

Stories of
Great Artists

GREAT LIVES SERIES

SELECTED AUTHORS

Stories of Great Artists

Selected Authors

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Stories of Great Scientists

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Table of Contents

Stories of Great Artists *1*

A Shepherd Lad of Tuscany 3

Giotto 14

Fra Angelico 27

Sandro Botticelli 35

Pietro Perugino 47

Leonardo da Vinci 65

Filippino Lippi 86

Albrecht Durer and His City 92

Vittore Carpaccio 119

A Boy Who Spent Three Years in a Palace 125

Michael Angelo Buonarotti 130

Raphael 173

Raphael 188

The Border Wonderful 196

Andrea Del Sarto 205

The Boy of Cadore 217

When the Princess Passed 227

Jacopo, the Little Dyer 238

The Light of Guido's Lamp 250

The Joyous Vagabond 267

Bartolome's Velvet Hat 281

The Father of English Wood Engraving 288

Old Jan's Twilight Tale 293

Table of Contents

Sir John Everett Millais **303**

A Girl Who Had Animal Friends That You and I May See . **313**

The Tomboy from Bordeaux **321**

The Magic Touch **333**

Stories of Great Artists

by Selected Authors

A Shepherd Lad of Tuscany
Giotto (1267-1337)

April had come, bringing flower and bird weather to the sweet Italian land of Tuscany, and even along the Apennine slopes, where the blossom carpet was not so heavy as in the sunny lowlands, buttercups and wild daffodils made golden rugs beneath the ilex-trees. They stretched away in shining patches to the vine-draped Fiesole hills, from which other rugs of gayer bloom and richer verdure sloped down to the silver Arno. Blue skies above, bird song and blossom breath sweetening the air, it was surely a time for merrymaking and joyous words. Yet two boys in charge of a flock on the hills above Vespignano looked at each other with excited faces, and the older one spoke so angrily to his companion that the lad winced as if struck.

"You have so little courage that even if you go, you won't amount to anything. So stay here, because you're not brave enough to try the world!"

The dark eyes of the younger were wide with hurt surprise.

"Do you mean that you think me a coward, Pasquali?" he asked, his sensitive lips quivering as if it required an effort to keep back the tears.

Pasquali shrugged his shoulders. He was fond of Giotto, and had not meant to grieve him, yet he felt provoked because he did not agree to his plan.

"Not exactly that," he replied more gently. "But can't you see that, as long as we stay here in Vespignano, we must go on herding sheep, while yonder in the city there is a chance of becoming rich?"

And as he spoke he pointed down to where Florence lay in her valley beside the Arno, all white and gold against the blue of the Lucca mountains, like a bit of fairy-land.

"It is beautiful there, Giotto," he urged, "with marble palaces instead of peasant huts, and the people wear fine clothes, and are happy. Come along, and be something bigger than a shepherd."

For a minute, Giotto's face was afire with anticipation. He knew that Cimabue, the greatest of Italian painters, would come soon to decorate the castello, and that the count was sending men to the city next day to be his escort. For weeks, Pasquali had been urging him to run away and join the cavalcade beyond Fiesole, from which point they could travel along together, and, as members of the noble's train, gain admission to Florence, which would not be possible for two boys alone. Pasquali had a golden flow of words, and so dazzling was his picture of the luxurious life they might lead there, that Giotto was almost persuaded. But it was only for a minute. Then he shook his head, and answered: "No, Father needs me here.

Besides, I have no money, and even if it does seem cowardly, I am afraid to go to the city without even a lira."

Pasquali laughed, not pleasantly but with a sneer, as if to mock the fears of his companion. He was two years older, and so large and strong that he looked like a man. Little he hesitated about leaving Vespignano, and was so confident of his ability to make his way anywhere that he pressed his timid friend with promises to look out for him.

"You can send money home to your father, and even if it is a little hard at first, anything will be better than this lonely life of herding."

But as Giotto looked at the white-fleeced sheep around him, and then at the village below, he thought differently. He saw his grandfather, too old to follow a herd now, laughing with some of the children, as if all the world were glad, and his sister Teresa, dark-eyed and graceful, go singing into the hut where his grandmother sat spinning. Just beyond, white-haired Armando, bent and feeble too, hobbled along on his stick, beckoning and smiling to those who hailed him as he passed, while gay young Serafino, who had broken a leg a fortnight before while rescuing a lamb from a precipice, was taking the sun and trying to gain strength to go back to his flock. Shepherd folk all were they, and there were no merrier hearts in Tuscany. So if those could be happy who had never seen the city except as they looked down on its gleaming towers from the hills where they pastured their

flocks, it didn't seem a bad life after all. The ilex-tufted slopes that Pasquali was so eager to leave were home to Giotto. He was born in a hut below, and, as far back as his memory went, could look out of its northern window on the Apennines. And there had always been the music of the Mugone stream, now yellow and muddy, now shimmering like a silver ribbon flung down from the peaks, as it hurried away to join the Arno. Pasquali was an orphan, and had lived in many places, one of which was as dear as another. But to the boy who had never been beyond the grazing lands, there was only one home spot, and that was in Vespignano. Why, then, should he leave it for a place where he would be friendless and might perhaps have to go hungry? And that question he put to Pasquali.

"Besides," he continued, "herding doesn't seem so dreadful. I love my sheep, and often when the hours seem long I make pictures in the sand. Then I forget that I am lonely."

Pasquali sneered. "Stay on and be a shepherd if you think the life so fine. But look out that the count never catches you drawing when you are out with the sheep, for he will tell your father, and then there will be trouble. But I mean to be a great man, and do something finer than follow a flock."

And he strode away before Giotto could tell him that once, when he was drawing, the count had come by, and, instead of making trouble, had seemed much interested.

Pasquali kept his word and went away that night, and, in the days that followed, Giotto wondered much about him, hoping he would be successful in the city. Of course no word came back, for at that time letters had to go by courier, which cost so much that only the rich sent messages, while the poor had to be satisfied with wondering and hoping. He did not doubt that the lad would be able to make his way, for he was so big and strong that of course people would give him work, and Giotto even planned for the time when he might appeal to him.

"When I am older and can earn more," he mused, "I will go and ask Pasquali to help me find work; for, if I send a few lire home each week, it will not be hard for Father."

For little did he dream that a time would come when he would not need Pasquali's aid, and that Florence would be as proud of him as of her most illustrious prince.

Several days later, as he ate his lunch on the hillside, he heard the blare of trumpets announcing the arrival of Cimabue the painter, and saw the train go up to the castle gate. The splendidly groomed horses held their plumed heads high, while gold and silver mountings on saddle and bridle made them seem like fairy steeds. Banners and pennants floated, and brighter even than the scarlet coats

of the attendants was the artist's crimson mantle; and, as the solitary lad watched the gorgeous cavalcade go into the courtyard and out of sight, he thought that to be a painter must be better than to be a prince. Then, taking up a piece of slate he had found that morning, he began making pictures of his sheep.

Everything else went out of his mind. He forgot that he was a peasant and lived in a poor hut, forgot everything in his love of sketching, and, as soon as one picture was finished, he rubbed it out and made another. Sometimes a lamb came up, caressing him with its velvet nose, or a soft-eyed ewe lay down at his feet. But he did not know it, nor did he hear hoofs advancing from behind, or see two riders alight from their mounts. He was still lost in his drawing when a voice said, "This is the shepherd lad of whom I told you, the one who makes pictures in the sand."

Giotto jumped in alarm. He knew it was the count who spoke, and feared that he would be angry because he had not greeted him as the low-born should those of rank. But the nobleman was not displeased, for he thought of something finer than social distinction, and, taking the slate from the weather-browned hand, he gave it to his companion.

"See, Cimabue!" he said. "This is how he passes his lonely hours."

Giotto caught the name and it thrilled him. Cimabue! The king of Italian painters! He would laugh at such poor sketching.

"Oh, sire, it is not worth looking at!" he exclaimed. "I did it just to keep from being lonely."

But Giovanni Cimabue did look at the slate, and, as he examined it, spoke some words to the count that the boy did not understand. Then he asked, "Would you like to be a painter?"

"A painter!" Giotto repeated. "Oh, yes, sire. But that is impossible, for Father is poor, and I must tend sheep."

"Opportunities come to those who deserve them," the great man replied, "and there is something for you beside a shepherd's life."

Then the two rode away, and, as they went, Giotto wondered what Cimabue meant. But he had not very long to wonder, for that same night they came to the peasant hut to ask that he might study painting. The decorations at the castle would require some weeks, and when the artist returned to Florence he would take the lad into his workshop. At first it seemed impossible that such a lovely thing could come to a herd boy, but when his father gave his word, and thanked both count and painter, he wondered what Pasquali would think, Pasquali, who had taunted him with being too much of a coward to try his fortune in the city.

Giotto did not lead his sheep to the slopes next day, nor any day thereafter. But all through the golden summer, when around Fiesole were billows of many-colored bloom, and his own hills of Vespignano were painted with orange and russet, he worked with Cimabue at the castle. Every morning, when the sunrise tints still hung like flaming poppies along the peaks, he went from the hut in the village, and he came back again at night to dream of his brushes and colors. The count let one of his own shepherds tend the Bondone flock, so his studies brought no hardship to his people, and, as all the villagers loved him, so all were glad that he was to be a painter.

Meanwhile, in fair Florence, Pasquali was learning that the city is a monster waiting to devour those who approach her friendless and empty-handed. Day after day he tramped the streets from one shop to another, and up to doors of great houses where many servants were employed, looking for work, and always he was met with the question, "What can you do?"

"In Vespignano I was a shepherd," he would reply; "but the life was dull, so I came away."

"Better go back," those disposed to be kind would say. "The city is no place for country lads." While others drove him away with angry words.

For weeks he slept under the sky and ate the bread of charity. Then, sick and discouraged, he started back to Vespignano.

Giotto, on his way home from the castle one evening, saw the weary, foot-sore lad go toward the hut that had once been his home, and wondered if it could be Pasquali, who had been so eager to get away. Hunger had made hollows in his cheeks, and only the soft, dark eyes, and the hair curling about the brow in the old way made him sure it was his friend.

"Pasquali *mio*," he called, falling into the tender speech of the old shepherd days; "why are you back? Didn't you like the city?"

"The city!" the boy repeated in horror. "It is a black hole of misery to those without money. It were better had I stayed here with the sheep, because now perhaps I cannot get any sheep to tend."

Giotto forgot that the boy had scorned him for not being brave enough to try the world. He thought only that his friend was troubled, and that he wanted to help him.

"I am sure you can," he comforted. "Come home with me to-night, and to-morrow I will ask the count to give you work."

So the two went together to the hut, where the shepherd fare seemed good indeed to the discouraged lad; and the next day, although he had all the help he really needed, the count pitied the runaway and took him back.

The frosts came, and the chestnut-trees on the slopes wore coats of bronze. The walls of the castello had been beautified until nothing was left to be done, and the

painter prepared to leave Vespignano. Then Giotto went to the city, the same Florence in which Pasquali had urged him to seek his fortune in the spring. But he did not steal away like a thief in the night. He went instead as one who departs with honor. All the shepherds of the valley met to say good-by, and the count himself, and Cimabue, the painter, rode beside him. No knight faring forth to conquest ever rode with higher hopes in his breast, and few have gone to greater honors. Hard work awaited him in the studio of the master, for Cimabue was an exacting teacher, and knew that, no matter how gifted, one does not excel except by painstaking, persistent effort of both hand and brain. But he was an appreciative teacher as well, and nothing pleased him as much as some new evidence of genius in the boy in whom he had such great faith.

Once he went away from the workshop, leaving Giotto busy there. The boy kept to his painting for a while, then, stopping to look at the half-finished work of his master, a mischievous idea possessed him. Seizing a brush, he painted a fly on the nose of the figure on the canvas, and so lifelike was his portrayal, that, when Cimabue returned, he tried to brush it away with his hand, before he discovered the trick his pupil had played on him. Yet he was not angry, for it was but another proof that the boy kept his eyes open and studied everything around him, without doing which no one can hope to be a painter.

Years passed, and Florence became a fairer and more glorious city because a peasant lad from the northern hills

had taken up his abode there. He became an architect as well as a painter, and, whenever a new palace was to be builded or an old one needed beautifying, it was Giotto who was chosen for the work, because no one in Italy wrought such wonders as he. The lords of the land called him from one city to another. Naples, Pisa, Ravenna, Assisi, and even imperial Rome, clamored for a show of his genius; and, whenever he gave his time to a piece of work, it was as if a fairy hand had touched it.

But in Florence his heart seemed to rest, and there he put forth his noblest effort. Those who followed strove to make their work as fine as his, so the city of the Arno came to be a place of wonderful achievement.

The story of its loveliness has spread to every land, and to-day it is the treasure-house of Italy, possessing an untold wealth of art and some of the noblest buildings in the world, the most wonderful among them having been glorified by the hand of Giotto.

"Giotto's Campanile," men still call the matchless bell-tower that rises beside the Duomo. But of the thousands who go there to see it, only a few know that he who planned and partly built it was once a shepherd whom Cimabue found drawing on a piece of slate as he tended his flocks on the hills of Tuscany.

Giotto

It was more than six hundred years ago that a little peasant baby was born in the small village of Vespignano, not far from the beautiful city of Florence, in Italy. The baby's father, an honest, hard-working countryman, was called Bondone, and the name he gave to his little son was Giotto.

Life was rough and hard in that country home, but the peasant baby grew into a strong, hardy boy, learning early what cold and hunger meant. The hills which surrounded the village were grey and bare, save where the silver of the olive-trees shone in the sunlight, or the tender green of the shooting corn made the valley beautiful in early spring. In summer there was little shade from the blazing sun as it rode high in the blue sky, and the grass which grew among the grey rocks was often burnt and brown. But, nevertheless, it was here that the sheep of the village would be turned out to find what food they could, tended and watched by one of the village boys.

So it happened that when Giotto was ten years old his father sent him to take care of the sheep upon the hillside. Country boys had then no schools to go to or lessons to learn, and Giotto spent long happy days, in sunshine and rain, as he followed the sheep from place to place, wherever they could find grass enough to feed on. But

Giotto did something else besides watching his sheep. Indeed, he sometimes forgot all about them, and many a search he had to gather them all together again. For there was one thing he loved doing better than all beside, and that was to try to draw pictures of all the things he saw around him.

It was no easy matter for the little shepherd lad. He had no pencils or paper, and he had never, perhaps, seen a picture in all his life. But all this mattered little to him. Out there, under the blue sky, his eyes made pictures for him out of the fleecy white clouds as they slowly changed from one form to another. He learned to know exactly the shape of every flower and how it grew; he noticed how the olive-trees laid their silver leaves against the blue background of the sky that peeped in between, and how his sheep looked as they stooped to eat, or lay down in the shadow of a rock.

Nothing escaped his keen, watchful eyes, and then with eager hands he would sharpen a piece of stone, choose out the smoothest rock, and try to draw on its flat surface all those wonderful shapes which had filled his eyes with their beauty. Olive-trees, flowers, birds and beasts were there, but especially his sheep, for they were his friends and companions who were always near him, and he could draw them in a different way each time they moved.

Now it fell out that one day a great master painter from Florence came riding through the valley and over the hills

where Giotto was feeding his sheep. The name of the great master was Cimabue, and he was the most wonderful artist in the world, so men said. He had painted a picture which had made all Florence rejoice. The Florentines had never seen anything like it before, and yet it was but a strange-looking portrait of the Madonna and Child, scarcely like a real woman or a real baby at all. Still, it seemed to them a perfect wonder, and Cimabue was honoured as one of the city's greatest men.

The road was lonely as it wound along. There was nothing to be seen but waves of grey hills on every side, so the stranger rode on, scarcely lifting his eyes as he went. Then suddenly he came upon a flock of sheep nibbling the scanty sunburnt grass, and a little brown-faced shepherd-boy gave him a cheerful 'Good-day, master.'

There was something so bright and merry in the boy's smile that the great man stopped and began to talk to him. Then his eye fell upon the smooth flat rock over which the boy had been bending, and he started with surprise.

'Who did that?' he asked quickly, and he pointed to the outline of a sheep scratched upon the stone.

'It is the picture of one of my sheep there,' answered the boy, hanging his head with a shame-faced look. 'I drew it with this,' and he held out towards the stranger the sharp stone he had been using.

'Who taught you to do this?' asked the master as he looked more carefully at the lines drawn on the rock.

The boy opened his eyes wide with astonishment.

'Nobody taught me, master,' he said. 'I only try to draw the things that my eyes see.'

'How would you like to come with me to Florence and learn to be a painter?' asked Cimabue, for he saw that the boy had a wonderful power in his little rough hands.

Giotto's cheeks flushed, and his eyes shone with joy.

'Indeed, master, I would come most willingly,' he cried, 'if only my father will allow it.'

So back they went together to the village, but not before Giotto had carefully put his sheep into the fold, for he was never one to leave his work half done.

Bondone was amazed to see his boy in company with such a grand stranger, but he was still more surprised when he heard of the stranger's offer. It seemed a golden chance, and he gladly gave his consent.

Why, of course, the boy should go to Florence if the gracious master would take him and teach him to become a painter. The home would be lonely without the boy who was so full of fun and as bright as a sunbeam. But such chances were not to be met with every day, and he was more than willing to let him go.

So the master set out, and the boy Giotto went with him to Florence to begin his training.

The studio where Cimabue worked was not at all like those artists' rooms which we now call studios. It was

much more like a workshop, and the boys who went there to learn how to draw and paint were taught first how to grind and prepare the colours and then to mix them. They were not allowed to touch a brush or pencil for a long time, but only to watch their master at work, and learn all that they could from what they saw him do.

So there the boy Giotto worked and watched, but when his turn came to use the brush, to the amazement of all, his pictures were quite unlike anything which had ever been painted before in the workshop. Instead of copying the stiff, unreal figures, he drew real people, real animals, and all the things which he had learned to know so well on the grey hillside, when he watched his father's sheep. Other artists had painted the Madonna and Infant Christ, but Giotto painted a mother and a baby.

And before long this worked such a wonderful change that it seemed indeed as if the art of making pictures had been born again. To us his work still looks stiff and strange, but in it was the beginning of all the beautiful pictures that belong to us now.

Giotto did not only paint pictures, he worked in marble as well. To-day, if you walk through Florence, the City of Flowers, you will still see its fairest flower of all, the tall white campanile or bell-tower, 'Giotto's tower' as it is called. There it stands in all its grace and loveliness like a tall white lily against the blue sky, pointing ever upward, in the grand old faith of the shepherd-boy. Day after day it

calls to prayer and to good works, as it has done all these hundreds of years since Giotto designed and helped to build it.

Some people call his pictures stiff and ugly, for not every one has wise eyes to see their beauty, but the loveliness of this tower can easily be seen by all. There the white doves circle round and round, and rest in the sheltering niches of the delicately carved arches; there at the call of its bell the black-robed Brothers of Pity hurry past to their works of mercy. There too the little children play, and sometimes stop to stare at the marble pictures, set in the first story of the tower, low enough to be seen from the street. Their special favourite is perhaps the picture of the shepherd sitting under his tent, with the sheep in front, and with the funniest little dog keeping watch at the side.

Giotto always had a great love for animals, and whenever it was possible he would squeeze one into a corner of his pictures. He was sixty years old when he designed this wonderful tower and cut some of the marble pictures with his own hand, but you can see that the memory of those old days when he ran barefoot about the hills and tended his sheep was with him still. Just such another little puppy must have often played with him in those long-ago days before he became a great painter and was still only a merry, brown-faced boy, making pictures with a sharp stone upon the smooth rocks.

Up and down the narrow streets of Florence now, the great painter would walk and watch the faces of the people as they passed. And his eyes would still make pictures of them and their busy life, just as they used to do with the olive-trees, the sheep, and the clouds.

In those days nobody cared to have pictures in their houses, and only the walls of the churches were painted. So the pictures, or frescoes, as they were called, were of course all about sacred subjects, either stories out of the Bible or of the lives of the saints. And as there were few books, and the poor people did not know how to read, these frescoed walls were the only story-books they had.

What a joy those pictures of Giotto's must have been, then, to those poor folk! They looked at the little Baby Jesus sitting on His mother's knee, wrapped in swaddling bands, just like one of their own little ones, and it made Him seem a very real baby. The wise men who talked together and pointed to the shining star overhead looked just like any of the great nobles of Florence. And there at the back were the two horses looking on with wise interested eyes, just as any of their own horses might have done.

It seemed to make the story of Christmas a thing which had really happened, instead of a far-away tale which had little meaning for them. Heaven and the Madonna were not so far off after all. And it comforted them to think that the Madonna had been a real woman

like themselves, and that the Jesu Bambino would stoop to bless them still, just as He leaned forward to bless the wise men in the picture.

How real too would seem the old story of the meeting of Anna and Joachim at the Golden Gate, when they could gaze upon the two homely figures under the narrow gateway. No visionary saints these, but just a simple husband and wife, meeting each other with joy after a sad separation, and yet with the touch of heavenly meaning shown by the angel who hovers above and places a hand upon each head.

It was not only in Florence that Giotto did his work. His fame spread far and wide, and he went from town to town eagerly welcomed by all. We can trace his footsteps as he went, by those wonderful old pictures which he spread with loving care over the bare walls of the churches, lifting, as it were, the curtain that hides Heaven from our view and bringing some of its joys to earth.

Then, at Assisi, he covered the walls and ceiling of the church with the wonderful frescoes of the life of St. Francis; and the little round commonplace Arena Chapel of Padua is made exquisite inside by his pictures of the life of our Lord.

In the days when Giotto lived the towns of Italy were continually quarrelling with one another, and there was always fighting going on somewhere. The cities were built with a wall all round them, and the gates were shut each

night to keep out their enemies. But often the fighting was between different families inside the city, and the grim old palaces in the narrow streets were built tall and strong that they might be the more easily defended.

In the midst of all this war and quarrelling Giotto lived his quiet, peaceful life, the friend of every one and the enemy of none. Rival towns sent for him to paint their churches with his heavenly pictures, and the people who hated Florence forgot that he was a Florentine. He was just Giotto, and he belonged to them all. His brush was the white flag of truce which made men forget their strife and angry passions, and turned their thoughts to holier things.

Even the great poet Dante did not scorn to be a friend of the peasant painter, and we still have the portrait which Giotto painted of him in an old fresco at Florence. Later on, when the great poet was a poor unhappy exile, Giotto met him again at Padua and helped to cheer some of those sad grey days, made so bitter by strife and injustice.

Now when Giotto was beginning to grow famous, it happened that the Pope was anxious to have the walls of the great Cathedral of St. Peter at Rome decorated. So he sent messengers all over Italy to find out who were the best painters, that he might invite them to come and do the work.

The messengers went from town to town and asked every artist for a specimen of his painting. This was gladly

given, for it was counted a great honour to help to make St. Peter's beautiful.

By and by the messengers came to Giotto and told him their errand. The Pope, they said, wished to see one of his drawings to judge if he was fit for the great work. Giotto, who was always most courteous, 'took a sheet of paper and a pencil dipped in a red colour, then, resting his elbow on his side, with one turn of the hand, he drew a circle so perfect and exact that it was a marvel to behold.' 'Here is your drawing,' he said to the messenger, with a smile, handing him the drawing.

'Am I to have nothing more than this?' asked the man, staring at the red circle in astonishment and disgust.

'That is enough and to spare,' answered Giotto. 'Send it with the rest.'

The messengers thought this must all be a joke.

'How foolish we shall look if we take only a round O to show his Holiness,' they said.

But they could get nothing else from Giotto, so they were obliged to be content and to send it with the other drawings, taking care to explain just how it was done.

The Pope and his advisers looked carefully over all the drawings, and, when they came to that round O, they knew that only a master-hand could have made such a perfect circle without the help of a compass. Without a moment's hesitation they decided that Giotto was the

man they wanted, and they at once invited him to come to Rome to decorate the cathedral walls. So when the story was known the people became prouder than ever of their great painter, and the round O of Giotto has become a proverb to this day in Tuscany.

'Round as the O of Giotto, d' ye see;

Which means as well done as a thing can be.'

Later on, when Giotto was at Naples, he was painting in the palace chapel one very hot day, when the king came in to watch him at his work. It really was almost too hot to move, and yet Giotto painted away busily.

'Giotto,' said the king, 'if I were in thy place I would give up painting for a while and take my rest, now that it is so hot.'

'And, indeed, so I would most certainly do,' answered Giotto, 'if I were in your place, your Majesty.'

It was these quick answers and his merry smile that charmed every one, and made the painter a favourite with rich and poor alike.

There are a great many stories told of him, and they all show what a sunny-tempered, kindly man he was.

It is said that one day he was standing in one of the narrow streets of Florence talking very earnestly to a friend, when a pig came running down the road in a great hurry. It did not stop to look where it was going, but ran

right between the painter's legs and knocked him flat on his back, putting an end to his learned talk.

Giotto scrambled to his feet with a rueful smile, and shook his finger at the pig which was fast disappearing in the distance.

'Ah, well!' he said, 'I suppose thou hadst as much right to the road as I had. Besides, how many gold pieces I have earned by the help of thy bristles, and never have I given any of thy family even a drop of soup in payment.'

Another time he went riding with a very learned lawyer into the country to look after his property. For when Bondone died, he left all his fields and his farm to his painter son. Very soon a storm came on, and the rain poured down as if it never meant to stop.

'Let us seek shelter in this farmhouse and borrow a cloak,' suggested Giotto.

So they went in and borrowed two old cloaks from the farmer, and wrapped themselves up from head to foot. Then they mounted their horses and rode back together to Florence.

Presently the lawyer turned to look at Giotto, and immediately burst into a loud laugh. The rain was running from the painter's cap, he was splashed with mud, and the old cloak made him look like a very forlorn beggar.

'Dost think if any one met thee now, they would believe that thou art the best painter in the world?' laughed the lawyer.

Giotto's eyes twinkled as he looked at the funny figure riding beside him, for the lawyer was very small, and had a crooked back, and rolled up in the old cloak he looked like a bundle of rags.

'Yes!' he answered quickly, 'any one would certainly believe I was a great painter, if he could but first persuade himself that thou dost know thy A B C.'

In all these stories we catch glimpses of the good-natured kindly painter, with his love of jokes, and his own ready answers, and all the time we must remember that he was filling the world with beauty, which it still treasures to-day, helping to sow the seeds of that great tree of Art which was to blossom so gloriously in later years.

And when he had finished his earthly work it was in his own cathedral, 'St. Mary of the Flowers,' that they laid him to rest, while the people mourned him as a good friend as well as a great painter. There he lies in the shadow of his lily tower, whose slender grace and delicate-tinted marbles keep his memory ever fresh in his beautiful city of Florence.

Fra Angelico
(1395-1455)

Nearly a hundred years had passed by since Giotto lived and worked in Florence, and in the same hilly country where he used to tend his sheep another great painter was born.

Many other artists had come and gone, and had added their golden links of beauty to the chain of Art which bound these years together. Some day you will learn to know all their names and what they did. But now we will only single out, here and there, a few of those names which are perhaps greater than the rest. Just as on a clear night, when we look up into the starlit sky, it would bewilder us to try and remember all the stars, so we learn first to know those that are most easily recognized—the Plough, or the Great Bear, as they shine with a clear steady light against the background of a thousand lesser stars.

The name by which this second great painter is known is Fra Angelico, but that was only the name he earned in later years. His baby name was Guido, and his home was in a village close to where Giotto was born.

He was not a poor boy, and did not need to work in the fields or tend the sheep on the hillside. Indeed, he might have soon become rich and famous, for his

wonderful talent for painting would have quickly brought him honours and wealth if he had gone out into the world. But instead of this, when he was a young man of twenty he made up his mind to enter the convent at Fiesole, and to become a monk of the Order of Saint Dominic.

Every brother, or frate, as he is called, who leaves the world and enters the life of the convent is given a new name, and his old name is never used again. So young Guido was called Fra Giovanni, or Brother John. But it is not by that name that he is known best, but that of Fra Angelico, or the angelic brother—a name which was given him afterwards because of his pure and beautiful life, and the heavenly pictures which he painted.

With all his great gifts in his hands, with all the years of youth and pleasure stretching out green and fair before him, he said good-bye to earthly joys, and chose rather to serve his Master Christ in the way he thought was right.

The monks of St. Dominic were the great preachers of those days—men who tried to make the world better by telling people what they ought to do, and teaching them how to live honest and good lives. But there are other ways of teaching people besides preaching, and the young monk who spent his time bending over the illuminated prayer-book, seeing with his dreamy eyes visions of saints and white-robed angels, was preparing to be a greater teacher than them all. The words of the preacher monks have passed away, and the world pays little heed to them

now, but the teaching of Fra Angelico, the silent lessons of his wonderful pictures, are as fresh and clear to-day as they were in those far-off years.

Great trouble was in store for the monks of the little convent at Fiesole, which Fra Angelico and his brother Benedetto had entered. Fierce struggles were going on in Italy between different religious parties, and at one time the little band of preaching monks were obliged to leave their peaceful home at Fiesole to seek shelter in other towns. But, as it turned out, this was good fortune for the young painter-monk, for in those hill towns of Umbria where the brothers sought refuge there were pictures to be studied which delighted his eyes with their beauty, and taught him many a lesson which he could never have learned on the quiet slopes of Fiesole.

The hill towns of Italy are very much the same to-day as they were in those days. Long winding roads lead upwards from the plain below to the city gates, and there on the summit of the hill the little town is built. The tall white houses cluster close together, and the overhanging eaves seem almost to meet across the narrow paved streets, and always there is the great square, with the church the centre of all.

It would be almost a day's journey to follow the white road that leads down from Perugia across the plain to the little hill town of Assisi, and many a spring morning saw the painter-monk setting out on the convent donkey

before sunrise and returning when the sun had set. He would thread his way up between the olive-trees until he reached the city gates, and pass into the little town without hindrance. For the followers of St. Francis in their brown robes would be glad to welcome a stranger monk, though his black robe showed that he belonged to a different order. Any one who came to see the glory of their city, the church where their saint lay, which Giotto had covered with his wonderful pictures, was never refused admittance.

How often then must Fra Angelico have knelt in the dim light of that lower church of Assisi, learning his lesson on his knees, as was ever his habit. Then home again he would wend his way, his eyes filled with visions of those beautiful pictures, and his hand longing for the pencil and brush, that he might add new beauty to his own work from what he had learned.

Several years passed by, and at last the brothers were allowed to return to their convent home of San Dominico at Fiesole, and there they lived peaceably for a long time. We cannot tell exactly what pictures our painter-monk painted during those peaceful years, but we know he must have been looking out with wise, seeing eyes, drinking in all the beauty that was spread around him.

At his feet lay Florence, with its towers and palaces, the Arno running through it like a silver thread, and beyond, the purple of the Tuscan hills. All around on the sheltered

hillside were green vines and fruit-trees, olives and cypresses, fields flaming in spring with scarlet anemones or golden with great yellow tulips, and hedges of rose-bushes covered with clusters of pink blossoms. No wonder, then, such beauty sunk into his heart, and we see in his pictures the pure fresh colour of the spring flowers, with no shadow of dark or evil things.

Soon the fame of the painter began to be whispered outside the convent walls, and reached the ears of Cosimo da Medici, one of the powerful rulers of Florence. He offered the monks a new home, and, when they were settled in the convent of San Marco in Florence, he invited Fra Angelico to fresco the walls.

One by one the heavenly pictures were painted upon the walls of the cells and cloister of the new home. How the brothers must have crowded round to see each new fresco as it was finished, and how anxious they would be to see which picture was to be near their own particular bed. In all the frescoes, whether he painted the gentle Virgin bending before the angel messenger, or tried to show the glory of the ascended Lord, the artist-monk would always introduce one or more of the convent's special saints, which made the brothers feel that the pictures were their very own. Fra Angelico had a kind word and smile for all the brothers. He was never impatient, and no one ever saw him angry, for he was as humble and gentle as the saints whose pictures he loved to paint.

It is told of him, too, that he never took a brush or pencil in his hand without a prayer that his work might be to the glory of God. Often when he painted the sufferings of our Lord, the tears would be seen running down his cheeks and almost blinding his eyes.

There is an old legend which tells of a certain monk who, when he was busily illuminating a page of his missal, was called away to do some service for the poor. He went unwillingly, the legend says, for he longed to put the last touches to the holy picture he was painting; but when he returned, lo! he found his work finished by angel hands.

Often when we look at some of Fra Angelico's pictures we are reminded of this legend, and feel that he too might have been helped by those same angel hands. Did they indeed touch his eyes that he might catch glimpses of a Heaven where saints were swinging their golden censers, and white-robed angels danced in the flowery meadows of Paradise? We cannot tell; but this we know, that no other painter has ever shown us such a glory of heavenly things.

Best of all, the angel-painter loved to paint pictures of the life of our Lord; you will see the tender care with which he has drawn the head of the Infant Jesus with His little golden halo, the Madonna in her robe of purest blue, holding the Baby close in her arms, St. Joseph the guardian walking at the side, and all around the flowers and trees which he loved so well in the quiet home of Fiesole.

He did not care for fame or power, this dreamy painter of angels, and when the Pope invited him to Rome to paint the walls of a chapel there, he thought no more of the glory and honour than if he was but called upon to paint another cell at San Marco.

But when the Pope had seen what this quiet monk could do, he called the artist to him.

'A man who can paint such pictures,' he said, 'must be a good man, and one who will do well whatever he undertakes. Will you, then, do other work for me, and become my Archbishop at Florence?' But the painter was startled and dismayed.

'I cannot teach or preach or govern men,' he said, 'I can but use my gift of painting for the glory of God. Let me rather be as I am, for it is safer to obey than to rule.'

But though he would not take this honour himself, he told the Pope of a friend of his, a humble brother, Fra Antonino, at the convent of San Marco, who was well fitted to do the work. So the Pope took the painter's advice, and the choice was so wise and good, that to this day the Florentine people talk lovingly of their good bishop Antonino.

It was while he was at work in Rome that Fra Angelico died, so his body does not rest in his own beloved Florence. But if his body lies in Rome, his gentle spirit still seems to hover around the old convent of San Marco, and there we learn to know and love him best. Little wonder

that in after ages they looked upon him almost as a saint, and gave him the title of 'Beato,' or the blessed angel painter.

Sandro Botticelli
(1445-1510)

We must now go back to the days when Fra Filippo Lippi painted his pictures and so brought fame to the Carmine Convent.

There was at that time in Florence a good citizen called Mariano Filipepi, an honest, well-to-do man, who had several sons. These sons were all taught carefully and well trained to do each the work he chose. But the fourth son, Alessandro, or Sandro as he was called, was a great trial to his father. He would settle to no trade or calling. Restless and uncertain, he turned from one thing to another. At one time he would work with all his might, and then again become as idle and fitful as the summer breeze. He could learn well and quickly when he chose, but then there were so few things that he did choose to learn. Music he loved, and he knew every song of the birds, and anything connected with flowers was a special joy to him. No one knew better than he how the different kinds of roses grew, and how the lilies hung upon their stalks.

'And what, I should like to know, is going to be the use of all this,' the good father would say impatiently, 'as long as thou takest no pains to read and write and do thy sums? What am I to do with such a boy, I wonder?'

Then in despair the poor man decided to send Sandro to a neighbour's workshop, to see if perhaps his hands would work better than his head.

The name of this neighbour was Botticelli, and he was a goldsmith, and a very excellent master of his art. He agreed to receive Sandro as his pupil, so it happened that the boy was called by his master's name, and was known ever after as Sandro Botticelli.

Sandro worked for some time with his master, and quickly learned to draw designs for the goldsmith's work.

In those days painters and goldsmiths worked a great deal together, and Sandro often saw designs for pictures and listened to the talk of the artists who came to his master's shop. Gradually, as he looked and listened, his mind was made up. He would become a painter. All his restless longings and day dreams turned to this. All the music that floated in the air as he listened to the birds' song, the gentle dancing motion of the wind among the trees, all the colours of the flowers, and the graceful twinings of the rose-stems—all these he would catch and weave into his pictures. Yes, he would learn to paint music and motion, and then he would be happy.

'So now thou wilt become a painter,' said his father, with a hopeless sigh.

Truly this boy was more trouble than all the rest put together. Here he had just settled down to learn how to become a good goldsmith, and now he wished to try his

hand at something else. Well, it was no use saying 'no.' The boy could never be made to do anything but what he wished. There was the Carmelite monk Fra Filippo Lippi, of whom all men were talking. It was said he was the greatest painter in Florence. The boy should have the best teaching it was possible to give him, and perhaps this time he would stick to his work.

So Sandro was sent as a pupil to Fra Filippo, and he soon became a great favourite with the happy, sunny-tempered master. The quick eye of the painter soon saw that this was no ordinary pupil. There was something about Sandro's drawing that was different to anything that Filippo had ever seen before. His figures seemed to move, and one almost heard the wind rustling in their flowing drapery. Instead of walking, they seemed to be dancing lightly along with a swaying motion as if to the rhythm of music. The very rose-leaves the boy loved to paint, seemed to flutter down to the sound of a fairy song. Filippo was proud of his pupil.

'The world will one day hear more of my Sandro Botticelli,' he said; and, young though the boy was, he often took him to different places to help him in his work.

So it happened that, in that wonderful spring of Filippo's life, Sandro too was at Prato, and worked there with Fra Diamante. And in after years when the master's little daughter was born, she was named Alessandra, after

the favourite pupil, to whom was also left the training of little Filippino.

Now, indeed, Sandro's good old father had no further cause to complain. The boy had found the work he was most fitted for, and his name soon became famous in Florence.

It was the reign of gaiety and pleasure in the city of Florence at that time. Lorenzo the Magnificent, the son of Cosimo de Medici, was ruler now, and his court was the centre of all that was most splendid and beautiful. Rich dresses, dainty food, music, gay revels, everything that could give pleasure, whether good or bad, was there.

Lorenzo, like his father, was always glad to discover a new painter, and Botticelli soon became a great favourite at court.

But pictures of saints and angels were somewhat out of fashion at that time, for people did not care to be reminded of anything but earthly pleasures. So Botticelli chose his subjects to please the court, and for a while ceased to paint his sad-eyed Madonnas.

What mattered to him what his subject was? Let him but paint his dancing figures, tripping along in their light flowing garments, keeping time to the music of his thoughts, and the subject might be one of the old Greek tales or any other story that served his purpose.

All the gay court dresses, the rich quaint robes of the fair ladies, helped to train the young painter's fancy for

flowing draperies and wonderful veils of filmy transparent gauze.

There was one fair lady especially whom Sandro loved to paint—the beautiful Simonetta, as she is still called.

First he painted her as Venus, who was born of the sea foam. In his picture she floats to the shore standing in a shell, her golden hair wrapped round her. The winds behind blow her onward and scatter pink and red roses through the air. On the shore stands Spring, who holds out a mantle, flowers nestling in its folds, ready to enwrap the goddess when the winds shall have wafted her to land.

Then again we see her in his wonderful picture of 'Spring,' and in another called 'Mars and Venus.' She was too great a lady to stoop to the humble painter, and he perhaps only looked up to her as a star shining in heaven, far out of the reach of his love. But he never ceased to worship her from afar. He never married or cared for any other fair face, just as the great poet Dante, whom Botticelli admired so much, dreamed only of his one love, Beatrice.

But Sandro did not go sadly through life sighing for what could never be his. He was kindly and good-natured, full of jokes, and ready to make merry with his pupils in the workshop.

It once happened that one of these pupils, Biagio by name, had made a copy of one of Sandro's pictures, a beautiful Madonna surrounded by eight angels. This he

was very anxious to sell, and the master kindly promised to help him, and in the end arranged the matter with a citizen of Florence, who offered to buy it for six gold pieces.

'Well, Biagio,' said Sandro, when his pupil came into the studio next morning, 'I have sold thy picture. Let us now hang it up in a good light that the man who wishes to buy it may see it at its best. Then will he pay thee the money.'

Biagio was overjoyed.

'Oh, master,' he cried, 'how well thou hast done.'

Then with hands which trembled with excitement the pupil arranged the picture in the best light, and went to fetch the purchaser.

Now meanwhile Botticelli and his other pupils had made eight caps of scarlet pasteboard such as the citizens of Florence then wore, and these they fastened with wax on to the heads of the eight angels in the picture.

Presently Biagio came back panting with joyful excitement, and brought with him the citizen, who knew already of the joke. The poor boy looked at his picture and then rubbed his eyes. What had happened? Where were his angels? The picture must be bewitched, for instead of his angels he saw only eight citizens in scarlet caps. He looked wildly around, and then at the face of the man who had promised to buy the picture. Of course he would refuse to take such a thing.

But, to his surprise, the citizen looked well pleased, and even praised the work.

'It is well worth the money,' he said; 'and if thou wilt return with me to my house, I will pay thee the six gold pieces.'

Biagio scarcely knew what to do. He was so puzzled and bewildered he felt as if this must be a bad dream.

As soon as he could, he rushed back to the studio to look again at that picture, and then he found that the red-capped citizens had disappeared, and his eight angels were there instead. This of course was not surprising, as Sandro and his pupils had quickly removed the wax and taken off the scarlet caps.

'Master, master,' cried the astonished pupil, 'tell me if I am dreaming, or if I have lost my wits? When I came in just now, these angels were Florentine citizens with red caps on their heads, and now they are angels once more. What may this mean?'

'I think, Biagio, that this money must have turned thy brain round,' said Botticelli gravely. 'If the angels had looked as thou sayest, dost thou think the citizen would have bought the picture?'

'That is true,' said Biagio, shaking his head solemnly; 'and yet I swear I never saw anything more clearly.'

And the poor boy, for many a long day, was afraid to trust his own eyes, since they had so basely deceived him.

But the next thing that happened at the studio did not seem like a joke to the master, for a weaver of cloth came to live close by, and his looms made such a noise and such a shaking that Sandro was deafened, and the house shook so greatly that it was impossible to paint.

But though Botticelli went to the weaver and explained all this most courteously, the man answered roughly, 'Can I not do what I like with my own house?' So Sandro was angry, and went away and immediately ordered a great square of stone to be brought, so big that it filled a waggon. This he had placed on the top of his wall nearest to the weaver's house, in such a way that the least shake would bring it crashing down into the enemy's workshop.

When the weaver saw this he was terrified, and came round at once to the studio.

'Take down that great stone at once,' he shouted. 'Do you not see that it would crush me and my workshop if it fell?'

'Not at all,' said Botticelli. 'Why should I take it down? Can I not do as I like with my own house?'

And this taught the weaver a lesson, so that he made less noise and shaking, and Sandro had the best of the joke after all.

There were no idle days of dreaming now for Sandro. As soon as one picture was finished another was wanted. Money flowed in, and his purse was always full of gold,

though he emptied it almost as fast as it was filled. His work for the Pope at Rome alone was so well paid that the money should have lasted him for many a long day, but in his usual careless way he spent it all before he returned to Florence.

Perhaps it was the gay life at Lorenzo's splendid court that had taught him to spend money so carelessly, and to have no thought but to eat, drink, and be merry. But very soon a change began to steal over his life.

There was one man in Florence who looked with sad condemning eyes on all the pleasure-loving crowd that thronged the court of Lorenzo the Magnificent. In the peaceful convent of San Marco, whose walls the angel-painter had covered with pictures 'like windows into heaven,' the stern monk Savonarola was grieving over the sin and vanity that went on around him. He loved Florence with all his heart, and he could not bear the thought that she was forgetting, in the whirl of pleasure, all that was good and pure and worth the winning.

Then, like a battle-cry, his voice sounded through the city, and roused the people from their foolish dreams of ease and pleasure. Every one flocked to the great cathedral to hear Savonarola preach, and Sandro Botticelli left for a while his studio and his painting and became a follower of the great preacher. Never again did he paint those pictures of earthly subjects which had so delighted Lorenzo. When he once more returned to his work, it was to paint his sad-

eyed Madonnas; and the music which still floated through his visions was now like the song of angels.

The boys of Florence especially had grown wild and rough during the reign of pleasure, and they were the terror of the city during carnival time. They would carry long poles, or 'stili,' and bar the streets across, demanding money before they would let the people pass. This money they spent on drinking and feasting, and at night they set up great trees in the squares or wider streets and lighted huge bonfires around them. Then would begin a terrible fight with stones, and many of the boys were hurt, and some even killed.

No one had been able to put a stop to this until Savonarola made up his mind that it should cease. Then, as if by magic, all was changed.

Instead of the rough game of 'stili,' there were altars put up at the corners of the streets, and the boys begged money of the passers-by, not for their feasts, but for the poor.

'You shall not miss your bonfire,' said Savonarola; 'but instead of a tree you shall burn up vain and useless things, and so purify the city.'

So the children went round and collected all the 'vanities,' as they were called—wigs and masks and carnival dresses, foolish songs, bad books, and evil pictures; all were heaped high and then lighted to make one great bonfire.

Some people think that perhaps Sandro threw into the Bonfire of Vanities some of his own beautiful pictures, but that we cannot tell.

Then came the sad time when the people, who at one time would have made Savonarola their king, turned against him, in the same fickle way that crowds will ever turn. And then the great preacher, who had spent his life trying to help and teach them, and to do them good, was burned in the great square of that city which he had loved so dearly.

After this it was long before Botticelli cared to paint again. He was old and weary now, poor and sad, sick of that world which had treated with such cruelty the master whom he loved.

One last picture he painted to show the triumph of good over evil. Not with the sword or the might of great power is the triumph won, says Sandro to us by this picture, but by the little hand of the Christ Child, conquering by love and drawing all men to Him. This Adoration of the Magi is in our own National Gallery in London, and is the only painting which Botticelli ever signed.

'I, Alessandro, painted this picture during the troubles of Italy . . . when the devil was let loose for the space of three and a half years. Afterwards shall he be chained, and we shall see him trodden down as in this picture.'

It is evident that Botticelli meant by this those sad years of struggle against evil which ended in the martyrdom of the great preacher, and he has placed Savonarola among the crowd of worshippers drawn to His feet by the Infant Christ.

It is sad to think of those last days when Sandro was too old and too weary to paint. He who had loved to make his figures move with dancing feet, was now obliged to walk with crutches. The roses and lilies of spring were faded now, and instead of the music of his youth he heard only the sound of harsh, ungrateful voices, in the flowerless days of poverty and old age.

There is always something sad too about his pictures, but through the sadness, if we listen, we may hear the angel-song, and understand it better if we have in our minds the prayer which Botticelli left for us.

'Oh, King of Kings and Lord of Lords, who alone rulest always in eternity, and who correctest all our wanderings, giver of melody to the choir of angels, listen Thou a little to our bitter grief, and come and rule us, oh Thou highest King, with Thy love which is so sweet.'

Pietro Perugino
(1446-1523)

It was early morning, and the rays of the rising sun had scarcely yet caught the roofs of the city of Perugia, when along the winding road which led across the plain a man and a boy walked with steady, purpose-like steps towards the town which crowned the hill in front.

The man was poorly dressed in the common rough clothes of an Umbrian peasant. Hard work and poverty had bent his shoulders and drawn stern lines upon his face, but there was a dignity about him which marked him as something above the common working man.

The little boy who trotted barefoot along by the side of his father had a sweet, serious little face, but he looked tired and hungry, and scarcely fit for such a long rough walk. They had started from their home at Castello delle Pieve very early that morning, and the piece of black bread which had served them for breakfast had been but small. Away in front stretched that long, white, never-ending road; and the little dusty feet that pattered so bravely along had to take hurried runs now and again to keep up with the long strides of the man, while the wistful eyes, which were fixed on that distant town, seemed to wonder if they would really ever reach their journey's end.

'Art tired already, Pietro?' asked the father at length, hearing a panting little sigh at his side. 'Why, we are not yet half-way there! Thou must step bravely out and be a man, for to-day thou shalt begin to work for thy living, and no longer live the life of an idle child.'

The boy squared his shoulders, and his eyes shone.

'It is not I who am tired, my father,' he said. ' It is only that my legs cannot take such good long steps as thine; and walk as we will the road ever seems to unwind itself further and further in front, like the magic white thread which has no end.'

The father laughed, and patted the child's head kindly.

'The end will come ere long,' he said. 'See where the mist lies at the foot of the hill; there we will begin to climb among the olive-trees and leave the dusty road. I know a quicker way by which we may reach the city. We will climb over the great stones that mark the track of the stream, and before the sun grows too hot we will have reached the city gates.'

It was a great relief to the little hot, tired feet to feel the cool grass beneath them, and to leave the dusty road. The boy almost forgot his tiredness as he scrambled from stone to stone, and filled his hands with the violets which grew thickly on the banks, scenting the morning air with their sweetness. And when at last they came out once more upon the great white road before the city gates, there

was so much to gaze upon and wonder at, that there was no room for thoughts of weariness or hunger.

There stood the herds of great white oxen, patiently waiting to pass in. Pietro wondered if their huge wide horns would not reach from side to side of the narrow street within the gates. There the shepherd-boys played sweet airs upon their pipes as they walked before their flocks, and led the silly frightened sheep out of the way of passing carts. Women with bright-coloured handkerchiefs tied over their heads crowded round, carrying baskets of fruit and vegetables from the country round. Carts full of scarlet and yellow pumpkins were driven noisily along. Whips cracked, people shouted and talked as much with their hands as with their lips, and all were eager to pass through the great Etruscan gateway, which stood grim and tall against the blue of the summer sky. Much good service had that gateway seen, and it was as strong as when it had been first built hundreds of years before, and was still able to shut out an army of enemies, if Perugia had need to defend herself.

Pietro and his father quickly threaded their way through the crowd, and passed through the gateway into the steep narrow street beyond. It was cool and quiet here. The sun was shut out by the tall houses, and the shadows lay so deep that one might have thought it was the hour of twilight, but for the peep of bright blue sky which showed between the overhanging eaves above. Presently they reached the great square market-place, where all again was

sunshine and bustle, with people shouting and selling their wares, which they spread out on the ground up to the very steps of the cathedral and all along in front of the Palazzo Publico. Here the man stopped, and asked one of the passers-by if he could direct him to the shop of Niccolò the painter.

'Yonder he dwells,' answered the citizen, and pointed to a humble shop at the corner of the market-place. 'Hast thou brought the child to be a model?'

Pietro held his head up proudly, and answered quickly for himself.

'I am no longer a child,' he said; 'and I have come to work and not to sit idle.'

The man laughed and went his way, while father and son hurried on towards the little shop and entered the door.

The old painter was busy, and they had to wait a while until he could leave his work and come to see what they might want.

'This is the boy of whom I spoke,' said the father as he pushed Pietro forward by his shoulder. 'He is not well grown, but he is strong, and has learnt to endure hardness. I promise thee that he will serve thee well if thou wilt take him as thy servant.'

The painter smiled down at the little eager face which was waiting so anxiously for his answer.

'What canst thou do?' he asked the boy.

'Everything,' answered Pietro promptly. I can sweep out thy shop and cook thy dinner. I will learn to grind thy colours and wash thy brushes, and do a man's work.'

'In faith,' laughed the painter, 'if thou canst do everything, being yet so young, thou wilt soon be the greatest man in Perugia, and bring great fame to this fair city. Then will we call thee no longer Pietro Vanucci, but thou shalt take the city's name, and we will call thee Perugino.'

The master spoke in jest, but as time went on and he watched the boy at work, he marvelled at the quickness with which the child learned to perform his new duties, and began to think the jest might one day turn to earnest.

From early morning until sundown Pietro was never idle, and when the rough work was done he would stand and watch the master as he painted, and listen breathless to the tales which Niccolò loved to tell.

'There is nothing so great in all the world as the art of painting,' the master would say. 'It is the ladder that leads up to heaven, the window which lets light into the soul. A painter need never be lonely or poor. He can create the faces he loves, while all the riches of light and colour and beauty are always his. If thou hast it in thee to be a painter, my little Perugino, I can wish thee no greater fortune.'

Then when the day's work was done and the short spell of twilight drew near, the boy would leave the shop

and run swiftly down the narrow street until he came to the grim old city gates. Once outside, under the wide blue sky in the free open air of the country, he drew a long, long breath of pleasure, and quickly found a hidden corner in the cleft of the hoary trunk of an olive-tree, where no passer-by could see him. There he sat, his chin resting on his hands, gazing and gazing out over the plain below, drinking in the beauty with his hungry eyes.

How he loved that great open space of sweet fresh air, in the calm pure light of the evening hour. That white light, which seemed to belong more to heaven than to earth, shone on everything around. Away in the distance the purple hills faded into the sunset sky. At his feet the plain stretched away, away until it met the mountains, here and there lifting itself in some little hill crowned by a lonely town whose roofs just caught the rays of the setting sun. The evening mist lay like a gossamer veil upon the low-lying lands, and between the little towns the long straight road could be seen, winding like a white ribbon through the grey and silver, and marked here and there by a dark cypress-tree or a tall poplar. And always there would be a glint of blue, where a stream or river caught the reflection of the sky and held it lovingly there, like a mirror among the rocks.

But Pietro did not have much time for idle dreaming. His was not an easy life, for Niccolò made but little money with his painting, and the boy had to do all the work of the house besides attending to the shop. But all the time he

was sweeping and dusting he looked forward to the happy days to come when he might paint pictures and become a famous artist.

Whenever a visitor came to the shop, Pietro would listen eagerly to his talk and try to learn something of the great world of Art. Sometimes he would even venture to ask questions, if the stranger happened to be one who had travelled from afar.

'Where are the most beautiful pictures to be found?' he asked one day when a Florentine painter had come to the little shop and had been describing the glories he had seen in other cities. 'And where is it that the greatest painters dwell?'

'That is an easy question to answer, my boy,' said the painter. 'All that is fairest is to be found in Florence, the most beautiful city in all the world, the City of Flowers. There one may find the best of everything, but above all, the most beautiful pictures and the greatest of painters. For no one there can bear to do only the second best, and a man must attain to the very highest before the Florentines will call him great. The walls of the churches and monasteries are covered with pictures of saints and angels, and their beauty no words can describe.'

'I too will go to Florence,' said Pietro to himself, and every day he longed more and more to see that wonderful city.

It was no use to wait until he should have saved enough money to take him there. He scarcely earned enough to live on from day to day. So at last, poor as he was, he started off early one morning and said good-bye to his old master and the hard work of the little shop in Perugia. On he went down the same long white road which had seemed so endless to him that day when, as a little child, he first came to Perugia. Even now, when he was a strong young man, the way seemed long and weary across that great plain, and he was often footsore and discouraged. Day after day he travelled on, past the great lake which lay like a sapphire in the bosom of the plain, past many towns and little villages, until at last he came in sight of the City of Flowers.

It was a wonderful moment to Perugino, and he held his breath as he looked. He had passed the brow of the hill, and stood beside a little stream bordered by a row of tall, straight poplars which showed silvery white against the blue sky. Beyond, nestling at the foot of the encircling hills, lay the city of his dreams. Towers and palaces, a crowding together of pale red sunbaked roofs, with the great dome of the cathedral in the midst, and the silver thread of the Arno winding its way between—all this he saw, but he saw more than this. For it seemed to him that the Spirit of Beauty hovered above the fair city, and he almost heard the rustle of her wings and caught a glimpse of her rainbow-tinted robe in the light of the evening sky.

Poor Pietro! Here was the world he longed to conquer, but he was only a poor country boy, and how was he to begin to climb that golden ladder of Art which led men to fame and glory?

Well, he could work, and that was always a beginning. The struggle was hard, and for many a month he often went hungry and had not even a bed to lie on at night, but curled himself up on a hard wooden chest. Then good fortune began to smile upon him.

The Florentine artists to whose studios he went began to notice the hardworking boy, and when they looked at his work, with all its faults and want of finish, they saw in it that divine something called genius which no one can mistake.

Then the doors of another world seemed to open to Pietro. All day long he could now work at his beloved painting and learn fresh wonders as he watched the great men use the brush and pencil. In the studio of the painter Verocchio he met the men of whose fame he had so often heard, and whose work he looked upon with awe and reverence.

There was the good-tempered monk of the Carmine, Fra Filipo Lippi, the young Botticelli, and a youth just his own age whom they called Leonardo da Vinci, of whom it was whispered already that he would some day be the greatest master of the age.

These were golden days for Perugino, as he was called, for the name of the city where he had come from was always now given to him. The pictures he had longed to paint grew beneath his hand, and upon his canvas began to dawn the solemn dignity and open-air spaciousness of those evening visions he had seen when he gazed across the Umbrian Plain. There was no noise of battle, no human passion in his pictures. His saints stood quiet and solemn, single figures with just a thread of interest binding them together, and always beyond was the great wide open world, with the white light shining in the sky, the blue thread of the river, and the single trees pointing upwards—dark, solemn cypress, or feathery larch or poplar.

There was much for the young painter still to learn, and perhaps he learned most from the silent teaching of that little dark chapel of the Carmine, where Masaccio taught more wonderful lessons by his frescoes than any living artist could teach.

Then came the crowning honour when Perugino received an invitation from the Pope to go to Rome and paint the walls of the Sistine Chapel. Henceforth it was a different kind of life for the young painter. No need to wonder where he would get his next meal, no hard rough wooden chest on which to rest his weary limbs when the day's work was done. Now he was royally entertained and softly lodged, and men counted it an honour to be in his company.

But though he loved Florence and was proud to do his painting in Rome, his heart ever drew him back to the city on the hill whose name he bore.

Again he travelled along the winding road, and his heart beat fast as he drew nearer and saw the familiar towers and roofs of Perugia. How well he remembered that long-ago day when the cool touch of the grass was so grateful to his little tired dusty feet! He stooped again to fill his hands with the sweet violets, and thought them sweeter than all the fame and fair show of the gay cities.

And as he passed through the ancient gateway and threaded his way up the narrow street towards the little shop, he seemed to see once more the kindly smile of his old master and to hear him say, 'Thou wilt soon be the greatest man in Perugia, and we will call thee no longer Pietro Vanucci, but Perugino.'

So it had come to pass. Here he was. No longer a little ragged, hungry boy, but a man whom all delighted to honour. Truly this was a world of changes!

A bigger studio was needed than the little old shop, for now he had more pictures to paint than he well knew how to finish. Then, too, he had many pupils, for all were eager to enter the studio of the great master. There it was that one morning a new pupil was brought to him, a boy of twelve, whose guardians begged that Perugino would teach and train him.

Perugino looked with interest at the child. Seldom had he seen such a beautiful oval face, framed by such soft brown curls—a face so pure and lovable that even at first sight it drew out love from the hearts of those who looked at him.

'His father was also a painter,' said the guardian, 'and Raphael, here, has caught the trick of using his pencil and brush, so we would have him learn of the greatest master in the land.'

After some talk, the boy was left in the studio at Perugia, and day by day Perugino grew to love him more. It was not only that little Raphael was clever and skilful, though that alone often made the master marvel.

'He is my pupil now, but some day he will be my master, and I shall learn of him,' Perugino would often say as he watched the boy at work. But more than all, the pure sweet nature and the polished gentleness of his manners charmed the heart of the master, and he loved to have the boy always near him, and to teach him was his greatest pleasure.

Those quiet days in the Perugia studio never lasted very long. From all quarters came calls to Perugino, and, much as he loved work, he could not finish all that was wanted.

It happened once when he was in Florence that a certain prior begged him to come and fresco the walls of his convent. This prior was very famous for making a most

beautiful and expensive blue colour which he was anxious should be used in the painting of the convent walls. He was a mean, suspicious man, and would not trust Perugino with the precious blue colour, but always held it in his own hands and grudgingly doled it out in small quantities, torn between the desire to have the colour on his walls and his dislike to parting with anything so precious.

As Perugino noted this, he grew angry and determined to punish the prior's meanness. The next time therefore that there was a blue sky to be painted, he put at his side a large bowl of fresh water, and then called on the prior to put out a small quantity of the blue colour in a little vase. Each time he dipped his brush into the vase, Perugino washed it out with a swirl in the bowl at his side, so that most of the colour was left in the water, and very little was put on to the picture.

'I pray thee fill the vase again with blue,' he said carelessly when the colour was all gone. The prior groaned aloud, and turned grudgingly to his little bag.

'Oh what a quantity of blue is swallowed up by this plaster!' he said, as he gazed at the white wall, which scarcely showed a trace of the precious colour.

'Yes,' said Perugino cheerfully, 'thou canst see thyself how it goes.'

Then afterwards, when the prior had sadly gone off with his little empty bag, Perugino carefully poured the

water from the bowl and gathered together the grains of colour which had sunk to the bottom.

'Here is something that belongs to thee,' he said sternly to the astonished prior. 'I would have thee learn to trust honest men and not treat them as thieves. For with all thy suspicious care, it was easy to rob thee if I had had a mind.'

During all these years in which Perugino had worked so diligently, the art of painting had been growing rapidly. Many of the new artists shook off the old rules and ideas, and began to paint in quite a new way. There was one man especially, called Michelangelo, whose story you will hear later on, who arose like a giant, and with his new way and greater knowledge swept everything before him.

Perugino was jealous of all these new ideas, and clung more closely than ever to his old ideals, his quiet, dignified saints, and spacious landscapes. He talked openly of his dislike of the new style, and once he had a serious quarrel with the great Michelangelo.

There was a gathering of painters in Perugino's studio that day. Filippino Lippi, Botticelli, Ghirlandaio, and Leonardo were there, and in the background the pupil Raphael was listening to the talk.

'What dost thou think of this new style of painting?' asked Botticelli. 'To me it seems but strange and unpleasing. Music and motion are delightful, but this

violent twisting of limbs to show the muscles offends my taste.'

'Yet it is most marvellously skilful,' said the young Leonardo thoughtfully.

'But totally unfit for the proper picturing of saints and the blessed Madonna,' said Filippino, shaking his curly head.

'I never trouble myself about it,' said Ghirlandaio. 'Life is too short to attend to other men's work. It takes all my care and attention to look after mine own. But see, here comes the great Michelangelo himself to listen to our criticism.'

The curious, rugged face of the great artist looked good-naturedly on the company, but his strong knotted hands waved aside their greetings.

'So you were busy as usual finding fault with my work,' he said. 'Come, friend Perugino, tell me what thou hast found to grumble at.'

'I like not thy methods, and that I tell thee frankly,' answered Perugino, an angry light shining in his eyes. 'It is such work as thine that drags the art of painting down from the heights of heavenly things to the low taste of earth. It robs it of all dignity and restfulness, and destroys the precious traditions handed down to us since the days of Giotto.'

The face of Michelangelo grew angry and scornful as he listened to this.

'Thou art but a dolt and a blockhead in Art,' he said. 'Thou wilt soon see that the day of thy saints and Madonnas is past, and wilt cease to paint them over and over again in the same manner, as a child doth his lesson in a copy book.'

Then he turned and went out of the studio before any one had time to answer him.

Perugino was furiously angry and would not listen to reason, but must needs go before the great Council and demand that they should punish Michelangelo for his hard words. This of course the Council refused to do, and Perugino left Florence for Perugia, angry and sore at heart.

It seemed hard, after all his struggles and great successes, that as he grew old people should begin to tire of his work, which they had once thought so perfect.

But if the outside world was sometimes disappointing, he had always his home to turn to, and his beautiful wife Chiare. He had married her in his beloved Perugia, and she meant all the joy of life to him. He was so proud of her beauty that he would buy her the richest dresses and most costly jewels, and with his own hands would deck her with them. Her brown eyes were like the depths of some quiet pool, her fair face and the wonderful soul that shone there were to him the most perfect picture in the world.

'I will paint thee once, that the world may be the richer,' said Perugino, 'but only once, for thy beauty is too rare for common use. And I will paint thee not as an earthly beauty, but thou shalt be the angel in the story of Tobias which thou knowest.'

So he painted her as he said. And in our own National Gallery we still have the picture, and we may see her there as the beautiful angel who leads the little boy Tobias by the hand.

Up to the very last years of his life, Perugino painted as diligently as he had ever done, but the peaceful days of Perugia had long since given place to war and tumult, both within and without the city. Then too a terrible plague swept over the countryside, and people died by thousands.

To the hospital of Fartignano, close to Perugia, they carried Perugino when the deadly plague seized him, and there he died. There was no time to think of grand funerals; the people were buried as quickly as possible, in whatever place lay closest at hand.

So it came to pass that Perugino was laid to rest in an open field under an oak-tree close by. Later on his sons wished to have him buried in holy ground, and some say that this was done, but nothing is known for certain. Perhaps if he could have chosen, he would have been glad to think that his body should rest under the shelter of the trees he loved to paint, in that waste openness of space

which had always been his vision of beauty, since, as a little boy, he gazed across the Umbrian Plain, and the wonder of it sank into his soul.

Leonardo da Vinci
(1452-1519)

On the sunny slopes of Monte Albano, between Florence and Pisa, the little town of Vinci lay high among the rocks that crowned the steep hillside. It was but a little town. Only a few houses crowded together round an old castle in the midst, and it looked from a distance like a swallow's nest clinging to the bare steep rocks.

Here in the year 1452 Leonardo, son of Ser Piero da Vinci, was born. It was in the age when people told fortunes by the stars, and when a baby was born they would eagerly look up and decide whether it was a lucky or unlucky star which shone upon the child. Surely if it had been possible in this way to tell what fortune awaited the little Leonardo, a strange new star must have shone that night, brighter than the others and unlike the rest in the dazzling light of its strength and beauty.

Leonardo was always a strange child. Even his beauty was not like that of other children. He had the most wonderful waving hair, falling in regular ripples, like the waters of a fountain, the colour of bright gold, and soft as spun silk. His eyes were blue and clear, with a mysterious light in them, not the warm light of a sunny sky, but rather the blue that glints in the iceberg. They were merry eyes too, when he laughed, but underneath was always that

strange cold look. There was a charm about his smile which no one could resist, and he was a favourite with all. Yet people shook their heads sometimes as they looked at him, and they talked in whispers of the old witch who had lent her goat to nourish the little Leonardo when he was a baby. The woman was a dealer in black magic, and who knew but that the child might be a changeling?

It was the old grandmother, Mona Lena, who brought Leonardo up and spoilt him not a little. His father, Ser Piero, was a lawyer, and spent most of his time in Florence, but when he returned to the old castle of Vinci, he began to give Leonardo lessons and tried to find out what the boy was fit for. But Leonardo hated those lessons and would not learn, so when he was seven years old he was sent to school.

This did not answer any better. The rough play of the boys was not to his liking. When he saw them drag the wings off butterflies, or torture any animal that fell into their hands, his face grew white with pain, and he would take no share in their games. The Latin grammar, too, was a terrible task, while the many things he longed to know no one taught him.

So it happened that many a time, instead of going to school, he would slip away and escape up into the hills, as happy as a little wild goat. Here was all the sweet fresh air of heaven, instead of the stuffy schoolroom. Here were no cruel, clumsy boys, but all the wild creatures that he loved.

Here he could learn the real things his heart was hungry to know, not merely words which meant nothing and led to nowhere.

For hours he would lie perfectly still with his heels in the air and his chin resting in his hands, as he watched a spider weaving its web, breathless with interest to see how the delicate threads were turned in and out. The gaily painted butterflies, the fat buzzing bees, the little sharp-tongued green lizards, he loved to watch them all, but above everything he loved the birds. Oh, if only he too had wings to dart like the swallows, and swoop and sail and dart again! What was the secret power in their wings? Surely by watching he might learn it. Sometimes it seemed as if his heart would burst with the longing to learn that secret. It was always the hidden reason of things that he desired to know. Much as he loved the flowers he must pull their petals off, one by one, to see how each was joined, to wonder at the dusty pollen, and touch the honey-covered stamens. Then when the sun began to sink he would turn sadly homewards, very hungry, with torn clothes and tired feet, but with a store of sunshine in his heart.

His grandmother shook her head when Leonardo appeared after one of his days of wandering.

'I know thou shouldst be whipped for playing truant,' she said; 'and I should also punish thee for tearing thy clothes.'

'Ah! but thou wilt not whip me,' answered Leonardo, smiling at her with his curious quiet smile, for he had full confidence in her love.

'Well, I love to see thee happy, and I will not punish thee this time,' said his grandmother; 'but if these tales reach thy father's ears, he will not be so tender as I am towards thee.'

And, sure enough, the very next time that a complaint was made from the school, his father happened to be at home, and then the storm burst.

'Next time I will flog thee,' said Ser Piero sternly, with rising anger at the careless air of the boy. 'Meanwhile we will see what a little imprisonment will do towards making thee a better child.'

Then he took the boy by the shoulders and led him to a little dark cupboard under the stairs, and there shut him up for three whole days.

There was no kicking or beating at the locked door. Leonardo sat quietly there in the dark, thinking his own thoughts, and wondering why there seemed so little justice in the world. But soon even that wonder passed away, and as usual when he was alone he began to dream dreams of the time when he should have learned the swallows' secrets and should have wings like theirs.

But if there were complaints about Leonardo's dislike of the boys and the Latin grammar, there would be none about the lessons he chose to learn. Indeed, some of the

masters began to dread the boy's eager questions, which were sometimes more than they could answer. Scarcely had he begun the study of arithmetic than he made such rapid progress, and wanted to puzzle out so many problems, that the masters were amazed. His mind seemed always eagerly asking for more light, and was never satisfied.

But it was out on the hillside that he spent his happiest hours. He loved every crawling, creeping, or flying thing, however ugly. Curious beasts which might have frightened another child were to him charming and interesting. There as he listened to the carolling of the birds and bent his head to catch the murmured song of the mountain-streams, the love of music began to steal into his heart.

He did not rest then until he managed to get a lute and learned how to play upon it. And when he had mastered the notes and learned the rules of music, he began to play airs which no one had ever heard before, and to sing such strange sweet songs that the golden notes flowed out as fresh and clear as the song of a lark in the early morning of spring.

'The child is a changeling,' said some, as they saw Leonardo tenderly lift a crushed lizard in his hand, or watched him play with a spotted snake or great hairy spider.

'A changeling perhaps,' said others, 'but one that hath the voice of an angel.' For every one stopped to listen when the boy's voice was heard singing through the streets of the little town.

He was a puzzle to every one, and yet a delight to all, even when they understood him least.

So time went on, and when Leonardo was thirteen his father took him away to Florence that he might begin to be trained for some special work. But what work? Ah! that was the rub. The boy could do so many things well that it was difficult to fix on one.

At that time there was living in Florence an old man who knew a great deal about the stars, and who made wonderful calculations about them. He was a famous astronomer, but he cared not at all for honour or fame, but lived a simple quiet life by himself and would not mix with the gay world.

Few visitors ever came to see him, for it was known that he would receive no one, and so it was a great surprise to old Toscanelli when one night a gentle knock sounded at his door, and a boy walked quietly in and stood before him.

Hastily the old man looked up, and his first thought was to ask the child how he dared enter without leave, and then ask him to be gone, but as he looked at the fair face he felt the charm of the curious smile, and the light in the blue eyes, and instead he laid his hand upon the boy's

golden head and said: 'What dost thou seek, my son?'

'I would learn all that thou canst teach me,' said Leonardo, for it was he.

The old man smiled.

'Behold the boundless self-confidence of youth!' he said.

But as they talked together, and the boy asked his many eager questions, a great wonder awoke in the astronomer's mind, and his eyes shone with interest. This child-mind held depths of understanding such as he had never met with among his learned friends. Day after day the old man and the boy bent eagerly together over their problems, and when night fell Toscanelli would take the child up with him to his lonely tower above Florence, and teach him to know the stars and to understand many things.

'This is all very well,' said Ser Piero, 'but the boy must do more than mere star-gazing. He must earn a living for himself, and methinks we might make a painter of him.'

That very day, therefore, he gathered together some of Leonardo's drawings which lay carelessly scattered about, and took them to the studio of Verocchio the painter, who lived close by the Ponte Vecchio.

'Dost thou think thou canst make aught of the boy?' he asked, spreading out the drawings before Verocchio.

The painter's quick eyes examined the work with deep interest.

'Send him to me at once,' he said. 'This is indeed marvellous talent.'

So Leonardo entered the studio as a pupil, and learned all that could be taught him with the same quickness with which he learned anything that he cared to know.

Every one who saw his work declared that he would be the wonder of the age, but Verocchio shook his head.

'He is too wonderful,' he said. 'He aims at too great perfection. He wants to know everything and do everything, and life is too short for that. He finishes nothing, because he is ever starting to do something else.'

Verocchio's words were true; the boy seldom worked long at one thing. His hands were never idle, and often, instead of painting, he would carve out tiny windmills and curious toys which worked with pulleys and ropes, or made exquisite little clay models of horses and all the other animals that he loved. But he never forgot the longing that had rilled his heart when he was a child—the desire to learn the secret of flying.

For days he would sit idle and think of nothing but soaring wings, then he would rouse himself and begin to make some strange machine which he thought might hold the secret that he sought.

'A waste of time,' growled Verocchio. 'See here, thou wouldst be better employed if thou shouldst set to work and help me finish this picture of the Baptism for the good monks of Vallambrosa. Let me see how thou canst paint in the kneeling figure of the angel at the side.'

For a while the boy stood motionless before the picture as if he was looking at something far away. Then he seized the brushes with his left hand and began to paint with quick certain sweep. He never stopped to think, but worked as if the angel were already there, and he were but brushing away the veil that hid it from the light.

Then, when it was done, the master came and looked silently on. For a moment a quick stab of jealousy ran through his heart. Year after year had he worked and striven to reach his ideal. Long days of toil and weary nights had he spent, winning each step upwards by sheer hard work. And here was this boy without an effort able to rise far above him. All the knowledge which the master had groped after, had been grasped at once by the wonderful mind of the pupil. But the envious feeling passed quickly away, and Verocchio laid his hand upon Leonardo's shoulder.

'I have found my master,' he said quietly, 'and I will paint no more.'

Leonardo scarcely seemed to hear; he was thinking of something else now, and he seldom noticed if people praised or blamed him. His thoughts had fixed themselves

upon something he had seen that morning which had troubled him. On the way to the studio he had passed a tiny shop in a narrow street where a seller of birds was busy hanging his cages up on the nails fastened to the outside wall.

The thought of those poor little prisoners beating their wings against the cruel bars and breaking their hearts with longing for their wild free life, had haunted him all day, and now he could bear it no longer. He seized his cap and hurried off, all forgetful of his kneeling angel and the master's praise.

He reached the little shop and called to the man within.

'How much wilt thou take for thy birds?' he cried, and pointed to the little wooden cages that hung against the wall.

'Plague on them,' answered the man, 'they will often die before I can make a sale by them. Thou canst have them all for one silver piece.'

In a moment Leonardo had paid the money and had turned towards the row of little cages. One by one he opened the doors and set the prisoners free, and those that were too frightened or timid to fly away, he gently drew out with his hand, and sent them gaily whirling up above his head into the blue sky.

The man looked with blank astonishment at the empty cages, and wondered if the handsome young man

was mad. But Leonardo paid no heed to him, but stood gazing up until every one of the birds had disappeared.

'Happy things,' he said, with a sigh. 'Will you ever teach me the secret of your wings, I wonder?'

It was with great pleasure that Ser Piero heard of his son's success at Verocchio's studio, and he began to have hopes that the boy would make a name for himself after all. It happened just then that he was on a visit to his castle at Vinci, and one morning a peasant who lived on the estate came to ask a great favour of him.

He had bought a rough wooden shield which he was very anxious should have a design painted on it in Florence, and he begged Ser Piero to see that it was done. The peasant was a faithful servant, and very useful in supplying the castle with fish and game, so Ser Piero was pleased to grant him his request.

'Leonardo shall try his hand upon it. It is time he became useful to me,' said Ser Piero to himself. So on his return to Florence he took the shield to his son.

It was a rough, badly-shaped shield, so Leonardo held it to the fire and began to straighten it. For though his hands looked delicate and beautifully formed, they were as strong as steel, and he could bend bars of iron without an effort. Then he sent the shield to a turner to be smoothed and rounded, and when it was ready he sat down to think what he should paint upon it, for he loved to draw strange monsters.

'I will make it as terrifying as the head of Medusa,' he said at last, highly delighted with the plan that had come into his head.

Then he went out and collected together all the strangest animals he could find—lizards, hedgehogs, newts, snakes, dragon-flies, locusts, bats, and glow-worms. These he took into his own room, which no one was allowed to enter, and began to paint from them a curious monster, partly a lizard and partly a bat, with something of each of the other animals added to it.

When it was ready Leonardo hung the shield in a good light against a dark curtain, so that the painted monster stood out in brilliant contrast, and looked as if its twisted curling limbs were full of life.

A knock sounded at the door, and Ser Piero's voice was heard outside asking if the shield was finished.

'Come in,' cried Leonardo, and Ser Piero entered.

He cast one look at the monster hanging there and then uttered a cry and turned to flee, but Leonardo caught hold of his cloak and laughingly told him to look closer.

'If I have really succeeded in frightening thee,' he said, 'I have indeed done all I could desire.'

His father could scarcely believe that it was nothing but a painting, and he was so proud of the work that he would not part with it, but gave the peasant of Vinci another shield instead.

Leonardo then began a drawing for a curtain which was to be woven in silk and gold and given as a present from the Florentines to the King of Portugal, and he also began a large picture of the Adoration of the Shepherds which was never finished.

The young painter grew restless after a while, and felt the life of the studio narrow and cramped. He longed to leave Florence and find work in some new place.

He was not a favourite at the court of Lorenzo the Magnificent as Filippino Lippi and Botticelli were. Lorenzo liked those who would flatter him and do as they were bid, while Leonardo took his own way in everything and never said what he did not mean.

But it happened that just then Lorenzo wished to send a present to Ludovico Sforza, the Duke of Milan, and the gift he chose was a marvellous musical instrument which Leonardo had just finished.

It was a silver lute, made in the form of a horse's head, the most curious and beautiful thing ever seen. Lorenzo was charmed with it.

'Thou shalt take it thyself, as my messenger,' he said to Leonardo. 'I doubt if another can be found who can play upon it as thou dost.'

So Leonardo set out for Milan, and was glad to shake himself free from the narrow life of the Florentine studio.

Before starting, however, he had written a letter to the Duke setting down in simple order all the things he could do, and telling of what use he could be in times of war and in days of peace.

There seemed nothing that he could not do. He could make bridges, blow up castles, dig canals, invent a new kind of cannon, build warships, and make underground passages. In days of peace he could design and build houses, make beautiful statues and paint pictures 'as well as any man, be he who he may.'

The letter was written in curious writing from right to left like Hebrew or Arabic. This was how Leonardo always wrote, using his left hand, so that it could only be read by holding the writing up to a mirror.

The Duke was half amazed and half amused when the letter reached him.

'Either these are the words of a fool, or of a man of genius,' said the Duke. And when he had once seen and spoken to Leonardo he saw at once which of the two he deserved to be called.

Every one at the court was charmed with the artist's beautiful face and graceful manners. His music alone, as he swept the strings of the silver lute and sang to it his own songs, would have brought him fame, but the Duke quickly saw that this was no mere minstrel.

It was soon arranged therefore that Leonardo should take up his abode at the court of Milan and receive a yearly pension from the Duke.

Sometimes the pension was paid, and sometimes it was forgotten, but Leonardo never troubled about money matters. Somehow or other he must have all that he wanted, and everything must be fair and dainty. His clothes were always rich and costly, but never bright-coloured or gaudy. There was no plume or jewelled brooch in his black velvet beretto or cap, and the only touch of colour was his golden hair, and the mantle of dark red cloth, which he wore in the fashion of the Florentines, thrown across his shoulder. Above all, he must always have horses in his stables, for he loved them more than human beings.

Many were the plans and projects which the Duke entrusted to Leonardo's care, but of all that he did, two great works stand out as greater than all the rest. One was the painting of the Last Supper on the walls of the refectory of Santa Maria delle Grazie, and the other the making of a model of a great equestrian statue, a bronze horse with the figure of the Duke upon its back.

Year after year Leonardo worked at that wonderful fresco of the Last Supper. Sometimes for weeks or months he never touched it, but he always returned to it again. Then for days he would work from morning till night, scarcely taking time to eat, and able to think of nothing

else, until suddenly he would put down his brushes and stand silently for a long, long time before the picture. It seemed as if he was wasting the precious hours doing nothing, but in truth he worked more diligently with his brain when his hands were idle.

Often too when he worked at the model for the great bronze horse, he would suddenly stop, and walk quickly through the streets until he came to the refectory, and there, catching up his brushes, he would paint in one or perhaps two strokes, and then return to his modelling.

Besides all this Leonardo was busy with other plans for the Duke's amusement, and no court fête was counted successful without his help. Nothing seemed too difficult for him to contrive, and what he did was always new and strange and wonderful.

Once when the King of France came as a guest to Milan, Leonardo prepared a curious model of a lion, which by some inside machinery was able to walk forward several steps to meet the King, and then open wide its huge jaws and display inside a bed of sweet-scented lilies, the emblem of France, to do honour to her King. But while working at other things Leonardo never forgot his longing to learn the secret art of flying. Every now and then a new idea would come into his head, and he would lay aside all other work until he had made the new machine which might perhaps act as the wings of a bird. Each fresh disappointment only made him more keen to try again.

'I know we shall some day have wings,' he said to his pupils, who sometimes wondered at the strange work of the master's hands. 'It is only a question of knowing how to make them. I remember once when I was a baby lying in my cradle, I fancied a bird flew to me, opened my lips and rubbed its feathers over them. So it seems to be my fate all my life to talk of wings.'

Very slowly the great fresco of the Last Supper grew under the master's hand until it was nearly finished. The statue, too, was almost completed, and then evil days fell upon Milan. The Duke was obliged to flee before the French soldiers, who forced their way into the town and took possession of it. Before any one could prevent it, the soldiers began to shoot their arrows at the great statue, which they used as a target, and in a few hours the work of sixteen years was utterly destroyed. It is sadder still to tell the fate of Leonardo's fresco, the greatest picture perhaps that ever was painted. Dampness lurked in the wall and began to dim and blur the colours. The careless monks cut a door through the very centre of the picture, and, later on, when Napoleon's soldiers entered Milan, they used the refectory as a stable, and amused themselves by throwing stones at what remained of it. But though little of it is left now to be seen, there is still enough to make us stand in awe and reverence before the genius of the great master.

Not far from Milan there lived a friend of Leonardo's, whom the master loved to visit. This Girolamo Melzi had

a son called Francesco, a little motherless boy, who adored the great painter with all his heart.

Together Leonardo and the child used to wander out to search for curious animals and rare flowers, and as they watched the spiders weave their webs and pulled the flowers to pieces to find out their secrets, the boy listened with wide wondering eyes to all the tales which the painter told him. And at night Leonardo wrapped the little one close inside his warm cloak and carried him out to see the stars—those same stars which old Toscanelli had taught him to love long ago in Florence. Then when the day of parting came the child clung round the master's neck and would not let him go.

'Take me with thee,' he cried, 'do not leave me behind all alone.'

'I cannot take thee now, little one,' said Leonardo gently. 'Thou art still too small, but later on thou shalt come to me and be my pupil. This I promise thee.'

It was but a weary wandering life that awaited Leonardo after he was forced to leave his home in Milan. It seemed as if it was his fate to begin many things but to finish nothing. For a while he lived in Rome, but he did little real work there.

For several years he lived in Florence and began to paint a huge battle-picture. There too he painted the famous portrait of Mona Lisa, which is now in Paris. Of all portraits that have ever been painted this is counted the

most wonderful and perfect piece of work, although Leonardo himself called it unfinished.

By this time the master had fallen on evil days. All his pupils were gone, and his friends seemed to have forgotten him. He was sitting before the fire one stormy night, lonely and sad, when the door opened and a tall handsome lad came in.

'Master!' he cried, and kneeling down he kissed the old man's hands. 'Dost thou not know me? I am thy little Francesco, come to claim thy promise that I should one day be thy servant and pupil.'

Leonardo laid his hand upon the boy's fair head and looked into his face.

'I am growing old,' he said, 'and I can no longer do for thee what I might once have done. I am but a poor wanderer now. Dost thou indeed wish to cast in thy lot with mine?'

'I care only to be near thee,' said the boy. 'I will go with thee to the ends of the earth.'

So when, soon after, Leonardo received an invitation from the new King of France, he took the boy with him, and together they made their home in the little chateau of Claux near the town of Amboise.

The master's hair was silvered now, and his long beard was as white as snow. His keen blue eyes looked weary and tired of life, and care had drawn many deep lines on his

beautiful face. Sad thoughts were always his company. The one word 'failure' seemed to be written across his life. What had he done? He had begun many things and had finished but few. His great fresco was even now fading away and becoming dim and blurred. His model for the marvellous horse was destroyed. A few pictures remained, but these had never quite reached his ideal. The crowd who had once hailed him as the greatest of all artists, could now only talk of Michelangelo and the young Raphael. Michelangelo himself had once scornfully told him he was a failure and could finish nothing.

He was glad to leave Italy and all its memories behind, and he hoped to begin work again in his quiet little French home. But Death was drawing near, and before many years had passed he grew too weak to hold a brush or pencil.

It was in the springtime of the year that the end came. Francesco had opened the window and gently lifted the master in his strong young arms, that he might look once more on the outside world which he loved so dearly. The trees were putting on their dainty dress of tender green, white clouds swept across the blue sky, and April sunshine flooded the room.

As he looked out, the master's tired eyes woke into life.

'Look!' he cried, 'the swallows have come back! Oh that they would lend me their wings that I might fly away and be at rest!'

The swallows darted and circled about in the clear spring air, busy with their building plans, but Francesco thought he heard the rustle of other wings, as the master's soul, freed from the tired body, was at last borne upwards higher than any earthly wings could soar.

Filippino Lippi
(1459-1504)

The little curly-haired Filippino, left in the charge of good Fra Diamante, soon showed that he meant to be a painter like his father. When, as a little boy, he drew his pictures and showed them proudly to his mother, he told her that he, too, would learn some day to be a great artist. And she, half smiling, would pat his curly head and tell him that he could at least try his best.

Then, after that sad day when Lucrezia heard of Filippo's death, and the happy little home was broken up, Fra Diamante began in earnest to train the boy who had been left under his care. He had plenty of money, for Filippo had been well paid for the work at Spoleto, and so it was decided that the boy should be placed in some studio where he could be taught all that was necessary.

There was no fear of Filippino ever wandering about the Florentine streets cold and hungry as his father had done. And his training was very different too. Instead of the convent and the kind monks, he was placed under the care of a great painter, and worked in the master's studio with other boys as well off as himself.

The name of Filippino's master was Sandro Botticelli, a Florentine artist, who had been one of Filippo's pupils

and had worked with him in Prato. Fra Diamante knew that he was the greatest artist now in Florence, and that he would be able to teach the child better than any one else.

Filippino was a good, industrious boy, and had none of the faults which had so often led his father into so much mischief and so many strange adventures. His boyhood passed quietly by and he learned all that his master could teach him, and then began to paint his own pictures.

Strangely enough, his first work was to paint the walls of the Carmine Chapel—that same chapel where Filippo and Diamante had learned their lessons, and had gazed with such awe and reverence on Masaccio's work.

The great painter, Ugly Tom, was dead, and there were still parts of the chapel unfinished, so Filippino was invited to fill the empty spaces with his work. No need for the new prior to warn this young painter against the sin of painting earthly pictures. The frescoes which daily grew beneath Filippino's hands were saintly and beautiful. The tall angel in flowing white robes who so gently leads St. Peter out of the prison door, shines with a pure fair light that speaks of Heaven. The sleeping soldier looks in contrast all the more dull and heavy, while St. Peter turns his eyes towards his gentle guide and folds his hands in reverence, wrapped in the soft reflected light of that fair face. And on the opposite wall, the sad face of St. Peter looks out through the prison bars, while a brother saint

stands outside, and with uplifted hand speaks comforting words to the poor prisoner.

By slow degrees the chapel walls were finished, and after that there was much work ready for the young painter's hand. It is said that he was very fond of studying old Roman ornaments and painted them into his pictures whenever it was possible, and became very famous for this kind of work. But it is the beauty of his Madonnas and angels that makes us love his pictures, and we like to think that the memory of his gentle mother taught him how to paint those lovely faces.

Perhaps of all his pictures the most beautiful is one in the church of the Badia in Florence. It tells the story of the blessed St. Bernard, and shows the saint in his desert home, as he sat among the rocks writing the history of the Madonna. He had not been able to write that day; perhaps he felt dull, and none of his books, scattered around, were of any help. Then, as he sat lost in thought, with his pen in his hand, the Virgin herself stood before him, an angel on either side, and little angel faces pressed close behind her. Laying a gentle hand upon his book, she seems to tell St. Bernard all those golden words which his poor earthly pen had not been able yet to write.

It used to be the custom long ago in Italy to place in the streets sacred pictures or figures, that passers-by might be reminded of holy things and say a prayer in passing. And still in many towns you will find in some old dusty

corner a beautiful picture, painted by a master hand. A gleam of colour will catch your eye, and looking up you see a picture or little shrine of exquisite blue-and-white glazed pottery, where the Madonna kneels and worships the Infant Christ lying amongst the lilies at her feet. The old battered lamp which hangs in front of these shrines is still kept lighted by some faithful hand, and in springtime the children will often come and lay little bunches of wild-flowers on the ledge below.

'It is for the Jesu Bambino,' they will say, and their little faces grow solemn and reverent as they kneel and say a prayer. Then off again they go to their play.

In a little side-street of Prato, not far from the convent where Filippino's father first saw Lucrezia's lovely face in the sunny garden, there is one of these wayside shrines. It is painted by Filippino, and is one of his most beautiful pictures. The sweet face of the Madonna looks down upon the busy street below, and the Holy Child lifts His little hand in blessing, amid the saints which stand on either side.

The glass that covers the picture is thick with dust, and few who pass ever stop to look up. The world is all too busy nowadays. The hurrying feet pass by, the unseeing eyes grow more and more careless. But Filippino's beautiful Madonna looks on with calm, sad eyes, and the Christ Child, surrounded by the cloud of little angel faces,

still holds in His uplifted hand a blessing for those who seek it.

Like all the great Florentine artists, Filippino, as soon as he grew famous, was invited to Rome, and he painted many pictures there. On his way he stopped for a while at Spoleto, and there he designed a beautiful marble monument for his father's tomb.

Unlike that father, Filippino was never fond of travel or adventure, and was always glad to return to Florence and live his quiet life there. Not even an invitation from the King of Hungary could tempt him to leave home.

It was in the great church of Santa Maria Novella in Florence that Filippino painted his last frescoes. They are very real and lifelike, as one of the great painter's pupils once learned to his cost. Filippino had, of course, many pupils who worked under him. They ground his colours and watched him work, and would sometimes be allowed to prepare the less important parts of the picture.

Now it happened that one day when the master had finished his work and had left the chapel, that one of the pupils lingered behind. His sharp eye had caught sight of a netted purse which lay in a dark corner, dropped there by some careless visitor, or perhaps by the master himself. The boy darted back and caught up the treasure; but at that moment the master turned back to fetch something he had forgotten. The boy looked quickly round. Where could he hide his prize? In a moment his eye fell on a hole

in the wall, underneath a step which Filippino had been painting in the fresco. That was the very place, and he ran forward to thrust the purse inside. But, alas! the hole was only a painted one, and the boy was fairly caught, and was obliged with shame and confusion to give up his prize.

Scarcely were these frescoes finished when Filippino was seized with a terrible fever, and he died almost as suddenly as his father had done.

In those days when there was a funeral of a prince in Florence, the Florentines used to shut their shops, and this was considered a great mark of respect, and was paid only to those of royal blood. But on the day that Filippino's funeral passed along the Via dei Servi, every shop there was closed and all Florence mourned for him.

'Some men,' they said, 'are born princes, and some raise themselves by their talents to be kings among men. Our Filippino was a prince in Art, and so do we do honour to his title.'

Albrecht Durer and His City
(1471-1528)

"Of a truth this man would have surpassed us all if he had had the master-pieces of art constantly before him."

—Raphael.

"Hardly any master has scattered with so lavish a hand all that the soul has conceived of fervid feeling or pathos, all that thought has grasped of what is strong or sublime, all that the imagination has conceived of poetic wealth; in no one has the depth and power of the German genius been so gloriously revealed as in him."

—Lubke.

"He was content to be a precious corner-stone in the edifice of German Art, the future grandeur of which he could only foresee."

— Richard Ford Heath.

In our study of the great artists so far, we have found that each glorified some particular city and that, whatever other treasures that city may have had in the past, it is the recollections of its great artist that hallow it most deeply today. Thus, to think of Antwerp is to think instantly of Rubens. Leyden and Amsterdam as quickly recall to our minds the name of Rembrandt. Seville without Murillo would lose its chief charm, while Urbino *is* Raphael and,

without the revered name of the painter, would seldom draw the visitor to its secluded precincts.

To the quaintest of European cities the name of Albrecht Durer instinctively carries us—to Nuremberg.

"That ancient, free, imperial town,
Forever fair and young."

Were we to study Durer without first viewing his venerable city which he so deeply loved all his life that no promise of gain from gorgeous Venetian court or from wealthy Antwerp burgers could detain him long from home, we should leave untouched a delightful subject and one deeply inwoven in the life and thought of the artist. Were we to omit a brief consideration of his time and the way the German mind looked at things and naturally represented them in words and in pictures, we should come away from Durer impressed only with his great homely figures and faces and wondering why, in every list of the great artists of the world, Durer's name should stand so high.

Having these things in mind, it will not then seem so far away to speak of Nuremberg and Luther before we rehearse the things which make up the life of Albrecht Durer.

Nuremberg does not boast a very early date, for she began her existence just after the year one thousand when men, finding out surely that the end of the world was not come, took as it were a new lease of life. The thing she does

boast is that her character as a mediæval town has been almost perfectly preserved up to the present day.

There were many things which made Nuremberg an important city in early times. She was conveniently located for traders who shipped vast amounts of merchandise from Venice to the great trade centers in the Netherlands. For many years she was a favorite city of the Emperor and here were kept the crown jewels which were displayed with great pomp once a year.

The country immediately about Nuremberg was sandy but carefully cultivated. There were also large banks of clay very useful to the citizens in the manufacture of pottery. Like the salt of Venice, it was a natural source of wealth to the citizens. Very early we find a paper mill here, and here, too, were set up some of the earliest printing presses. Perhaps the most interesting of the early wares of this enterprising city were the watches. The first made in the world were manufactured here and from their shape they were called "Nuremberg Eggs." We have a story that Charles V had a watchmaker brought in a sedan chair all the way from Nuremberg that he might have his watch repaired. Here was manufactured the first gun-lock, and here was invented the valued metallic compound known as brass.

From all these sources the citizens grew rich, but their wealth did not make them forget their city. A little more than fifty years before Durer's birth, the Emperor being

very much in need of money, they bought their freedom. For this they paid what would be, in our money, about a million of dollars. It was a goodly price, but they gave it freely. Then they destroyed the house where their governor or Burgrave had lived and they were henceforth ruled by a council selected from their own number.

The city lies on both sides of the river Pegnitz which divides it into two almost equal parts. The northern side is named from its great church, St. Sebald's, and the southern for that of St. Lawrence. Originally the city was enclosed by splendid ramparts. Three hundred and sixty-five towers broke the monotony of the extensive walls. Of these one hundred are still standing today. In days gone by, a moat thirty-five feet wide encircled the wall, but since peace has taken the place of war and security has come instead of hourly danger, the moat has been drained and thrifty kitchen gardens fill the space.

Within the city are some of the most beautiful buildings both private and public. Here, too, sculpture, which the Germans cultivated before they did painting, has left rare monuments. Among these last we must notice the wonderful shrine of St. Sebald in the church of the same name. For thirteen years Peter Vischer and his five sons labored on this work. Long it was to toil and vexing were the questions which arose in the progress of the work; but the result was a master-piece which stands alone among the art works of the world. Nor can we forget the foamy ciborium of the Church of St Lawrence. For sixty-

five feet this miracle of snowy marble rises in the air, growing more lacey at every step until, in its terminal portions, so delicate does it become that it seems like the very clouds in fleeciness.

Church doorways are carved with beautiful and fantastic forms by men whose names were long ago forgotten. Common dwellings are adorned with picturesque dormer windows. Even the narrow crooked streets hold their share of beauty, for here are fountains so exquisite in their workmanship that their like is not to be found elsewhere. Here it is the Beautiful Fountain, gay with sculptures of heroes and saints, and there it is the Little Gooseman's Fountain where humor is added to beauty. Through all the years stands the little man with a goose under either arm, patiently receiving his daily drenching. Still two other fountains known to fame send up their crystal waters to greet the light.

If we seek for more modern things we are also rewarded, for here in Durer Square stands Rauch's great statue of the artist, copied from Durer's portrait of himself in Vienna. We note the custom house, one of the oldest buildings, the town hall and the burg or castle, which for many years was the favorite residence of the Emperor.

Here, too, are many fine old houses which used to belong to noblemen of the city. It is not these residences that we seek, however, if we are visiting Nuremberg. We ask rather for the house of Hans Sachs, the cobbler poet,

of John Palm, the fearless patriot, who gave his life for the privilege of beating Napoleon, and above all we seek that quaint house where Durer lived and worked. In choosing these as objects of our special attention we feel like Charles I, who said, when he compelled a reluctant courtier to hold Durer's ladder, "Man can make a nobleman, but only God can make an artist."

In our search for interesting things in old Nuremberg, we come suddenly upon a house bearing a tablet on which are these words, "Pilate's House." At first we are mystified, for was not Pilate's house in Jerusalem? But at once we recall that this is the house of the pious Jacob Ketzet who twice visited the Holy Land that he might measure exactly the distance from Pilate's house to Calvary. When he was satisfied with his measurements he returned to Nuremberg and commissioned the great sculptor, Adam Kraft, to carve "stations," as he called them, between his home and St. John's Cemetery to the northwest of the city. These "stations," which are merely stone pillars on which are carved in relief scenes from the sufferings of our Lord just before his death, are still standing, and if we go to Durer's grave, as I am sure we should wish to do, we shall pass them on our way.

The Nurembergers have long taken pride in the quaint appearance of their city, so that many of the newer houses are built in the old style with their gables to the street. As we note the patriotic spirit of the people and recount the beauties of the old city, we feel that Durer was warranted

"in the deep love and affection that I have borne that venerable city, my fatherland," as he expressed it.

As to the time when Durer came into the world, it was truly a wonderful age in which to live! Less than twenty-five years after his birth, Columbus found a vast new world. People were already much agitated over the evil practices in the old established church. Durer knew and loved Luther and Melancthon but he was quite as much attached to the scholarly Erasmus, who wished not to break away from the old church, but merely to correct its abuses. In short Durer belonged to the Conservative class which found it possible to accept the food in the new doctrines and retain the pure from the old without revolution. Such were the citizens of Nuremberg and thus did the ancient city as easily accept the new doctrines as she did the morning-sunshine pouring in at her storied windows. Thus, too, were preserved the ancient buildings and institutions, which, through the wisdom of her citizens, were not called upon to withstand sieges and other military attacks.

Durer was above everything a true representative of the German people, and so we ought to take note of some of the qualities of the German mind. As Goethe, their greatest poet, says, one of their strongest characteristics is that of wishing to learn and to do rather than to enjoy. The Germans love truth and they do not stop short in their imaginings when they wish to drive it home. So in German art, the toiling man or woman is often accompanied by

angels and demons, the equal of which were never pictured by any other people. The greatest extremes of beauty and ugliness have these people given in their art. In either extreme, however, thoughts on the deepest questions of human life are at the foundation.

On a summer's day in 1455, there wandered into the far-famed city of Nuremberg a young goldsmith from Hungary. The ramparts of the city with their towers and gateways, the splendid buildings enclosed, were like miracles to the youth. It was a fête day in celebration of the marriage of the son of a prominent citizen, Pirkheimer by name. Albrecht Durer, for that was the youth's name, long studied the gay throng, little thinking how in the future the name of his son and that of the bridegroom there would together be known to fame, the one as the greatest artist, the other as the most learned man of Nuremberg. The wandering youth was the father of our artist and the bridegroom was the father of Wilibald Pirkheimer, Durer's life long friend and companion.

The young goldsmith loved the city at once and, encouraged by the business activity of the place, he made it his permanent abode. He found employment with Hieronymus Holper, and soon married his master's comely daughter, Barbara. They resided in a little house which was a sort of appendage to the great house of Pirkheimer. A few months after a much longed for son came to bless the Pirkheimers, a little boy was born in the goldsmith's house whom they named, for his father,

Albrecht Durer. As the years went by, seventeen other children came to the Durer home. Three only of all these children grew to maturity.

With such a family to support we can easily imagine that the father's life was a hard one. He was a pious and industrious man whom his illustrious son never tires of praising. In one place he says of him, "He had a great reputation with many who knew him, for he led an honorable Christian life, was a patient man, gentle, in peace with everyone and always thankful to God. He had no desire for worldly pleasures, was of few words, did not go into society and was a God-fearing man. Thus my dear father was most anxious to bring up his children to honor God. His highest wish was that his children should be pleasing to God and man; therefore he used to tell us every day that we should love God and be true to our neighbors."

Durer sorrowed deeply when his father died in 1502. On his death-bed he commended the mother to her son. Durer was faithful to his trust and cared tenderly for his mother until her death, several years later. Never did boy or man more faithfully keep the command, "Honor thy father and mother," than did our artist.

For many reasons Albrecht seemed to be his father's favorite child. We find him, in spite of numerous other cares, taking great pains with the boy's education. He taught him to read and write well and must have given him

instruction in Latin. These were years when thirst for learning was abroad in the land. Free Latin schools were established to meet the needs. Durer's father was filled with this spirit and he communicated it to his son.

As was customary at the time, the son was trained to follow his father's trade and so he learned the goldsmith's art in his father's shop. It is said that in his tender years he engraved, on silver, events from Christ's passage to Calvary. Albrecht's drawing was superior to that usually done in a goldsmith's shop. In his free hours he drew to entertain his companions. After a while he began to feel that he might paint pictures instead of merely drawing designs for metal work. He loved the work and so had the courage to tell his father of his wish to become a painter. The elder Durer was patient with the boy, regretting only that he had lost so much time learning the goldsmith's trade. Albrecht, then only sixteen, was surely young enough to begin his life work! His father put him to study with Wolgemut, the foremost painter of the city, which is not high praise, for the art of painting was then new in the prosperous city of the Pegnitz. Wolgemut was, however, a good engraver on wood and so perhaps was able to direct the young apprentice in quite as valuable a line as painting.

Here Durer remained for three years, until 1490. He was now but nineteen, full of hope and perhaps conscious, to a certain extent, that his was no ordinary skill of hand. He was now ready, according to the custom of his countrymen, for his "wanderschaft" or journeyman

period, when he should complete his art education by going abroad to other towns to see their ways and thus improve his own method. For four years he traveled among neighboring towns. The evidence is strong that the last year was spent in Venice. We have little certain knowledge of where he spent these years but we feel quite sure that one of the places he visited was Colmar, where he became acquainted with the artist, Martin Schougauer.

He was called home rather suddenly in 1494 by his father, who had arranged what he thought was an acceptable marriage for his son. A short time before Durer had sent his father a portrait of himself in which he figured as a remarkably handsome and well-dressed young man. It is supposed that the father sent for this portrait to help him along in his arrangements for the marriage of his son. However Albrecht may have felt about the matter of making his marriage merely a business affair, he never expressed himself, but was married shortly after his return to Nuremberg.

Agnes Frey, the woman selected by Durer's father, was a handsome woman of good family with a small fortune of her own. She has come down to us with a most unenviable record as a scold who made life almost unendurable for her husband. It is now quite certain, however, that for all these years she has been grossly misrepresented, simply because her husband's friend Pirkheimer, for small reason, became offended with her. It seems that in his lifetime Durer, who had collected many curious and valuable

things, had gathered together some remarkably fine stag-horns. One pair of these especially pleased Pirkheimer. The widow, without knowing Pirkheimer's desire for these, sold them for a small sum and thus brought upon herself the anger of her husband's choleric friend, who wrote a most unkind letter concerning her which has been quoted from that day to this to show how Albrecht Durer suffered in his home. The truth seems really to be that Agnes Durer was as sweet-tempered as the average woman, fond of her husband and a good housekeeper.

The earlier works of Durer are largely wood-cuts, the art which more than any other was the artist's very own. The discussions of the times regarding religious matters made a demand for books even at great cost. It was a time when written and spoken words held people's attention, but when, in addition, the text was illustrated by strong pictures the power and reach of the books were increased ten-fold. A place thus seemed waiting for Albrecht Durer, the master wood-engraver.

His first great series was the *Apocalypse*—pictures to illustrate the book of Revelations. Such a subject gave Durer ample scope for the use of his imagination. Then came the story of Christ's agony twice engraved in small and large size. These were followed by still another series illustrating the life of Mary. This series was especially popular, for it glorified family life—the family life of the Germans, so worthy, so respected. To be sure, Mary is represented as a German woman tending a dear German

child. The kings who come to adore could be found any day on the streets of Nuremberg. The castles and churches that figure in the backgrounds are those of mediæval and renaissance Germany. But this was Durer's method of truth speaking and it appealed strongly to the people of his time as it must to us of to-day.

In 1506, when the last series was not quite completed, Durer went to Venice, perhaps to look after the sale of some of his prints, but more likely because the artist wished to work in the sunshine and art atmosphere of the island city. While away he wrote regularly to his friend Pirkheimer. His letters are exceedingly interesting, as we learn from them much about the art society of the time. Durer was looked upon with favor by the Venetian government but most of the native artists were jealous of the foreigner and not friendly. They complained that his art was like nothing set down as "correct" or "classical" but still they admired it and copied it, too, on the sly.

Gentile Bellini, the founder of the Venetian School, was then a very old man. He was fond of Durer and showed him many kindnesses, not the least of which was praising him to the Venetian nobles. There is a charming story told of Bellini's admiration of Durer's skill in painting hair: One day, after examining carefully the beard of one of the saints in a picture by Durer, he begged him to allow him to use the brush that had done such wonderful work. Durer gladly laid his brushes before Bellini and indicated the one he had used. The Venetian

picked it up, made the attempt to use it but failed to produce anything unusual, whereupon Durer took the brush wet with Bellini's own color and painted a lock of woman's hair in so marvelous a way that the old artist declared he would not believe it had he not seen it done.

The most important picture Durer painted while in Venice was the *"Madonna of the Rose Garlands."* It was painted for the artist's countrymen and is now in a monastery near Prague. Durer evidently valued it highly himself for he writes of it to Pirkheimer, "My panel would give a ducat for you to see it; it is good and beautiful in color. I have got much praise and little profit by it. I have silenced all the painters who said that I was good at engraving but could not manage color. Now everyone says that they have never seen better coloring."

After little more than a year's sojourn in Venice, he returned to Nuremberg. He had been sorely tempted by an offer from the Venetian Council of a permanent pension if he would but remain in their city. But the ties of affection which bound him to his home city drew him back to Nuremberg, even though he had written while in Venice, "How cold I shall be after this sun! Here I am a gentleman," referring indirectly to the smaller place he would occupy at home.

Although Durer studied and enjoyed the works of the Italian masters, there is hardly a trace of the influence of this study in his own works. His mind was too strongly

bent in its own direction to be easily turned even by so powerful an influence as Venetian painting. We are grateful indeed for the steadfast purpose of Durer that kept his art pure German instead of diluting it with Italian style so little adapted to harmonize with German thought and method.

On Durer's return to Nuremberg he did some of his best work. He painted one of his greatest pictures at this time, "*All Saints.*" It is crowded with richly dressed figures, while the air above is filled with an angelic host which no one can count. In the center is the Cross on which hangs our suffering Lord. Below, in one corner, is Durer's unmistakable signature, which in this case consists of a full length miniature of himself holding up a tablet on which is this inscription, "Albertus Durer of Nuremberg did it in 1511." After this follows the renowned monogram used by the artist in signing his works after 1496, the "D" enclosed in a large "A" something after this style. He then designed a very beautiful and elaborate frame for this picture to be carved from wood. It was adorned with figures in relief, beautiful vine traceries and architectural ornaments which showed our artist master of still another national art—wood-carving.

It is interesting, too, to know that about this time Durer, finding painting not so lucrative as he had hoped, turned his attention to engraving on all sorts of hard materials, such as ivory and hone-stone. To this period belongs that tiny triumph of his art, the "*Degennoph,*" or

gold plate, which contains in a circle of little more than an inch in diameter the whole scene of the Crucifixion carefully represented.

Through his indefatigable labors Durer's circumstances were now greatly improved and so he planned to publish his works, a matter of large expense. Instead of going to some large publishing house, as we to-day do, Durer had a press set up in his own house. We delight in illustrated books to-day, indeed we will hardly have a book without pictures. Imagine then the joy that must have been felt in this time of the scarcity of even printed books to have those that were illustrated. There was ready sale for all the books Durer could print.

Some prints came into Raphael's hands. He wrote a friendly letter to the artist and sent him several of his own drawings. In return Durer sent his own portrait, life size, which Raphael greatly prized and at his death bequeathed to his favorite pupil, Julio Romano.

Durer's prosperity continuing, he purchased the house now known to fame as "Albrecht Durer's House." It is still very much as it was in the artist's lifetime. Here one may study at his leisure the kitchen and living-room which seem as if Durer had just left them.

The artist's reputation was now fully established. In 1509, he was made a member of the Council that governed the city and he was granted the important commission of painting two pictures for the relic chamber

in Nuremberg. In this room, which was in a citizen's house, the crown jewels were kept on Easter night, the time of their annual exhibition to the public. *Sigismund* and *Charlemagne* were the subjects selected, the former probably because it was he who first gave to Nuremberg the custody of the precious jewels, and the latter because Charlemagne was a favorite hero with the Germans. In wonderful jeweled coronation robes, with the coat of arms of France on one side and that of Germany on the other, he is a fine figure well suited to make us feel Durer's power as a painter.

In 1512, there came to Nuremberg a royal visitor, no less a personage than the Emperor Maximilian. This was of greatest importance to Durer to whom two important commissions came as the result of this visit. The Emperor had no settled abode, so his travels were important, at least to himself. He was fond of dictating poems and descriptions of these travels. Durer was asked to make wood-cuts for a book of the Emperor's travels to consist of two parts, the one called *The Triumphal Arch* and the other *The Triumphal Car*.

The wood-cuts for the first were made on ninety-two separate blocks which, when put together, formed one immense cut ten and a half feet high by nine feet wide. For this Durer made all the designs which were cut by a skilled workman of the city, Hieronymus Andræ. It was while this work was going forward that the well-known saying, "A cat may look at a king," arose. The Emperor was often

at the workshop watching the progress of the work and he was frequently entertained by the pet cats of the wood-cutter who would come in to be with their master.

The designs for *The Triumphal Car* were of the same general style. In these Durer was assisted by other engravers of the city. One expression of Durer's regarding the ornamentation of the car shows him skilled in the language of the courtier as well as in that of the citizen. He says, "It is adorned, not with gold and precious stones, which are the property of the good and bad alike, but with the virtues which only the really noble possess."

The noted *Prayer Book of Maximilian* was the other work done for the Emperor. Only three of these are in existence and of course they are almost priceless in value. The text was illustrated by Durer on the margin in pen and ink drawings in different colored inks. Sometimes the artist's fancy is expressed in twining vines and flying birds and butterflies, again it is the kneeling Psalmist listening in rapt attention to some heavenly harpist, or it may be that the crafty fox beguiles the unsuspecting fowls with music from a stolen flute. Thus through almost endless variety of subjects stray the artist's thought and hand.

We have also a fine likeness of Maximilian drawn in strong free lines by Durer at this same time. Seeing how deft the artist was with his crayons, Maximilian took up some pieces which broke in his hand. When asked why it did not do so in the fingers of the artist, Durer made the

well-known reply, "Gracious Emperor, I would not have your majesty draw as well as myself. I have practised the art and it is my kingdom. Your majesty has other and more difficult work to do."

For all this wonderful work Durer's compensation was little more than the remission of certain taxes by the Nuremberg Council and the promise of a small annual pension. Maximilian's death made it doubtful whether the pension would be paid. Durer in common with others sought out the new Emperor, Charles V, to have the favors granted by his predecessor confirmed.

With this in view, in 1520, the artist with his wife and maid set out for the Netherlands. They were gone something more than a year and a half, during which time Durer kept a strict account of his expenses and of his experiences and impressions throughout the journey. Everywhere he was received with the most marked attention. He was invited to splendid feasts, and was the recipient of all sorts of gifts. In return he gave freely of his own precious works.

He made his headquarters at Antwerp and here he witnessed the entry of the new monarch. The magnificence of the four hundred two-storied arches erected for the occasion impressed Durer deeply. Of the many and varied experiences of the Nuremberger, not the least interesting was his attempt to see a whale that had been cast ashore in Zealand. He made all haste to see this

unusual sight and was nearly shipwrecked in the attempt. The exposure, too, to which he was subjected gave rise to ills which eventually caused his death.

After all his trouble he was disappointed at his journey's end for the whale had been washed away before he arrived. He finally accomplished the object for which he went to the Netherlands. His pension was confirmed and in addition he was named court painter. Ladened with all sorts of curious things which he had collected and with a generous supply of presents for his friends and their wives, he started home where he arrived in due time.

There were but seven years of life left to our painter and these were burdened with broken health. To this period, however, belong some of his most wonderful and characteristic works. The very year of his return he engraved that marvellous "*Head of an Old Man,*" now in Vienna. Never were the striking qualities of age more beautifully put together than in this head.

With about the same time we associate "*The Praying Hands,*" now also in Vienna. How an artist can make hands express the inmost wish of the soul as these do will always remain a mystery even to the most acute. We have the story that they were the clasped hands of Durer's boyhood friend who toiled for years to equal or rival his friend in their chosen work. When, in a test agreed upon, to Durer was given the prize, then Hans, for that was the friend's name, prayed fervently to be resigned to a second

place. Durer caught sight of the clasped hands and drew them so well that wherever the name and fame of Albrecht goes there also must go the praying hands of his friend. Whether the story be true we cannot say, but in the hands we have a master work to love.

At this time the new religious doctrine formed the subject of thought everywhere. There was the most minute searching for truth that the world has ever known. Durer, deeply moved by the thought of the time, put its very essence into his works. He was a philosopher and a student of men. He saw how the varied temperaments of men led them to think differently on the great questions of the time. Feeling this keenly, he set to work to represent these various temperaments in pictured forms, a most difficult thing to do as we can easily imagine. Perhaps his own diseased condition led him to select as the first of these "*Melancholy,*" that great brooding shadow that hovers constantly above man, waiting only for the moment when discouragement comes to fall upon and destroy its victim.

How does Durer represent this insidious and fatal enemy? A powerful winged woman sits in despair in the midst of the useless implements of the art of Science. The compass in her nerveless fingers can no longer measure, nor even time in his ceaseless flow explain, the mysteries which crowd upon this well-nigh distraught woman, who it seems must stand for human reason. The sun itself is darkened by the uncanny bat which possibly may stand

for doubt and unbelief. Perhaps no one can explain accurately the meaning of this great engraving and therein lies the greatness, which allows each person to interpret it to please himself.

In painting he attempted the same difficult subject of the temperaments, in his four apostles, St. Paul and Mark, St. John and Peter. He painted these without charge as a sort of memorial of himself in his native town. Two saints are painted on each panel. No figures in art are more beautiful than the leading one on each panel, the St. Paul on the one and the St. John on the other. If we interpret these as regards temperament, John is the type of the melancholy, Peter of the phlegmatic, Paul of the choleric and Mark of the sanguine.

In 1526, Durer sent these pictures as a gift to the Council of Nuremberg. It was the artist's wish that they should always remain in the Council hall. Notwithstanding this, only copies are now to be seen in Nuremberg, while the originals are in Munich, carried there by the Elector of Bavaria, who paid a good price for them.

One other of Durer's pictures should be spoken of, though it hardly belongs last in order of time. It is really the summing up of much that he had done from time to time all through his busy life time. This picture, called "*The Knight, Death and the Devil,*" is an engraving on copper. The stern, intelligent men of the time, who were

ready to face any danger in order to bear themselves according to their notions of right, are well represented in this splendid mounted knight. What though Death reminds him by the uplifted hourglass that his life is nearly ended? or that Satan himself stands ready to claim the Knight's soul? There is that in this grand horseman's face that tells of unflinching purpose and indomitable courage to carry it out against the odds of earth and the dark regions besides. One of our greatest art critics says of this work, "I believe I do not exaggerate when I particularize this point as the most important work which the fantastic spirit of German Art has produced." A reading of Fouqué's "Sintram" inspires us anew with the true spirit of Durer's great work.

The gift to his natal city was Durer's last work of note. The sickness that had been growing upon him, which was none other than consumption, gradually absorbed his energies and in April, 1528, he died. He was buried in St. John's Cemetery in the lot belonging to the Frey family. On the flat gravestone was let in a little bronze tablet on which was a simple inscription written by his friend Pirkheimer. A century and a half later Sandrart, the historian of German painters, visited the tomb, then in ruins. He caused it to be repaired and added another inscription which has been translated into English:—

"Rest here, thou Prince of Painters! thou who wast better than great,

In many arts unequaled in the old time or the late.

Earth thou didst paint and garnish, and now in thy new abode

Thou paintest the holy things overhead in the city of God.

And we, as our patron saint, look up to thee, ever will.

And crown with laurel the dust here left with us still."

Durer's character was one of the purest to be found on the honor-list of the world. He bore heavy burdens with patience and was true to his country and to himself in the most distracting of times. He was the father of popular illustration and the originator of illustrated books. He was as many-sided in his genius as Da Vinci and as prolific as Raphael, though along a different line. That he was architect, sculptor, painter, engraver, author and civil engineer proves the former point, while the fact that he left a great number of signed works satisfies us regarding the latter comparison. One who knew him wrote of him in these words,—"If there were in this man anything approaching to a fault it was simply the endless industry and self-criticism which he indulged in, often even to injustice."

In closing this sketch, nothing can so delightfully summarize the beauty of the old town of Nuremberg and the character of its great artist as a part of Longfellow's poem, *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;

And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted, in their
uncouth rhyme,
That their great imperial city stretched its hand thro'
every clime.

In the court-yard of the castle, bound with many an iron
band,
Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen Cunigunde's
hand;

On the square the oriel window, where in old heroic days,
Sat the poet Melchoir singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.

Albrecht Durer

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;

In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare,
Like the foamy sheaf of fountains rising through the painted air.

Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart
Lived and labored Albrecht Durer, 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 tomb-stone 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!

Vittore Carpaccio
(1465-1526)

Like most of the other great painters, Giovanni Bellini had many pupils working under him—boys who helped their master, and learned their lessons by watching him work. Among these pupils was a boy called Vittore Carpaccio, a sharp, clever lad, with keen bright eyes which noticed everything. No one else learned so quickly or copied the master's work so faithfully, and when in time he became himself a famous painter, his work showed to the end traces of the master's influence.

He must have been a curious boy, this Vittore Carpaccio, for although we know but little of his life, his pictures tell us many a tale about him.

In the olden days, when Venice was at the height of her glory, splendid fêtes were given in the city, and the gorgeous shows were a wonder to behold. Early in the morning of these festa days, Carpaccio would steal away in the dim light from the studio, before the others were astir. Work was left behind, for who could work indoors on days like these? There was a holiday feeling in the very air. Songs and laughter and the echo of merry voices were heard on every side, and the city seemed one vast playground, where all the grown-up children as well as the babies were ready to spend a happy holiday.

The little side-streets of Venice, cut up by canals, seem like a veritable maze to those who do not know the city, but Carpaccio could quickly thread his way from bridge to bridge, and by many a short cut arrive at last at the great central water street of Venice, the Grand Canal. Here it was easy to find a corner from which he could see the gay pageant, and enjoy as good a view as any of those great people who would presently come out upon the balconies of their marble palaces.

The bridge of the Rialto, which throws its white span across the centre of the canal, was Carpaccio's favourite perch, for from here he could see the markets and the long row of marble palaces on either side. From every window hung gay-coloured tapestry, Turkey carpets, silken draperies, and delicate-tinted stuffs covered with Eastern embroideries. The market was crowded with a throng of holiday-makers, a garden of bright colours, and from the balconies above richly dressed ladies looked down, themselves a pageant of beauty, with their wonderful golden hair and gleaming jewels, while green and crimson parrots, fastened by golden chains to the marble balustrades, screamed and flapped their wings, and delighted Carpaccio's keen eyes with their vivid beauty.

Then the procession of boats swept up the great waterway, and the blaze of colour made the boy hold his breath in sheer delight. The painted galleys, the rowers in their quaint dresses—half one colour and half another—with jaunty feathered caps upon their floating curls, the

nobles and rulers in their crimson robes, the silken curtains of every hue trailing their golden fringes in the cool green water, as the boats glided past, all made up a picture which the boy never forgot.

Then when it was all over, Carpaccio would climb down and make his way back to the master's studio, and with the gay scene ever before his eyes would try, day after day, to paint every detail just as he had seen it.

There is another thing which we learn about Carpaccio from his pictures, and that is, that he must have loved to listen to old legends and stories of the saints, and that he stored them up in his mind, just as he treasured the remembrance of the gay processions and the flapping wings of those crimson and green parrots.

So, when he grew to be a man, and his fame began to spread, the first great pictures he painted were of the story of St. Ursula, told in loving detail, as only one who loved the story could do it.

But though Carpaccio might paint pictures of these old stories, it was always through the golden haze of Venice that he saw them. His St. Ursula is a dainty Venetian lady, and the bedroom in which she dreams her wonderful dream is just a room in one of the old marble palaces, with a pot of pinks upon the window-sill, and her little high-heeled Venetian shoes by the bedside. Whenever it was possible, Carpaccio would paint in those scenes on which his eyes had rested since his childhood—

the painted galleys with their sails reflected in the clear water, the dainty dresses of the Venetian ladies, their gay-coloured parrots, pet dogs, and grinning monkeys.

In an old church of Venice there are some pictures said to have been painted by Carpaccio when he was a little boy only eight years old. They are scenes taken from the Bible stories, and very funny scenes they are too. But they show already what clever little hands and what a thinking head the boy had, and how Venice was the background in his mind for every story. For here is the meeting of the Queen of Sheba and King Solomon, and instead of Jerusalem with all its glory, we see a little wooden bridge, with King Solomon on one side and the Queen of Sheba on the other, walking towards each other, as if they were both in Venice crossing one of the little canals.

There were many foreign sailors in Venice in those old days, who came in the trading-ships from distant lands. Many of them were poor and unable to earn money to buy food, and when they were ill there was no one to look after them or help them. So some of the richer foreigners founded a Brotherhood, where the poor sailors might be helped in time of need. This Brotherhood chose St. George as their patron saint, and when they had built a little chapel they invited Carpaccio to come and paint the walls with pictures from the life of St. George and other saints.

Nothing could have suited Carpaccio better, and he began his work with great delight, for he had still his child's love of stories, and he would make them as gay and wonderful as possible. There we see St. George thundering along on his war-horse, with flying hair, clad in beautiful armour, the most perfect picture of a chivalrous knight. Then comes the dragon breathing out flames and smoke, the most awesome dragon that ever was seen; and there too is the picture of St. Tryphonius taming the terrible basilisk. The little boy-saint has folded his hands together, and looks upward in prayer, paying little heed to the evil glare of the basilisk, who prances at his feet. A crowd of gaily dressed courtiers stand whispering and watching behind the marble steps, and here again in the background we have the canals and bridges of Venice, the marble palaces and gay carpets hung from out the windows. Everything is of the very best of its kind, and painted with the greatest care, even to the design of the inlaid work on the marble steps.

As we pass from picture to picture, we wish we had known this Carpaccio, for he must have been a splendid teller of stories; and how he would have made us shiver with his dragons and his basilisks, and laugh over the antics of his little boys and girls, his scarlet parrots and green lizards.

But although we cannot hear him tell his stories, he still speaks through those wonderful old pictures which

you will some day see when you visit the fairyland of Italy, and pay your court to Venice, Queen of the Sea.

A Boy Who Spent Three Years in a Palace

Michel Angelo (1475-1564)

When Michael Angelo was a little boy he thought more about drawing than of any other thing in all the world. His father sent him to school but Michael Angelo did not like books and would not study hard. He drew pictures on his books, instead. "I want to learn to draw," he would say to his father.

His father was angry at this. "I do not want you to be an artist, my son," he said. "Artists cannot earn much money and I do not want you to become one."

Poor little Michael Angelo did not want much money. He only wanted to learn to draw well, and he could not get the idea out of his head.

"I would rather do this than any other thing," he told his father.

Michael Angelo's best friend knew a great artist. Often the great artist would let the two boys watch him draw. This made Michael Angelo more eager than ever.

One day the artist went to Michael Angelo's father. "I will pay you for the boy's work if you will let him study with me," he said.

The father was willing to do this, and Michael Angelo studied with the artist for three years.

At that time there lived a prince who loved beautiful statues. He liked them so well he sent all over the world to get the very best there were. This prince was a kind man. He thought it would be well if others could enjoy his fine statues.

He said to the drawing teachers of the city in which he lived, "Choose your two best pupils. Send them to study my fine statues. I will get a teacher to help them."

All the drawing pupils in the city of Florence wanted to see the prince's statues. But only two could be chosen from each class.

One teacher had two bright pupils. They were great friends and both could draw well. It was not hard for this teacher to make his choice. Michael Angelo and his friend were the lucky ones.

You may be sure there were some happy boys in Florence, that day. And Michael Angelo was the happiest of them all. He was always glad to see beautiful things and to learn about them.

While visiting the kind prince, Michael Angelo first spent his time in drawing. Then one day he saw a young man modeling in clay. Michael Angelo thought that he would like this work even better than drawing, and it was not long before he was working in clay, also.

One day, Michael Angelo was making a faun's head. The prince came along and saw him at work. "That is a

fine head," the prince said. "But you have made one mistake. The faun should have one tooth missing."

Michael Angelo did not say much. When the prince came around a second time the faun had one tooth less than it had had before. Michael Angelo had changed the head to make it just as it should be.

The prince was much pleased. "My boy," he said. "I see that you are willing to learn. You may come and live with me in my palace. I will get you a teacher and you shall study with my three sons."

Again Michael Angelo was a happy boy, and for three years he worked in the palace, with princes for friends. He spent most of his time carving in marble, now, and his work was becoming more and more beautiful. Indeed, many people said, "Some day Michael Angelo will be a great sculptor."

After Michael Angelo had lived at the palace for three years, the kind prince died. Michael Angelo had lost a friend but he had not lost his love for the work. He kept on and on, until he became one of the greatest sculptors that has ever lived.

The people of Florence, Italy, had a huge block of marble. One man had tried to carve a giant out of it, but had failed. The people asked Michael Angelo to do something with it.

"I will see what I can do," Michael Angelo promised them. Then he carved and carved, for eighteen months.

When he had finished, you could see that a wonderful sculptor had done the work. The huge block was changed into a young man with a sling-shot thrown over his shoulder. He was going forth to fight a giant. It was David, the shepherd boy. Forty men worked four days to move it, and it is a wonder that it did not take longer. It weighed eighteen thousand pounds, or just nine tons!

Someone said, "What a beautiful piece of sculpture it is! Let us put it at the gate of our city. It will help to keep watch over our people."

This is what the people of Florence did, and for many years David the shepherd boy looked quietly upon all who entered the gates of the city.

At another time Michael Angelo carved the statue of Moses. This statue is in Rome. It looks so real it almost seems to speak, as you stand before it.

Michael Angelo carved many more statues also. One is called *The Thinker*, and is in Florence, Italy. Another is called *Day and Night*, and still another *Twilight and Dawning*.

Michael Angelo did not spend all of his time as a sculptor. Once in a while he stopped to paint a few beautiful pictures.

In Rome, there is a large church named St. Peter. This church has many parts, one of which is called The Sistine Chapel. The ceiling of this chapel is covered with many

pictures. Each picture tells some story about the Bible.

If you have ever watched anyone paint the ceiling in your home, you know how hard it is. Painting walls is a much easier task. Only a very great artist could make the pictures look so real and so beautiful.

If you are ever in Rome or Florence, try to see the wonderful work of Michael Angelo.

Michael Angelo Buonarotti

There is a story in verse, telling how a child one sunny day wandered on a hill-side up to a little wood, which was so dense that even the sheep, which cropped the daisies on the hill, venturing in, left their white wool upon the brambles, marking the narrow paths they trod. In the wood, squirrels cracked their nuts, and birds hopped from branch to branch, and sang and built their nests and laid their eggs with no fear of a disturbing passerby. From the hill-side, far as the eye could reach, rose mountains and hill-tops shining in the sunlight, and the breeze bore sweet scents from the flowers over which it blew.

But children love to venture on new ways. It was straight walking on the hill-side, however lovely it might be, and this little one left the open path, and forced her way through the brambles, creeping deep into the wood, pressing aside branches, and losing sight even of the sky in the shelter of the trees. Suddenly the sheep-track ended in an open space, where the sunlight streamed down on moss and blue bells, and the stately trees round which the ivy and wild roses climbed, formed a bower so lovely that the child stood still, filled with wonder and delight.

Resting there, she listened to the songs of blackbirds, linnets, and nightingales, and watched the shadows of the leaves upon the soft moss at her feet; and when she left the

wood for the open hill-side, she thought how each day she would wander there while the summer lasted, and rest in this bower that she had found. This was the child's hope that sunny day; but from some cause, perhaps because she took the wrong turning in the wood, she never found her bower again.

Perhaps the story of the Lost Bower is all a fancy, and it may be such a child never lived. But still the meaning of the story is true, and applies to every child, to boys and girls alike.

To all of us, in youth, come bright visions and happy dreams of some future we will realize: not of a bower in which we will rest, but of some good deeds that we will do, or great worthiness we will reach. To some of us may come the hope of serving, in future years, our country and our fellow-men; to others, of becoming wise and learned, or of lessening the sin and misery in the world, or of becoming pure and good like the saints of olden days. Sometimes in the business, care, and pleasures of life which come upon us afterwards, we lose these dreams of childhood; and in old age, look back with sorrow and wonder to the visions we had when we were young, and grieve for the contrasts we have become. These dreams of future usefulness and worth are really thoughts sent by God. It is for us to keep and cherish them, and we shall find they never deceive.

The great and noble men and women of the world have listened to these whispers and obeyed them. It is good to read their stories, and see how the visions they had in childhood have been realized by them in later life.

Far away from England, in Italy, in a beautiful plain, through which the river Arno flows, lies the city of Florence. It is an ancient city, with rambling, narrow streets; grand domes and spires, and wonderful buildings, centuries old, surrounded by solid, broad stone walls. From them a wide view may be obtained of the windings of the river-banks, and the inhabitants of Florence may watch the shadows chase each other across the plain, and listen to the music borne to them on the wind from the bell-towers of their beautiful city. Hills covered with cypress, vines, and orange trees rise up behind the town; and in the distance, mountain-summits shut in the view, while far in the west the ridges of Carrara rise against the sky, reminding the people of Florence where the great quarries lie from which the marble comes of which their towers and palaces are built.

Four centuries ago, on March 6, 1474, Michael Angelo Buonarotti, one of the men who made Florence famous, and whose story you are going to read, was born in the fortress of Caprese, of which his father was governor for that year. The family was of noble descent, and of this little baby it was said that, apart from his high birth, he would make a name for himself, and be celebrated for his deeds in the world.

In these days of which we are reading, little was known of astronomy. The laws guiding the regular movements of the planets were undiscovered; and wondering men used to gaze upon them, and fancy they could read in their journeyings and their approaches to each other, prophecies of the future destiny of human beings. These star-gazers were called astrologers. To them the moon and stars spoke little of the glory and wisdom of God; and the earthly schemes and promises they thought they gained from them, seem very strange to us in these modern times.

So it was that when Michael Angelo was born, two of the planets, Venus and Mars, seemed to the astrologers to foretell the boy's great career; and his name, meaning Michael the Angel, was given to him, perhaps in the hope that he would really prove to be the wondrous celestial being they foretold.

In a year's time, the father's term of office as governor of the castle expired; and Lorenzo Buonarotti went back with his family to the pretty villa which was their home, about three miles from Florence. Built all round this villa was an open gallery with which the rooms communicated; and from this gallery one looked down upon vineyards, where the peasants in their picturesque dresses worked to train the young vine-shoots, or pick the ripened grapes.

It was a custom in Italy to find a nurse, or foster-mother as she was called, who should take care of the early years of a young child born among the higher ranks, and

bring it up amid the wholesome country influences in which her own poorer children were reared. The hills round this pretty villa were rich in quarries, and the country people lived by hewing the stone which was afterwards to be used for statue and building purposes. A poor stone-mason's wife took charge of Michael Angelo, and he gained strength and health by the breezes from the hills, as he played among the rocks in the constant open-air life which he enjoyed with the hardy children of the quarrymen.

Often in later life, Michael Angelo used smilingly to say that his love for sculpture, and his skill in carving marble, came to him in his earliest years with the love he bore his foster-mother and the scenes of babyhood. Great truths are sometimes spoken in jest; and perhaps this man, wise in the experience of life as well as in art, had a deeper meaning in his speech, and suggested the great truth, that the little ones around us are always drinking in with their baby-life daily lessons and tendencies of future character from our ways, of which we sometimes little think. Those who study the subject of the growth and unfolding of human life, tell us that long before speech is gained by a child, character is growing, and the observing faculties are awake. It was well for the stone-mason's home if the little angel Michael gained there the first love of art with which he made the world so rich; and well for all our homes, if we remember the little angels in our midst, and give them

only true and good examples which shall bear fruit in later years.

Michael Angelo's father was not a rich man, and he had many sons. He placed some with silk weavers, and others with woollen-weavers, to learn their trades and earn livings for themselves. But as Michael grew up, his father, bearing in mind the prophecies of the astrologers, sent him to the Grammar School in Florence, hoping that he would be the learned man of the family, and grow rich and renowned by the labour of his brain instead of his hands. Michael Angelo did grow learned, but not in the manner in which his father hoped.

Very early came to him the visions and the heavenly whispers about which we have spoken. These whispers did not lead him to the Grammar School. God gives us different characters and different aims in life, and our usefulness and worth depend upon our obeying these different calls. To some of us He gives strength of limb and health of body, and such may serve him by the hard work they do; by the bricks they make or the roads they form, the houses they build and the comforts they give, and services they do to their fellow-beings who are employed in other ways. To others of us He gives skill or wealth, and they may serve Him then by their inventions and discoveries, and by providing means to bring these into use. To others He gives knowledge, and they may serve Him by teaching their fellow-men what they have learned, and making them wiser and better. To others, again, He

gives talents and genius and a love of beauty, and such may serve Him by showing that this life is not only for hard work and ceaseless toil and money-getting: that there is a love of beauty in every soul which unites it to God and heavenly things; and that this beauty which is so enjoyable in music and paintings, is to make our earthly life better and purer, and more like the heavenly life to which we tend.

This was the lesson Michael Angelo was to teach the world. He was to give fresh courage to the many artists who were striving after beauty; to show them where they failed in their best attempts, and to teach them they must follow art for the love of God and for the love of beauty, and not for the hope of fame or for the sake of wealth which they might gain.

Of course, these grand hopes did not fill Michael Angelo's heart when he was a young boy. Only the dawnings of them visited him then; the full daylight would come if he faithfully followed each little glimmer of light which he received. So it was that the school-life could not satisfy him, and all his vacant hours were filled with attempts to draw. On holidays and summer evenings the little fellow used to be found with pencil and paper, or with soft clay, copying the objects round about him.

'Is this the right occupation for one of noble birth?' his friends used to ask each other angrily; and the boy received many a scolding from those who feared this

childish love of art would increase with his growth, and might even become the employment of his life. They did not think of an artist as of one whose work made earth happier and better and more beautiful. In their view, such occupation was lowering and unworthy of the boy of whom great things had been foretold. For a time they forbade him ever to use a pencil; but observing that his spirits drooped, and that holidays ceased to have a charm for him, they saw the folly of this command; and while he still continued to work at the Grammar School, his friends allowed him to spend his spare hours as he chose. They could only hope he would tire of his present fancy.

Now it happened that Michael Angelo had a companion in Florence, three years younger than himself, named Francesco, or as we should say, Francis Granacci. He too loved drawing more than any other employment, and his friends, discovering this, thought it the wisest course to allow him to devote his life to the study of art, that he might have a chance to do some one thing well.

Francesco, so happy himself, felt very sorry for Michael, when he saw him drawing at odd moments by himself, with no help and no sympathy, persevering day after day, and making fresh attempts, unconquered by many failures. He longed to help him by every means in his power, and to give him some of the opportunities which came in his own way. So he lent him colours and pencils and copies to draw from, and took him to the churches and public buildings in Florence, where

beautiful pictures and statues were to be seen. Often the two young boys might have been observed gazing together at some sculptured saint or wonderful picture, and pointing out in whispered tones the beauties which it seemed strange such little ones could see.

One day Francesco brought for Michael Angelo to copy, a strange old engraving that had been lately sent to Florence. It was called the 'Temptations of St Anthony,' and the artist had represented the old monk as surrounded by strange monsters and demons, as if the evil thoughts and desires which visited him sometimes had really taken horrible outward shape. Some of these figures had scales like the scales of fish; and to fit himself for the task of copying them correctly, Michael Angelo made many journeys to the fish-market in Florence, and sat there in the noise and bustle, drawing with great pains and care the scales and eyes of fish as they lay in baskets near him. Before he was satisfied, he made two copies of this strange picture.

Sometimes we are apt to think that great men owe their skill and fame to genius and inspiration only, and we do not bear in mind the many hours of toil, and the untiring perseverance, which have helped to make them what they are. A story is told that, when Michael Angelo had become a famous sculptor, he remarked to a friend who wondered at the length of time he took in finishing a statue: 'Recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle.'

It was this feeling that made him so persevering and painstaking when a boy. Remembering this, you will be less surprised to hear a story that is told of one of his drawings while he was still a boy. Francesco brought him one day an old picture, discoloured with age, which his master had lent him. Michael copied it exactly, and to make his copy similar in colour, he smoked it. Francesco took the two drawings to his master; and the laughter of a companion in the secret only told the master of the joke which had been played.

Francesco's master was known in Florence as Domenicho Ghirlandajo. This was not his real surname. It means 'a garland,' and was given to him because, in his pictures, he was apt to place garlands round his children's heads. Ghirlandajo was a young man of thirty years of age, but already celebrated; and he and his brother David were known as clever teachers; and their studio was filled with students who came to Florence to learn all that they could teach them.

'Perhaps,' thought Francesco one day, 'Ghirlandajo, who is so anxious for the success of his pupils, would help Michael Angelo. He shall see him and learn how clever he is, and how he loves the art which Ghirlandajo loves.' So he brought Michael Angelo to his master, and by some means, perhaps from the advice of Ghirlandajo, Michael Angelo's father learned the real talent of the boy, gave up the hope that he would be a learned man, and apprenticed him for three years to these brother artists. It was arranged

that Michael Angelo should 'live with them to learn the theory and practice of painting, and to fulfil their just commands.'

One peculiar part of this agreement was, that, although customary for the pupil to pay the master a fee, in this case the boy was to receive payment: a proof that his talents were considered to be far above the average. A memorandum made by his father has been preserved, and is as follows: 'This day, April 16th, Michael Angelo received two golden florins in gold.' At this time Michael was fourteen years of age.

You can fancy that it was a pleasure to the boy to take home his first earnings, as his brothers had all done; to be able to give promise that his profession which he had entered and loved so much, would not be so totally without pecuniary rewards as his friends had foretold; but still more you can fancy the joy and feeling that he had entered on the kind of life for which he was fitted.

Many beautiful pictures by Ghirlandajo are to be seen in Florence. One church, which he dearly loved, is full of them. Some of his pupils, and Michael Angelo among the rest, were employed in this church copying the designs which their master gave them to ornament its walls. Two or three times Michael Angelo astonished Ghirlandajo and his fellow-students by the wonderful drawings which he made. One day Ghirlandajo left the church for a time, and on his return was amazed to find a clever drawing

which Michael Angelo had made of the artists working in the church, and the scaffoldings, and desks, and pictures, and he exclaimed aloud : 'This youth already knows more of art than I do myself!'

This was the kind of boyhood which the great painter Michael Angelo spent. His statues and pictures are the wonder of the world, and beautify the churches where the Italian people pray. His poems, too, have brought great and good thoughts to many thirsty souls. The world is far richer for the days he spent on earth: for, besides these works which he left behind him, the memory of a noble life abides; the memory of one who loved beauty for the sake of God and for its own sake, and not for the sake of fame and praise of men.

The boyhood of such a man must have been earnest and persevering. If there were no records of it, we should be sure of this; and it is no surprise to read of the hard work and diligent study given to trifles and details which must always be the foundation of success in any undertaking.

We can fancy this boy giving all his time, without rest or holidays, to his work. On bright sunny days, when other children played in the fields and vineyards round Florence, or holiday-makers feasted their eyes on the distant mountains, he sat in the hot, close studio, or wended his way to the noisy market to study the forms of animals, or painted in the church at Florence till he was ready to sleep from weariness.

Probably, however, there were few happier boys in Florence than Michael Angelo. Work brings happiness with it; and it is so ordained that our idle hours bring with them discontent. Michael Angelo was making the most of the powers and time that God had given him. His family, whom he dearly loved, had consented to this kind of life for him, and delighted in his success. The friendship and sympathy of his dear friend Francesco Granacci was a constant pleasure to him. The two boys used to talk of the art they loved, and to encourage each other in thinking of the great hopes and work which lay waiting for them in the future. Michael Angelo owed very much to this boy. Granacci's name is little known now, and he painted few pictures. Perhaps his greatest and best work was in helping Michael Angelo to become an artist; in sympathizing with him, sending him copies, showing him grand pictures, and sharing with him the opportunities which he himself enjoyed.

How much better and happier the world would be, if, like these Florentine, friends, companions tried to help and raise each other! There would be less quarrelling among boys, and drinking and evil-doing of all sorts among men. Girls and women, too, would make brighter and happier homes; and there would be more honesty in business, better work in factories, less idleness at school, and more earnestness in the lives of grown-up people. Surely we should bring this good time nearer, if we bore in mind that right example and a love of beauty and truth do

not act only on ourselves, but influence all around us; and that by our words and deeds we either may help to raise the world a little nearer God, or help to sink it deeper into sin.

So far, Michael Angelo had painted pictures; but he had not begun to carve marble into the wonderful statues which he afterwards formed. This new work was to come to him; but before you can learn how he was led to it, it will be needful to know a little of the history of Florence, and of the great Duke her governor, who was the means of giving Michael Angelo future help in his studio.

Many years before the time about which we are reading, the city had been disturbed by violent quarrels between her nobles and her common people, the Guelfs and Ghibellines, as they were called. Fierce battles were frequent, and in the open day bands of proud nobles meeting the citizens whom their haughty, overbearing manner enraged, quarrels ensued, and it was said that the streets flowed with blood. At length the people threw off the dominion of the nobles, gained the government of the city, and for a long time any noble who would have any share or interest in the affairs of the State was obliged to resign his claim to rank, and enroll his name in the plebeian order.

Now among those nobles who obeyed this command were the Medici, an ancient family in Florence, who, however, loved power more than they loved their ancient

name and descent. This family had acquired great wealth, which became useful to the poorer citizens of Florence to help them in their commerce and industrial undertakings. By degrees, the influence of their wealth and of their character made itself more felt; and so it happened that very gradually the Medici gained power in Florence, and Cosmo de Medici, the head of the family, became leader of the people and chief of the Republic of Florence.

He used his great wealth to found libraries, and to build palaces and beautify the city. His son, and afterwards his grandson, Lorenzo de Medici, succeeded him; and the latter gained the name of the Magnificent, because of the splendour with which he continued, like his grandfather, to adorn Florence, and to display the wealth and treasures of all kinds which he possessed.

Lorenzo had some difficulties to contend against. He had become almost a king over the liberty-loving people of Florence, and once or twice they rebelled against his rule, and, aided by envious foreign powers, even sought his death.

At the time when Michael Angelo was a boy in Florence, the power of Lorenzo the Magnificent was at its height. Lorenzo loved art. He spent his life in making Florence beautiful, and his money in encouraging artists and learned men; but for all this, Florence was not wholly blessed by him. You must picture the Florentines at this time, in the midst of all the beauty around them, as a

people given up to amusement and revelry, with little thought of God, or of the real earnestness and duty of life. Lorenzo constantly planned fresh schemes for their amusement and delight; festivals and shows to keep the people in good humour; and processions, in which he himself took part. At such times, he and his Court traversed the city through the night with torch-bearers and musicians, and awakened the quiet old streets with evil songs; while the excited people, pressing up from all quarters, followed in the ranks, and their voices swelled the sound which Florence echoed till the morning broke.

This was a sad state for any people to be in; and yet Florence was full of churches and convents and priests. Where was the religion of which these surely were the signs? Florence was only like many another town in that fifteenth century. The Roman Catholic Church had fallen away from its early love of God. Long services were held, chants and hymns were sung, offerings made and pilgrimages enforced in praise of God; but pope and priests and people had forgotten that we serve Him best when we try to do His will; and it was thought a wicked life could be atoned for by paying money to increase the riches of the Church.

You may have heard of the Reformers, such as Wickliff and John Huss, who by this time, in England and Germany, had spoken so bravely against the wickedness of the Church. Luther, the chief reformer, was yet to come, and the great reform which he was to bring into the

Church was still to be set on foot. Meanwhile the evil grew and spread; and, to return to Florence, you will not wonder to hear that in that city the pope and priests had greatly lost their power. People who do not try to do the will of God, soon lose the wish to love and worship Him. A society of men gained great influence in Florence, who found their highest thoughts and greatest help in the writings of the old Greek philosophers and ancient wise men who lived long before the birth of Christ. Now there are many noble ideas to be gained from these writings; but it is sad that men should ever be quite satisfied with them, instead of seeking the knowledge of God and far higher faith which Jesus Christ came to teach.

Artists in Florence felt the influence of the 'Platonists,' as these men were called; and their thoughts were turned towards picturing only the legends and myths of ancient Greece and Rome; while they ceased to care to remind the world by their paintings of the stories of Christ and His apostles, and of the noble lives of Christian heroes, and the faces and forms of the martyrs and saints of old.

If Lorenzo had been a true and right leader for his people, Florence would have been a nobler city than it was; but we must be fair to his memory, and remember that, though the liberty of a free, religious people is really the greatest help and encouragement to art, yet the wealth and support of a generous man is of great avail, and Michael Angelo and many another youth at this time owed much to the aid Lorenzo gave.

One day a message came from Lorenzo into Ghirlandajo's quiet studio. For months past the people of Florence had watched the making of a sunny garden adorned with sculpture and courts full of precious casts and ancient statues, and now the duke told its use. He wished, so said the message, to encourage sculpture in Florence as well as painting; and if Ghirlandajo had any pupils who wished for this kind of study, and who would be likely to do honour to Florence, he might send them to copy the art-treasures in the garden he had made.

The two friends Michael Angelo and Francesco Granacci were chosen, and daily they studied together in the garden, and became friendly also with another boy named Torrignano, whom they found at work upon some figures in red clay.

It was a great and happy day for Michael Angelo when he finished his first study in the garden. He had never before tried to carve marble or to use a sculptor's tools, and had chosen the head of a faun; and with the care and perseverance he always showed, he had copied it exactly, with the exception of the mouth, which he cleverly opened wider, to make the face look as if it were full of merriment. Lorenzo, in his morning walk, passed by, and stopped, as he often did, to give a glance of encouragement to the boy who never idled, and who seemed so grateful for a passing word. Lorenzo was amazed at the talent which Michael showed in this copy; but said in joke, 'You should have remembered that old

folks never keep all their teeth, some are always wanting,' and pointed at the perfect teeth which the open mouth of the faun displayed. Michael Angelo, full of love and respect for one to whom he owed so much, thought him in earnest; and by the time Lorenzo returned along the walk, had spoiled the fair row of teeth, broken one out, and filled the gum up as if old age had caused it to fall out

History only tells us that from this time Lorenzo determined that he would help Michael Angelo by every means in his power. I think we can guess what caused him to form this resolution. It was not only because the faun's head which the boy had carved was perfect; it was because he had shown something better than genius; he had shown that he would not be satisfied with anything less than perfection; that, however good his work might be, if it had a single flaw, he must mend it; and he had shown also, that he was willing and anxious to be helped. Such a spirit as this gives the greatest promise for any human being; for the work of younger ones at school, and of older ones in life, and for the growing strength of all in reaching up to the better life of God, and to the help and spirit He alone can give.

Lorenzo sent for the father of Michael Angelo, and asked him to entrust his son to him to be brought up as one of his own family, to sit at his table, and to enjoy the many opportunities of studying art which a life in the palace could give him. 'And for yourself,' he asked the old man, 'what can I do for you? Look round you in Florence,

and if any wish occurs to you, you may command me to the greatest extent of my power.'

Ludovico Buonarotti answered that he had hitherto always lived on his own slender income, using and increasing gradually the possessions left him by his ancestors. But he had heard lately of a vacant office in the Custom House of Florence, and if it were thought well, he should be glad to be chosen to fill the place.

Lorenzo laughed: 'You are destined to be a poor man,' he said. 'I thought you would have asked for something better worth your acceptance; but until something better presents itself, it is at your service.' We are told that Michael Angelo had a violet mantle given to him, a seat at Lorenzo's table among his sons, and a room in the palace.

But the happy days in the garden with Granacci were not yet ended. Still Michael Angelo studied there, always early at his work in the morning, and always careful of the tools and statues lent to him. On account of his trustworthiness, he was at last chosen guardian of the treasures which this garden held; the keys were given to him, and every night and morning he locked and unlocked it for the artists, and lent out to them the casts and statues which they wished to copy.

Torrignano, the boy whom Michael Angelo and Francesco had found there on their first arrival, was still among the students who frequented the garden, and had become intimate with the two friends, as people are apt to

become intimate who meet each other, and are engaged in the same interests every day. It is sad to tell that Torrignano, far from rejoicing in the talent and industry of Michael Angelo, grew jealous of it, and of the favour which Lorenzo showed him; and a terrible consequence came of his yielding to those wicked feelings.

It is always better, if possible, to forget the weaknesses and faults of any human being. Our earthly life is but a tiny part of the immortality before us; and the sins which cling about us here will be at last outgrown and laid aside in the eternal life which waits us all. But in this case, the jealousy of Torrignano affected Michael Angelo very closely, and the story of his life would be incomplete if it were left untold. It must often have grieved Michael to see that his success only caused pain to his companion; and often Torrignano's angry looks and words must have marred his delight, but one day, Torrignano's passion gained the mastery, and springing at Michael Angelo, he struck him so violently in the face that his nose was crushed and broken, and he bore the mark of the blow for life. Michael was carried to the palace, and by order of Lorenzo, Torrignano was banished from Florence. This was a dreadful ending to the intercourse of the boys in that sunny, peaceful garden. Years afterwards, during his exile in a foreign land, Torrignano told the story of this blow, and of the change a moment's passion had wrought in his whole life. But if the general spirit of his life had been right and good, that passionate moment never would have

come; and because the general spirit of his life was wrong, other passionate moments followed that one, and his history is the history of a wrong and wasted life. He spent some years in England, and while there he carved a statue of our King, Henry VII, which is still in Westminster Abbey. His most beautiful work, however, was a statue of the Virgin Mary and the Child Jesus. Meeting with some disappointment about its sale, in a fit of ungovemed rage he shattered it to pieces with the mallet in his hand; and his passionate life was ended shortly after by a terrible and violent death.

This was the end of Torrignano. As regards Michael Angelo, the beauty of his face was gone; but I think in his search after a truer and more enduring beauty, he forgot to mourn for that; and I think that his friends cared little also, knowing and loving the beauty of his soul.

No one can become really and truly what God means him to become, unless his whole being is cultivated. Michael Angelo was to be more than a sculptor, and his life in Lorenzo's palace educated the other parts of his nature. There he met with poets and learned men, and made friends who influenced him and led him to the love of books as well as of statues and paintings. One of these friends was Politian, a learned man who had been helped to his learning by Lorenzo, and now taught Lorenzo's sons. He and Lorenzo were dear companions, and spent much time together; and Politian took charge of the

precious gems and papers of which the palace libraries were full.

In addition to Politian, Michael Angelo had another friend, a prince named Pico, who had fled from Rome and the pope's anger on account of his religious views, and taken refuge in Florence. Lorenzo built for him a villa on the slopes of the hill Fiesole, and from here he looked down upon forests and upon the shining roofs and domes of Florence, and studied the Bible, and thought out his holy thoughts in peace. Here Politian and Michael Angelo used to meet and read and talk with Pico. From this quiet villa the young artist used to love to gaze upon the changing beauties of the hills, and on the glorious sunsets, which bathed the distant plain in golden light. At such times, their talk often turned upon a man who even more than Politian or Pico was to influence Michael Angelo, and who was then beginning to cause great excitement among the people of Florence.

Seven years before this time, when Michael Angelo was still a little boy of nine years old, learning at the Grammar School, a monk had preached two or three times in one of the churches of Florence. Each time he had gone back to his convent in a neighbouring city disheartened, with the knowledge that his stammering words had made little impression on his hearers. Prince Pico after those visits chanced to hear him again, however; but this time it was with no hesitating speech, but with bold earnestness, that the monk warned the people who

listened to him of the wickedness in which they were living. The prince returned home, and begged Lorenzo, who had brought so many famous men to Florence, to invite this wonderful preacher there also. Glad to oblige Pico and to increase the fame of his city, Lorenzo agreed, and in 1490 Savonarola entered the great Convent of St. Mark in Florence. There he was appointed teacher to the novices, as youths were called when they first entered the convent. But the same earnest spirit and longing to do God's work which had changed him, once so timid, into a bold preacher, made itself felt wherever he was placed, and the older monks flocked with the novices to listen to his words. Before long, those outside the convent begged to be taught by him, and pressed up to the convent walls, while Savonarola, from amid roses in the convent garden, uttered new warnings of the sinful ways of the Court and people of Florence.

'Can this be the same man,' they cried, 'who stuttered here before?' He was soon made Prior of St. Mark's Convent, and his influence increased every day both there and in the city. No convent wall could be his pulpit now; even the cathedral could not hold his hearers. They climbed up to the windows and held on to the pillars; wherever a man could cling, there the people pressed. Tradesmen closed their shops till his preaching hour was over; and peasants from far villages left their quarries and vineyards to hear the great monk preach. Summer and winter, in heat and snow, the front of St. Mark was

thronged, and a change came gradually over the life and morals of the people to whom he preached.

This was the great desire of Savonarola's heart. Years before, shocked by the wickedness of the world, he had entered the convent walls expecting to find purity and goodness among the monks. But, to his grief, he found that the same sin from which he fled had entered there, and he determined to spend his life in preaching to sinful men, and in trying to lead them right instead of seeking a refuge for himself. He was not content, however, with seeing great crowds thronging to hear his words; with hearing their sobs and sighs, and observing earnest, tearful faces upraised to his own. He knew this excitement would pass away. The question with him was: Would their penitence last? Did his hearers lead better lives at home? Was there less drunkenness and quarrelling, and were there fewer bad words spoken in Florence? Were they reformed in deed as well as in word?

Savonarola taught the monks of St. Mark; but he remembered also the ignorant little children in the streets of Florence. He gathered them into schools and had them taught, and wrote simple hymns for them, which they sang to well-known tunes. All this work was done by Savonarola for the love of God. He had not even a passing thought as to the praise or blame of men. When he spoke, as he often did, against the vices of the Court of Florence, and Lorenzo sent messengers to beg him to be more careful, and to remember that he might endanger the

peace of the city, Savonarola had no fear of the displeasure of the great man who had made him Prior of St. Mark. He answered: 'Tell Lorenzo that he is a Florentine, and the head of the Republic, whereas I am only a stranger and a poor monk; but entreat him in my name to repent of his errors, for calamities from on high impend over him and his family.'

Michael Angelo and Granacci used to mingle with the crowds that listened to Savonarola; and the preacher had something to say to the young artists who were so numerous in Florence. He told them that a religious spirit, must be brought into every work in life, that the art which they loved and lived for might be full of God's spirit, and followed for His sake. He told them that the Christian faith was far more beautiful than any fables of Greek or Roman gods, and that the inspiration and power to become a really great artist must come from God alone. Probably it was owing in great measure to Savonarola's teachings that Michael Angelo's saints and holy pictures were so grand and beautiful, and that people gave him the name of the 'Divine Master,' seeing so plainly that he gained his help from God.

Now you have heard of Michael Angelo's chief friends while he was still a young man living in Lorenzo's palace. It was a rich and happy life for him, thus studying art and reading the writings of great men, talking with the learned people who frequented the Court of Florence, and often

listening to the earnest religious words of such a teacher as Savonarola.

But one day, a sad day indeed to the grateful Michael, who deeply loved the great man who had been so generous to him, this happy life came suddenly to an end. Lorenzo died of fever in his country villa, and Michael Angelo returned to his father's house in the deepest grief.

Lorenzo's son, Piero, succeeded him in the government of Florence, and very soon sent for Michael Angelo to take his old place in the palace. Gratitude to Lorenzo caused him to obey the summons. He felt he must fulfil, as far as he could, the wishes of the son of one who had been so great a benefactor to him. But he could never again find his old place or home in the palace.

Piero was a very inferior man to his father, notwithstanding all the care and training of Politian. He only cared for beauty and art as they served his pleasure and amusement, not for any higher reason; and you will see the proof of this in the fact that one of his first commands to Michael Angelo was that he should spend his time and genius in making a statue of snow in the palace court-yard for the amusement of himself and his friends. He used to boast that his palace contained two wonderful men,—one, Michael Angelo the sculptor; the other, a Spanish athlete who was so swift a runner, that a fleet horse could not overtake him.

I think you will not be surprised to hear that, under this man, the Court of Florence became more wicked and impure, and Savonarola's warnings more earnest and indignant. At length, going on from bad to worse, to serve his own selfish ends, Piero promised to deliver up the city of Florence to the French King, Charles VIII, who had put forth a claim to inherit Italy. History tells us that the Italian cities, filled with rich and indolent inhabitants, fell an easy prey to the French invaders, who, entering the different towns, passed quickly on through the land; and, as quickly satisfied with their easy conquest, led their army back to France. It was not so easily ended for Piero, however. He found himself looked upon as a traitor, and was forced to flee for his life from Florence.

Michael Angelo, as one of Piero's household, was obliged to save himself by flight; and the next thing we hear of him is as a resident in the household of Aldivrandi, one of the governors of Bologna, a city to the north of Florence, and separated from it by the Apennine Mountains. In this new home, Michael Angelo was never idle. He carved statues, some of which were to adorn this city which had given him a refuge in his flight; and he spent many hours in reading to his friend Aldivrandi the grand Italian poems he had learned to love with Prince Pico and Politian.

More than a year passed thus, and Aldivrandi pressed him to spend the rest of his life with him in Bologna. But the love Michael Angelo bore for his old home, and his

sympathy with Savonarola and the people among whom he was born, made him feel that he had a greater field of work waiting for him in Florence, and that he would waste his life if he spent it any longer in this quiet resting-place.

So he took leave of Aldivrandi, and once more crossed the Apennines and entered Florence. He found the city entirely under the influence of Savonarola; and the people excited by his sermons against the vices of the pope and priests, and by his demands for the reformation of the Church and the nation. We do not know much about the kind of life Michael Angelo led in Florence in these restless days. We may be sure, however, that it was no quiet, peaceful time of intercourse with learned men, and of happy hours spent in Pico's house, while he watched the sun setting over the broad plain. He was far too full of sympathy with Savonarola and with the people, whom the monk was teaching to govern themselves, and to be fit for liberty, for any enjoyment in such a life as that. We know that he was not idle. He carved many beautiful statues; but we can only guess at the way in which he worked to help on Savonarola's plans.

Perhaps he may have addressed the crowds in the public market-place, or in the evening assemblies which Savonarola often called together. Or perhaps he may have kept his hopeful words for the quieter chance meetings with neighbours in the streets, or on the walls of Florence. Wherever they were spoken, words from so true and earnest a man must always have had much power. Still

more, the unspoken influence of such an one as Michael Angelo, who was always striving after perfection and beauty, must have been felt by people who were beginning to learn from Savonarola that there was something better worth living for than self-indulgence, idleness, and sin.

When he had spent thus a year or two in Florence, Michael Angelo received a summons to Rome from Pope Julius II. The fame of his carving had spread from Florence, and the pope was anxious to have a grand monument carved by Michael Angelo for the adornment of his own tomb. It seems strange to us that a man should spend so much time and thought during his lifetime on the decoration of his burial-place. It was no unusual thing, however, in those days, and the carved figures of angels and holy men made beautiful the churches in which the tombs were placed. Michael Angelo was glad of this summons to Rome. It opened out to him greater chances of usefulness and progress in his art than he could have had in Florence. For this reason an artist always gladly accepted any chance offered to him of studying the works of art which Rome contained.

But, although it brought him many benefits, this life in Rome brought difficulties and trials also, and he required all the patience he possessed to bear them. The pope did not always treat him justly or generously; and sometimes obliged him to waste precious time in doing work which others should have been hired to do for him. For instance, at one time, Michael Angelo was obliged to spend eight

months in the marble quarries at Carrara, superintending the quarrying out of marble for his statues, just because the pope would not spend a little of his great wealth in paying some one else to overlook the labours of the quarrymen.

We who read his history can see how his early training must have helped to prepare him for meeting with such difficulties. He had learned lessons of patience when, as a boy, he worked at the Grammar School, and waited for the help to become an artist which at one time seemed so little likely to be sent to him. He learned patience, too, in his work at the fish-market, and in Ghirlandajo's studio, and Lorenzo's garden. But while still a young man, Michael Angelo had a great fault to fight against—that of a hasty and impetuous temper. Two or three times he gave up his work in Rome and left the city, angry at the thoughtless, unfair treatment which he received. But as he grew older, we see how he learned to bear with the annoyances in his way, and to remember that the pope meant well in the end, and to laugh off vexations that at first seemed so unbearable.

Sad news came to him from Florence in the year 1498. The brave, noble Savonarola had been burned in the city for which he had done so much; and his ashes had been thrown into the river Arno. His sermons against the sins of the Roman Catholic Church had roused great anger in the minds of certain powerful people in the Church, and

with the permission of the pope's representatives in Florence, this martyrdom had taken place.

On receiving the news, Michael Angelo returned to Florence for a time. This message Savonarola left for his friends greeted him on his arrival: 'Pray for me, and tell my friends not to be discouraged at my death; but to continue stedfast in my doctrine, and to live in peace.' Florence no longer seemed to him like the same city in which he had spent his boyhood. Of course the beautiful buildings remained; and the distant mountains and winding river and wide plain were as lovely as ever; but he sadly missed Savonarola and Lorenzo, and all the friends now dead or scattered with whom he had spent so many happy hours. There was only one thing to be done, and that Michael Angelo did—to try to be in his turn to younger people what his lost friends had been to him. It is well for all of us, as it was well for him, that in the ordering of Providence we may ever thus make fresh, warm, and happy human bonds, while our dear earthly ties are being raised to heaven.

Pupils were sent to study with Michael Angelo, as he had studied in his boyhood with Ghirlandajo. He did not only interest himself in their drawings and sculpture; but in their homes also and daily interests, and thus made them grateful and firm friends for life. One boy, Georgio Vasari, who afterwards wrote a life of Michael Angelo, remembered gratefully in after years, how, when obliged, as you will hear, again to leave Florence, Michael Angelo

was not satisfied with having done all he could for his pupil until that time; but visited the new master under whom the boy was then to be placed, spoke kindly of him, and recommended him specially to his care. Sometimes he would give one of his own statues to a pupil, that he might sell it and gain help out of some difficulty with the money which he thus obtained. Although one woman, about whom you will soon hear, became in Rome his dearest friend, Michael Angelo found no loving wife with whom he could make a happy home. Perhaps on this account he rejoiced the more to hear of the homes which other people formed, and often gave the prices which his statues gained to the young sisters of his pupils, as the marriage portion which their parents were too poor to provide.

While reading about Michael Angelo's pupils, you may as well hear the story of an event that occurred later in his life in connection with the pupils whom he taught in Rome. Two of them, sadly wicked and ungrateful, stole some of his designs; and the magistrates seizing them, returned the stolen property to the owner, and would have passed a severe sentence on the boys. Michael Angelo seeing they were penitent, and believing that poverty had tempted them to sin, begged for their pardon, and found them additional carving to do, which would give them regular employment and help them out of want.

There would be little use in telling you the names of all the statues and pictures which have made Michael Angelo famous, nor of the frequent journeys he made between

Florence and Rome. It would not interest you either to hear of the many changes in the popes who governed the Church at that time. It is enough to know that eleven different popes reigned in Rome during Michael Angelo's lifetime.

The chief part of his later days he spent in Rome; but he always loved Florence, and was anxious to serve the Florentines in any way in his power. When in great need during those unsettled times, in which Italy was harassed by enemies both of her own people and of foreign lands, the Florentines went to tell him that the army of the Prince of Orange was approaching their walls, and to beg his help in planning barricades and defences. He gave up his work in Rome at once, and came to their help, using his skill and money too, in the protection of the beautiful spires and towers. He did not look for gratitude in return for his labour; but when some of those whom he had served even formed a plot to deliver him up to the invaders, he merely concealed himself for a few days in one of the bell towers he knew so well when a boy, and returned to the occupations he had left in Rome.

You will like to hear something about Michael Angelo's life in Rome. He had an old servant named Urbino, whom he dearly loved, and who reverenced his master more than any other man on earth. Urbino took care of his house and nursed him in sickness; and Michael Angelo fearing lest, on his death, Urbino should be left among strangers, settled a sum of money on him which

should keep him from any fear of want. Urbino often used to wish his master would take more rest and pleasure. It distressed the kind old man to see Michael Angelo rising in the night to work at some statue over which he had toiled without ceasing all the day, and to find him chiselling for hours at a time, caring for no meal but the very simplest one that could be prepared, and at night lying down in his clothes too wearied to take proper rest in bed.

Michael Angelo had more work waiting for him to do in Rome than he could get through, notwithstanding all his ceaseless diligence. He was constantly employed in making plans for the beautifying of the city, and one of his best known works, which took him many years to complete, was the painting of the ceiling in a chapel called the Sistine Chapel in Rome, which one of the popes requested him to undertake. It is said that when first this work was given to him, Michael Angelo begged to be excused, saying that sculpture, not painting, was the occupation to which he wished to devote himself, and he was then busy with some carvings to which he wished to give all his time and attention. The pope would hear of no refusal, however, and finding the work must be done, though his sorrow at giving up his sculpture for the time was so great that tears filled his eyes as he left the pope's presence, Michael Angelo set to work with all his heart, drew his plans, and had the scaffolding raised, and then spent months over the ceiling, which is now the wonder

and delight of so many travelers to Rome. The only way in which the painting could be accomplished was in a most painful position, lying on his back on the scaffolding. He was never daunted by difficulties, and thought little of the weariness this caused, or of the fact that his eyesight was so much injured by the work, that for months after he was unable to paint at all. One Christmas day his work was done, and all Rome flocked into the chapel to gaze upon the wonderful paintings, and talk of the Bible stories which the painted ceiling brought to their remembrance.

Michael Angelo had other interest in Rome besides his artist's work. Remembering Politian and Prince Pico, and the happy intercourse he had had with them, he sought out men in the city who wanted help to pursue their studies, and spent much of his wealth in enabling them to obtain the learning for which they longed. By some means, too, he became acquainted with a kind of wandering pedlar, who used to earn his living by travelling through country places, and selling pictures and little images to the peasants. This pedlar's name was Manighella; and you may be sure it seemed a great honour to him to be allowed to visit the famous sculptor Michael Angelo when he came to Rome to collect images in the intervals between journeys.

Michael Angelo used to listen with great interest to his stories of the peasants among whom he went as pedlar, and laughed til he cried sometimes at their odd sayings, and the kind of purchases they made. Occasionally he laid

aside all employments to make carved crosses or little statues that would beautify the peasants' cottages, and bring in some money to the hard-working Manighella. During his life in Rome, too, Michael Angelo wrote many poems and sonnets. The following is a translation of a well-known hymn by him:—

'The prayers I make will then be sweet indeed,
If Thou the spirit give by which I pray;
My unassisted heart is barren clay,
That of its native self can nothing feel.
Of good and pious works Thou art the seed,
That quickens only where Thou sayest it may;
Unless Thou show to us Thine own true way,
No man can find it: Father! Thou must lead.
Do Thou then breathe those thoughts into my mind,
By which such virtue may in me be bred,
That in Thy holy footsteps I may tread;
The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,
That I may have the power to sing of Thee,
And sound Thy praises everlastingly.'

While he lived in Rome, Michael Angelo made the dearest friendship of his life with a good and learned woman named Vittoria Colonna. She was a widow lady who had passed through much trouble, and, like Michael Angelo, had no happy home ties. But, like him, she lived a loving, useful life, such as make loneliness impossible, and found work for herself in a convent not far from Rome, where she became as a second mother to many young girls

who were training there, and who would carry with them into the homes they afterwards made, loving thoughts of the beautiful woman who lived in the quiet convent, happy in the love of God and in her work.

Vittoria Colonna was deeply interested, as Savanarola had been, in the reformation of the Roman Catholic Church; and perhaps that common interest may have formed the basis of the strong friendship which existed between herself and Michael Angelo. Whenever she came to Rome, these dear friends used to meet; and when she died, in the year 1547, in the palace of a relative in Rome, Michael Angelo was with her to the end.

In the year 1547, when over seventy years of age, he began his greatest work, the Cathedral of St. Peter in Rome. Travellers approaching the city watch eagerly for the first sight of the grand dome rising above the other spires and towers of Rome. It was a matter of rejoicing to Michael Angelo to think that his last work on earth was a church, where, for centuries to come, prayers would rise up to God from so many millions of people. From this year, 1547, he gave up his time and thought to the work; but he refused all the money and rewards the pope would have given him as architect, saying that he would do it for the love of God alone. Once only he left Rome to spend a few days among the mountains, and found great enjoyment in his peaceful rest among them. He greatly needed this change; for perplexities and troubles of many kinds came to him. The interference of the pope and

cardinals, and the complaints against his work by people who, sad to tell, were jealous of his power, were very hard to bear; but we no longer read of angry replies from him, nor of sudden departures from Rome, nor of quarrels with the pope. It is good to see how, as he gradually grew towards perfection as a sculptor, he also grew nobler as a man; and as old age advanced he became more loving and forgiving, and more anxious to live in peace with all men.

Another trouble came to him when his faithful old servant Urbino died. Michael Angelo nursed him through his illness, and never left him day and night; and his great grief for his loss may be seen in the following letter, which he wrote in reply to one of his old pupils in Florence, who wrote him on hearing of the event:—

'My dear Georgio,—I can but ill write at this time, yet to reply to your letter I will try to say something. You know that Urbino is dead, and herein I have received a great mercy from God; but to my heavy grief and infinite loss. The mercy is thus: that whereas in his life he has kept me living, so in his death he has taught me to die, not only without regret, but with the desire to depart. I have had him twenty-six years; have ever found him singularly faithful; and now that I have made him rich, and hoped to have in him the staff and support of my old age, he has disappeared from my sight; nor have I any other hope than that of rejoicing him in Paradise. But of this God has given me a foretaste in the most blessed death that he has died; his own departure did not grieve him, as did the

leaving me in this treacherous earth with so many troubles. Truly is the best part of my being gone with him, nor is anything left me except an infinite sorrow. And herewith I bid you farewell.—M.A. Buonarotti'

Still working, between eighty and ninety years of age, with his eyesight failing and feebleness increasing, the lonely old man watched the great church which he had planned rising higher each month, and lived in the rich memories of the past, and the hopes of renewed youth and usefulness in the immortality to come. In the last winter of his life, he was observed one bitter day crossing the snow to study the ruins of the great Coliseum in Rome, still as anxious to learn as he had been when a young boy in Florence. Some one, surprised to see him, when so feeble, out alone on such a day, asked him whither he was going; and he made the reply that will be remembered as long as the memory of his name lasts—'I still go to school that I may continue to learn.'

His friends in Florence, knowing his loneliness and the vexations he endured in his work, wrote pressing letters begging him to return to them and spend the end of his life in peace. For all their arguments he sent loving messages and thanks; but told them it was in vain to ask him to leave this work, which he had undertaken for the love of God. To his nephew he wrote: 'I have not yet been able to succeed in advancing the building to that point which I desire, for the want of money and men; and being old, and not having any one else to whose care I could

leave the undertaking, and as I serve for the love of God in whom is all my hope, I am not willing to abandon it.'

He was able to give another proof of the love he bore for the people of Florence. Just before his death, he sent a plan for the building of a beautiful church for Florentines living in Rome. 'He was glad,' so he sent them word, 'to be occupied in his old age with things sacred, and such as were for the honour of God. It rejoiced him, too, to do something for his own people, to whom his heart was ever true.'

Finding that they could not move him from his work to find a home with them, his friends in Florence made arrangements that some one in Rome should look in upon the lonely old man each day, and make them aware in Florence how he prospered.

In the spring of the year, when he would be ninety years of age, his nephew, who was very dear to him, set off to Rome, determined to take care of Michael Angelo for the rest of his life himself. He found the old man dead, and learned how peaceful his end had been, and that he had died while still speaking to those about him of the sufferings of Christ, leaving his soul to God, his body to the earth, and his possessions to his nearest relatives. One strong wish Michael Angelo had expressed—that his remains might be removed to Florence, to rest among the scenes where so much of his life had been spent. The pope's will was that the great artist's tomb should be in St.

Peter's Church. It seemed fitting to him that the burial-place of Michael Angelo should be in the midst of the beauty which he had done so much to create; and accordingly, splendid funeral rites were held in Rome. Then, lest the powerful will of the pope should prevent the fulfilment of Michael Angelo's desire and the longing of his friends in Florence, a strange event took place. The lifeless body was wrapped up in bales of cloth like merchandise on its removal to another town, and secretly conveyed out of Rome, borne the long journey through the country to Florence, and there laid before the great altar in one of the churches of the city.

Next day, when the sun had set, eager multitudes gathered in the narrow streets, for it was known that at midnight the body of their great townsman would be removed to the chief church of Santa Croce, to be there buried in state. As the hour approached, sculptors and painters from far and near gathered in silence round the altar; and as the older men raised the lighted torches which had been prepared for them, the younger artists lifted the heavy bier, and the procession set out from the church. On that night of March 20, 1563, there were few citizens in Florence who were not seeking to do honour to the memory of Michael Angelo. It was difficult to force a way through the streets, so great was the pressure of the crowd. When at last the funeral service was over, surely the people returning to their homes felt they did not leave the real Michael Angelo in the quiet church. Though his spirit

had entered the unseen world, he lived on among them still in the works he left behind him, and the spirit and example of his life. It was well for those artists who had gathered round his tomb, if they gained encouragement from his example to use their talents faithfully, and to be true to the ideal of beauty planted in their souls. It was better still, if the poor and ignorant people filling the streets outside, remembered that they too might help to enrich earth by pure deeds and words, and a love of all things beautiful and true; for 'God uses us to help each other so.'

Raphael
(1483-1520)

Childhood Of Raphael

Far away across the sea lies the sunny land of Italy. Blue are the sparkling waters of its seas. Still more blue is the cloudless sky. Nestling among the mountains are many little villages. Urbino is one of these. The gray stone houses can scarcely be seen against the background of trees. From a window of one of these houses one may see the valleys with their beautiful vineyards. Here the dark-eyed Italian children are picking purple grapes.

About four hundred years ago, in a beautiful house in Urbino, lived Giovanni Sanzio. His wife was an Italian woman. She had soft, dark eyes and a low, musical voice. Very much like her was their little son Raphael. They loved him so dearly they gave him the name of an angel. His eyes were deepest blue. They were thoughtful and dreamy. His brown hair floated lightly over his shoulders. In his little blue cap and suit he was as beautiful as an angel.

Raphael's father was an artist. Let us visit his home. We may see there a picture of his wife and child. The loving father has painted them as the Madonna and the

Christ-child. The painting was done on the plaster of the wall. It is still there.

When a very small boy, Raphael loved to play in his father's studio. There were many little tasks that he could do to help his father. There were brushes to be washed and palettes to be cleaned. Oh, there was work in plenty for little Raphael! Giovanni Sanzio painted beautiful angels and holy Madonnas. His little son was often at his side as the work was going on.

In Italy, one loves to be out of doors. Raphael spent much of his time in the bright, sunshiny air. There was much to be seen in those olden times, if one used his eyes. Perhaps one might see a procession of monks climbing up the mountain road. Sometimes a red-robed cardinal on a white mule rode among them. At another time, the peasants might be seen coming to market. Their donkeys carried loads of olives and melons. Again, a troop of soldiers would march past. See the flags flying and plumes waving! How their lances glitter in the bright sunshine! All of these sights were dear to our little Raphael. He loved to hear the trumpets sound from the castle on the hill. That meant that the duke and his friends were soon to ride forth. The horses pranced and tossed their heads. How rich the garments of the men and how noble their faces!

Raphael enjoyed the beauties that were always about him. All that was lovely in the landscape he saw. He looked, and thought, and grew. The wise father left the

little dreamer to himself. He felt sure that Raphael would one day paint the beautiful things he saw.

In the streets of Urbino a house was brightly lighted one night. A feast was being held there. The sound of music was heard. The murmur of happy voices came from the open doors. Guest after guest entered the mansion. No one was more welcome than Perugino.

Perugino was one of the best painters in Italy. All the guests hurried to welcome him. The wife of Giovanni came forward leading her little son, Raphael. The artist smiled as he saw the lovely mother and her boy. "You are welcome," she said in her soft, musical voice. She placed the hand of Raphael in that of the artist. He laid his other hand on the boy's head, saying tenderly, "God bless you, my son."

"How glad we are that you are here to-day," said Giovanni, "for this is our son's birthday." Perugino was greatly pleased with the child. He said, "Let the boy come to live with me. I will take him as my pupil." A bright smile, like a sunbeam, darted across Raphael's face. His mother could not think of sparing her little boy yet. She said he might go when he was older.

Alas! before that day came the gentle mother died. The father was left to care for the boy alone. Giovanni and his son were now constantly together. Raphael loved his father dearly. How sad and lonely he was when three years

later his father died. After this, Raphael's uncle took the place of his father.

Once Raphael went to visit Andrea, an old friend of his father's. Andrea was an artist who lived in a town near by. Andrea's welcome was hearty. It made Raphael feel at home. He almost forgot that he was in a strange place. The first day he was there, the house door closed suddenly. Looking up, Raphael saw a man in the garb of a priest. "Why does he move so cautiously and seem to feel his way along the wall?" thought Raphael. As he approached, Raphael saw that he was blind.

"Draw near, good stranger. I should like to know you," said the priest. The youth went slowly up to him. The priest passed his hand lightly over the boy's face. "Thou art very young," he said in great surprise. "How could thy parents let thee leave thy home so soon?" "They are no longer living, but I have been taught that God cares for me." The priest raised his cap and said, "Blessed are they who put their trust in Him. What is thy name, my son?" "Raphael," answered the boy, "and my father was well loved in Urbino."

The good priest, who was Andrea's brother, led the way to the kitchen. In the middle of the room stood a table covered with a white cloth. On the table was a dish heaped with juicy grapes and figs. Beside it a pitcher of fresh milk had been placed. Andrea and his family were seated about the table.

Raphael was the first to finish his supper. He drew from his pocket a small sketch-book, which his father had given him. He wished to make a sketch of the blind man. He held the book below the edge of the table. He thought that no one would notice him. Andrea peeped over his shoulder and watched his work. Raphael made a few quick strokes. How surprised Andrea was to see a picture of his brother! Raphael had shown all the love and kindness in the good priest's face.

"Have you any other sketches, Raphaelino? Let me see the book," said Andrea. He looked it through, and found among other drawings a Madonna. Andrea was much pleased with the sweet, tender face.

Many happy days Raphael spent with these kind friends. He often went with the priest to the dimly-lighted cathedral. He loved to watch the glimmering candles and listen to the soft music. Very rich were the colors in the windows. The afternoon sunlight fell across pictures of beautiful saints and Madonnas. Happier still were the hours spent with Andrea in the little studio. He watched Andrea at his work. He longed for the time to come when he should study with Perugino. His father had promised this.

At length the day arrived. He said good-by to his friends, and set out with a happy heart. He was then sixteen years old. There were many young men in Perugino's studio, but Raphael's work was best of all.

When Perugino saw Raphael he said, "Let him be my pupil. He will some day be my master." He remained with his teacher several years. He listened carefully to Perugino. Soon he could paint as well as his master. In fact, one could scarcely tell Raphael's pictures from Perugino's.

The Paintings of Raphael

One day when Raphael was busily painting, a friend entered. "Thou hast done well, my Raphael," he exclaimed, looking at the artist's work. "I have just returned from Florence. How I wish that you might see the works of Leonardo! Such horses! They paw the ground, and shake the foam from their manes. Perugino is a good man and a good painter. I will not deny that—but Leonardo's horses!"

Raphael threw aside his brush and hastily arose. "Where are you going?" asked his friend. "To Florence!" exclaimed Raphael.

Raphael had always heard of the beauty of Florence. Perugino had often spoken to his pupils of the great artists that lived in that city. He told them of the marble palaces. He described the lovely gardens. He talked with them about the dome of the cathedral, more beautiful than any other in the world. Raphael's heart was filled with a great desire to see fair Florence.

So he went to the beautiful city. He was soon known and loved by the greatest artists in Florence. His beauty,

his kindly manner, and sunny temper made friends for him wherever he went. His beautiful drawings made him a favorite in the studios. One of the pictures he painted while in Florence is the *Madonna of the Gardens*. It now hangs in an art gallery in Paris.

Not far from Florence is the larger city of Rome. It, too, is noted for its beautiful pictures and wonderful buildings. One of these is the palace of the Pope. It is called the Vatican. It has more than a thousand rooms. Some of the walls of this building are covered with paintings. Whenever the Pope heard of a remarkable artist, he sent for him. When Raphael was twenty-five years old, he received an invitation from the Pope to come to Rome, and do some painting in the Vatican.

Raphael's first work in Rome was the painting of frescoes in the Pope's palace. Now you must know that a fresco is a painting on wet plaster. The colors are allowed to dry with the plaster. The Pope was greatly pleased with Raphael's work. He decided that he should decorate all of the halls of the Vatican.

There were many beautiful paintings there by Perugino and other artists. The Pope ordered these to be removed to make room for Raphael's drawings. When Raphael heard that the work of his teacher was to be taken away, he was very sad. He persuaded the Pope to leave Perugino's paintings untouched. They are still to be seen in Rome.

One of the Madonnas painted in Rome is called the *Madonna of the Chair*. In this beautiful picture we see the mother holding the Christ-child lovingly in her arms, just as a mother now holds her baby. From an old story we learn how this picture happened to be round.

In one of the beautiful valleys of Italy lived a hermit. An oak tree grew near his hut. It shaded his home in the hot summer, and protected it in winter. The swaying of the branches, and the rustling of the leaves was music to the hermit. He thought of the oak tree as a friend.

Another friend he had, too. This was Mary, the daughter of a vinedresser, not far away. Mary was very kind to the old man. She brought him fresh fruit from her father's vineyard. The hermit often thought of these two kind friends. One had a voice like yours, perhaps. The other spoke only by the movement of its branches.

Once there was a great storm. The oak tree seemed to beckon the old man to come up among its branches for safety. He did so. He saw that the birds, too, had found shelter there.

The little hut was destroyed by the winds, but the hermit was safe. Soon he had eaten the bread that he had taken with him. He grew faint with hunger. Then thoughtful Mary came. She brought him food, and took him to her own home.

The hermit prayed that his two friends might never be forgotten. He wished that when people saw one, they

might think of the other. By and by the hermit died. The oak tree was cut down and made into wine barrels. Lovely Mary was married. She became the mother of two boys.

One day, as she sat with her children, the artist Raphael passed by. He saw the young mother and her children. He made a sketch of the lovely group on a cover of a barrel that stood near by, which had been made out of the wood of the old oak. When he went home, he filled out his sketch in loveliest color.

So the prayer of the hermit was answered. Shall we not always think of the hermit's two friends, when we see the *Madonna of the Chair*?

In almost every one of his pictures Raphael has painted a lovely child. You have seen the young St. John in the *Madonna of the Chair* and the little angels in the *Sistine Madonna*. The story is told that this wonderful picture was painted at first without the angels. Raphael one day found two little boys resting their arms on a ledge under the picture. They were looking up at the child Jesus and the lovely mother. He was so pleased with this, that he at once painted their portraits as angels in the picture.

Another thing that you will notice in Raphael's pictures is the color. It is very soft and yet glowing. One might almost fancy it to be part of a glorious sunset. It is laid on the canvas very thin. The lines of the drawing can sometimes be seen beneath.

Raphael's work in Rome was marvelous. He became known as the greatest painter in Italy. Now, many people think he is the greatest painter in all the world. His studio was filled with artists. They wished to learn something of his secret in painting. It is said that Raphael was greatly loved by these pupils. Sometimes as many as fifty of them would walk with him on the streets. They were glad to be near the master painter.

You have all seen copies of the *Sistine Madonna* and have felt its great beauty. It is the most lovely of all of Raphael's Madonnas and indeed, of all the Madonnas in the world. It hangs in the Dresden Gallery, in Germany, in a room by itself. As people look upon the Mother and Christ-child, their eyes fill with tears. Men lift their hats and pass silently on. The room is so quiet that one can hear the slightest sound.

Though Raphael died when he was only thirty-seven years old, he lives still in the hearts of all those who have seen his pictures. One cannot see his pictures without loving both them and the gentle artist who painted them.

The Child of Urbino

(Adapted from Ouida.)

Raphael was a very happy little boy in old Urbino. He had a loving mother and a father who was very tender. He painted Raphael among the angels of heaven.

It was pleasant in those days to live in Urbino. In the fine old houses every stone was sound. Men built them to live in and to pass on to their children after them. The peasants were good friends with the prince. They knew that in any trouble they could go up to the palace and receive help. Each one did his work in the best way, so all were happy and contented.

They had their day of honest toil from sunrise to sunset. Then they walked out or sat about in the calm evening air. They looked down on the plains below that were rich in grain and fruit. They talked and laughed together, and were content with their own, useful lives.

Can you not picture to yourself good, wise Giovanni Sanzio, and his little son running by his side? It is the holy evening time of a feast day. The deep-toned bells are ringing. The setting sun casts long shadows across the hills. Yes, life was very good in those days in old Urbino.

At this time Urbino was becoming famous for its pottery. Tall vases, graceful jars, and beautiful bowls were made there. When the prince wished to send a gift to any one, he often chose a piece of Urbino pottery.

Now there lived in Urbino a master potter. His name was Benedetto. He was a stern, gray-haired man. He had a beautiful daughter, Pacifica. She was a lovely young woman. Raphael loved her. He loved everything that was beautiful and everyone who was kind.

The house of Benedetto was a long, stone building. The porch at the back was shaded by rose trees. It looked on a garden where plum trees, pear trees, and wood strawberries grew. This porch was a pleasant spot. It was filled with the song of birds and the perfume of flowers. The little son of neighbor Sanzio ran in and out of this big, wide house and garden whenever he pleased. Pacifica was always glad to see him. Sometimes the master potter would teach him the secret of painting on clay.

One day Raphael was sad. His friend Luca was in trouble. Luca was a strong, manly fellow. He would have liked well to be a soldier. Because he loved Pacifica, he was working with her father to become a potter. The prince had offered a prize for the best painting on a vase. How Luca wished that he might win the prize!

He had heard Benedetto say that the best painter should marry Pacifica. No wonder Luca was troubled. He knew there were many artists in Urbino who could paint better than he. Raphael, too, knew this. He could not bear to see his friend Luca in tears. How could he help his friend? This thought came to him again and again. At last he found a way. He hurried to Luca. "Let me paint the vase," said Raphael.

For three months Raphael worked every day. Where do you think he was? In Luca's attic, before a bowl almost as big as himself. No one but Luca knew what the child was doing. They could not have kept the secret if

Raphael's father had been at home; but he was away many weeks, and the child's mother said nothing. She knew well that Pacifica loved Raphael, and that no harm could come to him under her roof. Pacifica herself thought he was watching Luca paint. She loved him all the better for that. How handsome and brave and gentle Luca was! Poor Pacifica cared little whether he could paint or not. He could have made her happy.

In the attic Raphael passed the most troubled hours of his life. He would not allow Luca to look at what he did. When he went away he locked his work in the cupboard. The swallows came in through the open windows of the attic. They fluttered about the room. The morning sunbeams came, too. They touched the boy's fair hair lovingly, and seemed to say, "Be of good cheer, little Raphael." He was only seven years old, yet how faithfully he worked!

He covered hundreds of sheets with drawings. When at last he had them perfect, he sketched them on the clay. Ah, how glad he was now that his father had allowed him to draw ever since he was two years old! He was glad, too, that Master Benedetto had shown him how to lay on the color.

So Raphael worked on and on, there in the attic. The tulips bloomed and withered. The wheat and barley were cut. The three months, all but a week, had passed by. One

afternoon Raphael took Luca by the hand and said, "Come." He led the young man up to the attic.

Luca gave a great cry when he saw the vase. Then he fell upon his knees before the child. "Dear Luca, do not do that. If it is good, let us thank God." The colors on the vase shone like melted jewels. The garlands were beautiful. So was the soft light on the mountains. The white-robed figure in the center was still more beautiful. The child painter had given this figure the face of Pacifica.

When the vase was put away, Luca said, "But Raphaelino, I do not see how your wonderful work will help me. I could not let it pass as mine. That would be a shame, a fraud." The child's only answer was, "Do trust me."

At last the great day arrived. All the vases were on a table. Ten young men had tried for the prize. Luca had been obliged to place his work with the rest. Each vase was marked with a number. The prince, followed by Benedetto, came in. Raphael's father and some of the potter's other friends, came, too.

The prince passed from vase to vase. For each one he had words of praise. Before Luca's vase he remained silent. At last, before one that stood at the very farthest end of the table, he gave a cry of delight. Benedetto was greatly surprised and pleased. Giovanni Sanzio came a little nearer. He tried to see over the shoulders of those in front.

"This is by far the most beautiful. It is worth its weight in gold," said the prince as he lifted the great jar. "But whose is it?" he said impatiently. "Master Benedetto, I pray you the name of the artist. Quick, I pray you, quick." "It is marked number eleven, my lord," answered the potter. "Let him who has that number stand out. The prince has chosen your work. Do you hear me?" No one moved.

Then Raphael loosened his hand from his father's hold. He went forward and stood before the master potter. "I painted it," he said, with a pleased smile—"I, Raphael." The prince stepped forward. He took a jewel hung on a gold chain from his own breast. He threw it over Raphael's shoulders. The child kissed the prince's hand with sweetest grace. Then he turned to his father. "Is it true that I have won the prize?" "Quite true, my angel," said Sanzio. Raphael looked up at Master Benedetto. "Then I claim the hand of Pacifica."

"You cannot mean that," answered Benedetto, smiling. "I do, indeed, though," replied the child. "I give the rights which I have won to my dear friend Luca. He is the best man in all the world, and loves Pacifica most truly."

Benedetto burst into tears, saying, "It shall be as you wish." Luca sprang forward, pale as death. He knelt before Raphael, where all the world has knelt ever since.

Raphael

Among the marvellous tales of the *Arabian Nights*, there is a story told of a band of robbers who, by whispering certain magic words, were able to open the door of a secret cave where treasures of gold and silver and precious jewels lay hid. Now, although the day of such delightful marvels is past and gone, yet there still remains a certain magic in some names which is able to open the secret doors of the hidden haunts of beauty and delight.

For most people the very name of 'Raphael' is like the 'Open Sesame' of the robber chief in the old story. In a moment a door seems to open out of the commonplace everyday world, and through it they see a stretch of fair sweet country. There their eyes rest upon gentle, dark-eyed Madonnas, who smile down lovingly upon the heavenly Child, playing at her side or resting in her arms. The little St. John is also there, companion of the Infant Christ; rosy, round-limbed children both, half human and half divine. And standing in the background are a crowd of grave, quiet figures, each one alive with interest, while over all there is a glow of intense vivid colour.

We know but little of the everyday life of this great artist. When we hear his name, it is of his different pictures that we think at once, for they are world-famous. We almost forget the man as we gaze at his work.

It was in the little village of Urbino, in Umbria, that Raphael was born. His father was a painter called Giovanni Santi, and from him Raphael inherited his love of Art. His mother, Magia, was a sweet, gracious woman, and the little Raphael was like her in character and beauty. It seemed as if the boy had received every good gift that Nature could bestow. He had a lovely oval face, and soft dark eyes that shone with a beauty that was more of heaven than earth, and told of a soul which was as pure and lovely as his face. Above all, he had the gift of making every one love him, so that his should have been a happy sunshiny life.

But no one can ever escape trouble, and when Raphael was only eight years old, the first cloud overspread his sky. His mother died, and soon after his father married again.

The new mother was very young, and did not care much for children, but Raphael did not mind that as long as he could be with his father. But three years later a blacker cloud arose and blotted out the sunshine from his life, for his father too died, and left him all alone.

The boy had loved his father dearly, and it had been his great delight to be with him in the studio, to learn to grind and mix the colours and watch those wonderful pictures grow from day to day.

But now all was changed. The quiet studio rang with angry voices, and the peaceful home was the scene of continual quarrelling. Who was to have the money, and

how were the Santi estates to be divided? Stepmother and uncle wrangled from morning until night, and no one gave a thought to the child Raphael. It was only the money that mattered.

Then when it seemed that the boy's training was going to be totally neglected, kindly help arrived. Simone di Ciarla, brother of Raphael's own mother, came to look after his little nephew, and ere long carried him off from the noisy, quarrelsome household, and took him to Perugia.

'Thou shalt have the best teaching in all Italy,' said Simone as they walked through the streets of the town. 'The great master to whose studio we go, can hold his own even among the artists of Florence. See that thou art diligent to learn all that he can teach thee, so that thou mayest become as great a painter as thy father.'

'Am I to be the pupil of the great Perugino?' asked Raphael, his eyes shining with pleasure. 'I have often heard my father speak of his marvellous pictures.'

'We will see if he can take thee,' answered his uncle.

The boy's heart sunk. What if the master refused to take him as a pupil? Must he return to idleness and the place which was no longer home?

But soon his fears were set at rest. Perugino, like every one else, felt the charm of that beautiful face and gentle manner, and when he had seen some drawings which the

boy had done, he agreed readily that Raphael should enter the studio and become his pupil.

Perugia had been passing through evil times just before this. The two great parties of the Oddi and Baglioni families were always at war together. Whichever of them happened to be the stronger held the city and drove out the other party, so that the fighting never ceased either inside or outside the gates. The peaceful country round about had been laid waste and desolate. The peasants did not dare go out to till their fields or prune their olive-trees. Mothers were afraid to let their little ones out of their sight, for hungry wolves and other wild beasts prowled about the deserted countryside.

Then came a day when the outside party managed to creep silently into the city, and the most terrible fight of all began. So long and fiercely did the battle rage that almost all the Oddi were killed. Then for a time there was peace in Perugia and all the country round.

So it happened that as soon as the people of Perugia had time to think of other things besides fighting, they began to wish that their town might be put in order, and that the buildings which had been injured during the struggles might be restored.

This was a good opportunity for peaceful men like Perugino, for there was much work to be done, and both he and his pupils were kept busy from morning till night.

Of all his pupils, Perugino loved the young Raphael best. He saw at once that this was no ordinary boy.

'He is my pupil now, but soon he will be my master,' he used to say as he watched the boy at work.

So he taught him with all possible carefulness, and was never tired of giving him good advice.

'Learn first of all to draw,' he would say, when Raphael looked with longing eyes at the colours and brushes of the master. 'Draw everything you see, no matter what it is, but always draw and draw again. The rest will follow; but if the knowledge of drawing be lacking, nothing will afterwards succeed. Keep always at hand a sketch-book, and draw therein carefully every manner of thing that meets thy eye.'

Raphael never forgot the good advice of his master. He was never without a sketch-book, and his drawings now are almost as interesting as his great pictures, for they show the first thought that came into his mind, before the picture was composed.

So the years passed on, and Raphael learned all that the master could teach him. At first his pictures were so like Perugino's, that it was difficult to know whether they were the work of the master or the pupil.

But the quiet days at Perugia soon came to an end, and Perugino went back to Florence. For some time Raphael worked at different places near Perugia, and then followed his master to the City of Flowers, where every artist

longed to go. Though he was still but a young man, the world had already begun to notice his work, and Florence gladly welcomed a new artist.

It was just at that time that Leonardo da Vinci's fame was at its height, and when Raphael was shown some of the great man's work, he was filled with awe and wonder. The genius of Leonardo held him spellbound.

'It is what I have dreamed of in my dreams,' he said. 'Oh that I might learn his secret!'

Little by little the new ideas sunk into his heart, and the pictures he began to paint were no longer like those of his old master Perugino, but seemed to breathe some new spirit.

It was always so with Raphael. He seemed to be able to gather the best from every one, just as the bee goes from flower to flower and gathers its sweetness into one golden honeycomb. Only the genius of Raphael made all that he touched his very own, and the spirit of his pictures is unlike that of any other master.

For many years after this he lived in Rome, where now his greatest frescoes may be seen—frescoes so varied and wonderful that many books have been written about them.

There he first met Margarita, the young maiden whom he loved all his life. It is her face which looks down upon us from the picture of the Sistine Madonna, perhaps the most famous Madonna that ever was painted. The little

room in the Dresden Gallery where this picture now hangs seems almost like a holy place, for surely there is something divine in that fair face. There she stands, the Queen of Heaven, holding in her arms the Infant Christ, with such a strange look of majesty and sadness in her eyes as makes us realise that she was indeed fit to be the Mother of our Lord.

But the picture which all children love best is one in Florence called 'The Madonna of the Goldfinch.'

It is a picture of the Holy Family, the Infant Jesus, His mother, and the little St. John. The Christ Child is a dear little curly-headed baby, and He stands at His mother's knee with one little bare foot resting on hers. His hand is stretched out protectingly over a yellow goldfinch which St. John, a sturdy little figure clad in goatskins, has just brought to Him. The baby face is full of tender love and care for the little fluttering prisoner, and His curved hand is held over its head to protect it.

'Do not hurt My bird,' He seems to say to the eager St. John, 'for it belongs to Me and to My Father.'

These are only two of the many pictures which Raphael painted. It is wonderful to think how much work he did in his short life, for he died when he was only thirty-seven. He had been at work at St. Peter's, giving directions about some alterations, and there he was seized by a severe chill, and in a few days the news spread like wildfire through the country that Raphael was dead.

It seemed almost as if it could not be true. He had been so full of life and health, so eager for work, such a living power among men.

But there he lay, beautiful in death as he had been in life, and over his head was hung the picture of the 'Transfiguration,' on which he had been at work, its colours yet wet, never to be finished by that still hand.

All Rome flocked to his funeral, and high and low mourned his loss. But he left behind him a fame which can never die, a name which through all these four hundred years has never lost the magic of its greatness.

The Border Wonderful
Del Sarto (1486-1576)

In the workshop of Josefo the goldsmith, black-eyed Andrea was assorting the tools. There was no one to talk to, and he didn't like the task a bit. He wanted to be out in the sunshine among the pomegranates and purple-starred myrtles, where he knew Beatrice was waiting for the procession, for he was only seven years old, and this would be the gayest carnival time of all the year. But boys in his day began their life-work very early, and it was already several months since he had been apprenticed to a goldsmith, who believed not at all that one should romp when a trade was to be learned. So there was nothing for him to do but group hammers and knives and chisels, and try to be content with seeing the parade go by.

Would Beatrice forget to signal him, he wondered, with an anxious glance toward the window. Surely not, for she had promised to sing as soon as she saw the outriders. And just then a clear, sweet voice rose in a Florentine greeting song. Yes, it was coming now, the great cavalcade of which people had talked for many days, and he turned from the bench and hurried out into the loggia.

Leaning far out over the railing, he saw her standing under the pomegranates.

"Are they coming, Bice?" he asked, as her merry eyes turned toward him.

"*Si, si,* Andrea *mio,*" she called back in her musical Tuscan. "Yonder is the advance-guard, and just behind are the gleaming Medici banners. That means the ducal carriage will soon be here. Ah, it is splendid, splendid!"

And she whirled in a dancing step and broke into song again.

Andrea ran down the stairway, forgetting all about his task in the workshop. Yes, there it came, a gorgeous procession, across the Arno by the Ponte Vecchio and along the Via Guicciardini, horsemen and footmen in fine array, bearing Florence's duke to Florence's great cathedral. His birthday it was, and the people would celebrate it magnificently, Andrea knew, for his father, the jolly tailor, had told him all about it as he bent over his sewing the night before. There would be pomp at the palace and mirth in the streets, and he wished he might roam at will and feast upon it. But suddenly a harsh voice struck his ear, for the goldsmith had come into the shop and found him away.

"Get to your bench, young dullard, and quickly too!" he called. "A nice lot of trouble you make for me with your heedless ways, and I've a mind to send you back to your father."

And looking up at the face framed in the window, the boy saw that the eyes were as angry as the voice.

He was very much frightened. Twice that morning he had been scolded for drawing pictures when he should have been turning the tool grinder, and he wondered what dreadful thing would happen now. So he hurried in through the loggia to his bench; but his lip quivered as Beatrice went on with the crowd, and he thought how hard it would be to stay in the workshop when all the mirth and life of Florence was pulsing in the streets, and tears came so thick and fast that he could hardly tell one tool from another. Then the master went out, and Leonardo, the journeyman, returned from an errand. He was older than Andrea, but they were very good friends, and the doleful face brightened as he came near.

"What's the matter?" he asked, at the sight of the misty eyes. "Wouldn't he let you see the procession?"

The lad shook his head.

"No; he says I am here to work."

"Too bad, too bad," the older boy murmured. "But there will be other festivals, and he isn't often cross like this. He's worried now because he can't get a design for the border on the cardinal's bowl, for, unless it is finished this week there will be no more work from this great man. So it is not strange that he's out of sorts."

Andrea had no idea what a design was, and was too unhappy to care. His mind was on the merriment, and nothing seemed half as bad as having to miss it. But he had to work. So he tried to make the best of it, and his hands

moved so rapidly about the bench that soon his task was finished, and he had nothing to do until the master came in and assigned him to another. Leonardo, polishing a plate at his own place, was too busy to talk. So he took a piece of parchment and a bit of charcoal from the table and began to draw.

That made him forget his disappointment. He scratched and scratched on the smooth white surface, and by the time the journeyman had finished his polishing, the sheet was almost covered, and he held it up for him to see.

Leonardo looked, then gave an exclamation.

"Oh, oh! It is a pretty thing you have made, but you've used some of the master's parchment, and he will be angry indeed."

For parchment was costly in those far-off days, and men were very careful of it.

Andrea was terrified, and, at the sight of Josefo coming in at the door, he began to cry.

"What have you been doing now?" the man asked angrily.

"This," he sobbed, laying his hand on the parchment.

Leonardo held his breath, for he was sure that Andrea, who so often irritated the master by his thoughtless ways, would fare badly at his hands. But as the goldsmith looked at the drawing the sternness left his face, and a sort of wonder came into it.

"You don't mean you did this?" he said.

"Yes," Andrea faltered, "but I'm sorry I spoiled the parchment."

Then, as Josefo laid his big hand on the dark head, Leonardo wondered why he had ever thought him stern.

"Never fear about that," he replied, in a voice they seldom heard in the workshop. "You have done a wonderful thing, and it means much to me. I shall use this border for the cardinal's bowl, and to-morrow, when Gian Barile comes, I'll show it to him. This afternoon you may have a holiday, for you deserve to see the fun for helping me out of my trouble."

And Andrea wondered how it happened that the very thing that had brought him scoldings twice that morning should give him a merry time a few hours later. But he was only seven years old, and too young to realize what a wonderful thing he had done. But this he *did* know: he was going to have a great deal of pleasure. And beside the carnival fun there was the joy of looking forward to the morrow, when Gian Barile would see his drawing, for he was said by Florentines to be a most excellent painter.

Morning in the *bottéga* of the goldsmith was a very busy time. Tools must be ground, and knives sharpened, and metal prepared for the melting-pot. Then, too, chiseling and shaping and carving began on new articles, and there was always finishing on those left over from the day before. So Andrea and Leonardo worked busily, while

the master carved away at the bowl. They talked and laughed as they bent to their tasks, for now that he had a design that suited him, Josefo was in a jolly mood, and when Beatrice, the gay street-singer, put her head in at the window, he did not scold, but called to her in a merry jest. Together they chatted about yesterday's carnival, and after a while came Gian Barile, to lounge and gossip for an hour.

Andrea saw him saunter up the via, and as he came in through the loggia whispered to Leonardo, "Do you think he will really show him my drawing?"

And even as they held their heads together, Josefo unrolled the parchment.

"What think you of this for the work of a lad?" he asked, as Barile appeared at the door.

The painter shook his head.

"No lad did that. Or, if it be really true, let me see him, and I will show you another Giotto or Tiziano or perhaps a Leonardo."

And Leonardo the journeyman jumped so that he dropped one of the costliest tools, which would have brought a stern rebuke at any other time. But the master did not notice it. His mind was upon other things.

"Aye, aye," he insisted, "upon the word of an honest Florentine it is the work of a lad, and he but a seven-year-old; young Andrea, the tailor's son."

For a minute Barile did not speak. Perhaps he was silent over the marvel of what the boy had done. Perhaps he thought of how he might aid him. He just stood and looked into the dark eyes, then said slowly, "If you will study faithfully, there will come a day when you will paint more gloriously than I can ever hope to."

And Andrea believed he must have heard wrong, for Barile was one of the celebrated artists of his time.

Then a thought troubled him.

Perhaps his father would not let him do it. He had been eager to have him become a goldsmith, and might think he could not be an artist. So Barile went home with him that night, and as they talked it over, the tailor said his advice seemed good, and he would let his boy follow it.

Which delighted Andrea so much that he ran as fast as he could to the pomegranate-shaded house where Beatrice lived, to tell her he was going to be a painter.

"That will be splendid!" she cried, as she clapped her sun-browned hands; "and when you are great, I will come and sing for you." And they laughed together, thinking how fine it would be.

So, soon after he began his apprenticeship to the goldsmith, Andrea left it to work with brushes and pigments. He was a studious and faithful pupil, and progressed so rapidly that Barile soon realized he needed a better master, and spoke concerning him to Piero di Cosimo, the most renowned teacher of Florence, who

agreed to take him under his care. Then came years of work, hard, unceasing, but happy work, for Andrea loved his brushes and canvases, and Cosimo loved his pupil, until he became so skilful with pigments that people said it seemed as if he had used them for half a century. Nothing delighted him as much as to blend his precious colors, and, while other lads loitered in the streets or roamed along the Arno, he painted in the shop of Cosimo, improving hour by hour and day by day, until all of Barile's prophecies concerning him were fulfilled, and Florence gloried in the thought of having produced another immortal.

So it wasn't bad, after all, that he had to stay in the workshop that carnival morn, for, although it seemed a hardship then, it brought him to the notice of Gian Barile, and the world came to have one more master painter. Almost four centuries have gone since he lived and worked, but artists still marvel at the beauty of his pictures, and strive, but always unsuccessfully, to copy their exquisite design and hue. Beatrice, singing away the hours under the pomegranates or along the sun-kissed vias, thought him a foolish boy for working so hard, for she could not understand that it was a divine thing that kept him at his pigments and would make him live forever.

And what became of the border he drew on parchment in the old *bottéga*? No one knows. Perhaps Josefo treasured it throughout his lifetime. Perhaps he sold it or gave it away. But that cannot be proven, because

nothing is known of Josefo. His very name would have been forgotten long ago, had it not happened that once, for a very short time, he had an apprentice boy who gave him a deal of trouble drawing pictures when he should have been assorting tools.

But what then seemed wasted hours have proven to be hours well spent, for the lad grew to be an honor to his city and a glory to his land. And to this day, because he was the child of a maker of garments, he, like Tintoretto, the Venetian dyer's son, is still designated by his father's craft, and is known to the world as Andrea del Sarto.

Andrea Del Sarto

Nowhere in Florence could a more honest man or a better worker be found than Agnolo the tailor. True, there were once evil tales whispered about him when he first opened his shop in the little street. It was said that he was no Italian, but a foreigner who had been obliged to flee from his own land because of a quarrel he had had with one of his customers. People shook their heads and talked mysteriously of how the tailor's scissors had been used as a deadly weapon in the fight. But ere long these stories died away, and the tailor, with his wife Constanza, lived a happy, busy life, and brought up their six children carefully and well.

Now out of those six children five were just the ordinary commonplace little ones such as one would expect to meet in a tailor's household, but the sixth was like the ugly duckling in the fairy tale—a little, strange bird, unlike all the rest, who learned to swim far away and soon left the old commonplace home behind him.

The boy's name was Andrea. He was such a quick, sharp little boy that he was sent very early to school, and had learned to read and write before he was seven years old. As that was considered quite enough education, his father then took him away from school and put him to work with a goldsmith.

It is early days to begin work at seven years old, but Andrea thought it was quite as good as play. He was always perfectly happy if he could have a pencil and paper, and his drawings and designs were really so wonderfully good that his master grew to be quite proud of the child and showed the work to all his customers.

Next door to the goldsmith's shop there lived an old artist called Barile, who began to take a great interest in little Andrea. Barile was not a great painter, but still there was much that he could teach the boy, and he was anxious to have him as a pupil. So it was arranged that Andrea should enter the studio and learn to be an artist instead of a goldsmith.

For three years the boy worked steadily with his new master, but by that time Barile saw that better teaching was needed than he could give. So after much thought the old man went to the great Florentine artist Piero di Cosimo, and asked him if he would agree to receive Andrea as his pupil. 'You will find the boy no trouble,' he urged. 'He has wonderful talent, and already he has learnt to mix his colours so marvellously that to my mind there is no artist in Florence who knows more about colour than little Andrea.' Cosimo shook his head in unbelief. The boy was but a child, and this praise seemed absurd. However, the drawings were certainly extraordinary, and he was glad to receive so clever a pupil.

But little by little, as Cosimo watched the boy at work, his unbelief vanished and his wonder grew, until he was as fond and proud of his pupil as the old master had been. 'He handles his colours as if he had had fifty years of experience,' he would say proudly, as he showed off the boy's work to some new patron.

And truly the knowledge of drawing and colouring seemed to come to the boy without any effort. Not that he was idle or trusted to chance. He was never tired of work, and his greatest joy on holidays was to go off and study the drawings of the great Michelangelo and Leonardo da Vinci. Often he would spend the whole day copying these drawings with the greatest care, never tired of learning more and more.

As Andrea grew older, all Florence began to take note of the young painter—'Andrea del Sarto,' as he was called, or 'the tailor's Andrew,' for *sarto* is the Italian word for tailor.

What a splendid new star this was rising in the heaven of Art! Who could tell how bright it would shine ere long? Perhaps the tailor's son would yet eclipse the magic name of Raphael. His colour was perfect, his drawing absolutely correct. They called him in their admiration 'the faultless painter.' But had he, indeed, the artist soul? That was the question. For, perfect as his pictures were, they still lacked something. Perhaps time would teach him to supply that want. Meanwhile there was plenty of work for the young

artist, and when he set up his own studio with another young painter, he was at once invited to fresco the walls of the cloister of the Scalzo, or barefooted friars.

This was the happiest time of all Andrea's life. The two friends worked happily together, and spent many a merry day with their companions. Every day Andrea learned to add more softness and delicacy to his colouring until his pictures seemed verily to glow with life. Every day he dreamed fresh dreams of the fame and honour that awaited him. And when work was over, the two young painters would go off to meet their friends and make merry over their supper as they told all the latest jokes and wittiest stories, and forgot for a while the serious art of painting pictures.

There were twelve of these young men who met together, and each of them was bound to bring some particular dish for the general supper. Every one tried to think of something especially nice and uncommon, but no one managed such surprising delicacies as Andrea. There was one special dish which no one ever forgot. It was in the shape of a temple, with its pillars made of sausages. The pavement was formed of little squares of different coloured jelly, the tops of the pillars were cheese, and the roof was of sugar, with a frieze of sweets running round it. Inside the temple there was a choir of roast birds with their mouths wide open, and the priests were two fat pigeons. It was the most splendid supper-dish that ever was seen.

Every one was fond of the clever young painter. He was so kind and courteous to all, and so simple-hearted that it was impossible for the others to feel jealous or to grudge him the fame and praise that was showered upon him more and more as each fresh picture was finished.

Then just when all gave promise of sunshine and happiness, a little cloud rose in his blue sky, which grew and grew until it dimmed all the glory of his life.

In the Via di San Gallo, not very far from the street where Andrea and his friend lodged, there lived a very beautiful woman called Lucrezia. She was not a highborn lady, only the daughter of a working man, but she was as proud and haughty as she was beautiful. Nought cared she for things high and noble, she was only greedy of praise and filled with a desire to have her own way in everything. Yet her lovely face seemed as if it must be the mirror of a lovely soul, and when the young painter Andrea first saw her his heart went out towards her. She was his long-dreamed-of ideal of beauty and grace, the vision of loveliness which he had been trying to grasp all his life.

'What hath bewitched thee?' asked his friend as he watched Andrea restlessly pacing up and down the studio, his brushes thrown aside and his work left unfinished. 'Thou hast done little work for many weeks.'

'I cannot paint,' answered Andrea, 'for I see only one face ever before me, and it comes between me and my work.'

'Thou art ruining all thy chances,' said the friend sadly, 'and the face thou seest is not worth the sacrifice.'

Andrea turned on his heel with an angry look and went out. All his friends were against him now. No one had a good word for the beautiful Lucrezia. But she was worth all the world to him, and he had made up his mind to marry her.

It was winter time, and the Christmas bells had but yesterday rung out the tidings of the Holy Birthday when Andrea at last obtained his heart's desire and made Lucrezia his wife. The joyful Christmastide seemed a fit season in which to set the seal upon his great happiness, and he thought himself the most fortunate of men. He had asked advice of none, and had told no one what he meant to do, but the news of his marriage was soon noised abroad.

'Hast thou heard the news of young Andrea del Sarto?' asked the people of Florence of one another. 'I fear he has dealt an evil blow at his own chances of success.'

One by one his friends left him, and many of his pupils deserted the studio. Lucrezia's sharp tongue was unbearable, and she made mischief among them all. Only Andrea remained blinded by her beauty, and thought that now, with such a model always near him, he would paint as he had never painted before.

But little did Lucrezia care to help him with his work. His pictures meant nothing to her except so far as they

sold well and brought in money for her to spend. Worst of all, she began to grudge the help that he gave to his old father and mother, who now were poor and needed his care.

And yet, although Andrea saw all this, he still loved his beautiful wife and cared only how he might please her. He scarcely painted a picture that had not her face in it, for she was his ideal Madonna, Queen of Heaven.

But it was not so easy now to put his whole heart and soul into his work. True, his hand drew as correctly as ever, and his colours were even more beautiful, but often the soul seemed lacking.

'Thou dost work but slowly,' the proud beauty would say, tired of sitting still as his model. 'Why canst thou not paint quicker and sell at higher prices? I have need of more gold, and the money seems to grow scarcer week by week.'

Andrea sighed. Truly the money vanished like magic, as Lucrezia's jewels and dresses increased.

'Dear heart, have a little patience,' he said. 'I can but do my best.'

Then, as he looked at the angry discontented face of his wife, he laid down his brushes and went to kneel beside her.

'Lucrezia,' he said, 'there needs something besides mere drawing and painting to make a picture. They call me "the faultless painter," and it seemed once as if I might

have reached as high or even higher than the great Raphael. It needed but the soul put into my work, and if thou couldst have helped me to reach my ideal, what would I not have shown the world!'

'I do not understand thee,' said Lucrezia petulantly, 'and this is waste of time. Haste thee and get back to thy brushes and paints, and see that thou drivest a better bargain with this last picture.'

No, it was no use; she could never understand! Andrea knew that he must look for no help from her, and that he must paint in spite of the hindrances she placed in his way. Well, his work was still considered most beautiful, and he must make the best of it.

Orders for pictures came now from far and near, and before long some of Andrea's work found its way into France; and when King Francis saw it he was so anxious to have the painter at his court, that he sent a royal invitation, begging Andrea to come at once to France and enter the king's service.

The invitation came when Andrea was feeling hopeless and dispirited. Lucrezia gave him no peace, the money was all spent, and he was weary of work. The thought of starting afresh in another country put new courage into him. He made up his mind to go at once to the French court. He would leave Lucrezia in some safe place and send her all the money he could earn.

How good it was to leave all his troubles behind, and to set off that glad May day when all the world breathed of new life and new hope. Perhaps the winter of his life was passed too, and only sunshine and summer was in store.

Andrea's welcome at the French court was most flattering. Nothing was thought too good for the famous Florentine painter, and he was treated like a prince. The king loaded him with gifts, and gave him costly clothes and money for all his needs. A portrait of the infant Dauphin was begun at once, for which Andrea received three hundred golden pieces.

Month after month passed happily by. Andrea painted many pictures, and each one was more admired than the last. But his dream of happiness did not last long. He was hard at work one day when a letter was brought to him, sent by his wife Lucrezia. She could not live without him, so she wrote. He must come home at once. If he delayed much longer he would not find her alive.

There could be, of course, but one answer to all this. Andrea loved his wife too well to think of refusing her request, and the days of peace and plenty must come to an end. Even as he read her letter he began to long to see her again, and the thought of showing her all his gay clothes and costly presents filled him with delight.

But the king was very loth to let the painter go, and only at last consented when Andrea promised most faithfully to return a few months hence.

'I cannot spare thee for longer,' said Francis; 'but I will let thee go on condition that thou wilt buy for me certain works of art in Italy, which I have long coveted, and bring them back with thee.'

Then he entrusted to Andrea a large sum of money and bade him buy the best pictures he could find, and afterwards return without fail.

So Andrea journeyed back to Florence, and when he was once again with his wife, his joy and delight in her were so great that he forgot all his promises, forgot even the king's trust, and allowed Lucrezia to squander all the money which was to have been spent on art treasures for King Francis.

Then returned the evil days of trouble and quarrelling. Added to that the terrible feeling that he had betrayed his trust and broken his word, made Andrea more unhappy than ever. He dared not return to France, but took up again his work in Florence, always with the hope that he might make enough money to repay the debt.

Years went by and dark days fell upon the City of Flowers. She had made a great struggle for liberty and had driven out the Medici, but they were helped by enemies from without, and Florence was for many months in a state of siege. There was constant fighting going on and little time for peaceful work.

Yet through all those troubled days Andrea worked steadily at his painting, and paid but little heed to the fate

of the city. The stir of battle did not reach his quiet studio. There was enough strife at home; no need to seek it outside.

It was about this time that he painted a beautiful picture for the Company of San Jacopo, which was used as a banner and carried in their processions. Bad weather, wind, rain, and sunshine have spoiled some of its beauty, but much of the loveliness still remains. It is specially a children's picture, for Andrea painted the great saint bending over a little child in a white robe who kneels at his feet, while another little figure kneels close by. The boy has his hands folded together as if in prayer, and the kind strong hand of the saint is placed lovingly beneath the little chin. The other child is holding a book, and both children press close against the robe of the protecting saint.

But although Andrea could paint his pictures undisturbed while war was raging around, there was one enemy waiting to enter Florence who claimed attention and could not be ignored. When the triumphant troops gained an entrance by treachery, they brought with them that deadly scourge which was worse than any earthly enemy, the dreadful illness called the plague.

Perhaps Andrea had suffered for want of good food during the siege, perhaps he was overworked and tired; but, whatever was the cause, he was one of the first to be seized by that terrible disease. Alone he fought the enemy,

and alone he died. Lucrezia had left him as soon as he fell ill, for she feared the deadly plague, and Andrea gladly let her go, for he loved her to the last with the same great unselfish love.

So passed away the faultless painter, and his was the last great name engraved upon that golden record of Florentine Art which had made Florence famous in the eyes of the world. Other artists came after him, but Art was on the wane in the City of Flowers, and her glory was slowly departing.

We can trace no other great name upon her pages and so we close the book, and our eyes turn towards the shores of the blue Adriatic, where Venice, Queen of the Sea, was writing, year by year, another volume filled with the names of her own Knights of Art.

The Boy of Cadore
Titian (1488-1576)

The boy's eyes were dark as the hearts of the daisies he carried, and they gazed wistfully after the horseman who was dashing along the white highway.

"Think of it, Catarina!" he exclaimed. "He rides to the wonderful city."

Catarina looked at her brother as if she did not understand. There were many towns along the road that ribboned away to the south, each of which seemed large indeed to the mountain girl, yet she had never thought of them as wonderful.

"The wonderful city?" she repeated. "Where is that, Tiziano?"

"Why, don't you know?" he asked in surprise. "As if it could be other than Venice, the great city of St. Mark!"

But the name did not thrill black-eyed Catarina. Older than her brother, and far less of a dreamer, she had heard that dreadful things happened in the city, and that sometimes people went hungry there. In the mountains there was food enough and to spare, and though no one was rich and lived in palaces with tapestried walls and gorgeous furnishings, neither were there any very poor. So she shrugged her shoulders and replied: "Oh, Venice! I

don't know why you call that wonderful. Graziano, the weaver, has been there many times, and he thinks it not half as nice as our own Cadore. There are no mountains there, nor meadows where wild flowers grow. Are you tired of the Dolomites, Tiziano?"

"Ah, no!" came the earnest reply. "But the artists live in the city, and if I could go there, I might study with Bellini, and paint some of the things that are in my heart."

Catarina was just a practical village girl, who thought that if one had enough to eat and wear, he ought to be satisfied. So her voice was chiding and a bit impatient as she answered.

"You talk so much about painting, and seeing things no one else sees, that the villagers say unless you get over your dreaming ways, you will grow up to be of no account. That is why Father thinks of apprenticing you to Luigi, the cobbler. For he can teach you his trade, which would be far better than always thinking about Venice. For, Tiziano, there are other things in the world beside painting."

Tiziano shook his head, but did not reply. Nothing else mattered half so much to him, and many a night, when the rest of the family were sleeping, he lay in his bed wondering how he could persuade his father to let him go away to study. It was well known that he spent many hours drawing on boards, stones, and anything he could find, and that the village priest, the good padrone, had praised his work. But little was thought of that. Other youths of

Cadore had sketched as well and amounted to nothing. So why should he be sent to the city just because he could copy a mountain or a bit of woodland? For he could not make them understand that color was what seemed to burn in his soul, because that he could not express with charcoal.

A whistle came from down the road, and Catarina saw her brother Francesco beckoning them to hurry.

"They must be ready to begin weaving the garlands!" she exclaimed.

So they broke into a run toward the village inn.

It was the glowing, fragrant June time of the Italian highlands, when the hillsides and meadows of the fertile Dolomite valleys were masses of many colored bloom, and next day the Festival of Flowers was to take place. They had spent the afternoon blossom hunting, and now, when sunset was crimsoning the peaks, were homeward bound with their spoils, to aid in preparing for the revelry.

In a few minutes, they joined the other young people at the inn, and began making garlands, and planning games and frolics as they worked. Pieve di Cadore was very far from the world in those days of little travel, and when the time of a festival was at hand, the villagers were as light-hearted as the gay Venetians at carnival time. Songs and merry jests went round, and bits of gossip were told to eager listeners.

"Have you heard that Salvator, the miller's son, is going to Venice to study the art of carving?" asked a girl whose tongue kept pace with her hands. "Since his father has become rich, he has given up the idea of having him follow his own trade, and thinks it more elegant to become a sculptor. At first, Salvator didn't fancy it, but when told that an artist may get to be the favorite of a great lord or even of the doge himself, he was much pleased. Won't it be splendid if he becomes a noted man and lives in a fine house? Then we can say, 'Why, he is one of our Cadorini!'"

Sebastiano, whose uncle was a lawyer's clerk in Bergamo, and who knew more of city ways than the other village youths, remarked: "I didn't know he had the love of carving. It takes something beside a rich father to make an artist."

The talkative girl tossed her head.

"That may be!" she retorted. "But no money, no masters; and without them, pray, how can one do anything?"

"So I tell Tiziano when he talks about going to the city to study painting," Catarina broke in. "Father is not rich, and it would be better for him to think about learning cobbling with Luigi."

Peals of laughter followed the announcement, and some one called out, "Tiziano! Why, he hasn't had even a

drawing-master. He builds the tower of his castle before he makes the foundation."

Tiziano's face turned very red. He had no teacher, it was true. But he believed he could prove he was worth one if given a chance.

"Oh, if I only had some paints!" he thought. "Maybe they would stop calling me a dreamer, for I am sure I could make a picture, and then perhaps I could go."

But pigments were rare and costly, and though his father was a well-to-do mountaineer, he had no gold to waste in buying colors for a lad who had never been taught to use them, and of course would spoil them.

The next morning, the boy noticed stains on the stone walk made by flowers crushed there the day before. They were bright and fresh as if painted, and it put an idea into his head. He did not speak of it, however, although it was on his mind so much that, when the gaily decked villagers danced on the green, he did not see them, but, as soon as a chance came, he crept from the revelers and went out into the meadows.

Catarina saw him go, and wondered what took him from the merriment. Her curiosity was greater than her desire for fun, so she followed, and overtook him just as he reached a hillside aglow with blossoms.

"What are you doing, Tiziano?" she called.

The boy looked up as if doubtful whether to tell or not. But he knew his sister loved him even though she did criticize his dreaming, and that she would keep his secret.

"I am going to paint a picture," he answered.

For a minute she stood and stared. Then, thinking he was teasing, she retorted: "Of course you are, without any paints!"

But his earnest face told he was not joking.

"I shall use blossoms," he continued, with a wonderful light in his eyes. "See, all the colors are here, and I have found that they will stain. I saw where they did it on the stone walk."

Catarina was not a dreamer like her brother, and never saw pictures where others found only a bit of color, but she believed that what he proposed to do was not impossible, for she too had noticed the stains on the stone. And she began to think that he must be a very bright lad, for no ordinary one would have thought of it, and that perhaps his wanting to go to Venice was not a wild idea after all. If it was a splendid thing for Salvator, the miller's son, to become a sculptor, would it not be more splendid for Tiziano to paint pictures, and might not Cadore be proud of him too? She had heard the padrone say that no undertaking that fills the heart is impossible to one who has patience and courage and persistence, and that help always comes to those who try to help themselves. So she decided to help Tiziano, even though it was only in the

keeping of his secret and the gathering of materials for the work.

So into the fragrant patches they went and began collecting blossoms of every hue—reds, pinks, blues, and purples such as sunset painted on the mountains, and warm yellows and lavenders that the boy saw in the pictures of his fancy. Then they hurried to an old stone house that stood on land owned by their father. It was a vacant house, seldom visited by the family, and never by the villagers, and there, where he would be safe from molestation, he was to paint the picture that they hoped would be the means of taking him to Venice.

Catarina wanted to stay and watch the work, but Tiziano objected.

"I don't want even you to see it until it is finished, because at first it will not seem like a picture."

So she went away and left him outlining with a bit of charcoal on the wall.

For many days afterward, whenever he could steal away without being noticed, he worked with his flower paints. Catarina went over the meadows on feet that seemed to be winged, always watching that none of the villagers saw her put the blossoms in at the window near which her brother worked. So, while each petal made only a tiny stain, and the boy painted with the rapidity of one inspired, he not once needed to stop for materials.

Little by little the picture grew beneath the magic of his touch, and he and Catarina kept the secret well. Only the flocks pasturing on the fragrant uplands went near the deserted house, so no one knew that a boy was at work there who was destined to win glory for Italy. Little did the villagers dream, as Catarina skipped over the meadows, that the blossoms she gathered were being put to an immortal use.

One evening, when the sun was dipping behind the peaks and the merry voices of shepherds homeward bound with their flocks sounded down from the heights, Tiziano stepped to the door of the house and called to his sister outside.

"It is finished, Catarina, and is the very best that I can do!"

She went dancing in, filled with joy that the task was done; but when she stood in front of the picture, the merriment went out of her face, and she spoke in tones of reverence:

"Oh, Tiziano, a madonna!"

"Yes," he agreed. "A madonna and child, with a boy like me offering a gift. It is what was in my heart, Catarina."

For some minutes she stood there forgetting everything else in the beauty of the fresco. Then, thinking of what it would mean to her brother when the villagers knew he had done such a wonderful thing, she started out to spread the news.

"Come and see!" she called to Luigi, the cobbler, as she hurried past the door where he was sorting his leather. "Tiziano has painted a madonna on the walls of the old stone house."

Word travels fast when it goes by the tongues of villagers, and soon a group of folk moved toward the building where the lad waited. His father, coming down from a day's hunting in the mountains, saw them go, and followed, wondering what was the matter. But by the time he reached the place, such a crowd had gathered that he could not see the fresco.

Murmurs of "How did he do it!" "Where did he get his paints?" rose on all sides, and every one was so excited that the father could not find out why they were there. Then he heard Tiziano's voice: "I did it with flowers from the hillsides. Catarina gathered them while I worked."

Exclamations of amazement followed, and the village priest, the good padrone, spoke reverently: "With the juices of flowers! Il Divino Tiziano!"

Antonio Vecelli looked about him as if dazed, for he could not believe what he heard.

"Am I mad," he asked a villager who was standing close by, "or did the padrone call my Tiziano 'the divine'?"

"No," came the answer. "You are not mad."

And when they told him the story, and the crowd stepped back that he might see, he, too, thought it a wonderful thing.

Whether or not Salvator, the miller's son, went to the city to study sculpture, no one knows. But Tiziano did go, and the boy of Cadore became the marvel of Venice. There, guided by the master hand of Bellini, he began plying the brushes that were busy for almost eighty years, painting pictures whose glorious coloring has never been equaled, and proving to the mountain folk that it isn't bad, after all, to be a dreamer, for dreams combined with works do marvelous things.

That was back in the olden days, before Columbus sailed westward. But if the father, who thought he had gone mad when the village priest spoke his boy's name as reverently as he would a saint's, could come again to the valley of flowers in the Italian highlands, he would hear the selfsame words that were used that twilight time in speaking of his lad.

"Ecco!" the villagers say, as they point to a noble statue that looks out toward the meadows in which Catarina gathered blossoms for her brother, "Il Divino Tiziano.—See, the divine Titian!"

And by that name the world knows him to this very day.

When the Princess Passed

Correggio (1489-1534)

The little Italian town was gay in its holiday dress, for the Princess was coming. On this smiling morning of early April Veronica Gambara, flower of the house of Pio, was to ride in state to the palace to become the bride of Ghiberto of Correggio, and it seemed that nature vied with man in welcoming her. Under a sky of turquoise, roses red as flame and yellow as the gold of Ophir bloomed in odorous array. A thousand banners swung like pendant rainbows across the line of march, and a thousand gaudy sashes flashed on the waists of village girls. Mummers sang their blithest melodies, and in gardens beyond the crowd larks trilled to the sun. Yes, it was a fitting day for the union of two lordly houses.

Some one gave a shout and the crowd pressed nearer the street, for the procession was coming, and with eager eyes the people watched the approach of the splendid, stately cavalcade. Now they could see the advance guard of soldiers, now the red uniforms of the outriders, the gilding of the royal coach, and the ivory and purple robes of Veronica, all gorgeous in the sun. Resplendent banners gleamed before and behind her, smiling faces greeted her as she smiled back at them, and cheers rang out the homage of the townsfolk as they nodded to each other

saying, "She is well suited to become the Lady of Correggio." But one sturdy peasant lad was gravely silent, although his eyes shone as if they had beheld a vision. He was a stocky, short fellow not quite fourteen, and his name was Antonio Allegri. When the others hurried to the plaza to join in the festivities, he turned toward the cottage of the village baker—a low, stone, whitewashed building with a trellis of climbing roses and a garden plot where grew artichokes and lentils—and people wondered why he went. But they soon forgot about him in thoughts of other things.

All afternoon merriment ran high in the town of Correggio. Up in the palace great folk sat at the wedding feast, and down in the public plaza the townspeople vented their joy in dancing. Those who could afford a present, sent it as a token of good will to Veronica, while those who had nothing to give gathered wayside flowers and piled them before the altar of the Virgin, praying that a blessing might rest on the head of Ghiberto's bride. Every one paid homage to the Princess by joining in the celebration, every one but the baker's boy. He lay in the shadow of the artichokes behind the whitewashed cottage and seemed to be very busy with something.

Toward sundown Catarina, his sister, came from the place of the dancers and went into the house to add a bit of ribbon to her gown. Her cheeks flamed in the joy of the occasion, for it was a day such as Correggio never had seen, and she was glad it came in her time, instead of

before or after it. She wondered about Antonio, who had not been to the plaza throughout the afternoon, and failing to find him in the cottage, stood a moment under the roses that crept over the doorway, and then she saw him at the edge of the garden.

"*Fratello mio* (brother mine)," she exclaimed, "why do you not dance with us in honor of the Lady Veronica? It is not right that you fail in homage to the Princess."

The sturdy lad in the peasant smock came toward her as she spoke.

"I do not fail," he replied. "I pay homage to the Princess with a picture."

Catarina clapped her hands.

"A picture!" she exclaimed. "Do let me see it."

The boy handed her a charcoal sketch, and she sat down on the step to look at it. She was proud of this brother of hers, whose drawing more than once had caused the townsfolk to open their eyes wide. Almost a year before the schoolmaster declared he had talent and might become a painter some day, and since then he had improved much. Her eyes brightened with pleasure as she studied this sketch, for to her it seemed the finest he had ever made. It was a small drawing, no larger than her two brown hands, but it represented a company of angels scattering flowers and fruit in the path of Veronica Gambara, and every figure was perfectly proportioned and clear. She asked that she might keep it to show to

some of her friends, tucked it into her bodice, and together they went to the plaza to join the revelers, where there was to be a feast for the townsfolk provided by Ghiberto in honor of his bride.

Then, gay indeed was the evening! Bonfires were lighted and torches gleamed through the olive trees, turning the artichokes and lentils in the garden patches into fantastic creatures, and dancing feet sped to low, delicious music as accordions swelled and shrank between sensitive, skilful fingers. Now some merry masker broke through the crowd and offered a nosegay to whoever could guess his identity, now a husky village youth gave an exhibition of physical skill, Antonio with the rest. At midnight the festivities ended in a blaze of artificial light, and the people went to their homes to remember the glad holiday through many a year to come, to give to their children and their children's children the story of the time when Veronica came among them as a bride. But little did they know that day was the beginning of something that will be a glory to Correggio as long as the world lasts.

Now it happened that Catarina had a friend who was a sister to one of the guards at the palace. To her she showed the drawing, and the girl, thinking it quite wonderful, took it to the soldier brother, who called his captain's attention to it, and finally it came under the notice of Veronica herself. It pleased the Princess to be portrayed so delightfully, and amazed her to know it was done by a fourteen-year-old. Like most of the great folk of

Italy of that day, she understood art and recognized talent when she found it, and that very afternoon the baker's boy was summoned into her presence.

He was putting loaves into the stone oven when the messenger came with the word, and his ruddy face was redder still from the heat. Upon hearing that the Princess wanted to see him, he believed there must be some mistake, and after he got to the palace wished very much he had not gone. Being short and stocky and rather clumsy, he was much abashed in the presence of the royal lady. He was at home in his father's whitewashed cottage and in the garden patch in the shadow of the artichokes, where he bent over his paper and charcoal through many a summer afternoon, and there he knew just what to do with his hands and feet. But in the palace of Correggio they were woefully in the way, and he wished his peasant costume contained ruffles or pockets or something where he could hide them. But when Veronica Gambara began to talk of pictures, his awkwardness fled. He forgot that he was a baker's son who did not know court ways, and his eyes gleamed as they had gleamed that day when the royal coach went by.

The Lady of Correggio told him of the work of Andrea de Mantegna, a most illustrious artist of Mantua, and of Master Leonardo da Vinci, who was then doing wonderful things in Milan, not far away, and as he listened fascinated, exclaimed, "It is my dream to become a painter!"

Then Veronica smiled that rare smile of hers that had inspired poets to write sonnets and caused men to call her, "The flower of the house of Pio," and answered in a low voice, "I shall help to make that dream come true."

She kept her word. From that day the Lady of Correggio was the friend and patron of the baker boy, and from that day Antonio sketched and painted as he never had done before. He worked with a mighty purpose, for now that Veronica chose to aid him, he knew his father would not stand in his way and insist that he become a tradesman, as once he had wished him to do. Almost nothing is known of his teachers. His uncle gave him some instruction, but his talent was so great that, almost unguided, it expressed itself in work such as Correggio had never seen.

Then, when seventeen, something happened that proved a blessing in disguise to Antonio Allegri. The plague broke out in his home town, and the royal family and many of the people fled to Mantua for safety. The young artist went with the rest, and there, for the first time in his life, beheld the work of a master painter. He began studying the pictures of Mantegna and learned much that he applied to his own work. Returning to Correggio some months later he toiled steadfastly, and day by day Veronica, who delighted in his improvement, marveled at his progress. Now she was very sure he would become a successful painter, but she did not dream that four centuries after her time people from all over the world

would go to the town as to a shrine, not to see the palace where the lords of the land had lived, but to behold the spot where Antonio the baker's boy first stretched his canvases, and where he lived and worked and died. Yet that very thing came to pass.

Strange events sometimes shape the careers of men, and a strange and picturesque one now helped to shape that of Antonio Allegri. In Parma, forty miles away, was the Convent of San Paolo, one of the richest institutions of Italy. Its abbess was Donna Giovanna Piacenza, daughter of a powerful nobleman, and every nun within its walls was from one of the lordly houses of Italy. These women loved beautiful things and could afford to have them around them. The pavements over which they walked were adorned with exquisite tile work, and every year or two some artist was employed to brighten the walls and ceilings with frescoes. One day Abbess Giovanna made up her mind to have a chamber decorated, and hearing from her friend Veronica Gambara of the excellent work of the young painter of Correggio, decided to employ him. So word came to Antonio that he should go to Parma, and he left the low stone house among the artichokes and started on the way, walking all the distance and carrying his painter's supplies with him.

Those he passed thought him a clumsy country peddler bound for the next village to sell his wares, and when the Abbess Giovanna saw how like a simple peasant he looked, she feared she had made a mistake in entrusting

the commission to this crude youth, and wished she had employed a finished artist. But great was her surprise when she beheld the completed chamber, and she exclaimed to her legal adviser, "All Italy will come to honor this favorite of Veronica!"

But Antonio did not hear her words of delight, for he was already on his way back to Correggio, hurrying along the dusty highway toward the whitewashed cottage, rejoicing in the satisfaction of work well done.

This was the beginning of great appointments for him. The beauty of the frescoes in the Convent of San Paolo soon became the talk of Parma, and other commissions were given to the young artist. So back to the city he went, first to paint in the Church of St. John the Evangelist, later in the Cathedral, and again his work amazed all who saw it, just as it had amazed the abbess and the nuns, just as it had amazed Veronica Gambara on that sunny April day. The pearl and gold of his flesh tints, the white and orange and rose of his draperies, were unsurpassed even by the master painters of Italy. Neither Raphael nor Titian of Cadore had produced more exquisite work, and his fame traveled. Orders came to him from princes and nobles, but while he executed them with wonderful success, they did not spoil him. He was a man of simple tastes and went on in the old, simple way. Still he lived and worked in the quiet of his home town, surrounded by his children and those of his sister Catarina, and only a few times in his life did he leave it. Up in the splendid city of Mantua dwelt the

brilliant and beautiful Isabella d'Este, a princess powerful as she was fair. She was the friend of Veronica Gambara, and several times Antonio went to her court. But he was not at home there. He could work better in the peace of Correggio among the peasant folk he had known from childhood, and there he stayed.

At that time Italy was in the full glory of the Renaissance, and not far away were cities where marvelous things were being done, but the baker's son did not visit them. He never saw the Venice of Titian and Tintoretto, the Florence where Giotto and Michael Angelo and Andrea del Sarto wrought their wizardry, the imperial city beside the yellow Tiber where Raphael toiled and achieved. His genius was so great he did not need to seek inspiration in the creations of other men, but found it in the skies of morning and evening, the glory of the sun at midday, and in the deep blue silence of the starry night. Instead of gazing across the lagoons that gladdened the eyes of the Venetian painters, he looked out over a sea of vines where vintagers danced when the harvest was over, where scarlet and purple and orange headshawls of peasant women, bending to their work in the sun, gave him ideas of color. Instead of going far to seek models, the eyes and cheeks and lips of the village girls became his pictured faces, while his cherubs and angels were the laughing children who played in the streets of his native town. Perhaps sometimes he dreamed of journeying to the Milan of Leonardo da Vinci. Perhaps he had visions of

some day seeing Rome with its Vatican and Borghese Villa—perhaps, but we do not know. We know only that he stayed on in Correggio, and that at forty years of age he died there, in the cottage with its trellis of climbing roses where for so many years he had lived and worked.

Then, as time passed, people grew to appreciate more and more the genius of Antonio Allegri, and canvases for which he had received very small sums became priceless. Every lord of the land wanted to possess something by Correggio, for, as was the custom in those days, they called him by the name of his native town. Powerful nobles tried to buy his work from churches and convents that held it, and sometimes, being not for sale, carried it away by force. This happened to "The Holy Night," one of his masterpieces now in the gallery of Dresden. The Duke of Modena tried to obtain it by fair means, and, failing in his aim, seized it by foul, leaving the little town in mourning when he robbed it of its treasure. This glorious painting passed from one lordly house to another, until finally, becoming the property of Augustus of Saxony, it came to be one of the art gems of Germany.

"The Madonna of St. Jerome," generally called "The Day," has a similar story. For many years it remained in the church for which it was painted, until the people, fearing for its safety, placed it in the Cathedral of Parma under guard. But that guard meant nothing to Napoleon Bonaparte, who came with his army and took it, carrying it off to France. But after many years and through much

effort, Italy got it back, and to-day it beautifies the *duomo* (cathedral) from which it was stolen, the very one in which, long before, Antonio set his scaffolding and painted frescoes.

Many galleries in many different lands now glory in the work of Correggio. It is scattered throughout Europe, in Austria-Hungary, Germany, England, France, Spain, and Russia, as well as over Italy, which seems strange indeed when one stops to think that he who painted these pictures was never more than forty miles away from his native town. But in no one place in the world is as much of it to be found as in Parma. The Convent of San Paolo, the municipal gallery, the Church of St. John the Evangelist, and the duomo are all rich in his creations. There they are to be beheld on canvas and in fresco form, all marvelously beautiful, all flooded with that peculiar gold and pearly light, the secret of which was known to this master only. In this one city his work is to be seen in such glorious array that Ludwig Tieck, the German poet and critic, once exclaimed in wonderment, "Let no one think he has seen Italy, let no one believe he has learned the lofty secrets of art, until he has seen thee and thy cathedral, O Parma!"

By which he means the work of Antonio Allegri, better known as Correggio, the baker boy, who stood with the gleaming eyes of one who has beheld a vision when Princess Veronica Gambara, the flower of the house of Pio, passed on her way to the palace to become the bride of the young Lord Ghiberto.

Jacopo, the Little Dyer
Tintoretto (1518-1594)

He was a handsome lad, strong-limbed and sturdy, and although dressed in the dun-colored smock worn only by Venetian youths of low degree, was as happy as if his father had been one of the Council of Ten. For it was sunset time; and from the balcony of the dim apartment that served as the family living-room, he could look out on the canal, flushed then with glorified light.

A girl with laughing eyes, and hands purple-stained from the dye-pots, came running into the room and called his name. But he did not turn, because he did not hear. He was too busy with his thoughts for familiar sounds to disturb him, for just then everything except the beauty of the shimmering lagoon was crowded out of his mind, and he saw only the amethysts and opals that flashed at every ripple.

The girl was not held spellbound by the wizardry of the sunset. She was just a child of the tintori (the dyers), and she never had fancies beyond those of the money the dyeing would bring, and the trinkets she might buy, and thought it far better to talk of the good fortune come to them that day, than to stand gazing out on the canal. So she went up and shook him violently.

"Jacopo!" she exclaimed. "Jacopo Robusti! Wake up, boy! Don't you know that this is a great day for us? Now that the Dogaressa has sent her goods to be colored, other great folk are sure to patronize this shop, and before long your father will be the most prosperous dyer in Venice. Surely you know that, Jacopo!"

The boy turned slowly, as if reluctant to take his eyes from the glowing canal. For now that the heat was over, gondolas were beginning to glide by, and snatches of song came from the lips of the light-hearted rowers. The music, the color, and the swanlike motion of the boats belonged together, and Jacopo loved it all. But no matter how strong its allurement, it could not hold him after his cousin came into the room. For she was a persistent maid, and always kept nagging until she had her way.

"I know," he replied, "and also that the work must be ready to-morrow night, which means that I'll have to stay at home and help, instead of going out on the Canalezzo to see the sunset."

Floria frowned at him.

"The idea of thinking of anything but your father's good fortune!" she rebuked. "The sun goes down every night, and the canal will always be there. But we've never had work from the Dogaressa before, and you ought to be glad to stay at home and lend a hand. Come and look at the stuff. It is silk from the Indies, and will be colored crimson."

The odor of boiling dye came in through the open door, and his father's voice called just then. Jacopo knew there was no more standing on the balcony for him, so he followed Floria into the shop that, its walls gay with pictures in fresco fashion, adjoined the living-room; and soon they were at work grinding the colors that were to transform the creamy silk of the Indies into a gorgeous crimson fit for the court robe of a Venetian lady. Robusti the elder was rolling up some material colored that day, while the apprentice tintori, their arms mottled from the dipping, were finishing up the last bit of work. Dust from the grinding pigments and steam from the boiling vats filled the place; and as Jacopo worked, he thought how pleasant it must be on the canal, with odors from many a walled garden wafting across it, and the soft singing of lithe-limbed gondoliers. But he was a true Venetian lad, and, when the father spoke, had no thought save that of obedience. That is why the walls were so brightly tinted. For often when his heart was out on the lagoons and he had to stay at home and help, he filled the intervals between watching the pots and turning the coloring fabrics by making charcoal sketches and tinting them with dyes.

There were dozens of such pictures; here a bit of sea with a sunset sky like a painted canopy above the white-sailed galleys, and there a lord of Venice, gaily robed as Venetian nobles were in those golden days. Scattered among them were groups of tintori, like his father and his

father's men, with dye-bespattered arms, and smocks as many colored as Joseph's coat, and sometimes there were snatches of fairy landscape across which fantastic figures flitted, just as in the pictures of his fancy. For when the soul is as full of beautiful things as an overflowing river, some of them are sure to get out where people will see.

The next morning every member of the Robusti household was up before the ringing of the matin-bells. The apprentice tintori came early too, and soon the pots were steaming and a hum of work was about the shop. For the silk had been promised for that evening, and to disappoint the Dogaressa would be ruinous indeed. It would mean that never again would great folk patronize the place, and that would be a calamity, for great folk paid well. So all hands worked with a vim, the men turning and stirring while the dyer directed, Jacopo and Floria both lending a hand. There was water to be brought, and refuse liquor to be carried away, which they could do as well as any one.

Evening came and all was finished, and although Jacopo had not had a chance to go out on the canal, he was so interested that he forgot to be disappointed. The costume-maker who was coming to pass upon the work might arrive any minute, and Jacopo wanted to hear what he had to say. Of course it was perfectly done, but so much depended upon the success of that dyeing that all looked forward eagerly to hearing the words of approval.

"How splendid it will be when he says it is all right!" Floria exclaimed, as she danced around the table where the sheeny stuff was piled in crimson billows. "Word will go out all over Venice, and nobles will give us their patronage."

And Robusti the elder smiled at her, for he knew that she spoke the truth. But Jacopo said nothing. He was busy drawing on the wall.

Sweetly across the lagoons the Angelus sounded, and for a minute all was quiet in the shop. Jacopo paused from his drawing, and laughing-eyed Floria did not finish her dance, for always those of the Robusti household were faithful in their devotions, and because of gratitude over their good fortune they were more fervid than usual.

Then the inspector came, with pompous bearing and speech abounding in high-sounding words, pronouncing the work perfect, and the Robusti family knew it was the beginning of wonderful things for them. But one blessing it brought of which they had not dreamed, beside which the glory of dyeing the Dogaressa's robe was poor indeed. That faded and wore out, but the other glory, that had its beginning that day, has lasted through five hundred years. For as the inspector turned to go, he saw the figures on the wall.

"Oh, ho!" he exclaimed. "A gay shop you have here. And who is the merry painter, pray?"

Robusti the elder answered in words of apology.

"I do not wonder that you think such walls unfit for a dignified business, and assure you that it is none of my doing. My boy Jacopo defaced them when he had better have been thinking of his trade."

Jacopo turned his wide dark eyes on the man, wondering if he too would reprove him because of his picture-making. He had been scolded so often for wasting his time, and supposed of course the costume-maker would share the family opinion. But he met with a surprise.

"That sturdy chap yonder?" the man asked. "I've a knowledge of pictures, and this work seems from the hand of one well-nigh grown."

"I did it," Jacopo answered, "but not because I wanted to spoil the shop. I had no other place."

The inspector shook his head.

"I would not have believed it!" he said. "Surely he has the gift."

Then to the father:

"Mayhap your lad will become a good dyer, but he will make a far better artist; and if you are wise, you will set about apprenticing him to a painter. There is Titian of Cadore, the flower of Venetian colorists. Before another day passes, I would see him and beg that he try the boy."

Robusti the dyer was a sensible man. Although there were no horses in Venice, he had lived in Ravenna once,

and knew if a steed is built for speed and much travel, it is a mistake to set him to drawing loads. And he was wise enough to realize that, if one has a gift for painting, it is sad indeed to keep him in a dye-shop. The inspector's word meant much, and, as he thought the boy should become an artist, it must be true. So it was decided to place him with a master.

"He shall have a chance to do his best," the father said, as they talked it over that night, "for it shall not be charged to me that I spoiled a good painter to make a second-rate dyer."

The next morning Jacopo and his father set out for the workshop of Titian of Cadore. The pearl-gray of dawn was still over the city, but, through the open spaces between the buildings, reflected rays from the out-peeping sun reached arms of light along the canals. Across the Piazza of San Marco they went, under the clock-tower whose two bronze giants glowed and shimmered, and into the Merceria, where there was a Babel of sound as the merchant folk opened their shops. But they did not stop to look at the pretty things nor to gossip with the loiterers gathered there, although the boy would have liked to pause a bit before the pictures the men on the benches were painting. But there was no time to lose, as the dyer must soon return to his shop. So straight on they went, across the curving Rialto and down the narrow street beyond, where, taking a boat, they came to the studio of the master.

"Will you try the boy?" the dyer asked, as he explained that the worthy costume-maker himself had recommended a painter's career for him. And in answer the great man told him to come next day and begin work.

Jacopo's heart sang all the way home, and he worked in the shop that afternoon as he had never worked before. For even though he did not like the half-sickening odors and the perpetual steaming of the boiling liquid, he knew he would enter a wonder-world on the morrow, and until that time things disagreeable mattered little. Floria had never seen him so gay, and remarked to her uncle that he was surely the happiest boy in Venice.

"It shows he can be contented at dyeing," she said.

For still she believed that to be of the tintori was better than to be a painter.

But the man shook his head.

"No," he replied, "it is the thought of what is to come that makes him glad."

Jacopo began his work with the master, and Heaven seemed to have opened its gates to him. Titian then had many canvases in his workshop, and the beauty-loving lad drank in the magic of their coloring as thirsty travelers drink from cooling springs, his eyes reveling in the gold and purples and crimsons that surpassed everything he had ever seen except the sunset tints on the lagoons. The working days in the studio were long, yet he was never glad when they came to an end, and always looked eagerly

to the beginning of another. It was an enchanted land in which he dwelt, and he was a fairy prince.

But his joy was to be short-lived, for very soon afterward the master sent him away. Why, no one knows, although many guesses have been made as to the reason, and some have gone so far as to say that Titian was jealous of the gifted youth and feared he might eclipse him. But it does not seem possible that the master-painter of Italy could have feared a mere boy, for he was great enough to know that there is room in the world for more than one genius. But at any rate he sent him away, and dark days began for Jacopo.

Many a lad would have given up and gone back to the dye-shop, but not Robusti's son. He was made of the stuff that wins, and every obstacle in his way goaded him on to greater effort. The greatest master of Venice had refused to teach him. But he determined to teach himself, and the struggle he had in doing it has never been equaled by an artist before or since.

Along the Merceria were elevated benches where the poorer painters sat and did their work before the eyes of the passing throng, selling it sometimes while the canvases were still wet. There Jacopo went day after day, to watch them mix and apply the colors. Once he worked with journeymen printers at San Marco, and once with stone-masons at Cittadella that he might learn the principles of joining. To know the laws of proportion, he watched the

people in the streets and modeled them in wax, moving these figures back and forth between lamps to watch the effect of the shadows.

For ten years he struggled on, always studying, always watching and working. It would have been easier to have taken up his father's trade, for in the dye-shop, when the day's toil is over, there follows a night of rest. But Jacopo thought only of being a painter, and was bound to succeed. So he kept on. All the work that paid well was given to Titian, and that Jacopo might get his pictures where people could see them, he had to paint for nothing. But that did not matter. He was learning and growing, and at last he had his day.

Titian died, and all Venice wondered who would take his place.

"There is no one else," the critics said sadly. "His like will not come again."

But one of the nobles who was wise enough to know that when a work is to be done there is always a man to do it, thought of Jacopo Robusti.

"Why not Tintoretto?" asked this one, whose word was law. And by Tintoretto he meant Jacopo, who because of his father's trade was called "The Little Dyer."

"We will go and see," they said. "And it will be a glad day if he can take the master's place."

So the great of Venice gathered about the paintings of one who had given his work to every church and building that would receive it. In Santa Maria della Orto they found it, in shops along the Merceria, and out Treviso way in village churches where peasants met to worship.

"It is wonderful!" they exclaimed. "What magnificent coloring! What perfection of line! Surely this is the work of the master."

For they did not know that, during the years they had scorned him, his one thought and one aim had been to make his pictures as fine as Titian's, and he had succeeded so well that they mistook them for the master's.

Then it was agreed that he should paint in the Doge's Palace, the greatest honor that could come to a Venetian artist. And there he left much work that still draws to the city of St. Mark art lovers from every quarter of the globe. There is his exquisite "Adoration of the Savior," and there too is the wonderful "Paradise," the largest oil-painting in the world.

But Venice is not the only city that is rich in his handiwork. Many galleries in many lands have given princely sums to obtain it, and his canvases have been carried to France and Germany, and even to the banks of the Thames, where, in the stately halls they adorn, they give joy to thousands, although the hand that fashioned them has been still for five hundred years. Yet very few know the name of Jacopo Robusti, because to this day, as

in the old Venetian time, he is still called in the musical tongue of the lagoons, "Tintoretto,—The Little Dyer."

The Light of Guido's Lamp
Guido Reni (1575-1642)

The street was as silent as a deserted place, for it was midnight, and the only human sound that broke the velvet stillness was the slow, measured tread of Cambisti the town crier, as he tramped up and down on his beat. Now he cast eye along the via at the homes of the populace, now across toward the Gothic towers of the Bolognini Palace, that rose ghostly gray among the chestnut trees, crying "All's well! All's well!" And all *was* well, for the ducal guards were alert in every danger place, and the people of Bologna slept.

Suddenly he stopped and stared with wondering eyes. Out from a window above him shone a streak of light, not strong and brilliant, like the gleam of the many tapers Bologna folk used to brighten their festive halls, but a weak, pale ray, as if from a single fat lamp. It came from the home of Reni the musician, and the crier thought it strange, for he knew Master Daniele had gone early to his house that evening, saying he was tired and wanted to get to rest.

"Mayhap some one is ill and needs ministering unto," he thought. And that he might not disturb a suffering one, he went quietly down the street without calling out in his accustomed way.

The next morning he met Master Reni in the Piazza del Nettuno, and asked him the meaning of the lamp in the night. The musician seemed much surprised.

"What do you mean?" he questioned. "No one was ill in my house and no lamp burned there."

But when Cambisti insisted he had seen a gleam from the window, Daniele looked frightened.

"Can it be that thieves were in," he exclaimed, and asked the crier to go with him and find out.

But there was no trace of pilfering in the house. Nothing was missing nor had been disturbed, and then the musician laughed heartily at the watchman.

"A fine employee of the duke you are," he teased. "You sleep on your beat and see things in dreams. It must be so, for now I am convinced that no light burned in my house last night."

Although Cambisti did not understand it, he did not press the subject. He had no liking for being the butt of any man's jokes, and he knew the ray from Master Reni's window was no dream light. He made up his mind to watch again, for the musician's conduct had aroused his suspicions, and he wondered if his fear of thieves had been feigned. It might be that some dark plot was being concocted there, for certain men of the populace had lately berated the ruling of the Duke of Bologna, and although Master Daniele was not suspected of being of the number, he would watch and find out, as befitted a town

crier. So as soon as darkness fell, he betook him to the street by the musician's house. Three times, five, seven, he walked to the spot and peered up at the window from which the light had shone the night before, but not the faintest ray pierced the darkness. He decided that pilferers had gone there, and finding nothing to their liking, departed without leaving any trace—or, as Master Reni had said, maybe he *had* slept on his beat and dreamed of the light. And thus musing, he started down the street.

Just then the hour bell in the castle tower rang, and turning in the direction of the sound he happened to look toward the Reni windows. His eyes opened wide, and he stood and stared, for shining out, just as it had shone the night before, was a pale, faint light. "So," he murmured. "Cambisti does not dream on his beat, after all, as Master Reni shall learn."

And hurrying up to the door, he rattled the knocker.

The musician was sleeping soundly when the thumping on the sash awakened him, and as he detested being roused from sleep, he went scowling and grumbling to the door.

"What idiot comes at this hour to disturb an honest man's rest?" he muttered as he thrust back the bolt.

"Master Daniele," Cambisti said in a whisper, "just step outside and find out whether I dream of lights or see them."

Reni was thoroughly awake now, and a little alarmed. Still, he half believed the man had turned demented.

"It would be small wonder if he had," he thought as he followed him down the steps, "with twenty years of town crying."

But suddenly that idea went out of his head. No, the night watch was in full possession of his senses. A light shone from the window just as he had said. Thieves must be abroad, and he shivered, for the ray came from his little son's room.

"And he but a baby, too," he thought.

They held a whispered consultation about what to do, decided to summon help, and go to the place where the light burned. So Reni ran to the house of a neighbor and Cambisti to call some soldiers of the guard. It would be folly for an unarmed citizen and a town crier who was no longer young to go into the house alone, for well they knew the terrible nature of the dreaded Bologna banditti, who were skilled in the use of sword and halberd and whose blows were swift and sure. Such men did not venture into possible danger without being prepared for it, and they who surprised them in their evil doing must be strong and ready, for it meant a battle.

Five minutes later six soldiers, the night watch, and the two citizens crept up the narrow stairway that led from the street. They were not cowards, these men of Bologna, yet they trembled a bit at the thought of the possible fate that

awaited them in the lighted room. Cautiously, silently moving, they reached the door, and each poised his weapon ready to strike as Cambisti thrust it open.

Then, what a sight met their eyes! In the middle of the floor, smiling as if the joy of the world were in his heart, a curly-haired child bent over a paper, drawing by the light of a fat lamp. It was Reni's nine-year-old son, and he was so absorbed in what he was doing that he did not see the group standing behind him, or turn from his work until his father exclaimed, "Guido!"

Then he glanced up, and noticing the armed men, looked in a startled way from one to the other. But before he could ask what it meant, Daniele Reni questioned sharply, "What are you doing there?"

A look of terror flashed across his face, for his father's angry voice and the presence of the soldiers were something he could not understand. He caught up the paper over which he had been bending as if it were a precious thing, and his lip quivered as he answered, "Making pictures."

Daniele Reni was more severe than ever.

"Where did you get that lamp?" he demanded.

Guido did not drop his eyes as if he felt guilty and had something to conceal, but looked steadily into his father's face, replying, "I bought it with my birthday money. Uncle Vittorio told me to spend it for the thing I liked best."

The musician walked close, looking sternly at his son.

"A fine way for you to make a laughing stock of me!" he thundered. "Now get you back to bed."

And blowing out the light, he took the lamp with him, and he and his companions went down-stairs, while the child behind in the dark wondered what it all meant.

As soon as they were beyond Guido's hearing Cambisti and the soldiers laughed uproarously, but Reni did not share their merriment. He scowled and frowned as they talked, picturing to himself how the townsfolk would jeer him when the word was noised abroad.

"It's no mirthful thing to me!" he exclaimed. "That lad cares for nothing but drawing. I wish him to be a musician, which is the calling of the men of my house, but he seems worthless and will not stay at the harpsichord. Thinking to break him of his everlasting picture-making I took paper away from him, but he marked on the walls at night. Then his mother hid the lamp and made him go to bed in the dark, but he has contrived to get another and some more drawing stuff, and what I am to do with him baffles me."

The soldiers nodded sympathetically, and Cambisti and the neighbor went away, thankful that God had sent them daughters instead of boys who might worry them as young Guido worried Daniele.

At that time Bologna was the seat of one of the most elegant and cultured courts of Italy. Nowhere were there finer concerts than in the great hall of the Bolognini

Palace, nowhere were there nobler paintings, more exquisite statues, or more splendid tapestries than those possessed by the ducal family. The lord of the province was a lover of art, and creators in every line were invited to his capitol. Thus it happened that Daniele Reni, whose musical ability was recognized throughout Bologna, was summoned to the royal seat one day to assist with his bagpipes at a concert. It was less than a week after they found Guido drawing in the night, and his wife suggested that he take the lad with him.

"Perhaps the fine music he hears will lead him to care for the harpsichord," she remarked as she made the proposition.

Daniele nodded agreement, thinking it a good idea, and a few hours later when he went to the royal residence young Guido trotted along beside him.

The boy was very happy in the thought of going to the palace, and his father was pleased, for he believed the idea of hearing the splendid music delighted him. But although Master Reni was a good piper he was a poor guesser, and did not know what was in his son's mind. If he had, he would have left him at home.

To the lad the trip meant a sight of glorious pictures, a glimpse of the works of the master painters of Italy. He knew the Duke of Bologna loved music, but he knew he loved color too, and that was why his eyes gleamed so pleasurably as he and his father hurried along the via.

They did not stop to look at any of the sights along the way, although it was Maytime and the gardens were gay in their blossom dresses. Rapidly they walked along the broad Via Castiglione, past the rich gateways and imposing colonnades of the Pepoli Palace, until the spacious piazza of Santo Stefano spread out before them. Beyond, majestic in its Gothic splendor, was the Bolognini Palace, set in the midst of a park whose beauty was celebrated from the Alps to the Bay of Naples. Daniele Reni told his son he might play under the trees until a page summoned him into the concert hall, for a rehearsal was to precede the performance, and he wanted the boy to hear the music in its perfection rather than in the crudity of the making.

Young Guido liked the idea much, for there was many a fountain and grotto and bit of copse-wood there that he wanted to examine. In his delight at finding so many interesting things he forgot that he had been told to stay close to the Santo Stefano entrance, and began to ramble about as if he had the entire day to spend in the garden. Now it was a sculptured fountain that claimed his attention, now a trellised path along which ladies of the castle went on their way to the bath, now an aviary where tropical birds flashed their gorgeous plumage, vying in color and splendor with the roses and pomegranate flowers beyond.

Now it happened that the Lord of Bologna not only patronized artists by inviting them to give concerts at the

palace and embellishing his halls with their work, but sometimes he gave them apartments and board and keep, that they might be free to create unworried by the thought of rent and food bills. Not long before Dionisio Calvart, a famous Flemish painter, had established a workshop and school under the protection of the beauty-loving noble, and young Guido, in the course of his ramble, came upon his studio.

The lad felt that he had entered a wonderland. His eyes flashed as he saw the marvels of brush and color there, his face brightened as if electrified, and one of Dionisio's pupils, seeing the delight which his every look and gesture expressed, called the teacher.

Calvart turned from his canvas and looked at the boy, who was standing before a madonna, making strokes with his hands as if they held an imaginary brush, studying every line and hue of the pictured face.

"What are you doing?" the painter asked kindly, wondering at such interest being shown by one so young.

Guido turned toward him with wonder-wide eyes.

"Oh, the picture!" he exclaimed. "If only I could paint like that! If only father would let me try!"

Master Calvart left his work and went over to where the lad stood.

"Do you want to be a painter?" he asked.

Guido nodded.

"Indeed I do. But father is a musician, and says I must be one too. He took my things away so I couldn't draw any pictures but those I made in the dust. Then Uncle Vittorio gave me some birthday money, and I bought a lamp and paper and worked at night. But he took that, too, before I had a chance to finish my drawings."

And he pulled from his blouse a roll of papers and held them up for the artist to see.

Calvart examined them curiously, and asked how old he was.

"Nine last week," Guido replied. "My birthday is just past."

Again the man looked at the drawings, murmuring, "Only nine! The wonder of it!"

His approval was so evident to the pupils that they turned from their work and gazed from boy to master, eager to know what he would say next.

There was a sound of footsteps in the corridor outside, and a moment later the duke came into the studio. All rose to greet him, and Calvart put the drawings into his hand.

"See what this boy has done," he said. "He tells me he is just nine."

Little Guido was much surprised. Were they very good or very bad, he wondered, that the painter showed them to the duke.

The Lord of Bologna understood art as well as he loved it. For a moment he studied the drawings, then spoke in a kindly voice.

"You did them without help?" he asked.

"Yes, sire," Guido replied.

Then, as other questions were put, he told the story of his struggle to draw.

"So you are the son of Daniele Reni?" the noble remarked. "Well, we will see about it."

Suddenly Guido happened to remember he was to have waited in the park near the Santo Stefano gate.

"Oh!" he exclaimed in dismay. "Father will be angry with me. Maybe he has sent for me already."

The Duke of Bologna laid his hand on the boy's shoulder.

"Have no fear," he spoke. "I'll take you to your father, and I promise you he will not be angry with you."

So together they went, and imagine the surprise of Daniele Reni, just as the pipers were beginning the opening number, to see his boy Guido enter the music hall with the Lord of Bologna. And both man and child smiled happily, so it could not be that he had gotten into mischief about the castle. What did it mean?

He did not have to wonder long, for the duke stopped the concert to ask him a question.

"Is this your son, Reni?" he inquired.

"Yes," the amazed man answered.

The noble turned to the boy.

"Now tell him, and tell him the truth," he said. "Do you want to be an artist or a musician?"

Young Guido's eyes darkened with earnestness as he spoke.

"Sire, I want to be a painter," came the reply.

Then, turning to the father, the duke asked, "What think you of it, Daniele?"

The man at the bagpipe shook his head.

"It is my wish that he be a musician and follow the calling of the men of my house, which to my notion is a most noble one."

The great noble mused for a moment, while the people wondered what would happen next. He was a kindly man, and wanted to persuade, even though he had the authority to command. So he said gently, "To be sure, yours is a noble calling, but that of the painter is noble also, and since your boy shows such aptitude for being a son of brush and canvas, why not let him follow his desire and become one?"

It was a difficult moment for the father, for ever since Guido was born he had dreamed he would be a musician, a better and more successful one than he had been, and hopes of years are not put aside easily. But he was a

sensible man, and a kindly one, and although his eyes were sad his face held a smile as he answered, "So be it, for I have no wish to warp my boy's career. A painter he shall become, if only he will be a good one."

"That only the years can prove," the duke replied, "but it is my belief that they will tell a wonderful story."

Thus, young Guido Reni came to be apprenticed to the artist Calvart. Thus, as an old-time biographer says, "He passed from the concert of voice to the concert of colors."

Rich, eventful days followed that morning when he roamed from the Bolognini garden into the studio of the palace, for his passion for work and the rapidity of his progress was amazing to teacher and fellow pupils. Soon he began to draw from reliefs and from life, and four years later, when only thirteen, had advanced so far that Calvart appointed him to teach, and it seemed that the prophecy of the Lord of Bologna would be fulfilled.

By the time he was eighteen he painted backgrounds for all the pictures in the studio, and often his work, after being slightly retouched, was sold as the master's own. His fellow pupils thought he had learned all it was possible for an art student to learn, but Guido had no such idea. He knew there are no play places on the road to success, and constantly he toiled and studied. He visited other studios, especially that of the Caracci Brothers, then among the most illustrious painters of Italy, observing all that was

best in their work and striving to put it into his own. After a time Calvart became jealous of the pupil who already excelled him, criticized his pictures unkindly, and one day rubbed out his most careful work. Guido knew it was far better than much that had won the master's praise, and could not bear such injustice. So he fled from the studio and became a pupil of the Caracci.

From that time forth his progress was almost phenomenal. He began filling orders, and his work was so pleasing to his patrons that they wanted him to paint other pictures and still others, until it seemed he would eclipse the Caracci even as he had eclipsed Calvart. In fact, one day when Ludovicio was instructing him how to paint the flesh of little children, Annibale, one of the brothers, cried, "Do not teach that fellow so much, or some day he will know more than the whole of us! He is never contented, but continually searches into new matters. Remember, Ludovicio, some day this fellow will make you sigh."

And the prophecy came true. In a very short time young Guido Reni was the glory of Bologna, and then he went to Rome, where he worked as steadily and painstakingly as he had worked in the studio of Calvart. One idea he kept ever before him—the perfect picture—and no matter how splendid a work seemed, or how much praise it received from patrons and critics, he would not let it leave his hand as long as he saw the tiniest detail that could be improved.

Believing his chosen calling to be the noblest in the world, he tried to make every effort worthy of it. He was proud of being of the brotherhood of painters, and had no patience with those of his colleagues who fawned at the feet of royalty, grateful for any favor the high born chose to bestow. One day he was walking with the sculptor Cordiere, who suddenly stepped into the street and ambled along beside the coach of Cardinal Borghese, to tell him of some work he was doing. Guido refused to join him, and when his friend returned to his side, berated him soundly for having acted like a menial.

"How can you expect to win the esteem of the Pope and the highest in the land," he said, "since you trot so contentedly after a cardinal's carriage? Such conduct is not seemly for men of our profession."

Hundreds of commissions came to him in Rome, among them being one to fresco the casino of the Rospigliosi Palace. Guido went to work with all his wonted zeal, determined to create something finer than he had done before, and he succeeded so triumphantly that when the task was finished all of Rome marveled at his achievement, just as the world has marveled at it ever since. For he had painted "The Aurora," that glorious masterpiece in which the god of day, attended by a group of dancing Hours, dashes along in his chariot beside a turquoise sea to usher in the morning. Yes, the years were telling their story, just as the Lord of Bologna believed they would.

This great fresco established Guido as the idol of Italy and the master painter of his day. Commissions came to him in such numbers that he could not execute half of them, while many other artists were idle. And so it was throughout his long, eventful career. One brilliant success followed another. One noble creation paved the way for something nobler, and like one inspired he toiled and achieved. Often he had to contend with the jealousies of less gifted painters, but usually the kindliness of his nature overcame them. He was courted like a lord of the land—in fact, the mightiest of Italy paid him homage, and once, as he returned to Rome from a visit to Bologna, the carriages of princes and cardinals met him at the Ponte Molle, on the Flaminian Way, each vying with the other for the honor of bearing him into the capital. The high born of the Imperial City pointed with pride to his house, saying, "Yonder lives Master Reni, the painter."

When he died his body was borne to its resting place amid pomp and ceremony seldom seen even in Rome, the pompous city. Knights and prelates in splendid attire, laborers and artisans, men, women, and children of all ranks and ages, thronged the street through which the procession moved on its way to the church of San Domenico—"So many," one of the old chroniclers states, "that the like of it was never seen before, not even when Rome celebrated its deliverance from the plague." Every one mourned the passing of the artist and man, for he had been kindly, charitable, and magnanimous, and numbered

friends among all classes. Thousands that day thought of the kind deeds done and favors granted by him, who, though lionized by all of Italy, never lost his graciousness and human sympathy. And men think of them still as they marvel at the beauty of his works.

Thus, the years told a wonderful story. Thus, through the glory of his pictures, the light of Guido's lamp shines down the ages, and helps to brighten the world to-day, just as three centuries ago the ray beheld by the night watchman gleamed through the darkness of old Bologna town.

The Joyous Vagabond
Claude Lorraine (1600-1682)

The boy sprang to his feet and leaned forward, listening. Could it be as late as that? It seemed not more than ten minutes he had dreamed there on the edge of the grotto, and now the cathedral bells were ringing, and he remembered that at home they would be saying the Angelus. He bent his head and clasped his hands, murmuring the words his mother had taught him back there in the fields of Lorraine, when the ocher of gloaming was on the pastures and chimes sounded out, calling across the hamlets from the dome of Nancy. Then, picking up his cap and birch staff, he started home, following the goat trail to the town.

Briskly, sturdily he swung on his way, as if to make up for lingering so long. Then suddenly he stopped and stood still. Some one was coming down the road that led from the French frontier.

His big eyes grew bigger as he looked, as if doubting, wondering. Could he be mistaken? Then a flush of pleasure overspread his face and he gave a joyous cry.

"Uncle Pierre," he called, "oh, Uncle Pierre!" and ran toward the advancing pedestrians.

There were three of them, men in caps and garments not of the Baden country, and they were dust stained and travel worn. The foremost of the group, taller and more sturdily built than the others, smiled like one who has suddenly heard good news.

"Well, to be sure," he exclaimed blithely, " 'tis my own sister's lad, Claude Gellee."

And then two brown hands were clasped in greeting.

Eastward, below the purple line of fir and spruce that marked the beginning of the Black Forest Mountains, the Rhine moved like a jeweled serpent in the sunset, and beyond, as if guarding the treasure, stood Säntis, opal-tinted. There was no fairer sight in all Germany, and a gipsy love of the open was in the boy's heart. It was for a glimpse of this rare view he had left his brother's shop in Freiburg and trudged three miles across the uplands after a hard day's work. It was the lure of sheeny river and fantastic peak, melting amethyst, coral, and smoke gray into violet stretches of sky line, that had held him there until sunset time, forgetful of the fact that there were chores to do at home and that he owed much, very much, to his brother. But now he seemed not to see. He talked eagerly and rapidly, asking for bits of news and gossip from beyond the mountains. Were the roses in the curé's garden as red as ever this summer, and did old Mère le Brun still suffer from rheumatism? It was good to hear from the distant village, and the sound of the French

tongue was sweet to his ears. For Claude was not a German lad, nor had his childhood days been passed in Freiburg.

Westward, in that green and gold valley where the Moselle swings in gleaming festoons to meet the Rhine, the cottage of his fathers stood on the plains of Nancy. There he had lived, a merry peasant lad, until the year before when his parents died and the village was no longer home. He was just twelve years old, but hereafter must make his own way in the world, and realizing this, he thought of a calling more to his liking than that of a toiler in the fields. So he crossed the mountains to Freiburg, where his brother was established as a wood-carver.

"Isn't he a spry stripling to have come alone and on foot all the way from Lorraine?" the uncle asked his companions as he told the story. "Didn't beg his bread like a worthless lout, either," he continued with thrifty peasant pride, "but earned it by honest labor along the way. And now Jean writes he has made much progress at woodcarving. Do you like the craft, lad?"

Claude nodded, setting his Black Forest cap farther back on his head as he spoke.

"Yes, it is fun to see the figures grow out of the blocks."

And he gave a glowing description of life in Freiburg and home with his brother.

They were near the town now, so near that the Gothic spire of the Munster seemed directly overhead, and half

way up a narrow side street he could see Jean driving the geese before him. He was sorry about that, for it was his work to bring them from the herbage field, and he had not meant to stay away so late. But he would do without his ramble to-morrow and make up for to-day's tardiness by working until dark.

But if Jean felt any anger toward his belated brother he forgot it when he saw the familiar garments of Lorraine and heard the loved *patois* of his native valley. He led them into the building that was both shop and home, where they laughed and talked over the meal that was soon spread for them, telling all the news of the old village.

"We may stay here for three days and enjoy life in our good French fashion," the uncle announced as they talked of the joy of meeting. "Then we must on to Rome to sell our wares." For they were lace-makers, who once each year made the trip to Italy to dispose of their handiwork, and had little time for anything save toil. But those three days were theirs for rest and pleasure, during which they might forget the world held any cares.

They told stories and bits of gossip, joking and singing in the merry peasant way until the Freiburgers who lived close by wondered why there was such high revelry in the house of Gellee the carver.

Next morning Claude was up at dawn. There were chickens to feed and geese to be driven to pasture, and he wanted to be through before the visitors awoke. Their

time together would be short at best, and then a year would pass before they met again. So he meant to be with the uncle as much as possible.

The cathedral bells were chiming six when he came back and went into the shop to assort the tools. They would do less work than usual that day, because of hours to be given over to the guests. But there was an altar piece for the church at Rosenheim, an order that could not be delayed, and things must be made ready for Jean to finish it. He moved back and forth, putting knives and files and tracers where his brother could lay hands upon them, and while he worked his uncle came in.

"Jean says you have made much progress," he said as he looked at the bits of carving, finished and unfinished, that were scattered about on the tables. "Have you done any of these?"

Claude went over to where he stood.

"Yes, some of them," he answered. "With the big ones I helped and this one I did alone."

And he designated a tray of silver larch-wood, on which a flock of birds were skimming over tree tops.

The uncle examined it carefully, and as he looked nodded his head as if thinking. Claude wondered what was in his mind, but asked no questions.

"I hope he thinks I have done well," he thought as he watched him.

Then he heard his brother coming in from the garden.

The lace-maker looked up with a smile when he saw Jean standing in the doorway.

"Claude has been showing me his carving," he remarked, "and I've an idea about him."

The boy stood still, listening, waiting. Did he consider his work good or bad? He had put his best effort into it, and the brother had often praised the result. Would his uncle praise it, too?

Then came a glad surprise.

"He has done marvelously well," the lace-maker said, as he held up the beautiful bit of handiwork. "It seems he has a gift for carving, and methinks there is more in store for him than being a wood-worker."

And he told stories he had heard in Rome, of youths from far provinces who had gone there penniless and unknown, but being possessed of genius had grown to be glorious artists and men of great estate. Might not Claude, his own sister's lad, be one of that number? And before the boy realized what it was all about, they decided that he should go to Rome.

Rome! The word had a magical sound to his ears. It was far from Freiburg, he knew, across mountains and plains, many leagues farther than his native Lorraine, that seemed so distant. He would see gleaming palaces and great nobles and splendid statues and pictures, hundreds

of them, done by masters of chisels and colors. In those days there were no railroads connecting the North and the South, and the lace-makers, being poor, would take the journey on foot, selling their wares and earning board and lodging as they went. Leagues of highland, leagues of lowland, and perhaps trails drifted over with snow. But what of that? Beyond was a city of unnumbered splendors, which might seem fairer and more incomparable after days and nights of vagabonding.

So southward through the Black Forest they journeyed, wood-carver's apprentice and lace-makers three, toward the land where there would be money in exchange for wares, and perhaps glory undreamed of for Claude. Across Switzerland they went, and through the Italian Alps, past lake and fell, into pink and gold Tuscany. Florence, Lily of the Arno, with her matchless gardens and palaced boulevards, was alluring then as she is to-day, but Florence was not their destination. Resting there a few days, in a house overlooking the river, Claude helped to dispose of some of the laces. Then they moved down the valley toward Rome.

Were his dreams of the glories of the place realized? Ah yes! It seemed a magic land in which he dwelt, where all the streets were enchanted gardens and all the people folk of Elfland, and when he went to the great buildings that housed the works of art he wondered how so many noble ones came to be in the world. Day after day he dreamed among them, thinking of nothing save their

beauty and color, planning for nothing but that some day he, too, should join the company of creators.

Then something unexpected happened, causing the uncle to leave Rome immediately. That meant one of two things for Claude. He must return to the North or stay in a city whose language he could neither speak nor understand, with little money in his pocket and small prospect of getting any from his relatives. But he didn't study long. He looked at the pictures that had opened wonderland to him, and when his uncle put the question he answered, "I stay."

So with five sous in his pocket and a mighty hope in his heart, Claude Gellee began life as a solitary lad in Rome. In a poor quarter near the Tiber he found cheap lodgings, spending hours every day in the studios and galleries among the treasures to be seen there. Sometimes he ground colors for a painter, sometimes turned choreboy, making enough to supply his modest wants, and sometimes—he went hungry. But did his courage fail him, did he think of returning north? Not once. He might have gone back to Freiburg to the workshop of his brother, or to Lorraine where his uncle lived, and gleaned and sowed in the fields. But no! He had come to Rome to try his fortune, to be an artist if God willed it, and in Rome he meant to stay. Once in a while a little money came from the carver brother in Germany, once in a while; but the sums were small and the times far, far apart. Then the Thirty Years' War broke out and Jean could send nothing

more. So Claude was thrown solely on his own efforts, the very greatest of which did not suffice to pay for bed and board and the teaching he craved. But he would not give up. He stayed on and on, studying the treasures, working without instruction, making use of the simple art principles taught him by his brother, trying to help himself by watching and doing. On velvet summer nights when pleasure-loving Romans thronged the *vias* he lay on a clump of weeds beyond the city wall, watching the play of moonlight on the Alban hills; while in the perfumed dawning, when the pulse of the city was still in sleep, he was up before birds called and out on the Campagna, to see the rose and gold of sunrise gleam out of the gray, to mark the line of shadow along the copse-wood, and note the position of the sun at every change. Too poor to afford teachers, he went to Nature, master of them all, believing always, hoping always, that some day he would become an artist.

One morning, as he roamed back and forth, looking at canvases in one of the great treasure houses, he came upon a painting by Goffreddo. It was a landscape with broad reaches of sea and wooded shore, and dim, fantastic in the misty background, palaces with domes and spires; blue in the sky, saffron and mauve on the sea, and a silver haze, like a wind-blown gossamer floating along the tree tops. Nothing seen in Rome had delighted him so, and as he looked and looked again he thought, "That is how I want to paint. I will find Goffreddo and see if he will teach me."

Successful artists in that day were acclaimed throughout Italy, and although living in a distant city the abiding place was well known. So it was with Goffreddo. Almost the first person Claude asked told him where to find the master.

"He is in Naples," said a rich patron of one of the studios he frequented, wondering why a shabbily clad peasant lad should care to know.

Claude knew the location of Naples. It was to the southward, a good hundred and fifty miles. But what of that? Distance, lack of traveling funds, could be no check to one who had gone companionless and on foot from the fields of Lorraine to the hills of Freiburg, and again on foot, by Swiss lakes and Italian plains to the Eternal City. He would go to Naples, to Naples where the master dwelt, and since there was no money to pay his fare by chaise, what would serve him better than his sturdy peasant legs? So to Naples he went, earning his bread *en route* as he had earned it two years before crossing the Vosges Mountains, and in Naples he found Goffreddo.

"Better seek some labor here and make enough to get back to Rome," a loiterer in the street said in answer to his question when he asked the way to the studio of the painter. "Goffreddo will not receive you, for he is selfish and hard, or if he does he will make your life so miserable you'll rue the day you met him. Believe me, he is a merciless task-master."

But Claude would not heed his words. Had he gone hungry in Rome and taken the long journey through a bandit-infested country only to give up the thing of his dreams when it seemed within his reach? He wanted to be a painter, and Goffreddo was the master he meant to have. So, undaunted by discouraging advice, he sought the artist's door.

Perhaps it was the story of his days and nights of hardship, perhaps the light in the glowing eyes that bespoke the dreamer's soul, but something touched the master who was called severe and unhelpful, something made him feel that Claude deserved a trial. He received him into his studio, and wonderful, roseate days began.

Life in Naples was much as it had been in Rome. He ground Goffreddo's colors and kept the workshop in order, earning his food about the city by doing various kinds of labor. And what a dream city it was, with a glittering sky above a glittering bay and miles and miles of rainbow-colored terraces! He loved to watch Vesuvius, standing there like a giant wrapped in mist, loved to see the fisher boats float like fairy liners from far seaward, the swarthy rowers singing as they neared the wharf of Santa Lucia. And often, when there was a little time to spare, he pictured some of the scenes in the street: the children, bare of head and bare of feet, the goats that browsed along the vias, and the girls and women who laughed at him from under scarlet kerchiefs. But most of all he delighted in painting the weird, dark cypress trees, the groves of

plane and oleander encompassing some princely residence, the stretches of rainbow-colored reef out Sorrento way, and the gleam of rose and purple Capri in the afterglow. The hours other boys would have spent in play he passed with pencils, drawing-board and colors. And when Goffreddo saw how well he did he smiled and nodded his head.

"Yes, Claude," he spoke one day as he watched him work, "it was meant for you to be a landscape painter."

And the boy, rejoicing, painted more feverishly than before.

Two years passed in the city of Vesuvius, with rambles along the iridescent bay and never-to-be-forgotten hours in the studio of the master. Then Goffreddo being unable to keep him longer, he returned to Rome as he had come to Naples, vagabonding, and took up his work more earnestly than ever. Agostino Tassi was his teacher, and again he paid for his lessons by color grinding and turning chore-boy, watching, listening, laboring, improving every hour, until his work grew so excellent that orders came in for his pictures, and he opened a studio of his own.

From that time forth fortune smiled on Claude. He painted tirelessly, unceasingly, always on the landscapes he loved so much, and always his creations found a ready market. Then word of the beauty of his canvases reached Pope Urban, who commissioned him to make four pictures for the Papal Palace, which were so exquisitely

done that one art lover exclaimed, "Such glorious work must be that of angels," and he had more orders than he could fill. His landscapes were in such demand and brought such high prices that only the very rich could afford to own them, and he came to be what his uncle, the lowly lace-maker, had dreamed he might become, a glorious artist and a man of great estate.

And still he stayed on in Rome, among the scenes where he had grown to success, painting the sublime sunsets of the Campagna, the quiet peaceful bays and coves of Naples that had left an indelible impress on his heart, and loving France with an exile's love. Once he went back, spending a year in the haunts of his childhood, but the scenes he pictured most wonderfully were those of the Italian land, so to Rome he returned, never again to leave it.

But always he remembered that he was a Frenchman. He never forgot that his cradle rocked in Lorraine, never ceased to love the valley where he had lived, a peasant boy. And because of the place of his nativity and his great love for it, they gave him his country's name, and he who was born Claude Gellee is known to fame as Claude Lorraine. For undying fame he won. Guileless toiler from the banks of the Moselle, joyous, dreaming vagabond, he grew to be the king of landscape painters, the brightest star in the art of France. The beauty of his canvases is incomparable, and although gifted, ambitious men have been striving to equal him for over two hundred years, no one has

succeeded. Still he stands alone, the master portrayer of nature, of whom Sir Joshua Reynolds said, "We may sooner expect to see another Raphael than another Claude Lorraine."

Is it therefore strange that France is proud to have her immortal son bear the name of one of her great provinces?

Bartolome's Velvet Hat

Murillo (1617-1682)

Black-eyed Bartolome Murillo was the happiest child in Seville. No more insults and times of disgrace for him, he thought; no more taunts from his playmates about being a baby because he wore the cap that was the headgear of very small Spanish children. He had a hat now, with a peaked crown and rolling brim, and because it was made of the finest velvet and trimmed with a silver band to match his suit, old Carmalita, who lived next door, said he looked like a young cavalier. It is a dreadful thing to be called a baby when one feels quite a big boy, and as the cap was responsible for the title it was little wonder he was glad to put it aside.

"You are big enough to stop wearing the *nino* cap," his mother said when she gave it to him as his birthday gift that morning. "You shall have a hat like a man."

And Bartolome was more glad than he had ever been, for as long as one wears *nino* clothes he is sure to be called a *nino,* and he was tired of it.

He went out into the street to look if any of his playmates were about, but not one was in sight, for it was August, when the sun shines with burning heat in southern Spain, and boys are fond of seeking the cool of

the river. He wanted them to know that his cap belonged to the past, and that he could be called a baby no longer because of his clothes, so he started out to look for them.

The heat had driven most of the people into the houses, which made Bartolome sorry, for he was so proud of the new hat that he would have liked all the world to see. He was sure they would think it as lovely as he did, although that was a very great mistake, for at that time such headgear was quite in fashion in Spain, and created no more of a sensation than Panamas do to-day. But he was too young to realize it, and whenever he passed a lady in her carriage, or a gaudily skirted market-girl with a red rose glowing in her shining black hair, he saluted with the air of a grandee. He did not see his friends, although he went far down the street, past gardens sweet with the breath of oleanders, and beyond the cathedral and the Giralda that rises like a fairy tower beside it, to the bridge that spans the Guadalquiver; for while he was rejoicing over his present, they had scattered about the city. So he turned back, reaching home just as his mother was ready to start to church.

"You stay here until I get back," she said as she adjusted her lace mantilla on her head and fastened it at the shoulders with golden clasps. "Your Aunt Eulalia may come at any time, and she must not be greeted by closed doors."

Bartolome had meant to get something to eat and go out into the street again, yet he did not mind much when told to stay at home. To have a wish come true as he had had that morning is enough to make the day bright, even if everything else does not come one's way. So putting the beloved hat on the table where he could see it, he began wondering what to do until his mother returned.

Just above him on the wall was a picture of a child and a lamb, which, ever since he could remember, had been in that place. It was faded and stained by time, for it had hung in his mother's girlhood home before being brought into his own, and was one of the treasured possessions of the house of Murillo. As he looked at the bare-headed lad and then at his birthday present, he thought he would like it better if the boy had a hat like his own.

"And I'd rather play with a dog than a lamb," he thought. "I guess whoever painted that picture didn't know much about boys. I'm going to fix it."

So taking a piece of charcoal, he climbed up on the table where he could reach the picture, and began marking around the child's sunny curls. Then he went to work on the lamb, and in a little while the meek-looking animal was changed into a curly tailed dog.

The cathedral bells pealed out the hour of noon, and mingling with them like golden-throated bird calls came the chimes from the Alcazar. But Bartolome did not hear.

He was lost in his drawing, and when his mother opened the door he was still busily at work.

Maria Perez looked at him with horrified eyes, and then at the picture that had altered so in her absence. Instead of the boy and the lamb she had known from childhood, a lad in a cavalier's hat caressed a saucy-faced dog.

"Oh, Bartolome!" she exclaimed; "you have ruined it!"

But Bartolome turned in surprise. He was conscious of having done no harm.

"I am sure the boy will be happier now," he said, "because he has a hat and a dog."

But Maria Perez shook her head and seemed very unhappy, and when his father came home and found what he had done, he was locked up in the cellar. So instead of going out where the boys could see his new hat, and greeting his Aunt Eulalia when she arrived, he had to stay in darkness and disgrace.

Evening brought the Padre Pedro, the wisest man in all Seville, and the good friend and adviser of the family. He was surprised at not seeing Bartolome, for the boy loved him and often ran to meet him, and when told that he had been so bad they had to lock him up, he could hardly believe it. Black-eyed Bartolome, who was usually so good! It did not seem possible that he should need punishing so severely, and the old man wanted to know about it.

"Oh, good padre!" Maria Perez said with tears in her eyes; "he has ruined my 'Boy and the Lamb,' marked it all over with charcoal."

Padre Pedro lifted his brows in surprise. That was indeed a very serious offense.

"Marked it over with charcoal," he repeated. "I did not think Bartolome would do anything like that!"

They took him in to see, but when he stood in front of the picture a look came into his face that was very tender.

"The blessed boy!" he exclaimed. "He was so happy over his own hat that he wanted the child to have one like it. I thought he had scratched and defaced it. But he meant no harm, I am sure. Call him and let us see."

So Bartolome was brought from his place of prison to tell his story to the padre, and as he came he wondered if he too would say he had been very wicked.

"Why did you do it?" the old man asked.

"I wanted the boy to have a hat like mine," came the earnest reply. "And I was sure he'd like a dog better than a sheep, so I changed that too. I didn't mean to be bad, Padre Pedro. Truly I didn't."

"I know it," said the padre kindly. "And your father and mother know too."

Bartolome was not locked up again that evening, but stayed in the room where they planned about finding him a drawing master.

"A boy who can draw like that must have a teacher."

And because it was Padre Pedro who said it, and he was so very wise, his father and mother and aunt thought so too.

"We can place him with my uncle, Juan de Castillo," said Maria Perez, "for no one in Seville can teach better than he."

So Bartolome Murillo began to study art, and while he was still a boy painted two pictures that people said proved he would be great. His parents no longer grieved because he had tampered with the family picture, for Padre Pedro declared he would be glad to have it in his study. So there it hung for many years, even after the old priest was gone, and the figures were no longer clear, so that it looked just like a spotted piece of paper. And Murillo's paintings still hang in the world's great galleries, and the years have not faded them any more than they have dimmed the glory of his name. To this day it is the pride of Spain, and the people of Seville love to talk of his childhood there, and of the time when he was a pupil of Castillo, who, although he was considered a very wonderful painter in those days, is remembered now chiefly because he was the teacher of Murillo.

If you are ever in Spain, go to the old town in the South that is still rich in memories of the Moor. And perhaps, some evening when the brilliant southern sunset touches the stucco houses with rainbow tints, and great folk in the

balconies sit listening to guitars in the street below tinkling a sweet accompaniment to feet flying in a fandango, if you love the place well enough to try to make friends with its sunny-hearted people, some stately old cavalier or soft-voiced dame may tell you, as only they of Seville can tell it, the story of Bartolome's Velvet Hat.

The Father of English Wood Engraving
Bewick (1753-1828)

Thomas Bewick, born in 1753, was known as the Father of English Wood Engraving. He came of a very poor family. His mother, before her marriage, was kitchen maid in the house of a schoolmaster. When she was not busy with housework she taught the class in Latin.

The impulse to write poetry was no stronger in Robert Burns than to make pictures was in Thomas Bewick. Indeed, Bewick showed his talent much earlier in life.

When he was old enough he was sent to school, and from his first schoolday to his last he was, on the one hand, full of mischief; on the other, full of industry.

When he had written out the lesson on his slate he used to rule off all the remaining space, where he drew pictures of all kinds. And yet, at this time, he tells us that with the exception of a sign or two in the hamlet where he lived, he had never seen a picture.

When he grew old enough to read and study from a book, he thought himself very fortunate, for he could use the margin of every page for drawing pictures. Very soon he had no margin left on which to draw. Having no paper, for paper cost money, he was hard put to it to find a place on which to practice his talent. Finally he thought of the

parish church, and going into its burying ground, he drew pictures in chalk on all the gravestones.

The boy's father scolded him for wasting his time in picture-making; but he went on looking for space of any kind on which he could make a mark. When he had filled all the gravestones, he began on the white-washed walls of the cottages.

Of what did he make pictures?

Practically everything in nature "furnished me with an endless supply of subjects for study."

All the people in the village thought him a great artist and he decorated the walls of their rooms, as he once said, "at a very cheap rate." On one wall there were birds and insects; on another, the picture of a hunter; on others, of his horse, and of every dog in the hunting pack.

One day, while he was still a little boy a great piece of fortune came to him. A friend gave him some paper. With a pen and ink made from the brambleberry which grew wild about his home, he felt that he could try his hand at anything.

The boy made so many pictures of beasts and birds, and followed so many hunting parties that he soon began to see the cruelty of killing animals and birds for sport. This came about because, in studying them as the subjects of drawing, he learned that their beauty is greatest when it is unmarred by blood. He learned very early in life that a bird or an animal has a wholesome enjoyment of life, just

as a human being has. A good many people do not know that important fact yet.

But this boy, who studied nature so much, had other things to do; picking up firewood, tending sheep, planting and gathering crops. Hence, all his picture-making had to be done in odd minutes. But by using his odd minutes earnestly he became a successful man.

Biography seems to teach us that odd minutes will make any man famous if he employs them to one purpose. He may use the working day as he pleases; if he only takes care of his spare time his future and fortune are safe.

Then there were the winter evenings that came early. The family and the neighbors gathered together to sing songs and tell tales about the strength and bravery of the heroes who fought in the border wars. On fair days he watched the bees and spiders, the bugs and fishes, and learned to draw them so true to nature that the skill he was then gaining was one day to make him famous.

Then he grew to be fourteen years old, and, following the custom of the times, he was "bound out" as apprentice to an engraver; a fine fortune for him, for his practice in drawing came into play.

All kinds of work was brought into the shop. The boy learned it from the very bottom; from sharpening and tempering the tools, to engraving with them. He had a good master. "I think," he said, "he was the best master in

the world for teaching boys, for he obliged them to put their hands to every variety of work."

After he had learned to do the coarser kinds of engraving—he was then about fifteen—his master gave him what they called in the shop "nicer jobs." Every time such a job came to his hands he tried to do it better than the master himself could do it.

Meanwhile, between the nicer jobs, he learned to make steel punches, to engrave letters, and to cut seals. When he had learned these arts, he was entrusted with making the blocks to be used to illustrate children's story books. This task aroused his ambition so far that he worked "better than his best" on it, and as a result, the Society for the Encouragement of Arts awarded him a prize. The prize was to be, as he wished, a gold medal or seven pounds in money. He chose the money.

Being but a boy one wonders how so much money—for it was quite a lot in his time—would affect him. He answers this himself: "In my solitary walks the first resolution I made was that of living within my income, and of never getting anything on trust."

So when the seven pounds came, he said: "I never in my life felt greater pleasure than in presenting it to my mother."

In the course of time Thomas Bewick made pictures and engraved them for many books; some were children's books, for which he drew as fine pictures as he could, so

that other children might have better illustrations in their books than he, as a boy, had in his. From such work he proceeded to the animals, birds and fishes of his country; then to engraving a bank note of such nature that it could not be counterfeited.

Yet his impulse in all the work he did was to go to nature for his models, for he had learned as a little boy that her supply of everything having life is so great that no one could exhaust it.

All his life long this man was simple, looking to nature, and listening to her. As an inspiration to any boy who wants to win success, his life is full of interest. He was born very poor; he loved his home, poor as it was, and he loved amusement, but whatever he did, whether fishing, hunting, planting or playing, he kept one idea before him always, and that was to make his pictures better and better every day.

Thomas Bewick went to school but little, and yet he became so well educated that his life, written by himself, reads like the work of a man whose profession was letters and not engraving.

When he signed his name, which he wrote in very beautiful letters, he imprinted upon it the impression of his thumb, showing that he knew the value of a finger print in identifying a man.

Old Jan's Twilight Tale
Thorvaldsen (1789-1835)

His face was wrinkled and his back was bent and his step was faltering and slow, but he was the best story-teller in all Copenhagen, and wherever he went a group of children followed until he seemed like another Pied Piper. In all his seventy years he had not grown too old to have an interest in their sports and games, nor was he ever too busy to refuse a bit of advice when they asked it. That is why he put aside the book he was reading and went out on the stoop, for just then merry voices sounded in from the street and he knew the neighborhood boys and girls were having a frolic there.

They saw him as he came out of the doorway, and one of the number called blithely, "Ah, there's Jan now! I wonder if he has a story for us?"

And with a rush and bound they surrounded him and began a chorus of pleas.

"A sea story," called gray-eyed Charlotte Ruleson, whose father was a boatman, and who had heard many of the weird yarns floating about among sailor folk; "one with pirates and lots of shooting." While another begged for a ghost tale with a big spook, and still another wanted a fairy story with witches and goblins and all those

creatures who play pranks in Elfland. Each had his request for the kind of tale he liked best, but one slender boy, with a shock of yellow hair and a face like a youthful viking, said nothing. He just stood and watched the old man, with a look of pleading in his lobelia-blue eyes.

Jan saw it, and knew that he, too, had his desire, but for some reason had not voiced it. So he turned to him and asked, "And you, Bertel Thorwaldsen, what do you want?"

As he spoke, a smile of rare sweetness came over the lad's strong face, and he answered in a voice that was low and vibrant, "A hunting story, if you please; one of the days when you were in India."

A chorus of laughter sounded from the group, and smiles and grimaces were on almost every face.

"You might know he'd ask for something about animals," exclaimed Christine Jacobsen. "Most of the time he isn't sketching he puts in watching them, and the other day the school-master said if he knew half as much about his lessons as he knows about horses and cattle, he wouldn't get the ferule so often. You'd think he'd get over dreaming about them when they get him into trouble."

"Yes, especially after what they did for him to-day," remarked Hals Sorensen. "He forgot to take his father's dinner because he was at the Amalienborg making a picture of the king's riding horse, and poor Gottshalk Thorwaldsen had to go without eating after working all morning over his figure-heads. So now there's talk of

taking Master Bertel out of school and sending him to Jutland to work in the fields."

"We all know that, Hals Sorensen," Christine broke in, "so I don't see why you need tell it again. My mother says it's a pity, too, because Bertel has a real talent for drawing, and if his father'd only let him help with his figure-heads his own work would be better and people would stop saying he has a no-account son."

Christine's mother was the daughter of an artist, so the girl knew that when a love of drawing is born with one he can no more put it aside than he can do without air and water. Her sympathy and understanding had often smoothed the boy's path when his comrades ridiculed him, and he looked at her now with kindly eyes.

Jan, too, smiled at her, because loyalty is always admirable, and he liked her defense of the boy. He knew all about the forgotten dinner and the gossip among the men in the shipyard, that Bertel ought to be taken from school and put to farming, for he worked there himself and had urged the father not to be too hard on the lad while all the others recommended punishment. With all his wrinkles and white hair he still had enough youth in his heart to know that the best-meaning boys sometimes forget, and had sufficient faith to believe that Bertel's knowing his father had gone hungry was a punishment that would keep him from forgetting in the future. Always before he had come in good time with the pail, and often,

while the elder Thorwaldsen ate, would correct the drawings from which were carved figureheads for merchant vessels, and many a piece of work was better because of the boy's touch. A lad like that, he reasoned, was not bad at heart, and it was well to be lenient with him for once. So he spoke very kindly.

"I know all about it, Hals," he said, "but I believe Bertel has had his lesson, and it won't happen again. I am sure his father thinks so too, because just before I came home tonight he told me that after this he intends to take him to the shipyard every day to help with the cuts, which will be far better than working in the Jutland fields. So let us talk of something that will make no one unhappy."

And quieting their remarks, they sat down beside him to listen to a story.

Away to the north the sky glowed with a soft pink light, as if a sheet of rose leaves had been spread across it, and downward, from the mass of color, streamers like variegated ribbons floated toward the horizon, faint at first, but fast deepening to the gray that comes with the approach of night, and Jan watched the changing tints with dreamy eyes. Bertel's request for a hunting story had brought memories of twilight tints in other skies, and of the far-off time when every day was filled with thrilling adventure. For he had not always been a cargo loader in the Copenhagen shipyard, but once had traveled in distant lands and hunted game with the best sports of

Europe. But he was old now, and the most exciting things life held were the evening visits of the children, to whom the tales of the one-time wanderer were like the pages of some splendid romance. So he began a story of his Indian days, one which he said was the most vividly remembered of all his hunting experiences.

Blue-eyed Bertel moved closer, and sat with glowing eyes as the old man described, in a picturesque way, the jungle where he had hunted in his youth. The boy could almost see the trees with their trailing moss, the lush, tropical vines that swung ropes of bloom from the branches, and the banyan thicket, made hideous at night by the cries of savage beasts. He had often heard of how the natives hunted with javelins, and how, when the first European sportsmen came, they acted as guides to the strangers, but it was all new and thrilling when recounted by the one-time huntsman.

Jan then told of a guide sighting a lion, a magnificent creature that well might have been the king of all that jungle.

"The fellow sent his javelin at him, and struck the beast full in the breast. And, ever since that day, I think of a lion, not as a wild creature of the woods, but as one guarding with his life all it holds most dear. Because," he went on, "his mate was just beyond with her two cubs, and as the iron struck him he lunged forward, with defiance in his

eyes, as if to say, 'You shall not harm them until you have killed me.' "

Bertel thought a great deal about the story, and for a long time afterward, when men talked of bravery, he saw a lion in the Indian jungle, standing with a javelin in its breast, yet defying the hunters to touch its mate and little ones. And often when he went to visit Jan he would ask him to repeat the tale. Then, some one, seeing him at work on the figure-heads in the shipyard, persuaded his father that such talent for drawing and carving ought to be cultivated and he was sent to the Royal Academy of Fine Arts. Throughout that winter there were sketches to be made in the evenings, so there was no time for visits. Before summer came Jan died, and there were no more twilight tales. But he remembered those he had heard, and, most vividly of all, that of the wounded lion in the Indian jungle.

Years passed, with summers of Denmark's lovely twilights and winters made glorious by northern lights. Bertel still worked at his drawing, and at carving too, modeling figures he hoped some day to fashion in marble. But marble costs much money, and Thorwaldsen was poor. He went to Rome, hoping in that home of art to find some one who would give him an order, that he might prove what he could do. But no order came. Still he worked on undaunted, even when the first model of his "Jason" crumbled into fragments because he was too poor to have it cast. He struggled on until it seemed useless to

hope longer. Then, heart broken and discouraged, he packed his trunk to return to Copenhagen.

But it was not meant for Bertel Thorwaldsen to die unknown. An English banker, whose name, by the way, was Hope, heard of the artist, and came to see his work. To Thorwaldsen he seemed as good as his name, for he gave him an order for a statue, which was so finely executed that the genius discovered long before in the Copenhagen shipyard came to be recognized all over Europe. Order after order came, and he carved so rapidly and exquisitely that the whole world was amazed. Not since the days of the old masters had any wrought such wonders with chisels and marble, and he was called to almost every continental city that wished to erect a splendid statue. The Danes, who had thought him a worthless fellow, no longer talked about Gottshalk's no-account son, but spoke proudly of "Our Thorwaldsen."

Just as he was rising to his zenith, Switzerland was eager to erect a monument to the memory of her children who had died in defense of the Tuileries. All the world knows how, when Louis XVI was taken before the assembly that was to deprive him of his power, a mob attacked the palace. The Swiss guards might have driven it back, but a messenger from the king came with word that they should not fire into the crowd, but were to retire. Within the palace was a handful of warders whom the royal edict did not reach, and they, not knowing of the order, tried to defend the place. But too weak to hold out

against the populace, and too faithful to desert their post, they were massacred without mercy. What was more fitting than that the mountain land that nurtured them should raise an undying tribute to their memory?

General Plyffer von Altishofen, an officer of the guard who escaped from the mob, had returned to Lucerne and was living in retirement there. It was his idea to erect a monument to honor his fallen comrades, and he made known his plan.

All Switzerland responded. From every canton, from every lake-gemmed valley, and upland Alp, came a manifestation of the spirit that has made the country a fitting land of Tell, and the voice of the people said, "We will make it a national monument to our heroic dead."

Funds began to pour in, the amount growing steadily and rapidly until enough was realized to erect something very splendid and very enduring.

"Who shall the sculptor be?" was then the question.

And in answer was asked another question, "Who but Thorwaldsen?"

So to Italy, where the magician of the North was at work, came a call from crystal lake and snow-capped peak that he should come to Lucerne. And to Lucerne he went, to begin the work that was to immortalize him.

But he had a hard problem to solve. What was a theme noble enough to commemorate such heroism? It must be

something grandly appropriate, yet different from every monument in the world, for the spirit of patriotism was afire in Switzerland, and nothing commonplace would be considered.

One sketch after another was made, only to be cast aside as being a conception not big and fine enough. Then one night as he lay thinking about it, when the wind whipped the water of the lake until it sounded like the old Baltic beating against his own Danish shores, there came a memory of Jan's twilight tale.

"Standing with a javelin in its breast," the old man had said, "yet defying the hunters to touch its mate and little ones."

Nothing could be more appropriate than that, he thought, and the next day he submitted the design, a wounded lion guarding the escutcheon of France.

The men of the committee were delighted. It was an unusual theme, and worthy of such a memorial. So the model was begun.

Thorwaldsen had never seen a live lion, but that was no insurmountable obstacle to him. He studied old statues for form and proportion, reading, drawing, and working night and day, and when the finished model suited him it was chiseled out of native granite in the general's garden, against a rugged cliff overlooking the lake and facing the peaks, a fitting tribute to the children of the Alps.

And did Switzerland approve? Ah, yes. The day of its unveiling was made a national holiday. From every canton throngs of people poured into the city, singing the songs of Helvetia and showering honors upon a Northern artist. Yet none knew whence came his inspiration, for not until many years afterward did he reveal the secret. Then, walking one evening with his loved friend, Hans Christian Andersen, he told the cargo-loader's story.

"I was just a lad when I heard it," he said, "but I never forgot it."

Thus it became known that old Jan's tale of a wounded lion in an Indian jungle, told at twilight to a blue-eyed boy in Copenhagen, became the inspiration of the matchless monument that to-day looks out over the clear waters of the Lake of the Four Cantons, and is known the world around as "The Lion of Lucerne."

Sir John Everett Millais
(1829-1896)

In the story of the childhood of famous men and women, we seldom find the things we look for and would expect to find there. If we might invent the stories ourselves, they would, in most cases, be very different from the real accounts. But now and again we come across the record of a childhood which fits exactly with our ideas of what it should have been, and the story of the childhood of John Everett Millais is one of these. The famous painter began steadily from his earliest years to tread the road from which his feet never wandered. The golden thread which ran through all his life he grasped while still but a child, and it led him on without break or tangle to the goal of his ambition.

It was at Southampton that John Millais was born on the 9th of June 1829, but it was at St. Heliers in Jersey that he spent the first happy years of his childhood. His father, John William Millais, was descended from an old Norman family that had lived for generations on the island, and St. Heliers was an ideal home for children. Here John and his elder brother William, and their sister Emily, played amongst the rocks to their hearts' content, catching sand-eels and crabs, poking about in the clear pools, and carrying home all sorts of treasures to fill baths and basins.

It was rather a trial to their mother's patience, for she would much rather that the treasures had been left on the shore, and John, who was only four years old, was not a strong child, and she was anxious when he escaped from her care, and went to search for his beloved sea-beasts and sea-weeds. However she soon found that the best way to keep him safe and happy, and out of mischief, was to let him have a pencil and paper on which to draw pictures.

John loved fishing off the pier and hunting in the pools, but he loved drawing pictures best of all. With a pencil and some scraps of paper he was perfectly happy, and he was never tired of drawing birds and butterflies, and anything else that caught his fancy. Lying flat on the ground, he covered his paper with all sorts of figures and animals, and very soon other people besides his mother began to notice his drawings and to think them extremely clever.

"Mark my words, that boy will be a very great man some day, if he lives," said one of his uncles, after looking at his nephew's work.

John was not a difficult child to manage at home. He was frank and truthful and very affectionate, but he always found it difficult to keep to rules, and it was impossible to drive him by force to do anything he had made up his mind not to do. It was his mother who taught him his lessons and gave him all the help he needed, and only once was the attempt made to send him to school.

That school was certainly not a success, and he had been there only two days when he was sent home in dire disgrace. Some rule had been broken, and the master declared that John should have a thrashing to teach him to keep the rules another time. But John did not see the justice of this, and before the thrashing began he turned round quickly and bit the master's hand. Of course he was sent home at once, and told he need not come back any more after such disgraceful behaviour.

Now John ought to have been very unhappy, and perhaps he was a good deal ashamed of that bite, but as far as school was concerned he was overjoyed to hear that he need not go back. To do lessons with his mother was quite a different thing altogether. With her to teach him he loved his lessons, instead of hating them with all his heart. "I owe everything to my mother," he used to say, when his childhood's days were past and he remembered all her love and patience with her little boy.

When John was about six years old there came a delightful and interesting change in his life, for the family went to live at Dinan in Brittany, and the children were charmed with all the new sights and sounds. There were many kinds of new things for John to draw, and greatest of all delights was the sight of the regiments of French soldiers as they marched through the town on their way to or from Brest. John loved the grand buildings and all the beautiful things his mother pointed out to him, but he was fascinated by those gorgeous French uniforms.

In the Place du Gruxlin there was a bench from which the two boys could watch the roll-call and see the soldiers above the heads of the crowd, and they never failed to be there when they heard the drums beating and the sound of marching feet. John of course always had his sketch-books with him, ready to draw all he could see.

He was working away one day, anxious to finish the portrait of a very smart drum-major in all the glory of his gold trappings, bearskin, and gold-headed cane, when two of the officers crept up silently behind the bench and stood watching what he was doing. They said nothing until the portrait was finished, and then suddenly clapped him on the back and cried "Bravo!" They were so much astonished at the child's clever drawing that they insisted on tipping him, and then returned with the boy to his home, as they wished to be introduced to his father and mother.

"The child should be sent at once to study in Paris," they declared, feeling sure they had discovered a genius.

The sketch of the drum-major was carried off by them to the barracks and there shown with great pride to the other officers. No one, however, would believe that it could be the work of a child of six, and bets began to be freely taken about it, while one of the two officers started off post-haste to fetch little John to prove their words.

It was very frightening to be carried off by the strange soldier-man and taken to the barracks all alone, and John

went in fear and trembling, but as soon as he got there and was given a pencil and a sheet of paper he forgot to be afraid or shy, and began at once to draw a portrait of the colonel smoking a big cigar. It turned out to be a most excellent likeness, and the other officers were so delighted as well as astonished that they willingly paid their bet, which was the cost of a good dinner.

After two years at Dinan the family returned once more to St. Heliers, and there John began his first lessons in drawing, but his master, Mr. Bessel, soon told the boy's parents that there was nothing more he could teach John, and he advised them to take their little son up to London. It would be wiser to go at once to the President of the Royal Academy, and ask his advice as to what should be done with the young genius.

Now the President of the Royal Academy had often been asked to look at the drawings of promising children, and he was not at all encouraging when John and his parents were shown in, and he heard what they had to say.

"Better make him a chimney-sweep than an artist," he said. He had seen so many young men try to paint pictures who would have been much better employed sweeping chimneys.

However, the great man said he would look at the child's sketches, and he evidently expected to see the usual kind of work, which so often only seems wonderful in the parents' eyes.

But when the sketches were produced and laid before him, he suddenly sat straight up and his eyes grew quite round with astonishment. He looked from the sketches to the little fellow standing there, and seemed to find it impossible to believe that such small childish hands could have produced such masterly work. Would John draw something here and now, he asked, that he might look on and judge?

There was no difficulty about that. John set himself promptly to work and began a drawing of the fight between Hector and Achilles. The president could scarcely believe his own eyes. He was sorry he had talked about chimney-sweeping, and he handsomely apologised. Here was one of the few exceptions to his rule, and he strongly advised the boy's parents to have him trained to be an artist.

So it was settled that John should begin to work at once to draw from the cast in the British Museum, and after a short time, when he was nine years old, a place was found for him in the Academy of Art, the best school known at that time, kept by Henry Sars, a portrait-painter.

The small boy with his delicate face, long fair curling hair, holland blouse and turned-down frilled collar, was rather unlike the rest of the art students, and he was an easy victim for the bullying of the bigger boys. His fondness for work, his extreme diligence and wonderful talent were added aggravations to the other pupils, and

one big hulking lazy fellow took a special delight in torturing the child.

Little Millais' life was made a burden to him by this big bully, and it only grew worse and worse as time went on. They both had entered the competition for the silver medal of the Society of Arts, and when it was known that John had carried off the prize, although he was only nine years old, his big rival was furious.

The very next day the bully sat in the studio watching like a great spider in a web for the arrival of the small boy, and biding his time until all the other pupils were gone, he seized on the defenceless little boy and began to take his cruel revenge.

In spite of his struggles, Millais was hung head downwards out of the window and his legs were fastened securely with scarves and pieces of string to the iron bar of the window-guard. The child very soon became unconscious, and would most likely have died had not some passers-by in the street below noticed the hanging figure, and given the alarm by ringing the street door-bell.

After that the bully was seen no more at the Academy, and Millais was left in peace.

The prize day at the Society of Arts was a red-letter day in the life of John Millais, for he was to receive his silver medal from the hands of his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex. Dressed in a "white plaid tunic, with black belt and buckle; short white frilled trousers showing bare legs, with

white socks and patent-leather shoes; a large white frilled collar, a bright necktie, and his hair in golden curls," he walked up when the secretary called out his name, "Mr. John Everett Millais."

There was a pause. The Duke, who stood behind a high raised desk, saw no one to whom he was to hand the medal, and waited for the prize-winner to appear.

"The gentleman is a long time coming up," he said at last to the secretary.

"He is here, your Royal Highness," replied the secretary, and looking down over the desk, sure enough the Duke saw that the gentleman was standing there, but such a very little gentleman he was, that his golden head did not reach to the level of the top of the desk.

A stool was then brought, and standing upon it the winner of the silver medal could be seen more clearly, and the Duke patted his head and wished him every success.

"Remember, if at any time I can be of service to you, you must not hesitate to write and say so," he added kindly.

That was a lucky promise for John, and it was not very long before he claimed the promised favour. Both he and William were very keen on fishing, and they had fished every year together in the Serpentine and Round Pond, until permission was withdrawn. Then John remembered the Duke's promise, and wrote to ask if they might not be allowed to fish there as usual, and the request was granted

at once. After that the pleasure was all the greater, for they were the envy of all the other little boys, who were only allowed to look on.

William was only two years older than John, and they always were together as much as possible, although William went to school and John still did his lessons with his mother. Both boys were "mad about art," and "knew every picture in the National Gallery by heart." One of their plays was to make a National Gallery of their own, out of a large deal box, the pictures hung therein being about the size of a visiting-card or a good-sized envelope.

All the old masters were hung there. There were Rembrandts, Titians, Rubens, Turners, etc., all with most gorgeous frames made out of the shining paper of crackers, and all carefully varnished to look like oil paintings.

It was a good thing that little Millais was child enough to play at such games, for in other ways he was so much older than his years, and he was getting on so quickly with his work, that it seemed as if he had already left his childhood behind him. He was only ten when he was admitted to be a student of the Royal Academy, "the youngest student who ever found entrance within its walls, and during his years there he carried off in turn every honour the Academy had to bestow."

So the golden thread led onwards, and the boy never loosed his hold upon it nor strayed into other paths. Little

John Millais, "the child" of the Royal Academy, went steadily forward until he became Sir John Millais, its famous president.

A Girl Who Had Animal Friends That You and I May See

Rosa Bonheur (1822-1899)

Some people think that poor children cannot have any fun, but you and I know that this is not true at all. No doubt, you could name many poor children who are happy most of the time. This is because there are so many fine things in the world that do not have to be paid for with money. Some children know how to make use of these fine things.

That is the way it was with Rosa Bonheur the little French girl.

Rosa Bonheur lived in a city called Bordeaux, for awhile. Her father was an artist and the people of Bordeaux did not have enough money to buy many of his pictures. For this reason Rosa's father was very poor and Rosa did not have many of the toys that other girls had.

But Rosa did not care about this, for she had many good times. She was happy when she could play in the woods or meadows where she gathered beautiful flowers. And she always had some pet animal at home, whom she loved as dearly as any child ever loved a toy. Sometimes it was a rabbit, other times it was a squirrel, or a stray kitten that had come to her back door. There was always some

animal in Rosa's garden, and she could not feel poor with so many friends about her.

Rosa made good use of her animal pets, too. She liked to make pictures of her animal friends. When she was only four years old she would take her father's brush and make daubs with it. If you were to have seen these daubs of paint you would not have known what they were meant to be, but Rosa knew. "A squirrel," she would say, or "A rabbit." These were Rosa's favorite pets at that time, and Rosa liked to think that she had made pictures of them.

Rosa and her three brothers were very happy in Bordeaux, but the time came when Rosa's father had to move the whole family to Paris. This was because Paris was a larger city and Mr. Bonheur thought that he might be able to sell more pictures there.

The Bonheurs did not have a fine home in Paris. There was no garden and there were no fields about the house. Their home was up six flights of stairs and was not large nor even cozy. Some children would have been unhappy in such a poor home, and Rosa was a little unhappy at first, but this did not last long. Rosa had not been in Paris many weeks before someone gave her a beautiful sheep with long silky wool.

It may be that Rosa's father and mother did not want their little girl to keep the pet because there was so little room for it. But they gave their consent at last, for the woolly sheep spent two years with Rosa.

It must have seemed strange to the woolly sheep to have to lie on the floor of a house. Perhaps he would not have liked it very well if Rosa had made him lie there all the time. Rosa knew that the sheep liked to be near the ground where he could smell the sweet grass and nibble a bit now and then. Rosa could not carry him down the six flights of stairs herself, so she got her kindest brother to do so. There was a little grass in the back yard which the sheep nibbled with great pleasure until night came. Then Rosa's kindest brother always carried him back into the house again.

After awhile Rosa had other pets also. She had a pair of quails that walked about her bedroom, and she had some canary birds that had as pretty yellow feathers as you have ever seen.

Rosa did not like to see her beautiful birds shut up in a cage all the time so she got her kindest brother to help her out again. This time he made a net which he fastened to the outer side of the window so that the birds could be safely let out of their cages.

Rosa loved her animal friends so dearly that she made up her mind to buy a farm when she grew up. On this farm she said she would have one of every kind of animal in the world.

Her father laughed at these plans, but Rosa did not laugh. She was only sorry that she could not buy the farm and the animals that very day.

Before Rosa was twelve years old, her mother died, and the three youngest children were sent to live with some cousins. Rosa was sent to a boarding-school.

Here Rosa did not do very well. She was growing to be so fond of drawing her pets that she could think of nothing else. Like Michael Angelo, she drew pictures on her books instead of studying them. Her Arithmetic papers were never 100, and her Spelling papers were very poor. But her Drawing lessons were very good indeed, and when there were prizes for good drawings they always went to Rosa.

In a short time Rosa's father took her out of school and sent her to a seamstress to learn how to sew. Rosa's father would never have done this if he had known how unhappy it was going to make his little girl.

Rosa did not like to sew at all, and she could not draw because she had a needle in her hand instead of a pencil. She kept thinking of her pets at home and wishing that she were there to draw their pictures.

Poor little Rosa! She pricked her fingers at almost every stitch and she became pale and sad.

At last Rosa's father came to visit his little girl, and Rosa threw her arms about his neck and begged him to take her home with him.

Rosa's father saw that she was beginning to look pale. He took Rosa home again and left her in his studio while he went about the city giving drawing lessons.

Oh how happy Rosa was now! She would take her father's brush and try to paint the things that he had painted. Sometimes she drew with a pencil or a piece of charcoal, or modelled the figure of an animal out of clay. From morning until night she drew and modelled.

Mr. Bonheur began at once to teach Rosa, and each day he became more and more amazed at her beautiful work.

If Rosa had been like her father she would have painted many different kinds of objects, but Rosa did not do this. Rosa liked to paint and draw animals best of all and spent most of her time with them.

One time she drew her pet goat and her father was so pleased with it he hardly knew what to say. Mr. Bonheur thought that this was the best drawing that his daughter had made, and told her about it.

Rosa was so glad to know that the picture of the pet she loved so well had pleased her father. She set to work at once to draw other pets until she had many good pictures.

One time Rosa Bonheur drew a picture of two rabbits eating carrots, and this was so good that some people asked her to let them hang it in the gallery where fine pictures were often hung.

Many people stopped to look at the picture of the rabbits while it hung in the gallery. If it had hung near enough to the floor the children would have surely tried to stroke the white coats of the pet rabbits for they looked

so soft and furry. Many people were pleased to see so good a picture.

But Rosa Bonheur wanted to paint still better pictures so she kept on working harder and harder.

Rosa was too poor to pay for models. After she had painted all of her own pets she had to walk many miles into the country each day until she found an animal that she thought people would like to see in a picture.

There were some oxen plowing a field on the side of a hill, one Spring morning. Rosa thought that they would make a very pretty picture, so she drew them.

You should have seen how real they looked in the picture! Some of the oxen were pulling harder than others. The ones that were nearest the plow were doing the most work, while the ones that were the farthest away, were not doing much at all.

Rosa noticed this at once, and did not forget to tell about it in her picture.

Another time Rosa found an ass that had pulled a heavy load and had then been turned out into a field to rest awhile, and to eat some fresh grass.

Rosa painted the picture of this ass, and she made him look just as tired as he looked while standing in the grassy field. He looked stubborn, too. You would have a hard time getting him to work any more until he had rested.

One day, when Rosa Bonheur had grown to be a young woman, she made up her mind that she would try to paint a good horse picture. She set to work to study horses, and for eighteen months Rosa Bonheur visited horse fairs and horse markets. She studied her own horses, too, as well as those of her friends.

When she had finished studying, she could draw horses that surprised even the people who owned them and she knew a great deal about them. She could draw a horse that would prance about in such a way that you would almost want to step out of its path, for fear of being trodden upon. And when she drew a horse that was standing still, you would think that someone had just said "Whoa" to it.

When Rosa Bonheur had studied horses until she could draw them as well as this, she made a picture of a group of them. She called the picture *The Horse Fair* and she made it two-thirds as large as real horses should be. It was so large that she had to stand on a step-ladder while painting some parts of it.

Oh how hard Rosa worked on this picture, and what a wonderful picture it was! It was the best work that Rosa Bonheur had ever done, and people came from all over the country, to see it. Some men thought it so good that they offered to pay thousands of dollars for it!

This made Rosa Bonheur very happy indeed. But she was even more pleased to know that she could make

pictures that looked just like the animals she loved so dearly.

The Tomboy from Bordeaux

"You think you have a daughter, my Sophia, but you are mistaken, for Rosalie is not a girl. She is just a boy in petticoats!"

Madame Bonheur looked up from her spinning with a smile that was tinged with sadness, for she knew her father spoke the truth, and it grieved her. But a musical laugh floated into the room just then, and her eyes turned lovingly toward the girl who was romping under the chestnut-trees.

"It seems that way," she replied, "and I often wish she were different. But she has a clear mind and a good heart, and I think will come out all right."

"Aye, aye, I hope so," the old man said, as he walked to the door and looked out at the sky against whose midsummer blue were painted the masts of a hundred ships. The Bonheurs lived not far from the Bordeaux docks, and between the trees might always be had a glimpse of the vessels anchored there; so he stood with a pleasant expression on his wrinkled face, listening to the calls of the men who were working among the boats.

Madame Bonheur went on with her household tasks, now turning from the spinning to tend the stew that simmered over the charcoal fire, or to turn the square of linen bleaching just outside the window, and wondering

much, as she threw the creamy tow over the spindle, what made her Rosalie so different from other girls, always wanting to romp with boys instead of doing a stint of embroidery as a French maiden should.

But out in the pleasant garden Rosalie was having a beautiful time. No thought of anything but the game of soldier they were playing was in her mind, for she was captain, and the fighters who followed her were her brother Auguste and a group of neighborhood children, charging and retreating against a fort—which wasn't a fort at all, but just a stone wall over which pale pink roses tumbled in a mass of bloom. They sallied and skirmished as if each one were a chevalier of France, and of course there was victory for the assaulting army. For no death-dealing guns thundered from that rampart, and it was easy to become a general or even a field-marshal through victories gained so quickly and easily. Perhaps many a battle might have been waged in that one short afternoon, but a call from the door sent military tactics out of the young commander's head. The neighborhood children scurried homeward, and with Auguste at her heels she scampered toward the house, leaving the wall and its roses to sleep in the sunshine as before.

"Your father is here, and he has something to tell you," the mother announced as they ran into the low-ceiled room. "See if you can guess what it is."

And the two climbed up on his chair, begging to be told all about it.

"I know!" Auguste exclaimed, as he clapped his small brown hands. "You're going to take us to the docks to see the boats."

He was always thinking of the harbor and of the sturdy seamen who sang as they toiled there, and could imagine nothing more delightful than an hour along the quays. But Rosalie shook her head. She loved animals as few children loved them, and was not, like Auguste, wild about the boats and the sailors.

"Of course not!" she said merrily. "I think he means to get us another dog, or maybe a goat."

At which the father and mother both laughed.

"Neither of you has guessed rightly," the man spoke pleasantly. "I am going to Paris, and after a while will send for you, and we shall all be Parisians."

Auguste gave a scream of delight.

"Oh, I am so glad!" he cried. "There are hundreds of soldiers in Paris, and Emile, the tailor's son, told me that sometimes the river there is white with boats. I wish we might go to-day."

Rosalie did not seem so eager about it. Paris was very large, and many people there had no yards at all. There might not be room for the dogs and cats and pets she liked so much, and it seemed better to stay in Bordeaux. But if

the city was to be their home, it would be well to learn something more about it. So she questioned in an earnest voice, "May I take my rabbits and Smoke and the five little cats?"

The mother smiled and shook her head.

"No, dear. But so many wonderful things are in the city that it will seem very fine to be there even without your pets."

Rosalie thought her mother very wise, and if she said a thing it must be so. Perhaps it would not be bad in Paris, after all. So she began to be quite excited about it, and watched eagerly while the small green trunk was packed. It seemed almost like a picnic, for she was too young to understand how hard it was for her father to leave Bordeaux, and that he was going away only because his income as a teacher in the southern town would not reach to cover all their needs, while in the city there was a chance of making more money.

Next day, they stood under the chestnut-trees and watched him go down the road and out of sight, the mother and Pépé, the grandfather, with tearful eyes, for they realized what struggle the coming days might hold for him. But Rosalie and Auguste were smiling. Their thoughts were that, some day, they, too, would drive away in the post-chaise to see the wonders of Paris, and perhaps, if the mother had not put them to other things, would have talked about it the rest of the day. But there were

lessons to be prepared. So they sat down under the trees with their reading-books. But Rosalie didn't study long. Almost before she realized what she was doing, she took out her slate and began to draw.

Grandfather Bonheur walked through the garden a little later, and by that time old Smoke, the gray house-cat, was copied on the red-framed slate.

"Ah, lass!" he exclaimed, as he looked at it. "If you put in the time drawing when you should be at your lessons, you will grow up an ignoramus."

Rosalie caught his hand with an impulsive caress.

"I forgot, Pépé!" she said. "I'll study."

And she turned again to her book while the old man walked on.

"The maid surely has a gift when it comes to using her pencil," he murmured as he went; "and if she'd get her lessons as well as she draws, she'd amount to something some day."

For little did he dream that her drawing was destined to cast undying honor on the Bonheur name.

A year passed, and the father sent for them to come to Paris. Then what excitement there was in the old house! Pépé, the grandfather, felt that he was too old to make new friends and learn city ways, so he decided to stay behind with some relatives. But he helped with the preparations, and stood by the stone gate calling good-by

as they drove away. Madame Bonheur could not keep back the tears at the thought of leaving him, and the chestnut-trees, and the harbor, with its gray-masted boats, and Rosalie's lip quivered as she gave old Smoke a farewell hug. But Auguste was excited over the thought of the new life that was to begin for them in the city, and called back gaily in answer to the good-bys.

"It is a shabby house," Raymond Bonheur said when he took them to their new home; "very dingy and dull-looking, and not pretty like the one in Bordeaux. But we must stay here until I get to earning more. Then we can move to better quarters."

Rosalie agreed with him. It seemed very cold and dreary after the sunshine and clear skies of the southland, and she wanted to be back in the old harbor town, where finches held revel in the chestnut-trees, and roses ran riot over the brown wall. But after a while the strangeness of things interested her, and she forgot her homesickness.

A few days later, the father announced that he had a chance to send her to a schoolmaster.

"His name is Monsieur Antin," he explained, "and he has only boys. But Rosalie gets along so well with them, that he says he will take her, and it will be good for her to be with Auguste."

Rosalie was delighted.

"I like that!" she said. "Boys' games just suit me, for I love to play soldier and fight sham battles."

So to Monsieur Antin's school she went, and joined in the games with such a zest that she came to be known all along the street as "The Tomboy from Bordeaux." If there was a sham battle, she was in the lead, and, as it seemed quite silly for a soldier to be called Rosalie, her name was shortened to Rosa, by which she was known from that time forth.

Then came the revolution of 1830, with guns thundering almost at the Bonheur door. The Place de la Bastille was not far away, and while it was being stormed, Rosa narrowly escaped being the victim of a cannon discharge. Troubled days followed, and the family moved to a smaller and cheaper house, far from the home that had now grown very dear to them. Attendance at Monsieur Antin's school ended, and Rosa's only playmates were her brothers, Auguste and Isidore, and a little girl named Natalie. But her nickname followed to the new home, and she was still known as "The Tomboy from Bordeaux."

Several years passed, and she was now a big girl. She did very little studying, but a great deal of drawing and painting, sometimes earning a few sous coloring prints for a man who lived near by. The mother had died, and Monsieur Bonheur, himself a scholar, could not bear to think of his daughter growing up in ignorance. So once more she was sent to school, this time with about a hundred girls, to Madame Gilbert's Institute, where they were expected to become dignified and proper young ladies. But Rosa couldn't be dignified, no matter how hard

she tried. Always she had been a tomboy, and if the old grandfather in Bordeaux could have seen her now, he would still have said that she was just a boy in petticoats.

Madame Gilbert was very dignified and very proper. When she stood up, she did it in just the right manner, and when she sat down, it was so correctly that the most careful person could not criticize. Her heart wasn't quite as big as Rosa's, and every animal about the place would run from the mistress at the call of the dark-haired tomboy. But that didn't seem to matter. Her mission was to make polished and proper Parisians, and she had little patience with a girl who wanted to be anything else. Even Rosa's love of animals and her delight in drawing them displeased the mistress, who scolded her for not making pictures of flowers, which was far more ladylike. But Rosa drew the things that were in her heart, and it was good for the world she did. Madame Gilbert, however, couldn't understand that, and kept wishing for a chance to send the tomboy home.

At last it came.

The girls were all out in the garden, and, as usual, Rosa was brimming over with good nature.

"Let's have a sham battle!" she called.

And immediately they were organized into a company.

Sticks of wood made splendid sabers, and as the young commander ordered a cavalry charge, they rushed with vim toward the rose garden.

But the battle was never finished. Madame Gilbert's shrill voice rang out just then, and Captain Rosa was ignominiously locked in a closet. Such an indignity was unheard of in a well-regulated school, and the next day her father came and took her home, having given up all hope of polishing her into a proper young lady.

But he remembered her mother's words, "She has a clear mind and a good heart, and must come out all right;" and, because he knew she loved drawing, was wise enough to let her work at it all she pleased, and fitted up a room for her studio. Sometimes she went to the Louvre to study the masterpieces there, for every gem in that great treasure-house was a delight to her. But the animal pictures appealed to her most strongly, and these she copied with wonderful skill. Sometimes on Sunday, with her father and his good friend, Justin Mathieu, the famous sculptor, she went far into the country, wandering off wherever she saw cattle or horses or sheep. They seemed to sense her love of them and came near, always receiving a warm caress. The sculptor recognized her marvelous skill in portraying them, and urged her father to let her have as many pets as she could keep. So the room that was her workshop came to be a sort of Noah's ark, where rabbits, tame squirrels, ducks, and quail held revel, and canaries and finches flew in and out. Then some one gave

her a goat, and, with her dogs and cats, she had a real menagerie.

But still she was the tomboy. She loved games as well as she loved painting, and perhaps because she played so hard is one reason why she painted so well.

"I want to study other animals," she said one day to her father; "cattle, instead of just the horses I see in the street and the little creatures I have here at home."

And Raymond Bonheur was perplexed. One does not see cattle in city streets, and they had no pennies to spare to pay board in the country. But Rosa found a way. She went where the animals were taken that were brought to Paris for the markets, and here she made dozens of sketches which were afterwards transferred to canvas. Once a circus came to Paris, and when the owner heard of the girl who painted animals so wonderfully, he gave her permission to work in his menagerie as long as it stayed in the city, and there, day after day, she sketched the lions, tigers, and other creatures of foreign lands.

When one is busy, the time seems to go on wings, and, before she realized it, years had passed, and her work was known far and wide, and recognized as something very remarkable. Even Landseer, then the world's master-painter of animals, could not portray them in a more lifelike manner than the young Frenchwoman. They seemed ready to step from her canvases and move about the fields and roadsides, for she put love into her work,

and infinite patience too. Years were spent over her marvelous "Horse Fair"; years, too, on its great companion piece, "Coming from the Fair," and every hour of the time was richly worth while, for they will gladden the hearts of beauty lovers for hundreds of years to come.

The old studio with its rabbits and birds and goat had been abandoned, for by this time Rosa's work was earning so much money that she could afford a great estate in the fresh, green country, and all the animals she wanted. So in the forest of Fontainebleau she made a home spot, where she lived and worked. Her fame spread to every land, and there was none too great to honor the tomboy from Bordeaux.

For tomboy she was still. She never grew too old to join in a game with children, or too far away from the sham battles and cavalry charges of her youth to refuse to organize a company. The girls from Madame Gilbert's school had become dignified and proper Parisian dames, who dressed beautifully and drove in the boulevards as dignified ladies do. But nobody ever heard of them. While, wherever beauty was loved, Rosa, who most of the time wore a denim jumper and short skirt, was known as a wonder-worker.

One day she was busy over a sketch, when her companion rushed into the studio in great excitement, exclaiming: "Madame, the Empress is here!"

Rosa Bonheur had on her usual working attire, rather a queer costume in which to receive the Empress of France. But that mattered little to beautiful Eugenie. She knew of the glory the artist was winning for her land, and had come to give her homage.

"It is the Cross of the Legion of Honor," she said as she held up a glittering emblem. "You have won it, and deserve to wear it."

Tears came into Rosa's dark eyes. She knew that was the highest honor that could come to a child of France, and that the greatest ambition of the most illustrious men of many generations had been to win that guerdon.

So she went on, trying to be worthy of it, working hard and being happy because she was leading a good and useful life.

And, besides putting beauty into the world, her work accomplished other big things. Men grew kinder to animals because of her paintings, and in several cities they led to laws being passed to make easier the lives of dumb creatures.

So, although it does seem strange for a girl to fight sham battles and lead cavalry charges, there are worse things in the world than being a tomboy, if she has a clear mind and a good heart, like Rosa Bonheur.

The Magic Touch
Saint-Gaudens (1848-1907)

When Bernard Saint-Gaudens and his young Irish wife took their six-months-old baby out of his home in Dublin and carried him on board a ship sailing for America, they had no idea what a valuable baby he was. I do not mean in money; a little family of three, they were all poor together; but I mean in brains. If babies had been dutiable, the United State Government might have exacted a tidy sum at little Augustus' entrance. But I suppose his young French father never dreamed that the small right hand clasping his own so tightly would teach stone how to speak. And I suppose even the beautiful black-haired mother, with the "generous loving Irish face", thought less of her baby's future greatness than of the famine that was driving them all to a land of strangers. Surely, to fellow-passengers, the "red-haired, whopper-jawed, hopeful" youngster did not look like a budding genius.

Nor were the New York City home and streets, where Augustus spent his boyhood, the best places to ripen genius. In the Bowery and other crowded districts, the child found no greater beauty and inspiration than the twilight-picking of flowers in a near-by graveyard. His young mind was a contented clutter of all kinds of city

impressions: the smell of cake from the bakery and of peaches stewed by Germans in his tenement; "races round the block"; the racket and joy of street fights; and the greater joy of boy-invented games. In the darkness of night they stretched strings from the houses to wagons in the road, to pluck off the hats of passers-by. It was rapture when those hats were worn by trustified policemen! In a kind of chuckling terror, the boys took flight—bursting like escaping convicts with pride in their escape.

The "Reminiscences of Augustus Saint-Gaudens" paint him as no infant saint. The culprit confesses to "lickings galore in school and out", and tells us one of his "typical crimes": "The boy by my side in the class-room whispered to me, 'Say!' As I turned to him, his extended forefinger, which was meant to hit my nose, found itself at the level of my mouth. I bit it. He howled. I was 'stood up' with my back to the class and my face close against the blackboard, immediately behind the teacher, who, turned toward the class, could not see me. To relieve the monotony of the view, I took the rubber, covered my features with white chalk, and grinned around at the class. The resulting uproar can be imagined. I was taken by the scruff of the neck and sent to the private classroom, where I had the honor of a solitary and tremendous caning on parts of my body other than my hands."

He must have been very often in mischief, for Saint-Gaudens says that, besides these whippings, he was "kept in" for about an hour every day and he used to look

wistfully out of the window and envy the freedom of the floating clouds.

None of his teachers seemed to find anything good either inside his fun-loving heart or his little red head. Apparently no one but himself, or some secret crony, admired his slate drawing of a mighty battle, or his painting on a back fence of a negro boy with a target. Augustus himself took great pride in that negro boy. The hole in the boy's trousers, with the bare knee sticking through, was a real stroke of genius!

The little fellow often strolled over to his father's shop and drew pictures of the shoemakers at work. One day, Dr. Agnew, who had come in to order a pair of boots, saw these pen-and-ink sketches, recognized the lifelike pose and action, talked the pictures over with the young artist, and gave encouragement where teachers had given only whippings.

There is a theory that the cobbler's trade offers great chances for meditation. A man can do a power of thinking at this steady work. But Augustus, not being a moralizing boy, was more amused than instructed by his father's philosophy. Whether he was ever told that what he did was "as much use as a mustard-plaster on a wooden leg", or that he was "as handy with his hands as a pig with his tail" we do not know; but those were two of his father's comparisons. As a matter of fact, before long, the boy did many useful things, and was particularly "handy with his

hands." As for his tongue, as soon as he learned to speak, he had to use that skilfully. At home the Saint-Gaudens children—Augustus, Andrew, and Louis—spoke French with their father and English with their mother.

On Sundays, Augustus and Andrew, the two older boys, would take the Canal Street Ferry across the North River to the New Jersey shore. There were fields and trees there, then—half a century ago, and to those city boys it was a weekly trip to heaven; with one flaw that heaven does not have,—the coming back at sunset. A mob of boys used to take the same trip. They would push their way to the bow of the boat, clamber onto a front seat, and, lords of the sea, sit there in a grinning row, their feet swinging, and their hearts big with the joy of enterprise. The Saint-Gaudens boys had five cents apiece "two to pay the ferry over, two back, and one to spend."

Hundreds of boys in the poor parts of great cities will understand this kind of a holiday better than any country boy. This is especially true if a bit of the artist is buried in their suffocated natures—a longing for space, and light, and color. Augustus had that longing, and he had a fine chance to satisfy it when, after an attack of typhoid-fever, he was sent to the country to get strong. This is the story from a long-after letter to Homer Saint-Gaudens, his only son. He called himself Nosey because of his big nose. "One night, Nosey woke up while he was sick, and he saw his mother and his mother's friend kneeling and praying by the bed. It was very quiet, and in the little light he saw

his good mother had big tears in her eyes. And all he recollects of the sickness after that was his friend Jimmie Haddon. He was very fond of Jimmie Haddon. His father was a gold-beater, and he used to have four or five men with big, strong, bare arms with big veins on them, and they used to beat gold in a basement until it was so thin you could blow it away; and there was a sign over the door, of an arm just like the men's arms, and it was gold. Well, he recollects Jimmie Haddon coming into the room and holding his mother's hand. But they wouldn't let him go near the bed, as he might get sick too. And then the next thing, Nosey was brought to the country, just as you are now, and it seemed so beautiful and green." The "country" was Staten Island.

Far from the rumbling streets, the crowded buildings, the dirty smells, the little sick boy found himself once more in Paradise, only this time he did not have to leave at sunset. There was a hill in front of the house. For many days, he looked at that hill, so close to the loving blue, and wondered what was beyond. At last he was strong enough to climb it, and then he made the discovery that there were more hills, still farther on, all beautiful and green. How plenteous and still it was—quite as if there was room in the world for birds and crickets, as well as for rushing people! But, much as he loved the country, the city was to be Augustus' home for yet a long, long time.

So far, the mischievous and affectionate little boy had not proved he had any great brain power. He drew a good

deal; but what was that? Many draw who come to nothing. At thirteen, however, he changed from a pesky school-boy to an earnest little workman. To satisfy his strong art-instinct and at the same time learn a trade, he was apprenticed to a cameo-cutter named Avet. Soon after that, he entered a drawing-class in the night-school of Cooper Institute. Home from a day of cutting cameos, he would swallow a hasty supper and dash off again to draw. Either Mr. Avet, the cameo-cutter, or the drawing-teacher, must have encouraged him, for, inwardly, more in joyful hope than in conceit, Augustus believed himself a "heaven-born genius." If the people who jostled against him in stages and horse-cars had only known how great a genius, wouldn't they have been "profoundly impressed"? Such were his own youthful thoughts! Before long, however, he must have been too tired to care what people thought. "In the morning," as he tells us, "Mother literally dragged me out of bed, pushed me over to the washstand, where I gave myself a cat's lick somehow or other, drove me to the seat at the table, administered my breakfast, which consisted of tea and large quantities of long, French loaves of bread and butter, and tumbled me downstairs out into the street, where I awoke."

It was a rushing life for a little boy; much too rushing.

Education led him from Cooper Institute to the Academy of Design, and then to Europe. He was in America, however, during the exciting Civil War, and he

saw things then that, pictured on his young mind, asked his older hands to make them live in bronze.

He saw the soldiers march by to war and in the Draft Riots he experienced the sudden desertion of the city streets and the more sudden sound of "men with guns running in the distance." One April morning, when he was seventeen, he found his mother, yes, and his father, too, crying at the breakfast-table. It was the news of Lincoln's death. Augustus was one of the great solemn crowd that went to see the President's tired face at rest. Like many others he looked intently, reverently; but he did not know that the time would come when his touch would almost make that sad face live again.

One day early in 1867, Mr. Saint-Gaudens surprised his boy by asking: "Would you like to go to the Paris Exposition?"

The answer is easy to guess.

"We will arrange that," the father continued. To the fellow who had lived such a cramped life, spending as little as possible, always, the very idea seemed a miracle. Ever since Augustus had worked, he had regularly given his entire wages, as a matter of course, to his parents. If he was to have a trip, it would be a kind of present; but the father had it ready. "He paid for my passage abroad, and gave me a hundred dollars which he had saved out of my wages." To most of us it seems a small enough equipment, but it was bountiful from a poor shoemaker. As always, the boy

was deeply touched by his parents' sacrifice. He had a second surprise. An artist friend gave him a farewell banquet, and, at the table, under Augustus' plate, lay one hundred francs in shining gold (about twenty dollars) "to pay for a trip to Father's village in France."

The last night and the Sunday before sailing, Augustus was very busy. Though his artist-heart leaped forward, his home-loving heart tugged back. As if to print on his mind a better picture of two faces, very dear, he made a bust of his father and a drawing of his mother, those last nights in the little home he was leaving.

Augustus Saint-Gaudens was nineteen when, in February 1867, he sailed for Europe in the steerage. At that bleak season, the sea seems rough enough in the first cabin. In the steerage, viewed with disgust by many cabin-passengers, Saint-Gaudens was sicker than "a regiment of dogs." But he had with him, besides his carpet-bag, a big cargo of youth, and ambition, and sportsmanlike spirits. If he ever reached the steady shore, he was going to work hard and play hard, and he could suffer even the miseries of that miserable voyage for the *joy that was set before him.* It is in work and play that we follow him, after the welcome land is reached,—he was intense in both; he earned his vigorous play by vigorous work; and he rested himself from work by play.

Even on his first night in Paris, as he trudged up the brilliantly lighted Champs-Elysées, weighed down with

the immense weight of his more and more burdensome carpet-bag, he was half laborer, half sightseer. He hated the heavy load; but he loved the dazzling glory. The little money his father had generously spared would not last long, even by pinching. Augustus would have to work as well as study. And so, a day or two after he reached Paris, he engaged himself to cut cameos for an Italian named Lupi. Mornings and evenings, he worked in a modeling-school, to "learn sculpture in nine months"; afternoons, he cut cameos for his living. But he worked "so much at the school and so little at the cameos", that he grew poorer and poorer, moving from one dingy lodging to another. The Latin Quarter must have seemed almost too homelike to a Bowery boy. He tried sleeping on a cot without a mattress; on a mattress on the floor; with a friend, poorer than himself, on a cot two and a half feet wide. With merry cheer the young artists shared their hopes and hardships. One night, he and his chum, Herzog, moved all their little possessions in a hand-cart hired for five cents an hour. Two cot-beds and bedding, pitchers, basins, piles of books, a modeling-stand, and what few clothes they had—all were loaded in artistic disorder on that little cart. Though one of them "ran behind to gather the driblets", and though they got a third friend to help, they lost a "good quarter" of their things on the road.

Still jolly fellowship prevailed. Through all the ups and most of the downs, Augustus whistled and sang ear-splittingly and kept on loving "Beethoven and ice cream."

It was the "regular life of a student, with most of its enthusiasms and disheartenings." Among other disheartenings, there was a nine months' delay before he was admitted to the Beaux Arts. Meanwhile, he took what he could get in smaller schools, and all the fun there was anywhere. His mimicry of Professor Jacquot is delightful. Half lispingly, half splutteringly, he would lean over the drawings and say: " 'Let us shee, um-m-m! Well, your head's too big, too big. Your legsh are too short.' Then bang! bang! would come the black marks over the drawing. 'There you are! Fixsh that, my boy, fixsh that!' " The young students had a great deal of fun at Professor Jacquot's expense, and Gus Saint-Gaudens, who had been such a little scamp in the North Moore Street School long ago, had lost none of his sense of humor. It cheered him through many times of gloom.

Let us "jump" like him, from work to play. Twice we have seen him intense in labor, first as a boy in New York, cutting cameos all day and drawing at night, and then, as a young man in Paris, studying sculpture mornings and evenings, and cutting cameos in the afternoons. As a necessity, however, he snatched every chance for rest and fun. He doted on wrestling and swimming, and was a beautiful diver. So as not to interrupt his art and still get physical recreation, he would go swimming at five o'clock in the morning. He loved the consciousness of stirred blood and strained muscles. In the gymnasium, the more violently he exercised, the better he liked it. No one was

more eager for a holiday than he. Though the students were poor, once in a while they allowed themselves the joy of an out-door excursion. A third-class railway-carriage was good enough for them; much of the time their feet were better yet. Saint-Gaudens' friend, Monsieur Gamier, describes the delightful trip three of them took to Switzerland. It cost from twenty to thirty dollars. "As soon as he saw the water, Gus had to enter. Nobody got his money's worth so well as he. Everything seemed enchanting, everything beautiful. We bathed in the Rhine. We passed over it on a bridge of boats, and drank beer in Germany. It was wonderful!" Then he went on to tell of one day when they rose at dawn, took their tin drinking-cups, butter in a tin box, wine and milk in gourds, cold meat, and a big loaf of bread, and piling them all on the top of their knapsacks, tramped forth into the morning, poor, but happy as "escaped colts."

It seemed to be Saint-Gaudens' nature to be happy. During his three years in Paris and his five in Rome, hope was his best tonic. It counteracted many a dose of disappointment, and much that was depressing. "He was dangerously ill in a low attic in Rome," and, though he soon proved himself a fine cameo-cutter, it was years before his success as a sculptor was sure. Meanwhile, he and Miss Homer had decided they wanted to get married; but Miss Homer's father thought an artist's trade a bit uncertain. And so, hard as the fact was, the wedding-day hinged on *orders for statues.* They came, and so did the

wedding; but Saint-Gaudens' life was a money-struggle a good deal of the way, and a health-struggle at the end. In Rome, he had to piece out his earnings for sculpture by making cameos; and in America, he had to piece out by teaching. As lives go, however, his was not sad. Love and confidence filled his childhood's poor little home. And he had, as a man, the happiness of educating his brother Louis, and of making his father proud of him. Except for the death of his parents, the shocking murder of his friend Stanford White, and the complete ruin of his Cornish studio by fire, he had, as lives go, little sorrow. Generous, free from conceit, and always fond of a good time, Saint-Gaudens was rich in friends—"bully friends who were bully men," who laughed at his singing, trembled at his fearless swims, suffered over his disappointments and illness, and gloried in his success.

The three things he had to conquer were poverty, illness, and the problems of art. It is with Saint-Gaudens, the artist, that we are chiefly concerned.

Let us scatter in disorder appropriate to a sculptor's studio a few things that increased the "toughness of his sculptor's life." After his return to America, two disappointments made him angry, and he could be *very* angry. For the Sumner statue (the only competition he ever entered) the Committee had asked for a *seated* figure. Saint-Gaudens accordingly sent in a seated model, only to have a standing one win. And he was still more furious when, a *requested* piece of sculpture sent to the Academy

of Design Exhibition, was refused on the ground of "no room." It was partly "on the wrath of Saint-Gaudens" that June 1, 1877, he and his friends founded The Society of American Artists.

He described his life as " up and down, up and down all the time", and his brain, while he worked on the Farragut, as a confusion of "arms with braid, legs, coats, eagles, caps, legs, arms, hands, caps, eagles, eagles, caps." Besides this, he had to deal directly with "molders, scaffoldings, marble-assistants, bronze-men, trucks, rubbish-men, plasterers, and whatnot else, all the while trying to soar into the blue."

Except for occasional flights to Europe, the rest of his life was spent in this country: fifteen years in a New York studio on 36th Street, and seven years in Cornish, New Hampshire. Peeps into his studio give peeps at his circumstances and character. One day, amid the "clatter of molders and sculptors" and the "incessantly jangling door-bell", we find his old father and Dr. McCosh, President of Princeton, sleeping there as soundly as if they were in bed. Mr. Saint-Gaudens often took his nap at his son's studio and this day Dr. McCosh, who had come too early for his pose, had had to wait till the big horse for the Shaw Memorial had served his time as model. It was already strapped in place and "pawing and kicking" for freedom. Another day in walked Mr. Stanford White, and, glancing at Saint-Gaudens' bas-relief of Mrs. White, exclaimed:

"Oh, Gus, that's rotten!"

In an instant, Saint-Gaudens had smashed it, only to do it again. He was not, above all things, either self-controlled or patient. Once when the work had been stopped "for the thirty-fifth time, while some one looked for a lost hammer" he ordered a gross of hammers, in the hope that, out of a hundred and forty-four, one would be at hand for use.

He said to his assistants one day:

"I am going to invent a machine to make you all good sculptors.—It will have hooks for the back of your necks and strong springs.—Every thirty seconds, it will jerk you fifty feet away from your work, and hold you there for five minutes' contemplation."

"Time and distance" were two of the articles in his artist-creed.

"You delay just as your father did before you," flashed Governor Morgan. Saint-Gaudens did delay, and for this he was much criticized; but think of the discouragements that met his art, and remember, too, his *love of perfection*. Often careless molders, by neglecting some detail, would waste both time and money. When a workman broke two fingers off his "Venus of the Capitol" he had to make the whole figure again. When the Morgan monument was "within three weeks of completion" the shed which sheltered it burned down, and the statue was so badly chipped that it was ruined. Saint-Gaudens had gone into

debt for this statue, and it was not insured; but the destruction of his brain and hand-labor was worse than the money loss. He had a hard time over one hind leg of the Sherman horse. While he was in Paris, something happened to the cast, and he had to send a man to the United States to get a duplicate. "Three weeks later the man returned—with the wrong hind leg." Then, when the horse was enlarged, "the leg constantly sagged." Guided by their own judgments, the assistants "plugged up the cracks" with the result that the leg was three inches too long at the final measurement.

Among other stories in the charming "Reminiscences" by father and son is a confession by the son. When he was a boy in Cornish, he had a pet goat which he had trained to play a butting game. The goat would butt, Homer would dodge, and then, to his great glee, the goat would butt the wrong thing, or the air. One day at dinner-time, when the studio barn was deserted, Homer was playing this game. Beyond the open barn-door stood the wax model of the Logan horse "waiting to be cast in plaster." This time, when Homer dodged, the goat butted the back of the horse. But since it did not fall or break, the relieved child thought it wasn't hurt and didn't tell. Before any one noticed that "the rear of the animal was strangely askew", the horse had been cast in plaster and the enlargement begun. This meant the loss of a whole summer's work—just one more of the accidents and errors that increased the "toughness of the sculptor's life." The worst of all was

that great catastrophe, the burning of the studio in Cornish.

But instead of dwelling on that, let us look at that other cause of delay in Saint-Gaudens' work,—his love of perfection. For fourteen years, while other statues came and went, the Shaw Memorial stood in the crowded studio. A "kink in Shaw's trousers" had caught a "kink" in Saint-Gaudens' brain, Shaw's "right sleeve bothered him", and the flying figure drove him "nearly frantic." Again and again he modeled and remodeled her; he experimented with the folds of the drapery; he changed the branch in her right hand from palm to olive, to make her, as he said, less like a Christian martyr. In turn on the scaffold behind the "Shaw", stood the Chicago "Lincoln", the "Puritan", The "Rock Creek Cemetery Figure", and "Peter Cooper." Meanwhile, as Homer Saint-Gaudens says, his father returned to work on "Shaw", "winter and summer with unflagging persistence. Even the hottest of August days would find him high up on a ladder under the baking skylight."

Besides this, Homer Saint-Gaudens says that four times his father made a new beginning for the Fish monument, before arriving at a final form and that for the McCosh relief he made "thirty-six two-foot sketches." He had to remodel by hand the enlargements of the standing Lincoln, Peter Cooper, and the Logan horse. Usually assistants do this mechanically. The inscription for the "Stevenson Memorial", containing one thousand fifty-two

letters was "modeled—not stamped—letter by letter twelve times." For a coin design Saint-Gaudens modeled seventy eagles, and sometimes he would stand twenty-five of them in a row for visitors at the studio to compare. And for the Phillips Brooks monument he made over twenty sketches and drew thirty angels, before he decided to use the figure of Christ instead of an angel.

"There were few objects in his later years that my father 'caressed' as long as he did this figure," writes Homer Saint-Gaudens of Brooks. "He selected and cast aside. He shifted folds of the gown back and forth. He juggled with the wrinkles of the trousers. He moved the fingers and the tilt of the right hand into a variety of gestures. He raised and lowered the chin.—He shifted the left hand first from the chest to a position where it held an open Bible, and last to the lectern, although the lectern was not the point from which Brooks spoke." And so the Brooks statue was long delayed.

Whether Saint-Gaudens' delays were due to accident or the search for perfection, he was, as Kenyon Cox said, "one of those artists for whom it is worth while to wait." One committee, at least, trusted him. That was the committee for the Shaw Memorial. It took Gray eight years to write his perfect "Elegy." Why not give Saint-Gaudens fourteen years for his wonderful bas-relief?

In our search for the secret of his magic—for the life-giving power of his touch, we find it lay where most magic

does lie, in hard work. If Christopher Columbus could come to earth, and, standing outside a big, darkened building, should see it suddenly blaze with light, the touch of the electric-button would seem to him a magic touch. But back of that touch lay a complex system of wires, and years of work of many minds. Back of the living, speaking bronze of Saint-Gaudens lay years of struggle for perfection. If his Rock Creek figure fills us with the sense of mystery, and the Shaw Memorial stirs with throbbing heroism, if the Puritan strides before us almost comically confident, and his living Lincoln looks down, patient under a mighty burden, it is all because the magic touch was given through numberless experiments by the hand, and out of the brain and heart of a devoted man. Once given, the touch would last; he knew that "a poor picture goes into the garret, books are forgotten, but the bronze remains," Saint-Gaudens' art would not die with him, like the art of Edwin Booth. It would be perpetual. And it was worth the cost, in money and vital strength, if bronze and stone could be made to live.

So much for the world's gain by the magic touch. The artist had a gain, himself. The joy of his touch came back in many ways; although, when his statues were unveiled, he tried to escape speech-making; and when he was asked if his life had satisfied him, he exclaimed, in genuine modesty: "No, look at those awful bronzes all over the country!" When he was traveling in the West, the sleeping-car conductor, after painfully spelling out his

name, gave his hand "a squeeze with his big fist" and said: "Why, you're the man who made that great statue in New York! Well, I declare!" That little surprise brought joy. And another: One night, almost at midnight, Saint-Gaudens, his wife, and Mr. William W. Ellsworth came suddenly on an old man standing bareheaded before the Farragut monument.

"Why, that's Father!" exclaimed Saint-Gaudens. "What are you doing here at this hour?"

"Oh, you go about your business! Haven't I a right to be here?" answered the old man. So the others walked on and left him to his moonlight and his pride. It was a joy to be the cause of that pride.

And Saint-Gaudens had fun in his work, too. It must have tickled his humor to discover that four small changes in his Stevenson medallion would turn it from a thing merely characteristic of a smoking author and invalid to a half-churchly study appropriate to St. Giles in Edinburgh. "The bed gave place to a couch, the blanket to a rug—the cigarette to a quill pen, and the poem to a prayer."

During most of Saint-Gaudens' life, religion had been only a mystery. The boy, Augustus, had been repelled by gloom. When his schoolmates called themselves "miserable sinners", or, still worse, beat their chests exclaiming: "By my fault, by my fault, by my grievous fault," he positively recoiled. Because his early ideas of religion had been gloomy, for a long time he had neglected

the whole problem. "Only the joy of religion had drawn from him any response." By and by, "face to face with eternity and infinity", the older man had come to believe that the Great Plan was "beneficent." And now, to make the statue of Christ, he studied Christ's life, and, for the first time, found the "Man of men, a teacher of peace and happiness."

The deepest gifts are often the most secret. Those who saw Saint-Gaudens working over "Brooks" would have guessed nothing of this. As he folded the Bishop's robe, he was lustily singing, "Maid of Athens", "In the Gloaming", or "Johnnie Jones and his Sister Sue."

Like Stevenson he made light of pain,—this singing laborer. And yet, rheumatism, nervousness, and dyspepsia were his steady companions. Three times he had to go to a hospital, and during those last seven years in Cornish, he fought a constant fight against illness.

He had to "work with teeth set." "He limped around behind a curtain to take medicine;—came back and worked away for hours." The last thing he touched, as an artist, was a medallion of his wife; he worked on that "when he could no longer stand."

In the little town of Cornish, brook-threaded and hill-caressed, Saint-Gaudens found a satisfying home for the last years of his life. It "smiled." For Lincoln models there were "plenty of Lincoln-shaped men." The farmers loved to see the statue in the field. And a crowd of Saint-

Gaudens's friends followed him to Cornish: he had a farm; they would have farms; and they would all love the country together. So, around him grew up a little settlement of artists and writers, with gardens made to live in, pillar-like poplars, and fragrant tangles of wild-grape vines. Unknowingly the city-bred boy of long ago had craved the blossoming country, and hungered for something sweeter than the streets. The little trips to the Jersey fields, the peace of Staten Island, the overpowering grandeur of Switzerland, and the fairy-like perfection of Capri, with its "fields and fields of flowers,"—all these had made that hunger worse. Besides this, he must have learned, as most country-lovers do learn, that roughness may conceal glory: that the common potato has blossom clusters of snowy beauty; that a field lily, with a butterfly poised on its breast, may flame behind a bramble; and that from the blackest, slimiest mud a water-lily draws its purity. Saint-Gaudens, crying out for beauty, was weary of "work between four walls."

Then, too, as long as he was able, Cornish gave him a place to play: to ride horseback (and perhaps be thrown), to fish for trout, play golf in summer and hocky in winter, to slide down "perilous toboggan chutes", and tip out of sleighs, and to love it all—the fringing spring with its trebled brooks, and the sparkling winter with its merry bells.

As long as his strength would let him he played and worked intensely, bearing his long, unmentioned sickness

with the bravest spirit till, on the third of August 1907, he died. Though he loved the world he was not afraid to leave it, and he had not counted the "mortal years it took to mold immortal forms."