.

Then the Germans, with their wild forest fancies, loved to picture the weird and fantastic; and, also, to produce very striking effects, such as are seen in the martyrdom of saints, or in the Passion of Christ.

Both the Italians and the Germans were very religious; but while Italian art was always Roman Catholic, the German, in the sixteenth century, became Protestant.

There were but few German painters in the Middle Ages, but many cathedral-builders. As cathedrals must be decorated, there were always ready guilds of glass-painters and stone-cutters, and also of car-vers in wood and ivory.

Nuremberg, on the Pegnitz River, was the first famous art centre in Germany, and so we may rightly call it "The German Florence."

The town consisted at first of but a few huts of fishermen and wood-cutters, built around a five-sided tower, which rose from a bare rock in the German forest.

Later, the berg or castle was built. To this the emperor came, and here the feudal lord dwelt, surrounded by his retainers.

Then to Nuremberg was given the right to hold its own market, and to have its own coinage. It began to grow rich, and soon was able to fulfil its proud burgher motto:

"Nuremberg's hand
Goes through every land."

It had many industries. The neighbouring banks of clay were converted into pottery; the first German paper-mill was built here; the first watches were made here, and from their shape were called "Nuremberg Eggs." Fine stoves and fire-arms were manufactured, and printing-presses were set up.

When the town became wealthy, it determined to buy its freedom. So it paid the German emperor a million dollars; and he, in return, gave it a charter, by which afterwards it could be ruled by a council of its own citizens.

Let us try to recall this old town, in all its mediæval dignity. It was shut in by ramparts, surrounded by three hundred and sixty-five towers. Its narrow streets were lined with curiously decorated houses, having high-perched tiled roofs, and quaint dormer-windows and turrets.

Above these, rose the spires of the churches of St. Lawrence and St. Sebald. There were to be seen the lordly rathhaus or town-hall, and picturesque bridges, and wondrous fountains ornamented with statues.

The most droll and unique of these is "The Little Gooseman's Fountain." It was made by Labenwolf, a pupil of Vischer. It is said that the sculptor took his design from the story of a poor lad, who came to Nuremberg, asking for work.

A farmer who took a fancy to him gave him two geese, with which to make a fortune.

Certain it is, that the little peasant holds a goose under each arm, with the water flowing from their mouths. What a drenching the boy must have received, in the centuries that have passed, since he first took his stand in the Nuremberg square!

Many other works of art, embodying strange fancies or homely sentiment, add to the mediæval charm of our "German Florence," and afford special delight to the traveller.

Some of these were wrought in wood and stone and bronze by a trio of master-craftsmen, who lived in the fifteenth, and the early part of the sixteenth century. The names of these designers were Veit Stoss, Adam Krafft, and Peter Vischer.

"Restless, graceless Veit Stoss" had, as his name implies, all kinds of wild adventures in both Cracow and Nuremberg; but he was a marvellous wood-carver.

He sculptured so perfectly the figures on his altars and choir-stalls that "they only wanted speech to be alive."

His "Angel's Salutation" is a colossal work. It is curiously suspended from the ceiling in the choir of the old church of St. Lawrence.

The contrast between the tranquil and queenly Virgin who receives the salutation, and the angel flying towards her in garments agitated by quick motion, is very striking.

Adam Krafft was as famous a stone-cutter as was Veit Stoss a wood-carver. He had deep religious feeling, and it was easy for him to be industrious, for he worked as readily with his left hand as with his right. He seems to have some secret, by which he more deftly gave expression to stone, by making it soft before he chiselled it.

Like Veit, Stoss, his most noted work was carved for the church of St. Lawrence. This was a wondrous pyx or case to contain the sacred wafer. It is of snowy marble, rising sixty-five feet into the air, and growing more lace-like as it rises.

The artist and his workmen are supporting the beautiful creation which is called "The Miracle of German Art."

The Nurembergers so greatly admired his work that they allowed him more than the usual number of workmen. His stone-carvings are seen everywhere in the town.

His "Seven Stations" are seven stone pillars, which are placed at certain distances, on the road to St. John's cemetery. On each one is pictured in relief a scene from the agony of our Lord, as he bore the Cross to Calvary. The Christ wears a patient, yet suffering expression. The other figures are not idealised; but are like the Nurembergers whom Krafft met every day. Of the seven pillars, but two are originals.

Peter Vischer was the third of the renowned trio. His family established in Nuremberg a bronze-casting foundry that became so well-known, that orders were sent to it from far and near.

Vischer, like Krafft, was a religious man, and was so absorbed in his work that sometimes he even *forgot to eat*.

His master-piece was the tomb of St. Sebald, on which he and his

five sons worked for twelve years.

St. Sebald is Nuremberg's patron saint. His legend runs as follows:

He was the son of a Danish king; and from early boyhood seemed set apart for a holy mission. He had wealth and brilliant prospects; but he fled from all, vowing to devote his life to God. He spent years in the forest, in fasting and prayer.

Later, he travelled in Italy; and then wandered to Northern Germany, everywhere preaching and performing miracles. At last, he settled in a cell not far from Nuremberg; and from all parts of Franconia, people flocked to hear him preach.

Many legends are given of his miracles of charity. Once he mended a broken kettle by blessing it. Again, in winter, he found a poor family freezing. He commanded them to take the icicles from the roof of the hut, and with these he built a warm fire.

It is told, also, how he once restored sight to a blind man, and it was in this wise: St. Sebald was ill, and longed for a bit of fish from the Pegnitz. But then, as now, there was a law in Nuremberg that the peasants could not fish without permission. One man, however, dared to evade the law. He caught a fish, and was carrying it to the worthy saint whom he loved, when he was seized by an officer, and blinded with a red-hot iron. But being taken to St. Sebald's couch, his sight was restored.

These legends are important, because they are among those that are pictured on the shrine. This stands in St. Sebald's church. The oaken sarcophagus which is said to hold the relics is covered with a case of bronze and silver, fashioned in richest Gothic architecture. The base rests upon snails. The canopy is supported by slender pillars. Each pillar bears the tall, graceful figure of one of the Apostles, holding his appropriate symbol.

St. Sebald stands at one end. The figure is dignified and the drapery effective. He wears a pilgrim's dress, with a staff, rosary and wallet, and he has a shell in his hat. In his hand he holds the model of a church.

At the other end, stands Peter Vischer. His pride in his art was intense; so he sculptured himself only as a plain, resolute German workman doing his work. He wears his apron and cap, and carries his hammer and chisel. The whole shrine is covered with ornaments.

There are many children—some of them playing upon musical instruments; and upon the central dome, the Infant Christ appears.

There is a fine copy of this tomb in the Metropolitan Museum, New York, and it is worthy of careful study; for the original is one of the most perfect pieces of metal-work in the world.

Vischer said that he did it all for the glory of God, and for the honour of St. Sebald, the prince of heaven. He wished to have it paid for by voluntary contributions.

The Nurembergers were very grateful to the good old saint, for all the people that he had converted, and for the miracles that he had wrought.

They were grateful, also, to Vischer, for giving to their town such a rich treasure, yet they did not pay him well for his work. But his was a great reward in the fame that it had given him, as the master bronze-worker in Nuremberg.

The little inn is still shown, where the trio of fifteenth century workers used to meet, and with their friends, make merry over their beer.

Many other craftsmen worked there, and many other legends and fancies cluster about the life of the old town.

In the sixteenth century, a new spirit influenced its art history; for, at this time, Martin Luther, the Reformer, appeared in Germany. He and his followers *protested* against things that they did not like in the Roman Catholic Church; and for this they were called Protestants.

The Nurembergers approved of Luther and his belief; and so Nuremberg became a Protestant city, and its later art is a Protestant art.

ALBRECHT DÜRER

Nuremberg, as we have found, holds many famous works of art. Its proudest boast, however, is that it was the birthplace and home of Albrecht Dürer, "The Father of Modern German Painting."

Two of the richest treasures which the town holds to-day are his house, used as an art-museum, and his fine statue, wrought by the noble sculptor, Rauch, and dedicated here on Easter Sunday, in 1828, the three-hundredth anniversary of his death. The story of Albrecht

Dürer's life is a simple and quiet one.

As Nuremberg was an art centre, craftsmen, eager for fame, flocked to it from far and near. Among those who came were a Hungarian goldsmith and his wife. They settled here, and here in the year 1471, their famous son Albrecht was born. The boy had seventeen brothers and sisters, but he was the only one of the children to become famous.

He had a gentle, loving mother; and a very religious father, who used to tell his children every day that they must love God and be true to their neighbours.

He was such a splendid craftsman that he might have grown rich, if his family had not been so large.

Little Albrecht had beautiful eyes and soft, light hair. He had a lovable manner, and was always fearless and thoughtful. As a child, he had a very strong and earnest nature.

He was always eager to study, and was sent to school until he was old enough to learn the goldsmith's trade; and then he was put into his father's workshop. Here he designed in clay small figures which were to be wrought in metal.

Perhaps the lessons that he learned while doing this helped him later, in carving beautiful little figures in ivory and box-wood.

When Albrecht was not working, he was always drawing pictures; and after a time, he gained courage to tell his father that he wished to be a painter instead of a goldsmith. The elder Dürer was, at first, disappointed, but he yielded to his son's desire.

At this time, Woglemuth was the best painter and sculptor in Nuremberg, and when Albrecht was fifteen, he was apprenticed to him. Here, with other pupils, he worked happily for three years. He learned to rub colours, and also much about wood-engraving.

Then the tall, stately-looking youth left the studio, and passed out into a new world; for now his "wander years" lay just before him. In the next four years, Dürer travelled as a journeyman from place to place, always studying and working as he went.

But his father had been arranging a marriage for him, and in 1495, he recalled him to become a bride-groom. The bride was Agnes Frey, the pretty daughter of a wealthy citizen. As soon as they were married, the industrious young Dürer settled down very quietly to work.

When we think of the many things that he learned to do, we may well compare him with Leonardo da Vinci. For Dürer was a wood and ivory-carver, a sculptor, engraver, and painter; besides, he was a civil engineer, and he wrote both poetry and prose.

He worked for ten years at his various professions, and then decided to visit Italy. He wished to rest and to study Italian art.

So, in the year 1505, he started, making the whole journey on horseback; for this was one of the pleasantest ways to travel in the sixteenth century. In Italy, he spent two very happy years.

This was the "Golden Age" of Italian art, and he enjoyed the friendship of such men as Raphael, Titian, and Tintoretto. They were charmed with his personality, and from them he gained great inspiration.

Old Bellini, Titian's teacher, was yet living in Venice. He was fascinated with Dürer's work, and especially with his painting of hair. One day, after carefully studying the head of a man in one of Dürer's pictures, Bellini begged the brush with which Dürer had painted it; for he wished to try himself.

Dürer handed him a brush lying near him. Bellini tried but he could not succeed. Then Dürer took the brush, still wet with Bellini's colours, and with it quickly painted an exquisite lock of woman's hair. Dürer specially loved the gay, free life in Venice, the busy gondolas, and golden sunsets, the pipers and lute-players, and most of all—the appreciation shown him by the Venetians. Once he wrote home to Pirkheimer, his life-long friend, "Oh, how I shall freeze after this sunshine!"

But even so, although many inducements were offered him, nothing could tempt him to remain in Italy; for he was a patriotic German, and always loved his fatherland. While on his journey home, he was taken ill, and on his recovery, painted a picture on the wall of the house where he had been detained, to show his gratitude for the kind care that had been given him.

Finally he reached Nuremberg, and again settled down to his work. He became such a prominent citizen that he was made a member of the Town Council. He moved into a fine house; and here we may imagine him busy with his painting and engraving, from morning till night.

We might find him in his workshop, surrounded by workmen and apprentices—some grinding colours, others preparing blocks for wood-carving; or perhaps in his studio, thinking out subjects for his works—for Dürer loved *to think*.

Among the pictures that he now made was the portrait of the Emperor Charlemagne, for the "Relic Chamber" of Nuremberg.

He represented him in his wonderful jewelled coronation-robe, bearing on one side the German coat-of-arms, and on the other that of France.

It was a kingly portrait, with which the great German painter honoured the one German Emperor, with whose name the word "great" is imperishably associated.

Dürer worked very rapidly. His smallest picture is in the Dresden Gallery. It is but little more than an inch in diameter; but upon it is exquisitely represented the whole scene of the Crucifixion.

It always took him a year to paint his larger pictures. One of the most interesting of these is an "Adoration of the Magi," which is now in Florence. Here the "Wise Men" represent very different races, one being an Ethiopian, or black man. They appear, with their gifts, in splendid, embroidered robes.

The fair-haired Nuremberg Mother is robed in blue, and she gazes lovingly upon her charming Babe.

This picture, in its minutest details, is wonderfully true to nature. The flowers and butterflies and beetles, and the stone-wall and mosses peeping from it, are very *real*.

Dürer's "Madonna" is usually a much-dressed, round-faced German Mother, holding a merry little German Boy.

Dürer's "Praying Hands" has always been noted, because two clasped hands form such a curious subject for a picture; and also because they express more perfectly than any other hands in art the spirit of prayer. It appears that, for years, a young friend had competed with him for a prize, and Dürer won it. The friend, in his disappointment, prayed fervently to be resigned. Dürer caught sight of the upraised hands and drew the picture.

"The Adoration of the Trinity" is considered among Dürer's finest paintings. The scene is laid almost wholly in the clouds. The dove, emblem of the Holy Spirit, hovers over all. Just below it, God

the Father is presenting his crucified Son to the assembled hosts of adoring martyrs, and to heroes, kings, cardinals and people of every rank. Far below to the left, is a bit of lovely landscape; while to the right, Dürer stands holding a tablet.

But Dürer is really more noted as an engraver than a painter. Indeed, he is "The Father of German Picture-books"; for he designed so many wood-cuts that he made it possible for the first time to illustrate books. When we think how much we enjoy an illustrated book to-day, we may realise how valuable such books must have been in his day.

And what kind of pictures did Dürer put into books? They were not beautiful—but very realistic. Some were religious, some showed grim and weird fancies, and some had a human touch.

Of Dürer's engravings made from wood-cuts, the most famous series represents "The Apocalypse," or scenes from the Book of Revelation, the life of the Virgin, and the history of the Passion of Christ.

His finest engraving on copper is called "The Knight, Death, and the Devil"; and it is one of the most fantastic engravings in the world. In front, a magnificent knight, in full armour, rides through a rocky pass. He carries a lance in his hand, and his good sword is at his side.

Grim death holds an hour-glass before him, and a terrible fiend just behind seems ready to claim his soul. The knight takes no heed of either, but with firm face and unflinching purpose *rides on*!

We are not quite sure what idea Dürer meant to convey by such a dreadful picture; but may not the knight be intended for a Christian hero of the day?

Dürer set up a printing-press in his house; and he was always well paid for the books which he painted and illustrated.

In 1512, the Emperor Maximilian visited Nuremberg; and Dürer as member of the Council was one of those appointed to receive him.

"Kaiser Max," as the Nurembergers always called their pet Emperor, was very fond of the fine arts. He, at once, fell in love with Dürer, and wished him to do some work for him—we might add to glorify his life. Dürer was to make a "Triumphal Arch" in his honour. It was not to be fashioned in stone, like the arches given to the victorious Roman Emperors; but instead it was to be composed of

engravings. Dürer made for this ninety-two separate blocks of woodcuts. On these were represented Maximilian's genealogical tree, and the principal events of his life. All these were arranged in the form of an arch, nine feet wide and ten and a half high. It took Dürer three years to do this work, and he was never well paid.

While the artist worked, the Emperor often visited his studio; and as Dürer's pet cats often visited it at the same time, the expression arose, "A cat may look at a king."

Dürer made, also, for Maximilian exquisite sketches to illustrate his noted "Prayer Book." It was the custom then to illuminate the pages of a religious book with all kinds of fantastic things. So Dürer obeyed the fashion of the day when little foxes, monkeys, satyrs, Turks, North American Indians, and various grotesque things, were intertwined as ornaments with the most saintly subjects.

Maximilian also sat to Dürer for his portrait; and one day, to divert himself while he was sitting, he took a piece of charcoal and tried to sketch, but it kept breaking in his hand. He asked the artist why he could not succeed; and Dürer replied, "This is my sceptre. Your Majesty has other and greater work to do."

The Emperor granted Dürer a pension, but as he died soon after, Dürer was obliged to visit his grandson, the new Emperor, Charles V, to have it confirmed.

So, in the year 1520, he set out with his wife and her maid, in an old lumbering German coach, on a visit to the Netherlands.

Dürer was a most delightful traveller, for he was always enthusiastic over everything that he saw; and then he wrote such interesting letters describing his Journeys.

He saw the new Emperor enter Antwerp, and the hundreds of two-storied arches arranged for the reception. Then he hurried on to see a whale that had been tossed upon the coast, but it had been washed away before his arrival. Of course, he was disappointed; but he finally attained his real purpose in going to the Netherlands; for his pension was confirmed, and besides this, he was appointed court-painter.

Durer himself was everywhere received with the greatest honour, with feasting, and all kinds of gifts. In return, he very generously gave some of his most valuable works to the city.

On going home, he brought to his friends many curious mementos of the places he had visited. He seems to have had little to do with the new Emperor whom we remember as Titian's friend.

This journey gave him fresh inspiration; and he worked with renewed diligence the last eight years of his life.

He now painted the so-called "Four Temperaments," which are in Munich. These are two panel-pictures; on one are the full-sized figures of St. John and St. Peter; on the other, those of St. Paul and St. Mark. The four faces are said to express very decidedly the characteristics of these four Apostles. The figures of St. Paul and St. John are considered to be among Dürer's very finest productions.

Dürer had a genius for friendship. His dearest, life-long friend was Pirkheimer, a rich and influential citizen of Nuremberg, and he received many prominent men at his house.

Dürer greatly enjoyed his receptions, and through them gained much knowledge of the world, and an interest in religious things; and, also, in the new inventions and discoveries of the time, for this was a famous age in which he lived.

It was the age of Luther and Columbus and Raphael and Michael Angelo and Caxton—and Dürer, too, has his place in it as "The Artist of the Dawning Reformation."

During the last years of his life, Dürer was not very strong and he was sometimes sad; for he felt that he had never been very well paid for all his great works. He died of consumption, in the year 1528. His friend Pirkheimer pronounced his funeral oration, and honoured him by saying, "He united every virtue in his soul-genius, uprightness, purity, energy and prudence, gentleness and piety."

Later on, the two devoted friends rested side by side, in St. John's Cemetery; and upon Dürer's tomb is the inscription "Emigravit."

SELECTION FROM "NUREMBERG"

"In the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow lands
Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg, the ancient, stands.

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song.
Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks that round

them throng.

Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors, rough and bold,
Had their dwelling in thy castle, time-defying, centuries old;

Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of art;
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the common mart;

And above cathedral doorways saints and bishops carved in stone,
By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.

In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust,
And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from age to age their trust;

Here, where Art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart,
Lived and laboured Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art;

Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.

Emigravit is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies;
Dead he is not, but departed,—for the artist never dies.

Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair,
That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed its air!"

—*Longfellow*.

HANS HOLBEIN

Not far from Nuremberg, famed as the home of Albrecht Dürer, is Augsburg—a city over which the wise Emperor Maximilian ruled—and which he often visited. It was on the direct route between Italy and the North, and its commerce was richer than that of any other German city.

Here, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, an important School of Art began with the Holbeins. The first Hans Holbein is called "Old Holbein," and little is known about him.

The second, Hans Holbein the Elder, was himself a painter of beautiful religious pictures, still to be seen in Germany, and for a long

time many of these were thought to be the work of his more famous son.

Hans Holbein the Younger was the most renowned of the family. He was born in 1495 or 1497, at Augsburg, then at the height of its greatness.

Hans Holbein the Elder was poor, and found it hard to support his family. So his two sons, Ambrose and Hans, had to begin work when very young and the father taught them his own art. When Hans was only fifteen, he was painting pictures and earning money. It is said that his first work was a sign-board for a school-master.

Who dreamed then that, in later life, he would win a name destined to live so long!

When he was about twenty-one, he and his brother went to Basle, in Switzerland. There they illustrated books, and made designs for the title-pages. Then, for a time, they left Basle, travelling from place to place, and working in studios, but in 1516, they returned home.

Many distinguished men lived at Basle, and here important writings were published. Erasmus, a great scholar, wrote a book named "The Praise of Folly," making fun of many things of his time, and for it Hans made illustrations. Afterwards, Erasmus and the painter were firm friends.

Holbein painted several portraits of Erasmus. In one of the most noted, he is dressed in a fur coat and doctor's hat. His hands are resting on a book, on which are some Greek words, telling of his difficult task in writing the commentaries on the Bible.

Holbein now painted other portraits, displaying his genius for the special work in which fame awaited him. In 1517, we find him at Lucerne, that charming Swiss city, now noted for Thorwaldsen's "Lion," carved in the solid rock. But, in a few years, he once more called Basle his home, became a citizen, a member of the Guild of Painters, and began his busy career. He ornamented houses, illustrated books, made designs for stained glass and silver-work, and engravings for woodcuts.

Now an important thing happened. In 1521, Martin Luther published his translation of the New Testament; and Holbein had the honour of making the title-page for the second edition, although the Pope had condemned the work. And after this, Holbein, in his

pictures, showed himself an artist of the new faith of the Reformation.

Of his religious pictures, the most celebrated is "The Meyer Madonna." It was named for the Burgomaster, Jacob Meyer, for whom it was painted. There are two such pictures—nearly alike—one at Dresden, the other at Darmstadt, and art critics differ much as to which is the original.

The Burgomaster and his family are kneeling in worship before the Madonna. She stands in the centre, holding the Child Jesus. The Burgomaster is on the left; at his right, are his first and second wives —the former dressed in her burial clothes—and in front of him are his son and a little babe.

The Madonna with an expression of peace is gazing upon the family below. The Child raises His hand as if in blessing.

This is probably a votive picture, which means one made to fulfil a vow, in gratitude for mercy, or to avert some danger. Such pictures were often painted after escape from accident, or recovery from illness.

But Hans Holbein—though German in spirit and work—was soon to seek a new home and new patrons.

He went to England, in 1526, taking a letter of introduction from Erasmus to Sir Thomas More, the Chancellor of King Henry VIII. Sir Thomas received him with great favour, allowing him to make portraits of himself and his family; and they were such striking likenesses that they gave Holbein a wonderful reputation. Of these, there is told a well-known story. Sir Thomas would not attend the wedding of Anne Boleyn to King Henry VIII and this was not forgiven by the Queen.

On the day of More's execution, she looked at one of his portraits painted by Holbein, and angrily exclaimed, "Ah, me! the man seems still to be alive!" Then seizing the picture, she flung it into the street; and it is said that eventually it was taken to Rome.

Holbein painted portraits of many of More's friends. In the Louvre, is one of Nicholas Kratzer, the astronomer of the King, surrounded by his instruments. In 1528 or '30, Holbein was again in Basle, finishing some frescoes for the Town Hall. But hard times and religious troubles hastened his return to England. On reaching there, More, disgraced, had lost his office and could not help the painter—

but fortunately he had other friends.

He spent a little time with the German merchants at "The Steelyard," and painted some of their portraits. That of George Gyse, now in Berlin, is especially well-known. He is in his office, busy with affairs, and holds in his hand a letter just received. The steelyard, or scale for weighing money—the sign of the merchants' guild—hangs from a shelf above his head.

Ruskin thinks that this picture shows Holbein's greatest power in detail and finish. He writes—"the carnations in the glass vase by his side, the ball of gold chased with blue enamel suspended in the wall … the seal ring with its quartered bearings, all intensely there, and there in beauty of which no one could have dreamed that even flowers or gold were capable, far less parchment or steel…"

And now for several years, we find Holbein constantly painting famous people in both portrait and miniature. He grew more and more popular. Royal patronage awaited him.

When King Henry VIII was visiting More he had seen some of Holbein's pictures, and was offered whichever he liked, but the King asked that the painter be brought into his presence. He engaged him in his service, and told More that now he had secured the *artist*—he did not wish the *pictures*!

So, in 1532, we find Holbein honoured as the court-painter. The King gave him an apartment in the palace at Whitehall, a salary of two hundred florins, and the price of his pictures. In his long service, he painted his Majesty many times, and perhaps all his wives, except Catharine Parr. And these portraits, especially those at Hampton Court, are interesting memorials.

This anecdote shows the King's devotion to Holbein. One day a nobleman went to the studio, and insisted on going in. The artist said that, by the King's order, he was painting a lady's portrait.

The nobleman still insisted. Then Holbein, very angry, threw him downstairs, and hurried to tell the King what he had done. The King asked for the whole truth.

Soon the nobleman came to tell his story, and tried to excuse his rudeness. The King blamed him for his want of truth, and said, "You have not to do with Holbein—but with me; I tell you of seven peasants I can make seven lords, but of seven lords I cannot make one

Holbein. Begone—and remember that if you ever attempt to avenge yourself, I shall look on any injury offered to the painter as done to myself."

And here we turn aside to tell an amusing anecdote of Holbein when he, too, went to visit an artist in his studio. Finding him absent, he painted a fly on a picture which was on an easel. The artist, on returning, saw the fly and tried to brush it off. He searched the city over for Holbein when he found him to be the culprit—but he had gone to England.

In 1538, the King sent Holbein to Brussels to make a portrait of his intended fourth wife—the Duchess of Milan. The law was, that no Basle citizen could enter the service of a foreign ruler without permission from the Council—so Holbein went home to get leave to remain in England. This was obtained, though the people tried hard to keep him at Basle.

Henry never married the Duchess—and the story goes that she sent the King word that she had but *one* head; if she had *two*, one of them should be at his Majesty's service.

Cromwell, the king's minister, ordered Holbein to paint another Duchess whom the King wished to marry—Anne of Cleves. He was delighted with the lovely portrait, but sorely vexed when he saw the Duchess herself. Holbein managed to escape the King's anger—but the unlucky Cromwell who had favoured the marriage lost his head—"because Anne was a Flanders mare, and not a beautiful Venus as painted by Holbein."

Holbein spent his last years in London. In 1543, the plague raged there, and we are told that early in October, Holbein made his will—and he died before the twenty-ninth of November; but few facts are known about his death and burial.

As a whole, his "way in the world" had brought him rank and friendship and success. But he knew much of worry and toil—his marriage was an unhappy one—and he spent many years of his life away from his native land.

If we wish especially to study him, we must go to Basle. Here are some of the most valued of his early portraits, in the gallery with his scenes from "The Passion of Christ." Here, too, in the museum, is the best portrait of Holbein himself, in red and black chalk, which

represents him with regular features and with a look showing a cheerful spirit and much force of character.

At Basle, too, Holbein probably made his designs for "The Dance of Death." Some think that he himself cut them. Death, very grim and fierce, is calling to wild revelry all classes—kings, cardinals, peasants, peddlers, lovely women, and little children.

In the Middle Ages, artists liked to paint on this subject; so perhaps the idea was taken from some early Miracle Play, and Holbein was glad of a chance to unite pathos and humour.

But as a painter, Holbein's fame rests largely upon his rare power in portraiture. He puts into his pictures little imagination, but they are marked by vigour and individuality and naturalness of expression. His "clear outline" has become a proverb. As has been said, his heads were "so simply yet thoroughly and forcibly finished that he ranks in this respect with the renowned artists of any age or country."

An art critic has said that Holbein "stands next to and beside Dürer as the greatest of German painters"; and another that perhaps he is "even more typical of the Protestant artists of the Reformation."

Certain it is, that after Dürer and Holbein, few painters of distinction appear in German art, until the nineteenth century.

"The magic of a face."

—*Carew.*

LATER GERMAN ART

Under the influence of Dürer and Holbein, in the sixteenth century, Germany had already enjoyed one "Golden Age" of painting, while the native masters of England and France were just beginning to be known. But in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, there were few good painters in Germany. Early, however, in the nineteenth, her glorious art began to revive; for now a Brotherhood of young painters determined to accomplish better things, and bound themselves together by a common purpose of religious enthusiasm.

They determined that they would not, like the French, introduce new forms; but they would go to Rome, and there, under the inspiration of the olden day, they would revive the spirit of the earlier masters. Their ideals should be Giotto, Fra Angelico, and other

religious painters who lived before Raphael—a pre-Raphaelite art theirs might well be called. So over the Alps they went, like so many painters before them, to study in the "Eternal City." Some of them lived in an old convent, and in order to work in the religious spirit of the early masters, some that were Protestants became Roman Catholics.

And, then, to have their lives accord with their works, they lived as ascetics; and as simple lives required simple garments, they wore primitive costumes, and allowed their hair to flow over their shoulders. People called them "The Nazarites," or "Long-haired Painters."

And what of their work? They would paint only religious pictures, and in these they revealed the stiff forms, the symbolism, the pale colour, and the quaint drawing of the early painters of such subjects.

But the *soul* of the earlier pictures was wanting. Somehow *that* they could not reproduce!

Overbeck was the leader of the Pre-Raphaelites. He gave up his whole life to his principles; and the spirit of his work greatly influenced later art. His frescoes are very stiff and very religious; and he was always trying to become a modern Fra Angelico; but he was unable to attain to the simple holiness expressed in the work of "The Angelic Brother."

The Brotherhood did not last long. How *could* it, in a century so full of new theories! But it must always be honoured, because it did its part in reviving the great beautiful German art of to-day.

Cornelius was, for a time, one of the Brotherhood; but he was a man of too many ideas to be bound to· one art subject, and he was glad when he received a call to return to Germany, as a professor in the Düsseldorf Art School.

Düsseldorf was then the home, not only of this School, but also of a famous picture-gallery, and here many German painters were educated.

But, like the Classical School of France, it was too conventional, and lost its influence as art became independent and romantic.

So it was easy for the music- and art-loving King Ludwig of Bavaria to induce architects, sculptors, and painters to come to his capital Munich, and to assist him in making it "a city beautiful." And it became "a little modern Rome"; for fine buildings were erected in

the old classic style of architecture, and their walls were frescoed over, sometimes both without and within.

Cornelius was summoned here from Düsseldorf, and for a while, he was the leading decorator in Munich. His frescoes are immense, covering great walls of the public buildings; but his colouring was weak, his execution often coarse, and his faces lacked expression.

But only a famous master could have accomplished his work, for decorative art is very difficult. Indeed, some think that it requires more genius than any other. It is not like a picture that can be moved about at will; but, instead, it must be adapted to the spirit of the building in which it belongs; the figures must fit perfectly into the architectural wall-space, for which they are designed. Sometimes these figures represent persons; and sometimes ideas, each one absorbed in its own mood, and altogether making a harmonious whole.

Cornelius had grand conceptions on a great variety of subjects. Perhaps the frescoes that the patriotic Germans liked best were his scenes from their Epic poem—the "Nibelungenlied," in which he pictures the bravery of the legendary heroes of "the Fatherland."

Kaulbach was the favourite pupil of Cornelius. He is more popular than his master, for his works have in them much more charm and sentiment.

Kaulbach's desire was to paint on a variety of subjects and he succeeded. He is known for his simple love scenes, for his incidents taken from Shakespeare's plays, and more than all, for his great frescoes, representing poets, sages, heroes, and gods.

He was very fond of detail and of grouping; and could paint best on large canvases, which gave scope for his bold, sweeping outlines.

King Ludwig eagerly summoned Kaulbach to be his court-painter, and begged him to adorn Munich. He was called, also, to Berlin, by the King of Prussia, to decorate the grand staircase of his new museum. And while the painter worked busily on his stupendous designs, it was always a pleasure to visit him in his studio, even though the guests were received by the painter seated high upon a scaffold, busy with his colours and with biscuits and beer at his side.

To realise what a great work Kaulbach has done, one should make a pilgrimage to Munich, or else linger with the crowd on the grand staircase of the Berlin Museum. Standing here, we see before us his

vast frescoes taken from historical subjects, from the Tower of Babel to the Reformation.

The boldest and weirdest of all is "The Spectre Battle." History tells us how the Romans and barbarian Huns fought for three days. The slaughter was immense and neither would yield. Then legend takes up the subject and describes the spectral figures of the slain, continuing forever the combat in the air. Kaulbach pictures the legend, and his spectres are fighting terrifically over the field of the slain.

"The Destruction of Jerusalem" is also here, and it may be seen, too, as an oil-painting in Munich.

This, also, is a historic, dramatic picture. In its upper part appear the reproving faces of the prophets who have warned the Jews, and who are now gazing down upon the destruction of their Holy City. Angels of vengeance are trumpeting in the air.

Titus, the Roman conqueror, rides in triumph over the ruins; while havoc and desolation are being wrought by his soldiers. The High Priest prepares to stab himself. The wandering Jew starts forth to wander forever, pursued by the furies.

But in one corner is a contrasting scene—calm and beautiful. For here a holy family, unmindful of the tumult, are peacefully leaving the city—so slowly that the ass even stops to graze.

Kaulbach's colouring may be weak, and sometimes he may be too dramatic but his conceptions are undoubtedly masterful. Through his influence and that of his successor Piloty, the stiff forms of the Nazarite painters were forgotten, in the brilliant and striking scenes which were now painted. Kaulbach is rightly named "The Morning Star of Modern German Painting."

SOME FAMILIAR GERMAN PICTURES

In closing our little sketch, we glance at the works of a few modern painters. Possibly these may give us some insight into the fashion of the German art of to-day.

And first there is Knaus, the Berlin genre painter, whose charming pictures appear like sunny spots among those of more serious masters. His attractive children are always telling a story—often humorous and sometimes pathetic.

Perhaps we are already familiar with his pictures. Which one do you think most pleasing? Among them are "The Rag Baby," The Juggler," "The Thousand Anxieties," "The Card Players," and "Spring." It is in this last that the dainty little maiden is picking daisies.

Knaus also painted rustic scenes and "The Golden Wedding" which young and old alike enjoy. Indeed, as everyone loves a good story, he is always popular.

He easily turned from these subjects, when, in 1876, the Empress of Russia asked him for a Madonna. This sacred subject has not been a common one in the nineteenth century, for no artist has been able to reproduce the fervour of the earlier masters.

But Knaus's Holy Mothers are very pleasing, and his Christ-Child and Joseph, and the little cherubs hovering in the air, recall Murillo and Raphael and Correggio—all three.

If one would enjoy more dramatic pictures, there are those of Max, "The Poet-Painter of Munich." He, too, is greatly liked in both Germany and America. There are rarely more than one or two figures in his compositions, and his power lies in reproducing a tragic moment with dash and boldness.

One of his most powerful works is "The Last Token." Here a beautiful young Christian martyr, surrounded by wild beasts, is left to perish in the arena. The tigers are fawning over her as they are preparing to spring upon her and tear her to pieces. But the maiden, for a moment, is diverted from her agony, for someone from above has thrown her a rose. Is it her lover? She leans helplessly against the wall and gazes upwards.

Again in his "Lion's Bride," Max has shown his vivid dramatic power. The incident taken from one of Uhland's poems is as follows: The beautiful daughter of the keeper of a menagerie is in the habit of entering the cage of a favourite lion to feed and caress it. It has grown very fond of her.

Now she is to be married, and just before the ceremony, she enters the cage in her bridal gown to bid her pet farewell. The king of beasts sees her gay attire, and by some strange instinct feels that she loves another, and in a fit of jealous rage, he strikes her down. He crouches beside her, in the picture, with one great paw on her prostrate form—with his ugly, green eyes he glares at her lover.

The latter, looking through the bars and seeing his lovely bride torn from him, is about to shoot the furious beast.

Max has also painted Madonnas, and in them he returned to the early style of perfect simplicity in dress. The faces are portraits, whether of peasant or princess we do not know; but they are very charming, and always irradiated by love.

One of the interesting sights of Munich to-day is a superb Roman villa and studio, beautifully decorated with antique marbles. These are pointed out as having belonged to Franz Lenbach, who from a simple Bavarian peasant became a real dictator in both the art and social world of Munich. Himself a faithful student of earlier art, his advice to young men was—"Study the old masters!"

He is most noted for his portraits of many prominent men and noble ladies. Indeed, he painted all kinds of people—from kings and princes to the grimy little chimney-sweep, whose face attracted him. For Lenbach was great enough to do the thing that he wished! Once when someone asked him his charge for a portrait, he replied, "That depends—from twenty thousand marks which I may ask, down to five thousand marks that I may be willing to pay, for an exceptionally interesting face!"

He gave little thought to costume or detail, but very much to a careful study of expression—so every feature of his faces is pictured most vividly. Some think that his portrait of Pope Leo XIII is the finest portrait of any Pope since Raphael painted Julius II.

But perhaps it is as the painter of Bismarck that we know him best—Bismarck whom Lenbach has called, "The greatest Roman of them all!" However, the "Iron Chancellor" always proved a difficult subject, for he never cared to be immortalised, either by portrait or statue.

Indeed, he used to say when in his walks at Kissingen he was obliged to pass his own statue—"It disturbs me when I stand as it were beside myself."

But Lenbach was fortunate in being a great favourite of the Bismarck family, and he often enjoyed their charming hospitality. With his brushes and colours he would gather with the others around the evening lamp, and then often catch an expression and work it up while Bismarck was absorbed in other things. So his portraits are very

life-like and famous, too.

One of the favourite pictures in nineteenth century German art is "The Christ in the Temple," painted by the Dresden artist, Heinrich Hofmann. The Jewish Rabbis of old stood face to face with the real Christ; we look only upon the picture, and to many it is the one best loved.

Hofmann painted only when the inspiration was upon him. What a beautiful one must have guided his brush as he touched this face!

The wonderful boy, now twelve years old, stands in the Temple among the Doctors—"Both hearing them and asking them questions." His face is strong and thoughtful, and yet of ideal beauty. His graceful figure is robed in a simple white tunic, in striking contrast to the costly robes of the Rabbis about Him.

His earnest questions seem to amaze his listeners. What variety of sentiment is expressed in their countenances! Does a new light flash upon them as they listen to the words of Him who spake as never man spake? How naturally the profound philosopher at the left absently strokes his beard as he listens. The patriarch leans heavily upon his staff. Does his look express curiosity or criticism? Surely it is a fair-minded thinker with a speaking face that stands beside Him. At the right, sits an expounder of the law—his book open before him. We wonder to what passage the Christ-Child is pointing.

We see copies of the picture everywhere, but we may never realise its full beauty, until we stand before the original—in its rich, dark colouring—in Dresden.

This is but the merest glimpse into the modern art world; but even this must reveal to us the dramatic power, the religious spirit, the famous portraits, the lovely children, and the soul shining through them all. And there are hosts of painters and many art subjects.

Among the landscape-painters, Achenbach ranks very high, and we may travel with him from the wild Norwegian coast to sunny Capri. And as to animals, Verboeckhoven's sheep, Schreyer's Arab horses, and Voltz's cattle—are world-famed.

We know how the German government, in past centuries, has had various capital cities; and German art, like its politics, has had many centres.

Among them are Nuremberg, Augsburg, Dresden, with its lovely

gallery, Düsseldorf, and Munich. But now Berlin has become the splendid capital of united Germany, and it is now becoming its art centre. Its school is strong, and its Royal Academy holds annual exhibitions and awards prizes.

Dresden and Munich have so long been famous that perhaps they may dispute with Berlin the honour of claiming the best art. But it is in all these cities that we study the lives and the works of the great German masters of to-day.

CHAPTER X
English Art

EARLY ENGLISH PAINTING

English tradition tells us that, in the eighth century, the Venerable Bede, in the quiet gloom of his monastery, taught the monks to illuminate manuscripts; and missals and prayer-books belonging to a little later age are still to be seen to-day. Some of them are illuminated in rare designs and in gorgeous colouring.

In these manuscripts is traced the beginning of English art.

It is found, too, in the rich colours emblazoned on the windows of the early cathedrals, in the decorations on the walls of castles and palaces, and also in the miniature-painting of later mediæval days.

Apart from these examples, English art can boast of no early history. But the English were great travellers; and as time passed on, they became interested in the works of art which they saw in other countries, and sometimes foreign painters visited England.

In the sixteenth century, Henry VIII called the German Holbein to his court, and Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth also welcomed foreign artists.

But it was in the reign of Charles I, in the seventeenth century, that the most splendid liberality in art was displayed; for the king loved art for its own sake. We remember that he knighted both Rubens and Van Dyck, and that the latter, by his magic brush, immortalised both the king and his court.

Sir Peter Lely, a German, was court-painter to Charles II. He so flattered the court ladies that not one of them was satisfied, until he had transferred her charms to canvas. So the silly, sleepy-eyed beauties of Hampton Court are to-day as familiar as the more stately dames of the earlier day.

Lely painted Cromwell, too; but as the Protector told him that he would not pay, if he dared to flatter him, Cromwell's face is covered

with wrinkles and warts.

Sir Peter Lely was succeeded by Sir Godfrey Kneller, who painted several crowned heads.

And with the foreign artists came a great demand in England for foreign works of art, many of which were brought into the country. It was the fashion for these pictures to be in very dark colouring; and often more was paid for one because it was nearly black, than because it was executed by a master.

Just about this time, a noted English artist, Sir James Thornhill, appeared. He decorated the cupola of St. Paul's Cathedral, and advanced some excellent rules for art. He was followed by his son-in-law, Hogarth, who, in the eighteenth century, became the first English interpreter of English life.

Hogarth was tired of foreign artists and foreign pictures; and determined that he would tell his story as an Englishman. He was a merry little man, and wherever he went spent much time in studying faces. When he saw one that interested him, he would preserve it with a few rapid lines on paper—if he had any—if not, on his thumb-nail. Later, he would introduce it into some group.

Hogarth lived in a frivolous age; and the things that he saw in London homes and London streets were the faults and follies which lay hidden beneath the polish of social life. His pictures display a wonderful study of character. They are spirited, often humorous, and marvellous in detail. Each one bears its own moral.

English painting really began with Hogarth; but it developed so rapidly that even in the eighteenth century, it claimed a foremost place.

> "An Artist is one who knows how to see, and who makes us see with him."

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

Portrait-painting had been thus far the favourite art in England, and now appeared Sir Joshua Reynolds, often called "The Van Dyck of the Eighteenth Century."

He was born in the year 1723, in Plympton, Devonshire. His father was master of the grammar-school there, and when in time

little Joshua became his pupil, he determined to give him a classical education, and afterwards to fit him for the medical profession. But to his disappointment Joshua cared very little about good lessons, but very much about defaced Latin exercises, and whitewashed walls decorated by means of burnt sticks.

When the boy was twelve years old, he made his first portrait. It appears that one Sunday, while the Rev. Mr. Smart was preaching, Joshua, growing tired of the sermon, sketched on his thumb-nail the features of the preacher. The service over, he hurried away to an old boat-house on the beach; and here, taking for his canvas a bit of a sail, he painted upon it with common ship-paint the portrait of the Rev. Mr. Smart.

His "classical education" was soon abandoned; and at the age of seventeen, young Reynolds was sent to London to study art, under a fashionable teacher named Hudson. After working for two or three years, he returned to Devonshire, where he set up for himself as a portrait-painter.

Reynolds had a brave young friend, Captain Keppel, who was in command of a warship; and in 1649, he invited the artist to go with him to the Mediterranean Sea. This seemed to Reynolds the golden opportunity of his life and so it proved.

How keenly he enjoyed the voyage over the blue sea, stopping at various ports, and painting the portraits of the officers. On reaching Italy, he left the ship, and remained for three years to study art.

Then he returned to England; and such a change had taken place in his ideas … of form and colour that he came at once into the front rank of English portrait-painters.

Poor Hudson could paint heads well enough—but he was never known to place one properly on the shoulders! When he looked at one of Reynolds's portraits, and saw how he had departed from the style in which he had taught him, he exclaimed sadly, "Why, Reynolds, you don't paint so well as when you left England!"

Captain Keppel had often described to Reynolds his shipwreck off the coast of France, which took place when he was but twenty-one years old, and Reynolds had determined to represent the scene. And now, on his return, it was one of his first achievements.

The action takes place just after the shipwreck. The young

captain is upon a rocky coast; the waves curl about his feet, as he steps forward to issue an order for the safety of his crew. This animated scene made such a sensation in England that its appearance proved the real beginning of Reynolds's fame and fortune.

Reynolds never cared much for his fellow-artists. But instead, we always associate him with a celebrated club which was presided over by the brightest literary men of the day. Dr. Johnson, was its centre, while Garrick, Goldsmith, Gibbon, Burke, Reynolds, and other men of note, were prominent members. We know these men by their writings; and we know their faces, too, because Reynolds has preserved them for us.

Dr. Johnson was first attracted to Reynolds, by hearing him make a remark which showed that he was in the habit of thinking for himself; and a life-long friendship at once sprang up between the great lexicographer and the young painter.

Reynolds lived plainly in London, until the year 1760, when he moved into a new house, ever afterward his home. He never married, so his sister or niece usually presided.

His sister, Miss Frances, was "The Dearest Dear" of Dr. Johnson. But she was a nervous woman, and her personality always curiously affected her brother. She sometimes made copies of his pictures, of which he once said, "They make other people laugh—but me cry."

Reynolds's home was a most hospitable one, and for thirty years, almost everyone in London who was prominent in art, literature, or politics was included among his guests.

His dinners were served promptly about five o'clock. It never mattered, if the table, laid for seven or eight, was, at the last moment, extended to accommodate fifteen or sixteen-the diners must only sit the closer!

There was often a real need for knives and forks and plates and glasses. But that was forgotten, because the dinner—or "scramble," as it was sometimes called—did not depend on the viands. It was instead "A feast of reason and a flow of soul," and Reynolds, or better Sir Joshua, presided graciously over the noisy and brilliant assemblage. He was very fond of smart society, and as Hannah More has said, "he was the idol of every company."

When he first moved into his handsome house, he set up a gilt

coach painted all over with allegorical figures. In this he compelled his sister to take a daily airing, so that "the coach might be seen in the public streets." This shows that Reynolds knew how to *advertise*, even though he lived as long ago as the eighteenth century.

As soon as he was sure that he was popular, he doubled the prices of his portraits—after this always charging twenty-five guineas for a bust, fifty for a half-length figure, and one hundred for a full-length one.

Reynolds painted rapidly, and his brushes had handles eighteen inches long. The sitter's chair which was rolled about on casters was raised upon a platform. He usually received six sitters daily, and to make the time pass pleasantly, he entertained them with stories and recitations. He rarely gave them a fixed pose, but they were usually engaged in some natural occupation.

He painted so rapidly that sometimes he finished a portrait in four hours. He was very industrious, and used to tell his pupils that, if they wished to become famous, they must work morning, noon, and night.

As a colourist, he has always been known for his yellows and tawny browns, and for his warm, mellow light. He had a theory that blue and green should be used very little, and only to set off these warmer colours. It is a great pity that he so mixed his colours that many of his pictures are now very much faded.

He greatly admired Rembrandt, Rubens, and Michael Angelo, and gained from them many ideas of form and colouring.

It was especially through Reynolds's influence that, in the year 1768, the Royal Academy was founded. This was intended to be an art-school for students, with an annual exhibition for the sale of pictures.

It was to be presided over by distinguished literary and artistic men of the day. Reynolds was the first president; Goldsmith, the professor of ancient history, and Dr. Johnson, of ancient literature. For twenty years, Reynolds was closely associated with the Royal Academy; and during this time, he sent two hundred and forty-four pictures to its different exhibitions.

In 1769, he was knighted by King George III, and now every year seemed to add to his fame and influence. He had already been known for years as the fashionable portrait-painter of London, even from the

time when he had first exhibited his picture of Captain Keppel.

Another of his most admired early works was the portrait of Lady Elizabeth Keppel, in her bridesmaid dress, at the marriage of George III. Her costume is of gleaming white and silver. She is about to adorn a statue of Hymen with a wreath, and in order to heighten her charms, the wreath is being handed to her by a negress.

Sir Joshua had a special gift for the portrayal of children, luring them to interest with toys and tricks. He revealed very naturally their sweet, innocent charm. His little people are simply dressed, though most of them are really lords and ladies.

Among them, curly-haired "Lady Gertrude Fitzpatrick" appears, clasping a bunch of grapes. "Red-haired Robinetta," with a robin perched upon her shoulder, assumes a most graceful attitude. The pose of sweet "Simplicity" is also perfect. Simple, of course, as her name implies—but how dignified!

In striking contrast to these well-poised maidens, the baby Duchess of Gloucester rolls upon the green-sward with her fluffy dog. What a round chubby face hers is, circled by the neat, frilled cap!

"Little Miss Bowles" sits on the edge of the wood, hugging her dog. She gazes so gleefully out of the canvas that we are sure the artist is winning her by some merry story. Then there is the sweet timid little "Strawberry Girl." Sir Joshua loved her best of all—perhaps because she was his favourite little niece Offy; or because he felt that this picture was one of the best which he ever painted.

This turbaned little maid steals shyly along, her hands folded demurely on her breast. Her red lips and the strawberries in her pottle form a pretty contrast to the tawny brown shades of the background.

In looking at "The Angels' Heads," we perhaps do not realise at first that all the heads belong to just *one* little maiden—the golden-haired daughter of Lord William Gordon. She was so fascinating that Sir Joshua could not decide to paint her in any one position; so he finally grouped five different views of her face, added wings, and five graceful little cherubs, in most delicate colouring, appear upon the canvas.

How charming a child's play-room would be simply hung with prints copied from Sir Joshua's children!

When he was painting the great portrait-group of the Marl-

borough family, little Lady Anne, aged four, was brought in, and clinging to her nurse she cried, "I won't be painted!" In order to comfort her, Sir Joshua put into the hand of her sister, Lady Charlotte, a gigantic classic mask, and this appears in the stately scene.

Beside his children, some of his family groups are greatly admired. One of the most superb of these is "Lady Cockburn and her Children." When it was uncovered at the annual exhibition of the Royal Academy, in 1774, the painters saluted the graceful lady by clapping their hands.

Lady Cockburn is seated in a portico, playing with her three frolicsome boys. At their back is a fluttering red curtain, and at the side, in gorgeous feathers, appears Sir Joshua's favourite macaw; for it was a fashion in those days to introduce a bird into a portrait.

At this time, Mrs. Siddons was the finest actress in London. Someone had called her "The Tragic Muse," and in this character, Sir Joshua painted her portrait.

When he first led the lady to her throne-like chair he said to her, "Ascend your undisputed throne—bestow on me some idea of 'the Tragic Muse'!" "Upon which," as she says, "I walked up the steps and seated myself!"

In the portrait, she looks as if she were gazing off into space and seeking an inspiration. Crime and Remorse stand behind her.

Like other portrait-painters, Sir Joshua often found his suggestion in the figures which Michael Angelo painted on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, and in his "Mrs. Siddons" he probably recalled the figure of Isaiah.

When he finished, he inscribed his name upon the gown of "The Tragic Muse," and complimented her by saying, "I could not lose the opportunity of sending my name down to posterity on the hem of your garment."

"Little Miss Bowles," "The Angels' Heads," "Lady Cockburn," and "Mrs. Siddons," are to-day among the best preserved of Sir Joshua Reynolds's pictures. Among his sitters were many noble lords and ladies, in dark rich colouring—rivals in beauty and elegance.

He excelled also in other kinds of pictures but they show less talent.

Sir Joshua had hosts of friends. Garrick, the actor, Burke, the

orator, and Ramsay, the poet-painter, were among his most frequent guests. To him, Goldsmith dedicated his "Deserted Village."

It is a simple touching dedication, closing with the following words: "You can gain nothing from my admiration as I am ignorant of your art, but I must be indulged in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than any other man. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this poem to you."

It is said that, on the day before Dr. Johnson died, he made of Sir Joshua three requests: To forgive him thirty pounds which he had lent him; not to paint on Sunday; and to read the Scriptures daily. Sir Joshua promised and *remembered* his promises.

Sir Joshua never cared much for the society of women; but for the artist, Angelica Kauffmann, he seemed, at one time, to feel a tender attachment. She sat to him as "Miss Angel," and she said of him, "Sir Joshua is one of my kindest friends; as a proof of his admiration for me, he has asked me to sit for my picture, and in return I am to paint his!"

Besides painting, Sir Joshua wrote valuable discourses on art, which were read before the Royal Academy. The last one ended with a noble panegyric on Michael Angelo, "the mighty one," whom he had worshipped throughout his own career, and he closed as follows: "I should desire that the last words I should pronounce in this Academy and from this place might be the name of Michael Angelo."

Sir Joshua when a young man in Italy had caught a cold which resulted in deafness, and for many years he was obliged to use an ear-trumpet. Although this was hard, he always felt that it gave him *one* advantage: for whenever he did not enjoy the conversation, he simply dropped his trumpet and *took snuff*!

As he grew older, his sight troubled him, until, losing entirely the use of one eye, he feared lest he should be totally blind. Added to these troubles, a slight shock of paralysis saddened his last days.

He died in the year 1792. His funeral was one of the most magnificent seen in England in the eighteenth century; and he was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, near the tomb of Sir Christopher Wren.

When Goldsmith died, he left an unfinished epitaph which he had dedicated to Reynolds. It is a true word-picture of the "Prince of

Portrait-painters," written by the hand of a loving friend. It runs in this wise:

> "Here Reynolds is laid, and to tell you my mind,
> He has not left a wiser, nor better behind;
> His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand,
> His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
> Still born to improve us in every part,
> His pencil our faces, his manners our heart,
> To coxcombs averse; yet most civilly steering,
> When they judged without skill, he was still hard of hearing,
> When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
> He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff."

GAINSBOROUGH AND CONSTABLE

There is an amusing story told of a young artist, who, while drawing a pear-tree, discovered a man's head concealed among the branches; and before the thief could escape, the boy had sketched his face into the picture. When the picture was exhibited, the man was recognised, and also the talent of the boy who had so suddenly brought him into notice.

Whether this "Tom Pear-tree" sketch is traditional or not, it is certainly very characteristic of young Thomas Gainsborough, of whom it is told, for he was always drawing landscapes and faces.

He was born in Sudbury, in the county of Suffolk, in the year 1727. As a boy he did not care for school; *his* study was the book of nature, which he always kept wide-open before him.

Whenever he had a holiday, he spent it in sketching the bushes and hedgerows and clumps of trees in the neighbourhood—he knew them every one.

His family consulted together and it was determined that the youth had talent, and must be sent to London to study art. So to London he went; but after an absence of three years, he returned to enjoy the fresh fields and meadows that lay about his home.

Just here, another story appears—a bit doubtful like "Tom Pear-tree," but they go well together. One day, while Gainsborough was quietly sketching in the woods, a lovely maiden stepped suddenly from behind a thicket, right into his *picture* and into his *heart*.

But however it all happened, he *did* fall in love, and was married when he was but nineteen years old to a girl a year younger than himself. The youthful pair went to live at Ipswich, and here Gainsborough painted landscapes and portraits, but for very small fees. After remaining at Ipswich for fifteen years, he was advised by a good friend named Thicknesse to remove to Bath, and here better fortune awaited him.

For Bath was, at this time, the most fashionable watering-place in England. Wealthy people came here to amuse themselves and to drink medicinal water, and they had always plenty of time to sit for their portraits. Gainsborough became at once successful, and the celebrities that flocked to the famous resort appeared one by one upon his canvases.

Moreover, in the wealthy homes in Bath, he found pictures by Titian and Van Dyck, and Rembrandt and Murillo. These he was allowed to copy, and in doing this, naturally he improved his style. Of these painters Van Dyck was always his favourite.

Gainsborough was of a very social disposition, and music was the passion of his life. The Bath musicians became his best friends, and taught him to play upon different instruments.

While he was living in Bath, the Royal Academy was formed in London, and he began to send pictures to its annual exhibitions and sales. Wiltshire, the carrier who took these up to London, was so fond of Gainsborough that he would take no pay for the carriage except "a little picture"; and the "little pictures" that Gainsborough gave him would be to-day worth many thousands of pounds.

Indeed, Gainsborough was always recklessly generous with his work. He sometimes gave a picture in return for a very small kindness, perhaps for a favourite air on a fiddle, or free admission to a theatre, or an invitation to dine.

Finally, in the year 1774, he determined to remove with his family to London, and here he became a rival of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Indeed, some wealthy people sat to them both.

Political strife, at this time, ran very high. Sir Joshua was a Whig, and Gainsborough, a Tory; and as the King, George III, belonged to the Tory party, Gainsborough was called to court to paint the royal family. They became so fond of him that, notwithstanding court

etiquette, he was admitted to the palace at any hour.

It was thought that he was the only one who could make old Queen Charlotte look beautiful.

The king said to him one day, "Doubtless portraiture is a tantalising art—no pleasing your sitters, hey! All wanting to be Venuses and Adonises, hey! Well, Mr. Gainsborough, since you have taken to portraiture, I suppose everyone wants your landscapes, hey! Is it not so?" "Entirely so, your Majesty," was Gainsborough's courtly reply.

Naturally the honours paid Gainsborough by the royal family gave him added popularity. However, he refused to be patronised.

One day he heard a nobleman asking at his door whether "that fellow" Gainsborough had finished his likeness. Imagine the nobleman's surprise, on entering the studio, to see Gainsborough furiously dash a brushful of paint across the face on the canvas, and to hear him exclaim, "Where is that fellow now!"

Gainsborough lost by this act one hundred guineas.

Many other stories prove that he was impulsive, easily irritated, and sometimes rough in manner; yet he was really a generous and kind-hearted man.

When he was weary of working on portraits in the city, he hastened away to the country, and gave himself up to sketching the landscapes he loved. Once he found a wild, handsome, little barefooted boy named Jack Hill who appears in some of his pictures. He adopted the boy, but Jack could not bear the confinement of city life and ran away.

Gainsborough lived happily, and during his last years very quietly with his family, and he died in 1788.

It is difficult to know just where to place him in art; for some honour him more as a portrait-painter, and others as a landscape-painter. As the former, his spirit is gentle and poetic, and he puts much soul into his faces. His colouring is soft and cool, in contrast to that of Sir Joshua Reynolds, which is rich and warm. His textures are carefully painted, and a real lustre is seen on his ribbons and gems. But his work is unequal; for unless he felt in perfect touch with his sitters he never painted them well.

One of his most successful portraits is that of the Hon. Mrs. Graham. She was but nineteen when she sat to Gainsborough, and

died when she was thirty-five years old. Her husband was inconsolable. He could not look at the life-like portrait, and he had the end of the room where it hung walled up.

Half a century later, in making repairs, the picture was discovered, fresh and brilliant, and by its side were the little blue slippers that the lady had worn when she was painted. This portrait is now in the National Gallery, in Edinburgh.

One of Gainsborough's best-known portraits is that of the Duchess of Devonshire, who was, at this time, a queen in society. Although the costumes of Van Dyck's day were going out of fashion, hers is very picturesque. Her hair is curled and powdered after the manner of the day, and her large hat is ornamented with ostrich plumes.

The story is told of some noble ladies who searched London in vain to find plumes as long as those worn by the Duchess. In despair, they appealed to an undertaker, and in pity for them he sold the feathers which had been upon his hearse.

Gainsborough was very fond of painting boys, and among his pictures are a "Pink Boy" and a "Blue Boy." The latter, Master Buttall, is a dark-haired youth of about fifteen. A harmonious blue colouring pervades the whole picture. It is in London in possession of a member of the Grosvenor family—the present Duke of Westminster.

Sir Joshua Reynolds had a theory that blue and green should not be much used in a picture. Gainsborough was very fond of both colours, and perhaps he painted this charming boy to refute Sir Joshua's idea.

He was very fond of the drama; and it was a delight to him to receive Mrs. Siddons as a sitter the same year that she sat to Sir Joshua. The picture shows the marked contrast in the style of the two artists.

Sir Joshua represented her as "The Tragic Muse"; Gainsborough, as the lady paying a visit. One picture is superb and dramatic—the other graceful and harmonious.

Garrick, the famous actor, was constantly sitting for his pictures to the different artists of the day. Gainsborough was very fond of him, and he was greatly pleased when Mrs. Garrick told him that he had painted the very best likeness of her Davy. This was, indeed, a

compliment, for Garrick's expression was most difficult to catch. He was such a mimic, that even when sitting he was always changing his countenance, either squinting or laughing, or bloating or withering his features.

There were many other portrait-painters at this time—as Lawrence, Ramsay, Opie, Raeburn, Hoppner—and all stimulated the growth of English art.

Landscapes were not fashionable at this time. Gainsborough hung the hall leading to his studio with rows of landscape pictures. But as his sitters passed by, they scarcely even glanced at them.

"People won't buy 'em, you know," he once said, "I'm a landscape-painter, and yet they come to me for portraits." But to-day Gainsborough is honoured as the first real interpreter of English rural scenery and English genre.

He saw beauty in the simplest thing—a sunny nook, a winding lane, a haycart, or a thatched cottage. His charm of colour was seen in a dewy morning or in a golden sunset; and his landscapes are enlivened with horses and cattle, rustic lads and lasses, and sometimes just a solitary labourer. He seemed to see nature as a whole rather than in detail; so perhaps to-day he would be called an Impressionist.

John Constable was Gainsborough's successor as a landscape-painter; and as his birthplace is but fourteen miles distant, both looked out upon the same quiet, lovely scenery.

Constable was but twelve years old when Gainsborough died. He was a miller's son, and for a time was "a handsome young miller" himself.

His study, too, was in the open air, and he drew his earliest inspiration from the beauties of the Staur River, upon which his father's mill was located. He loved as a child to loiter upon its banks. "These scenes made me a painter, and I am grateful," he said, and he showed his gratitude when later he became a painter; for he laid his finest scenes upon the banks of this river, and about the picturesque old mill which he always loved to recall.

He understood its construction so perfectly that his brother once said of him, "When I look at a mill painted by John, I know that it will *go round*." As a miller, he must have watched the clouds and the changes in the weather, always looking for the right wind to make the

sail whiz.

In thus watching, he learned to paint the clouds; and often he made studies of these alone, dating each sketch, and noting upon it the time of day and the direction of the wind.

In his landscapes, we may almost see their movement and the trees shaken by the breezes. An artist, in looking at some of his pictures representing showery weather, once said, "Constable makes me call for my great-coat and umbrella."

Constable, like Gainsborough, enjoyed simple things—a cornfield, a village, a river, a dreary meadow, the homeless cattle of Suffolk, and like Wouvermans, he often introduced a white horse. In those days, many invented stiff figures to put into their landscapes; but Constable often waited until someone passed by and so ... went naturally into the picture.

He did for the cultivated landscape of England what Gainsborough had done for the rural scenery. His detail is more perfect than that of Gainsborough; his trees are greener, his skies are bluer, and nature as he shows her seems living. Because of this, he has ever since been called "The Father of English Landscape."

If Gainsborough was an Impressionist, surely Constable was a Realist.

Constable was a great admirer of Claude, "The Prince and Poet of French Landscape" and the French greatly admired Constable and bought his pictures.

It was not until after he had been presented with two medals in Paris that he was admitted in London to full membership in the Royal Academy. Indeed, he was never fully appreciated in his own country.

His house was filled with his pictures, and he gave free exhibitions of them, but he could not easily sell them. He was always so anxious about money matters that a friend once said to him, "Whatever you do, Constable, get rid of anxiety." He died in the year 1837, and fifty years later, his pictures were bequeathed by his family to the English nation.

Landscape-painting has made great progress since the days of Gainsborough and Constable.

How wonderfully the modern painter has interpreted the charms of nature all the world over! But the pictures of these old masters—

though, in comparison with modern works, they seem stiff and faded and cracked—have had great influence on the later art.

The English must always gratefully recall that little corner of Suffolk, whose quiet charms inspired Gainsborough and Constable to make landscape-painting known in England.

"The poem hangs on the berry-bush
When comes the poet's eye;
The street begins to masquerade,
When Shakespeare passes by."
—*Wm. C. Gannett*.

TURNER

Turning away from the fresh Suffolk meadows, our next point of interest is a narrow dingy house, in narrow dingy Maiden Lane, in London. Here the Turner family lived, and the front room on the ground floor was the barber-shop of the father, William Turner.

The family was small. It consisted of the cheery, loquacious little father, and his wife, a woman of most unreasonable temper—and Billy, their son, who was born in 1774. We have little to do with the mother, for very early in Billy's life she became insane and was sent away to an asylum.

William Turner, the father, had a good business, not only in shaving, but in dressing hair, and in making and curling and powdering the wigs of the gentry of his day.

Billy and his father were inseparable companions; and in this connection a pleasant story is told of the little fellow when he was but five or six years of age.

One day he accompanied his father to the home of a rich silversmith. While the barber was powdering the wig of his grand patron, the boy, seated in a high chair, was absorbed in gazing at the figure of a rampant lion, mounted upon a silver salver. The child was silent on the way home; but when he appeared at the tea-table, he exhibited a large sheet of paper, on which he had drawn from memory a very fair copy of the lion.

Unlike other parents of whom we have read, William Turner was wild with delight, for he knew now that sometime Billy would be a painter. And what a true prophet he proved! for Turner stands to-

day as a great English landscape-painter.

As the years went on, Billy was allowed to associate with the sailors, wandering all day at his own sweet will along the banks of the Thames, and under London Bridge; and in and out among the shipping. Perhaps this was not a good life for a little boy; but he loved the river, he studied all about the ships, and he sat and watched the play of light and shadow over the sails and over the water, on sunny and on misty days, always drawing the things he saw.

Presently in the barber-shop, among the wigs and frizzes, appeared little sketches with a small price marked on each one. When William was ten years old, his father sent him to a school at Brentford, and he boarded in the family of his uncle who was a butcher. Here, in the country, he found great delight in wandering in the open fields, and sketching birds and trees and flowers upon the leaves of his books.

If one might put into a single gallery all the exercise-books, defaced by various young artists of whom we have been reading, what a unique collection of specimens of youthful genius that gallery would contain! And Turner's pictures would surely be among the best; for two of his drawings were exhibited in the Royal Academy when he was but twelve years old.

After Brentford, he was sent to school at Margate, a beautiful village in the breezy county of Kent. Here, for the first time, he saw the sea. He found a keen fascination in watching and sketching sunshine and cliffs and water. Here, too, as a bright, enthusiastic lad, he fell in love with the sister of a classmate. He also struggled with Latin exercises, and learned some of the history and mythology which he afterwards embodied in his pictures. Margate was a delight to the boy, and very often, in later years, he came back to pass a holiday here.

All this time, the brave, merry little barber up in London was earning money as fast as he could, to give William a fine education. "For William is to be a painter, you know," was always his reply to his patrons when they asked about his son's future.

On William's return from Margate, he tried to study perspective; but he was very dull at this—he never could understand about exact figures like circles and triangles. So his teacher suggested that his

father should not waste any more money on art; but, instead, should try to make of William either a cobbler or a tailor. He next attempted to study architecture; but his teacher in this kindly advised his father to place him in the school of the Royal Academy. This was where he really belonged, and after he entered it, all went well.

And in the Royal Academy his art-life really commenced, for his masters at once recognised his genius. He later became a member, then an associate; and during his whole life, he was devoted to the best interests of the Academy.

Tom Girtin, the artist, who was one of the originators of a fine School of water-colour painting in England, was the friend of his youth. In the country, they sketched together; and in the city, they earned small sums of money by colouring pictures for fruit-sellers, and by putting skies and foregrounds into architectural pictures. Girtin died when he was but twenty-seven. Turner greatly mourned his loss; but recognising his genius he said, "Had Tim Girtin lived, I should have starved!"

Later in life, Turner had other close friends. Among them were Moore and Rogers, the poets, and Chantrey, the famous sculptor. At one time he had the good fortune to be a pupil of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and to copy portraits in his studio; but Sir Joshua died before the young artist could become much interested in his style.

When he was eighteen years old, he began to make the pedestrian excursions which all his life he heartily enjoyed. He was a stout, clumsy little fellow, and he never cared how he looked. He wore an ill-fitting suit, and his luggage tied up in a handkerchief was slung over his shoulder on a cane. Sometimes he carried a small valise, and an old umbrella, the handle of which could be converted into a fishing-rod, for Turner dearly loved both hunting and fishing.

He usually walked from twenty to twenty-five miles a day, and on his tramps nothing escaped his attention. Whatever he specially liked, he sketched; and then, afterwards, aided by his wonderful memory, he filled it in and a picture appeared. His sketch-book was always a curiosity, for it contained such a variety of things. He even jotted down his expenses, and the local gossip which he heard.

He travelled first over England, and later over other countries, always looking for picturesque scenery. He preferred to travel alone,

and because of this has been called "The Great Hermit of Nature."

It was on his return from one of these expeditions that he found that the girl to whom he was betrothed was engaged to another; and somehow the knowledge of this seemed to change his whole character from a happy hopefulness, to a morose and miserly disposition. Indeed, from this time, his two purposes seemed to be—to paint and to lay up money.

For some years, Turner taught drawing. He had always excellent illustrations but he was too impatient with stupid pupils, and too blunt and rude to suit fashionable ones.

Then, in 1808, he was made professor of perspective in the Royal Academy, and for thirty years he held the position. At first, he delivered lectures on the subject but they were not successful. His sentences were confused and tedious, and he spoke in a mumbling tone. Once he mounted the platform, and after fumbling in his pocket, he exclaimed in consternation, "Gentlemen, I've been and left my lecture in the hackney-coach!"

After living in different places in London, the last forty years of Turner's life were spent in a cheerless house in Queen Anne Street. The roof leaked—the doors were shaky. Dust and cobwebs and dampness abounded, and tailless Manx cats roamed everywhere at will. But this house was full of sketches, proofs of engravings, and rare paintings.

The huge, powdered wigs had now gone out of fashion, and the barber lived with his son. He took charge of the affairs of the frugal household, and he always prepared the canvases and later varnished them. "Father begins and finishes all my pictures," Turner said.

Turner had, also, for fifteen years a country home at Twickenham. Here he lived a rural life. He had a boat and a gig and an old horse. He was devoted to birds, and the boys nicknamed him "Old Blackbirdy," because he protected their nests. He kept in the house models of full-rigged ships, and in his jungle of a garden he raised aquatic plants, to put into his pictures.

But he finally sold the place—perhaps because his friends had found him out, and he was too miserly to entertain very often; but the reason that he gave was, "Dad was always working in the garden and catching cold." The two were devoted to each other, and it goes

without saying that the barber was truly proud of his painter son. Turner mourned very deeply when, in 1830, his father died.

Now let us see what kind of pictures this eccentric genius was painting that made him so famous. His earlier works were usually in water-colours and his later ones in oils. He worked very rapidly, and his touch was clear and firm. He never cared much for correct form—but for colour—the glories of sea and sky—and brilliant atmospheric effects.

Sometimes he would use a sponge, with which he could quickly produce foam or an aerial effect. Sometimes with his thumb-nail he would tear up a sea! No one has ever painted like him, and no other landscape-painter has left such a variety of scenes.

Gainsborough and Constable made one little corner of Suffolk immortal; but to know Turner, we must travel over Europe; among the beauties of England, Scotland, and the Rhine, with their stately cathedrals and ruined castles; among the noble rivers of France; and over the Alps with their glaciers bathed in rosy light.

We must realise, too, the fallen grandeur of Greece and Rome, and of Venice and Carthage. We must admire and wonder at the majesty of the ocean and the splendour of the sky.

Turner never made an exact reproduction of a scene, but he painted it in a poetic and visionary spirit. His pictures are difficult to understand; for it is not possible for others to look at them from his point of view, and no other painter has ever pro-voked such discussion as to his merits. Some call his works vague and meaningless—mere daubs and splashes of colour; while ... others try hard to catch Turner's impression. "Nothing but daubs!" exclaimed a noble lord; but later, catching the true effect, he added, "Painting, so it is!"

A lady once said to him, "I find, Mr. Turner, that in copying one of your paintings, touches of red, blue, and yellow appear all through the work." To which Turner replied, "Well, don't you see that yourself in nature? Because if you don't, Heaven help you!"

Once, after painting a summer evening, he thought that the picture needed a dark spot in front by way of contrast; so he cut out a dog from black paper and stuck it on. That paper dog still appears in the picture!

Another time he painted "A Snow-storm at Sea." Some critics

called the picture "Soap-suds and White-wash." Turner, who had been for hours lashed to the mast of a ship in order to catch the proper effect, was naturally much hurt by the criticism. "What would they have!" he exclaimed. "I wonder what they think a storm is like. I wish they'd been in it!" Ruskin was a great admirer of Turner, and in his "History of Modern Painters" he has taught others to see his pictures aright. He feels that only the keenest light or a magnifying-glass can reveal all their excellences.

The picture upon which Ruskin would stake the painter's immortality is "The Slave Ship." This is now in Boston. It represents a ship labouring in a terrible storm at sea. The ocean is heaving in two ridges —the sunset splendour falls upon the trough between them. The slave-traders are throwing overboard the dead and dying slaves, and their manacles float upon the water. Cold, dark night is gathering.

Turner was very fond of his own pictures, and sometimes after selling one he would go about dejectedly saying, "I've lost one of my children." The one that he loved best of all was his "Old Téméraire." This he would never sell, and at his death it was bequeathed to the nation.

Many years before he painted it, he had gone down to Portsmouth one day to see Nelson's fleet come in, after the glorious victory of Trafalgar. The "Téméraire" was pointed out to him—a battleship that had very proudly borne the English flag, for during the battle, it had run in between two French frigates and captured them both.

And now between thirty and forty years later, he lingered one afternoon on the banks of the Thames. As he looked over the water, he saw the grand old hulk being towed down the River by a noisy little tug to be broken up at Deptford. "There's a fine subject!" he exclaimed as he looked at the heroic ship that had known many glorious years; and in his thought he compared it to "a battle-scarred warrior borne to the grave."

Then he painted the picture. The glow of the setting sun irradiates the scene and bids farewell to the old ship. Twilight is coming on, and the new moon has just risen in its pearly light. It is a pathetic picture—a magnificent bit of dramatic-painting. It was in such pictures rather than in words that Turner was eloquent, and he has sometimes been named "The Master of Sunsets and Waves."

As he grew older, his style became weaker and his touch more extravagant. His later pictures are greatly faded and cracked.

Apart from his paintings, Turner illustrated several books, and established a new School of English engraving. He also wrote a book of studies—"Liber Studiorum," it is called. This is a roll of engravings, representing scenes in various parts of the world. They illustrate the principles of composition as applied to landscape-painting, and they are of the utmost value to art-students.

Turner would have liked to become President of the Royal Academy, but he was not fitted for such a position. The king did not care for him, and so he was never knighted.

However, he grew very rich from the sale of his paintings and engravings. To-day his pictures sell for fabulous prices.

He worked faithfully for sixty years, exhibiting pictures at forty-five of the annual exhibitions of the Royal Academy; but to that of the year 1851, no pictures were sent, and it was found that the artist had disappeared, leaving orders that no one was to be admitted to his house, in Queen Anne Street.

Turner's health was failing, so his friends were naturally very anxious. After a time, his old house-keeper, by following a clue, traced him to a little cottage at Chelsea, by the Thames. Here, very ill, he was living under an assumed name.

The faithful woman summoned his friends. They found that he was fast sinking, and he died here in a small room, overlooking the river that was his first love.

Many celebrated men attended his funeral, and at his own request, he was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, near Sir Joshua Reynolds.

How strangely his life contrasted with the splendour of his works! On opening his will, it was found that the money which he had so carefully hoarded was to be called "Turner's Fund," and used to assist poor artists in obtaining an education. So let us now, in justice, call Turner a *generous* rather than a *miserly* man!

But the will, like his conversation, was confused and uncertain, and it was disputed by his family. So a large part of the money that had been saved for charity was divided among relatives, for whom the painter had never cared. His pictures, however, he left to the nation;

and an annuity was retained by the Royal Academy to assist six poor artists.

To visit Turner's shrine, we must enter the National Gallery in London, and pause before the pictures which this "Prince and Poet of English Landscape-Painting" has bequeathed to his country. It is the most valuable collection that England had ever received from one of her painters.

"Ye mariners of England,
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow."
—*Thomas Campbell.*

NINETEENTH CENTURY ENGLISH ART

The English are so fond of their own art that their best pictures and best painters seldom leave their country; while, as we know, during the past century, very many beautiful French pictures have found their way to America. So naturally, we are much more familiar with the French than with the English art of the nineteenth century.

But there is, at least, one English painter whom everybody knows and loves, and that is Sir Edwin Landseer—"The Animal Storyteller of the Victorian Era." From palace to cottage, both in England and America, his pictures, or the excellent prints taken from them, are everywhere seen.

Landseer's father was an engraver and art-critic, and his gifted son was born in 1802. When little Edwin was hardly more than a baby boy, his father would give him a pencil and a piece of paper, and tell him to draw something that he saw—perhaps a bird or an animal out on Hampstead Heath. For the father believed that nature was the best school for his boy, and his eyes his best teacher.

There have been carefully preserved in the South Kensington

Museum some little sketches of animals, upon which is written "E. Landseer, five years old." So Edwin began *to look* almost as soon as be began *to live*.

Wherever animals were kept in London, the Landseer children were to be found—little Edwin, pencil in hand, sketching dogs and horses, and tigers and lions;—indeed everything in the menagerie interested him.

And from a boy, he was both industrious and successful; he won medals, his first picture was exhibited in the Royal Academy when he was but thirteen, and for nearly fifty years afterwards, his work appeared at nearly every exhibition.

He made his home with his sister, in St. John's Wood, just out of London. Here he kept his pets and filled his studio with their pictures, and here he entertained the brilliant men and women of his day.

Landseer was gay and witty, and so desirable as a guest that people would sometimes be invited to dine, with this inducement, "I know you'll come, for Landseer will be there!" Many anecdotes are told of him, among which the following is often quoted. The brilliant divine Sydney Smith, on being asked to allow Landseer to paint his portrait, replied, "Is thy servant a *dog* that he should do this thing?"

Landseer always laughed when he told the following story: He was one day presented to the King of Portugal when the latter said, "Mr. Landseer, I am delighted to make your acquaintance—I am so fond of beasts."

One of his dearest friends was Sir Walter Scott. Landseer never tired of reading Scott's novels, and the great author never grew weary of Landseer's pictures. Indeed, Landseer has been called, "The Sir Walter Scott of the Animal World."

He was a special favourite with Queen Victoria, who conferred knighthood upon him, and commanded him to paint her portrait, that of Prince Albert, and their children; as well as the pet animals belonging to the royal family.

Landseer never married. Among the ladies whom he admired was Rosa Bonheur, and he always spoke of her as "The Poet-Painter of Animals." He was once elected President of the Royal Academy, but he declined the honour.

As he grew older, he would sometimes speak of his "worn-out old

pencil." His last years were sad and suffering ones. He died in 1873, and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Landseer's first, last, and strongest love was for his dogs; and what almost human expression he put into their faces! It was expression not colouring that he was always trying to reveal. And how his dogs loved him, and how many things they would do for him! It is told of one of these pets that, if his master lingered too long at his easel, he would bring his hat and lay it at his feet.

Landseer knew every kind of dog, large and small—except a *chained* one—he never believed in having that kind. He most delighted to picture a dog's devotion to his master.

Among his paintings are "Dignity and Impudence," "Alexander and Diogenes," "High and Low Life."

At the annual exhibition, in 1865, appeared "The Connoisseurs." In this, Landseer is seated sketching, while two beautiful dogs are looking over his shoulders and judging of his work. This he presented to the Prince of Wales—now the King of England.

"The Distinguished Member of the Humane Society" represents a great Newfoundland dog, sitting on the end of a pier, at high-tide. The sky is stormy—flecked with a few gulls. But the dog, like all his species, is ready to assist in any emergency. Landseer had met this dog, Paul Pry, carrying a basket of flowers, and had asked permission to paint it, and did so, as it lay upon a table in his studio.

Everybody who had dogs and could afford it begged Landseer to paint them, and some of them would have regular appointments for weeks in advance.

When Landseer first went to Scotland, a new world opened before him; for there he found the graceful deer, in the solitude of its highland home, and there he painted, in a variety of attitudes, "the monarch of the glen."

Someone has said, "No one ever painted a dog or monkey so well as Landseer and no one ever approached him in the painting of deer."

Landseer was a sculptor, as anyone will know who visits Trafalgar Square, in London, and sees his four great lions at the foot of the Nelson Monument. "The king of beasts" always had a great fascination for him.

Just at the outset of our art study, it would seem easier to linger

with Landseer than try to discover the motives of the more serious painters of England, whose pictures we may not always understand; but we must add at least the names of a few who are perhaps greater, though not so popular as Sir Edwin Landseer.

More than all else, modern English art is noted for soul power; for its figure-painters have tried to express every kind of sentiment which man may feel.

Sir Frederick Leighton, President of the Royal Academy, led the way in the earlier art of the Victorian Era.

Like the old Greeks, he loved beauty of form, and this he has shown in many classical paintings.

The first that gave him fame shows us that joyous procession, which, centuries before, had carried Cimabue's "Madonna" through the streets of Florence. Its size first attracted attention, then its subject and lovely colouring. It seemed almost to predict in England a revival of early Italian art—but how unlike the "Nazarite" one in Rome!

Cimabue, with his boy pupil Giotto, leads the procession, and we recognise Dante, among the noble Florentines that follow them. Queen Victoria was so charmed with this picture that she bought it for the walls of the Royal Academy.

And Leighton did *another* thing that may live longer than his pictures. He gave to the poor of London a little art-gallery, and covered its walls with priceless pictures.

Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema also revived classic art, but of a different kind. He was a native of Holland, but England became his adopted country. His scenes are usually laid in Egypt, Greece, and Italy.

Wherever art is loved, Alma-Tadema is popular, with his old marble halls and balconies. He does not people them with ancient scenes as other artists have done, but instead he portrays some modern incident. His treatment of marble and bronze and still-life is very perfect.

What a striking contrast to Alma-Tadema's pictures are those painted by the pre-Raphaelites, a little Brotherhood that appeared in England about the middle of the nineteenth century. Following Ruskin's ideas, they determined to make a revolution in painting. In

the words of Keats, their motto might have been, "Beauty is truth, truth beauty."

It would take volumes to describe their many kinds of work-the detail with which they painted a leaf or a pebble, the tall and gaunt figures, the tawny colouring, the stiff landscapes, and the house decoration and furniture. Indeed, for a little, Pre-Raphaelitism was so fashionable that even dress and ornament were governed by its rules. Besides, it brought about a craze in London for blue china, ecclesiastical brasses, old furniture and armour.

Three of the principal members were Dante Gabriel Rossetti, William Holman Hunt, and Sir John Everett Millais.

Rossetti gave his life to the new theories. Among the pictures that illustrate the romantic mysticism of his style is "The Blessed Damozel." The incident is founded upon one of his own poems. "The Damozel," surrounded by a group of reunited lovers, leans from the gold bars of heaven while her own mourning lover stands upon the earth below, gazing upward.

Hunt is styled "The Painter of the Christ," and his "Christ the Light of the World" is very famous. Here the crowned Saviour stands in His long, seamless robe and jewelled mantle. He carries a lantern, and knocks at the door of a human soul, which has long been closed and barred against Him. What a difference between this realistic picture and Raphael's idealistic one!

Millais remained but for a very short time with the Brotherhood, and he later became very popular for his pictures of men and women and lovely children, whom he painted just as he saw them in everyday life.

The Pre-Raphaelite School did not last long, but its influence has been very marked on later English art.

Sir Edward Burne-Jones. was fascinated by Rossetti's pictures. He is called "The Painter of the Golden Age," because of his exquisite charm of colouring. He loved decorative art, and made many designs for stained-glass windows. His subjects were taken from the Bible, and from romantic and classic literature.

His drawing of the human form is masterly, and his tall, dignified figures often seem to be gazing far away into space as in a trance.

Our print, "The Visit of the Wise Men to the Christ-Child," is

taken from a picture in Birmingham. From a snowy, winter landscape, three reverent wise men are slowly approaching, in gorgeous robes of harmonious colours. But as they come nearer to the Holy Family, they will reach a country of green trees and blossoming flowers—the roses and lilies that Burne-Jones painted so exquisitely.

For the artist has followed the legend that at the coming of the Christ-Child, dreary winter forsook the earth, and trees and flowers burst into sudden bloom.

What a contrast is here seen between grandeur and simplicity, between the stately Magi, and the devout Mother and her serious Babe. Every inch of the great canvas is covered with minute details.

The "Poet-Painter," George Frederick Watts, is less romantic and more spiritual in his conception than Burne-Jones. His figures are symbolic of beautiful aspirations, and over them his graceful draperies flow in marvellous folds, and they are surrounded by a charmed atmosphere. He has tried by these ideal pictures to make the world better.

In one of the most famous of these Love as an immortal youth is trying to lead Life up to the rocky summit of earthly pilgrimage.

Watts has striven in his portraits to reveal the soul of the men and women whom he has painted. He has done much decorative work. His colouring is always soft rather than rich. His sculptures are exquisite, and at his death he bequeathed many of his works to his country.

We have mentioned just a few of the leaders among the noted English painters of the nineteenth century. As we grow wiser in the study of art, we may find great delight in reading more about their lives as well as those of many other masters of the modern age.

There are, in England, many magnificent private collections of pictures, and in London frequent exhibitions. The National Gallery holds many of the choicest works of the old masters, and the Royal Academy is constantly becoming a larger centre of artistic usefulness.

CHAPTER XI
French Art

EARLY FRENCH ART

In the sixteenth century, Italy and Germany enjoyed a "Golden Age" of painting; in the seventeenth, Spain had its Velasquez and Murillo. In the eighteenth, art had declined in all these countries; but that of England came to the front with its portrait- and landscape-painters. France, however, waited until the nineteenth century to take a first rank in painting.

Yet from the earliest centuries, France had been very artistic in spirit, and the taste for rich gowns and decorations which is so characteristic of the French to-day was shown many hundreds of years ago. Even in the fourth century, wealthy Gauls wore costumes ornamented with landscapes and animals, and religious vestments were embroidered with Scriptural scenes.

Charlemagne, in the ninth century, would have done very much for the art of his empire, if his great wars had not kept him so busy. However, he ornamented his cathedral and palace at Aix-la-Chapelle; and it is thought that he gave the order that the interiors of all churches should be covered with holy pictures, so that the ignorant might understand the Bible stories. And the walls were painted from that time, until Gothic architecture left no clear wall-space for pictures.

Then the story was wrought in the stained-glass windows that in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were brought to such perfection, especially in the cathedrals of Rheims and Chartres.

It was an early custom to make these windows memorial gifts. Often upon the upper part would be traced the holy story, while the donors would be pictured kneeling reverently below. The contrast is sometimes very striking, between these two scenes.

In France, as in the other countries, the mediæval monk in his

scriptorium beautifully illuminated manuscripts; and furniture has also been preserved which is carefully decorated with figures of saints and angels. Indeed, the French, from the beginning of their history, liked decoration of any kind.

To illustrate this art-love, a story is told of good King Rene of Anjou, who lived in the fifteenth century. He was one day painting a partridge when he was told of the loss of his kingdom of Naples. He said nothing, but quietly continued his work.

The sixteenth century is always called "The Age of the Renaissance," or revival in art, and it was ushered in by Francis I, "King of the Gentlemen." Clouet was his painter, and his dignified portraits of kings and queens are to be seen in Paris to-day.

The art of sunny Italy lured King Francis as it had so many others, and he summoned Italian painters to decorate his splendid palace at Fontainebleau, and to establish there a School of art.

He began, also, to make there a royal collection of pictures—seven of Raphael's were brought and four of Leonardo da Vinci's; and because he could not transport "The Last Supper" from Florence to Fontainebleau, he brought the old Leonardo himself, and tenderly cared for him until his death.

Art now became more and more fashionable. Early in the seventeenth century, Louis XIII and his nobles took lessons from the court-painter, Vouet, whom they were always loading with honours. Indeed, a whole regiment of painters followed in Vouet's footsteps.

Paris grew more and more beautiful, and we remember that it was in the reign of Louis XIII that the Queen Mother Marie de' Medici summoned the Flemish painter Rubens to decorate her Luxembourg Palace.

Louis XIV next appears, and he was a "Grand Monarque," in art and literature, as well as in war. His dictator was LeBrun. Beside being a fair architect, engraver, and painter, he knew how best to flatter his King—so he was in every way well fitted for the office.

The King appointed LeBrun director of the Gobelins. These were workshops for tapestries, furniture, jewellery, mosaics, *marqueterie*, and bronzes. For these LeBrun either made designs himself, and obliged everyone to follow his models; or insisted that the designs of others must be approved by him, before they could be accepted.

Through his influence, Louis, in 1648, founded a French Academy of painting and sculpture.

LeBrun superintended the decoration of Louis's splendid palace at Versailles, and many pictures were added to the royal collection; at such great cost that one of the court-ladies said, "I pity the kingdom!"

The vain King spent hours in LeBrun's studio watching him at work, and he was delighted with the great compositions which, in both pictures and tapestry, represented him so perfectly as "Le Grand Monarque." To show his appreciation, he presented to LeBrun his miniature surrounded by diamonds.

But the court grew tired of the dictator. They liked better the painters that gave them flattering likenesses. So Le Brun finally lost favour, and retired to the Gobelins where he died.

Apart from the court art of the age, there are two famous landscape-painters who spent most of their life in Rome.

Landscape-art was at first much more admired by the French than by the English; perhaps because the former were always so easily interested in new things.

Poussin, who was born in 1594, belonged to a poor but noble family. After many hardships, he drifted to Rome, where he became a celebrated painter. He composed his landscapes, not from one scene but from many different ones.

In these, he represented by stately classic figures some historical or mythological incident. These figures were so cold and stiff that they have sometimes been compared to walking Greek statues. His style is called "Poussinesque." That he was intellectual is shown by the subjects which he chose to represent in his pictures.

While Poussin was living in Rome, Louis XIII, hearing of his fame, "and wishing to adorn himself with the talent of the absent artist," begged him to return and to work for him in Paris. He offered him a large salary, and palatial apartments were espe-cially arranged in the Louvre; indeed Poussin said that everything was ready on his arrival—"even to a tun of old wine."

He established in Paris a School of Fine Arts which has since become very famous, and he tried to win favour at court; but he loved simple things and did not enjoy the gilded life there, with its gayety

and intrigue. On pretence of returning to Italy to bring his wife, he left Paris, and never could be persuaded to go back there. The last and best years of his life were spent in Rome.

As an illustration of his simple habits, it is told that one evening in Rome a cardinal paid him a visit. On his departure, as Poussin lighted him to the door, the cardinal said, "I pity you, M. Poussin, that you have not a single servant"; "and I," replied the painter, "pity *you* because you have so *many*!"

Poussin's paintings are found in many galleries. Perhaps his "Deluge" is considered his best.

Claude Lorraine, who was born in 1600, also lived his artistic life in Rome. The two painters, however, do not seem to have been friends. Claude was originally a poor little peasant who delighted in looking at pictures. He is said to have been apprenticed to a pastry-cook, who dismissed him because one day an ornamented dessert which he was carrying home was stolen from him, while he was gazing into a window full of pictures.

This story, however, like others that are told of him is a little uncertain; for he associated so little with the artists of his day that it is rather difficult to get at the real facts of his life.

But, like Poussin, he in some way reached Rome, and here he became a servant in the house of the painter Tassi. Tassi grew interested in him and taught him to draw. His best teacher, however, was the one to whom he gave his life-long affection—and that was nature.

He often rose before the sun and spent the whole day a-field—perhaps just watching one stone or tree that he might study its changing colour, as the light or shade touched it at different hours.

Like Poussin, he rarely painted from a single landscape, but would combine the bits from various scenes. Those that he selected from the Campagna outside of Rome were picturesque.

His landscapes usually have in the foreground a large open space, stretching far away into the distance, and often stately buildings are introduced on one side. The incidents in his pictures are taken from legends and Latin poems, from the Bible and history; but their meaning is somewhat obscure, and the figures are too small and stiff. He could not paint them well himself and often other artists put them in for him. He used to say that he *sold* his landscapes and *gave away*

the figures!

The thing for which Claude stands unrivalled is his aerial perspective. Even Ruskin who does not admire his works had to acknowledge that "Claude was the first artist to put the sun in the sky."

His special charm for us is always the warm glow of light that is over the hills and valleys and seas that he painted. Indeed, even the name "Claude" always suggests a sunny landscape!

Claude's works were greatly admired, and were easily sold in Spain, Germany, France, and Italy. He had one picture that he would not sell, even though Pope Urban VIII promised to cover it with gold pieces in payment; but the once poor little peasant was now a rich man.

Claude, however, had his troubles; for his paintings met with such favour that he had many imitators who used his name in selling their pictures. He worked very slowly, always finishing every detail with the greatest care.

One day Bourdon, who was called "The Wandering Jew of Painting" appeared in his studio and Claude showed him a landscape which it would take him two weeks to finish. Bourdon, who was noted for copying the works of other people very correctly, looked critically at Claude's picture, went home, and in eight days exhibited a finished landscape which was hailed as a "Claude." On hearing this, Claude was enraged; but Bourdon managed to escape from Rome before the real artist could expose him.

To prevent this kind of imitation, or perhaps to preserve a record of his works, Claude kept a book which he named "Liber Veritatis." In this he made sketches of all the pictures that he ever painted, and at his death they amounted to six volumes.

All of us may not see nature exactly as Claude saw it, but if we look through a Claude-glass we may have some idea of the light which this "Prince and Poet of French Landscape-Painters" tried to reveal.

In our brief glance into early French painting, we have recalled the work of the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, ushered in by King Francis I and the seventeenth century, so full of decorative and landscape art.

"Is this a time to be cloudy and sad

When our Mother Nature laughs around,
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?"
—*Bryant*.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY AND REVOLUTIONARY ART

That was a stately court of Louis XIV, "Le Grand Monarque," and its art, like the court, was pompous and statuesque. The change was very welcome when, in the early part of the eighteenth century, the gay thoughtless Louis XV succeeded to the throne.

There was no money in the treasury, it is true, for Louis XIV with his wars and palace-building had exhausted it all; the poor peasants had already been sorely taxed, and they had endured it with wonderful patience. But all this mattered little—heavier taxes must be levied upon them, even to the point of misery and starvation; for the luxurious courtiers who would not work must have money to spend on court pleasures.

Their motto was, "After us the deluge!"

Merry rustic fêtes were held, where lords and ladies flirted and danced with a charming grace.

Pantomimes were exhibited, and light Italian comedy was all the rage. Court-life now had become merely a gay revel. And the painters watched the merry pageants, and through their pictures, we, too, may imagine what they were like.

Watteau was the one who best caught the spirit of these "Fêtes Galantes" or "Fêtes Champetres," as they were called, and his pictures done in delicate tints are little scenes of beauty. Here tiny, graceful, frolicsome lords and ladies, arrayed in gay costumes of silks and satins, with hoops and powder and patches, lounge or dance or coquette. They gesticulate as if they were acting a comedy; and Watteau was always very successful in revealing their motions. His pictures became so much the rage that people began to walk and dress and dance "*à la* Watteau."

Perhaps one of his best works is "The Embarkation for the Island of Cythera," which is in the Louvre. Cythera is an island dedicated to Venus; and on a sunny day, many are preparing to sail to its shores. A gilded barge is before us; some of the pleasure-seekers are already

aboard—some are hurrying to reach the barge—and some are being urged to go. Merriest of all, are the little Cupids that are surrounding the statue of Venus, or clinging to the masts, hovering in mid-air, or flying in and out among the lovers.

And what of Watteau himself, and what of his sad life, so far removed from the gay frolic seen in his pictures! Alas, when he painted the "Embarkation for Cythera," he was dying of consumption.

Watteau was born in 1684. He was a penniless boy who was constantly drawing, and as the gay figures which always attracted him in the fair or the pantomime would never stand still—he learned to sketch them in motion.

As a young man, he drifted to Paris, and there, lonely and hungry, he finally was employed by a dauber. This man kept a number of pupils to assist him in quickly manufacturing pictures to be sold to country-dealers. Some of these pupils painted landscapes, some flowers, some the heads and others the bodies and draperies of virgins and saints. The dauber specially liked Watteau, for he could do all these parts equally well. So he gave him three francs a week and soup every day.

Poor Watteau was obliged to produce so many pictures of St. Nicholas that he declared he could do them even with his eyes closed. In some way, after a time, he managed to escape from this drudgery, and later he came into touch with real artists. He worked very hard, and was never satisfied with his pictures. Indeed, his whole life was unrestful and irritating, and much of it was passed in obscure lodgings. But he was never strong, and he died when but thirty-seven years old.

Perhaps we may call this the "Painters'" as well as the "Poets' Age"—when we recall that it was the age, at which both Raphael and Watteau died.

Among the other artists of the day, one reproduced very perfectly the flowing wigs which were then in vogue; another gave his best services to the watch-cases and enormous fans, decorating them with Venuses, Cupids, and nymphs; another painted children exquisitely —still another interiors and domestic scenes.

Greuze was a fine colourist; and perhaps he is most noted for his heads of young girls. A note of regret is often expressed in their faces,

and the reason for this sometimes appears in the picture.

Claude Joseph Vernet, who belonged to a family of artists, was the best marine-painter of the period, and Louis XV employed him to paint all the seaports of France. Vernet could well represent the sea, in all its varied moods of storm and sunshine.

It is told of him that he was once on a ship that encountered a terrible storm in the Mediterranean. Everyone else on board was terribly frightened. But during four hours, Vernet was lashed to the mast, like Turner, that he might study the power of winds and waves. He was tossed about—he was drenched with sea-water—but later he painted from memory many wonderful pictures of the scene.

Vernet's works, like Watteau's, became the fashion and were always in great demand.

In the year 1774, the reign of the weak and wicked Louis XV at last came to an end, and the amiable Louis XVI ascended the throne.

The beautiful and witty young artist Madame Lebrun was a great favourite at his court, and she painted the best portraits of Marie Antoinette and her ladies. She greatly disliked the powdered hair and the fancy costumes of the day, and tried very hard to induce the ladies to wear a simpler and more classical style of dress.

We are familiar with her graceful portraits of her pretty daughter and herself. She remained in Paris, until she was alarmed by the threatened French Revolution. After this, many years of her long life were spent in travelling in different countries. She was everywhere received with great honour, and she remained always a portrait-painter.

And now, early in the reign of Louis XVI, the promised "deluge" broke over the land; for the people were almost mad with misery, and they were forced to revolt from the oppression of the court.

With the beginning of the French Revolution, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, a new chapter of art-making opens before us, for art was now to be inspired by war and patriotism.

David is the most noted painter of this Revolutionary Age. He has sometimes been called the first painter of modern French art. He loved to study the lives of the old Romans, and so he devoted himself to the painting of classical subjects, the figures in which were even more cold and statuesque than those of Poussin.

When he was appointed to be "Minister of Fine Arts" in Paris, he tried to make the members of the convention dress in old Roman costumes, and to have their fêtes resemble those of the ancients. Even French heroism was to imitate that of "The brave days of old."

But David broke away from his classic spirit when he was called upon to paint the portraits of the Revolutionary leaders. They were living men; and he has shown their faces to us as full of spirit, and fired by the intensity of the times.

And then there came into David's life an ever-memorable day, in which Napoleon entered his studio, and the artist begged leave to paint his portrait. Napoleon did not wish an exact likeness, but a portrait that would arouse the admiration of his soldiers.

David dismissed his pupils and fell to work. The picture proved a success, and at once he came under the magic spell of the "Little Corporal." Later, he was appointed painter to the imperial court.

The finest thing that David ever did was his colossal "Coronation," and this is indeed the greatest art work of the imperial period. For it he received $21,000—a large sum for a single picture in those days. David worked upon it for four years. When he had finished, he invited the Emperor to inspect it. Napoleon went, accompanied by Josephine, his ministers and his generals—a dignified procession led by a band of music. For long, Napoleon stood before the great canvas, examining its every detail.

He saw himself attired in a white satin tunic and long crimson mantle, already crowned, and placing a crown upon the head of Josephine who kneels before him on a velvet cushion. Pope Pius VII is seated behind the Emperor, and there are gathered to witness the scene prelates, cardinals, and generals, court lords and ladies, and ambassadors, among whom is seen the American Minister.

After gazing at the brilliant ceremonial, Napoleon finally turned to the artist and complimented him in a few words; and then added "David, I salute you!" and David replied, "I receive the salutation!"

Later, when Napoleon lost power and was sent to St. Helena, David, because he believed in the Empire, was also banished. He retired to Brussels where he spent the rest of his life. Here he returned to his early classical style in painting. His numerous pupils were devoted to him, and many of the nineteenth century artists worked

in his studio.

Apart from his interest in David, Napoleon was in every way a devoted patron of art. He ordered other artists to illustrate in painting and sculpture the most glorious events of the French Revolution. For centuries, kings and nobles had made valuable collections for different palaces; but in the year 1793, the Louvre, which had been a neglected old palace of the kings, was made the principal art-museum in Paris.

Pictures, statues, furniture, and bric-a-brac of all kinds were brought here, and a sum of money was set apart with which yearly to add to the collection.

When we think of the miles of treasures that it now contains it is interesting to recall the five hundred and thirty-seven pictures which it at first held, when it was opened to the public on two days of every week.

Art prizes had before this been given, and if a young artist gained "le Prix de Rome," it enabled him to study for years in that city. But now, in 1802, Napoleon established "The Legion of Honour"; and it was accounted a very great distinction to receive the cross which entitled one to membership.

But Napoleon did another thing not so honourable. He robbed his conquered cities of their rarest art-treasures, pictures and statues and bronzes. These, carefully packed, were brought to decorate Paris and especially the Louvre.

Among them were the "bronze horses" from St. Mark's, the "Apollo Belvedere," Titian's "Christ and the Tribute Money," and Raphael's "Transfiguration."

Indeed, it was suggested to bring Raphael's "Stanze."

And now, for a time, Paris, instead of Rome, became the centre of art, and people flocked from every country to enjoy its world-famed treasures.

But when Napoleon fell, the allies decided that these stolen works of art must be returned at once to their owners. You may perhaps remember how the Italian sculptor Canova aided in their restoration.

Thus we see that French art has thus far, even to the close of the French Revolution, belonged almost exclusively to the court. And if we are familiar with the varied and exciting history of France, we may

readily follow its art story.

> "At his easel, eager-eyed,
> A painter stands, and sunshine at his touch
> Gathers upon his canvas and life glows."
> —*Bryant*.

THE FOUNTAINEBLEAU-BARBIZON PAINTERS: ROUSSEAU, DIAZ, TROYON, JACQUE, COROT

The grand old forest of Fontainebleau was a hunting-ground belonging to the early kings of France. It has low-lying hills, wild gorges, little lakes and pools, and to these there are now added charming roads leading in every direction. The stately palace belonging to the French kings stands in its centre.

This is not a "forest primeval," but instead it is always full of air and life and light. On the edge of the forest, thirty-four miles from Paris, lies the tiny picturesque hamlet of Barbizon—its single peasant street lined with grey stone houses, and having a cow-gate at one end.

Early in the nineteenth century, this quiet, sleepy hamlet suddenly awoke to fame as the gathering-place of "The Men of 1830." These men were artists who wished to study nature as it really exists. The French had grown very tired of classical landscapes, with their stiff foliage and temples and shepherds and nymphs. Artists had hailed the beauties of the fresh Dutch landscapes, and of those painted by the English Constable.

So Classicism must now give way to Naturalism. For natural landscapes were becoming more and more the fashion, and quaint picturesque Barbizon attracted the devotees of this new school of painting. They chose the village as their headquarters, and from here they could go to seek their forest haunts. A thrifty peasant fitted up an inn, which was sometimes so crowded that artists were obliged to sleep on the tables and the straw in the barn.

Among these artists were Rousseau, Diaz, Troyon, Jacque, Corot, and Millet, and together they enjoyed very happy fellowship. Some made their homes here, and the rest returned from time to time for fresh inspiration.

Rousseau, "The Poet of the Foliage," lived here for nineteen

years. He was the only son of a successful tailor, and was born in Paris in 1812. When he was but fourteen years old, he began his study of art under a master. He was a great traveller, and in his earlier years, delighted in savage mountain scenery. He sketched, in the Alps and Pyrenees, the dizzy precipices, the wild gorges, and the foaming torrents of the mountains; and in his fondness for nature, he would often roam all night in the forests and among the hills. Instead of the russet trees and brown grasses which were used in the classic landscapes, his foliage was vivid green and often red and yellow.

The jury in Paris that always decided what works should be selected for the annual exhibitions thought Rousseau's pictures too dramatic. His style seemed such a revolution against classic landscape, that his pictures were not accepted. Because the wise jury did not look upon them kindly it was, of course, very hard to sell them. So for many years of his life, Rousseau struggled against opposition.

He finally determined to give up mountain scenery, and went to Barbizon, where in time he came under the tranquil charm of the Forest—not as a whole—but as made up of individual trees in which he saw different characteristics; and he learned to love them almost as much as if they were human beings.

His treatment of foliage is very charming. His dark green leaves are so distinctly separated and clearly defined against a sky which is always in harmony with his trees, and his atmospheric effects are very true. He loved also to paint the infinite details of little things in nature—the twigs and pebbles—the heaths and grasses and mosses. Indeed, if one is familiar with the different trees and the tiny plant life that belong to the Forest, he may recognise by name the various forms which Rousseau has put into his pictures. He always wished that he might be rich enough to devote his whole life to *just one* picture. He was never willing to go to Italy, fearing that study there would destroy his individuality.

After many years his talent was recognised, and in 1852 he was decorated with the cross of "The Legion of Honour." During the rest of his life, favours were at times showered upon him—and again his work was met by hostile criticism.

Rousseau's closest friendship in Barbizon was with Millet, and when the latter was very poor, he encouraged him in many practical

ways.

His home life was not a bright one, for his child wife was for many years a nervous invalid, and his naturally sad temper became more melancholy as he grew older, and he died in 1875.

Rousseau is now acknowledged as "The Father of Modern French Landscape," and his art has had an immense influence, not only on the later art of France but of all the world.

The Spanish Diaz was one of Rousseau's best friends and. pupils. Diaz was fascinated with his master and used to follow him everywhere in the forest, to watch him paint and to study from his manner. Poor Diaz! One of his legs was a wooden stick, but he never let his "drumstick," as he called it, overrule his merry and kindly disposition.

Diaz cared little for drawing; but he was a rare observer of nature and always saw and felt the power of sunlight; and we may feel this with him as it glints through the darkest green of his forest trees, often irradiating everything in his pictures.

Troyon was an intimate friend of Diaz. *His* work was to immortalise the oxen and sheep and dogs of the region. Paul Potter's pictures gave him his first interest in the study of animals; and wherever he travelled, he was found in the fields, early and late, learning their habits. And to-day he is known as one of the best interpreters of sheep and oxen. Dogs were always his companions, and as they played with their master, they seemed to him to show an almost human intelligence, and this he has truthfully revealed.

Troyon's pictures are easy to recognise with their clear blue sky, the deep greens of the foliage, and the sunshine playing very naturally about his life-like oxen and sheep. Sometimes he had forty can-vases in preparation at the same time.

Jacque's sheep are usually grazing in the Barbizon meadow, or pressing into the sheep-fold. But he is better known for his smaller animals. He is sometimes styled "The Raphael of Pigs"; and his cocks and hens are very famous as they are seen in the barn or poultry-yard, where all the implements are also very real. A far-away twilight sky seems often to belong to Jacque's pictures. Not far away from Barbizon, at By, lived another painter, Rosa Bonheur, and her fascination alike for art and for animals made her life a most interesting study.

However, the three most noted painters of the Fontainebleau-

Barbizon School are Rousseau, Corot, and Millet, and Corot appears like a ray of sunshine between the other two.

Corot was of a frank, jovial disposition. He delighted in *just being alive*, and his life is in perfect harmony with his serene, sunny landscapes.

Like many another French painter, he, too, came of peasant stock, and he was always proud of the "brave folk," from whom he was descended.

Corot's parents were court-milliners, and he was born in Paris, in 1796. He admired his father, but he always held his mother in perfect reverence, calling her "*la belle femme*." His parents, in return, always treated him as if he were a small boy.

Corot went to school and college, and then his father wished to make a tradesman of him; though he unwillingly gave up his desire when he found that his son had a taste for art. He allowed him a small yearly pension with which to study, and so Corot began to paint—and he *always* painted.

He was devoted to gay, bright Paris; but he loved even better the summer home not far distant at Ville d'Avray. Here he was close to nature—he could talk to the birds, and sketch the lake and the trees swaying upon its banks.

For fifteen years of his life, he strove to paint classical landscapes. During this time he went to Rome to study. He made here many warm friends, for everybody liked him, though they sometimes laughed at his pictures. But all the same, he worked bravely on, with always a song either m his heart or on his lips.

He studied Claude and then Constable; but all the time he was learning to interpret nature, more and more, in his own individual way.

It was many years before his works were honoured. Sometimes as he thought about the criticisms of the jury, he would say with a smile, "They will come to it in time." Notwithstanding this, he was so great a favourite personally that his pictures were often admitted to the Salon; but no one would pause to examine them, and often he would stand himself before one of his own works, in order to attract the attention of passers-by.

Indeed, Corot sold hardly a picture before he was forty, and he

was nearly sixty before he won the desired recognition. How little he realised how much his pictures would be admired in our century, and what great prices they would bring.

Corot never remained very long at Barbizon; but he was always returning there, and there it was that he came under Rousseau's influence. His landscapes, however, are very unlike those of that artist. While Rousseau insisted on well-defined foliage and perfect detail, Corot's foliage is an indistinct mass, put in with a few well-directed strokes. He aimed at general effect and may be called an Impressionist painter.

He always felt that Rousseau greatly surpassed him. He compared him to an eagle, and said of himself, "I am only a skylark, sending forth little songs in my grey clouds." His soft, silvery landscapes are full of mist and sunshine, and everything seems to tremble in the air.

His nature is very fresh, for he loved to paint spring and summer scenes; indeed, he never would attempt winter ones. In the springtime, he would say, "I have a rendezvous with nature, with the buds which begin to burst with the new foliage, and with my little birds perching curiously on the end of a branch to look at my work!"

But Corot has preserved somewhat of the old spirit; for he loved to people his forests with fabled nymphs and druids. Yet the landscapes are so modern, and the little figures are so gracefully dancing and playing under the trees, that one fails to discover the remnant of the earlier classical style. Sometimes again he introduces modern figures. A lyrical spirit seems to pervade his works, and he has been called "The Mozart of Landscape."

Corot was a picturesque figure in the forest; he was arrayed in a large blue blouse, and his laughing face was seen under a cap of striped cotton. He usually had a pipe in his mouth, and he carried a great cotton umbrella. He was often out to watch the sunrise, and many books tell us how beautifully he has described it. He would work all day and as the shadows fell he would exclaim, "Well—I must stop now—for my Heavenly Father has put out my lamp."

During the siege of Paris, in the Franco-Prussian War, Corot remained in the city, assisting very much in the ambulance work.

He was never married. His personality was charming and everybody loved him. Of his artist friends, perhaps the dearest was

Daubigny, who is so famous for his quiet landscapes with rivers. In his latter years Corot became "Père Corot" to his friends whom he called "mes enfants"; and because they did not feel that he had been enough honoured for his charming works, they gave him a gold medal which he received with radiant happiness.

He was always generous in giving, but he did not consider this a virtue; for he said that he had more than he needed while others lacked. One New Year's day, walking down the street, he met an old beggar. Corot gave him a piece of silver and went on for a few steps. Then, suddenly turning, he hurried after the man, and put ten silver pieces into his hand, saying, "To-day all the world receives presents, so you must have yours, too!"

Corot's favourite book was "The Imitation of Christ," and there are many things in his life that go to show that it taught him how to live. He died in 1875. Shortly before his death, he seemed to see on the wall before him a beautiful vision, and as he moved his hands towards it he exclaimed, "I have never seen so lovely a landscape!"

"The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled:
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!"

—*Browning.*

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET, THE PEASANT-PAINTER

On the rough and dangerous coast of Normandy, in North-western France, lies the little hamlet of Gruchy. It is in a pleasant country, although the waves dash always against its granite cliffs.

Here, in the year 1814, the painter Jean François Millet was born. His parents were sturdy, pious, peasant folk, always toiling early and late in the field, in order to raise enough to support their little family. And while the parents worked out-of-doors, the strong-spirited old grandmother presided over the household. François, her pet grand-child, was named for her favourite saint. She used to tell him stories

of St. Francis, of his deeds of charity, and of his love for everything that God had made. Sometimes she would rouse the child in the morning with, "Wake up, my little François, the birds have long been singing the glory of our good God!" And long years after, when painting his grandmother's portrait, Millet exclaimed, "I want to paint her soul!"

A good priest uncle was often a member of the Millet household, and he assisted in the boy's education; so that when only twelve years old, François enjoyed reading both Virgil and the Latin Testament. Indeed, throughout life, these were two of his favourite books.

François worked on the farm and studied and sketched; the woods and fields attracted him, the thunder and ocean awed him. The prints in the old family Bible were the only pictures that he saw, and these he copied on rainy days. He drew pictures on everything-the walls and the floor-and even upon his sabots or wooden shoes.

One day when he was about eighteen years old, as he was returning from mass, he was struck by a figure on the road before him. It was that of an aged peasant, leaning heavily upon his staff as he plodded along. Taking a bit of charcoal from his pocket, François sketched the figure on a stone wall near by.

The neighbours recognised the likeness, and complimented François on what he had done. The father, too, was delighted with the sketch. Already he had thought much about his son's career, for he was himself an artist at heart, but had been obliged to give his life to work in the fields. Perhaps his old ambition for himself might now be realised in François! He would take him to Cherbourg where there were art masters, and see whether his son had talent.

François was delighted with the prospect, and he went with his father, carrying some of his sketches. The master was charmed with them and agreed to take him as a pupil. So François bade good-bye to his home and went to Cherbourg to study art.

He worked here until he was recalled by his father's death. Then he felt it his duty to return home and to assist on the farm. But his brave mother and grandmother insisted that he should go back to Cherbourg and "stick to his art"—and he went and worked harder than ever.

His different masters did not understand his style; but one of

them was so greatly impressed by his originality that he actually interested the mayor and council of the town in Millet, and they gave him money to go to Paris. Now he returned to Gruchy to bid his family farewell. His grandmother sewed all her earnings into his belt, and presented him with a prayer-book as her parting gift.

It was on a cold, snowy night in January, 1837, that our young peasant arrived in Paris. It seemed noisy and lonesome, and he was bewildered by the sights and sounds. He sought a little inn, and the very next morning started out to find the Louvre. He was so afraid of being laughed at that he would not ask the way, and for long he wandered hither and thither.

But when he did find the famous gallery, a great world opened before him, and he consecrated himself anew to his art study. He spent days here, just standing before the pictures that he liked best. These were his companions—so he had no need to speak to anyone. Some of the masters of whom he was always most fond were Michael Angelo, Titian, Rubens, and Poussin.

Millet knew that he must enter a studio-he had come to Paris for *that*. But he kept putting off the evil day, for he was afraid of examinations and of meeting other young men. However, he finally decided to become a pupil of Delaroche, for he liked his pictures and knew that he was a popular teacher.

The city-bred students were interested in the arrival of the huge, awkward peasant, with his bushy hair, big hands and feet, with his accent and rough clothes. They made fun of him and nicknamed him "the man of the woods." What could he ever learn about art! But when he shook his fist at them, they were silenced!

Millet remained for about two years in this studio—but everything seemed artificial to him—he was sure that he could never paint the pretty pictures that the Parisians liked. Delaroche was kind to him, but he did not understand him. Indeed, Millet was too original to learn much from any master.

After leaving Delaroche's studio, Millet and a friend set up for themselves. Hard years of struggle followed. They painted signs and portraits and mythological scenes. Sometimes these were sold for very small sums, and sometimes they were not sold at all.

In the year 1841, Millet went home to Normandy; and although

he was not able even to support himself, he now married and returned to Paris, taking his delicate wife. She lived but a little over two years, but in 1845 he married again. This time it was the brave, helpful "Mère Millet" who always greatly assisted her husband. Often, for weeks together, she would wear the rough peasant-dress so as to be ready at his call to pose for him. But as time passed, and with a growing family to support, the struggle became harder. It was sad to see the children hungry, and sometimes the father would sell his pictures for just enough to secure bread and shoes for them.

In the Revolution of 1848, Millet, like many another man, had to shoulder his musket. What could he do with his art in war time when it was dangerous even to be seen in a field with a pencil! Besides the political troubles, cholera threatened, and he finally decided to leave Paris with his family.

His friend Jacque had told him of an artist colony living in a little hamlet not far away, the name of which ended in "Zon," and together they sought the place. Then, later, he took his family there. They travelled in a cart as far as the highway. Then mounting his two little girls upon his shoulders, he trudged ahead. His wife followed with the baby and a servant, with a basket of provisions, brought up the rear.

Thus the strange procession entered the little hamlet of Barbizon, destined to be Millet's home for the rest of his life. He loved his Barbizon days. "Better a thatched cottage here than a palace in Paris," he once said. Here he found his subject in the French peasant —the peasant that for all the centuries had been seen in the fields— but who had ever thought of painting him? And how did Millet do it?

He pictured him patiently doing his work, perhaps ploughing or sowing or reaping, binding sheaves, or cutting wood in the forest. He revealed his large fine figure, his knotty, working hands, his superb strength.

Millet never saw the gay side of life but rather the struggle, he left the sunlight for Breton! There were rarely more than three figures in his pictures; there was no unnecessary detail; he needed only a field and a peasant! Sometimes as in "The Man with a Hoe" his pictures were so realistic that he was accused of being a Socialist; but he replied, "I have never dreamed of being a leader in any cause—I am

a peasant—only a peasant."

His pictures are really little sermons a-field, but they are sermons drawn from a patient life of toil; this was the poetry that Millet saw every day. One of his best works is "The Sower," who strides along with rhythmic tread flinging the grain into the furrows. "The Angelus" is perhaps Millet's master-piece. We are familiar with the scene. The man has dropped his fork, with which he has been turning aside the soil to uncover the potatoes which his wife gathers into her basket. He stands with uncovered head, and his wife folds her hands before her. For they hear the Angelus, the sunset call to prayer as it rings out from the distant tower of Chailly church and under the mellow evening sky. Both are reverently pausing a moment in silent prayer.

Millet was always retouching his pictures, and he worked over "The Angelus" until, as he said, he could hear the bell! And sound is always a hard thing to represent.

Millet was very poor when he finished "The Angelus" and he sold it for a few hundred francs. Since his death, however, it has brought eight hundred thousand francs, or one hundred and sixty thousand dollars. Indeed, since his death others of his single works have sold for enough to have made the peasant-painter rich.

Perhaps no other of Millet's pictures gives us a better idea of the deep, earnest feeling which he expressed in his toiling peasants than "The Gleaners," now in the Louvre. It was exhibited at the Salon of 1857, and its soft harmonious colouring has made it a great favourite. Three gaunt women are before us, in green and red and drab coarse homespun garments. They wear the peasant sabots, and their close bonnet-caps are drawn down over their eyes to protect them from the glaring sun of an August day.

The graceful girlish figure on the left stoops easily while the bowed back of the one on the right reveals a life of drudgery.

The wheat field is large—the sky is beautiful—the harvest is plentiful. In the distance we see stacks of golden grain. Stray ears have been left by the harvesters that the poor may glean them as in the Bible days. The three peasants are absorbed in their work and they will bear away many golden sheaves.

Millet sold "The Gleaners" for two thousand francs or four

hundred dollars; but later, after his death, it brought three hundred thousand francs or sixty thousand dollars.

Millet's peasants form a striking contrast to those of the other French peasant painter, Jules Breton. Breton's life was happy and successful for his art was so pleasing that his pictures everywhere won admiration. Many of his scenes are laid in Brittany. His graceful peasants belong in the sunlight. They, too, may glean or gather weeds but they never seem really to toil and struggle.

From curé to humblest worker, whether blessing the grain, gossiping, spinning, or listening to the song of the lark, the story tells very simply the graceful sentiment of Breton life.

Millet's life struggle continued for many years, and yet surrounded by a wife and nine merry children there must have been many happy days. Then he enjoyed a beautiful friendship with Rousseau and Diaz and others of the Barbizon colony. Although most plain and simple, the Millet home presided over by "Mère Millet" was always a hospitable one.

But at last the brave patient waiting was rewarded. The peasant was recognised as an art subject and in 1868 Millet received the beautiful white cross of the "Legion of Honour," and he was so complimented and feasted in Paris that he was glad to slip away to his home.

Now he and his wife travelled a little. They saw for the first time the glorious Alps, and as they looked it is said that Millet exclaimed sadly, "They are beyond my power to paint!"

In 1870, the Franco-Prussian War laid waste the country about Paris; the Fountainebleau-Barbizon colony was scattered; the Millet family went to Normandy and after a time returned to Barbizon. But Millet's health was broken now, and in 1875 he died—all too soon it seemed, after he had obtained recognition. By his own request he had a simple peasant funeral. His neighbours carried the coffin, and his wife and children walked behind to the cemetery, near the little Chailly church, whose spire we see in "The Angelus." Here he was laid by the side of his loved friend Rousseau.

As we have said, the Barbizon colony was scattered by the war. But Rousseau's cottage, Millet's studio, and many other places associated with the Bohemian artists yet remain. Indeed, there are

constant reminders of them in the woods and in the little hamlet.

The peasants sow and reap and glean as in the days of Millet; Troyon's oxen and sheep are still standing in the meadow; Jacque's poultry are feeding in the barnyard. The leaves on Rousseau's grand old trees are trembling in the forest; Corot's misty morning is as fresh and soft as ever; while Diaz's ruddy sunsets still penetrate the branches; and the peasant pauses daily as the Angelus from the Chailly church calls him to silent prayer.

On a rock near the cow-gate is a bronze plaque which was placed there in 1885. Upon it in relief appear the heads of Rousseau and Millet—"The Father of Modern French Landscape" and the "Peasant-Painter." It is too soon yet to judge if their work shall be immortal.

> "Not what I have, but what I do is my kingdom."
>
> —*Carlyle*.

> "Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering vapours
> Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending from Sinai.
> Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded."
>
> —*H. W. Longfellow*.

A GLIMPSE INTO MODERN FRENCH PAINTING

The story of the French painter of to-day would be a charming study. We have already seen in our glimpse into the Barbizon School that he is no longer governed by the powers that be, but is independent and very original, and has made his researches in many different directions.

In a closing chapter, let us glance at the lives of a few masters, who, with, Rousseau, Corot, and Millet, have assisted in opening the way into the great beautiful world of modern French art. One of their number, Harpignies, yet lives, and his long life has been full of honours. For his poetic landscapes with their clear blue skies, and straggling trees, are very famous.

Early in the nineteenth century, the Romantic School appeared. This grew out of the spirit of agitation caused by the French Revolution; and, also, by the Romantic literature which, at this time, had become very fashionable. Everybody read Goethe and Schiller, Dante

and Shakespeare, Scott and Byron, Shelley, and Keats, and other writers of romance. As the artist read, so he pictured dramatic incidents from the works of these authors.

The finest Romantic picture, however, was founded upon a true incident—the account given by the survivors of a naval disaster which took place in 1816. The bark "Medusa" had run aground and had been abandoned; and later her boats had cut adrift from a rudely constructed raft which they had been towing, and for days it floated helplessly about, with some of the passengers clinging to it.

The great thrilling picture, now in the Louvre, is called "The Raft of the Medusa." It represents the moment when a sail has just been discovered in the distance. We see the dead and dying—the latter dragging themselves to the edge of the frail structure; while a negro, supported by his companions, has been raised upon a hogshead, and is waving a signal of distress.

It was the imagination of Gericault that seized upon this dramatic incident. We give prominence to this picture, because from the time that it was exhibited in the Salon of 1819, new life and pathos have been seen in French art, contrasting very strongly with the cold, stiff forms of the earlier Classical School.

Delacroix with Gericault led the way in the Romantic movement. He is one of the finest colourists of the nineteenth century; he drew many of his sombre, Romantic subjects from his favourite authors—Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe.

Oriental scenes also appeal to the French painter, who always loves light and colour. He has become a great traveller, and in the gorgeous East, with its brilliant skies, gay costumes, and mosques, and bazaars, many scenes have been laid.

Gerome, the painter and sculptor, was a popular Orientalist, though others have perhaps shown more sentiment.

Besides being a great student of history and archæology, he showed extensive knowledge of Eastern life in his architecture, costumes, and groupings. Although Paris was his home, he was constantly *en route*, always looking for new scenes to paint.

Perhaps the ones that will be best remembered are those which he has drawn from the history of ancient Egypt, Greece, and Rome.

In these, everything turns upon a single moment, and often one

of great intensity as in the gladiatorial contest, when life or death hangs upon the decree "thumbs up!" or "thumbs down!"

Gerome's detail and finish are very perfect, but in these he does not compare with Meissonier, who had a wonderfully trained hand. Some have called him "The Great Little Painter"; others speak of his works as "Great Pictures on Tiny Canvases."

Meissonier admired Dutch genre pictures, and in a way painted a little like Ter Borch or Dow.

His works became very popular; and to-day they sell for fabulous prices, though the subject represented may be the tiniest smoker, or book-worm, or chess-player.

Not liking the quiet dress of his own day, Meissonier arranged his little figures in a picturesque eighteenth-century costume, with laces and velvets and ruffles and knee-breeches and wigs. The minuteness of his workmanship is remarkable—he would often spend ten days over a shoebuckle.

The following description shows his style: "In a vignette an inch and a half square is represented a room, upon the walls of which are seen two prints whose subjects are plainly discernible, one as the English Doctor thinking of the Pariah, the other, the Pariah thinking of the English Doctor, and between these prints hanging to a nail are the pipes of both, and a ticket attached by two pins says they are from Meissonier's collection."

During the Franco-Prussian War, the Emperor Napoleon III made Meissonier one of his military painters, and the latter won great fame by his "Solferino." In this, the faces of the Emperor and his officers, though not larger than a pea, are perfect likenesses. Meissonier's critics were surprised, for they never thought that he could turn from his tiny pictures to works of even such magnitude.

But as Meissonier loved to paint victory rather than defeat, he took most of his military subjects from episodes in the wars of Napoleon I. Of such pictures, his largest is "The Cavalry Charge at Friedland, in 1807." This is in the Metropolitan Museum, New York.

In reading the description of this incident, Meissonier found that the cavalry charged through a rye-field; and as no farmer would sacrifice his field for art, the painter was obliged to *buy* one. Then when he had properly studied his bearings, he hired a troop to make a

charge through it. But just the night before this was to take place, the rye was beaten down by a severe storm.

Not discouraged, however, Meissonier bought a second field, and this is the one on which the scene is laid. The Emperor sits calmly on horseback, and his troops sweep onward in review before him. The grouping and action are life-like. Each horseman is a study, and also each horse, from head to hoof.

Examine Meissonier's pictures with a magnifying-glass—only so will you understand what he saw in the art world. He has had followers, and he gave great impulse to both genre and military pictures, but no one has ever reproduced his touch.

His loved pupil, Detaille, worked with his master until the day when Meissonier said of his work, "It is well, now you can walk alone!" Detaille made endless studies of soldiers and horses. He fought in the Franco-Prussian War, and sketched as he fought. However, the most dramatic episodes of this war were pictured by his friend, De Neuville.

In striking contrast to Meissonier, are the Realistic or Impressionist painters who thought that *detail killed art*. They were strongly influenced by Velasquez, Ruskin, and Turner. Their idea was to reproduce upon the canvas just the vivid impression which the eye might catch by a single glance at any object seen in the light. They claimed that this is a more natural way to look than to allow the eye to wander from object to object, seeking detail.

Manet was the founder of the Impressionists, and he filled his pictures with air and light. One of his favourite studies was that of values. These represent the different effects of light as seen on the same object when placed at different distances from the eye.

Manet's figures are very flat, and his colouring is in one broad tone, with little thought of shading. For much of his life, Manet met with bitter opposition; and not until after the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Eugenie dared to admire his work, was it admitted to the Salon.

One of his pictures in the Metropolitan Museum well illustrates his style. This is "The Boy with a Sword." The little fellow's neat-featured face is round, plain in colouring, with two dark spots introduced for eyes. His jacket, also, has little shading, But see how alive

he is! and how perfectly he stands out in the room!

Manet is perhaps the best known of the Impressionist painters. He revelled in nature in all its moods, and he has tried to prove that it possesses more bright colours than one would believe. His streets with masses of people, his landscapes, seas, fruits and flowers, are quivering in the sunlight. He paints in little dots of colour, which are so blended by the eye that the motion may be revealed. If one as he looks stands at the right place from which to view the picture and then is able to blend the colours in a harmonious way, he will know how to admire what Manet and other Impressionists have done. Whatever may be their future influence on art, many lessons have already been learned from them.

There are other Schools, and other leaders, of whom we may not pause to speak.

Paris is to-day a fascinating capital; and its Minister of Fine Arts is almost as important as its Minister of Foreign Affairs. It has many collections, but the Louvre, with its miles of pictures, still holds first rank for the works of dead artists, while the Luxembourg exhibits those of living ones. The Salon has its yearly reception in May and June, and awards prizes as in the olden days; and artistic travellers gather from all parts of the world to enjoy these annual exhibitions.

There are hosts of brilliant French painters. Which ones, at the end of the twentieth century, will take foremost rank?

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"A room hung with pictures is a room hung with thoughts."
—*Sir Joshua Reynolds.*