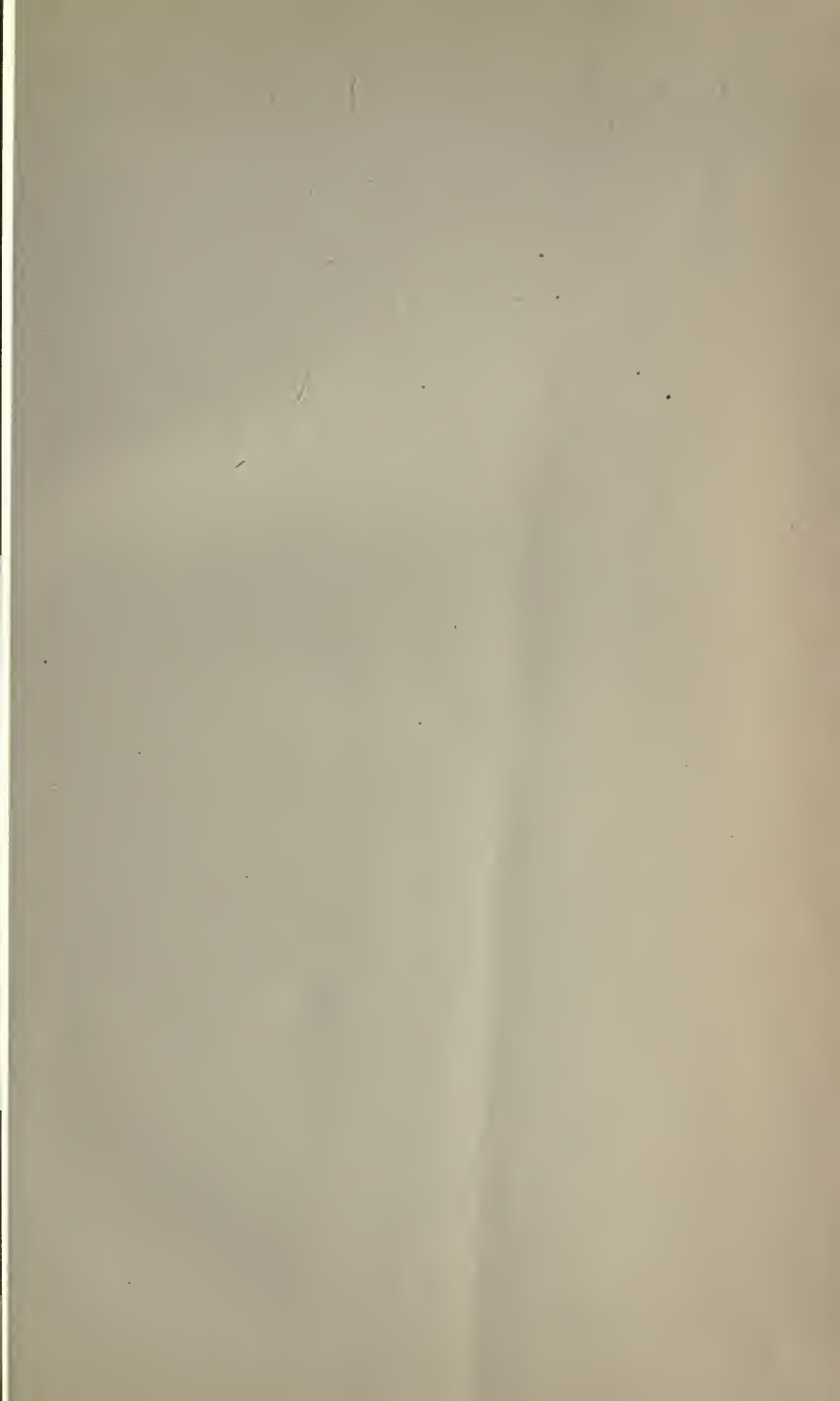


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# GREAT EPOCHS IN ART HISTORY

BY

JAMES M. HOPPIN

LATELY PROFESSOR OF YALE UNIVERSITY

Wär nicht das Auge sonnenhaft,  
Wie könnten wir zur Sonne blicken ?  
Wär nicht in uns die Gottes eigener Kraft,  
Wie könnt uns Göttliches entzücken ?

GOETHE.



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MADONNA WITH SS. CATHERINE



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## PREFACE

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THIS little book, though intended for all kindly readers who have been led to take a thoughtful interest in the subject, is more specifically addressed to students of the history and criticism of art.

Criticism, pure and simple, should be based on science, or exact scientific knowledge, but I am of the opinion that the scientific method may be too rigidly employed, and that works of art ought to be studied not in an exclusively analytic way, as if they were dead, but as if they were living, in the spirit of love in which they were created, and that is the joyful and inspiring source of art.

While ancient and modern fields have been entered, I have not been so eager to bring out new things as to bring out new beauties in old things that the world has consented to call beautiful, and that have won their claim to the studious attention of lovers of art.

The first essay, on Italian Religious Painting, is limited mainly to the art of Northern Middle Italy of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

In the third essay, on French Gothic Architecture, I would acknowledge aid derived from such books as Viollet-le-Duc's "Dictionnaire raisonné de l'Architecture française," Louis Gonse's "L'Art gothique," and Charles H. Moore's "Development of Gothic Architecture."

J. M. H.

NEW HAVEN, April, 1901.





## ITALIAN RELIGIOUS PAINTING

### *Classicism of Christian Art*

The earliest Christian painting in Italy, or it may be said in any land, is that which was found in the sacred places and houses of the first Christians of ancient Rome. It was the expression of a new faith. The classicism of Christian art is a matter of pathetic interest since it was a revival of new life under old forms. Withered to the root it grew again by a living force. Art, whether Christian or pagan, springs from a common root, which is nature; and nature is a manifestation of God, so that the perfect or beautiful in nature and art is only another name for the divine. "To the Greek the exclusion of the beautiful from theology would have been thought unnatural." When, therefore, it came about that Greek heroic forms, as those of Herakles, Prometheus and Orpheus, were transferred to early Christian art, there was really felt to be no contradiction. Eros and Psyche among flowers of the Elysian fields as they were painted on the rough walls of the sepulchre of St. Prætextatus at Rome, stood without inconsistency for the loves of holy souls. Christian art was awaked amid the ghostly shades of the catacombs and was Hellenic in form, as was the language of the gospels and liturgies. In its technique, crude though it was, it was painting upon freshly laid plas-

ter with primitive colors just in the manner of Greek mural painting. Its symbolism was drawn from classic sources and nourished by the idealizing tendency of Greek art, although the distinction between Greek idealism and Christian symbolism should not be lost sight of, as being in the one case purely artistic and in the other purely religious. A delightful sincerity for a time pervaded this early art, indicating a spirit of loving humility which was willing to adopt without question what is true in nature. Springing from heathenism Christian art knew no other medium than Greek or Greco-Roman art by which to express spiritual beliefs. Visible objects stood for invisible as signs of ideas. The aim was to convey ideas for religious teaching. The eagle of Zeus symbol of power, the sphinx emblem of wisdom and silence, the genius with erect torch emblem of the dawn, or with torch reversed emblem of night and death, were put to higher uses. The forms of angels were probably taken from Egyptian and Assyrian art and refined into those winged shapes clothed in rhythmic robes such as we see painted by the early Italian religious artists. These may have been copied more directly from forms of winged genii on Etruscan and Greek *lekythi*, though in after times they were magnified in Christian fresco paintings to twenty or more feet high, as are the angels on the walls of St. Peter's. The powerful male figure throwing a veil above his head in resemblance to a segment of sky, such as the *ouranos* carved on the architrave of the Parthenon, symbolized heaven.

The question of idolatry did not spring up until about the fifth century. At that time the symbol began to be associated with the object and was in some way regarded as the object, whereas the symbol



in Christian art exists in the idea, and is always meant for "instruction in righteousness." In the first two centuries there is no proof that an idolatrous conception made its appearance or was dreamed of, but when the artistic spirit began to work calling for visible idealized forms of faith, and at the same time the simplicity of faith began to decline, the danger of idolatry, as it ever has done and always will do, arose; nevertheless a charming symbolism akin to that of the Bible, which is an Oriental poetic book, was apparent. The vine with interlacing branches and purple clusters, the palm, the green hillocks, the clear springs of water, the long robed *orantes* with outstretched arms and the bearded river-god with his urn, enlivened the severity of Christian faith. The joys of the blessed were set forth in youthful forms surrounded by golden harvests that emblemized love's fruition, and by such natural means spiritual truths were conveyed; and these classic forms were perpetuated in Christian art to the time of Botticelli. Sibyls who uttered prophecies of Christ, and Vergil who sang a golden Messianic age, were mixed with loftier processions of prophets, saints, martyrs and angels, and solemn figures of eternal things that are enigmas seen through a glass darkly.

Of two early types of Christ—the beautiful and the sorrowful—the youthful and blooming one symbolizing the divine, and which was delineated in Christian art till the tenth century, was Greek; and this was succeeded by the sombre type, which, in turn, was followed by the realistic portrait of modern art, and which has taken on a racial character so that every nation, Greek, Latin, Indian, African, French, German, English, American, has its typical Christ; yet in ideal or universal art Christ is still beautiful, the

Hellenic synthesis of human perfection. Why should it not be so since humanity in its highest expression is recognized in Christian art, that must be human to be Christian. If modern art and the art of the future is to become genuinely Christian,—is to be entirely transformed by the Christian spirit, it will be so especially in four ways :

1. As the expression of a divine ideal in nature. This, indeed, we owe to the intuition of the Greek, but the perfect idea of nature is found in the Christ who is the manifestation of the highest and fullest life human and divine. What is Beauty? It is a much abused word. It is a great thing often meanly employed. "Beauty is not a simple quality but complex, and requires analysis. Beauty has power because it gives us activity of mind and feeling. It has in it the union of variety with unity. We see this in the arts of form and tone—in the symmetry, for example, of two undulating curves which make the Greek vase, the curve answering to melody in music. More complex still is the beauty of variety in the human form which is expressed in the statue. The secret of all art is within reach when we have realized one single fact concerning man. As we look out upon life we see the myriad activities all springing from certain desires. But there is one desire among them all which is permanent and paramount to all. It is not the desire for pleasure, for it often overrides that ; it is not the desire for mere happiness, for it often overrides that. It is the *desire for life* ; not the poor negative desire to escape death and cling to existence merely, but the aspiration for full abounding life. Now where is there to be found a perpetual source of this power and activity that we perpetually desire? Nowhere but in the expressed power and activity of



human spirits—and that is art.”\* Beauty does not consist in anything petty or pretty in symmetry of form and line, in warmth of color and harmony of tone that awakes pleasurable sensation and touches the mind’s surface, but it is deeper, opening into the larger life. It causes a throb of the divine life. It brings us out of our own life and makes us partake of a universal life. It is unselfish and ennobling because it joins itself to the whole. A true work of art is a copy of nature which is an expression of God in whom is the fulness of life. It is the transcript of a divine idea, a form of the ideal. The artist, therefore, unless he has the sense of the divine in him, how can he produce beautiful and divine works? Unless he loves nature how can he paint nature?

2. As the expression of hope. The man who hopes holds the present and future in his hand, while the hopeless man holds but the past and that feebly since pessimism crumbles and destroys the integrity of all good. He who loses hope is lost, and his power is lost, for hope is the spring of life and creative power. Hope in its spiritual form is the outcome of faith, and this must more and more influence art. I imagine that the old Italian religious painters labored with earnest and illumined faces which glowed in the cheerful light of hope. The sun of art did not go down with the glory of Greece nor with the glory of Venice, nor does it shine mistily only in the antique and even Christian past, but a higher beauty is to break from it; and may not this advance in the true and perfect of art come in a land which is nature’s home and the free land of the spirit. Art has flourished best on free

\*Edward Rowland Sill. The death of this subtle thinker and graceful poet, in the fulness of his life-activities, has been a loss to literature.

soil. American art when freed from the false and selfish, the slavish and material, and endued with an unselfish hope, starts freshly on virgin soil and bears in it the possibilities of progress. An artistic life such as was once in free Greece and republican Italy may possibly be seen again in the Mediterranean clime of our Pacific slope, where there is mental saneness and the joy of life. Our western shores look toward mysterious Asia to which we are brought nearer and nearer as history goes on, and which is the birthplace of religion and art. The American school of art, let us at least hope, will not be a narrow one. It will not be wholly realistic or wholly ideal. It will not be vaguely mystical but truly religious, and will be stamped with a national character; but following the law of evolution it will partake more and more of universal art combining all qualities, powers and beauties. All streams will run into it as all races are combined in the formation of our national character. It may start from Europe but it will be free of Europe and expressive of the popular life. It will reflect the expansion of our territory, the breadth of our rivers and the color and warmth of our scenery. It will have more than all a human breadth. While a clear utilitarian reason informs it, it will show a subtler and more passionate quality in which the feelings have play, coming closer to the great heart of nature. Imagination will be unbound but not undisciplined and unchastened. Freedom with law is the American principle. America's poet has not come, though this land should have its Homer since it has had its heroic epoch. I believe our country will see its great architect whom Italy would be willing to own, and also its sculptor, of whom there have been premonitions in the works of American sculptors that unite strong individuality with ideal beauty.

3. As the expression of immortality. Glimpses of this are found in Greek philosophy but the results of Greek philosophy were summed up by its master as speculations at best. Immortality is a truth of such creative power that it at once widened the field of art-motives. It bestowed a greatness on human nature that the Greek could not conceive. It spiritualized art as seen in the religious frescoes of the earlier Roman basilicas, the Gothic cathedrals of France, the masses of Palestrina and Haydn's 'Messiah,' the 'Divina Commedia' and the 'Transfiguration,' 'Hamlet,' 'Faust,' and the poetry of Wordsworth and Browning. With the sense of immortality the common no longer remains commonplace. Divine order comes into all. Nature contains archetypes of that which is and will be full of prophecy. Man strives to be perfect as is his origin. Historic art acquires human dignity and significance. Landscape painting is lighted with a new life. Even animal life points to something more complex and consummate in creation. Physical nature in trees, plants and flowers, when studied in their specific forms, leads to the discovery of general types. The shapes of mountains and hills, the mouldings of clouds, the laws of mist and atmosphere, the various colors of sky and land, the sunrise, noon, sunset and night, reveal ideas of immortality profounder than the phantasmagoria of outward things.

4. As the moral expression of truth. Truth is rightness, or it implies a sense of what is in harmony with perfect law. The classic Greek did not quite comprehend this in his art although he discussed it in his philosophy, because he was taken up with the perfection of outward form. He did not apprehend the beauty of the moral law in nature though he ap-

proached it in the justness of architecture and the heroic element in sculpture. But art is not confined to the senses (though the senses have a great deal to do in art especially in color) nor even to the intellect and reason, but it reaches to the moral nature and affections of the soul. Art is a harmonious expression of the emotions awaked by nature's infinite forms and activities. The artist's delight in the perception of beauty whether of nature or thought is in its essence a moral instinct. It is a feeling of agreement with truth. Therefore what is essentially immoral is not true art. The final aim of art is truth. Art is not pure imitation which would be an "over-realization," but it is the power that seeks to reproduce truth, the true ideas of objects since these exist in the mind itself. Plato affirms that "music and every art expresses character (*ἦθος*) in him who produces it and in him to whom it appeals. The soul contains powers which are called out through the medium of art when brought in contact with the beauty of the world. The artist's work is to interpret the truth of the world. Between this higher beauty and the riot of the senses there is no fellowship, for art is that which brings life in harmony with the beauty of the world."\* Art is the operation of the mind's æsthetic sensibility that makes it congruous with divine love and truth. It is the joyous perception of the true in nature when related to art as when it is related to other departments of human thought and action; for the same measure may be applied to science, philosophy and religion which is applied to art. The affections lie deeper than the will. He who loves holds the golden key of art. All beauty is opened to him who loves. Love is the element which enters into art to make it

\* Plato's "Republic" (*Μουσική*).



Christian art. Therefore antique classicism was not enough. Paganism laid its ideal in power and the logical reason, Christianity in love. Man, who has a soul that can love, is greater even than nature.

### *Beginnings of Italian Painting*

Christian art may be said to have had its real beginnings in Italy, since the new life which commenced in the East was borne, like the apostle, across the sea into Italy. Italy was made to be the home of art, or its second-home after it had left Greece. The four great peninsulas (if they might be so called) of India, Greece, Italy and Spain, how diverse are they in their character, races, history and art! The Italian peninsula stretching down more than seven hundred miles into the Mediterranean south of the northern wall of the Alps, contains every form of beauty soft and grand—the smiling plain of Lombardy and the rugged vertebral mountain range of the Apennines, marshy Ravenna and low-lying Venice reflected in the opalescent sea, snow-covered Soracte like a curled foaming wave, the cisalpine highlands of Central Italy in their wild loveliness, the valleys of the Tiber and Arno seats of wonderful life, the imperial Campagna, the picturesque forms of rocks inviting the builder-monk and telling him where to place his convent, the milder hills about luxurious Capua, Naples, Sorrento, Amalfi and the soft Campania blending the charms of shore and sea, the savage region of Calabria where the Apennines radiate as they approach the end of the peninsula. All is clothed with incomparable vegetation of the vine that climbs every hill and festoons every road, the Italian pine noblest of trees, the orange, lemon, olive and palm. Every variety of climate is expe-

rienced from the cold of the Ligurian Alps to the African heats of Southern Italy, the mild half-winter of Tuscany and the storms and snows of the Abruzzi—a land not of the tropics but where man under the eternal blue lives and brings forth the fruits of his industry while enjoying nature's loveliness; and it is enough to say that from the bosom of soft and seductive Italy came forth the mighty energies of Rome.

Going from Rome north towards Umbria you follow the Tiber all the way to Perugia. The nooks among the low hills are as deliciously green as the gardens of Armida, while the scenery takes on a sterner character as one approaches Narni, Terni and the gorge of the Somma. Trevi is set on its pyramidal crag as if hewed by hand, the houses climbing to the top of the rock and terminating in a point, while Spoleto, Assisi and Perugia command wide views of the mountains and gentle intervening vales of Umbria.

This natural beauty of the land has stolen into the hearts of the people and made them lovers of beauty, so that one cannot know Italian history without knowing Italian art. The spirit of the people speaks in its art and, at certain epochs, in no other way. "Nothing was produced in Italy between the thirteenth and seventeenth centuries that did not bear the stamp of fine art. If the methods of science may be said to regulate the modes of thinking at the present time, it is no less true that during the Renaissance, art expressed a like controlling influence in Italy. Not only was each department of the fine arts practised with singular success; not only was the national genius to a very large extent absorbed in painting, sculpture and architecture, but the æsthetic impulse was more subtly and widely diffused than this alone would imply. It possessed the Italians in the centre of their

intellectual vitality, so that even their shortcomings may be ascribed in a great measure to their inability to quit the æsthetic point of view."\* A thoughtful man must be struck with the truth of these words. Every town, old market-place, weed-grown arch, shattered wall, bridge and tower, street and house, speaks of a people who, like the Greeks, loved beauty though under different forms. The semi-barbarian magnificence of Rome was imperceptibly refined by the loveliness of Italy. War in its grimmest citadels and guarded gates grew poetical when the engineers were artists and the statesmen sculptors and painters. Religion ran in the currents of art. One goes for color to Italy. Color is caught from the flowers, water and sky, and is painted on the brain accustomed to it. Painting is Italy's art. It is the art of color, not of form. The Roman forum must have been a crowded, unsymmetric spot, all unlike the Athenian acropolis, but the Italian sun made it glorious. Painting was the art of a warm southern race devoted to religious forms. "The new element of Christianity needed an elastic medium of expression. Motives more varied, gradations of sentiment more delicate, the fugitive and transient phases of emotion and the inner depths of consciousness had to be seized. Color and shadow, aerial perspective and complicated grouping, and flowing drapery, all that is within the realm of painting, had its relations to feelings vaguer but no less powerful. The play of feature, indicative of movement, through a whole gamut of modulations inapprehensive to sculpture, belonged to painting." Form comes before color, and sculpture took the precedence of painting in point of time, since Italy was for ages half Greek, and filled with Oriental antiquity. The revival

\* John Addington Symonds.

too of classic art through the coming in of Greek learning after the fall of Constantinople and the writings of the 'humanists,' made Greek sculpture a mould of modern art. Niccolò Pisano was the instrument. "He put the artists on the right track of combining the study of antiquity with the study of nature." Giorgio Vasari, notwithstanding his proved inaccuracies, is the source of a great deal of our knowledge of earlier Italian art, and he says that "the armaments of Pisa brought to that city from the East ancient sarcophagi among which was one piece sculptured with the Chase of a Calydonian Boar in the study of which Niccolò took delight." The subject of the relief was really Hippolytus and Phædra, but in it the secret of Greek beauty was hid. The bonds of Byzantinism were broken. Niccolò's marble pulpits at Pisa and Siena crowded with figures bold, fluent, struggling with life, became sources of the new art. They were penetrated with the antique but more with nature. Not only sculptures of artists of the Pisan school such as Niccolò, Giovanni and Andrea Pisano of the 13th century, and the carvings of Donatello and Ghiberti of the 14th and 15th centuries, uniting truth and force, were produced, but the art of painting received an impulse and followed on though more haltingly. When painting took up this leading of sculpture and began to make some progress, it was in the region of Central Italy, in Umbria and Tuscany, that this struggling advance was begun. In this sheltered middle region the precious flower of art shot up. Cimabue, reputed founder of Italian painting, although he departed but slightly from old Byzantine art, was a painter of refined spirit beyond his contemporaries, and who threw a faint ray of feeling in his pictures as seen in his 'Madonna Rucellai,' in which the infant



stretches out his arms toward the worshipper. But it was this Madonna-idea, wonderful and potent, which had power to fit itself to the expression of religious feeling and helped to bring nature into painting. Byzantine art was dead Greek art, and this is not saying that it did not have a certain solemn splendor as seen in the mosaics of the Ravenna churches, so that Coindet, the French critic, oddly declares that Greek art survived more in mosaic than in anything else; and yet painting which cannot be dead whatever it is, was not fostered greatly by this Byzantine art and its unreal delineations of humanity, of hands and feet ending in points, its rigid postures and blank, staring eyes, and its draperies like cere-cloths. This hieratic art killed the semblance of reality and ruled oppressively until it gave way to that which looked as if it meant at least to represent life. Nature, in an artistic conception of the Madonna and Child, started painting into something like the portrayal of living forms. The angels that surround the Holy Family gained animation by reflecting a scintilla of the emotion of love. But the originator of Italian painting, as Dante was of Italian poetry, the breaker up of formalism, was a greater man than Cimabue, or than any of those old painters like Giunta da Pisa, who worked with and before Cimabue, and to him we come as one who brings us after ages of groping into the right path where the blind efforts of painting found happy termination in the field of nature.

### *The Franciscan Cycle*

Before speaking more fully of Giotto, I would dwell for a little time on the religious environment and especially the Franciscan cycle, the spiritual movement of

the latter half of the 12th century, which centred about the Umbrian Saint Francis, and brought life into all things, and into painting. It was like a whirlwind of God that passed over the dry bones of Italian art. This movement was not so much an ecclesiastic as a popular one. It was an awakened enthusiasm for "soul-freedom," or a protest against the tyranny of church and state, an outbreak of spiritual and communal emancipation. It was a holiday of the heart. The people, like children, were let out of school and rushed out into the fields to play, sing and dance, leaving their teachers crouched over their worm-eaten desks and books, and resembled the modern Salvation Army movement, only with more poetry, freedom and nature. The "Little Penitents," so-called, who craved the privilege of possessing nothing did not spring from the bosom of a power-loving church. Italy, depopulated by the incessant wars of the princes, was ready to receive an apostle who preached penitence, humility and human brotherhood, who felt the yearning of the age and gave it expression, who had genius that made him the seer. Francis was a prophet of love in the depth of the Dark Ages. St. Francis of Assisi, born in 1182 and son of a rich silk merchant, early dreamed of doing something great.\* He had a passion for chivalry and a soft heart toward the poor; but his heart was first directed to something higher by the loveliness of Umbrian nature when, on a glorious summer day, as he gazed over the wide landscape from the slope of Mt. Subasio, he saw in the immensity of sky and the wonderful variety of hill and valley, the smallness of his earthly life. His

\* *Vie de St. François d'Assise*, by Paul Sabatier.

"The Mirror of Perfection," by Brother Leo, translated from the Latin by Sebastian Evans.

disgust with himself was increased by the contemptuous treatment received from his noble companions who revenged on him his ambitious dreams. He was seized by a violent illness and secluded himself in a cave that he might find the solitude of nature which proved a step to the inner life. He resolved to make a complete separation from the past. He had found in his rambles a ruined chapel of St. Damian which contained only a crucifix, and as he knelt before the carved Christ the face seemed to bend a pitying look upon him as if saying 'I too suffered.' He began to restore the chapel stone by stone. He returned to Assisi to make the sacrifice of his life. He gave all his money to the poor. The people cried after him in the market-place 'Pazzo' (madman) and stoned him. Stripping off his silk clothes he assumed the garb of a beggar. To make the sacrifice more complete he embraced a leper whom he met on the way and kissed him, and went for a time to the abode of lepers, ministering to their wants. He heard the call "Go preach—providing yourself with neither gold nor silver nor scrip nor two shoes," and started forth to give the gospel to the poor. His preaching apostolate commenced in 1209. His motto was 'holiness in life from love.' His looks and person full of humble love, were a sermon awakening in others the desire for a holy life. Three companions joined him, one a rich man who also obeyed the words "If thou wilt be perfect go sell all that thou hast and give to the poor and come follow me." Thus sprang the rule of Poverty and Obedience. In his hut of boughs at the Portiuncula (now enclosed in the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli) others came to him, and for ten years these formed a preaching order not yet accepted by the church but known to the people. Mixed with the

religious spirit Francis poured into the movement the poetry of his nature. He was chorister of a joyous band. They were a merry company of "God's *jongleurs*" having nothing yet rejoicing as if they had everything, singing praises with the reapers, and though starving at times keeping up their hearts with spiritual songs. It was love and self-sacrifice—expansive ideas. Multitudes were moved, and so marked was the wide agitation among the people that the church had to notice it and Francis went to Rome to see Pope Innocent III., a great man but not a spiritual one, a king more than prophet. The reception of Francis by this Pope forms one of the best of Giotto's frescoes in the cathedral of Assisi. Francis asked of the Pope for himself and brethren immunity of life in denying themselves. Conscious of the influence Francis was beginning to exercise in Italy, the church was sagacious to subordinate this revolution to itself, for the church whenever impelled to seek power, gain, or reputation, develops a rare facility in appropriating new influences and ideas. "The whole country trembled, the barren soil was covered with a harvest, the withered vine blossomed. Repentance and love were the forces of St. Francis. Give up all and love all. Help the poor. Be humble (*sint minores*)—less than the least." Otherwise the life of Francis and his companions was happy and free. The hills and vales and desolate places resounded to their songs. Theirs was the poetry of nature and spiritual love. Francis preached to the birds and they seemed to listen, and once when they chattered too much he said 'Brother birds, you should praise and love your Creator who made your wings and gave you power to sing, but now be still for awhile and let me speak.' Some one has said that St. Francis's sermon to the birds



closed the reign of Byzantine art. His 'Canticle of the Sun,' composed in 1224, belongs to the history both of religion and art, in which he calls the sun, the moon, the stars, fire, the earth, all men and death, brethren, his love flaming out to comprehend created things; and I make no excuse for spending time on the story of Francis, because new power came from him into the thought and art of the Middle Ages. I am inclined, it may be, to make too much of this, since it was but one of many influences working at that period, yet powerful because spiritual. It is true that a fanciful legendary cult sprang up which artists laid hold of, but it was a genuine democratic impulse lifting humanity. New faculties were let loose. The natural blended with the supernatural. Poetry found expression. Beauty permeated the earth and made it blossom, and the Thirteenth century saw the rise of a Christian pantheism which was a transfusion of nature in religion, an indwelling of the divine in creation, and, indeed, formed the new thought which characterized Italian religious art at that time, and continued to characterize Italian painting of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth centuries. It was a turning point of modern art. It was a new life of the spirit.

### *Giotto*

The dawn of Early Renaissance art, as has been hinted, was seen especially over that beautiful region of Northern Italy comprehended in the old provinces of Umbria and Tuscany; and it is principally with the Umbrian school of painting that this essay has to do—the Umbrian-Tuscan. It is but a portion of a great theme. The Umbrian school, though it did not have the science and color of the Florentine, the Roman

and the Venetian schools, had the fire of mediæval devotion. It was almost entirely a religious school of painting. The *foyer* of Umbrian art is sometimes reckoned to be (principally in architecture) the little town of Gubbio, but its true centre was Assisi. The art student should go to this yellow, slumberous, monastic town, whose chief trade even now is licensed mendicancy, set on its mountain terrace and commanding a wide view over the lovely Umbrian plain, in order to penetrate the circle of early Italian religious art and to breathe the same air which St. Francis breathed.

The monastery of Assisi was built about 1228 on a massive substructure with immense supporting arches, and accommodated thousands of monks. The church is an Italian Gothic basilica with square towers erected by a German architect, and is divided into Lower, Middle and Upper churches, of which the Upper is a vision of light and splendor, and in airy luminousness not unlike the choir of Cologne Cathedral. The Middle is more obscure, and the Lower more mysterious, forming a gloomy crypt where is the tomb of St. Francis. On the ceiling of the cross aisle above the high altar, in the four spaces of groined vaulting, are richly colored dark frescoes, by Giotto, representing the special virtues of St. Francis—Purity laving naked figures and Penitence driving Love with the cord of Discipline. In the more familiar fresco of the 'Marriage of St. Francis with Poverty,' Poverty is a female form standing amid tangled thorns, with roses on her brow. Among the accompanying allegoric figures is one representing a youth who, like Francis, gives his fine clothes to a poor man. Chastity is a maid in a tower guarded by encircling angels, and Obedience, not so clearly indicated, is seated in a shrine,

while above is St. Francis whose life was personified obedience. These shine solemnly in rich colors. The 'stable-Madonna,' so called, in the Lower Church, by Taddeo Gaddi, a pupil of Giotto (1300-1366) shows the extreme naïveté of Giotto's school, in which the animals and sheep are of diminutive size like the miracle of the ark, but their introduction shows an innovation of the naturalistic idea. Taddeo Gaddi's Giottesque 'Crucifixion,' while representing angels with winged extremities like pigeons, is, in spite of all, a truly religious painting.

Giotto di Bordone (1266, some say 1276-1377) was born in Vespignano, near Florence, about the date of Niccolò Pisano's death, catching the mantle of that prophet of art, for he was likewise influenced by the freedom of the antique and nature. The story told by Vasari of the Florentine master Cimabue's finding of the shepherd boy while engaged in drawing the outline of a sheep on a stone, bears marks of authenticity, since he came from the people and the heart of nature. Giotto belonged to the Florentine as well as the Umbrian school, and while possessing the intellectual element of the former he had the simple piety of the latter, blending ideas with feeling. He was one of the fruits of the spiritual movement of Assisi. He gave it expression. He filled Italy with works that left an enduring stamp on all painters who came after him, and his life was an art revival. The first words of Vasari are: "The gratitude which masters of painting owe to nature that is the true model to him who has power to select the best from her—this gratitude is due, in my judgment, to the Florentine painter Giotto. He, born amid incapable artists, and at a time when all good methods in art had been entombed beneath the ruins of war—he

alone succeeded in resuscitating art and bringing it to the true path." Such painters, indeed, as Giovanni Cimabue, Simone Martini and Lippo Memmi, could by no means be called "incapable artists"; but Vasari's words are true in this that Giotto opened the way to modern painting, and yet he should not be judged by modern standards, for he did not add very much to the technique of painting except some improvements in fresco, and he belonged himself to old Byzantine art. His first improvement was in color, in the use of lighter, more quiet and cheerful tints. His coloring is harmonious and thoroughly decorative, and his frescoes present to the eye delicate and rich effects caused by "the use of relatively flat tints and the avoidance of over-modelling." He abolished to a degree the gloomy style, and brought pure, natural light into painting. In the last years of the thirteenth century Giotto worked in Rome, invited there by Benedict IX, but his pictures in the first St. Peter's have perished. The mosaic 'Navicella' was designed by Giotto, and stands above the three doors in the portico of St. Peter's, presenting an odd mixture of allegoric figures, but the light and shade and the broad sail are striking. He accompanied the Pope to Avignon and executed works in France. Vasari says he went to see Dante in Ravenna; then returning to Florence he painted frescoes in the churches of Santa Croce and Santa Maria Novella, and a picture of St. Francis in the rocks of La Verna (now in the Louvre) in which the landscape shows a new sense of nature. In the fresco of the 'Madonna, St. John and St. Francis' in the church of Santa Croce, the mother, by a backward turn of her thumb, calls the attention of the child to Francis as if in sympathetic commendation, and all the faces are of fine spiritual type. In the Podestà of Florence, Giotto



sketched Dante's profile, giving it that peculiarly high intellectual beauty, that no other portrait has. This sketch, Mr. Wylde, an American, with two others, searched after and found beneath the plaster. The poet and the painter had a reciprocal influence on each other. Giotto worked out some of Dante's ideas at Assisi and Padua, and in the "Divina Commedia" Dante wrote concerning the painter words which must have rung through Italy like a trumpet, announcing a new era of art. In the Campo Santo at Pisa, Giotto painted six frescoes of the history of Job, not quite solemn or sacred, but pervaded by irrepressible realism in the figures of men, sheep and dogs, and which is like the realism of contemporary Teutonic art. It was rude homely nature asserting itself. He wrought in most of the noted cities of Italy, Padua, Verona, Ferrara, Arezzo, Naples, Urbino, Gaeta and Rimini, but some works attributed to him are not his. In the Arena chapel at Padua was painted the 'Life of the Virgin' in 1306, which, for harmony of decorative effect, light and color, endless invention and skilful grouping, is, perhaps, his chief work. The face of Elizabeth in the 'Visitation' shows a vigorous individuality. In other frescoes, the 'Flight into Egypt,' with the guiding angel mystic and luminous, and the palms bowing in reverent awe, has an earnest sentiment. The 'Raising of Lazarus,' is equally sincere; the scared expression of the lad who is looking into the face of the risen man, and pointing to Christ as author of the miracle, bespeaks the truth that thought had come into art. In the 'Entry of Christ into Jerusalem,' the people scrambling up trees to see the procession, evinces the painter's unrestrained humor. The fresco delineating the 'Feast at Levi's House' is a subject congenial to the artist who delighted in all

sorts of life, in which the governor of the feast is a fat gourmand drinking wine from a glass goblet. The 'Deposition,' on the other hand, is a deeply pathetic religious picture.

Giotto's frescoes representing events in the life of St. Francis on the walls of the Upper Church at Assisi, sixteen of them on each side of the church, were, unmistakably, a labor of love, wrought out of the real life of Francis, step by step, especially the first of them, which is the 'Renunciation,' where Francis makes the surrender of his possessions, "turning from these vain things unto the living God." In another, Francis pleads before Innocent III, in which there is simple dignity in the face of the saint and interested attention in that of the Pope. History is caught in its rapid flight. In the Lower Church the fresco of St. Francis appearing to a dying monk has a touch of the supernatural; but the 'Glorification of St. Francis' with groups of angels *in cumulo*, shows that Giotto was not emancipated from the old style, and this makes the innovation that he did accomplish, more remarkable. Giotto may be truly looked upon as a religious painter, though his work was in the natural rather than supernatural, interpreting actual life. Dealing with remote themes his feet were planted on earth. But he was an honest believer. The loving influence of St. Francis was ever around him like an atmosphere. His artistic energies showed themselves in many and all directions. In 1334 he began building the elegant Italian Gothic campanile of the church of Santa Maria del Fiori at Florence, in horizontal lines of variously colored marble

"That in the mighty ages bloomed alone,  
But wanting still the glory of the spire."

Its high-relievo carvings in niches, especially the alle-

goric groups of the 'Origin of the Arts,' the 'Creation of Man,' 'Music,' 'Pastoral Life,' almost rank with the sculptures of Pisano. But the new art of the 14th century, rich in invention and possibilities—fresco painting—was Giotto's instrument. In his earlier frescoes at Arezzo there was a free audacity of conception. While archaic and grotesque a creative thought flashes through his pictures. Men looked as they did in the house, the field and market, under the influence of human motives and passions. "His main innovations in fresco were more delicate and rich effects caused by the use of flat tints and by greater lightness and color, greater breadth of mass and closer imitation of nature in drawing. Thus in the painting of the 'Nativity' at Assisi, the shepherds and women, the ox and ass, are as in ordinary life, but in the 'Adoration of the Magi' the mother smiles gladly and the child lays his hand on the head of the kneeling king." Giotto, Chaucer of Italian painting, is not its Shakespeare, but one singing a morning carol filled with joyful life. A writer says of him: "His faces which usually resemble each other in a rather peasant type rise sometimes to marvelous individuality. His hands and feet are weak. His draperies are admirable with large simple folds which, however, manage to express the movement of the body. In a word Giotto's two supreme attributes are dramatic feeling and an unrivalled sense of composition." He was a great man for his age and all ages, one of those who began to make this modern world. After Giotto, art quickened by nature moved on with more freedom and while in his case it was not more beautiful, it was more true; but for a century there was no real advance made by his pupils and successors. Giotto introduced warmer color and higher brilliancy of tone, but the

'*Giotteschi*,' during the remainder of the 14th century, carried out only the technical suggestions of the master, lacking his original force. They held on by impulse from him, and in minor matters may have surpassed him, when a general knowledge of the arts increased. They were Florentine painters of whom the most noted were Taddeo Gaddi an artist of much feeling and also architect, Giovanni da Milano, Andrea da Firenze, Orcagna, perhaps the greatest of them in every field, Spinello Aretino, all of them religious painters of the sombre school, yet, awaked by the touch of nature and transfused by the new devotional sentiment which Giotto himself had caught from the spirit of St. Francis. The evolution of art proceeds from mind to mind in unseen coils resembling the development of new forms in nature, while the very centres of art themselves undergo change. The front of the battle shifts. From Assisi we pass on to Orvieto, which is another focal point of Umbrian painting and whose great name of original power is that of Signorelli.

### *Signorelli*

Orvieto (*Urbs Vetus*) is seated on a tufa rock to whose top one is now drawn by a cable-railway, and the town commands a view over the region of classic associations in which lies Lake Thrasymene with its yellow waters upon whose banks Rome and Hannibal contended for supremacy. On the northwest slope of the hill below the city wall, is an Etruscan necropolis of vast antiquity and comparatively recently laid open, in which heroes and peoples before Rome, great too in their way and of Greek extraction, were buried. Italy, as has been said, was once Greek and learned its art from Greece.



The only commanding work now standing in Orvieto is the cathedral, an example of 13th and 14th centuries' Italian Gothic, which was founded in memorial of the miracle of Bolsena, the appearance of drops of blood on the host that a priest had consecrated. The day I was in Orvieto was the 'Feast of Corpus Christi,' and the town was swarming with a motley crowd of swarthy peasants; but the next day the streets were deserted and hardly a pilgrim lingered in the square in front of the cathedral, although the musical part of the festa was going on within. This church, while it felt the influence of French Gothic, differs from it, as Italian Gothic never quite freed itself from the classic style, nor did it develop, on the other side, to a high degree the pointed arch. It was not a Gothic evolution but an innovation on the classic produced by foreign causes, and was brought on by French architects, remaining a superimposed decoration more than an original construction. It never soared as Gothic Architecture did in France, Germany and England. Orvieto, Assisi, Siena, Florence, Milan and other Italian cities had Gothic buildings but these were adapted to southern tastes, with wide wall-spaces and a predominance of horizontal lines. The conical towers, picturesque buttresses and clustering lace-work pinnacles, were wanting. The profuse Gothic carvings (excepting in the Teutonic cathedral of Milan) were, in these Italian edifices, at first occupied by mosaic-work arabesque, and later on, by fresco-painting. There is rich decoration, light and animated expression in Italian Gothic, but infinitely less grandeur. You hardly recognize it to be Gothic; and, truly, the Pisan Duomo is not Gothic, but Roman, which is a more genuinely Italian style springing directly from the Roman basilica with flat ceiling and



simple vaulting; and there is more color effect and detail than sublime impression.

The cathedral of Orvieto, like that of Siena, is built of alternate stripes of black and white, an Oriental survival, and it has the Roman form and bow-headed windows of the Siena Duomo. One of its striking features is the façade of three gables adorned with polychrome sculptures and enamel work, like the sides of a gigantic jewel-case shining with untarnished gold. Standing before the endless variety of ornamentation sparkling as if done yesterday by the hands of goldsmiths, you say 'what pains these old artists took to adorn the outer temple, and if the inner one of spiritual worship corresponded to this how wonderful and delightful it would have been,' and let us hope it did. The panels of this front are marked off by bold scroll-work, and clusters of oak-leaves and hanging grapes and intricate designs with flying angels circling in and about, making patterns of elegant and entrancing forms. This is further enriched with golden mosaics inlaid in lapis lazuli, onyx and jewel stones, that gleam in the sunshine unlike anything in Gothic architecture, which though also of vast detail is on the whole sombre. But here a bright Italian fancy sparkled, and color, the Italian delight, flashed. At Orvieto all the arts met, architecture, sculpture, painting, mosaic and gem-work. All were consecrated to this sacred design. The East and West united their opulent decoration. It is more than an embellishment of architecture like a covering of drapery, it is an attempt to express through decorative symbols, religious ideals. The bas-relief sculptures of the lower portions of the façade portray lessons from the Old and New Testaments, Creation, the faith of Abraham which was counted for righteousness, preshadowings of the Incarnation, the gen-

ealogy of the Virgin Mary, the Birth, the Worship of the Kings, and the Flight into Egypt, while over the principal portal sits a large Madonna under a canopy ; it was long supposed that these carvings were done by Niccolò Pisano, but they were probably made by his pupils Andrea Pisano, Arnolfo Lapo, and Agostino and Angelo of Siena. On the margin of the panel in which is set the great rose-window are statues of prophets and apostles, while above the doors are mosaics on a gold ground inlaid by the incredible labor of ages of workmen. Amid this higher symbolism is the 'Last Judgment' and 'Paradise,' and on lower rows of classified groups are figures of those unhappy beings who are suffering torments, among whom flit hideous forms of demons and serpents, revealing the shadows of mediæval imagination ; and it is interesting to note that these sculptures were carved before the "Divina Commedia" appeared and show the raw material out of which the poet wrought.

The interior of the church, composed of black basalt and yellow limestone with vaulted arcades, and enormous columns and stained glass windows, is majestic, more so than the exterior would lead one to expect ; which is sometimes true of these immense barn-like Gothic structures of Italy and Spain, and especially of the cathedral of Seville that looks low and unpromising on the outside but the interior bursts on the eye lofty and grand—an Oriental conception. At Orvieto four columns and two pillars on each hand separate the nave from the side-aisles, and their deeply carved foliated capitals, though compact with many-sided abaci, have a fine effect as they emerge from the surrounding gloom. The twisted columns are of Saracenic suppleness and elegance, and form a feature of the occasional wealth of decoration of which the choir-

stalls made by Sienese artists are another example; for, while Gothic, the edifice has premonitions of the coming refinement of the Renaissance. To the right and left on the walls, are pictures of 'St. Sebastian,' the 'Marriage of Cana,' and the 'Madonna and St. Catherine,' the last a fresco painted in 1417 by Gentile da Fabriano whom we shall meet again. The Cappella Nuova, in the right transept, where the works of art culminate, is filled with early Italian painting and, like the Siena cathedral and the church of Santa Maria Novella in Florence, is an art-shrine, a spot where a student may spend forty days as Ruskin did in the Florentine church. He would doubtless put novel ideas into the heads of the old masters there, but he would get novel ideas of his own. The gentle Fra Angelico who, we commonly think to be praying and painting in his narrow cell at St. Mark's convent, wrought here in 1447, and painted on panels of the vaulting above the high altar a picture of 'Christ as Judge,' the scene being represented in pyramidal style but with beautifully touched heads; and this fresco-work was continued by other artists and above all by Signorelli.

In the Cappella Nuova of the Madonna of San Brizio are seen the greatest works of a master that not only constitute the chief glory of the Orvieto cathedral but of the art period which Signorelli expressed, which was a transition period. Signorelli painted here with an independent object that called forth his power. He reached his highest mark. He fairly rioted in his strength. He dealt in a tremendous theology. It was no rose-water religion, but it was unwavering in its thoughts of life and death, its transcendent hope and fathomless despair. It was more material than spiritual, fixed and definite, needing a strong interpreter.

Before he came to Orvieto Signorelli had won his fame as an altar-painter, and had exhibited a much milder style in deference to the popular taste. "The demand for votive pictures was so constant in the mountain cities of the devout province of Umbria, and in Tuscany as well, that it created a peripatetic school of widely different masters; and we find Signorelli, Perugino, Pinturicchio and others, hurrying about from one town to another, Città di Castello having been one of Luca's especial fields of activity."

Luca Signorelli, or Luca da Cortona (1441-1523) was born at the Etruscan city of Cortona, and was first the pupil of Piero della Francesca, a strong master; and he also studied with Fra Angelico and shows the Florentine influence in some of his pictures. His first paintings in the style of Piero were done at his native town and at Arezzo and neighboring places, and were painted on panel and canvas as well as in fresco. His originality, however, already shone, for Vasari mentions his 'St. Michael weighing Souls' in which picture nude forms are introduced. He worked in Perugia, Volterra, Città di Castello, Castiglione and Siena, making paintings of religious themes such as the 'Nativity,' the 'Assumption,' the 'Dead Christ,' some of which have been lost. We find him in Rome at the Sistine Chapel, and at length in Florence where he copied, doubtless with pleasure, sculptures in the nude of Greek gods for Lorenzo di Medici, but it was at the mountain monastery of Monte Oliveto, not far from Siena, that he wrought a larger scheme of eight frescoes portraying scenes from the life of St. Benedict, which bear titles of the 'Interview of Benedict with Totila,' the 'Temptation of a Young Priest,' the 'Chastisement of an Evil Monk,' 'Florentius,' 'Satan interfering with the Monks,' subjects opening into the



supernatural of evil and affording an opportunity for original drawings in the stalwart figures of Gothic warriors. He was sharpening his faculties for Orvieto and for that stupendous scheme of nude decoration in which he stood alone.

Signorelli's frescoes at the chapel of San Brizio in Orvieto cathedral are made up of four great compositions viz: 'The Preaching of Antichrist,' 'The Resurrection,' 'Hell' and 'Paradise.' The collateral subjects on the four pendentives are the 'End of the World,' the 'Rain of Fire,' 'Hell' and 'Paradise' repeated; while in circular *tondi*, or medallions, below, are monochrome portraits of classic poets, with mythologic arabesques and *chiaro-oscuro* scenes from Dante's 'Purgatorio.' Signorelli's soul was at home in such scenes. Like the soul of Dante he walked through them unterrified. From Christ in glory among angels he plunges to the murky depths of hell among fiends. Spinello Aretino, in 1400, went crazy from painting fiends; not so Signorelli. His four large frescoes are crowded and confused compositions but in their direct effect, as they were meant to be, they are powerful. Nothing was too terrible for the church at that time to preach or the church's artist to paint. Signorelli believed in a bodily resurrection. He revelled in it. Angels blow their trumps of Doom and the dead rise naked from their graves. The 'Fall of the Condemned' in its swift plunge is a picture where art is lost in realism. Though brutally conceived, there is a physical and moral truth in it like the law of gravitation. This series of frescoes with their unqualified horrors have been pronounced to be the most important works of painting in the fifteenth century; and as the Franciscan church at Assisi is Giotto's monument, so Signorelli's monument is the cathedral of Orvieto.



Signorelli was an innovator of religious art, who brought into its inanimate system of forms that were wrapped in ecclesiastical grave-clothes, naked human forms in all attitudes of vigorous action, illustrating the supernatural by the natural, whether these forms were drawn from the study of nature or of the antique, and he blent the church's abstract art with a Greek idea of nature harmonizing it in a fierce abrupt way. However discordant it was a stroke for freedom and humanity. It burst through conventionalisms. Signorelli was a naturalistic artist. It was body more than soul. The soul was revealed through the body. The supreme æsthetic expression was of the body, not of its beauty but its power. Signorelli anticipated Michael Angelo's conception of decoration by the nude. Vasari distinctly affirms this. He says: "Nor am I surprised that the works of Luca were ever highly extolled by Michael Angelo or that for his divine work of the Last Judgment painted in the Sistine chapel he should have availed himself, to a certain degree, of the inventions of that artist, as, for example, in the angels and demons, in the divisions of the heavens, and other parts wherein Michael Angelo imitated the model of treatment adopted by Luca." Vasari states that Signorelli was stimulated in his conceptions of the supernatural by Dante; but, he might have added, more by Dante of the 'Inferno' than of the 'Paradiso.' It was a human element in both. Signorelli played with the human form. He flung it about in all conceivable ways. The walls, vaults, spaces over the doors, pilasters, every nook and corner of the Cappella, are filled with nude figures. Muscular forms tossed on the walls contorted and fore-shortened are not frivolously treated but are objects meant to represent divine purposes of award and punishment. Angels

are youthful human figures, and, as an exception, are sometimes armed in celestial armor. The demons are human bodies colored green and red, and are fearfully alive or galvanized with energy to perform their horrid tasks. A fiend seizes a female form and is bearing her off on his monstrous black vans like an emanation of the pit. In the fresco of the 'Punishment of the Wicked' there is no mistaking the object, no shading of pity or doubt, but it is devilish, if such a word ought to be applied to an honest effort to represent the unmitigated punishment of evil doers and the torments of hell. As he believed he painted, personifying in the body which he knew the pains of the spirit which he did not know. Often his decorative effects are sublime simply from the lines of the nude employed with plastic skill and earnest aim, so that, singularly enough, it was religious art, and was not degraded in his hands. It was the idealizing of the nude, illustrating an interesting truth that the nude needs idealization in order to be truly artistic. It needs this for pure art. Without this, owing to the imperfections of human nature and the associations of its history, or in a word its trend from the perfect standard physical and moral, the absolutely real is not beautiful and sometimes the reverse. The Greeks had this idea of truth in the nude and idealized it in sculpture, so that it was almost invariably noble and pure in treatment and at times divine. A change has taken place, partly Christian and partly artificial. The athlete must now wear some clothing. But art ignores the evil sense and is unconscious of it. The sculptor could hardly continue his art without going as the Greeks did to nature for his model. But the true artist, it is affirmed, does not copy the living model, he uses it to correct and perfect his own idea

of beauty. He has an artistic purpose. He has an ideal up to which he works. Modern art has occasionally treated the nude in so realistic a manner that it borders on the impure. This may not be done intentionally, but the effects of the nude though represented by accomplished artists are sometimes purposeless, wonderfully executed as they are in technique, texture, line and color. They are not beautiful and they tend to the sensuous. The nude in art is a weighty question, and it cannot be put out of sight either by the artist or the critic. It should be treated from an artistic as well as ethical point of view, at the same time dealing honestly and without prudery. It should be discussed in the interests both of art and morals; and it is possible that the suggestion which has been made of the necessity of idealizing the nude, of bringing poetic thought into it, of lifting it into the intellectual and purposeful above the merely physical, as Signorelli did, imparting to it truth and sentiment, may go some way toward the solution of this difficult question. The nude gave Signorelli what a subtle writer has called "the tactile values" of his painting in which the human form conveys values of touch and action that nothing else can do so well, and it becomes "the life-communicating effort of the true artist."

Signorelli's angels blowing long trumpets in extended rows and panoplied like mediæval knights call to mind Milton's celestial embattled hosts; and is it not possible that when the young poet was in Italy he saw some of Signorelli's pictures and caught a breath of that rhythmic resounding power which breathes in his lines?

In Volterra, home of an almost equally strong master Daniele da Ricciarelli, Signorelli painted in

more conventional but still forcible manner the 'Circumcision of Christ' and in other places adhered to accustomed rules and themes of religious painting, but as if waking from a dream in Orvieto he gave loose play to his mighty genius. "His play was the pastime of a Prometheus. He made a parade of hard rugged types, scorning to introduce an element of beauty that should distract him from the study of the nude. Of his forms there are different types—the abstract nude as in the 'Resurrection,' and the costumed courtiers and soldiers as in the 'Fulminati'—the demons he seems really to have created." In portraiture too Signorelli was vigorous, as is seen in two figures in the 'Preaching of Antichrist' that are likenesses of Fra Angelico and Signorelli himself. 'The Unknown Man' in the Berlin Museum, so honestly life-like, is enough to prove that Signorelli was a great portrait-painter. There occurs now and then, though rarely, in his most distorted and agitated scenes, a lovely face. He could paint loveliness though his mood was not tender. It is related that when his son, a young man of singular beauty whom he deeply loved, was killed, the father caused him to be stripped of his clothing, uttering no complaint and shedding no tear, and painted a picture of the body so that he might contemplate it as a pure model—a trait of so stern an artist which is pathetic; and his picture of St. Margaret of Cortona representing the dead Christ bewailed by the apostles, which is now on the Duomo choir, is thus spoken of by Vischer: "When we think of the terrible suffering which the master went through this year, the distressing war, the pestilence, the loss of his dear son, the deep tragedy of this splendid picture is redoubled for us; it seems a scene that the painter has gone through." He died in



Cortona at the age of eighty-two, while painting a picture of 'Christ's Baptism.'

Signorelli's technique was "crude and chalky as he cared little for color and all for form;" and he painted with rapidity finishing his stupendous task at Orvieto in three and a half years. He threw himself into bold expression not dwelling on subtleties and color shading. But it might be asked, why dwell on a dead past of art or study the works of such an artist as Signorelli that recall a religious epoch whose element was Fear, when there has come the development, I had almost said revelation, of a religion of Love, and a deeper spiritual apprehension of the teaching of Christ? These paintings do not impress the modern imagination owing to a diverse background of sentiment, but these had a place in the evolution of art which is also the evolution of religion. Such pictures were not the emanations of artistic imagination alone, but they spoke with power to the conscience that accentuated the eternal conflict of good and evil. In ages of oppression they held before men ideas higher than those of the camp and market place; and such works did not change with the changes of the hour or the rise and fall of princely houses, and they blazoned on cathedral walls in lively symbols, like books to be read by learned and simple, lessons of warning and instruction. The Roman Catholic church, it cannot be doubted, has been a splendid patron of art, and she has had as her servants those who painted great pictures, composed great music and built great churches, yet this belongs to the ecclesiastical art of the past. There will continue to be what is rightly called ecclesiastical art, or there will be artists of church architecture, painting, sculpture and music, and there will be those who illustrate the history of religion and the Bible,



but there will be in the times to come less of ecclesiastical patronage. The church will not dominate art. Art seeks its own forms of expression and methods of working. The supersensuous will yield to the human, nor is this to be regretted. The most holy things, the highest mysteries, the Divine Being of our Lord, the Transfiguration, the Crucifixion, the Resurrection and Ascension, and the problems of the life to come, are (it seems to me though I do not say it with positiveness) not conceivable subjects of Art, for they lie in a spiritual plane above Art. Pure minds like Overbeck, Ary Schæffer, the Italian sculptor Giovanni Dupré, cannot again easily make supernatural things themes for art; and to do this does not in itself make Christian art. Art will be no less Christian in the future, but it will not be under the exclusive rule of churchly teaching. It has a field of its own, and it will keep itself to its own sphere which is nature. It will find no want. It will be an instrument for the culture of humanity. It will aid the good to put down the evil, the pure the base. It will help the spiritual side of human advancement. It will find scope in the richness of creation, of the earth let it be ugly or fine, of the mountains, color and light, the problems of beauty and power in the mind, human hope, sorrow and joy, life's drama—the love hidden in the soul which is so deep and which is waiting for an interpreter who is the true artist.

### *Allegoric Sienese Painting*

Siena is still another picturesque hill-city of Umbria. Siena is really part of what was ancient Tuscany embracing more than modern Tuscany, and itself after its changing fortunes, a considerable city, with

a high site amid barren surroundings of yellow sand hills up which the train puffs its zigzag way. Old home of the Ghibellines, stirring events meet in its history. Its crooked streets and quaint market place with the Palazzo Pubblico and the striped Duomo, wear an unchanged look of the Middle Ages. A knight on horseback in full armor might gallop round the weed-grown Piazza del Campo without exciting wonder. The Palazzo Pubblico standing in the centre of the city on the market place was with its gloomy rooms the chief civic building and legislative house of the turbulent little Sieneze republic, and in this historic building are the pictures of the brothers Lorenzetti, which are frescoes laid on mortar while damp, the colors being mixed with water only, and these paintings remaining still tolerably firm and clear. The brothers Lorenzetti illustrate what might be called the allegoric side of the Sieneze school illustrative of abstract ideas, being neither so natural and simple as the works of Giotto, nor so human as those of Signorelli. Ambrogio Lorenzetti was the principal in fame and a leading artist of this type of painting, and his career was in the beginning of the 14th century when Siena was a republic, before oligarchic tyranny had arisen and while the democratic party governed the city with something like antique equity, the painter himself, as was sometimes the case with these early artists, being a statesman, a patriotic citizen influential in the state, and embodying in his works ideas of law and government for the study of his contemporaries and those who came after him. One of his early pictures, Vasari says, was in the church of the 'Friars Minors' representing a young man who becomes a monk and then a martyr to the Sultan, reminding one of St. Francis, and the turmoil of the elements on the gloomy day of

martyrdom is wonderfully delineated. Other frescoes were executed by Ambrogio Lorenzetti at the hospital of Mona Agnese, the church of St. Francesco, and the chapter-house of the Augustine Friars, most of them now destroyed.\* Paintings of his like the 'War of the Asinalunga' in the palace of the Signoria, and eight historic pieces, belong to Siena, and whenever or whatever this artist painted, it was as a Siennese artist. Yet in Cortona, Volterra, Monte Oliveto, Florence, (his two *predella* panels are in the Academy at Florence) he produced works that from their originality gained him note. Independent power is seen, but more than all in his great allegoric work 'The Comune of Siena' in the Hall of Peace at the Palazzo Pubblico. It portrays a seated male figure wearing a citizen's cap, symbol of popular sovereignty. Under his footstool are the Roman twins suckled by a wolf, while above him are angelic figures of the Christian virtues of Faith, Hope and Love; while Justice, Temperance, Magnanimity, Prudence, Fortitude and Peace, six crowned female forms, are enthroned beside the majestic figure of the State. Mounted knights in armor with grave faces are ranged like guards on either hand, and a procession of burghers advances in companies toward the throne, those who have broken the laws being bound. The idea of Civic Justice is impersonated by a figure dispensing rewards and punishments, while Peace, a beautiful woman, with her hair wreathed in blossoms and her hand holding an olive-branch, reclines on a couch. Upon the two other panels Lorenzetti painted allegories of good and bad government. Over the well-governed city floats the winged genius Securitas, while the citizens pursue their occupations with joyful faces.

\* Vasari's Lives, p. 95, notes.

The ill-governed town is full of fighting, plundering and misery, led by the genii of Tyranny and Terror. The painter sets forth his own ideas of civil rule illustrated in the history of Siena, that was at one time strong in popular freedom and able to resist its enemies as seen in the fight at Montaperti against Florence, and then again was rent with bloody factions. Painting was put to highest uses which are to teach virtue and good conduct, and to be a power in social education like philosophy and religion. It was an age following that of Dante when his ideas looking to the reformation of Italy seemed prophetic of Italian unity. Dante was born in 1265 and died in 1321, being of the *tricenti* period, and he was almost the exact contemporary of Giotto and Duccio. He preceded Signorelli and Perugino by nearly two centuries, but was less than a century earlier than the Lorenzetti. This may determine Dante's relations to the renaissance of Italian art from mediæval ideas, when freedom and above all *nature* sprang into life, and of which Dante was the harbinger. Nature, with Dante, meant art, or, in another's words "the ultimate aim of nature with him was perfection, God Himself." Man, Dante held, was the highest work of God in nature, and woman, the most beautiful. Dante, as has been said in the instance of Signorelli, taught painters to study the human body. He promoted also the study of landscape by his particular descriptions of sunset and sunrise, flowers springing from the grass, forests, trees and birds. These are set forth especially in the 'Purgatorio' as similes of deeper things. He paints hills and valleys, flocks of browsing sheep, effects of mist and frost on the mountains, stars fading at the coming of day.\* He delights in allusions to Spring,

\* "Nature in Dante"—a scholarly book to which I owe suggestion.



to the renewal of the earth with flowers and vine-leaves, the outburst of nature which, later in art, we see reproduced in Botticelli and Correggio. His descriptions in 'The Valley of the Princes' take on a classic type like Vergil's poetry. Pictures of places in Northern and Central Italy, of Siena, Assisi, Arezzo, San Gimignano, Forlì, Florence, Bologna, Ravenna, are touched with Homeric epithets of realistic poetic truth. The waterfalls, pure brooks, moonlight, marshes, colors of atmosphere, intense blue of the sky, ash-brown evening, the brilliancy of the stars, the ineffable pure light in the 'Paradiso'—these show æsthetic sympathy with nature that, begun in him, could not but be communicated to artists. He speaks of disembodied spirits as resembling the whirling lightness of dead autumn leaves, even as we sometimes observe not only the drop of the light leaf but the shadow of its fall—like the fluttering of the spirit at death. He sings of red flowers binding the foreheads of martyrs, the white rose that emblemises the Home of the Blest, the tender green of apple-blossoms, the color of Hope

“Less than roses and more than violets.”

Dantesque touches of nature came into painting before the perfected Renaissance, as, for example, in the pictures of Melozzo da Forlì. But it was the intellectual new birth accompanying Dante that made him an inspiration in art. He not only brought into it more of nature but of moral earnestness—

“The Love that moves the sun and the other stars.”

There is a distinctly technical sense in which we may interpret thoughts of Dante in these frescoes of Lorenzetti of civic and religious allegories which were at that time the fashion in Siena, not so far remote from Dante's time. As seen in the pictures they are stiff

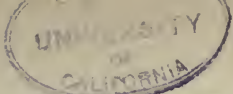


compositions crowded with forms in which the artist has sacrificed beauty to meaning, giving, for example, two faces to Dissimulation and three eyes to Prudence, but he attempted to do something more than this. "Art," says another, "struggled in the effort to express complex thought, through the medium of forms. Resigning her natural function of creating loveliness, art became handmaid of scholastic learning. It was enough for the artist that the symbolic manner prevailed among the learned, and he concluded that it was by that way he too should appeal to the intelligence of the laity." This personification of moral qualities is also a characteristic of modern art, of sculpture in especial, and is apt to be carried to an extreme in the expression of American democratic ideas that deal with the general rather than the individual. If carried too far it may lead away from nature into artificiality and false synthesis that kills life. It is better applied to architecture or architectonic sculpture than to painting, which seeks to express real organic life. This phase of mediæval painting arose when men loved and lived in the idea more than the reality, when not only Dante pursued the spiritual form of Beatrice into heaven and death itself could not break the transcendent loyalty of the soul to the beloved, so that Beatrice looked from "the lucent cloud" like "the eternal pearl," but when also the spirit of Chivalry, chaste, noble and heroic, led the soul upward. The two brothers Lorenzetti were conspicuous among the crowd of Sieneese artists as ideal and philosophic artists, with a greater breadth of conception and composition, but who were without the religious feeling that characterized a second and more important type of painters belonging to the same school.

*Religious School of Sienese Painting*

Sieneſe artiſts cared more for the expreſſion of the ſpiritual than for the beauty of the natural. "The Florentines were robuſt, coarſe at times, but the Sieneſe were finely ſentimental. Their fancy ran to ſweetneſs of expreſſion rather than bodily vigor. The forms were delicate, the necks ſlender, the faces refined. Their art was more ornate and richer in gilding, color and detail, than Florentine art; but it was alſo more finical and narrower in ſcope and theme." In the Sala di Balia of this ſame Palazzo Pubblico, among freſcoes of ſacred ſubjects by Spinello Aretino (1408) there is a picture of the historic incident of the Emperor Frederic Barbaroſſa leading the Pope's horſe, like a groom. In the vestibule of the Sala del Gran Conſiglio are ſeen freſcoes of devout painters like Simone Martini, Guido da Siena and Taddeo Bartolo, infused with fervid religious ſentiment. In Bartolo's picture of the 'Burial of the Virgin' its architecture ſhows pinnacles, towers and gargoyles. Bartolo (1362-1422) was a contemporary of the Lorenzetti. His 'Death of the Virgin' repreſents the Saviour receiving her in heaven, and is feelingly conceived. In this room is a notable picture of the Madonna under a canopy, by Simone Martini.

Siena cathedral, built by the enthuſiaſtic coöperation of all claſſes, nobles, burghers, peaſants, weavers, ſhoemakers, was begun early in the 13th century but was never carried out according to its original plan, owing to ſome ſtructural defects to which the irregularity of the preſent edifice is due. The nave was finiſhed in 1339, and in 1348 the church as it ſtands, was completed. Its walls were extended to the Bap-



tistry of San Giovanni, but these are now ruined arches and arcades showing the magnificent scope of the design. The west front, of tricuspidal form, exhibits a combination of the pointed and circular styles of Gothic Italian architecture, and is decorated with carvings like those of the Orvieto cathedral, while the characteristic tiger stripes of alternate colors suggest the ferocious wars of the republic. The grand nave, to my mind, is not so impressive as that of the Orvieto cathedral but more brilliant and bizarre. The graffito mosaics of the pavement with Biblical scenes and figures of prophets, saints, sibyls and warriors seem to be more studied than religious, but they remind one of Dante's tablets of character and humanity stamped on the pavement of Purgatory as if fixed by eternal decree. The white marble pulpit reared on columns by Niccolò Pisano and his son, who were of Sienese stock, resembles such works in Pisa, and shows how closely related, and forming as it were one cycle, were these towns of Siena, Pisa, Lucca, Perugia and Florence. It exhibits the luxuriant development of religious art immediately preceding the Renaissance and leading to it. The sculptor evinces an endlessly fertile invention and, could we read these carvings in contemporaneous light, they would be as full of meaning as a book. The pedestals are lionesses, each holding a lamb in its jaws, and from their bodies spring eight small columns expanding into foliage like trees, and on the entablature of the columns supporting an octagonal arch, over each pillar sits a woman holding an infant, emblematic, it may be, of the naked soul protected by divine love. The pulpit from which many a fiery monk hurled his passionate denunciations or glowing promises, has panels filled with figures of apostles, saints, virgins and common people, which

might tell us of humanity as well as divinity, of the thought of the people who listened to the preacher. The library of the cathedral (*Libreria*) is itself a splendid art monument. It was built by order of Cardinal Francesco Piccolomini in 1495, and ornamented with ten large paintings which compose some of the most superb frescoes in Italy and exemplify the decorative quality of such works. They were made in 1505-7 by Pinturicchio, and are scenes in the life of Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini who became Pope Pius II. In the painting called 'The Departure of Æneas for the Council of Basle' is the white horse so full of lifelike beauty that he seems to walk out of the picture. 'Æneas elected Pope,' 'The Canonization of St. Catherine of Siena,' 'The Death of Pius II' and 'The Espousal of Eleonora of Portugal with Frederick III,' are subjects in which there is a mixture of the Gothic and classic styles in the artist's imagination. They are scenes of gorgeous costumes with bits of landscape full of color and movement. In one of them are portraits of Pinturicchio, Andrea del Sarto, Giovanni da Udine and Raphael, the figures bearing candles. The portrait of Raphael, tradition says, was painted by himself. In the beautiful face and gentle eyes, the turn of the head, and surprising grace of the figure, it is, possibly, an authentic likeness of Raphael's youth. The remainder of the rooms in the cathedral are filled with paintings and sculptures, treasuries of mediæval art. Outside of the cathedral where the steps terminate under the arches of an unfinished nave, stands the Opera del Duomo, in which building are collected pictures of older Sienese masters, dark with age, in which however the spirit lives and glows. Duccio di Buoninsegna (1282-1339) is one of these painters. His life is a step on in art. He



was the founder of the Sieneſe religious ſchool. Vaſari ſays that he deſigned the pavement of the cathedral, but this belonged to the later academic period of Pin-turicchio. In his pictures, rigid and overloaded with gilding in Byzantine faſhion, there is ſtill the artiſtic ſenſe. The hands and feet are better drawn than in previous art. There is an idea of compoſition and the laying out of the drawing for effect, but he did not know how to put true value in figures as Giotto did, yet there was a meaning in his paintings that never allowed them to be dull. His painting is from the heart. The 'Incredulity of Thomas' is markedly thoughtful in deſign. He has been called the laſt of the great artiſts of the ancient period, while Giotto is firſt of the modern. One of Duccio's noted works is the Madonna painted for the Siena cathedral, which, like Cimabue's Madonna, was borne in proceſſion (this one June 9, 1310) from the artiſt's room to the Duomo. The throne of the Virgin ſhows delicate coſmatic work, and the Sieneſe ſaints in the picture have a vigorous individuality, and ſome are noble with a refinement which belongs to the Sieneſe ſchool. In this collection of the Opera del Duomo is Duccio's famous reredos on which are painted the ſmall ſeries, in twenty-four ſections, of the Life of Chriſt, minutely clear and abounding in wonderfully varied intereſts of life, which was intended to form part of the Majeſtas, a great work that formed the glory of the old Sieneſe ſchool of religious painters.

Simone Martini (1276-1344) almoſt reached the height of his maſter Duccio, and his firſt efforts too were at Siena, where is the 'Queen of Heaven' in the Palazzo Pubblico to which alluſion has been made. Simone Martini did not depart from the ſtyle of Duccio and was more exquisite in workmanſhip and inclined



to over-refinement, but he was a sincere artist, rising in some of his works to ardent devotional expression carrying the thought to a lofty height ; and one writer says that "sometimes his single heads have an incomparable sweetness." He had an eye for grace and his forms are rounder than those in the pictures of his predecessors. His coloring too for such old art is good. There is a rapt expression in the faces as if they were of those prepared for martyrdom ; and it is strange that we find such depth of religious feeling in the fierce as well as frivolous people of Siena, whose blood flowed in the streets and the revellers went mad turning the edge of their passions against each other. But in their nature the Sieneese had the temperament sensitive to spiritual impressions, which originated a school of religious art that was sincere of its kind, and it is interesting to note that Siena's patron saint was the St. Catherine who was a theme of many beautiful legends and whose love was so deep and consecrated that she saw her Lord (as did St. Theresa of Avila) in visions. Her portrait in fresco is seen in the church of San Domenico, though there is a more idealized picture by Agostino Carracci representing her holding lilies and with two accompanying angels, which painting is at present in the Borghese palace in Rome.

"The people of Siena were quick to obey the promptings of their passions, whether they took the form of hatred or love, of spiritual fervor or carnal violence." The religious feeling was a passive one and it needed ecstatic art for interpretation. The Florentines were more justly balanced and less abandoned to the frenzies of impassioned impulse. In some aspects the Sieneese school retained that Giottesque spirit which is so artlessly winning and which shows how delightful art can be if sincere. It is the repre-

sentation of transcendent events through the homely life of the immediate present. Landscape, architecture, streets, rooms, furniture, weapons, dresses, colors, are depicted as they were when the painter lived who transferred his knowledge to the past, to Galilee or heaven; who aimed not for chronologic accuracy in form but attempted to express the religious sentiment in its familiar features; and when the Renaissance went on increasing in knowledge and discrimination there began to be manifested a sense of the beautiful and all the settled principles of art such as form, composition, color and ideality; but the childlike realism lasted long as a basis of everything, giving an actual life to unseen realities.

In the Instituto delle Belle Arti at Siena are many archaic pictures that have been brought together from the Duomo, the Palazzo Pubblico and other places in and out of Siena, including the cartoons used in making the cathedral floor, one of them ascribed to Albrecht Dürer. There is also a painting (1336), of 'The mother, child and grandmother,' the last holding in her lap the others, that illustrates the legend-making tendency which created scenes that never took place in order to awaken devotional feeling. Another picture by Giovanni di Paolo is a scene in Paradise with trees and flowers partly classical, showing asphodel meadows on which rests eternal sunshine, and where is given the kiss of peace as in the primitive church, while saints, popes, angels, cherubs, and holy virgins, meet in a glowing atmosphere of heavenly joy. A finer painting by Benvenuto di Giovanni portrays the Madonna and Child, with hovering angels playing a symphony on different musical instruments, type of ecclesiastical art that here brings in music to aid painting, and the scene shines with life

and beauty in the faces of the angels and in the loveliness of the Madonna. The Madonna, sweet and pathetic, gentle and pure, evoked a tender religious sentiment; but that the feeling which was awakened was of the highest spiritual character is perhaps more questionable. It certainly expressed the 'eternally feminine' (*ewig weibliche*) in religion. The Madonna, above all, met a want in the Middle Ages, at a time when the spiritual life was at a low ebb and was almost lost under dogmas and forms usurping the place of the true *via media* through Christ, and it was in this painful void that the element of divine sympathy for man was yearned for, and seemed to be in some measure supplied, by the Virgin Mary. We are reminded of Renan's enthusiastic words about his first visit to Italy, that when he went to Italy the Madonnas conquered him. "Our idealism," he said, "is cold, abstract and severe, with no imagery, while the idealism of this people is more plastic and ever seeks expression in some beautiful form. You cannot walk here for ten minutes without being impressed by this prodigious wealth of imagery. The ideal is omnipresent and I am completely conquered." While the Madonnas of Early Italian art speak to the heart and the Virgin Mary deserves special honor, and "blessed among women" as she is declared to be, and blessedly as she is fitted to be an object of pious emotion, she is still but human and not a mediator. There is a limit to the devotional sentiment here, beyond which it is not lawful to pass; and with this serious limitation, we wonder at the beauty in which old Italian painting sought to represent ideal purity and loveliness in Mary.

Another painting by Benvenuto di Giovanni, delineates the Madonna and the angelic choir in still better



HOLY FAMILY WITH SAINTS







technique. This artist, called also Matteo da Siena (1435-1495), is of high order as regards expression and coloring, but there is in him an affectation characteristic of the Sieneese style. The life of this painter is described by Vasari as one of almost angelic saintliness. "He painted incessantly but would never lay his hand to any but a sacred theme; he might have amassed wealth but despised it. He was wont to say 'The practice of art requires quiet and holy thought, and he who would paint the acts of Christ must live the life of Christ.'"

A great part of Italian religious painting belonged to the period of mysticism which has its good as well as evil side, and it has more than once brought back life to the dead church, since self-absorption in Divine Love aroused lofty feelings in the minds of good men like those of the painter just mentioned; but mysticism of a subtly sensuous origin, unguided by truth and reason and influenced chiefly by imagination and passion, produced in the enthusiastic Italian nature at one moment an illumination like the opening of a window in heaven, and at another moment depression that sunk the soul into the depths of despair. The artists themselves were mystics, sometimes were monks, and if not so they followed the methods of a mystic art, for the painting of religious pictures was a guild governed by its own rules, and artists helped the worshipper to experience raptures of devotion by pathetic pictures hung in the half obscure light of vast churches and twinkling shrines. The art belonged to the age and its religion. It was a glimpse into the border-land of the supernatural where much is imaginary and uncertain.

The Catholic church has admitted the æsthetic element into worship, thus recognizing a very important

element of human nature, and it has even admitted the aid of the sensuous nature in ritual, the appeal to eye, ear and outward sense; and were Puritan criticism brought ruthlessly to bear on these æsthetic works, wrong might be done. The artists, consciously or unconsciously, strove through their art to convey conceptions of things supersensual, and, above all, of the divine compassion. And is the truth of the divine love to man too strongly apprehended in a rationalistic age? Does its tenderness penetrate all hearts? I grant there will not be in the future this romantic and legendary art with its soft pensive radiance reflected from the pitying eyes of Madonnas and angels, but there will be, it is to be hoped, a spiritual teaching that shall raise the soul above the sensual life by the transforming power of divine love.

In regard to what I have said concerning Christian art I would not in the least decry the office of modern religious art, or discourage the artist from representing the powerful dramatic events and characters of the Old Testament, and, above all, those sacred scenes in which the human life of our Lord displayed itself as he "went about doing good"; nothing could be more beautiful; nothing could be more fit for art's highest purposes than the "parables" in which nature and love are blended; so too the varied and wonderful lives of the earliest disciples, such as the martyrdom of Stephen, Peter's imprisonment and Paul at Athens, have furnished glorious opportunities for art; and if the artist by faith and love can enter into the pure spirit of scenes like these, into their reality, let him by all means do so; but my reference was directed to attempts to delineate supernatural events and existences in which the imagination, helped by ecclesiastic conditions and formulas, must necessarily play a large

part ; and to illustrate the inherent difficulties of the subject and the care with which a conscientious modern artist should proceed, I would quote some characteristic words of Sir John Everett Millais spoken towards the close of a long artistic life : " There is still an interest in works of a devotional character ; but the passionate, intensely realistic, and Dante-like faith and worship which inspired the old masters is extinct, or nearly so. It is the difficulty of giving agreeable reality to sacred subjects which daunts the modern artists, living in a critical age and sensitive to criticism. I should like very much to paint a large devotional picture, having for its subject ' Suffer little children to come unto me ' ; I should feel the greatest delight in painting it ; but the first question that occurs to me is, what children do we care about ? Why, our own fair English children, of course ; not the brown, beady-eyed, sinuous-looking children of Syria. And with what sense of fitness could I paint the Saviour bare-headed under the sun of Palestine, surrounded by dusky gipsy-like children ; or, on the other hand, translate the whole scene to England ? The public is too critical to bear this kind of thing now, and I should be weighed down by the sense of unreality in treating a divinely beautiful subject."

A picture of the ' Visitation,' by Giacomo Pacchiarotta, is pleasing, if any of these age-blackened frescoes can be called so, and while the dresses and attitudes are finical they bespeak refinement, especially in the more decorative parts. Pacchiarotta (1474-1540) was not a painter of strong qualities and he marked a period of decline of Sieneese art. Another later Sieneese artist, Neroccio Landi, is also highly ornate, as seen in the costume of St. Michael in the ' Madonna with two

saints,' though there is dignity in the figures and the Madonna is queenly. A 'Holy Family' by Pinturicchio is more academic than any of the paintings mentioned, and has the liveliness and finish of this accomplished though somewhat unimaginative artist. There is "amiability," as the French say, in the picture. The little St. John has a classic pitcher in his hand as sign of baptism, while the Jesus holds the book of the law and the prophets. I will speak of this master in another place. Sano di Pietro's 'Madonna with saints' is in the older conventional but devout style, with a sweet melancholy in the mother's eyes. In the Large Hall is an 'Annunciation' by Paris Bordone, a Venetian painter of the Titianesque school, celebrated for his portraits and brilliant coloring, though not for correct drawing or form. Of the later period of Sieneese art, comes Sodoma, whose picture of the 'Deposition' though not deeply religious has variety of composition and admirable technique. If wanting in pathos and more academic than devotional, it has all that goes to make a good painting, but his 'Christ at the column' has more feeling. He was a pupil of Leonardo da Vinci and a friend of Raphael, belonging to the general revival or reconstruction of art in the 16th century. He was a Sieneese of the decadent school, remarkable for his mastery of the human form and the sensuous grace of tone and expression; his most famous work, the 'St. Sebastian,' in the Uffizi, is of almost Hellenic beauty.

Sodoma, or Sogdoma, otherwise Gian Antonio Razzi, was born at Vicelli in 1477, and his best works are frescoes at Monte Oliveto. Sometimes he was great and at other times only smooth and pleasing, his style being flashy though full of charm, and it exerted a considerable influence on the Sieneese school his disci-



ples being Girolamo del Pecchia, Domenico Beccafumi, and Baldassare Peruzzi. In these as well as in their master the increasingly bad influence of the Roman school, which was cold, florid and ambitious, quenching the devotional spirit, was felt. A still later painter is Girolamo Genga who ends the list, and who is well exemplified in his curious painting of 'The Flight of Æneas from Troy.' The burning city of mediæval architecture, the curling flames in the black background, the colossal wooden horse, the galloping horseman, the gigantic form of Æneas's wife magnified as in the Æneid, the little Iulus marching with ill-matched steps, the old Anchises with his household gods and the symbolic lion at the right, form a mixture of mediæval and classic ideas opening into the thought of the age. These are a few instances of the riches of the Museum of the Belle Arti and of Sienese art, which reached its acme while in the shadow of the Gothic ages and stopped there, not attaining (with rare exceptions) the development of other Italian schools; but perhaps it gained in one respect inasmuch as it did not fall into the pedantry of the Renaissance and retained its winning character of devotional and at times ecstatic religious painting.

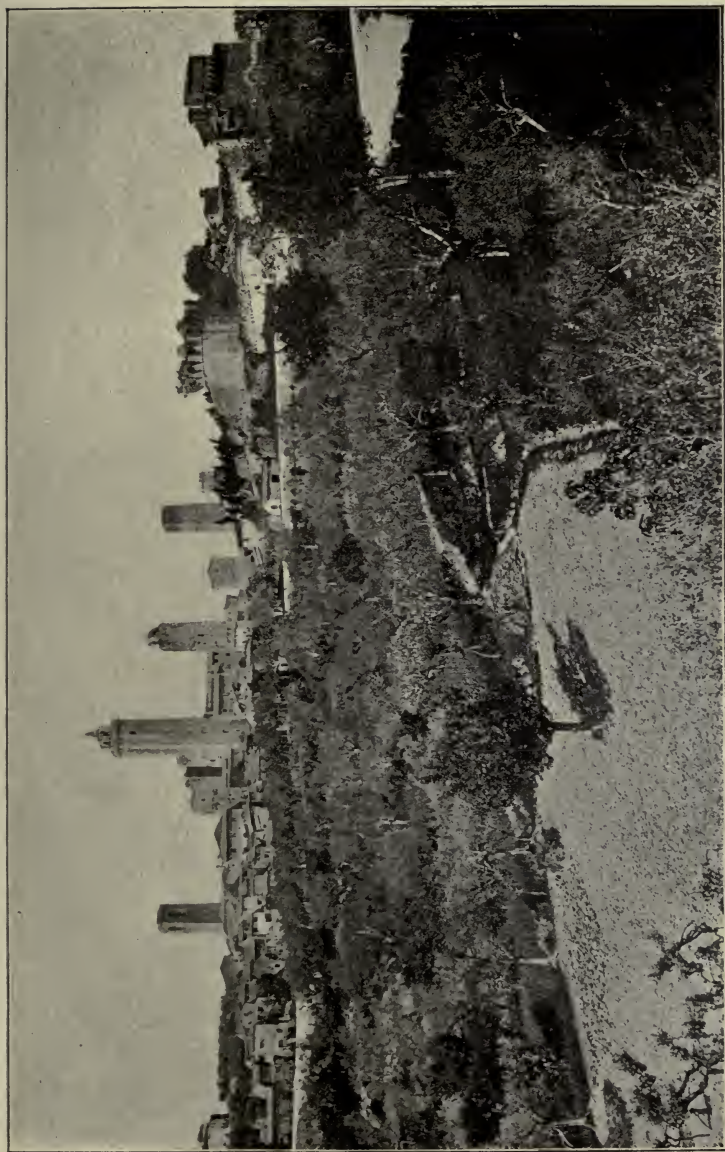
*San Gimignano: Benozzo Gozzoli*

Fresco painting is the grand art of the Middle Ages by which the spirit of that epoch, fierce, devout, splendid, yet homely and humorous, found its scope. Across the vast blank walls of churches and of enormous civic buildings the artist boldly dashed his brush on freshly laid plaster lime while it was yet wet, in colors capable of resisting the caustic action of lime. At first he roughly outlined his designs on the walls



but afterwards employed cartoons by which the spaces were blocked, marking and guiding more accurately the drawing. The real painting was done in distemper, which is a method in which colors are mixed with some binding medium soluble in water. Giotto was among the first to reduce these colors to a system composed of several ingredients in careful proportion. The pigments used were white, black, red, sometimes a lighter purple-red, and green and yellow with intervening shades. More scientifically at a later period different oxides, cobalt, lake, vermilion, verdigris, indigo and white lead were used. "In one painting dark red in distemper was laid over a preparation of light red, and in another painting a brown robe that had been colored in tempera overlaid gray in fresco." Even black groundwork was practised to paint green leaves upon and draperies were touched with graduated colors lightened by white, and when these were fresh the effect was splendid and unsurpassed as a mural decoration. It was vivid with moving life. Subtle geniuses like Giotto, Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci labored to perfect fresco painting, and Michael Angelo said that all other painting was child's play and fresco only fit for a man. The paintings of Benozzo Gozzoli were begun in fresco and finished in distemper but their effect was that of fresco though even clearer. His power of drawing was so great that he worked swiftly and the picture grew fast under his hand at the moment of laying on the colors. The lime remained damp but a day, so that the painter was forced to think and execute rapidly. Dealing in masses of color, while putting in the details there was a struggle between hand and brain, stimulating both.

One of the centres of Gozzoli's artistic activities was the cloistral and many-towered San Gimignano, a



SAN GIMIGNANO



mountain town approached by rail from Siena as far as the little station of Poggibonsi, and thence by foot or wagon up a pleasant hill road of six miles. It is loftily perched, and shows from afar a group of gray antique towers as if roughly sketched on the Gothic page of Dante. Its stack of gaunt rectangular towers, weather-worn and some of them out of the true, crowns the hill. These once numbered half a hundred, but are now reduced by war and time to thirteen haughty landmarks of the fighting days of Guelphs and Ghibellines in the early half of the 14th century; and, though not so tall they are more striking from their number than the two giants of Bologna sung by Dante. As an old Tuscan town showing how it once looked from a distance, San Gimignano is one of the most picturesque places in Italy. Within, the town blocks of solid stone houses built by the nobles and grouped for defence rise massive and black, but bare of ornament and with small, prison-like windows. The whole is enclosed in a narrow cincture of walls bristling with tall feudal keeps like a sheaf of spears, and which, when the people grew more free and powerful, they partially pulled down as if to get a breathing space.

In the middle of the town is the market-place where stand the Palazzo Pubblico and the Torre del Comune with the still older 12th century cathedral. A room in the Palazzo Pubblico contains a few frescoes, among them two *tondi* by Filippino Lippi. The most notable figure in these is that of the angel Gabriel with iridescent wings, now almost faded, but the face, neither that of a man or woman, is illumined with holy gladness, and the messenger has a breezy rush of new arrival more heavenly than that of the Iris of the Parthenon; and as angel of the annuncia-



tion Gabriel bears a white lily and is the favorite subject of Filippino's brush, whose charm and sweetness seem to be caught more from the grace of his fellow pupil Botticelli than from the force of his master and father Filippo Lippi. Frescoes of this lovely and refined artist are found in Florence, Prato, Lucca, Genoa and Rome, the last illustrative of the life of St. Thomas Aquinas; and he was also an innovator in fresco painting, introducing variety in the management of flesh tints and other details. He was possessed by the demonic activity of the old masters who were taken up with their art, permitting it to have no rival. He showed a change of style in the last part of his life, at which period he tried to assimilate the Renaissance culture which set in after the *quattrocento*, and he is regarded as one of the great trio of Middle Renaissance painters, the others being Ghirlandajo and Botticelli.

Within the neighboring cathedral, in the side chapel of the Cappella S. Fina, are some fine frescoes of Ghirlandajo representing the vision and death of the local saint Fina, a girl who died at the age of fifteen. The groups and the boy-choristers of the Santa Fina series exhibit gay costumes and the elegant decorative style of the Middle Renaissance, but more than all the artist's own calm and orderly technique and the strong individuality of his heads.

Domenico Ghirlandajo (1449-1494) rejoiced in the longer name of Domenico di Carradi di Doffo Bigordi, and took the name of 'Ghirlandajo' from his youthful occupation of goldsmith in which he made golden garlands for the Florentine women. As a painter he held a place in the last half of the fifteenth century between the narrow and broad styles, between Fra Angelico and Raphael, looking to the perfect yet not attaining



it ; but there was a fresh stir of nature, a new conception of art, a free spirit of which this master felt the influence, though he had not the power to seize it fully. He was a realistic painter combined with great technical skill. One writer says : " In the trio of great Florentine painters whose works filled the last quarter of the fifteenth century Ghirlandajo is less original than Botticelli, less tender than Filippo Lippi, but more powerful than either of them and more direct. The note which he strikes is less thrilling but deeper ; the types he presents are less fascinating, but more human." While Ghirlandajo was by no means so original as Giotto, he had more trained skill, and as a fresco painter he was majestic, suave and picturesque. He was strong in portraiture as great artists usually are, and his likenesses of Amerigo Vespucci and other Florentine contemporaries were roughly truthful. He was indeed a master of fresco, using brilliant colors, and yet he was not one of the great masters, for he did not grasp the poetic element of " space-composition " which would have lifted him at once into a higher sphere. He was rather wanting in imagination. He was religious but never soars. He was delightful but does not touch the highest level of beauty. His best works are the ' St. Francis series ' in the Florentine San Trinità, and the ' Life of the Virgin ' in the Santa Maria Novella of which I will speak further on. He was enormously grasping and wished to adorn all the churches and walls of Florence, to be paid accordingly. He made good gain by his profession, and why should he not, though this shows he was not lost in art for art's sake, or for art's highest aims, as was Signorelli, or a more modern noted artist who declared that he " would work to give his imagination shape if the million were not there to un-

derstand him, for he knew that the ideal for which he labored was divine whether he fell or whether he succeeded." Ruskin disparagingly calls Ghirlandajo "a goldsmith with a gift of portraiture," while Taine says "one might pass hours in contemplating the figures of the women he paints and the divine uncouthness of their gravity;" and Bonnat emphasizes these words by saying that "his works are superb but a little savage." He had no end of invention and could set off his paintings with elegant ornamentation—in fine he was one of the most accomplished artists of his time though not great, since something of the goldsmith clung to him. In the Palazzo Pubblico is another of his pictures, 'The Virgin enthroned with saints,' in which there are pillow-like clouds and illuminated rays about the seated figure. The heads of the saints are vigorous and doubtless drawn from real life of the ascetic Italian type, as their tone is hard, while the Virgin's face is both grave and lovely.

Passing by the works of other painters to be found here, such as Bartolo di Fredi and Taddeo Bartolo, I would notice that remarkable series of frescoes which make San Gimignano famous, and which are among the most characteristic works of Benozzo Gozzoli.

At the further end of the town, in the Via delle Romite and wearing a deserted look, stands the venerable church of San Agostino dating from 1280. In the weed-grown square is an ancient well whose curbstone is worn into channels by the ropes that let down the copper buckets, and here a group of dark-browed Italian girls were drawing water like Rebecca, but more thoughtlessly, for one of them lost her bucket in the well with much laughter from the rest. It was a bit of real life amid the silent shadows of the past. In the barn-like cool interior of the church with its broad

light and shade, and in the narrower choir, are the seventeen fresco-paintings by Gozzoli of the life of St. Augustine.

Unequal in merit yet full of character these frescoes of St. Augustine are sometimes realistic and humorous to the verge of coarseness, and they traverse the steps of the holy man from childhood to old age with none too much reverence but with no irreverence. The first picture is of 'Augustine as a Schoolboy' with his book under his arm following his tutor, in which painting the architecture is a contemporaneous study, but how full of personality the dainty gentlewoman on the left, the teacher caressing by a touch the cheek of a child, the handsome priggish lad Augustine, the half-nude boy bawling as he receives chastisement in Augustine's stead, the animation, bustle, movement of an old Italian street scene! The next fresco represents the youth 'Augustine setting out for Milan,' in which the faces are life-like and the sadness on Augustine's countenance is marked like that of a young man who leaves for the first time his home to go into the world—a *genre* picture in which the passions of young and old are discriminated. The rider is gayly attired and booted and spurred for his journey, but the foreshortening of the horse is a bold attempt only tolerably successful. The cloistered bow-headed architecture is of Romanesque style. Then comes Augustine's 'Entrance on University Life,' and though this fresco is somewhat effaced it has characteristic portraits, since two of the faces and forms are those of persons introduced in Gozzoli's later pictures. The painting of Augustine's 'Journey to Africa' is more badly damaged, but it marks the artist's accurate study of people, costumes, occupations, amusements, horses, carriages and ships—a lovely function of art

this, to conserve the form and pressure of an historic epoch, just as the prehistoric artist stamped his age on carved reindeer horns in images of the mastodon, auroch and cave-bear; and the maker of the huge heraldic fire-places of the time of Louis XIII set forth the royal magnificence of that age! Art has kept alive more of Assyria, Egypt, and, I had almost said, Greece, than has the literature of these countries, since art is the emotional impression of real facts on the mind of an acute and sensitive observer, and is more true than if printed on a photographic plate.

Augustine's 'Teaching of philosophy' is one of the best of the series, for in it the faces of students are differentiated as real portraits, some attentive, some questioning, some approving, and one face on the left of the lecturer bearing an ideal type of concentration, as if this man could look at the edge of a razor half an hour without winking; while a little dog in the centre of the picture takes the point too and is a *philosophe sans sagesse*. The spirited standing figure in scarlet silk dress with short yellow mantle, the last on the row, is that of a young noble, and there are heads of Roman emperors in the medallions of the frieze. A facsimile of this is among the best of the Arundel reproductions of Italian frescoes. The architecture, desk and chairs are academic rather than ecclesiastic, showing in fact a mediæval university professor with his class of students before him. Augustine's 'Departure from Rome' represents him in his beautiful young manhood, and the same faces of companions occur with the same little yellow dog, for Benozzo never misses introducing a dog or some kind of animal when he can do so, and in this way he enlivens grave subjects that seem to oppress his cheerful nature.



ELOGIUM SACRI DOCTOR, PARISIENSIS ET INGENS  
GEMIGNANIACI FAMAE DECUSQUE SOLI  
HOC PROPRIO SYMPTV DOMINICIUS ILLI SUCCELLVM  
INSIGNEM IVSSIT PINGERE BENOTTIVM, MCCCCXXXVI



AUGUSTINE'S DEPARTURE FROM ROME





The scene of the next fresco of the 'Conversion' is laid at Milan, and we see in it Augustine listening to the great preacher Ambrose, or rather the two conversing together upon spiritual themes, while the mother Monica is praying. There is a profound earnestness in the expression of each face and that of Augustine shines with a lovely spirituality. Augustine's 'Baptism at Milan by Ambrose' is, as a painting, of inferior merit, but the cup of water is curiously designed, and the countenances of the actors are of the metaphysico-theological type. In the fresco of 'Jesus showing Augustine the mystery of the Trinity' there is the representation of Jesus as an infant on the sea shore dipping with a shell from the unfathomable depths of ocean. The "Confessions of Augustine" might be read with the help of these pictures as a running commentary upon the life of a great man who was only too human, but who was fitted by his mighty intellect and deep experience to be a teacher of other men.

The 'Death of Monica' is pathetic, her dying visions mingling with the play of children, and a group of holy women around her bed recall Matthew Arnold's verses :

"Ah, could thy grave at home, at Carthage, be !

Care not for that and lay me where I fall !

Everywhere heard will be the judgment-call.

But at God's altar, oh ! remember me.

Creeds pass, rites change, no altar standeth whole

Yet in her memory, as she pray'd, will keep,

Keep by this : Life in God, and union there !"

Augustine's 'Benediction of Hippo' represents the saint as a venerable man, and the picture is taken at a moment of popular terror caused by the approach of the Visigoths under Genseric. The 'Funeral of Augustine' displays more of ecclesiastic pomp and

magnificence than seems quite befitting the last rites of the penitent follower of a lowly Master, but the arrangement of the long rows of candles has a scenic effect and the austere monastic architecture lends something to the solemnity; yet, after all, it is the reality, the light and shadow of actual events, the earthly and spiritual, the changeful scenery of the life of a struggling and victorious man, which give these frescoes their interest, and the 'Entombment' itself has a varied expression, proving the power of a student of humanity who is capable of entering into all phases of life and death.

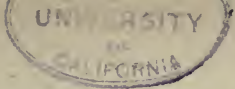
Benozzo Gozzoli (1424-1496), the most delightful of the old painters, was, oddly enough, a pupil of Fra Angelico, but he never professed to fly so high as his saintly teacher, and he kept on the firm earth. While original, he was, like Ghirlandajo, keenly assimilative of all that had gone before. He saw for himself, but he did not treat contemptuously the wisdom of others, and made use of the knowledge that preceded, especially of all that had to do with fresco painting. He experimented scientifically, making constant essays in color, perspective and foreshortening, architectural design, drawing and composition. He observed nature and was among the first to do so—trees, plants, rocks, water, vines, clouds, animals, men—men in crowds and all varieties of action. "His feeling for fresh nature," says Symonds, "for hunters in the woods at night or dawn, for vintage gatherers among their grapes, for festival groups of cavaliers and pages and for the marriage dances of young men and maidens yields a delightful gladness to compositions lacking the simplicity of Giotto and the dignity of Masaccio. No one knew better how to sketch the quarrels of little boys, or the laughter of serving-women, or children

carrying their books to school ; and when the idyllic genius of the man was applied to graver themes, his fancy supplied him with multitudes of angels waving rainbow-colored wings above fair mortal faces. Bevies of them nestle like pigeons on the pent-house of the hut at Bethlehem or crowd around the infant Christ." Carrying out the thought, Benozzo, though a religious artist, was absorbed in the human more than the divine, in earth more than heaven, in solid men more than ethereal angels, and in animals, trees, plants which spring from the earth, almost more than men. While the simple painter of common nature he was also court-painter in the employ of the Medici. He could do both rarely. He could delineate the half regal luxury of a professedly republican Florence and the rich trappings of cavaliers and pomp of sumptuous life, as in the brilliant Riccardi frescoes of which I will speak again. "In his story of the Magi are likenesses of princes and great men in the gay costumes of the 15th century." He dipped his brush in life. He caught a face as it went by him and made it live for all time. We see in his frescoes the strong personalities of Cosimo and Piero di Medici, Ficinius, Argeropolo the Greek, philosophers, churchmen and soldiers. As has been said no one can know Italian history without knowing Italian art ; he cannot vividly conceive of the political changes, and the shifting fortunes of the great families such as the Medici, Visconti, Sforza, Gonzaga, d'Este, without some sympathetic familiarity with the speaking works of Predio, Cristoforo, Solari, Leonardo da Vinci and Benozzo Gozzoli, who limned and sculptured the actors themselves as they rode to war, hunted, danced, walked, mingled with the people in civic halls and streets, worshipped at the altars and lay in stark effigy on the tombs.

Benozzo not only painted smaller pictures in oil but threw off his great compositions in the Campo Santo at Pisa, decorating a wall that runs the whole length of that building with animated stories of the Flood and Noah, in which he had opportunity to delineate all the animals he wished. He mingled a bold imagination with a delicious naïveté, and was a born story teller. No man wrought with more freedom and satisfaction in his art in which he found his reward, painting unweariedly in many parts of Italy until his death at the age of ninety-two.

The frescoes of San Gimignano belong to the earlier portion of Benozzo's career. In Rome he depicted the 'Life of St. Anthony of Padua' in the church of Ara Cœli, and in Pisa the 'Life of St. Benedict.' He painted large frescoes with broad strokes and smaller altar pieces with delicate lines, and one of his most finished works is considered to be the picture, not a large one, in the Louvre, painted originally for the cathedral at Pisa, and representing St. Thomas Aquinas surrounded by learned men who discuss the writings of the father, among them Pope Sixtus IV, and cardinals and leaders of religious orders. Benozzo Gozzoli was at the same time portrait painter, landscapist, animal artist, master of decoration, maker of religious altar-pieces, realist and poet. He reached into possibilities of nature when nature was at a discount. He knew his own field, not repressing a free spirit under ecclesiastic or civil rule; and he filled a place in the history of art which was natural, wholesome, joyful and true. In like manner he belonged to the intellectual and progressive, one might say, scientific, Florentine school, and touched also the mystic, though but at points where it touched the human, as in the frescoes of the life of Augustine.



*Prato, Pistoja and Arezzo*

Before coming to the wider fields of Perugia and Florence I will speak of two or three smaller towns in this neighborhood, and among them Prato in Toscana on the stream of the Bisenzio, one and a half hours north of Florence, a place now of thirteen thousand inhabitants, and, like Pistoja, full of charming works of the Early Renaissance when illumined by the greater light of Florence. If it is said that Botticelli was born at Prato, Fra Filippo Lippi was chief painter and Andrea della Robbia chief sculptor of Prato and Pistoja, the standing of these small towns in art may be conceived. Insignificant in size they have a dignity and an artistic and architectural nobility which rebukes the vulgar vanity of modern rich cities. One sees the importance of Prato in an architectural point of view from its cathedral, unique in some respects, its campanile, its market-place, fountain, cloistered churches with splendid frescoes, and other works whose variety is wonderful, and astonishing is it that the creative power and the appreciation which made possible such works, seems to have ceased in the ordinary modern Italian mind in which there is so little knowledge of the past.

The Duomo, begun in the 12th century and completed by Giovanni Pisano in the 14th, is Tuscan Gothic (more Tuscan than Gothic), built of alternate layers of black and white with a square bell-tower, and at the outside corner of the façade there is a curious bird-cage pulpit adorned by Donatello with bas reliefs of dancing children, and forming a platform for open air preaching, one of those good inventions of the Roman church which, together with the practice of keeping churches open to the worshipper, might

well be imitated. Over its main entrance is a 'Madonna with the SS. Stephen and Lawrence' in white and blue terra-cotta by Luca della Robbia. The interior has a round pulpit resting on sphinxes and snakes, symbolic, perhaps, of the mysterious tortuousness of scholastic theology. In the 'Cappella della Cintola' are frescoes by a pupil of Giotto, Agnolo Gaddi (1333-1396), depicting the legend of the girdle, or the presentation of the girdle of the Virgin to St. Thomas, and the subsequent discovery of the girdle in Palestine by a native of Prato. In a small room adjoining the Cappella are carvings of the death and assumption of the Virgin, by Desiderio da Settignano, and the gem of a sculptured balustrade of the Chapel of Madonna della Cintola, by Simone, Donatello's brother. The chief glory of the church is the choir at the back of the high altar where are frescoes by Fra Filippo Lippi that portray the lives of John the Baptist and St. Stephen. In the history of John occurs the scene of the 'Dancing of Herodias' daughter,' the most celebrated of the frescoes of Filippo Lippi, but which has been greatly injured, yet through it still shine the living spirit and human nature of this wonderful artist. The little foot and red shoe, and the ease and grace of the dancer show a bold freedom, which, in an epoch of ecclesiastic art, is surprising. The painter evidently rejoiced to find in the sacred narration a scene so in harmony with his own tastes. This is art for art's sake.

Vasari says that Filippo Lippi entered at eight years as brother in a convent of Carmelites, and probably not of his own will, for he was a born painter and aspired to nothing more. He would not study or pray. His genius caught fire from his seeing the naturalistic frescoes in the chapel of the church of the

Carmine newly painted by Masaccio, showing that the torch of art is passed on from hand to hand down the ages. He himself early wrought things not only remarkable by their life but by their workmanship, since he became a master of color and light and shadow. For myself, I was lost in admiration of his frescoes in the cathedral of Spoleto, deliciously rich in golden brown tones, and softness, warmth and finish. Praised for his pictures, Vasari says he threw off the ecclesiastical robe altogether, though this is not proved since there is evidence that he continued to be a friar, and his lawlessness was winked at, for he went on painting sacred pictures and altar pieces for churches, and one of these pictures, the 'Divided Annunciation' now in the academy of Florence, inspired Robert Browning's poem of "Fra Filippo Lippi." This painting is heavily adorned with gilding but not so overlaid with gold as are some of the earlier pictures. His æsthetic sense was exquisite but his moral sense weak. He is said to have received a commission from the nuns of Santa Margherita, and in the convent he chanced to see a beautiful novice named Lucrezia Buti, and persuaded the sisters to permit him to take her portrait for a figure of the Virgin. Falling violently in love with her—it was at Prato, where she had gone to do honor to the 'Cintola' on the Festival of the Holy Girdle in this cathedral—he stole her away. She was the mother of Filippino Lippi, almost as famous as his father and of higher moral tone, but lacking his genius. In 1461 Pope Pius II granted Filippo Lippi a dispensation recognizing the friar and the nun as married. The sweet and sorrowful face of Lucrezia is constantly seen in Filippo's pictures, as in the Madonna of the Uffizi. In the frescoes at Prato of the death of St. Stephen the portrait of the painter

is introduced. Vasari's whole story of this erratic artist should be taken with some allowance since the colors are evidently laid on for dramatic effect. The frescoes at Prato of John the Baptist and St. Stephen show the amazing scope of Filippo's genius and combine his graver with his lighter vein, dignity with lawlessness, but departing from traditional standards and the monotony of ecclesiastical art. He painted with subtle analysis the passions of love, hate, hope, anxiety, sorrow, joy and fear, and his faces have a forceful individuality true to real nature. He illustrates customs and costumes, dealing with men, women and children in their every-day life and at the same time showing conclusively that his interest did not lie in the spiritual life, or in the unworldly aims of a religious painter, so that devotion was not a feature of his pictures that were sacred characters materialized; and yet he was an artist of feeling, with a delightful sense of harmony in color, of truth and naturalness, never sinking into affectation, and his brilliant imagination often threw into his female heads an exceeding beauty. Vasari says that Filippo continued to be an unchecked libertine until his death in 1438 at the age of fifty-seven (more rightly sixty-three) and he was buried at Spoleto in a tomb of red and white marble in the church he was decorating at the time. He had a touch of cynicism in his sympathy with human life, yet never was coarse in expression, line or color, but, as another says: "warm and transparent, and in the midst of a grave, severe school he sounds a joyous note which echoes longer in Venice than in his native Tuscany, and which is the utterance of modern painting." But not so much in his art, which is admirable, as in his spirit he marks decline. The sincere life has fled. The devout love burns no more. In the church



of Santa Maria delle Carceri at Prato, built in the form of a Greek cross with barrel-vaulting and dome and adorned with handsome carved stalls, there is a Madonna by Filippino Lippi, whose style was modelled on that of his father. There are frescoes by this painter in the Carmine church at Florence and easel pictures in the Pitti and Uffizi, and in the National Gallery of London. He contrasts with Fra Filippo as the artificial with the natural, and yet there is in him after all an inimitable loveliness.

The interior of the dome of Santa Maria delle Carceri has a fine terra cotta frieze and large medallions of the 'Evangelists' by Andrea della Robbia. The 'St. John' is a face thoughtfully prophetic, and the touches of landscape and ocean are so poetic and sublime that one imagines he sees the isle of Patmos and the apocalyptic vision of the "sea of glass mingled with fire"; the rays of inspiration converge on the pen of the evangelist that, according to the faith of the time, was moved without the writer's consciousness by a divine impulse.

Pistoja is a somewhat larger town than Prato and loftily situated near the bank of the river Ombrone. In its immediate neighborhood Catiline was defeated and slain, and in the Middle Ages the city was the centre of the fierce struggles of the Bianchi and Neri, better known in Florence and the life of Dante, so that the place incurred the hate and scorn of Dante in the 'Inferno,' who calls it "the lair of noxious creatures," and, speaking of one of the condemned spirits, he makes him say, "I am Vasari Fucci, a savage beast, and Pistoja was my foul lair." It is a handsome little city of well-built streets but with traces of Gothic art, and Pistoja plays no small part in the history of early Italian art. The cathedral of San Jacopo, founded by



the Countess Matilda with Campanile going back to the twelfth century, is in Pisan basilical fashion, and, in fact, we touch hands here with oldest Pisan art. The interior, injured by restoration, is rich with frescoes and sculptures, and over its principal door is a bas-relief of the Madonna surrounded by angels, by Andrea della Robbia. Pistoja is a monument of this lovely artist and his family of artists of pictorial sculpture. A memorial to Cino da Pistoja the Ghibelline friend of Dante and Boccaccio and the Platonic lover, representing him as lecturing upon the holy excellence of love and marriage, among his pupils being Petrarch, who dedicated a sonnet to him at his death exhorting women to mourn for Cino as the poet of love. In one of the chapels of this church is an altar composed of four hundred and fifty pounds of silver, but far more valuable from its artistic illustration of the life of St. James. The church presents endless details of mediæval work, with carved monuments, one of them erected to Cardinal Forteguerra, and having figures of Faith, Hope and Love, of which the form of 'Hope' appeared to me to be of extraordinary spirit, with an upward glance and an elastic air as if ready to spring into the skies. There are frescoes by old artists such as Simone Memmi, Andrea Ferrucci, Piero da Firenze and the Lorenzetti, as well as works by Verrocchio, who sculptured the 'Hope,' and the 'Warrior' at Venice. The most beautiful of the paintings in this church is the altar-piece in the Cappella del Sacramento by Lorenzo di Credi, who is a cold but very graceful painter.\*

Lorenzo di Credi (1450-1537) was one of three

\* This altar-piece is declared by Morelli to be the work of Verrocchio and only finished by di Credi, and cathedral archives just discovered seem to confirm it.

noted pupils of Verrocchio, viz : Perugino, Leonardo da Vinci and Credi, and he was the least strong of the three, yet shows the influence of the other two in his style with something marked of his own. He was a painter of pure spirit and of the old school, not developing like Leonardo into the Renaissance, but his drawing is good and there is a pleasing grace in his pictures. Indeed, one who haunts picture galleries comes now and then upon a Credi and thinks for the moment that nothing could be more lovely, as in the Church of the Santa Maria delle Grazie there is a 'Madonna with two Saints,' in which the figures of the mother and child strongly remind us of the 'Madonna of the Rocks' by Leonardo; and it is a religious picture without affectation and of much sweetness in the expression of the child, while the mother shows a thoughtful dignity.

At Pistoja, it might be mentioned in passing, are to be found Sebastiano Vini's amazingly large frescoes,—a Veronese painter of the 16th century who, as if born out of time, attempted vast things such as 'The Martyrdom of the ten thousand crucified,' and succeeded in making impressive if not great pictures; yet, it was a hazardous thing to do, since big canvases are commonly fatal to a painter who has not the gigantic genius of a Tintoretto *El Furioso*.

Among the public edifices of Pistoja is the Ospedale del Ceppo, built in 1277, with its 15th century frieze of colored reliefs in glazed terra-cotta representing the 'Seven Works of Mercy,' by the Robbias, highly colored, and which looks down on the market-square pointing to good works. Art turns preacher. The faces are individualized, the hands especially are well done, the attitudes are varied, and the red, blue and yellow dresses are a curious study in our black and

white age. You gaze upon and are yourself gazed upon by the past. It is a child's primer and a man's gospel. But the actual beggars of to-day follow you into the churches and to the very shadow of the high altar, and this, together with the neglected state and squalor of the buildings, forces you to pick out the diamond of art from the muck-heap of dirt and ignorance.

Arezzo, seated among, or it may be said upon, its beautiful hills, occupies the site of an ancient Etruscan city which was one of the most important north of Latium, and boasted of having been the native place of Mecænas, friend of Augustus and Horace. It has always been the home of scholars. Petrarch was born here and his house is now pointed out. Guittone Monaco, reformer or creator of modern music, Cesalpini originator of the science of botany and who anticipated Harvey's theory of the circulation of the blood, Francesco Redi the philosopher, the infamous Pietro Arentino feared by the mightiest, and a long list of writers, poets and famous men belonged to this city. Its keen mountain air breathed inspiration; and of its sons were many artists, such as Margaritone who was not only a painter but an architect and sculptor, the older Spinello who for his day was a painter of characteristic force, and Giorgio Vasari, lover of his native town and for the love of it protector and decorator of its old churches. His paintings in the church della Pieve are notable. He had a fond heart and ready hand and was a man of expansive views, though not a great painter of a great day, yet one to be infinitely thankful for, as a loving memorialist of painters.

In the sombre Gothic cathedral at Arezzo once preached Hildebrand who, great and good as he was, was so much more the worker of evil from his false theories

of church and state. I was struck with the elegant if stiff carved work of the mausoleum of Guido Tarlati done by Agnolo and Agostino of Siena, and the simple majestic tomb of Gregory X, designed by Margaritone. Character and thought are apparent in monuments of those days where art traces the cold marble over the loved dead with its lines of beauty and human affection. A fresco of St. Jerome in the Baptistery of the cathedral has been attributed to Giotto, but his pictures in this and other churches have nearly all disappeared; and in how many old Italian churches one stands and gazes sadly at frescoes scarred and peeled, with their life hardly visible through the faded colors, trying to conceive what they were when fresh from the artist's hand! They have been left to perish, but modern Italians, like modern Greeks, are the inheritors of works that they can scarcely appreciate and much less rival.

In the Palazzo Pubblico are frescoes by Aretine artists, one of them being the famous 'Gonfalone of St. Roch,' and in the church of the Badia di Santa Fiore is the large composition of the 'Banquet of Ahasuerus' by Vasari; and thus in a sense Arezzo was an art centre, but truer still a literary centre, the home of great poets and writers.

Still more striking by its position is Volterra, a lofty hill city commanding a distant view of the sea, and the remains of whose immense Etruscan walls recall ancient Mycenæ, perhaps of the same age. I saw there the opening of an Etruscan tomb, below the walls, but was more interested by the pictures in the churches whose contents did not vanish in dissolving views. In the cathedral is a soft poetic 'Annunciation' which in its charms of drawing and color is one of the most delicate of Signorelli's altar pieces, so



different from his terrible style at Orvieto; also a 'Nativity' with a crowded characteristic *predella* by Benozzo Gozzoli; but one remembers that Volterra was the birthplace of Daniele da Volterra (1509-1567) whose family name was Ricciarelli, and the pupil of Michael Angelo. He belonged to the Roman school and to a period when Italian art had entered upon its decline, yet he caught inspiration from his teacher and continued the tradition of the grand style; and, in his famous picture of the 'Descent from the Cross,' now at the church of Trinità in Rome, there are marks of sublime power. One feels before it a sense of awe. A war of critics has arisen as to the real merits of this work, scientifically viewed, but no one denies that it is one of the great pictures of the world. It was originally painted as a fresco and was transferred in more recent times to canvas.

### *Perugino*

Perugia, capital of Umbria and queen of these central Italian mountain cities of which I have been speaking, lies on the summit of a hill 1700 feet high, and is approached by a long ascending road opening finer views the higher you go. You enter the antique gateway and traverse the narrow streets until you come to a terrace commanding a superb prospect over the Umbrian region, and in the hazy distance you see, each on its conical hill, the mediæval walls and towers of Assisi, Spoleto, Foligno (thinking of Raphael's 'Foligno Madonna' with the dropping thunderbolt) and Trevi, while around spreads the spacious air calm and bright with tinted roseate clouds, something peculiarly delicate and tender in the atmospheric tone, and the wide landscape spreading out like a summer sea



that may be converted into a scene of gloom by a tempest in which Italy, like Greece, loves to shroud her face. You see here the home of a mystic religion and the heart of a religious art. This exquisite and capricious nature must have had its influence on the imagination of Umbrian artists to arouse dreamy fancies, beatific visions and holy ecstasies, deepened by the memory of the unworldly life of St. Francis spreading over the whole circle of Umbrian art its pensive shadow.

Perugia, on its three hills, is a city of great antiquity with its up-and-down streets where carriages often cannot go and narrow high-arched bridges and footways thrown over natural ravines, with towers stretching across the streets and with fortress-like houses belonging to the 13th, 14th and 15th centuries, all of them built on older Roman and Etruscan foundations. The palaces and churches of Perugia are massive and blackened by time, speaking of wars between feudal and democratic factions and struggles of popes and nobles.

The fountain on the Piazza of the unfinished Duomo, which was made in 1277 by the Pisanos and Arnolfo di Cambio, having twisted pillars and sculptured allegoric figures, is one of the most harmonious works in Italy of that period. On the other side of the Piazza is the Municipal Palace, with heavy entrance-way and turreted battlements. The only ornamental feature of this long dark building is the row of small pointed windows arranged in sections of the blank wall. It has also a low tower. Its principal doorway is of Renaissance architecture much sculptured. On its third floor is the Pinacoteca Vannucci where are gathered the principal works of the Umbrian school of painting.

In speaking of the art of Perugia, which was essentially that of the time of the Early Renaissance or of a period when radical innovations in politics and the sudden rise and fall of small states like Florence, Venice, Genoa and Pisa, took place, it is well to bear in mind that in such revolutionary times great changes in outward forms were introduced. One writer says: "When the spirit of intellectual freedom appeared in Italy and animated poetry, and art distinctions became accentuated instead of softened, the special character of each district and of each city expressed itself in painting, sculpture, architecture and poetry, with subtle but undeviating individuality, so that the study of Italian art is really the study of a family of different geniuses, each strong in its own traits." Perugia was no exception. Its violent popular agitations within and constant wars with neighboring states to maintain freedom developed its peculiar energetic genius. The large collection of pictures in the Collegio del Cambio together with those in the adjoining Udienna del Cambio, which two are essentially one, introduce us to the master who takes his name from the town. Another name too comes up. The carved decorations of the chamber where these pictures are found were said to have been designed by the youthful Raphael, who in this dingy room began his course as pupil of Perugino. The great painting of Perugino in the Cambio is the 'Transfiguration,' reminding us of Raphael's 'Transfiguration' at Rome, only the latter is infinitely superior. But Perugino's picture strikes the key-note of the Umbrian school. In early life Perugino was religious, or he must have possessed a religious element, which, as he grew older seems to have sunk into materialism rather than intellectual scepticism. His hardening vice was avarice. Yet he was a religious

artist. The expression in this painting is not that of careless make-believe as is sometimes seen in Filippo Lippi. The artist relies on no accessories or landscape but it is usually a scene of lofty emotion, the linking of earth to heaven by a pure sentiment of adoration. Perugino's fresco of the 'Adoration of the Virgin, with St. Joseph,' in the Cambio, has perhaps more than common adventitious charm of variety. The landscape seen through the principal arch is pure Umbrian and the shepherds are kneeling at a distance, while above, three angels with fluttering robes and slim forms and feet, are singing praises. The architecture of the lightly sprung portico is of graceful Renaissance style. The principal figures bowing before the infant are not wanting in feeling but they genuflect in pietistic fashion, while a sweet silence of adoration broods over the tranquil scene.

In the two frescoes under the arches of this room we see an allegoric style resembling that of the Lorenzetti. In the impersonations of Justice and Hope, Justice sits majestically on the first arch with drawn sword, and Hope by her side with cheerful face; while beneath these are figures of Fabius Maximus, Socrates, Numa Pompilius—sages bearded and labelled so that there may be no mistake. Under the second arch are personations of Temperance and Valor, Temperance pouring carefully from a pitcher into a goblet; and more martial figures are ranged below, such as Leonidas, Horatius Cocles, Scipio and Pericles, romantically or fantastically clad; yet they have a charm and decorum like the debonair knights of Spencer's fairyland, that live in the realm where all things arrange themselves as it were by magic and we never think of their unreality. Tending more especially to religious sentiment are the 'Sibyls and Prophets' painted by Peru-

gino on the right wall of the entrance. The form of the Almighty Creator, who holds a crystal globe, with angels and cherubs, did not probably jar on the religious sense of the day; but from the robes of the bounding angels long spirals like ribbons or tails of tropical birds curl and depend, while the prophets and sibyls are dancing a minuet on the earth below. We might ask, did these awaken devout feelings in the worshippers? We must believe they did, as when David danced before the ark of the Lord with all his might, for what is grotesque in one age is solemn in another. The Persic sibyl rather sidles up to King Solomon, while David and Moses have a friendly talk, and Daniel is a beautiful and contemplative youth wearing a high ostrich-plumed hat.

Entering the neighboring Palazzo Pubblico by its ornamented door, and going up a long flight of stone stairs, one finds himself in the greater picture-gallery, the Pinacoteca Vannucci, where are the best paintings by Perugino and artists of his school. It is the Uffizi gallery of Perugia, and here Perugino shines in his full power, though there are some works of his in Florence which are equally good. The most striking picture here is the 'Enthroned Madonna' with dancing angels in the sky and kneeling penitents on the earth. The Virgin wears a rich diadem and her head, notwithstanding its Peruginesque roundness and the small eyes, is lovely with an expression genuinely devotional. The child sits erect like a King as if already endowed with consciousness of the divine in his nature. The painting of the 'Adoration of the Shepherds' represents a lofty porch simply framed, with shepherds kneeling in the background, while the Virgin and St. Joseph are worshipping the infant Christ in the open foreground, and angels above are floating in rhythmic





ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS



attitudes. It is an elaborate scene of earth and sky. The painters of such pictures managed heavenly scenes as they listed, but Perugino is always true to his theme, decorous, composed and harmonious, so that even the "silly sheep" do not appear to be out of place in the impossible landscape. In the same room is another large 'Madonna and Infant' with encircling angels and saints, by Perugino, and is full of airy brightness.

Through these Holy Families and angelic forms above nature, was cultivated a sentiment of impassioned devotion that consisted of a vague mystical yearning towards supersensual beatitudes beyond the plane of everyday life and duty; and they were like dreams of the soul catching glimpses of a glory peopled with loveliest shapes woven from the ravished imagination. In this painting of the Madonna, the earthly figures of the saints are Francis holding a lily and Bernardino with Jerome and Sebastian, the delicate Perugian landscape appearing in the background. Bodiless cherubs like thoughts and feelings sustain the Virgin, and a higher power suspends them in mid-heaven; the mortal forms themselves are illumined by the potency of a high influence and float in the ether of celestial light. The force of feeling in these religious artists must have been great, softening and refining even so hard a nature as that of Perugino.

It was, perhaps, feeling rather than religion; and yet I would not speak rashly, since the warm Italian nature is readily moved and feeling seems to be the open door to the spiritual world. When you see (which is no fiction) an educated man enter a church, his face a picture of undissembled woe as if there were some intolerable burden on his soul, and he kneels at a shrine unconscious of all about him, bowing his head

and his lips moving in agonized supplication as if he were wrung with anguish, and tears running down his cheeks, and then after a period of inward struggle he rises softly and goes out with an expression of lofty calm, who am I that I should say he had obtained no spiritual help in his prayer? He is not one of Teutonic race governed by reason, but a man of impulse. The apostle Peter "went out and wept bitterly." He was an Oriental of quick Southern temper whose passions were stormy, and yet, when he had sinned and repented he became "a pillar in the house of God." Shall we say that Peter's repentance was insincere because his tears flowed and his heart was rent by ecstasy of grief?

In the picture I have commented upon and in other pictures of Perugino one notices what a critic has happily called "the space-composition," or the sense of limitless openness—like the sky, where confining lines are dissolved and you seem to breathe an ample air. No artist excels Perugino in this quality of space that is indefinable and yet wonderfully effective and sublime, especially in religious paintings that demand a certain vagueness of expression.

The picture of the 'Baptism of Christ' contains some lofty symbolism and the terrestrial landscape is that of a dry wilderness of rocky mid-Italy, signifying the sterility of sin and the self-denial of repentance. The bodies are attenuated but their postures are simple and dignified. The picture of the 'Madonna and Child with kneeling saints' has the celestial and terrestrial parts distinctly marked, and their pathos lingers in the heart of the beholder. The faces of the saints are devout with a species of rapture. There is a procession issuing from a city in the background, and the city itself is set on a hill with many towers resembling San Gimignano. The angels in the picture are character-



ized by that airy uplift of the painter's conception which diffuses itself to their floating robes. The landscape is also Umbrian to the white birch tree springing from the rock. The painting of 'John the Baptist, with four saints,' is marked by a difference of costume in the martial, the celestial and the eremitic saints, according to rules of form and costume established by ecclesiastical canon. There is also a majestic picture of the 'Ascension,' in which the Lord with harping angels and cherubs rises into glory, and the apostles stand below, who, though manneristic and their monotonous lines broken only by the raised hand of St. Peter as if to shield his eyes blinded by the light, yet make altogether a sublime impression. The original conception of Raphael's 'Transfiguration' is traceable in this picture, although the expression on the Lord's face is that of grave compassion for his disciples left behind, whereas in Raphael's painting there is the joy of divine blessedness. In the old church of St. Peter in Perugia with its eighteen marble columns and rich ceiling are many paintings, and among them two half figures by Perugino of 'St. Scholastica' and 'St. Mauro,' the former holding a white dove and the face worn as if by fasting, while the latter represents a simple peasant intent on a book of devotion but showing Perugino's power of portraiture. His own portrait by himself is in the Cambio, and there is also a modern marble bust of him standing in the Vannucci gallery with long hair and wearing a skull-cap—a round forehead, the underpart of the face from the line of the nose as long as the upper part, like Matthew Arnold's, and with a hard expression but indicating intellectual power. It is a face on a level of the earth earthy, yet not sensual or void of the capacity of higher thought, which, however, probably

lay in the region of the artistic sensibility rather than the religious nature.

The picture of the 'Virgin and St. Bernard' is a lovely painting by Perugino, and is in the church of Santa Maddalena de' Pazzi in Florence. The delicate trees of the undulating landscape beyond the arch are Umbrian, for wherever Perugino was and whatever work he engaged in, he carried Umbria with him.

Pietro Perugino was born in Perugia 1446 and died in 1524. Son of a poor man, he had to struggle with poverty in his youth, commencing life as "a shop-drudge of a poor painter" as Vasari says, and then going to Florence to study under Andrea Verrocchio, though some say that Fiorenzo di Lorenzo was his master, and others Bonfigli; but by hard work he began to win reputation, being one of the first artists to employ the new oil medium (though this is controverted) whose invention is ascribed to the Van Eycks, and some say that an Italian artist stole it and introduced it into Italy; but in the element of landscape Perugino developed his impressions of nature showing a new force in this direction, and forming a link between the spiritual and natural in art. For the nuns of Santa Chiara and the monks of the convent of Frati Gesnati he made some excellent frescoes, and afterwards going to Siena he painted a 'Crucifixion' in the church of San Agostino which still remains. He grew to be a good colorist both in fresco and oil, and exercised an excellent technical influence on the art of his time. Portraits introduced in his pictures show him to have sought truth to nature. Wandering in the north of Italy he produced altar pictures, and, as Symonds says: "In his best work the Renaissance set the seal of absolute perfection on pietistic art." He was invited to Rome by Pope Sixtus IV. to work

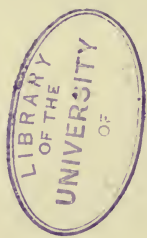
in the Sistine Chapel, and in 1496 in company with other artists he painted scenes in the life of Christ, among them the 'Delivery of the Keys,' of which fresco a recent critic says, "As a composition it is unequalled by any fifteenth century fresco in the Sistine Chapel, and its balance and restraint can indeed be paralleled by very few works even of the golden period of the 16th century." Its architecture reminds one of the architecture of Raphael's 'Marriage of Mary and Joseph.' After adorning many churches and cities with his paintings Perugino returned to his native city and executed frescoes and pictures especially in the palace of the Signori, among which are 'The Adoration of the Magi,' the 'Resurrection of Jesus Christ' (now in the Vatican) and 'St. John the Baptist with Saints,' 'The Transfiguration' and some lovely 'Maddonnas.' In the Collegio del Cambio or Merchants' Exchange of Perugia, he painted frescoes which I have noticed, and which present a system of decorative art of harmonious composition, in which he mingled antique and Christian themes, ancient sages and saints of the church—but what matter if Leonidas and Socrates consort with Biblical heroes in fantastic costumes belonging neither to Greece or Italy? Symonds says: "The charm of his style is that everything is well thought out and rendered visible in a decorous key. The worst that can be said of it is that its suavity inclines to mawkishness and its quietism borders on sleepiness. While there is vigor in the prophets, the heroes, when not bearded, look as if they might have come out of so many nunneries of Perugia, sweet, gentle, girlish faces." In Florence Perugino painted the 'Crucifixion,' one of his greatest pictures for solemn breadth and largeness of treatment and openness of aerial effect. It is a picture in his unique style

that showed skill "for producing the maximum of effect with the minimum of means"—few figures, few lines, few colors, but characterized by simplicity and vastness of impression, also seen in the grand altar-piece of the 'Assumption.'

Perugino painted so many pictures and worked so incessantly that he repeated himself, and it is evident in his later productions that he was actuated by greed more than devotion. He ended his days in Perugia at the age of seventy-eight, having done important works there, among them his sublime painting of the 'Ascension' with the apostles beneath, of which I have spoken; but in spite of the religious character of this and other works Pietro in his last days was scarcely a believer in Christianity or God, and sought to gather wealth, setting art to grind for gold; and yet he did not prostitute his genius to unworthy painting, but preserved the sense of religious art. He knew what belonged to it. His coloring was warm and golden and to this day remains clear. While an easel-painter in oil with rich coloring, his greatest works like those of his contemporaries were done in fresco. His drawing though elegant was often on a scale of prettiness rather than real grandeur. His sainted heroes are sometimes carpet-knights and his angels minuet dancers, but there is a charm about these knights and angels, and their brown eyes, round faces, neatly turned forms and feet are so exquisite, and the faces so sweet, that one admits them into his mind as pure spirits peopling the supernatural regions. Perugino was an immensely popular artist and when young he had a reputation for sanctity, so that such works as the 'Enthroned Madonna' at Bologna, the 'Crucifixion,' the 'Vision of Bernard' were regarded as among the best religious paintings of the time.







The criticism of Perugino by a writer like John Addington Symonds is of a mixed character since he gives him the credit of originative ability but recognizes the truth of Michael Angelo's words that Perugino was a fool (*goffo*), who sank art into what it brought to himself. Symonds acknowledged his perfection in certain particulars, that "he knew exactly how to represent a mood of religious sentiment, blending meek acquiescence with a yearning of the soul, that his Madonnas worship the infant Jesus pleasingly in a tranquil landscape, his angels being ministrant spirits, his martyrs pathetic with their upturned faces, his sexless St. Sebastians and immaculate St. Michaels, displaying a perfection of art capable in color and form to achieve within a narrow range all he desires. No pain comes near the folk of his celestial city; no longing poisons their repose; they are not weary at all and the wicked cease to trouble. Their cheerfulness is no less perfect than their serenity; like the shades of Hellas they have drunk Lethean waters from the river of content. His pictures present the quietude of holiness, a legacy to Perugino from the earlier Umbrian artists, while his technical supremacy in fresco as in oils, his correct drawing in certain limits and his refined sense of color enabled him to realize the effects he arrived at more completely than less accomplished predecessors could do."

Perugino became so well satisfied with his achievements that he was content with a mere continuance of success and did not grow into what he might have been. His creative power died out. He had found the commercial value of those lovely faces and ecstatic eyes, and of the art of suspending angels in ambient space, and, as one has said, "he opened a manufactory of sacred pictures." His nature probably devotional

at first became by custom hard and unsympathetic ; and yet at his best, Perugino touched beauty so ideal that the church recognized in him a skillful servant and used him to the utmost. He took part in the great art projects of the age, such as the adornment of the Sistine Chapel and the Stanze at Rome, the completion of the Cappella Nuova at Orvieto, and the façade of the Santa Maria del Fiore at Florence. "The rising of the bright star of Raphael," Ruskin says, "did not completely eclipse his fame ;" for Perugino's art was based on sound principles and he formed a school which in some respects was correct in its methods and traditions. He was great as a master in drawing, color and composition, and Symonds says that "The place occupied by Perugino in the evolution of Italian painting is peculiar, and he did not throw much light on the Renaissance. In the middle of a worldly age declining fast to frigid scepticism and political corruption, he set the final touch of technical art upon the devotion transmitted from earlier and more enthusiastic centuries. The flower of Umbrian art blossomed in the masterpieces of his youth and faded into dryness in the affectations of his manhood ; and nothing was left to his successors in the line of pure religious art."

#### *Perugino's Successors*

Many other paintings by notable artists, who were some of them older than Perugino and others who were his successors and pupils, are to be seen in the galleries and churches of Perugia ; and, among them, are examples of the Florentine school. In the Vannucci gallery is a painting by Taddeo Bartolo of the time and style of Duccio, but it is not to be despised for its



archaic character as it burns with the pure flame of mystical love. It represents the 'Madonna and Child,' with angels and four saints; the Virgin's face is of extraordinary loveliness and the divine child is sweet and simple; the kneeling angels play a heavenly symphony on stringed instruments with adoring looks, the faces of the male saints shine with devotion and the female heads are rapt in celestial visions. This old artist, Taddeo di Bartolo (1362-1422), belonged mostly to the 14th century and was a genuinely religious painter, but inclined to Gothic minutiae; and in the picture just spoken of we have an instance of this in the sparkling diadem, the robes edged with gems and ermine, the books with golden clasps, the harps and violins, the scrolls and legends partaking of the type when rich detail was believed to accentuate piety, like the jewels, rings and phylacteries of the Pharisees. There is also a painting of two Martyrs, one of them holding hammer and pincers and both of them with faces expressive of anguish but at the same time of holy resignation, bearing out the long legend of suffering which is grasped by one of them for all to read that there may be no mistake. An 'Adoration of the Child' with the mother, her mother and Joseph, and three choir-boys singing from a book, with figures at a distance and cattle in the stall on the right, is a pleasing picture by Domenico di Paris Alfani, who was one of the last of the Umbrian painters before the school was merged into the Florentine. Alfani had an elegant style, as may be seen in the face of the Virgin and the winsome little choir boys, although he is a pleasing rather than original artist; and yet religious sentiment and simplicity are his.

In the gray solemn church of San Pietro is a 'Holy Family' by one of the three Bonifazios, probably the

Venetian, about the middle of the 16th century, whom Symonds calls "the idyllic Bonifazio." And of the later school of Italian art was Baroccio, an imitator of Raphael, and an example of his work is found in Perugia in a 'Deposition,' which though vigorous bears marks of affectation; but among the latest works in the churches and galleries of Perugia is a 'Madonna in Adoration' by Sassoferrato, an artist of the 17th century (1605-1685), and who, with Carlo Dolce, represents a school of devotional sentiment that had run into an extreme softness and had lost the virile basis. Carlo Dolce was an eclectic painter, sweet and worthy but over-refined, who tried to warm his hands at the burned-out embers of older religious art. There are other artists represented at Perugia, some of them ranking high, such as the vigorous and original Piero della Francesca, pupil of Pollajuolo (1420-1492), who was a truly religious painter of majestic ideal, sprung from the Umbrian but really of the Florentine school, and the artistic precursor of Leonardo da Vinci in scientific painting, and his rules of perspective, harmony of color and distribution of light and shade have hardly since been improved upon. There is a noble picture of the 'Baptism of Christ' in the London National Gallery by Francesca, and in Rimini is a fine fresco, but in Arezzo his wonderful frescoes of the 'History of the Cross' by their boldness of composition form a landmark in painting. He was a "child of the Apennines," and had strength and fire which he imparted to his disciple Signorelli. Another pupil, Melozzo da Forli, resembles him in his scientific skill and is supposed to have made the portraits of the historic characters in the Palace of Urbino, ten of which were copied into the sketch-book of young Raphael, and these painters were friends of

Raphael's father and in some sense his precursors, for there were art-prophets in the church who interpreted its mysteries and doctrines. I have thus gradually brought to view, like dimly seen mountains, some of the works and features of the religious painting of Italy beginning with Giotto and ending with Perugino, an epoch, in the best phase of it, of devotional art, until modified, or more truly chilled, by Florentine academic art. It was an epoch of mind sometimes volcanic, but whose influence on the whole was beneficent rather than destructive, because although feeling predominated, it was pious feeling; and yet it must be said that the imagination strove after unimaginable things, and attempted to enter a third region bordering on the invisible, in which spirits of entrancing beauty appear, except when they become demons of a lurid realm more earthly than heavenly. It is the pre-Raphaelite epoch of which Mr. Ruskin makes so much, and justly, since nature and feeling are in it as well as faith and childlike sincerity. Its artists, many of them, were good men, but not, I think, in so high a sense as the preacher Savonarola, whose great personality moves in this time and whose faith was a thing that could stand the fire, for this was something greater than art, recalling the poem on his own art by Michael Angelo.

There is in the Sala del Angelico of the Pinacoteca Vannucci at Perugia a 'Madonna with Angels' by Fra Angelico, which is the fragment of a larger altar-piece, and which has a quality that may be called celestial, and belongs to one who painted to teach his fellow monks holiness. Fra Beato Angelico da Fiesole (1387-1455), artist of the order of Preaching Friars, was a Florentine, but as the Dominican brotherhood at Fiesole with which he was early connected, was

transplanted to Foligno, he also came to Umbria and was brought into relations with this school. There was no more truly religious painter, barring his mannerism, in this or any school. While a skillful artist in composition, line and color, he did not go to nature (it was Fra Bartolommeo who painted the rough portrait of Savonarola), but he gave expression to the supernatural. He wrought his art out of it. He sought to serve the highest aspirations of the church, developing religious art, and his spirit still lives in art. But after saying this, Fra Angelico found some aid from nature in studying faces as he saw them in the streets of Florence, and especially the faces of the women who in those agitated times fled for refuge like doves to the altar. In his decorative work he sought to captivate the eye with gold-raised backgrounds, brilliant colors and representations of jewel work, rich draperies, tinted clouds, golden harps, and strange musical instruments evolved from his imagination. He conceived a heaven and painted it in glowing colors. He was master of a most delicate technique in fresco, like that of oil painting, or water color. His celestial personages are beautiful, not corporeally, but lovely from their pure expression. The saintliness of the man was infused into his works, and he sought to please God more than man; but the burning passion of love that possessed St. Francis is not in his pictures, in which is a heavenly repose of holy peace and joy. He used to say that "he who practised the art of painting had need of quiet, and should live without care or anxious thoughts." He did not retouch his pictures. The severest criticism of his works is that they lack breadth, and resemble an illumination in a missal. While he had the sense of beauty so that it was said of him that "he must have paid a visit to



Paradise and there been permitted to choose his models," yet his beauty was abstract and transcending reality. We call his time and Giotto's time that of the Dark Ages, but great thoughts and great souls were born in it, as from darkness is born light.

To pass to the Sala Bonfigli we find the pictures of one who was also a star in this religious school yet pointed to something greater and freer. Bonfigli, or Bonfiglio, is said to have been the teacher of Perugino. His paintings are much faded but he made beautiful things in the taste of the time, and loaded his pictures, like Fra Angelico's, with gilding. In his painting of the 'Annunciation,' Florentine influence is seen in the drawing and composition. The rich cosmic ornamentation and marbles partake of the coming graces of the Renaissance. The curious middle figure of the evangelist St. Mark with the ox, writing his narrative, the Almighty Father and the angels who are above, the Holy Spirit proceeding from the Father, the blonde-haired angel and the meek Virgin with inspiration proceeding directly to her from the Almighty, are consciously artistic. The fresco of the 'Adoration of the Magi' is the most elaborate of Bonfigli's pictures and the Umbrian wilderness scenery is turned into that of the Holy Land in which the rude inn, the angels like birds flying about it, the saints eremitic and episcopal, the richly costumed and jewelled king, the divine Child pleased with the gifts and blessing the giver, the sedate Virgin, the devout countenances, make a characteristic picture in which piety struggles with artistic invention. Bonfigli's 'Annunciation' is another altar-piece of bolder style. Gabriel holding a white lily has prismatic wings but is more feminine than manly, and with awe-inspired gaze. A cloistered chamber is seen, and what is odd,

a cat and a dog are quarrelling in the fore-court, the dog at the same time tearing a dove. Bonfigli's 'Madonna,' with infant and angels, gives the face of the Virgin a high intellectual type.

Bonfigli (1425-1496) is, to me, a pleasing painter, since he exhibits signs of freedom while still a devout artist. He decks the yellow locks of his angels with natural roses; but Bonfigli did not possess the passion of the older painters, for example, of Niccolò da Foligno, who was a self-effacing artist, a worshipper like St. Francis in love with divine love.

In the Gabinetto of Fiorenzo di Lorenzo are small exquisite pictures of this, in some respects, incomparable artist. His so named 'Madonna with Flowers' is a tempera painting and the figures are enclosed in a wreath of flowers; but while it represents virginal purity amid cherubic innocence, the loveliness is of the dawning Renaissance out of which the solemn night of devotion with its deep stars has passed away. Fiorenzo belonged to the school of the Florentine Pollajuolo, especially in his drawing, but in his landscape the nature was distinctly Umbrian. To my thought he had a more subtle genius than Bonfigli, and was one of the most lovely of the early masters, with an extraordinary life that gives a vivid reflection of his age. He was not so great as he was spirited. In Fiorenzo's 'Nativity' there is thoughtful refinement in the face of the Virgin and the heads are noble, especially those of the old men. The beasts seem to worship as well as the angels, the flowers as well as the men. The goats on the crags with the shepherds give signs of awakened attention. The angels make an orchestra and there is detail without crowding. Fiorenzo di Lorenzo (1444-1520) was a contemporary, perhaps pupil, of Bonfigli, and both come down to the

period of the Early Renaissance, though retaining the quaint expression of older art.

We pass now to a pupil of Perugino to whom he fairly transmitted his academic skill, Pinturicchio. In the Sala del Pinturicchio this admirable painter, of whose frescoes in the cathedral of Siena I have spoken, is represented. His picture especially of the 'Madonna in Glory with Saints' is a good specimen of his work, but is a thoroughly ecclesiastical painting. He has been called, with only partial truth, an Umbrian Gozzoli. This picture, an altar-piece of dark color, is stiffer than his usual style, but it is a copy of contemporary life and costume, with pleasing landscape. The Virgin has not the supernatural charm that is expressed by Perugino, but is humbly devout. The pope and saint might have lived in the painter's day, and doubtless did so. The figure of St. Augustine by Pinturicchio is represented in full canonicals complete, in every prelatial accompaniment of gloves, rings and jewelled crozier; and yet it is odd to see the old Egyptian idea of aggrandizing the size of the chief person for the sake of effect. The little Moors kneel down before Augustine like conquered dwarfs before a giant Pharaoh. Pinturicchio (1454-1513) was, one has said, "a naturalist though saturated with the manner of the Umbrian school." He was brought near the men of his time by his realism, and he did not wholly lose the pietistic grace and affected sanctity of Perugino, but throws more light on the new art than Perugino did; in other words he is like a modern artist. In the same Sala del Pinturicchio are seen works of Lo Spagna, another pupil of Perugino. In his picture of the 'Madonna and St. Anthony of Padua, St. Francis and other saints,' the faces and forms are of decidedly hieratic stamp.

I would pause here for the reflection that as one walks through these Italian galleries and old churches, so full of the pictures of saints of different ages, attitudes, expressions and costumes, he might well suppose that a great many people in the past who were acquainted with the history of these holy persons had been benefited and helped in their religious life and character by contemplating them; or, he might, perchance, call to mind the words of Erasmus: "The way to honor the saints is to imitate their virtues. The saint cares more for this kind of reverence than if you burned a hundred candles for him."

Lo Spagna in this painting of the 'Madonna della Pietà' which is thoroughly picturesque, gives the Virgin a typical Tuscan face and has attempted to represent a gauze veil over the head, which is finical, while the well-modelled hands are noticeably refined. Lo Spagna Giovanni di Pietro (about 1530) is held to be one of the best pupils of Perugino, copying his style until he became a disciple of Raphael and combines the two styles. He exhibits finish in his frescoes as well as purity of tone, and can hardly be distinguished at one time from Perugino and at another from Raphael, and then only by general inferiority of genius; the thyrsus-bearers are many but only one is inspired.

We have at length arrived at the culmination of Perugino's influence and fame, and come now upon the traces of his greater pupil Raphael in a picture of the 'Trinity with Angels and Saints,' in the church of San Severo at Perugia, which is called Raphael's first painting, from the fact, perhaps, that it is his first independent fresco; yet Perugino had a hand in it, painting the lower part or predella, but the angels in the upper part have a touch of Raphael's grace, and are clearly his, though the picture is faded and spoiled



by restoration. Two more of Raphael's minor works at Perugia are the 'Madonna del Libro,' very winning, and an 'Annunciation' in the gray church of S. Pietro de' Casinensi, damaged but exhibiting religious earnestness. It would seem, perhaps, as if I had gone beyond the limits of my subject in reckoning Raphael among the early religious painters of Italy, but he was true to Umbrian traditions, the pupil of Perugino, and his birth and youthful days belonged to Umbria of the fifteenth century.

### *Raphael Sanzio*

Raphael Sanzio d'Urbino (1483-1520), perfect flower and consummation of the Italian Renaissance, was born at the little city of Urbino in the Marches of Ancona and even then noted as a seat of art and letters. His father, Giovanni Santi, who came to Urbino in 1469 driven by a raid of the ferocious Sigismondo Malatesta, was an artist of some celebrity as a religious painter who combined a devout style and natural loveliness in the heads of children with poetic taste; but he lacked strength and his coloring was cold. A 'St. Sebastian and archers' at Urbino has the same foreshortening that appears in the figure breaking his rod in the 'Sposalizio' of his son. Giovanni is thought to have felt the influence of Piero della Francesca, and of Mantegna, showing that Raphael had lofty antecedents. His father, pure and excellent spirit, though he died when Raphael was but eleven, was his true precursor. He consecrated his son to art. He initiated him into the use of pencil and brush, seeing the light of genius in him, and his own pictures of saints and holy families, stamped with sincere piety and delicate refinement, must have made an impression on Raphael, per-

haps determining his style. He was left in charge of his stepmother and his uncle the priest Bartolommeo ; and they did well by him, for in 1499 he was sent to be a pupil of Pietro Vannucci Il Perugino, the best teacher then living, although another artist, Viti, may have given him some technical training. With modest sympathy, Raphael, though his genius developed rapidly, never seemed to wish to rival his master, but followed him in the conventionalities of his art. He caught his knack of painting. It is a question if Raphael's hand may not be found (not a rare thing between master and pupil) in Perugino's frescoes of the Collegio del Cambio ; but it should be considered that Raphael was then a lad of seventeen and would not be likely to meddle with his master's work. But he came to Perugia at the time when Perugino was painting these frescoes, and they doubtless awakened his enthusiasm and emulation ; at all events he easily mastered Perugino's style of sacred art in his sweet faces, neat forms, brown eyes and the smooth beauty of his figures and their rapt expressions.

The St. Michael in the grand 'Assumption' of Perugino, now at the Academy of Florence, with face like that of a lovely woman, and form clad in shining armor, is prototype of Raphael's celestial knights. The picture of the 'Marriage of the Virgin' painted by Raphael at Città di Castello, now in the Brera, is nearly identical with Perugino's picture of the same ; and the 'Transfiguration' of the Vatican is so Peruginesque in its design that were it not for the infinitely loftier genius in it, it could not be distinguished from one of Perugino's pictures where the scene is divided into two sections, and the thought is lifted from earth to heaven. This is not to be wondered at, for Perugino was an inspiring artist and worth following,

though it is not to be denied that when this master grew old he grew miserly and painted for money and was thought to disbelieve the mysteries he painted; but he was, nevertheless, true to his ideas of religious art. The Umbrian school was an earnest school of painting and there could have been nothing better for Raphael than to begin just as he did. He was thoroughly Umbrian, which did not hurt his originality and afforded a genial mould for its development. His apprenticeship was a laborious one, as his note-books show. His life, like that of Shakespeare who produced on an average two plays annually for twenty years, was that of a worker, so that he died young worn out with excessive toil. He did not trust to a facile talent, nor did he repeat himself, or fall back on his reputation as did his master, but created ever new things and aimed for something higher in the conception of perfect beauty.

The most characteristic of Raphael's earliest pictures, in his first style, so-called, and ineffably sweet, is the small painting of the 'Knight's Vision' now in the National Gallery at London. Its motive is the same as that of Titian's 'Choice of Hercules.' A young knight sleeps on his shield under a laurel tree. Two lovely women stand on either side, one of them pensively holding a sword and book, the other of freer carriage extending a flower, the first symbolizing Virtue, Purity, Knightly Fame, the second Pleasure; the young dreamer has to make his choice. This is thought to be Raphael's first lay picture. The slender laurel, the neatly turned women's forms, the exquisite drawing and coloring are Peruginesque, but the freedom, and the ideal purity of expression, are Raphael's.

Up and down these narrow streets, over the little

stone bridges and past low doorways, or lingering on the high terrace overlooking the Umbrian plain, was seen the stripling Raphael in form and looks as he painted himself in the fresco of the Libreria at Siena cathedral, with his sketch-book under his arm, his brown eyes full of thought, his amber hair flowing to his shoulders, his jaunty cap with feather, and his shining head beautiful as an angel's; now and then for a day he was off to not far distant Siena to observe how his friend Pinturicchio was getting on with his frescoes, touching in a figure or two himself as mementos of his visit, and then to Città di Castello for a longer stay to paint a scene from the life of Christ, and coming back to his studio in the gloomy Cambio and to his square-headed old master whom he seems always to have loved, while he brings home new ideas, fresh memories of the landscape and of peasant girls' faces whom he met going to and from mass, whose modest looks and golden hair he noted as studies for Madonnas. The slim trees, blue hills, rose-colored clouds, towered towns, and the poetic light over all seen in so many of his pictures, are of Umbria, home of the mystic and the idealist who dwell in the courts of Celestial Love.

After his return in 1504 to his native city Urbino, and already recognized as a painter of rare promise, Raphael executed some pictures for the Duke Guidobaldo, such as the 'St. George' and 'Christ in the Garden of Olives,' and he also made the classic portrait of himself. But he was drawn by an inevitable current to Florence and went there armed with a flattering letter from the Duchess Giovanna della Rovere; and his second stage of artistic life was passed at this centre of art in Tuscany and Italy.

Raphael is sometimes said to belong to the Floren-



tine school, but when he went to Rome he became the founder of the Roman school, or the later Roman school, so that his short life divided itself into three periods—the Umbrian, the Florentine and the Roman. The second, or Florentine period, represents an active and growing time between 1504 and 1508. He came in contact with antique art in the Medici Museum and more fully in Rome. New influences fell on him but they did not change his native genius, they only defined and cultivated it; for he became no one's pupil, but at the same time he silently studied the methods of the great Florentine artists. Leonardo da Vinci—endless striver after perfection—and Michael Angelo were then at the height of their fame. Raphael was drawn also to two other painters, differing in their gifts but both singularly fitted to exert a strong influence upon him, while Michael Angelo, distantly viewed and guardedly approached, fulfilled the purpose of mightily stimulating his creative power and raising his genius into a sublime plane where he was not copyist but rival of the great Florentine. In the mean time the frescoes of Masaccio in the Brancacci chapel of the Carmine church, with their novel bits of landscape and free yet correct drawing of the nude, were in sympathy with Raphael's observation of nature and love of the beautiful in humanity and the world, so that he was a Hellene born in Greece and transported by the nymphs to Italy. He acknowledged his debt to Masaccio by his closer study of nature, but he was also sympathetically drawn to Fra Bartolommeo whose moderate spirit was akin to his own, and who was master of a solid style. Bartolommeo was a devotional artist, moved secretly, it has been supposed, by the influence of Savonarola. He was a finished painter in technique and his coloring had "a sober har-

mony." Raphael while in Florence painted chiefly religious pictures, such as the 'Borghese Entombment,' marked by a freedom that lifted them out of ecclesiastical art. His painting at this time showed the impress of scientific Florentine art in his study of anatomy, perspective, and bolder copying of the nude. His studies also in sculpture and architecture gave proof of a comprehensive search of the harmonious relations of the arts and of eager desire for knowledge in the whole field, while his sweetness and grace were his own.

This Florentine period was a prolific one. Many of his Madonnas were painted at this time including the 'Madonna del Gran Duca,' the 'Ansidei Madonna,' 'La Bella Giardiniera.' The 'Madonna del Baldacchino' owed something, it is said, to Fra Bartolomeo, and the painting was completed awkwardly by old Ghirlandajo. This, indeed, might be called his Madonna period. His art had all its youthful fire. The somewhat stately 'Ansidei Madonna' that is now in the British National Gallery, if not painted at Florence shows Florentine influence. But nothing can be more noble and pure than this painting where the Virgin is represented as on a lofty throne forming a dark background and is apparently teaching the divine child to read, while John the Baptist and St. Nicholas of Bari stand below, the tone and expression having a thoughtful cast but superlatively lovely in the lines. At this time Raphael seemed absorbed in art for art's sake, never one more so. In his burning march onward he was careless of fame, in love with his art, seeking only to win greater heights and despising the steps he had already mounted.

It has been supposed that Vasari is wrong in calling Bramante a relative of Raphael, but Bramante then

all powerful was instrumental in inducing Raphael to leave Florence for Rome. He went to Rome at a time when great things were happening and when the foundation-stone of St. Peter's church was laid by Pope Julius II, and the Eternal City had become a centre of artistic enthusiasm and of the gathering of the world's great architects, sculptors and painters. It was in 1508 that Raphael, preceded by a brilliant reputation came to Rome, and for twelve years he lived and wrought there, achieving his grandest works. But at Rome he was no longer his own master producing freely the beautiful creations of the imagination, for the church had discovered his inimitable fitness for its purposes. He was to be servant of the church and richly rewarded; and, probably, in his own estimation, he thought himself doing the highest work of which he was capable.

There can be no question that the church of Rome was the prime promoter of art during the Renaissance of the 14th, 15th and 16th centuries, and that it carried out magnificently the principle of Pope Nicholas V, by which "the church should array herself in all the spoils of the world and so maintain her dominion over the mind of man." Notwithstanding this, art does not flourish best in the heavily laden atmosphere of ecclesiastic, monarchic, or aristocratic patronage but in the clear air of democratic freedom, as in Greece and at epochs in Italy and Holland; yet the age to which Raphael belongs was a splendid one, and found its highest expression in him. He had a commission to decorate some large rooms (*stanze*) of the Vatican, and to aid in other ways in building and adorning St. Peter's church. He was for a time actual architect. The imperious Julius took possession of him, summarily dismissing some excellent Florentine

and Umbrian artists, such as Piero della Francesca, Perugino and Pinturicchio, and erasing their frescoes in order to install young Raphael in their place, finding him more apt than the erratic, brooding Michael Angelo. Raphael with his loving heart mourned the destruction of his predecessor's work, but nothing was lost to art. In the Stanza della Segnatura Raphael in 1509 painted his first large fresco of the 'Disputa' in a thoroughly ecclesiastic and scientific style. It has the apsidal Byzantine form, since Raphael seized upon every suggestion from what had gone before, and yet his Umbrian training helped him in the sentiment of the work. The abstractions, in this and other works, of Theology, Science, Poetry and Justice, are grand conceptions, and the 'Disputa' itself showed the philosophic thought and lofty qualities of what is called Raphael's "second style," which qualities are even more manifest in the majestic fresco of the 'School of Athens' that contains fifty figures in groups, among these his own portrait. It would be delightful to dwell on the broad and deep characteristics of this splendid composition, and of other great paintings in the Stanza d'Eliodoro, the fiery rush and movement of the 'Expulsion of Heliodorus from the Temple' and the 'Attila,' the last showing more hasty work; likewise the paintings in the succeeding stanze, of 'Mount Parnassus,' the luminous 'Deliverance of St. Peter,' the 'Burning of the Borgo,' and the great fresco of the 'Defeat of Maxentius by Constantine.' The vastness of invention, the innumerable groupings, and the smooth technique of these bold and difficult designs can be appreciated by those only who make careful study of the originals. The rapidity with which they were thrown off compelled the aid of Raphael's pupils and assistants, of which he had, unlike Michael



Angelo, a great many, and in this way his style degenerated. But such immense creations were not all his productive work at this time, for a lovely form of decorative art sprang up under his hand. Raphael had learned much from the antiquities of Rome that had been overlooked for centuries and in whose investigation he led the way, having been appointed at his own request superintendent of Roman excavations; and he addressed a noble letter to Leo X, "beseeching him to protect the few relics which were left to testify to the power and greatness of that divine soul of antiquity whose memory was inspiration to all who were capable of higher things." He was struck by fresh discoveries in the baths of Titus of Græco-Roman Arabesque ornament and made it the basis of his decoration of the Loggie of the Vatican. He entered the heart of pagan art and rifled its sweets. His fancy ran riot in endless shapes of graceful grotesque and animal, mythical and flower forms, that amaze us by their exuberance like that of nature. But this decorative work was, as it were, aside from more serious achievements, such as the 'St. Cecilia,' the 'Foligno Madonna,' the 'Galatea' in the Villa Farnesina, the strong portraits of historic men and women, 'Michael overthrowing Satan,' now in the Louvre, the 'Vision of Ezekiel,' whose sublimity like that of a Greek gem needs no size, and 'Lo Spasimo,' in the Madrid Gallery, which though irremediably injured, has a divine pathos, and never, perhaps, was so spiritual a conception of Christ as Sufferer, painted. Following these were the seven large tapestry cartoons that are now in the Kensington Museum made from Raphael's designs, and whose serious majesty and elegance and breadth of execution are familiarly known.

It would be difficult to enumerate the suggestions,

creative designs, decorative schemes and smaller paintings and drawings which came from his affluent mind, enriching the age like the overflowings of the Nile ; and his last work, as if the spring were not exhausted but deepened, was his greatest. In the painting of 'The Transfiguration' he gives the literal and exact rendering to the words of St. Matthew's gospel, and in this the unity of the picture, otherwise somewhat confused, is to be found. The bitter griefs and agonizing conflicts of earth vanish into the transcendent hope and supernal light of the opening heavens. The great work stood unfinished in his studio where he lay silent in death. He died in 1520 on the anniversary of his birth, and was buried in the Pantheon, fit place for the enshrining of a universal genius like his.

In any estimate of what Raphael did as an artist, it would be unfair to forget that he was but thirty-seven when he died, while Michael Angelo labored on till he was ninety, and Titian until he was ninety-nine. Raphael's was a young man's work. The serenity and joy infused into all he did arose from the depth of a sweet nature rather than from the accumulated wisdom of years. While he founded a school of painting, there was nothing of the schoolman in him. His art was dynamic rather than mechanic, creative rather than academic. His genius, like that of Praxiteles, was his rule.

But was Raphael a religious painter? It must be said that everybody loved to help him and spoil him. He met no outward trials of life. Rulers and nobles did him honor. He opened his eyes on the lovely Umbrian region, the son of a poet-painter. He was made up of nature's express harmonies, and an old Greek if he had seen his 'Galatea,' goddesses and graces, would have recognized in him the Hellenic

spirit of beauty. Though he gained hints from many he needed to imitate none, not even Michael Angelo, with whose soaring genius he dared to cope. His productions flowed from the full spring of a great creative imagination. As long as his simple youthful life in Umbria absorbed in his art lasted, he was art's high-priest. He was of a pure spirit, else how could such freshness, innocence and angelic beauty have sprung from him, as the morning light? He may rightly be called a religious painter who painted the 'Transfiguration,' in which the face of Christ shines in the purity and light of eternal glory. He may rightly be called a religious painter who painted the 'Sistine Madonna,' where the eyes of the child look on and out as king of the universe, but who was throned in the arms of maternal love. Raphael was a religious painter, yet with a difference that separated him from the school of those earlier religious painters with whom his youth was more nearly associated. The rationalistic element that came into Raphael's painting combined with humane learning changed the character of his art to something more brilliant but less religious; and yet Raphael did not entirely forfeit his claim to being a religious artist though he lost the simple earnestness of earlier days. Coming into the splendors of Rome and the society of princes of the church and the world, and into the luxuriant fields of pagan art, his religious and moral nature suffered a debasement in its consecration and its unconsciousness. The *Weltgeist* crept in him if it did not altogether destroy his beautiful nature. But he never was a thoroughgoing mystic. He was artist, not monk. He belonged to the new world. He portrayed sacred things from the point of view of a clear-eyed artist. Although his earliest pictures, as one has said, were

“painted, as if in a nunnery or a tabernacle of virginal purity,” he emerged from this retreat and rushed into the world where a hotter sun of temptation beat on him and the spontaneous piety of his earlier art was no longer his. Therefore the church might use him, but it could not utterly control him, and, for this reason, Ruskin has characterized Italian painting of the 14th and 15th centuries as a distinctly religious art in contradistinction to the naturalistic and purely artistic element which came into Raphael’s painting, and, combined with science, changed its character to something more brilliant but less earnest. Yet there is one thing to be said, and this is important, that when the intensely religious or ecstatic painting of the Early Renaissance, of the devotional and mystic artist, sank into mannerism and imbecility, Raphael’s art, less ascetic and ecclesiastic but more natural and more artistic, contained in it the germ of what really became the future development of modern art.

Technically Raphael’s highest merit is his harmonious arrangement of line and space, his breadth of composition, for he was the greatest master of the quality of “space-composition” which he had caught, it may be, from Perugino, but which is seen in higher perfection in Raphael’s large paintings like the ‘Spasalizio,’ the ‘School of Athens’ and the ‘Disputa,’ in which last, as another says, “there is a balance of masses and all lines cause the eye to follow to one point of unity.” The harmony in Raphael’s painting is like that of nature, which does not distribute but unites and concentrates effects; while the happy middle point that Raphael touched in his balance between the realism of nature and the finer realism of the ideal—the sane and sensible ground in art that while true was poetic—is seen conspicuously, for example, in his



Madonnas, the most lovely of which, for pure naturalism, is the 'Holy Family of Francis I.' With the single exception of the 'Sistine Madonna,' in which the mother comes bearing a heavenly gift to the world, the others are genuinely human, drawn, some of them doubtless, from living models of healthy composure, honey-colored hair, soft eyes and bare feet, and yet with the mother-look of unutterable love. They are true women, not celestial beings.

Raphael's coloring was warm and bright and while it was carefully laid on and lustrous, it was not heavy. He employed moderate colors, which gave him the opportunity for graded values of light and clear effects, and he was smooth and absolutely finished in his technique.

Raphael's portraits are a great theme. What a calamity was the loss of his portraits of Lorenzo di Medici and Elizabeth Duchess of Urbino! What rugged power, what fire and cynic energy, burn in his likeness of Julius II., and in the strong coloring and earthly character of Leo X.! Would we had had a contemporary picture, from the same true hand, of Martin Luther! The portraits of Federigo Gonzaga and of the young noble in the Louvre confirm the remark of Lanzi that "however lovely Raphael's female faces are, his male heads are more remarkable." They are more living and vigorous. How absurd is the criticism made upon a transcendental work like the 'Sistine Madonna,' that she is not human because she carries the child on her right arm instead of her left, overlooking the truth that this is a poetic conception of the mother presenting the child not as earthly, but as coming from heaven to earth to redeem and save it.

The inimitable splendor of Raphael's artistic career

shows a pathetic decline towards the end of his life, for the reason that he attempted to go beyond his own powers to do impossible things, and he worked hastily. His painting grew diffuse. His pupils did not carry out his fame. They lost the magic charm and magnificent sweep of his composition, the moderation and refinement of tone, the harmonious coloring, the exquisite grace and even the religious feeling that characterized the master, so that Renaissance art touched its zenith in him, and it was a golden sunset glory that burst forth for a while and illuminated the sky before it quite vanished.

Modern painting is a fresh advance on that of the Middle Ages, owing to a closer return to nature, by which it has acquired basic force and a penetration into the real greatness of things, into truth and knowledge. It is able also to catch with subtle touch the fleeting phases of light and atmosphere as in nature itself, and yet in the deeper elements of art Raphael's works still remain unapproached; and although Titian was the richer colorist, and in other qualities Velasquez and Rembrandt, and even Rousseau and some moderns, especially in landscape, have surpassed him, yet taken all around, for harmoniousness, original creative artistic power, dramatic force, grace and sweetness and an almost divine beauty, there is none like Raphael.

#### *Some Old Florentine Painters*

Italian Renaissance is in reality a simultaneous advanced movement all along the line of general knowledge and of those arts that quicken and aid æsthetic power, such as letters, poetry, building, mason-work, wood and ivory carving, the goldsmith's art, bronze-casting, silk-weaving, embroidery, trade, commerce,

banking, politics and religion ; and in these forms of activity the Florentine "arti" had a chief part ; and in the revival of the 15th century that brought in nature and humanity, and that was, for a time at least, deepened by the stronger current of Christian faith, Florence became a seat of religious art, though with a predominance of the intellectual that modified the mystic and ascetic element, and was marked by thoughtfulness more than by passion. "Florence," Symonds says, "with her best reason in the time of religious revival dedicated herself to Christ ; and she did this with more sincerity than did Rome or Venice." And although the religious sensibility of the Florentine nature was corrupted by the influence of the Medici, a bad family who, wherever they were in Italy or France, loved the material more than the spiritual, and subsidized artists to minister to their luxurious tastes ; and yet notwithstanding this, Christian art owed to Florence some of its highest influences. In passing we cannot neglect Florentine Giotto's campaign, Christian work that it was, so lovingly traced over with biblical and religious devices, nor Ghiberti's "Gates of Paradise" that started Holman Hunt on his upward path.

There is no place where one can more quietly enjoy the religious as well as the beautiful in art, with its hundred facets burning in purest light, than in the Uffizi Gallery ; or where he can appreciate more truly the words of Marcus Aurelius in his "Meditations," when he says : "Everything which is in any way beautiful is beautiful in itself, terminates in itself, not having praise as part of itself. Neither better or worse is a thing made by being praised. . . . That which is beautiful has no need of anything, no more than truth or love or modesty. What thing is beau-

tiful because it is praised, or spoiled because it is blamed? Is such a thing as an emerald stone, or gold, or ivory, or a lyre, or a flower?"

In the Uffizi are six superb Raphaels with some of the best Titians, Palmas, fiery Giorgiones and masters of the Venetian school, with many precious works of the old Florentine religious painters. There is the elaborate and magnificent *predella* of Fra Angelico, the famous 'Madonna' of Filippo Lippi, four fine examples of Sandro Botticelli, Filippino Lippi's 'Madonna and Saints' in his golden style, a masterpiece of Ghirlandajo, the 'Holy Family' of Fra Bartolommeo, and Lorenzo di Credi's portrait of his master Verrocchio. There is in Florence the fresco of the 'Death of St. Francis' by Giotto in the Cappella Bardi of the church of Santa Croce, one of his most striking paintings, representing the Saint on his death bed surrounded by his brethren, full of dignity and intellectual spirit as well as feeling. Giotto's portrait of St. Louis of France gives that saintly crusader a robe adorned with *fleurs de lis*, while there is a corresponding statue of St. Louis by Donatello in the church. To continue these earlier religious works, there is a curious picture supposed to be by Taddeo Gaddi in the Cappella degli Spagnuoli of the church of Santa Maria Novella depicting an allegory of the Catholic religion, or 'The Church Triumphant,' with tier on tier of excellent glory. In one upper tier of canonized saints is a sitting figure, wearing an ass's head, of which piece of mediæval satire I have forgotten the story; but how assured must have been the hearts of the people who gazed on the picture, to behold the holy Catholic Church, in whose hand their souls were placed, already seated in glory and joining the hierarchy of heaven with divine authority to save all its



own! A terrible crash must the Reformation have caused to some hearts, and we do not wonder that Melancthon counselled his good old mother to remain in the Catholic fold and not, in her old age, to have her peace disturbed by the new doctrines.

Taddeo Gaddi was Giotto's chief pupil, but lacking "the large elements of construction and the dramatic force of his master." He illustrated the 14th century of dogmatic theology, and particularly so in the formal frescoes of the Cappella degli Spagnuoli. Vasari relates that Gaddi was godson of Giotto and carried out the traditions of his school. He stood in the shadow of the church's portico laboring with infinite care and zeal to do her behests. At Florence, Assisi, Arezzo, Castellano, Pisa, he filled the churches with sacred compositions, turning only once aside to reconstruct the Rubaconte bridge over the Arno (Ponte Vecchio) whose solid arches are so well known to us. With Simone Memmi he decorated the Chapel of the Spaniards in the church of Santa Maria Novella, and he excelled Giotto in coloring but was inferior in genius.

At the church of Santa Maria Novella, in the Strozzi chapel, is seen an example of another old Florentine painter, Andrea di Cione Orcagna (1329-1376) who, a little later than Gaddi, more nearly approached the Renaissance. He was one of that great group of precursors who marked the transitional period. He was painter, goldsmith, sculptor, architect and poet. He has been supposed to have designed the Loggia dei Lanzi and to have painted the terrific pictures of the Judgment and Hell at the Pisan Campo Santo; but the fame of these last works has been snatched from him by modern criticism. Yet much remains. The frescoes in the Strozzi Chapel show his original-

ity, and there is a delicate beauty in his female faces as in the *Paradiso*, that represents apostles, prophets, saints and virgins, and it has been forcibly remarked that the painter of these lovely female faces could not possibly have made the tremendous scenes of the 'Last Judgment' and 'Triumph of Death' at Pisa; so that among others the Campo Santo frescoes have been assigned to Pietro and Ambrogio Lorenzetti; and yet they are no more of the style of the Lorenzetti than of Orcagna, and the possibilities of the latter are not, in my humble view, impaired. A recent critic says of Orcagna: "All the wonderful beauty of Orcagna's faces, profile after profile, laid together like lilies in a garden border, can only be discerned after long study. Andrea Orcagna is the greatest Tuscan painter between Giotto and Masaccio. . . . He went to the school of Siena and found there his faces, which have more delicacy, charm and beauty than those of Giotto."

Fra Angelico's fresco in the Museum of San Marco representing the legend of 'Christ received by two Dominicans' is so sincere in the glad surprise on the monks' faces, and so beautiful and benign on the face of the Christ making himself known under his rough shepherd's garb, that Fra Angelico is here the artist of nature. In characteristic reach, height and splendor of monastic feeling, Angelico's 'Coronation of the Virgin' in the Museum of San Marco is the most remarkable of his pictures. After all he was weak in comparison with some great painters of his time, and though his work was pure it was artificial and feminine in its grace rather than powerful; and we strike once more now on the track of Angelo's pupil Benozzo Gozzoli—kindliest and boldest Florentine of all, whom both art and nature loved. The angel-heads

in the detail of the fresco of 'Il Paradiso' in the Riccardi Palace, show him in the light of a religious painter. He can even rise into the mystic sphere. The adoring angels wave their colored wings, and their ideal faces of contemplation and reverent awe seem full of the spirit of worship. In the second group of angels the faces are still more wonderful and they excel in beauty and purity of type. The greatest and most characteristic work of Benozzo's, in the private chapel of the Medici in the Riccardi Palace of Florence (1457-60), is the long fresco which runs around the whole room and forms a procession of gay figures sumptuously costumed, representing the 'Journey of the Magi.' The fresco has been ruthlessly cut in two by a staircase. Magian kings arrayed as fifteenth century Florentine princes are accompanied on their stately march across the wilderness, over mountains and through vales, by knights, squires and pages splendidly mounted, and hunters running with leopards, and dogs and camp followers of all kinds. They pass now through a fertile landscape dotted with towns and villages, and then over desolate craggy rocks. The scenery is stiff since landscape had not yet become an auxiliary to painting, but there is an open air freedom, and the men and animals are alive (the horse on the right is skillfully foreshortened), and the faces of the princes and pages are sharply drawn, especially the face of the unbonneted page between two horses. Lorenzo di Medici is represented as a youth riding under a bay tree; and there are portraits of many other Medici princes as this fresco rolls out its length of gay motley figures intent on a grand pleasure excursion where?—to the stable of Bethlehem! But while there is little religion there is no irreverence. Benozzo's humor which flashes forth from a cheerful

*de' Medici*

*(et al.)*

nature, is not of that sort, while he seizes with eagerness every chance to bring in his observations of real life and not dead-and-alive types of art. One notices how rich is the caparison of the white horse, while the white greyhound bounds like lightning after his prey ; and it is amusing to see the gravity on the faces of the young men, as if something of sacredness in such a journey must be kept up. Æsthetic Lorenzo di Medici enjoyed such processions, spectacular shows and brilliant dresses that delighted the art-loving inhabitants of Florence and helped him to amuse and rule a restless people.

In the gallery of the Accademia delle Belle Arti there is another fresco painting of the story of the Magi ('Adoration of the Magi') which is also a very elaborate painting, by Gentile da Fabriano, an artist born in an Umbrian mountain town and of the Umbrian school, who, however, felt the influence of Florence, and whose works are rare, this being perhaps the best. Gentile da Fabriano flourished between 1360 and 1440, and his spirit may be seen in Benozzo Gozzoli. He painted only easel pictures, or rather panel pictures. He has been considered to be an artist who, with a few others, marked the transition from Gothic to true Renaissance. He was the first to show the effect of sunlight in landscape, and though he never outgrew Gothic minuteness there was in his work a sense of reality. His small pictures are bright and pleasing. In this painting the Child puts his hand confidently on the head of the King, who kisses the infant's foot. The rich garments of the Kings and of the page buckling on his spur, the dogs and horses (not so well drawn as Benozzo's), the ox and ass, "the crowds of excited heads," are contrasted with the serenity of the holy group.

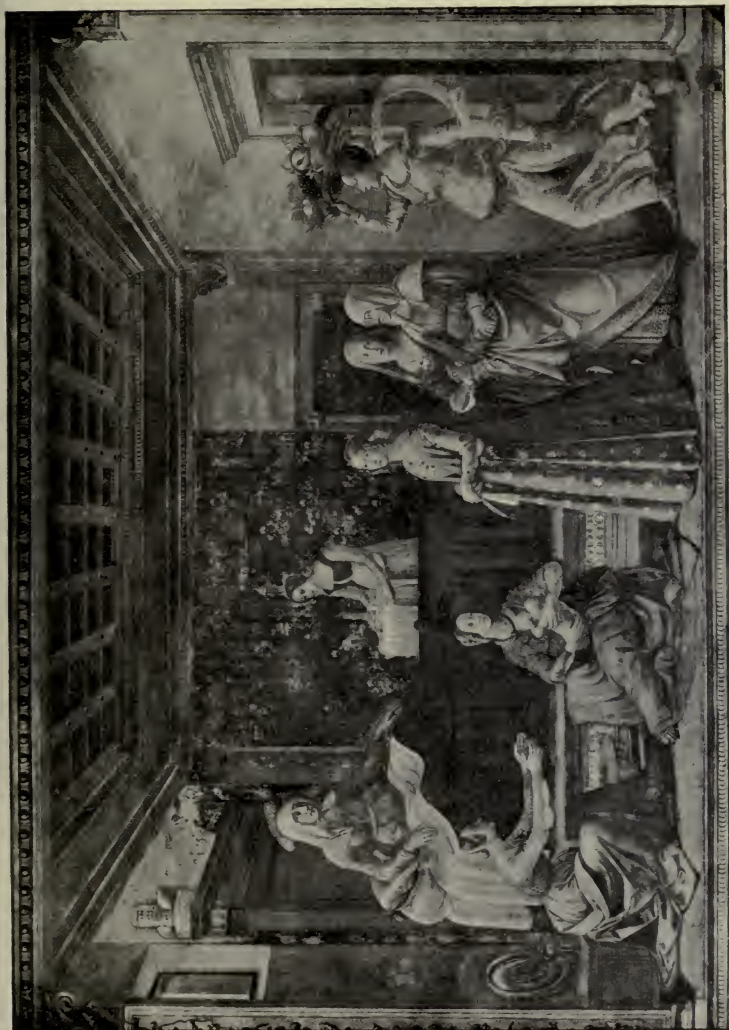


Fabriano's figures are vivid as if seen in a camera oscura. His costumes set forth a picturesque feature of the Middle Ages, in which the artist then had a great advantage over the modern artist in matter of color. The crowds in the streets, the gorgeous processions and displays of great families of the 15th century, the dresses of scarlet, yellow and green velvet, and of gold embroideries, made a contrast and riot of colors that delighted painters. One such scene is given by a contemporary: "The princes and knights had polished armor and rode on white horses; the ladies wore gowns broided with pearls and precious stones, the young pages with long yellow hair stood ready; the silks were the most rich loom could weave; every figure was a masterpiece of style; the linens were as delicate as gossamer and fell in exact folds; the shoes sparkled with silver and in the palace fresh-cut roses and lilies strewed the way." We are reminded of Beatrice d'Este's costumes described in her letters: "The Duchess of Bari had a vest of gold brocade worked in scarlet and blue and a blue mantle trimmed with long-haired fur, and her hair was coiled as usual in a silken net. The Duchess Isabella wore gold brocade and green velvet with crimson cords and a mantle of crimson lined with grey silk and both covered with jewels." At another time Beatrice writes: "The Duchess had a *camora* of red satin with gold loops over it, and I a purple *camora* with the pattern of the links worked in gold and green and white enamel six inches deep, on front and back and both sleeves, and with it I wore a girdle of St. Francis of large pearls and ruby for clasp." The odd thing is that similarly fine dresses sparkle and shine in the desert journey to the lowly stable. But Fabriano made the most of it,

probably in honor of the subject. As has been remarked, his pictures are few.\*

I have spoken before of Ghirlandajo, but here, in Florence, he is citizen of no mean city and is at his best. The 'Annunciation' painted by him, forming one of a series of frescoes in the choir of the church of Santa Maria Novella, is the least noteworthy of the series, nor can it be called a religious painting but in name, yet the drawing and drapery are well managed as in all his pictures; but the picture of the 'Birth of John the Baptist' (1490) is much worthier of notice. It strikes one like a modern painting interesting in any age, life-full, its complex features clearly differentiated, broad in composition and preserving in its groupings a balance of pleasing and harmonious lines. The central female figure is beautiful in her well-chosen costume, having a stateliness like a queen, and her face is framed in with curling locks. She is followed by older women, and these by a lightly tripping maid with a fruit-basket on her head. It is a domestic scene in a wealthy and aristocratic household, but as the birth-place of John the Baptist, who was not clothed in purple and fine linen found in kings' houses, it can hardly be called a religious picture. "Ghirlandajo's main interest lay in the present, and that to him was the subject best worth painting, and but for some mechanical deduction for his classical studies he painted it with the fidelity of a photograph. He portrayed Florentine men and women of the day and some may think them none the less beautiful for being copies of real life." If he glorified high

\* In the Jarves Gallery of early Italian masters at Yale University, there is a small undoubted painting by Fabriano on a wooden chest, representing 'The Triumph of Love' with a refined symbolism, illustrating the artist's traits and invaluable from the rarity of his works.



BIRTH OF JOHN THE BAPTIST





life at Florence, he immortalized humble life at San Gimignano in the death-bed of a poor peasant. But he fairly revelled in the pictorial splendors of his age, and sets the Lord's Supper in a variegated garden with statues, orange trees and peacocks. Another says that "truth to nature is seen in his faces and hands, the effect of age on the texture of the skin, the shine on the tightly drawn skin of the forehead in the group of shepherds in the 'Nativity,' the close gray hair, the stubby chin and wrinkles on the wrists, and the texture of lamb's wool capes." It remains for me to speak of one master belonging to the Florentine Laurentian period who formed a direct link with the perfected Renaissance and brought down painting to the verge of modern art, but who, as a religious painter, like Ghirlandajo, is of dubious character—Botticelli.

Botticelli was in many ways an exceptional artist breaking blithely into the ranks of serious antecedents and with more freedom than feeling. He caught the breath of the classic revival, which touched his fancy and made him pedantic while it did not destroy the sense of beauty. The crowd of cupids, genii, nymphs, gods and goddesses that waited impatiently to descend on the field of painting, so as in succeeding centuries to obscure Christian forms and ideas, began to appear in his paintings. His 'Venus borne on the Sea' and drawn to the shore by the winds, is Greek in its spirit. Yet Botticelli, notwithstanding this classic fervor which imparted a poetic glow to his pictures without bringing in the sensuousness that afterwards accompanied the infusion of pagan ideas, was, in some sense, a religious painter, so that in him the religious character of the art of the 15th century is not entirely lost.

Sandro Botticelli (1447-1510 or 1525) flourished in the later days of Lorenzo di Medici, and he was, says another, "the artistic counterpart of the literary tendencies of his day, especially those of his chief patron." His fame has, in these late years, revived, and has become a fashion or passion among art critics, just as Luini, or Lotto, or some one else, may become tomorrow, in the shaking up of the æsthetic kaleidoscope. He began in the way that so many noted painters in that age began, by working at the goldsmith's trade, but his bent for painting was strong and he was apprenticed to Fra Filippo Lippi, and followed his methods of coloring as seen in his reds, whites and browns, and his love of flowers. He was a painter of roses, and his conception of the picture of 'La Madonna delle Rose' is a rose in full bloom. The picture by Botticelli in the Accademia delle Belle Arti called the 'Nights of Boccaccio' is painted on a chest representing a Florentine wedding (Adimari with Lisa Ricasoli), a bright scene interesting as a study of dress in the time of Boccaccio, when cloaks, trains and caps were of extravagant fashion. In the landscape is faintly indicated the villa that stood in the near neighborhood of Florence which was the scene of the "Decamerone," and what page of literature could bring before us more vividly the careless, joyous and picturesque life of a day of old Florence—bright city of song and flowers!

Botticelli made some charming frescoes in the Sistine Chapel at Rome but was effaced by the superlative splendor of Michael Angelo's works. He was likewise a wit, and Vasari relates that though himself suspected, he went to the vicar of his parish and accused his best friend of heresy, who demanded to be told of what heresy. Sandro replied that his *amico*

held to the Epicurean doctrine that the soul perished with the body, and that this must be true in his case, for his friend had not any mind and yet had written a commentary on Dante! Botticelli himself executed a series of more than ninety drawings to illustrate Dante's "Divina Commedia."

Botticelli's picture of the 'Adoration of the Magi' made for the church of Santa Maria Novella, and now in the Uffizi, is of a fashion totally unlike scenes of the same subject in earlier pictures, for the Virgin sits in a kind of niche in a ruined wall, which is a most strained and extravagant fancy. In this picture occurs the portrait of Cosimo di Medici, as also are found likenesses of the Medici family, as well as of Poliziano and of Botticelli, heads exquisitely painted. He made a lovely portrait of a Florentine lady, and a likeness of Ficino the best of the humanists. In his strictly decorative work he sought to captivate with gold-raised backgrounds, brilliant colors, representations of jewel-work, rich draperies, vine-leaves, tinted clouds, golden harps, stringed musical instruments, the creations of his imagination. He was master of a most delicate style in fresco like that of oil painting or water color, but the real purity of the man is seen in all his works.

Botticelli believed in the identity of Christianity and liberal learning and art, and the most famous of his religious paintings (if they can be so called) is the 'Coronation of the Virgin' representing the mother and the divine Child, and two angels on either hand holding a rich crown over the Virgin's head, also three other figures. The refinements of drawing in this picture, the mystic calm of the Virgin's face, and the richly embroidered flowing robe, are, indeed, beautiful, but the style is more polished, and less

strong than the style of the older rugged painters. If more attractive it is more artificial. Though Botticelli did not enter profoundly into spiritual conflicts he is supposed to have been in line with reformed views, and some have found references in his pictures to the new faith which was another phase of the broadening influences of religious thought at that time.

The element of symbolism entered largely into Botticelli's paintings, and his famous ethical picture, now in the Uffizi, of the 'Calumny of Apelles' was taken from Lucian's description of the painting by Apelles. It is an undeniably powerful picture though a disagreeable one, for painting far less than poetry can bear unpleasing and revolting themes. Truth is emblemized by a naked form and Calumny by a malignant hooded figure. The victim of Calumny is dragged by the hair of her head by a female licitor before the Judge, into whose ears spirits of falsehood pour their slanders, while emblematic statues of Virtues stand around in piers with adorned Renaissance arches. The suborned and ruffianly witness renders his false testimony. Although it is an artificially wrought and ghastly picture, and the subject is better fitted for the drama than painting, seldom has there been more objective moral power put into a picture. But Botticelli did not deal commonly with ethical or sombrely toned subjects, but his genius preferred lighter and more joyous themes, rejoicing in the brightness of the new-flowering world in the Spring as seen and sung in Early Renaissance poetry; and in the allegory of the 'Primavera,' which picture is now in the Accademia delle Belle Arti, is a fresh world of scenery and expression, though it has lost much in having nearly lost its bright coloring which was its chief charm. The forms of dancing nymphs with a flying Cupid and



roses and vine-leaves wreathed over the light costumes are Botticellian in fantastic design, and while imparting a tone of Greek nature are not Greek. The female figures are ill-drawn and attenuated. Botticelli's drawing has a weak style. He is graceful in his idyllic scenes, and in his beautiful Madonnas with cunningly braided and pearl-besprinkled hair and the touches of gold in the drapery, and the sweet and pensive expression in the faces, he may be said almost to have originated a new type of religious painting clearly recognizable from the old, but not so strong because inspired by poetic rather than deeper motives. Evidently religion was not the main thing with this artist. Botticelli undoubtedly made a step towards the development of the art of the 16th century, for there is a more cheerful tone and freer movement in his pictures. "The waves glitter, the air blows, the forms have fluttering robes, the roses breathe perfume, and the bounding figures have rhythmic life." It is unreal life, however, made up of forms posturing rather than acting; and as a colorist it has been remarked that "notwithstanding the charm of his golden light and his red background of orange tree, pine and ilex he was not a scientific colorist, and his paintings are rather tinted lines. He abandoned, if he ever seriously tried, experiments in a medium affected by his contemporaries. His desire to express life compelled him to give roundness and relief, but this he strove to effect by mechanical methods rather than by the knowledge of anatomy and the law of light and shade. He used the human body to create a sort of linear arabesque, yet it is hard to state his methods. Leonardo said that Botticelli scoffed at background, and declared that a daub of paint thrown against a wall would serve his turn. This signified that the

action should not suffer distraction from elaborate setting and that the head should stand clear against the sky, or against a background which suffered the features to be defined." The landscape in Botticelli's 'Judith' in the Uffizi is, however, quite charming, and full of atmospheric tone. The face of Judith is drawn with delicate lines and the costume is a thin clinging dress which Botticelli affects as if to decorate rather than clothe.

The recently discovered picture of 'Pallas and Centaur' which belonged probably to Botticelli's earlier years, was made for the elder Lorenzo di Medici, since in 1856 on the occasion of the marriage of the Archduke Ferdinand of Lorraine when unused rooms of the Pitti palace were required, the pictures were taken down and among them was found the 'Pallas and Centaur' which is supposed to refer to Lorenzo's return to Florence after his pacificatory visit to Naples, suggesting the triumph of mind over matter and of Medicean civilization over war and anarchy. The figure of Pallas is wreathed with olive leaves. The painting is authenticated by a document regarding the negotiations between Lorenzo and the League, and it illustrates the artist's tendency to allegory. It is as fresh as when first made and, in a certain sense is beautiful, but totally unclassic in the type of Athena with mediæval armor and halberd. The lower limbs of Pallas are too short. Her face is lovely, rimmed in by amber hair. The face of the centaur is distressed rather than brutal, but he is mastered or hypnotized by the strong-minded goddess, as she lays her hand on his shaggy head. This picture does not detract from the renown of Botticelli, if it does not greatly enhance it. Botticelli might be compared to the modern school of symbolism in poetry and painting, with

its sweetness and weakness, and its morbid unnaturalness as a creation of the brain rather than a true reflection of nature.

Botticelli was a symphonist in color and more decorative than truly real, breezy, poetic, and half-pagan, though he was a pure-minded artist and not without religious sentiment. He showed something of the power that came down from Perugino to give a limitless effect to a scene that is laid beyond the bounds of time and space.\*

I might discourse further of still older religious artists who were devout shrine-painters, as well as those who so early had independent naturalistic tendencies, like Paolo Ucello, and, later, Panicali da Masolino, teacher or companion of Masaccio, Andrea del Castagno, Antonio Pollajuolo, Cosimo Rosselli master of Fra Bartolommeo, the somewhat fantastic Piero di Cosimo, and Lorenzo di Credi, already commented upon, who had a touch of Leonardo da Vinci's style, and was known for his color-values ranging from the darkest to the most luminous, so that twenty or thirty shades could be perceived. I could also speak of the incomparably greater da Vinci, head of the contemporary Lombard school and equal to the best of the Florentine, while regarding him as a religious artist and the painter of 'The Last Supper,' but whose fire came from the head more than the heart and who, had he been wholly inspired by the divine fire, would have been capable of producing perfect works instead

\* In the Jarves Gallery at Yale there is a painting by Botticelli of a 'Madonna and Child' *in tempera* on wood. The Child holds in his hand a pomegranate. In the background is a landscape. It is a lovely picture, bearing every mark intrinsic and historic of authenticity. The Jarves Gallery is, indeed, recognized as the most valuable one in America in its relation to the history of early Italian painting.

of fragments—a standing enigma of art! There was too, Leonardo's pupil, Bernardino Luini, a painter of most delicious sweetness, but whose beauty pure as it is, was of the weak sense rather than of the strong spirit. Mantegna of Padua was a classic more than Christian artist, and his painting resembles antique sculpture; but I must bring to a close this brief survey of a suggestive epoch that was inspired by the pure flame of devotion. It was one of beginnings which is always delightful. It was a morning song, sung amid fresh flowers and growths. It was a creative epoch. Springing from the depths of mediævalism it was truly religious art even if shaded by mysticism and superstition. Compared with its artless productions, modern academic Madonnas and second-hand angels and much of what is entitled religious art are feeble and artificial copies. The early Italian art came from the heart and cannot be reproduced. To study it is promotive of holy calm of mind, reverence and contemplation. Contemporaneous with Giotto, it is childlike as he was; and yet as it went on it caught the flame of heavenly love that led Dante in his lofty aspirations.

Added to the sweet calm of devotion, this art had also begun to rejoice in the new freedom and to drink at the uncovered fountain of beauty, call it Helicon or Nature. It was as yet uncorrupted, or fatally so, by the humanistic philosophy that, united with the luxuriousness of the growing power of the Italian princes, finally prevailed over its sincerity and spontaneity. It had been delivered from the bonds of Byzantine false taste that forbade the representation of natural beauty, the copying of real life and the joy of looking at nature and God in the face, and there seems to have already come into it the promise of a fuller age,



the prophecy of something more perfect and the earnest of all that is great in modern art.

Another name starts up—the last and greatest. There is a picture of a 'Holy Family' in the Uffizi which is as rugged as the rocks. It is less plastic than the pathetic 'Pietà' cut out of hard marble in the mausoleum of Lorenzo di Medici. By the same mighty hand there is also in the Vatican a fresco-painting of the 'Creation of Man' in which the finger of God stretched over the abyss of eternity touches the moulded clay and it starts up a living spirit. This is a sublimer reach of the imagination than all that had gone before which was called art; and yet the older Italian artists of the 14th and 15th centuries, in their simple nature and childlike faith, dwelled nearer the springs of divine inspiration in religious painting than Michael Angelo, and better exemplified the profound words of Protagoras "The true test of Art is its seeming absence."

## A POST-PHEIDIAN GREEK SCULPTOR

### *Characteristics of Greek Sculpture*

The custom of setting up statues to victorious athletes in Greece commenced as far back as 600 B. C. Rooted in nature, Greek sculpture had in it a living principle of growth. At its best period it had passed the imitative and reached the ideal stage. The human body was early taken as the measure of all things and the standard of perfection. The Greek sculptor in his statue expressed his ideal of beauty in a form fitted for the subject. It has been said with a touch of ironic bitterness by critics of one school that "Greek art had no place for ugliness"; and in this respect it may have been limited in its range of realistic richness; but this is to be said, that Greek art had nature for its base, and drew from nature and essential truth. The Greek sculptor might not consciously have aimed after perfect beauty, but his works reveal a secret sympathy with beauty in nature, and while taught by nature he took the best that nature had to give, exalting instead of ignoring the real and at the same time avoiding the ugly, and following the law of selection that eliminates the mean, unpleasing and gross in nature. Donatello was a Greek inasmuch as he based his sculpture in nature while still lacking the Greek instinct of beauty, and Canova was Greek in his sense of beauty, but lacked the Greek foundation

in nature, so that with his almost Greek loveliness he was a conventional sculptor. This, certainly, was the Greek theory of art, and though it may be fairly debated whether on the whole art loses or gains by such a theory, it cannot be denied that art gained in the ideal, and in the perfection of beauty of form. In Greek art much that was intermediate was passed by ignorantly, perhaps scornfully. Picturesque detail whether fine or coarse was lost sight of. The loveliness of the small, of the common, especially in landscape, was unrecognized. It was the microscopic eye of a Dürer that first saw this. The heroic was striven for as a symbol and quality of the divine. Human attributes took divine forms, and sculpture, above all, seeking divine perfection, raised the soul into ideas of truth, simplicity, power, harmony and beauty, fixing forever the immutable principles of organized art.

Greek art sprang out of the working of the free Greek spirit, and this was another of those characteristic features that cannot be lost sight of. In its great art-epoch, Greece, politically, was a free state. No longer repressed by outside barbarous forces, Greek art became the expression of the free youth of a nation whose primitive poetic energies had not been destroyed. It was human, healthy, joyous, working not by rules to serve tyrants, but by spontaneity and love; and if (as there seems reason to believe) it had its source in some older Eastern civilization, possibly in Egypt, it broke the ancient moulds and followed the bold guidings of its own free genius; and the physical conformation of the little land of Greece wonderfully aided this natural but unique artistic evolution; for while isolated it was centrally situated. It drew from other lands and yet carefully guarded its own life, so that virility and variety were nourished.

Argolis, linked as with a chain of pearls by the Ægean islands to Asia, felt the influence of Oriental types and was center and seat of the wide-spread Mycenæan art. Attica, cut off from the rest of Greece by mountains and sea, shared the rich Eastern Ionian culture. In all the Greek smaller states there was this same variety in unity, and the spirit of freedom which is the spirit of all true progress, was their common inheritance, so that great works of sculpture at first local became national works, infused with the spirit of national freedom and life.

There was a markedly keen intellectual element, a special gift to the race, that ran into the poetic and symbolic, which was another characteristic of Hellenic art. It was a fruit of the reason as well as the imagination. It was a thoroughly thoughtful and not merely sensuous art; and the same fine intellectual quality was to be seen in the religion itself of Hellas. The Greeks worshipped Dionysos, god of wine, but he was also god of genial nature, of the spring time, of the joyful quality and play of the mind in comedy. Aphrodite was goddess of beauty, yet not the beauty of physical form merely, but of the beautiful maternal principle in Venus Genetrix, the pure virginal quality in Panagia, and the affection of Heavenly Love in Urania. Athena, Apollo, Zeus, stood for the beneficent olive-tree, the all-fructifying sun and rain-phenomena, but they stood too for wisdom, art, human speech and cosmic order. How keenly intellectual a type was the Lemnian Athena supposed by critics to be a work of Pheidias, or copy of his sculpture that stood on the edge of the Acropolis near the Propylæa—the concentration of mind in a face of the highest refinement of thought! Christian consciousness, exalted and unified, conceives of one personal God, but Greek con-



sciousness conceived of many personifications of the divine qualities of the human mind. Greek art was intellectually shaped by Homer, who exerted an almost religious influence, and used the crude material of prehistoric civilization to create beautiful intellectual forms, as Herodotus said: "Homer and Hesiod named the gods and settled their genealogies for the Hellenes." The Homeric poems were logical as well as poetic antitypes of the sculptures of Pheidias, and Homer and Æschylos, myth-maker and dramatist, were fathers of the sculptors. Their thoughts germinated in the creations of artists, as Pheidias said of his Olympian Zeus that he saw the god in a dream as Homer describes him. He saw him in human form and the human form was the norm of Greek sculpture, not only of physical but intellectual and moral perfection, so that sculpture was the art of Greece comprehended in form (abstractly pure, moderate and noble), not in color and dimensions, and was a medium to immortalize, or eternize as far as might be, the divinely heroic. Although Greek sculpture started with grotesque copies of the human form carved out of logs and stones, it rose into an ideal beauty in the sculptures of Pheidias, Skopas and Praxiteles; and it is to the second of these sculptors that this essay briefly draws attention.

### *The Age of Skopas*

The general period of the active career of Skopas may be reasonably reckoned to be from 400 to 350 B. C., which was an extraordinarily agitated period of Greek history and thought. The previous century, and almost blending with it immediately after the conclusion of the Persian wars, was an age of great men—Perikles, Sokrates, Sophokles, Kimon, and, in art,

Pheidias. Then came the Thirty Years War which left behind ravages and changes, when Athens was struggling to maintain its existence, and the centre of power was shifted from Attica to the Peloponnesos. Roughly speaking, it was the age of Demosthenes, Xenophon, Alkibiades, Plato (now old), Aristotle and Euripides, and it partook of the complex character of these remarkable representative minds. Though decadent, Greece still produced the breed of noble men, but the confidence of the people in the old order was shaken, the love of country enfeebled and simple faith had given way to doubt. Sorrow brought despair. Great misfortunes awakened deep questionings. While the ideals of politics and religion had changed it was not singular that those of art should be affected. The idea that shone before Pheidias was heroic conflict and decision, not doubt or loss of self-respect; and the Pheidian epoch was a period favorable for the production of great sculptors of simple lofty aim, unconfused by lower passions, sculptors of immortals who sat in emotionless calm above the anxieties of the world. Pheidias himself was the supreme expression of this time, but Greece with her wealth of genius was to show still another phase of art, not so grand but more brilliant, a result of the reflex action of mind which was thrown back upon itself and forced to analyze its own states, because nothing outside of the mind was worthy of thought.

#### *Mention of Skopas by Classic Writers*

We are compelled to obtain our knowledge of ancient artists and their works mainly from two sources, classical literature and the intrinsic qualities of the works themselves. Classical literature is sometimes quite overlooked as a source of knowledge of antique art;

but there were critical minds in those days, acute observers of the progress of thought, men who, like Pliny, Pausanias, Lucian, Marcus Aurelius, formed a group of cultivated men receptive of scientific æsthetic ideas, and whose testimony is of value. Lucian, for example, seems to have had a native appreciation of the fine arts. References to Skopas by classic writers are fragmentary, but taken together, like the strands of a rope, they afford proof not only that he had lived, but that he was regarded as a sculptor inferior to none; and I will note some of the principal of these references that have been, for the most part, collated by a careful hand, and which I have only ventured in a few instances slightly to re-translate.

The most extended reference to Skopas occurs in Pliny's Natural History xxxvi, 25: "The fame of Skopas vies with that of those masters (*Skopae laus cum his certat*). His works are Aphrodite and Desire (*Uenerum et Pothos*) at Samothrake, to which the most sacred rites are paid (*sanctissimis ceremoniis colentur*), the Apollo of the Palatine, and the famous Hestia in the gardens of Servilius seated between two pillars; a similar pair may be seen in the sculptures (*monumentis*) of Asinius Pollio, where is also the basket-bearer of Skopas. But the highest praise is allotted to his shrine-piece in the temple of Cn. Domitius in the Flaminian Circus representing Poseidon, Thetis, Achilles, Nereids seated on dolphins, immense fish or sea-horses, also Tritons and the troop of Phorkys and his sea-monsters, and many other marine creatures all by the same hand; a group which would have been illustrious (*praeclarum opus*) had it been the work of a life time (*etiam si totius vitae fuisset*). Besides those above mentioned and others of which

we are ignorant, there is by the hand of the same artist a colossal sitting figure of Ares in the temple of Brutus Gallaeus close by the Circus, also a nude Aphrodite in this spot which surpasses the renowned Aphrodite of Praxiteles (*Praxiteliam illam antecessens*), and would make any other place illustrious." No one certainly will question that this is high praise of an artist, and that, in fact, nothing higher could be said.

Another passage having reference to Skopas is from Pausanias VIII, 45 : 4 : "The old temple of Athena Alea at Tegea was built by Aleos : in later times the Tegeans caused a large and noteworthy temple (*μέγαν τε καὶ θεᾶς ἄξιον*) to be erected to the goddess. The former building was assailed by fire and destroyed in the archonship of Diophantos at Athens, and the second year of the ninety-sixth Olympiad (395 B. C.). The temple which is still standing is superior to the other temples of the Peloponnesos in magnificent size and construction. The first order of columns is Doric, the next Corinthian, and outside the temple stand columns of the Ionic order. I was informed that the architect was Skopas of Paros (*Σκόπαν αὐτοῦ γενέσθαι τον Πάριον*) who was sculptor of many statues in different parts of Greece proper (*ἀρχαίας Ἑλλάδος*) and also in Ionia and Caria. In the front pediment is represented the chase of the Calydonian boar ; the boar is placed almost exactly in the centre, and on one side are Atalanta, Meleagros, Theseus, Telamon, Peleus, Polydeukes and Iolaos, who aided Herakles in most of his labors, and the sons of Thestios and brothers of Althaia, Prothous and Kometes. On the other side of the boar is Epochos supporting Ankaïos, who is already wounded and has dropped his axe, and by him are Kastor and Amphiaraios, the son of Oïkles,



and beyond them Hippothous the son of Kerkyon the son of Agamedes the son of Stymphalos; while Perithous comes last. The sculptures of the back pediment represent the battle of Telephos with Achilles in the plain of the Kaïkos. . . . Beside the image of Athena stands on one hand Asklepios, on the other Hygeia. Both are of Pentelic marble and are the work of Skopas of Paros." This rings of Greek legend and of the old heroic age of Hellas. Fragments of these sculptures of the temple at Tegea were discovered in 1879, of which the most important are two male heads, one of them supposed to be that of Meleager. The head of the boar has also been found. I will refer again to the 'Meleager.'

Then there occur the words in Æschines' oration against Timarchos (Schol. Æschin. Timarch. 747): "These are the three deities called 'The Awful Goddesses,' or the Eumenides, or Erinnyes; two of them were carved by Skopas of Paros of Parian marble, (*λυχνίτου λίθου*) while the middle figure was by Kalamis."\*

Strabo XIII, 604, writes: "In this town of Chryse is the temple of Apollo Smintheus, and the symbol which preserved the derivation of his name, viz: the mouse, lies at the foot of the statue. They are the work of Skopas of Paros." Another extract from Strabo (xiv, 640) runs thus: "There are several temples in the place, some of earlier and some of later date. In the earlier temples are old statues, in those of later date the works of Skopas. There is Leto holding a sceptre, and by her stands Ortygia with a child on each arm."

Pausanias (vi, 25) once more says: "Within the precinct is a base, and on the base a bronze figure of

\* Called so from its transparency.

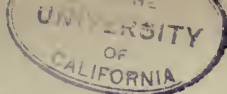
Aphrodite seated on a bronze goat. This is the work of Skopas, and is called Aphrodite Pandemos."

An extract from Pliny (N. H. xxxv, 95) concerning the temple of Ephesus is as follows: "The length of the whole temple is four hundred and twenty-five feet, and the breadth two hundred and twenty-five feet. It contains one hundred and twenty-seven columns, each sixty feet in height created by a King; of these thirty-six are decorated with reliefs, which, in one case are the work of Skopas (*una a Scopā*)." I will speak of this passage again further on. The reliefs cut in the pillars decorated the lowest drums, above which were Ionic shafts of the usual type. Hence Ernst Curtius and others would read "*imo Scopā*," meaning "on the lowest drum." The date of the building, however, and the style of the existing fragments make it possible to retain the older reading "the work of Skopas."

These passages are not all but are the principal references to Skopas in the classic writings, and though purely incidental, they give proof of his greatness as a sculptor. If indeed we should discover such testimony in regard to a Babylonian sculptor, or Biblical builder like Hiram of Tyre, or some vaguely known mediæval architect like Erwin von Steinbach designer of Strasburg Cathedral, would it not be regarded of great value?

### *Life of Skopas*

By all that has been gathered elsewhere from historical evidence, Skopas flourished from about B. C. 395 to B. C. 350. (Pausanias VIII, 45. Pliny, N. H. xxxvi, 3, 4, etc.) He was born in the rocky islet of Paros and was the son of Aristandros, a sculptor in bronze, who is known to have made votive



works given by the Lacedemonian general Lysander after the battle of Argopotamoi. Skopas possibly belonged to a family of artists as Pliny (H. N. xxxiv, 8, s.) writes: "Polykleitos, Myron, Pythagoras, Skopas, Perelius, and the two Skopases," and according to this he flourished during the first half of the 4th century B. C. Pliny, in the sentence just quoted, classed him with Polykleitos, Phradmon, Myron and Pythagoras, but this cannot be literally true and the error doubtless arose from Pliny's habit of "grouping names in lists and arranging the groups according to particular epochs, placing in each group artists who were in part contemporary although the earliest may have lived long before, and the latest long after the date specified."

Modern scholars have come to a more accurate estimate and drawn the lines closer, so that Skopas is now known to be an Attic sculptor, born indeed at Paros but belonging to Attica, as did the island at that time. His father, however, worked with the younger Polykleitos at Amyklæ, making Skopas's earliest traditions to be those of the Argive school. The fact of his living and working in the Peloponnesos, and having been influenced more or less by Argive art, is seen in the Polykleitian style of his statues. The newly discovered small head of Hera in the Argolic Heræon, which has been considered to be a possible work of Polykleitos, has, by some too ingenious German critic, been surmised to be a carving of Skopas, because of the marked resemblance to the angular contour of the head and the close-lying hair observable in this artist's more authentic works. He wrought as sculptor and architect in the Peloponnesos, but it should be said that his whole life and spirit belong to the Attic-Ionic school. As early as 377 B. C. he went to Athens

and lived there about twenty-five years, until called to Asia Minor to make sculptures for the tomb of Mausolos. At Athens the influence of the great Attic artists of the 5th century B. C. lingered, and there he made the Hermes of the Termæ and the group of the Erynnides of restless energy, and other statues now lost. In fact great masters besides Pheidias had preceded Skopas, the sculptors of Chios and Samos, Gitiades of Sparta, Ageladas and Polykleitos of Argos, Onatas of Ægina, the Attic Alkamenes, Kresilas and Myron, Paionios of Mendi and others, from whom he might have drawn inspiration.

The Greek cult demanded sculptors to fill the great shrines, and among Skopas's earlier works was known to be a 'Herakles' at Sikyon which was noted at that epoch "for freedom of attitude and movement of the body, and the character of the face which was fascinating by its exquisite charm and subtle refinement." The head was turned in the direction of the free leg which had a walking movement, and the whole is plastic in type. The mouth was slightly open showing emotion, in a word Skopasian. In other respects the form is Polyklytian with artificial lines and flat squares of chest and stomach; and yet something new in feeling is in it. The sculpture called the 'Lansdowne Herakles' is thought by Furtwaengler to be genuinely Skopasian, and from this the traits just described have been drawn.

A great national work in the Peloponnesos on which this sculptor is known to have wrought and which serves to fix his place and time, was the temple of Athena Alea at Tegea, restored in 394 B. C., and decorated by the hand of the young Skopas. He made the sculptures of both pediments, and within the temple he placed statues of Asklepios and Hygeia. Pau-



sanias, as we have read, saw there the relief sculpture of the Calydonian hunt, and a bas-relief on a sarcophagus in the National Museum in Athens, if not a copy gives, undoubtedly, an idea of it. The remains of the temple of Tegea have been used as a marble quarry for ages; but in 1879 the boar's bristly carved head was found, also the head of a young warrior or hunter wearing a round helm, which is supposed to be the head of Meleager; this is the opinion of Furtwaengler, but not of Brunn. A head which is placed on the body of a Praxitelean Apollo now in the Villa Medici, is undoubtedly a Meleager, and has the energetic, almost painfully anxious expression, deep-set eyes looking forward, and other marks that show it to be by Skopas or of the master's school. A fresh proof strengthening this theory is given by a recent discovery of the 'Forbes Meleager,' so called, which is now in the Museum of Fine Arts at Harvard University. The flesh texture of the marble is masterly, and the turn of the head and bend of the body are in the manner of Skopas; and Professor Richard Norton speaks of the face as "lacking repose, while the open lips and intense look of the eye show that the mind is actively at work."

Oddly enough numbers of realistic little figures like those of Tanagra belonging to the 3d and 4th centuries B. C., full of stir and movement, have been dug up at Tegea, and might we not fancy that the makers of them caught their spirit from the life-like carvings of the great sculptor on the temple of Athena Alea?

In a statue of Athena in the Uffizi, some have seen marks of the fiery genius of Skopas. This sculpture has been thus described: "The goddess is conceived like a Joan of Arc in the semblance of a young girl; her mantle is wrapped about her in masculine fashion,

her left hand is firmly placed on her hip, and with her right hand she grasps the spear; vibrant with courage and enthusiasm, her face slightly upturned, she looks into space. The deep-set eyes and their well-defined cavity, the open mouth and the whole expression recall the Skopasian manner. The somewhat spare form, and the treatment of the drapery suggest that the statue is one of the master's earlier creations."

In other parts of the Peloponnesos the hand of Skopas was seen, as at Gortys in Arcadia, where were shrine-statues of Asklepios, and the 'Herakles' at Sikyon of which I have made mention. At Thebes Skopas executed an 'Athena Pronaos' and an 'Artemis Eucleia'; and for Megara he made a group of 'Eros, Himeros, and Pothos' (Love, Longing and Desire). In this group he refined upon the passion of Love showing a subjectivity of thought not before seen.

The grouping of figures in the marine scene of Poseidon and Thetis was an extensive work of relief-sculpture whose description by Pausanias has been already given. A sculpture-frieze in the Temple of Neptune in the Flaminian Circus at Rome was brought there by Cneius Domitius from a temple of Bithynia. It represented Achilles conducted to the island of Leuce by the divinities of the sea. It exhibited the freedom and flexibility of Skopas' style, and Pliny says positively that it was made by him. Poseidon, Achilles, and Thetis, accompanied by nereids riding on dolphins and hippocamps, tritons and the monster train of Phorkys, appear in the long procession. Silver-footed Thetis bears Achilles' body away from the funeral pyre to the Islands of the Blest, and ocean-forms, graceful as undulating waves, followed. Sculpture was relieved from its hardness and became

fluent and free. The rhythmic movement of the ocean was delineated. An antique classic frieze now at Munich of a nuptial procession represents a marine scene resembling this described by Pliny, and it is held by some to be of Skopasian authorship. It combines boldness and grace and is powerful as well as beautiful. It seems to symbolize the flux and reflux of human affairs from joy to sorrow, from life to death, like the Greek thought of the sea whose deep voice reverberated in the sympathetic genius of Skopas. The ocean may be played in, but is too great to be played with, and this the Greek artist knew full well, and he made it in some sense a divine personification.

The most passionate and yet characteristic illustration of the fluent emotive genius of Skopas was the 'Bacchante,' executed for the ornamentation of the Theatre of Dionysos at Athens. Of this sculpture it was said by Callistratos, "Skopas and not Dionysos breathed the divine phrenzy into the marble." It is not known that the original of this exists but there are echoes of it as in the Smyrniote Mænad. "On savage and solitary mountains these women gave themselves up to the ecstasy of grief, mourning the absent god; and with heads thrown back and streaming hair, sometimes swinging a goat for sacrifice before tearing it to pieces, they threw their bodies into agitated forms, leaping wildly. This ecstasy, in the words of Eschylus, permeated the whole being from the sole of the foot to the crown of the head."\*

A great man is known by the fact that he is originator of a new idea or has developed a new truth which changes the world's thought and is influential in shaping human belief. In like manner a great sculptor is known by his producing a type that lives

\* James Russell Lowell.

after him essentially unchanged. Pheidias fixed the type of Olympian Zeus, Polykleitos the type of Hera, Praxiteles that of Apollo, Lysippus the classic portrait of Alexander, and Skopas the type of the Bacchante in which was expressed the agitation of violent emotion.

The feeling was not, as Brunn says, "potential passion, suggesting strong impulses, but the impulses themselves, and herein Skopas differed from Praxiteles. It was not veiled grief, suggested sorrow, but grief itself, wild and tempestuous. This showed originality in which the calm of Greek sculpture was lashed into storm and nature itself was convulsed." Yet the passion was not, as a general rule, carried to such an extreme by Skopas as in the Smyrna Moenad but was modified by an artistic sense, although the movement and power were there, and perhaps more power. The figures of the 'Dancing Bacchantes,' one of them carrying a kid, painted on a Cotylos vase in the National Museum at Athens, show nothing of this ecstatic fury. The dance is placid and graceful and the physiognomies earnest and sweet. The figure of the one carrying a kid seems to be swayed alone by the rhythmic animation of the dance. She is not excited by swinging the mutilated fragments of the animal that she carries with its head downwards, and with both hands, as if it would need a strong effort to tear it asunder; but in the excitation of the dance that grows more and more violent she will rend the kid in pieces, and the classic type is then fixed—the type of Skopas.\* It was he who was called sculptor of 'The Raging Bacchante'; and yet in how artistic a manner the fury is expressed, and the form is clothed

\* Quoted from the author's "Greek Art on Greek Soil."



so that the enveloping robe aids the expression of agitation while hiding its rude violence !

The 'Eumenides,' or 'Erinnyes' carved in Parian marble by Skopas at Athens and mentioned, as we have seen by Æschines, were not made as Æschylos pictured them, horrible objects with black serpents twined in their hair and blood dropping from their eyes, but were represented as beautiful though grave maidens, a symbolism deepening the awful character of these divinities. There can be little doubt that Skopas exerted an influence on the Greek stage after the time of Æschylos, when a refinement of sentiment forbade the representation of physical horror, and it was thought to be a sight too terrible for an Athenian audience to behold Clytemnestra brandishing her murderous sword and enacting the spectacle of murder.

It was an emotion of the soul that Skopas depicted. With the older sculptor Myron it was physical emotion but with Skopas it was spiritual expressed by and through the body ; and was not this a *modern* expression of art, since art, in its deepest sense, is spiritual and of no age ?

Another of the greater works of Skopas to which allusion has been made, dating about the middle of the 4th century B. C., was the adorning of the tomb of Mausolos at Halikarnassos, the capital of Caria in Asia Minor. He wrought reliefs on the east or front side of the monument, while Leochares the Athenian made the sculptures on the west, Brijaxis on the north, and on the south Timotheus—a contention of the best artists of Greece who lived at that time. These were brought to light by Professor C. F. Newton in 1857. Pliny is the author who tells us that Skopas was employed on this monument though there exists now nothing authentically his. Evidently a

great thing was to be done for the admiration of the whole world and Skopas was the one to do it. The Mausoleum of Halikarnassos was on the grandest scale of such antique monuments. It contained a hall adorned with battle scenes, and the finest Parian and Pentelic marbles were transported from Greece for the purpose. There were thirty-six columns, a pyramid of twenty-four marble steps, and a quadriga chariot with colossal effigies of Mausolos and his wife Artemisia, which are (fragments of them) in the British Museum, and as they were crowning figures they are presumably the work of Skopas who designed the decoration. The sides too were carved with sculptures, while detached figures of horses and men in marble stood about it. Even down to the 12th century A. D. this monument was substantially intact, and was spoken of as a wonderful edifice until it was destroyed in 1402 by the Knights of St. John to make their fortifications. Of the twenty-six colossal statues walled into the castle of Badrun, the heads of lions, boars, hounds and other animals belonging to the frieze with fragments of the Amazon frieze that have been found, there can be little question that some of them were carved or designed by Skopas, and are of the best Attic style. The armor and the heads are like those sculptured on the Temple of Athena Alea at Tegea. The Amazon frieze of the Mausoleum is of extraordinary life and vigor. "It has," says another, "a limpid clearness of composition enhanced by a saliency of relief, often deeply undercut. Tremendous energy pulsates through the forms; and so extreme is this motion that it sometimes seems exaggerated. The warlike passion which knows no bounds is expressed in the faces. The slanting position of the warriors introduces a peculiar antithesis of oblique

parallel lines sustaining the running frieze-like character of the carvings." One Amazon sits with her back to the horse's head. The forms are singularly the same while widely differing from the human figures and the horses of the Parthenon. An ardent life is infused into them. The godlike repose had passed. They are human fighters, creations of a mind full of life's energies and passion.

It may be seen that I am trying to build an argument for my sculptor-client by the force of circumstantial evidence, in the manner of lawyers, which kind of evidence, if it have no fatally weak point, may prove to be as convincing as any other. Time has covered up or left unauthenticated the actual works of Skopas, and there is no sculpture of his that exists without the possibility of a doubt, like the 'Hermes' of Praxiteles; but this fact need not discourage, since we have existent works that bear a stamp corresponding to the written records.

#### *Works attributed to Skopas*

There is, as has been remarked, a sculptured column (now in the British Museum) of the Ephesian temple of Artemis, which has been ascribed to Skopas. Pausanias says: "The statues of gods by Skopas are in many places in Ionia and Caria; in Hellas, at Athens, Thebes and Megara; in the Peloponnesos at Argos, Sikyon, Elis, Gortys and Tegea; in the island of Samothrake; in Asia Minor at Ephesus and Halikarnassos." Other classic writers affirm that he wrought in Asia Minor and left monuments in addition to his sculptures on the Mausoleum of Halikarnassos; and who, one might ask, would be more likely to have wrought on the resplendent temple of Ephesus than this illustrious sculptor? Thirty-six of the sixty

columns of this temple had sculptured bases, and the finest of these has been supposed to be the work of Skopas, for which opinion the chief literary authority is Pliny's statement already quoted (N. H. 34) "*una a Skopa*" (one by Skopas). Ernst Curtius, as has been said, thought this to be a corruption of "*imo scapo*" (the lowest drum); or, according to another reading, "*uno e scapo*" (cut from one stone); and the first reading is a plausible one when we examine the sculpture itself. The relief on the drum of the column in the British Museum is a carving full of action and feeling relating to the myth of Admetos, who on his wedding with Alkestis neglected to invite Artemis incurring her displeasure, and she sent threatening snakes to the nuptials. Apollo entreated his sister for his friend Admetos, and wrung from the Fates the promise that the life of Admetos would be spared were one to die for him. At the moment of his dying his wife Alkestis offered herself in his stead. Thanatos, represented in the sculpture as the genius with wings, led her to the under-world, but Persephone, moved by the heroic sacrifice, took from Thanatos his prize and led her back to earth. Another version, the one of Sophokles' drama, is that Herakles, for his love of Admetos, robbed Thanatos of Alkestis and brought her to her husband. The sculpture blends the stories. Persephone seems to have bidden Hermes, the leader of souls, to conduct Alkestis to the upper world. Hermes bearing the *kerykeion* in one hand looks upward to the world to which he is conducting and his other hand rests on his hip, actions markedly Skopasian. The earnest face, deep-set eyes and close-lying hair are in the manner of this sculptor. Hermes seems about to step forward. Then comes the majestic draped form of Alkestis, whose head unfortunately



is gone. She seems to be adjusting her outer mantle for the journey, which mantle is exquisitely cut with plies and wrinkles that do not derogate from its graceful sweep. It has been thought to resemble the robe of Artemisia of the Mausoleum of Halikarnassos, that, as has been seen, is in every probability by the hand of Skopas. Around the pillar but belonging to the group, Thanatos from whom Alkestis is rescued is a nude figure with large wings and a sheathed sword at his side. He beckons his consent to the rescue of Alkestis from the shadowy realm. His face expressive of tender melancholy gives us an idea of the Greek conception of Death, lovely but sad, and he has the deep Skopasian eyes. The manner in which the group is maintained while it has to run around a column shows the work of a master. Was it not that of the flexile poetic Skopas? Who could better penetrate the spirit of a Greek myth and express its motive and movement?

The outer evidence of another sculpture is of surer character. 'The 'Ares,' carried from Asia Minor to Rome to a temple built by Brutus Gallaeus about 133 B. C., was a colossal seated figure (*Mars sedens colossus*) and is ascribed by Latin authors to Skopas. 'The Ares Ludovisi, so called, is thought to be a free copy of the work of Skopas. It is the massive young god of war having his hands clasped over the knee, but with energetic broken lines, and the deep-set eyes look into the distance, resembling the heads of this artist's 'Meleager' and 'Herakles.' Skopas, as a rule, carved imaginary forms and not portraits as did Lysippos. He gave to the forms moral life. They were demi-gods, godlike heroes, desires, emotions, passions, not the greater gods but the less, the powers bordering on human qualities, affections and emotions like the

Eros, the Bacchante, and the Erinnyes. In the Ares it is a subdual of the fierce nature of the god of war by the passion of Love. He is musing and not fighting, and the combative in him is sunk to rest.

The 'Apollo Kitharoides' or 'Musagetes' is a symbolic and thoroughly poetic personification of the inspiration of music as an art expressed in rhythm, a genuine Skopasian theme. Skopas's Apollo at Rhamnos was represented as singing and playing. The figure of the laurel-crowned and lyre-playing 'Apollo Kitharoides' of the Vatican has been thought to be a work or copy of Skopas; but critics now regard it as a statue of Nero made after his musical tour to Greece, and even if this be true it is clearly Skopasian. A colossal statue of Apollo in gold and ivory by Skopas was carved in Asia Minor and called 'Apollo Smintheus' crowned by laurels and standing with one foot on a mouse-hole out of which peeped a mouse. Skopas's Apollo in the Temple of Rhamnos was borne off by Augustus to Rome and there dedicated to Apollo in acknowledgment of the victory of Actium. Two heads of Apollo of lively expression, in the British Museum, were probably inspired by Skopas's conception of the intellectual god. Skopas is also said to have made a 'Hypnos' which was a theme congenial to one who loved to follow out the vague motives of the soul; and the existent winged head of 'Sleep,' or 'Dream,' is the copy of an older work that Burne-Jones might have introduced into his drawings that shared Hellenic with Mediæval ideas.

I said that Skopas's genius did not impel him to carve the great gods, as did the genius of Pheidias, or he did not deal in special rather than general types; but he assayed his hand on the most beautiful of the Greek gods. His first known work in bronze follow-

ing his father's technique was 'Aphrodite Pandemos,' riding on a goat, seen and described by Pausanias. He also carved a group of 'Aphrodite and Pothos' in marble for the new temple of Samothrake, and in the temple built by Brutus Gallaecus, where was the 'sitting Ares,' there was an Aphrodite by Skopas which must have been of peerless beauty, if Pliny's phrase "*antecedens*" when comparing it with Praxiteles' Cneidian Aphrodite, refers to quality and not to time. The lately discussed 'Aphrodite of the Esquiline' in the New Capitoline Museum, has been surmised to be a reproduction of this statue, but it is too heavy to be so considered. The noble 'Capitoline Venus' comes nearer the lost Aphrodite of Skopas, but it is probably an echo of Praxiteles' Cneidian Aphrodite. Yet there is another type of Aphrodite very beautiful and very strong, which has been ascribed by the German critics Waagen and Müller, and other writers, to Skopas—the Venus of Milo.

Adolf Furtwaengler assigns this statue to the latter half of the second century B. C., and as to the statue's *provenance* Furtwaengler maintains that the artist took his *motif* from an antecedent creation of Skopas, and that the sculpture belongs to his school. This writer considers the statue to be an Aphrodite, denied by some; and he thinks that it held a shield like the 'Victory of Brescia.' I allude to this because it affords me satisfaction that in a book called "The Early Renaissance" I took the same view on independent grounds, advocating the theory that the statue belonged to the school of Skopas. My argument (to condense it) was mainly as follows.

The question is raised as to the causes which brought about in so short a time the immense change in sculpture from the brief period of Pheidias to that

of Skopas. It is not enough to say that the Peloponnesian war, the most terrible Greece ever had, shook the land from centre to circumference and changed the character of thought opening a new era for the energies it developed while at the same time planting seeds of weakness in the intellectual and spiritual life of Greece, could account for all this; but there were two chief causes which contributed to the change in character which was reflected in art, and, first, the political revolution in which Greece lost its autonomy and was split into factions. "It was the sentiment," says Ernst Curtius, "that Greece was a united Hellas at the bottom of those artistic achievements which have given Greece a preëminent place in the world's history. The artist stood in the midst of public life; and it was this which preserved his vigor, and which prevented the occurrence of an estrangement disadvantageous both to civic life and the arts; every one felt he was a Greek, working for the glory of the common Hellas. But in the strife in which Greek unity was broken the *selfish* principle in politics was introduced, and a common discontent reigned in states and among men. Individuality came to be for universality. There was a decided gain in one respect, to wit: it grew more individually human if less exceptionally heroic." Driven from the outward to the inward it gained in variety and emotional depth. While the soul's powers were stimulated, the man stood out with his thoughts, passions, forces, and weaknesses. Less abstractly perfect, style grew poetic. There was a daring which sought to delineate the life of humanity. It was like the modern English school of literature of Matthew Arnold, Swinburne and Browning, and the art of Rossetti and Burne-Jones, which won in subjective what it lost in objective power. There was no

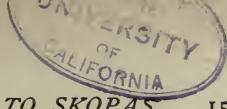


more in Greek art the repose of Pheidian sculpture, but the tumult of mind—its love, hate, fear, aspiration, despair, joy. This showed the artist's grasp of the spirit of the time. There were vehemence and physical ardor seen in the Phigaleian relief-sculptures of the temple of Bassae and the Amazon-frieze of the Mausoleum of Halikarnassos; and, later on, there came an accumulation of motives as in the Laocoon, powerful but marking decline in sculpture.

The second cause of the change was more in the sphere of religion, arising from the sceptical spirit which marked the era of Aristotle and Euripides. With the older masters the religious spirit was uppermost, but with the new the human. Pheidias carved the conception of divinity in the ideal form. He beheld the form in his mind. Skopas and Praxiteles carved men and women fit as they thought to be divinities to be worshipped. The awful and glorious images of the gods to a certain extent uniform in type became with these later artists less sacred, less typical, less devotional, but more beautiful. They were represented according to impressions and qualities arising from the free observation of the artist broke loose from the conventional. But of the two, Skopas was less softly human than Praxiteles. He preserved more of the vigor of the older style. Born on the 94th Olympiad and at his prime about 387 B. C., he was not far removed from Pheidias and was an Attic sculptor. Widely different, for example, is the 'Winged Nike' of Paionios found at Olympia from the exquisiteness of the Attic style, and the simple severe beauty of the works of Skopas. There was a strength about these. Now Pliny mentions the statue of Aphrodite in the temple of Brutus Gallaecus made by Skopas saying: "It surpassed the Cneidian Aphrodite of

Praxiteles and would have made any other place illustrious." The phrase "*Praxiteliam antecessens*" is confessedly capable of expressing only time; but some have drawn from these words theories which identify Skopas's statue variously with the 'Venus of Capua' in the Louvre, the 'Chigi Venus' at Rome, and the 'Capitoline Venus'; and I ask why could not the same reasoning be applied to the 'Venus of Milo'? In this sculpture there is a Skopasian largeness of mould, "as of the mother of all who beneath the moving stars gives increase to the sea that beareth ships, gives increase to the earth that bringeth forth harvests, and favors the conception of every living creature and their birth into the light of day." There is pride combined with loveliness which makes her "the desired of gods and men." There is humanity which shows that the Pheidian mold had been modified in Skopas's hands. But the type remained pure as the marble out of which it was carved. Can this statue (notwithstanding the inscription on its base which may be otherwise explained) be assigned to the degenerate Neo-Greek any more than to the severe Pheidian epoch? Can it have come from the chisel of the partly archaic Alkamenes, or of the softly sensuous Praxiteles? If a later Roman copy, might it not be a resuscitation of an older work of Skopas?

One bold theory lends courage to put forth another, which, however, bears with it more of direct literary confirmation. To whom shall be assigned the original conception of the Niobe group? This question was discussed by the ancients. Pliny writes: "Similar doubt as exists in regard to the Janus statue arises about the Niobe with her slaughtered children, which is in the temple of Apollo Sosianus, viz: whether it be a work of Skopas or Praxiteles." Although classic



epigrams ascribe the work to Praxiteles, yet the matter was by no means settled in ancient days any more than in modern. Winckelmann, highest authority of the older critical school, gives his opinion in favor of Skopas. His view is drawn from the style, and he is sustained by Meyer, Kugler, Feuerbach and Overbeck, while Visconti, Lanzi, and Heyne are in favor of Praxiteles. Welcker, a weighty authority, says the question is open, and Freidrichs, while warmly favoring Praxiteles, thinks the authorship undetermined. Winckelmann's estimate of the sculpture is this: "It is one of the most beautiful works of antiquity. The daughters of Niobe at whom Diana has aimed her fatal shafts are represented in a state of indescribable anguish, their senses horror-struck and benumbed, in which all mental powers are completely overwhelmed by the near approach of inevitable death. A state such as this in which sensation and reflection cease and which resembles apathy does not disturb a limb or feature and thus enables the great artist to represent the highest beauty; for Niobe and her daughters are beautiful according to the highest conception of beauty." I venture to differ with the opinion that the expression of the Niobe and her daughters is that of "apathy," or that it can be designated by any such term, even if to describe it would be a task of psychologic analysis.

The temple of Apollo Sosianus in Rome, mentioned by Pliny as that which in his time possessed the Niobe, was founded by Sosius who held office under Marcus Antonius in Syria, and he probably brought the sculpture group from somewhere in Asia Minor to decorate his temple at Rome dedicated to Apollo the brother of Diana and it might thus have belonged to a temple of Apollo in Seleucia in Syria; and it is to be remem-

bered that our sculptor ended his career in Asia Minor, and how nobly if the Niobe were his work! The group in Florence was thought to be the original, but the difference in the various forms and the repetition of those more recently found, have led to the conclusion that the whole group is a copy of some lost original and not its equal. The daughters, like a covey of frightened birds fleeing hither and thither, and the majestic form of the Niobid wounded in the neck, express emotions of terror, anguish and despair in the passionate manner of this sculptor, whose works while full of profoundest woe remained lovely. I take it for granted that there was no master besides Skopas who in imagination, breadth of composition, dramatic power and infinite pathos, could have carved the Niobe, and the tragic power of this piece seems to point to him who was the creator of the pathetic style.

#### *Skopas Brought Feeling into Art*

This artist expressed the movement of the soul. He took the soul's emotions for plastic representations. He caused mind to shine through stone, mind in its most stormy phases, yet never horrible but beautiful. I imagine Skopas to have startled his own age, to have been a Greek Rodin in his sheer strength, audaciousness and vital energy, but without Rodin's realistic ugliness. The Greek instinct saved him here. It was not so much the *ἦθος* or the soul in action, as the *πάθος* or the soul in feeling. Yet the emotion did not pass beyond the bounds of nature. Though broken in line it preserved its dignity. Here is opened the whole field of mental expression and spiritual life in art as it has been exhibited by brilliant masters in sculpture and painting ever since; and this master's place in sculpture is seen, and not his alone, but his perhaps



first, or among the first, in expressing the form of the soul beyond the physical form. The artist, who is the age's poet seeking the interpretation of things, seizes upon the political and moral conditions of the popular life, and manifests that life in his works. Skopas, to sum up his genius as a sculptor, was a sympathetic artist who broke over the ideal repose of older art, and his sculpture was full of popular life. He planted himself in the common humanity, and his philosophy was that "man was the measure of all." He entered the spiritual conflicts of the time in order to explain them. He tried to support and relieve them, for when the State-life was lost men strove to live in Art, and to regain what they had lost in the endless beauty of Art, which lifted them, they knew not how, into the infinite. That was the natural bent of Greek thought in trouble, and it was the triumph of mind over matter, of the soul over the elements, and was in accord with the philosophy of Aristotle which pervaded the Greek educated mind, teaching that a purification of human sorrow was wrought through the instrumentality of art.

Parian marble, with its exquisite fine grain, flexibility and purity, was this Greek sculptor's medium for expressing the movements of life. He did not reach the ravishing loveliness of Praxiteles, and the unequalled height of the perfection of humanity as shown in the 'Hermes' at Olympia; but he was a bolder and more unequal genius who struck the chords of grief and love, and tossed to and fro on the ocean of passion the tempestuous forms of life. If he was, as we have imagined him, he bade Art be free. He was father of artists who in sculpture, painting and poetry, have dared to go deeper than the outward and to give play to the spiritual life. There seems to have been a spirit

in what he did that made it alive. "O my good friend," was the inscription on a sculpture of his, "do not suppose you are looking at one of the common herd of Hermae; for I am the work of Skopas." Ancient writers spoke of "the divine inspiration" of his 'Bacchante.' He speaks to modern art of a style in which, above the real in nature, breathes something that is divine and which makes nature feel and glow; and a great man, as has been said, is one who makes all things new and sets up standards of thought and action not before known. We cannot, surely, begrudge him—this old sculptor of Paros, who wrought in his own white marble and breathed feeling and movement into art—the credit of being a great sculptor. This is the culmination of the argument. It may be that I have carried it too far and, attracted by an alluring theme, have clothed the subject with an unreal greatness, for it has to be acknowledged after all that has been said, that Skopas's fame, like that of Sappho's, shines but vaguely through the mists of the past and

*stat nominis umbra.*

## FRENCH GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE

### *Origin in the Romanesque*

Architecture is the first art in time since it has relations to man's first wants, his dwelling and his worship. It is founded on nature's inmost laws of gravity, adaptation, proportion and harmony, which are both scientific and æsthetic; therefore students of any of the fine arts would do well to obtain a thorough acquaintance with architecture since all the arts enter into and reinforce one another. Painting gains correctness and solidity of style from the application of architectural principles, while sculpture was originally employed for the decoration of the building and formed an organic part of it. Architecture is not mainly idealistic as is sculpture, or vague as is painting, yet it is capable, nevertheless, of high æsthetic expression, and the imagination enters into and crowns its work. But this art is based on earth though it may soar into heaven. It calls for the mastery and application of the most severe mathematical laws, and, in the architect himself, it demands a philosophic capacity that can grasp the profound principles of construction. The Pyramids, Titanic in size, are stupid when compared with the Parthenon which is a pure emanation of the reason. Since man is a building animal, architecture is the profession of the future, and especially so in a growing country like ours. It is an art whereby

one may not only fulfil the purpose of putting up honest buildings for practical ends, but may rescue the country from the reign of tastelessness, and teach the people noble lessons of truth and beauty. This has been truly begun in America by architects like H. H. Richardson and R. M. Hunt who skillfully applied the beautiful French Renaissance art to our transatlantic uses; and it was pre-eminently exemplified in the group of buildings that any one who saw them can never forget—the vision of the “White City.”

Greek architecture like Greek sculpture may be regarded as a finished art, or one that needs no addition in order to make it perfect, whereas other forms still have possibilities of development; and, besides this, a great poet, painter or musician has his own style, and it is this which gives special interest to the study of Gothic architecture.

It is a familiar fact that “Gothic” was used by the originators of Italian Renaissance as a term of depreciation, of contempt for what in northern Europe was regarded to be barbarian and beyond the hand of culture; but it has become a term signifying a system of wonderful cohesion, grandeur and beauty in which the creative imagination is equalled only by the mechanical skill.

While Gothic architecture was an evolution from what went before, it was like the product of a new distinct species of organic life. Its direct inspiration was religion, and it belongs to the history of the Christian Church in the period of its Catholic or Roman supremacy in Europe; and as we naturally look to Italy for the beginnings of ecclesiastical art in painting and sculpture, we must do so also in architecture; for, in fact, until the 12th and 13th centuries no church edifice differing essentially from the Roman was erected



in Italy. It was from an ancient source. The old Roman basilica was, indeed, the noblest contribution of classic art to Christianity. It was the form of the first Christian temple, constituting a building of ample size that consisted of a wide, high nave flanked by lower side-aisles and terminating at one end in a semi-circular recess or tribune, in which were the seats of the magistrates. The two side aisles were separated from the nave by columns supporting a clere-story pierced with windows above the side roofs. This would describe the most important basilicas of Rome, the Sempronian, the Æmilian and the Julian; but Constantine perfected the Christian basilica by fitting it to the purposes of Christian worship. The first St. Peter's built by Constantine was a basilica in design. The half-subterranean church of San Clemente at Rome exhibits a small antique specimen of Roman basilical church with wooden roof and clere-story. That this style of building is capable of elegant ornamentation the church of 'S. Apollinare in Classe' at Ravenna is an illustrious example. It is one of the most majestic churches anywhere to be seen, in which Dante must often have worshipped, standing as it then did nearer the shore of the Adriatic from which the sea now has receded and left nothing but the whispering pine trees and the old church itself, with round campanile worn and battered like a war-tower whose wars have passed as have the conflicts and sorrows of Dante. Another early basilica is that of Santa Maria Trastevere in Rome, but the richest modern reproduction of this style is the church of 'St. Paul's without the walls,' showing how sumptuous this form may be made while yet simple.

The basilical church is plain as was the Roman Hall of Justice, and to my thought it is by far the

best general model of the Christian church edifice to be found. Gothic architecture, which succeeded it, while a genuine Christian art, represents a type of Christianity that is of the past, and that is not altogether fitted for the purposes of religious instruction, whereas the basilica is roomy, light, and exceedingly simple in plan, capable if need be of high artistic decoration, and adapted to the seating of large numbers, in a word coming nearest to the form of the primitive church when it emerged into the light under the protecting hand of Constantine. It may be cheap, or costly, according to the means of the builders, and one may see now in Germany and England such modern churches whose wide wall-spaces have been ornamented with fresco-painting; and whether in city or country it is always a sensible style, one well suited to become the church edifice of the future. I love Gothic architecture as the second great original epoch of art after the Greek, and as one infinitely worthy of thoughtful study; and while I feel with other art-lovers the highest interest in the vast ecclesiastical enterprise of the church of "Saint John the Divine" in New York city, and to those who see it completed it will doubtless be the realization of a beautiful architectural motive calculated to exert a strong influence on church architecture in America, yet I do not believe it possible to revive mediæval Gothic on a large scale in this country, and, certainly, the Gothic on a small scale, is unimpressive and trivial. Modern thought has made advancement and we cannot put back Christianity into the cathedral shell. Symbolic Christianity in architecture, legitimate as is the use of art in religious worship, and I do not deny its reasonable place, has lost its necessity as a medium of the higher faith, since the spirit has outlived the form, and the more beautiful

structure of character and of righteousness whose spiritual arches touch heaven is now the true building work of the Christian church.

The wonderful group of Pisa was among the first Italian church buildings that manifested new characteristics, and it may be said to have initiated Italian Romanesque. These Pisan edifices, designed by different architects, form together, standing as they do in the midst of a plain engirdled by mountains and their pure white outlines seen against the blue Italian sky, a harmonious mass and one of the chastest pictures of Italian art. They are a group distinctly individual, and their expression is the combination of stability and elegance, material solidity and delicate decoration, purity and grace. The classic predominates. They are a rich pure flower of the severe antique. Looking more recently at these, I was impressed with their noble Roman character. They belong to the scenery and poetry both of Vergil and Dante, and of that little republic which in art and arms held its own so gallantly against Florence and the world. The Baptistery built later and not begun till the 13th century already showed Gothic decoration, and with its semi-Gothic pinnacles, crocketings and carvings, is a prophecy of what was to come. In the cathedral itself, we see changes from the Roman basilica to the Romanesque church. Although the five aisles, continuous arcades and architraves, and the wooden roof belong to the classic epoch, the nave is crossed by a three-arched transept, and the ground-plan is a Latin cross. Still more characteristic of the Romanesque is the elliptic cupola which breaks the straight lines of the roof and covers the quadratic formed by the intersection of the nave with the transept. These were new features blossoming from the old stock. The building is sur-

rounded by a marble platform with steps like a Greek temple, but the monotony of the wall-lines is relieved by arcades resting on half-pillars, and in the panels are mosaics and sculptures while alternate layers of white and dark green marble break the horizontal of the walls. Mr. Moore says of the Pisan cathedral: "Romanesque ecclesiastical architecture of Italy was not an altogether original style. The cathedral of Pisa, for instance, though subtle in proportions and beautiful in details, is almost childish in construction. Its superposed colonnades are without organic connection; and its whole system is one that could give rise to no further developments. A comparison of Pisa with the nearly contemporaneous Cathedral of Durham will show how widely the Italian Romanesque differed from that rudimentary organic system which contained some of the most potent germs of the Gothic style." In different parts of Tuscany, as has been noticed in the essay on Italian Painting, the Pisan buildings set the fashion for other Italian Romanesque churches, such as the cathedral of San Frediano at Lucca and some specifically Romanized examples. But Lombard-Romanesque differed from and is more individual than Tuscan Romanesque; it received a European bias and was influenced by Northern conquest that introduced foreign or mid-European ideas into Italy. The Lombard-Romanesque, as seen in its most characteristic form in the church of San Ambrogio in Milan, shows many new features. "The vaulting does not depend upon vast abutments requiring extensive centring as in the old Roman style, but is supported in separate sections on a framework of independent stone ribs. The supports upon which these ribs rest are each logically designed for their office. There are, where it is necessary, piers or thickenings



in the wall, acting as buttresses." These and other innovations show a preparation for something to come, and exhibit an intermediary stage between Italian Romanesque and Gothic, in which, it is true, classic forms hold their own, but there are changes in some fundamental features.

In Lombard-Romanesque the nave is no longer separated from the choir by pillars, but by an aisle crossing it at right angles, called later the transept, making the edifice cruciform in shape, whether from constructive or symbolic reasons I do not know. In true Romanesque the apse is enlarged and raised by steps above the nave. At the four corners of the square formed by the intersection of the nave and transept were placed strong pillars supporting high, open arches, and frequently roofed by a circular or octagonal lantern dome. The side-aisles, and also the transepts, terminated in small apses. In the walls of the nave pillars took the place of columns, and when stone-roofs were introduced the nave-walls were supported by arches resting on pillars. There was a cornice above the arcade of pillars, spanning the arches. Windows were smaller than in the older basilica, and were placed above this arcade. There was also an advance in the replacing of the wooden roof by stone vaulting, taking the round form of the tunnel, or barrel vault, and the cross-vaulting making a series of arches and curves intersecting and harmonizing with one another. It was round-arch architecture with massive walls and small openings. The Romanesque church shows walls rising from a plain plinth sometimes bevelled at the top and terminated by a frieze not far below the roof-cornice, in which is ornamentation of half-columns, low arches and leaf-mouldings. The side aisles support high towers, decorated with

lines and arch friezes. The main portal occupies the centre of the façade, forming with it deep angles and covered by slender columns, with a straight beam or lintel inserted above, on which was displayed the best specimens of early mediæval carving; the façade was further enriched by a wheel-window filled with stained glass.

Although the Catholic church that built these edifices was nearly omnipotent everywhere in Europe until the 13th century, yet after Charlemagne's time its unity was somewhat broken, and an opportunity was given for the freer development of the different nations in their art-ideas according to national characteristics.

The German Romanesque makes its appearance with Teutonic peculiarities, of which some Rhenish basilicas like the huge edifices of Speyer and Mainz, and the church of the 'Holy Apostles' at Cologne, and portions of the cathedrals of Bonn and Worms, are examples, with their lofty octagonal or sometimes round towers, and with sculptures like those of the main portal of the cathedral of Ulm, of rugged Northern force and humor.

In like manner the French Romanesque arose, which was more immediately influenced by Lombard-Romanesque. The influence of the Italian style pervaded the architecture of Southern and Middle France, where, as in Provence and Burgundy, the Roman basilica with its tunnel or barrel-vault is to be found. Strong piers from which project half-pillars sustain the roof. The Burgundian Romanesque, at Vezelay, for example, is a marked illustration of this. "The intersection at right angles of two barrel-vaults, and the idea of the Burgundian builders to treat the groin as a starting point, by constructing independent semi-circular arches over the diagonals of their oblong

vaulting compartments, making it possible to construct cross-vaults over the spaces," prepared the way for the Gothic.

The transept commonly formed a part or system of French Romanesque, though not always so, as is seen at Bourges, where it is not found; and the distinguishing feature is a low aisle surrounding the choir and containing numerous bays and chapels. Over the square of the intersections of nave and transept rises a slender tower. The portal is ornamented with groups fantastic and stiff. There are two styles of French Romanesque, the Southern and Northern. In Northern France and Normandy we find the Romanesque severe in plan, with bold towers like the church of St. Etienne at Caen, which was intended for William the Conqueror's burial place.

The Romanesque in England imported from Normandy took on also a heavier character, with a predilection for linear moulding ornamentation, and massive towers with pillars whose capitals, or the rounded part of the abaci, were channeled vertically into wide plaits. The cathedral of Peterborough is a good example of this in its interior, where are ponderous cylindric columns and two tiers of galleries. This is indeed what is commonly called in England Norman architecture. These Romanesque buildings in Italy, Germany, England, Spain even, but particularly France, formed the massive foundation of Gothic architecture in all the Northern countries.

### *Early French Gothic*

Gothic architecture may be said to have existed from the early part of the 12th to the end of the 15th century, and, comprehensively, it reached its highest point of perfection in France, and no one, I think,

knows sympathetically Gothic architecture, who has not studied it in France, where it is at home, and where it reached its highest beauty, even as the influences of soil, sun and climate make the cedar of Lebanon lift its head into the clouds. It was a germ from Italy and came in the form of the Romanesque implanted in Southern France, there running imperceptibly into the Gothic, or, more accurately, affording opportunity for the mechanical transition of one to the other, and imparting to the beginning of French Gothic that classic dignity which is rarer in Northern Gothic, whether of France, Germany, or England, that inclines to rude extravagance.

I would here make rather a lengthy quotation (rating it for what it is worth) from a recent work of some originality, which has principally to do with Chartres cathedral, a book blending the mystic with the artistic.\* “In the main no one knows exactly the origin of the Gothic forms of the cathedral. Archaeologists and architects have vainly exhausted all suppositions, all systems. Perhaps it can be proved that they all assign to it an Oriental affiliation with the Roman. I agree to this, and yet if one examines the capitals and analyzes their forms does he not perceive that they are more Assyrian and Persian than Roman? but as to avowing the paternity of the Gothic style, that is another thing. Some pretend that the arch existed in Egypt, Syria and Persia; others consider that it is derived from Saracenic and Arabian art. The ogive, or the three-pointed arch, is imagined again to be the distinctive sign of an era in architecture, but it is not so in reality. The school of Chartres has on this point overturned the cut-and-dried theories of the architects, and demolished the conventional ideas of

\* ‘*La Cathédrale*,’ by J. K. Huysman.



the monks. For proofs abound of the ogive employed at the same time with the full-arch, in a systematic manner, in the construction of Romanesque churches ; and in many Gothic cathedrals such as Frejus, Notre Dame of Arles, St. Front of Périgueux, St. Martin of Ainay, St. Martin des Champs at Paris, St. Etienne of Beauvais ; and in Burgundy, at Vezelay, the cathedrals of Mans, Beaune ; St. Philibert of Dijon ; the Charité sur Loire ; St. Ladre at Autun ; and the greater part of the basilicas issuing from the monastic school of Cluny. But all this teaches nothing of the lineage of the Gothic, which remains obscure perhaps because it is very clear. Without jesting at the theory which consists in not seeing in this question anything but a material one, a technical one of stability and resistance, nothing but an invention of the monks, having discovered one fine day that the solidity of their arches would be better assured by a form in the mitre of the ogive than by the form in half-moon of the simple arch ; does it not seem that the forest theory of Chateaubriand, much scoffed at, and which is of all the most natural, should be in effect the most just ? It is pretty nearly certain, for me, that Chateaubriand has found in the forest the suggestion disputed and discussed of the nave and the ogive. An astonishing cathedral that nature has built in prodigality of arches broken and interwoven by branches is to be seen at Jumièges. There, near the magnificent ruins of the abbey which has kept intact its two towers, and of which the structure disrobed and paved with flowers rejoins the choir encircled by an absis of trees, three immense alleys, planted with secular trunks extending in a right line, the middle one large, the two others narrower, exactly mark out the image of a nave and its side chapels. When one dreams in these cathedrals

they seem supernatural and divine. . . . The old abbey church of Cluny, or what remains of it, is typical, and is one of the most magnificent specimens of the Roman survival of Greek art imported by the Romans into France. The architecture which symbolizes Catholicism in its entirety is the ogival Roman, or the architecture of transition from Roman to Gothic. But where was the Gothic born? In France. The pointed arch appeared as the integral foundation of a style, in the first years of the reign of Louis Le Gros, in the country lying between the Seine and the Aisne. After this time the first essay of this art would be the cathedral of Laon; according to others, on the contrary, it was but the successor of former basilicas, and by turns there are cited the churches of Saint-Front at Périgueux, Vezelay, Saint-Denis, Noyon, the ancient Collegiate of Poissy, and no one knows where. One only thing is certain, it is that the Gothic is an art of the North, that it penetrated into Normandy and from there into England; then it gained the borders of the Rhine at the XIIth century and Spain at the commencement of the XIIIth. In the re-partition of religious art France has had only architecture. Consider the primitive painters and sculptors, they are all Italians, Spaniards, Flemish and Germans, but architecture is our own."

What this somewhat fantastic writer has to say of the origin of the Gothic has poetic suggestion since the romantic element, as in French lyric Provençal literature, comes into the Gothic cathedral, which is a structure in the imaginative sphere, or is a crystallized dream of symbolic beauty; but in regard to the forest-theory, it might as well be said that round Byzantine domical architecture sprang from caves, because some early churches, like the rock-church of Saint Emilion

or the Ellora Buddhist temple were built in caves. The intellectual origin of Gothic architecture is, indeed, a mystery of inventive genius, though its mechanical origin may have been accidental. But the happy accident was taken advantage of by French skill, and thus ogival art was originated in France and spread into other lands, above all England, from England's Angevine and Norman possessions. The greater truth is, that at this epoch the artistic mind experienced an expansion in religious architecture, accompanied by increased ability in building; and both of these were stimulated by the beginnings of popular freedom in which the Church led the way, making monastic cathedrals centres of civilization. At that time the bishops in opposition to the nobles represented the people, and became the directors of building of the French churches, whose style more and more approached the Gothic, until the Gothic cathedral reached its acme of loftiness and æsthetic refinement.

The actual builders, whose organization formed one of the remarkable features of the Middle Ages, were the masonic guilds, like the Florentine '*arti*,' claiming and possessing international rights, mutually aiding each other and passing from one country to another, as Norman masons went to England to build the English cathedrals. These associations can be traced back to the xith century with the corresponding fraternities of carpenters, carvers, locksmiths, weavers, glass-makers, silversmiths, painters and sculptors. At the end of the xiii<sup>th</sup> century they grew to be a power ruling over France's industrial and artistic activities, the masonic brotherhood (*francs-masons*) being bound by a secret oath. Such societies included the lay element and the mechanical skill without which the great

churches could not have been reared; and it was in *l'Isle de France*, in the territory of Paris, a city ever alert and progressive, that these artistic activities were concentrated, and Gothic architecture made its appearance. Abelard and St. Bernard, realist and nominalist, and fertile speculative minds in the church and among the people, gave a grand impulse to ideas in the direction of religious learning and art.

Roughly speaking, Gothic architecture in France had its first illustration in the great abbey and royal church of 'St. Denis,' in the time of St. Louis, though there were similar churches in Southern France that preceded and led up to the Gothic. St. Denis was begun by Abbot Suger in 1140, and was rapidly built considering the moderate character of the man. It was one of the earliest edifices to exemplify the transforming power of the pointed arch. Round Romanesque arches in heavy, narrow, crushed churches, were still used in vaulting, combined with pointed arches. Singularly enough the principal portal of St. Denis resembles the entrance of St. Mark's in Venice, which belonged to Venetian Romanesque, or, one might say, Byzantine, of the period of 976 to 1071; and in the same way the Abbey church of St. Front at Périgueux bears strong marks of the Byzantine; but in St. Denis the arches (except the groin ribs) were pointed, and the vaultings were combined with cross-ribs which produced pointed arches. By the middle of the XIIth century Romanesque barrel-vaulting over the nave was abandoned, and the pointed groined vault took its place.

Next to St. Denis, Notre Dame de Paris is to be noted among earlier impressive examples of French Gothic, and was begun by bishop Maurice de Sully in 1163, in or about the reign of Philip Augustus, and



was finished in 1196, striking out a new path which, as contrasted with older churches, was a positive advance. The almost homogeneous Romanesque façade with the prevalence of horizontal lines exhibits the pointed style in its first and second tiers. The interior is rounded. The vaulting is divided into three triangular compartments with the choir. The side walls have double supports and those next the centre are built in two stories with open triforia. There is an expansion not before seen. The majestic nave, with its massive monolithic round pillars, is covered with pointed arches of six-part cross-vaultings. The vault-ribs are firmly moulded and each is made to spring from a distinct shaft like a palm tree, and the "elegant balanced equilibrium of the Gothic type," vital and self-sustained, begins to dawn.

Succeeding 'St. Denis' and 'Notre Dame de Paris,' rose thirty or forty cathedrals in various provinces, in Burgundy, Anjou, Poitou and Normandy, and afterwards in Languedoc and Provence, differentiated by local situation and circumstances, such as the cathedral of St. Etienne at Bourges, begun in 1190, that was among the largest, of which vast structure I have spoken more fully in a work called 'The Early Renaissance,' and will not now dwell on it. It has five immense naves, without a transept, terminating in the choir. Side chapels are multiplied, as those of the *chevet*. The mighty pillars rising to a lofty height made, to my eye, as I studied them with feeling akin to awe, one of the most sublime interiors of France, though a shade sombre. The crypt is itself a unique church. The sculpture on the façade is of extraordinary realistic vigor. It illustrates the end of the reign of the strong crusading monarch Philip Augustus, a period rich in churches. Bourges has an indescribable

sense of the severe character of the Southern French Gothic caught from the influence of the Italian classic. The smaller cathedral of Le Mans soon followed and shows the primitive groined vaulting which began to be substituted for the round vault that gives the cavernous look to the Romanesque, and here too is seen the last trace of the cupola. Before, however, speaking of other churches and of the later historic development of French Gothic, let me try to tell, in a few words, what Gothic architecture is.

#### *Analysis of Gothic Architecture*

Gothic architecture is not a vague style. Its constructive lines, practical and æsthetic, are deliberately chosen and each part is relatively useful to every other. As early as 1150 in France its principles were known, and in 1225 they were logically developed, when it was seen in its highest adaptability, flexibility and harmony, with vast well-lighted interior and high-pitched roof—a scheme in which a gigantic skeleton framework of ribs and isolated supports form not the decorative but the main lines of the building, like a skeleton that could stand alone if stripped of accessories, and would resemble a huge mastodon set upon its long legs. It is a cylinder on supports. All its weights and strains are brought to bear in a small number of basic points, where the loads are sustained by vertical props, and the lateral pressures are counterbalanced by such contrivances as piers and concealed or flying buttresses. On the ribs (*nervures*) of the vaults, rest shells of masonry constituting the dome, or termination, and between those props which form the boundary of the building, the enclosing walls are carried up, which walls, in the most perfect examples (to speak paradoxically) are done away with. Wall is eliminated as

far as possible, and the structure is boldly upsoaring from its own equilibrium. Gothic architecture has truly been called "a system of suppressed walls." It is a plan by which place is given to light-transmitting screens sustained by a slender secondary framework of stone and metal, and this is an outcome of the pointed arch.

The pointed arch is found in other orders of architecture, as, for instance, the Saracenic, and it has been surmised that the crusades, which brought familiarity with the East, may have originated or influenced the French pointed arch; but probably this was not the case, since the Oriental arch was false and totally undeveloped in the practical use of the arch, as seen as far back as ancient Tiryns. The true pointed arch has endless superiority in supporting power over the semi-circular. The outward pressure is lessened and more easily counteracted; and, in good instances, this was studied by mediæval builders of subtle skill, based on principles of weight and poise. The round arch, however, did not yield at once, and was kept in subordinate parts over recess and portal; but the employment of pointed arches for ribs on which the chief weight rested, the pressure both radical and vertical being gathered into them, and these being borne on supporting pillars, enabled builders to increase the height and size of the edifice. All parts became shaped to their functions, all elements grew into an organic whole. "The fundamental instinct of Gothic art is the generating principle of ogival architecture."\* It was simply the natural development of the pointed arch and its combinations. The vaulting produced by pointed cross-arches, the intersection of vaults crossing each other and making four, six, or eight triangular

\* Louis Gonse.

compartments leaning upon and sustaining each other, solved the insoluble problem of holding up wide and irregular spaces, encountered unsuccessfully by the round arch and barrel-roof. A solid yet elastic system in which weight and thrust are diminished came into use and splendid possibilities were opened. The structure grew like a honey-comb, limited only by the invention of builders. There was a system of support and balance controlled by the action of rib-crossing and oblique thrust in which resistance was met by counter thrust, "*la conséquence d'un principe complètement nouveau, d'une combinaison de voutes que l'on peut considérer comme une invention moderne, rompant tout à coup avec les traditions antiques.*"\* Religious architecture thus rose from a low and inert into a splendid, lofty, glorious form. France was its birthplace. The happy accident, if it were such, was seized upon. "It grew into a frame of transverse longitudinal and diagonal arches of which the shape was determined by respective spaces, and while these arches were used as ribs of permanent centring, the spaces between them were filled with light masonry of varied curve, regulated by the form of the compartments;" and the whole pressure of the vault was brought to bear or to rest upon the frame in which it was set. The arches might be of varying span and form, started from distant levels and carried to different heights, yet there would be freedom for development. In this structure, thrust and support were equal, and it was established on a complex but balanced unity.

The walls themselves, how were they treated? They were diminished gradually by introducing vast traceried window-openings on the side-aisles and clerestories, with great rose-windows at the end walls.

\* Viollet-le-Duc. *Dictionnaire de l'Architecture.*



These windows, increased "the lightness of construction and brilliancy of illumination." They let in light through glass tinted with pure colors, traced with chromatic forms of angels and saints carrying up the thought. I do not think we quite appreciate the boldness of mediæval artists nor think of the aerial character of the Gothic cathedral rising into and mingling with the higher air and light. It climbed to the light, and the light increased the shadow, which is a feature of the Gothic interior, multiplying and enhancing the effect. All the vast pile was crowned by a pitched roof, at first of wood covered with lead, copper and tiles, then of stone. Steep gables crowned the transepts and main façades and pierced the sky with aspiring pinnacles. In order to support such height of wall which was three to three and a half times the width of the church counterforts, a wonderful system of flying-buttresses was contrived. In the words of another, "The exaggeration of vertical dimension was accompanied by a resolution of the wall into isolated supports of daring attenuation, and by expedients for meeting the side-thrusts of the walls, by buttresses at first only plain supports running up from the ground and decorated with tracery in relief, and inclined steps with miniature towers, but afterwards by freely flying arches over broad spaces, and sometimes by four arches at a time." The flying buttresses, as at Bourges, Chartres, and Reims, are marvelously decorative features. It will be found that every step and change in the design was achieved by corresponding mechanical skill, and that as the edifice grew in æsthetic expression it grew in scientific invention, that a deep truth lay at the bottom of both, and that the artist's thought aided the builder's hand and proved that no church, no building, whether ancient or modern, need

be ugly in order to be fitted to carry out its true practical purposes.

There are usually two towers on the west façade, flanking the entrance portico and making that end of the church equal in architectural importance to the choir. The façade grew more enriched, as in the cathedral of Reims, with concentric recessed arches, profusely sculptured archivolts, and niches containing carved figures; and here, in fact, the wealth of ornamentation culminated, as if one passed within the house of God through triumphal rows of martyrs, warriors and saints, sometimes of carved figures of common civic life, as if all belonged to God. The roofs of the portals were masked by gables and horizontal rows of tabernacles and statues, carrying the eye to the towers with their slender pointed finials. The eastern end of the church, or the choir, was richer within than without, for here were the chapels and the grand altar. This was highly windowed as if it were all of glass. The exterior carried a magnificent central tower and lantern, walls high and compact, and a multitude of spires ever climbing, and emphasizing the vertical, the main spire often rising to three hundred or even four hundred feet, though the majority of French towers have square terminations.

Predominating over the landscape and the town or village beneath, occupying the central space, sight and thought, the cathedral proclaimed itself near and far as the golden mile-stone, the heavenly habitation and house of God. It caught the beams of the rising sun and was reddened by its setting glow. It was the last object viewed by those who went from home and the first by those who returned. It was the familiar feature of the scenery. All higher hopes and joys clus-

tered about it. It wrote itself against the sky. It called the mind of the burdened and earth-oppressed to think of the infinite power and love.

### *Historic Development of French Gothic*

I will continue to trace rapidly the historical development of French Gothic architecture from its transition period of Romanesque-Gothic to its perfection as true Gothic, and to its decline into debased Renaissance or spurious Neo-Gothic. This would comprise (after having already mentioned the early Gothic churches of St. Denis, Notre Dame de Paris and Bourges) many other important examples illustrative of French ogival art, such as Notre Dame de Chartres, Laon, Soissons, Meaux, Cambrai, Arras, Rouen, Tours, Bayeux, Caen, Senlis, Coutances, Amiens, Reims, Beauvais, Chalons, Dijon, Troyes, Auxerre, Nevers, Lyons.

Chartres cathedral, with its dissimilar spires, one plain and the other decorated, was begun at the end of the reign of Philip Augustus in 1194, and completed before 1240. Its new bell-tower was not erected until 1514. It exhibits a systematic employment of the pointed arch, and a marked advance in this respect over St. Denis and Notre Dame de Paris. Chartres is more striking, it has seemed to me, within than without, for the exterior though extended is comparatively low, and lacks unity. The spire is a noble example of late 12th century steeple which is a change from square tower to spire. The old bell-tower finished in the 12th century has been called "the king of bell-towers" in boldness, beauty, and rugged strength. The interior of Chartres is impressive with a touch of primitive and austere simplicity. The choir has double ambulatories and radiating chapels with

complex vaultings. In this historic church Henry IV. was crowned in 1594, renouncing Protestantism for the throne of France and declaring (the heroic materialist) that Paris was worth a mass.

The glories of mediæval sculpture are accumulated on the stone screen which separates the choir from the aisles, and varied types are found in niche and shrine of delicate elaborateness, like that of point-lace, but this is later than the church. These sculptures have a refined character, and the scenes from the life of Christ exhibit a finish that would not be seen in older Gothic, but it must be said there is less of strong originality. The principal West Portal called the 'Porte Royale' is a miracle of the transition period, consisting of triple arches, the central one flanked by hundreds of statues of kings and saints, making a focal point of sculpture, though the figures are archaic and attenuated, yet not without a kind of solemn majesty. The group of the 'Wise and Unwise Virgins' on the tympanum of the centre door to the right, have more animation, and the drapery is not so stiff. Indeed, the expressions exhibit moral traits and naïve individuality. The features are small, the hair hangs in tresses, and the distribution of masses in grouping is not unskillful. The carvings of the South Portal are likewise elaborate.

The eminent glory of Chartres is its windows, comprising the vast west transept window of intricate tracery and brilliant color, and the great northern 'Rose of France,' in glorification of the Virgin, is still more splendid. These windows are the oldest and finest in France or the world. They let in the light to the mystic gloom, broken into deepest reds, purples, blues and violets, which belong to the lost arts. Two arched windows with a circle above them commonly





CHARTRES CATHEDRAL, THE CHOIR



form a plate-tracery. The east transept window is of a different pattern, so that there is no monotony. Usually in the windows of earlier French cathedrals the lowest lights contain subjects pictured in medallions in distinct frames, while the larger clere-story windows have single figures of saints or angels. Even the later *cinque cento* glass is varied in design, the colors being as strong as when put in, and of never-failing splendor, though of a dark rich sort. It is jewel-work on a large scale as if Solomon's carpet were hung up, but made of gems and rubies shot through by the sunlight, with an effect of indescribable splendor. The well-preserved painted glass of Chartres is a unique feature, though there are bits as old, if not older, in other churches, as at Bourges; and when we think that there are, at Chartres, a hundred and forty-six windows in good condition, belonging to the 12th and 13th centuries, we must yield the palm to Chartres.

The grand nave of Chartres is not quite so long or high as that of some other great French cathedrals, but there is the dignified simplicity of the older style. The triforium interested me (as this architectural part of the building always does) and I made a circuit of the narrow gallery suspended half way up the wall (more truly sunken in it) and that not only forms a decorative feature but gives an opportunity to see the interior from a height within; and one may imagine the ghosts of cowed monks gliding noiselessly about it on errands of service and inspection, the familiar spirits of the place, whose lives were passed in this vast hive with its numberless corridors, stairs, chapels, treasure-chambers, robing-apartments, dormitories, refectories, libraries, council-rooms—a ramified system of ecclesiastic economics excelling the Greek and Roman temple, and which could not have existed out-

side of such a gigantic structure devised by the patient ingenuity of ages.

Chartres cathedral, though situated on a hill, looks, as has been said, rather low and not extraordinarily striking viewed from a distance. The original builders of Chartres, it is thought, contemplated a group of lofty towers to obviate this lack of height, but the plan was not carried out. The church is an example of late 12th century style, as seen in the steeple, which is a transition from the square tower to the slender octagon spire. There is another fine interior at Chartres of the church of St. Pierre, with the East apse filled and glowing with painted glass, the piers presenting a Romanesque type ; but the inside and outside of Chartres cathedral, the walls, pillars, mouldings, spandrils, are wreathed with carvings ; and these sculptures of the 14th and 15th centuries are marked by truthfulness and delicacy. Mingled with the painted glass they make an impression of utmost richness and of endless labor. The foliage of the capitals with intricate leaf and flower, the corbels, crockets, finials of running vines, had already grown more realistic, and the leaves were larger, more natural and free, while the grotesque human figures mixed with the leaves, the scowling and grinning gargoyles, and hideous masks like those of Notre Dame of Paris, show an influence of Northern fancy ; for these were times of popular faith when the fanciful blended with the true. Chartres cathedral was peculiarly, and more than other cathedrals, a work of the people, of all the people who were engaged heartily in its building, as in a great act of common devotion. The entire population of men, women and children, scholars, burghers, tradesmen, farmers, nobles and serfs quarried and drew the stones, or supplied the workmen with food. Those



who did not work gave money and jewels, until the house of God rose like a prayer in the midst of a busy city to be the abode, it was thought, of the divine mercy. What a scene of activity the building of one of these colossal edifices must have presented, when its bulk was covered with alert workmen like a peopled mountain, and we are reminded of Shakespeare's words

“The singing masons building roofs of gold.”

In like manner a true work of art, whether of architecture or sculpture, springs from the enthusiasm of the people, taken advantage of or interpreted by the sympathetic artist living in it and drawing from its currents of life and power, just as the temples and structures of Greece were outcomes of national enthusiasm. To about the same period of Chartres, the late 12th or the early 13th century, belongs the cathedral of Tours, which was rebuilt after its destruction by fire, and its plan was changed.

Reims is a hundred miles or so from Paris. The journey to Soissons is over a dull country with few towns, but passing through La Plessis and Belleville where Rousseau died and Alexandre Dumas was born. The cathedral of Soissons shows large and fair with a great arch in the middle of the façade, and the old towered abbaye with rounded apse standing big and black against the sky. From Soissons to Reims there is nothing remarkable in the scenery, until the bulk of the cathedral comes in sight. It happened to be 'All Saints day' and the people in holiday clothes poured into the cathedral in quiet crowds. The city is antique but *riante* with broad promenades and trees. A statue of Colbert stands in the park near the station, also one of Drouet d'Erlon nearer the town. A Roman arch has been dug out and restored, which, of course, is

older than anything else in the place ; but before turning to the cathedral, I would speak of another church in Reims older than, and in some sense quite as remarkable as, the cathedral.

The abbey church of St. Remy is of Romanesque architecture, with plain flat walls and bow-headed windows, but it is a building of such grand proportions, in fact larger than the cathedral, that it stands on its own merits. It was built on the spot where Clovis was crowned by St. Remigius, or Remy, and is an evolution from the Romanesque, with a quietness of effect reminiscent of the older monastic style. There is hardly an edifice in France of more interest than St. Remy as showing how Gothic was laid in Romanesque, developed into Gothic-Romanesque, and passed into pure Gothic. Externally the plain round apse, the projecting apsidal chapels, and the general serenity of effect, are of the older style, while the buttresses and large openings, almost annihilating the walls, bespeak a structure on strictly Gothic lines. It is a striking illustration of the fact that the evolution of Gothic was from within outward, as the soul shapes the body. "It shows how great were the difficulties of construction before the adoption of the pointed arch, in a system of supporting ribs where there was a disparity between the spans of the pier-archivolts and those of the wall-arches, giving an aspect of weakness." This old church was so utterly deserted at the time I was there, that it was left to a troop of wild goats and boys racing around the sounding aisles, and the boys making mock bows to the altar, and creeping in and out of the pulpit, pretending to bless the people like the priests, while the sculptures of the twelve peers of France, set to guard it from profanation, are dumb.

The great want in the cathedral of Reims, is, that in a church otherwise so magnificent the stained windows in the clere-story are the only painted windows that have survived, whereas the lower windows are made of common glass, so that the upper part of the nave and choir are filled with a kind of colored obscurity, while the lower part is garish with the common light, taking greatly from the effect of loftiness and glory. This, of course, is an accident of time, and does not belong to the original edifice, but it is unfortunate for the highest effect of so splendid a building. The "service for the dead" was going on, and the cathedral was filled with people, the priests singing a solemnly monotonous funereal chant, with but two or three notes of variation. Then the priests passed slowly out and the multitudes followed, leaving myself and two or three others alone in the empty space, just as the red light of evening came in at the windows and mingled with the deep shadows. The great wheel-window was illuminated with red and yellow colors, while the upper part of it shone like fiery rubies mixed with emerald, making a concentrated globe of light. Old arras of the date of 1530 is hung around the walls. Going out of the church the clouds sailed over the towers, and a white dove alighted fearlessly on the shoulder of a carved mailed knight, as if it said to the moving crowd below in the market place, 'I have found rest.'

Reims cathedral, commenced in 1212, belongs to the beginnings of the 13th century, even as Chartres belongs to the last decades of the previous 12th century. There are four distinct periods in French Gothic—1, the severe and massive half Romanesque of the 12th century; 2, the expansive and perfected style of the 13th century; 3, the richly ornate and

florid style of the 14th century ; 4, the decadent Neo-Gothic of the 15th century. Reims cathedral belongs to the middle period (1212-1242) which was the creative period, a time of wonderful artistic activity in France, when the kingly power aided by the church rose superior to the nobles and acted as an emancipating force to the popular mind. Reims cathedral is a church of the first class in point of size being 483 feet long. Its west front is unexcelled in wealth of decoration and presents a harmony and grace in its luxuriance. The triple-recessed portal surmounted by the great window over the middle door, reaches the height of prodigal ornamentation. This sumptuous façade, like that of 'Notre Dame de Paris,' projects beyond the thickness of the wall and is excessively decorated with short columns and rows of statues of kings around the soffit of the arch, figures standing under deep-cut canopies. It is "the sanctuary of sculpture." The forms of saints and kings are confused for multitude but in their rich detail are impressive. The upper part of the front (1380-1428) belongs to the transition from Rayonnant to Flamboyant seen in the wheel-tracery of the windows and the prevalence of geometric forms. The uncommon luxuriance of the façade, the double vaults of nave and choir, the brilliant scenes and royal pageants which this edifice has witnessed, make it the most magnificently historic church of France, in which its kings and especially those of the Valois line, were crowned, and where Jeanne d'Arc assisted at the coronation of Charles VII, standing next to him and holding the sacred banner ; and how did that selfish and cowardly soul repay this by leaving her to a horrid fate. If, indeed, Jeanne d'Arc shall be canonized by the church that burned her, her image should be placed in this group of French kings and saints, the most regal and white-souled of all !





AMIENS



In Reims cathedral, as in St. Denis and Notre Dame de Paris, there is a systematic employment of the pointed arch extending to the smaller ornaments of the façade. The radiating chevet-chapels of the choir form a feature which it shares with Tours, Amiens and Beauvais. Perhaps no more rich leaf-carving combined with figure-sculpture can be found than in the pillar capitals, and the life-like truth to nature of the variant types of flower and leaf. The forms of saints and martyrs on the middle portal show the dignity as well as free life of Gothic sculpture at that time, and they almost equal the more famous carvings of Amiens, while the robes, if a little stiff, are skillfully managed. It is history to the last. On the lintel of the main door the incredible Robespierre caused to be engraved: "*Le peuple français croit à l'existence de Dieu et l'immortalité de l'âme.*"

Amiens cathedral of Notre Dame, begun some years after Reims, corresponds almost exactly in date with Salisbury cathedral, and it has the same points of design and lightness and clearness of lines, while the surpassing height of the Amiens nave makes the difference, showing the brilliantly aspiring quality of the French Gothic. French cathedrals, as a rule, are not only higher but broader in relation to their length, than the English. They are grander structures. Amiens has been called the crowning glory of Gothic art. In its boldness of constructive lines toward the vertical, its elastic system of equilibrium, its minimum of points of support, its development of the clere-story, its aggrandizement of the lights of all collaterals, ogival art reached its perfection, and though its west front is not so highly adorned as that of Reims or Rouen, this does not detract from its richness. It is an example of pure Gothic. The system

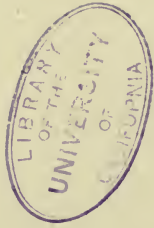
had reached its ideal, beyond which it could not go. While I was looking at the 'Porche du Bon Dieu,' the same thing happened as at Reims—a little bird alighted on the extended finger of the statue, twittering cheerily and giving a movement to the stone figure as if it were alive and its face were benignantly smiling.

The towers of Amiens, though they reach the height of 422 feet, have not a lofty effect, especially when one steps out of the church to look at them, because of the great soar of the nave and the height of the roof. I walked around the ledges of the towers to examine the big end-window from the outside, showing the reticulated lead work, the rude dead frame, but how glorious is it from within, like a man's rough nature when it is illuminated by a higher light. I also walked around the triforium, finding at points many a lovely *coup d'œil* of an inner area of unrivalled loftiness, with its deeply stained clere-story lights (differing from Reims with its common windows) and the upspringing pillars, or piers, looking like an Indian forest of clean bamboo-trees, composed of cylinders with four reed-like columns banded to them, and sustaining the roof. The west front of Amiens with recessed triple portals is not so crowded with sculpture as in some other French churches, but there are rows of statues in elegant naturalistic style. Over the central door, or 'Porche du Bon Dieu,' is the statue of 'Christ as Judge.' The Amiens nave, next to Beauvais, is the highest in France, being 141 feet, while the length is 469 feet; and it possesses (as has been said) the same purity of lines and vertical continuity of clean slender columns from ground to ceiling that Salisbury cathedral has. They belong to a similar period (1230–1239) and are homogeneous





AMIENS CATHEDRAL



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in design, though Amiens is the loftier. It is an epoch in one's life to have seen the glorious nave of Amiens, for it fulfils the ideal of beauty which Gothic art, ambitious and ever-aspiring, had striven after but never before had so nearly attained.

In the rear of the cathedral upon the small 'Place St. Michel' stands a spirited colossal bronze statue of Peter the Hermit, who was born at Amiens and went forth hence on his fiery mission.

In the niches and hollows of the wood-stalls of the choir, dark as old bronze, are rows of small bas-relief seated monks, of shrewd rugged type, while the foliage of a running vine wreathes about them, as if they were pagan forest-sprites who had crept into a Christian temple. They were made in 1528. The carved figures illustrating the 'Life of St. James,' with flamboyant tabernacle-work, have marvellous life and movement, showing that Gothic sculpture in wood and stone had reached its acme. The Amiens sculptures, almost round, which are representations of the Old and New Testaments, and the tabernacle-work in stone, are, if anything, more noteworthy, especially the 'Decapitation of John the Baptist,' a sculpture in the low stone-screen separating the choir from the aisles, which is thoroughly realistic. The figure of the Madonna on the exterior, to whom the cathedral is dedicated, is called the 'Virgin of Amiens,' and is a statue with lovely head and face, perfectly cut features and sweet expression, her robe falling from the shoulders in easy and graceful folds.

The cathedrals of Notre Dame de Paris, Bourges, Chartres, Tours, and the abbey Church of St. Denis are to be grouped, as has been remarked, in the latter part of the 12th century, while in the middle or close of the 13th century belong the cathedrals of Amiens,

Reims and Rouen. The cathedral of Rouen is one of the large, but not the largest, in area, of these grand churches. The modern central spire was erected in 1822, of the great height of 482 feet, and is made of cast-iron, and in this spire the art of modern days has reinforced mediæval art in a manner scientifically remarkable yet not poetically congenial. From its summit one sees immediately beneath the tortuous streets of the old city of Rouen looking like the small arteries of life, the red-tiled roofs of the houses resembling ant-hills, and the people in the squares and lanes like crawling flies. I noticed a priest on stilts in his seminary yard playing with his scholars, but at this distance he appeared like a 'father long-legs,' though he must have been an amiable man.

Originally of the best style, this cathedral was disfigured in the 16th century by the Cardinal d'Amboise who overloaded it with florid decoration. It has a long low front over which (the grand portal especially) there is thrown a mass of stone lace-work, like a spider's web, or like the delicate crystalization of frost, as if it were the icicle-hung mouth of a vast cavern such as one may see sometimes after a severe winter at 'Tuckerman's Cave' in the White Mountains. There are dangling threads and bits of sculptured stone and bronze that carry out the spider-web illusion, and make it a conglomeration of intricate carving. In spite of its floridness of style it produces a rich effect by its traceries, canopies, arches, pinnacles, carved saints and angels, prophets and warriors, the figures boldly undercut, and of most elaborate forms. The 'Tour de Buerre,' or 'Butter-tower,' standing on the right of the front, which makes a strong contrast with the corresponding tower, was paid for in dispensations given to eat butter in Lent. It once sustained the



famous bell that was melted down in the French Revolution. The interior of Rouen cathedral, which contains the heart of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, is mainly of 13th century work. One of the later carved shrines, very elaborate, is that of the Cardinal Georges d'Amboise, who made the tasteless changes on the west front; but much that is beautiful remains, like the stone staircase that leads to the Library (1477), a delightful design that shows a touch of genius in things small as well as great.

The church of St. Ouen, at Rouen, cannot be passed by, though not so old as the cathedral, having been finished in 1515, and it belongs to the Flamboyant period. The tracery of the lateral windows is, it is true, geometric, but the central lantern exhibits the wavy and flame-like lines of the Flamboyant. Slenderness of supports and suppression of horizontal lines are carried to an extreme of elegance in St. Ouen, but the edifice lacks the solidness of earlier Gothic. The interior is extremely beautiful, and the church surpasses in dimensions the Cathedral, having a lightness that rises as if it had no support or base. It is a building "of astonishing harmony of conception," that prevails throughout, and the central tower terminates with a crown of fleur-de-lis.

The church of St. Maclou in Rouen with its many-doored front is likewise a specimen of 15th century Flamboyant, but contains exquisite sculpture attributed to Jean Goujon in 1540. The portals are crowned with gables and the jambs of pointed arches are profusely adorned.

Rouen itself is filled with memories of Jeanne d'Arc, especially the Round tower in which she was kept a close prisoner during her trial, and where she made her defence before the prelates and judges. At the

close of the trial, the 9th May 1431, in presence of the instruments of torture, she spoke these words: "If you really wish to cause the destruction of my body and my Soul, I will not say one word; but should I say anything it will have to be drawn from me by force." In the market square of 'La Place de la Pucelle' where the maid was burned alive as a sorceress, stands the trivial modern monument representing her as Bellona.

Beauvais cathedral, begun as early as 1225, suffered collapse, when the choir fell in and the church had to be remodelled. It is a structure laid out on a vast scale but was never quite completed. The collapse in 1284 of the central tower and vaulting, owing to excessive loftiness and slenderness of support, necessitated its entire reconstruction, the number of the piers being doubled and the spring of the pier arches correspondingly reduced. As rebuilt the cathedral aisle was higher by some feet to the top of the vault than Amiens. Transepts were added after 1500. The apsidal chapels lend richness of effect to the interior; and in the profiles of the ribs there is beauty and independent variety of forms. One writer says: "The enormous though ill proportioned choir of Beauvais presents some magnificent features. The sexpartite vaults do not belong to the original design, but were probably constructed towards the end of the 13th century, when, after serious ruptures had taken place in consequence of faulty construction, intermediate piers had to be introduced, and the whole design to be largely remodelled."

Without speaking of the Cathedral of Limoges, which is incomplete like Beauvais and has the single ambulatory and radiating chevet-chapels, of Narbonne begun in 1272 and not finished until 1330, of Cou-

tances vigorous and individual belonging to the latter half of the 13th century and with the strong Norman lines of the towers and pointed arches of the interior, and others such as Caen, Toulouse and Albi, which last has neither side aisle nor transept, and was not finished until the 15th and even the 16th centuries—it might be said that in the 14th and 15th centuries, and even later on, French architecture was chiefly taken up in finishing what was begun earlier, rather than in originating anything new or building new cathedrals. The creative time had passed with the 13th century. The florid style came later with fanciful treatment of tracery and profuse decoration of portals, splendid but lifeless designs; yet the vast constructive lines, the grand system of height, thrust and equilibrium, the audacious boldness, the sublimity of true Gothic architecture in France had appeared and disappeared, not to be equalled by what came after, making Gothic art of the Middle Ages a great original art-epoch. There was a kind of revival of Gothic in the 15th and 16th centuries in France, when, for example, the cathedral of Orleans was built, but French Renaissance architecture was an importation from Italy rather than true French Gothic; and it manifested itself more in palaces, chateaux, and civic buildings, than churches. It belonged to the days of Charles VIII, Louis XII, and Francis I, but it must be said that the Gothic type is seen only in minor details where the genius of French Gothic still ruled in its decline.

Of smaller sacred edifices, the lovely one of 'La Ste. Chapelle' at Paris cannot be lost sight of as it is typical of ogival art showing the slenderness of support. Built (1245-1248) to contain the relics which Baldwin II sent to St. Louis, it is a delicate poem whose

glories are within, where its stained windows glow like the facets of a diamond. Each window is divided by slender mullions into four lancet lights collected under the tracery of the window-head and filled with painted glass of deep harmonious hues, occupying the whole available wall-space, so that the ribbed vaults and slender walls are effaced by the glory of the windows.

The churches of Poitiers in Southern France show the excessive carved decoration of Poitevin architecture in Decadent French Gothic, and, it is said, formed a link of transition from florid French to still more florid Spanish Gothic.

#### *Gothic Stained Glass and Sculpture*

The decorative features of Gothic architecture chiefly consist in its abstract lines which are vast, complex and beautiful in conception, perfectly balanced yet airily graceful, but all the arts were combined in the cathedrals from the delicately carved wood-stalls of Amiens to the prodigiously ornamented portal of Reims—arts of the mason, the carpenter, the sculptor, the painter, the wood and ivory carver, the illuminator, the glass-maker, the goldsmith, the jeweler, the iron-worker, the bell-founder, the locksmith and a hundred others. Painting did not reach the excellence in Gothic art that sculpture did, but painting on glass was a special glory of Gothic art, and for brilliant effect unsurpassed. One writer says: "As the opening lights were made equal to the entire spaces between the piers, vast and resplendent color-designs in glass, softening the light and affording a grateful warmth of effect, became the leading mode of enrichment of the interior by colour." It was especially so in France. The drawing on glass was conventional



but in line and color was fitted for architectural effect. The inherent limitations of glass-painting confined its development in narrow bounds, and the material resources of the artist were limited, of course, to sheets of glass variously colored by oxides while molten. The sheets were cut into required shapes and pieces fitted together in lead frames. The task of the designer was, on the one hand, to subdue the light in the church and give a grateful sense of enclosure, and, on the other, to produce harmonies of translucent colors. Elaboration of drawing amounted to little and the artist had to depend on general masses of color. The pictorial idea is not prominent, but within these limitations it is extraordinary what effects were produced, and it is to be noted that some of the colors, such as red and ruby, are lost arts. At St. Denis is found glass dating from the middle of the 12th century, but at Chartres, as we have seen, are found superb specimens of 12th and 13th century glass, including the famous Jesse window. Each piece of glass was of even color, and another had to be inserted wherever a different color was needed, while on the various parts wrought out of fragments the design is drawn with a brush charged with neutral pigment. The principles of color-values which characterize these window paintings are, in the highest degree, merged into their broad designs. In earlier French churches, as I have said, the lower windows contain composite subjects or patterns, while the clere-story windows have single figures in the lights, and there may be found fine *cinque cento* glass in windows inserted at a later period. Glass painting for vigor, harmony of design and depth of tone reached its perfection at the end of the 12th century.

But after all that may be said, the principal means

of decoration in Gothic art is sculpture, which was a most fit instrument to express the humor and freedom of northern fancy. Mediæval like Greek sculpture had its archaic, perfected, and decadent periods, and its schools like those of Provence, Auvergne, Picardy, Burgundy and Normandy, each as different from the other as the scenery, climate and people of the provinces themselves. Hieratic types of sculpture expressive of religious dogma as at Bourges and Chartres, prevailed to the twelfth century, when it was modified by the intelligent and free imitation of nature in figures and vegetation, and the seeking after truth in living forms. The sculptor went into the fields, woods and vineyards, and gathered vine-leaves, oak-leaves and running plants, until the churches of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries were overrun with the exuberance of transcribed organic life. Of the school of Burgundy, for example, the churches were full of vegetable and flower sculpture, delicate and supple, as at Notre Dame de Dijon. "The *feuille d'arum*, harbinger of spring and symbol of fecundity, growing in the marshes of the Oise with its noble leaves and the vigor of its peduncles, was copied as a ready model."\* The foliated capitals at Laon are particularly beautiful and the pillars, architraves, and all architectural masses and coigns are intertwined with this natural covering, while human forms are introduced that must be, in some cases, actual portraits, and very characteristic. The realm of angels and supernatural beings is also suggested, and, mingling with these, is the mid-world of the grotesque, gnome-men, griffins, dragons, monsters, who peer out from obscure nooks. The bears, dogs, apes, that watch from the walls were, at first, perhaps, meant to be talismans to ward off evil influ-

\* *L'Art Gothique*. Gonse.

ences from the holy place, as in Indian Buddhist temples lions and elephants were carved to stand at the gates as strong animals to frighten away malign powers; but in the Gothic these may have been symbolic of evil things, mingling the earthly and heavenly; and I have fancied that these curious carvings might signify the life with which the confined monkish imagination peopled the world, the world subject to the power of the church that represented in its cycle all things in heaven above and earth beneath; if there were angels there were devils; if there were holy things there were unholy; if there were hopes there were fears; if there were celestial aspirations lifting up there were hellish doubts dragging down; and this mystic never-ending coil of symbolism in a Gothic cathedral gives it a spiritual signification, and perhaps it was true that every workman, every mason, being let alone, wrought more or less spontaneously according to his own will and imagination, and left on these walls the image of his thoughts.

It was a time of enthusiastic industrial and artistic activity, and the artist availed himself of all sources and copied life as he saw it in the men, women, kings, nobles, priests, soldiers and tradespeople that passed before him. He wrote his journal for later eyes to read; but this method must have greatly inspired him as he rapidly filled the spaces, arches, and gables with original work. These naturalistic sculptures rose sometimes to an ideal beauty on the monuments of the French kings, like the effigies of Philip le Hardi (1298), and the carved figures of the Dukes of Burgundy at Dijon.

The sculptures were cut by hands of humble artists who did not carve their names on their works, laboring, it would seem, for the love of God; yet one name,

at least, has been rescued. The rich leaf and floral carvings of Amiens cathedral were designed by Robert de Luzarche, and a few other names gleam out of the obscurity, but what matters it if God have the praise !

It is noteworthy that in Cologne cathedral no sculptures were produced until the 14th century, proving in this respect the superior advance of French Gothic art. The sculpture of the main portal of the 13th century Ulm cathedral was made by Erhard Kung toward the end of the 15th century, and is a good example of German carving.

The Renaissance art, springing chiefly in Italy and extending into France and which developed some new features, I do not attempt to deal with, but even this (as has been hinted) drew most of its life from the Gothic. Its Neo-paganism was enriched by previous ages of Christianity ; but it showed itself in civic rather than ecclesiastical art ; and grim old Gothic castles were metamorphosed into tranquil abodes. The formidable citadel of Loches with its ponderous walls stands materially unchanged as it did in the time of King Richard, who assailed and took it with difficulty ; but the Gothic fortress of the Louvre in Paris laid aside its warlike character and was turned by the softening hand of the Renaissance into a spacious royal dwelling. The Renaissance portion of the castle of Blois reared by Francis I., with its elegant winding staircase, is another instance of this peaceful revolution. The house of Jacques Cœur at Bourges is a patrician mansion of exceptional size and elaborateness, and it is even now in a remarkable state of preservation, showing that in the middle of the 15th century Gothic art readily adapted itself to the decoration of houses as well as of town-halls, palaces and churches ; and thus art leads on men and nations into higher



refinement and culture, and, if not itself creating, yet marking, the real progress of the human race in civilization.

We see that the gigantic cathedrals of the Middle Ages were examples of an idealized architecture reared with religious fervor and splendidly expressive of the worship and life of their age ; but, for the same reason, such structures could not fairly represent the new life in America, where art must have relations to the practical wants of a democratic people ; while, singularly enough, the architecture that has come down to us through the European Renaissance, by its free spirit, seems fitted to be the general type of American architecture, for the ennobling of the national life and the uses of a spiritual faith.

## ENGLISH PRE-RAPHAELITES

### *Influence of Ruskin*

John Ruskin has been sometimes accredited with being the founder of the English Pre-Raphaelite school of painting, whereas he was founder of no school of painting although he was himself an artist ; but he was a writer on nature and art who by his living words "made men see the perfectness and eternal beauty of the works of God." He was not even a thoroughly sound art-critic, being sometimes carried by his fervid fancy beyond the bounds of true principles of art ; yet he was so far successful that he compelled men to know higher things than wealth and luxurious living, and constrained many who were rushing into the barren desert of materialism to seek a land where there were springs of water. Schools, indeed, may rise out of the agitation of thought and sentiment he caused, but not schools of Ruskin. His enthusiasm was of a noble yet often destructive sort, and his passion scathed as well as renewed the earth. Yet his influence was not lost in a tempest of passion, and was felt powerfully in literature as well as art ; in all but poetry itself he was a poet ; his imagination shone like the sun through his style ; he knew how to use the rich capabilities of the English language, employing words to paint the most delicate forms of nature and the subtlest emotions of the soul.

He looked deeper than the form to the spirit that moulds the form. The spiritual law of beauty had been recognized by Plato and Hegel, and in literature by Goethe, but as a philosophy, or a system of æsthetics, rather than as a faith that works by love. Ruskin applied the spiritual law of beauty to thought, action and knowledge, to work, trade, education, economics, social life, morals and religion. He applied it even to science, believing that science was bound to take cognizance of all laws and facts of being. While he cannot be called a scientific man, perhaps the furthest from it, yet there are sciences, such as mineralogy, geology, botany, biology, which have close relations to art, and these he seized upon and by original observations of nature, of the atmosphere, clouds, mountains, trees, rocks and water, he added much that is new to these sciences. As far as architecture is a science, he studied the mathematical laws it involves; this is seen in such works as "The Lamps of Architecture" and "The Stones of Venice," exhibiting a knowledge of the principles of construction and the history and literature of art, so that the art-student will find the reading of these books no mere summer task; for on occasion Ruskin brought to bear patient analysis and calm induction, and he could, at times, reason as well as observe, but, as a general rule, his reasoning is passionate and contemptuous of opposing theories, yet throwing a great illumination on the subject. The venerable Byzantine church of St. Mark's in Venice, with its green mottled wavy floor, as if it were already claimed by the sea into which it is sinking, rose at his touch "into something rich and strange." His imagination reconstructed the past. He rescued half-lost treasures of art from the power of oblivion. He went on art-pilgrimages to old cities of

Italy, and, at Florence, he spent months of silent musing in its cool mediæval churches, regarding no other critic's authority, reading the ancient records at first hand, mixing learning with intuition, putting himself into the place of the builders and living their lives, until the city of Brunelleschi flourishes again. He studied Venice with the same fearless independence, and Verona, Milan, Padua, Bologna, Assisi, so that Giotto and Gentile da Fabriano, Carpaccio and later masters, greet him as one who loved them; he came up slowly to Amiens, and, behold, the world was conscious that it had never before known these churches, tombs, sculptures and paintings. They were again holy shrines of prayer and praise, and glowed in their pristine splendors. He opened their beauty to eyes that never saw. He affirmed that in Gothic art, before the day of Raphael and Michael Angelo, he had found the spring of beauty limpid in its sincerity and religiousness. He believed this, however else he changed his views, nor can we regret it since he made the world richer by his theories, in which he sought the soul of art and secret of beauty. He went to the moral springs, and to those divine principles of righteousness and power which belong to religion even as they do to art. He marked distinctions in the relative importance of art-ideas between the ideal and the real, spiritual and sensuous beauty, nature and imitation, truth and artificialness.

The later years of Ruskin's life took a practical turn into currents of human life, sociology, and social reform, and were spent in efforts to solve economic questions, and as an inheritor of considerable property, he spent it lavishly in plans to improve human nature and to make life better worth living. It cannot be said that his projects were uniformly wise, but they were,



or some of them, ahead of his age. They aimed to dignify labor, and break down exclusiveness in things to which all have a right—health, good air, water, food, the opportunity to gain knowledge, and something more, the enjoyment of the glory and beauty of the universe, and that culture in art by which hand, eye and mind are trained in beautiful as well as useful handiwork such as wood-carving and pottery, which brought gain to the workman and refinement of character. He believed that good would result from a training in art-work, and in many places he established institutions in drawing and fine mechanical arts for the instruction of workingmen, also lecture courses, and free museums like the permanently endowed 'St. George's Guild' in Sheffield. He was indefatigable in such works carried on for the common benefit and not for a commercial motive. And it was at this point that he came in contact with Pre-Raphaelite artists.

It should be remembered, as was said, that Ruskin was an artist, and that he could draw and paint with skill before he indulged in criticism. I would ask leave to quote some of my own words: "Mr. Ruskin's sketches, which were on exhibition in Boston and New York, were valuable as showing his theory of analysis, his method of realistic study and practice by which the artist builds up his mind in solid knowledge. They are close copies of natural facts combined with neatness and clearness of delineation. A block of gneiss-rock seamed with time-lines and colored with weather-stains, standing out from an Alpine hillside; a thistle-bur; an archivolt of a door of St. Mark's in Venice; a street in Verona; a bit of pre-historic bone; a lacquered sunrise; a hibiscus as a study in color; a fragment of weed-covered stone-

wall ; a bronzed pheasant's feather ; a dry curled oak-leaf ; a wave, or water curve of the Falls of Schaffhausen—these are copied with complete fidelity. Mr. Ruskin seems to say in every sketch, 'I do not shirk work.' He seeks after the true qualities of things ; the highest art is the truest nature and every picture is a piece of honest work."\* He exhibits in his sketches and in illustrations of his own books, that impressionistic power which he praises in Turner, by which distances, vague cloud effects, vast mountain scenery, are suggested. Through all the trials, real and fictitious, of his student life at Christ Church, Oxford, as he tells us in "Præterita" (the most simple and winsome of his books), he cherished an artistic sensibility, and he said he was sustained in hope by the sight of old St. Frideswide Cathedral, under whose massive Norman vaults his soul felt itself at home. There he mused and was at peace. In intervals of Latin composition and Aristotle's logic he interested himself in art-studies, and his vacations were spent in sketching mountain scenery of Wales and Scotland. While he was an Oxford undergraduate, Turner made his entrance on the world of art, and Ruskin's "black anger" was roused through a contemptuous criticism on Turner which appeared in Blackwood's Magazine, and his fiery anonymous answer to this criticism in 1843 when he was twenty-one, was the inception of "Modern Painters."

Thus Ruskin stood quite ready to welcome the new movement in English painting that he thought, and justly thought, owed something to himself. His pamphlet on "Pre-Raphaelitism," in which he praises and encourages those young artists, shows that while he did not start the movement he stood sponsor to it. In

\* "The Early Renaissance," p. 49.

order to put in practice his idea of training the masses in artistic knowledge he taught a class in drawing, and for four years, from 1854 to 1858, he gave, in conjunction with Rossetti, art-lessons to workingmen. At Oxford, centre and fountain-head of this movement, he took direction of the fresco-painting of the Union Debating Society library, in company with an enthusiastic group of young artists comprising Rossetti, Millais, William Morris, and some early Pre-Raphaelites. They painted frescoes in the style of Benozzo Gozzoli. Ruskin favored an aesthetic revolution that promised to oppose "falsehood in art." In technique as regards correct drawing, simple design and scorn of affectation, he was with them; he would go to Nature; he painted a leaf just as it was made; he put a shade where it fell according to the time of daylight; he said to the artist 'chisel the rock faithfully and tuft the forest delicately, and the spirit will come upon you when you are not aware and you will utter mighty truths.' Here he diverged from the primitive Pre-Raphaelites in his larger views of nature, more brilliant coloring and freer play of the imagination. He did not admire holy awkwardness or ugliness. He enjoyed beauty. He rejoiced in the loveliness of Italian religious painting. He admitted the light of the ideal on the picture. He did not pin down religious and historic scenes to the present time. He both agreed with and differed from the original brotherhood, and applied to them caustic criticism; but he was recognized by them as a powerful ally. His storms of rage cleared the air for simpler and purer visions of truth. Millais acknowledged this, but denied stoutly that Ruskin was the original inspirer of the movement.

The nearest I ever came to seeing Ruskin was once

passing a day or two at his house on "Denmark Hill," through the invitation of an English gentleman then occupying it, and who offered me an introduction to Ruskin as he was expected hourly from the city. It would have been a pleasure to have met one who could as little have been stricken out of the last century as Tennyson, but I suppose the thin restless man with bright eyes that saw everything was himself no great sight, and the best way to see him was to read him, as Emerson said of Shakespeare: "Why do men say that we know nothing of Shakespeare when he has turned out to them the best side of him, his soul?"

### *Beginnings of Pre-Raphaelitism*

A slur has been cast on England that she has a great literature but not a great art, like that of Italy, France, or even Spain, and that she is "a nation of shop-keepers" incapable of æsthetic expression. This is not true. When one walks through the rooms of the National Gallery in London, where, of more than twelve hundred paintings more than three hundred are by native British artists, and some of these among the most noteworthy, he does not doubt that there is an original English school of painting. There is another test to which a French critic, half admiringly and half scornfully, draws attention:—"Take any recent large international exposition of paintings, like the one at Chicago during the World's Fair, and as you pass through the different halls devoted to works from Germany, Austria, Russia, Italy, Spain, Belgium, Holland, Scandinavia and the United States, you might believe yourself to be in France, since you see the productions of those who have studied in Paris under French masters and learned there all they know. American art at this moment is French art. Sargent



is a pupil of Carolus Duran, and Harrison and other prominent American artists have done their work in France. Lenbach of Germany, Martens of Holland, Francisco Pradella of Spain, are French stylists; but when you come to the English room, whatever of art there is, is not French. The methods of modern French painting—its drawing and composition, its coloring, its sacrifice of detail to effect often so bald in its realism as to lose sight of beauty—these are not found in the English room, here is another world. Paris does not affect these insular artists. Varied as are their themes they have one thing in common—a seeking to express the beauty of nature, and they interpret English nature with poetic sympathy. Their colors are vivid, dark in shadow and bright in light, not harmonious or diffuse, but bold with contrasts, in a word they resemble the brilliant effect of water-color paintings.”

The lush green of English meadows is seen in the English school; the drawing is neat but often incorrect and unscientific, and yet there are nature and sincerity if sometimes found with an unskilful technique. English painting has been especially vigorous in portraiture bringing out the real type of character. Portraiture and landscape were wonderfully combined in Gainsborough, who was a thoroughly English artist; but at the end of the eighteenth century, though always remarkable for color, English art declined in vigor, and “court-painters,” melodramatic historical artists and feeble classicists, succeeded the realistic and sturdy Hogarth. John Constable, indeed, brought English art back to nature, and to him the revival of landscape in England and France is largely due; and yet it is said that when Constable died the walls of his studio were hung with unsold pictures.

French impressionism has never taken deep root in England. It may have influenced modern English art but has not swerved it from its main principles, and in France itself it is a scheme rather than a system, or school, having reference to the individual artist's way of looking at things, his mode of bringing about certain effects, and is liable, therefore, to grotesque vagaries. It has done good. It has lifted painting out of dull routine into light and sunshine, and vital impressions of natural objects, as in the lovely atmospheric effects of Claude Monet and Renoir; it marks a revolution in modern art; but it is a partial method and its extremes of rude unsoftened realism offend English taste. English art does not care for effects as much as for simple truth, and if it have less eccentric force it has a warmer and tenderer sympathy with nature.

About the middle of the last century a movement took place which has had, directly or indirectly, much influence on English painting; and nearly all those who have written upon this subject concur in ascribing not the name, but the beginning, of Pre-Raphaelitism, to Ford Madox Brown, an English artist who studied in Holland, and, it may be, caught a spark of the old Dutch realistic school slumbering in its ashes. In 1844 he exhibited a picture of 'William the Conqueror' in which natural traits were vigorously portrayed. Rossetti, then a boy, was attracted by this, and by other compositions of Brown, and became his pupil; also John Everett Millais and William Holman Hunt appear, youths drawn together by elective affinity; and, it is related, they were simultaneously stirred by a criticism on Wilkie's 'Blind Fiddler' addressed to them as art-students: "You will never arrive at the freshness of Wilkie, if you paint always on a brown, gray,

or bitumen preparation, and if you rub in your canvas with neutral tones, one for the shadows and another for the lights, as is taught in the Academy ; for soon these ground-tones will expand under the true tones and turn them black. Not so Wilkie. He painted on a white canvas, without any preparation, and finished his picture piece by piece, like a fresco." This bit of technical advice called for a heroic treatment. They eagerly followed the suggestion, avoiding mixtures of pigment, and agreed that the true way was the one employed by Italian painters before the time of Raphael, or in the period of *tempera* fresco-painting, when clear color prevailed. Such at least is the tradition.

At this juncture, as we have seen, Ruskin's "Modern Painters" made its appearance, favoring realistic in opposition to academic landscape ; and one sentence in especial was thought by these ardent workers to be of pregnant meaning : "Young artists should go to nature in all simplicity of heart and walk with her resolutely and faithfully, having but one idea to penetrate her meaning and to recall her teachings, rejecting nothing, despising nothing." This gave a keynote to the Pre-Raphaelite movement which had already begun. Ruskin's comments on early Italian art, on Giotto and the painters of the Pisan Campo Santo, above all, Benozzo Gozzoli, and their scrupulous imitation of nature, simplicity and religious earnestness, wrought on these young artists, and in the illustration of Keats's poem "Isabel and the pot of Basil" their pictures were true if not ideal, sincere if not beautiful. They made a test of the copy of a living object with absolute exactness, of infancy, youth and old age, set in its own true scenery. It was fact that froze imagination but carried honest intent.

Rossetti's 'Infancy of the Virgin,' Madox Brown's

'Cordelia,' and Millais's 'Christ at the House of his Parents' created a flutter among critics, and Millais's painting in especial was characterized as puerile, repulsive and blasphemous. This was, as is well known, the picture of a rude carpenter's shop with table, bench, tools and chips, the figures copied from the artist's family, his father representing Joseph. The mother is comforting the little boy who has wounded his hand, and the title is in the Scriptural words: "And one shall say unto him what are these wounds in thy hand? Then he shall answer, those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends." The work defied all conventional art. Ruskin championed it by saying that the scenes and forms were natural and not overdone, and that the artist painted truthfully and not for fame or gold. This stern resolve of absolute reality took root, and its honesty, combined though it was with absurd detail and minuteness, grew, and developed not only a principle but an ideal of religious art; the impetuous artists had laid hold of a truth that has worked its way into all modern English art.

At this juncture a strange thing happened, when each of these artists, as if they were dragged along by some mysterious undertow, slowly drifted away from the original moorings, and gradually abandoned, though never wholly so, the idea which first inspired them and led them to despise the world's praises and rewards; and they more or less subsided into special lines in sympathy with their individual temperaments.

Millais, who was among the first in time of the brotherhood, swung furthest away from the primitive standard, for he had a strong native bent toward eclecticism, and was of less stern stuff as regards the world's praise and patronage. He died wealthy, which none of the rest did. He knew how to touch the popular heart



and please the popular fancy. He delighted in beauty and would not sacrifice it to a theory. He inclined to rich and brilliant coloring and in the height of his power "challenged the best of the Paris salons." Such pictures as 'Lorenzo and Isabella,' 'Sir Isumbras,' 'The Shepherd's Chief Mourner,' 'The Huguenot,' 'The Black Brunswicker,' 'Ophelia,' 'The Order of Release,' 'The Vale of Rest,' are magnificent works full of thought and pathos and of finished splendid tone; but it is interesting to note how the Pre-Raphaelite training stood by him in his painfully correct drawing, acute observation of fact, independent unconventionalism, local color and truthfulness of landscape, and, above all, the copying of figures from living models chiefly those of his family. The 'Sir Isumbras' was the last of his avowedly Pre-Raphaelite pictures, and when, in 1853, he was chosen Royal Academician, the brotherhood fell to pieces and he wrote "The whole Round Table is dissolved."

Rossetti lapsed into poetry, of which his art was more than half composed, and ended in a visionary sphere where the imagination took the place of the real in nature.

Holman Hunt, making manikins for his Oriental costumes and dealing in excessive minutiae, was still the most faithful of all. He held to his first love. He is a deeply religious man, and grew more and more spiritual in his symbolism, as shown in the pathetic painting of 'The Light of the World.' He went to the Holy Land to study local nature, olive-trees, rocks, flowers, costume and racial types, undergoing some hardships but seeking to steep his soul in the atmosphere of the Orient, and, as one says, "he meditated on Christ when the evening shadows gathered over the tomb at Golgotha"; while through his

reading of Renan he was led to naturalize his views of the gospels and to use the mists of Palestine to explain the ghostly appearances in the New Testament. He scandalized the sober English mind by his literalism, but the tremendous picture of 'The Scapegoat' is one of the strongest if grimmest in modern art—strong too in its poetic idealism.

The names of Watts, Woolner, Collinson the sculptor, H. G. Stevens, Arthur Hughes, Frederic Sandys, Noel Paton, Charles Collins, Walter Deverell and other later names, have been associated with the Pre-Raphaelite fraternity (P. R. B.) which however lasted but a brief period of five or six years, and coincided in some points with the naturalistic revival in France, also with the romantic school of poetry represented by Rossetti, Morris, Swinburne, Tennyson and Browning, and, on the continent, with the music of Schumann, Schubert and Chopin.

George Frederic Watts has been remotely classed with the brotherhood, but he was older, and has outlived all. When he adopted Pre-Raphaelite ideas he had himself begun to employ clear colors on white ground, not shading colors by the same but laying one color by the side of another as in Japanese painting. He used deep purple shades and high tints. With a boldness of technique he combines imagination in which the subject, not always pleasing, overrides the execution. He does not believe, as did the others, in the study of the nude; but he has a powerful yet sombre genius with a poetic style that, in portraiture, while striking, is not based solidly on nature. 'Love and Death,' 'The Angel of Death,' the 'Happy Warrior,' 'Paolo and Francesca' are pictures dealing in themes of life, death and eternity with half Christian and half Pagan spirit.

The name of Joseph Mallord William Turner cannot be passed by although he was himself bound by no class or school theories; yet he contributed, like the Pre-Raphaelites, to freedom, above all freedom of landscape. Turner was indiscriminately praised in the first volume of "Modern Painters" and made the theme of Ruskin's transcendental theorizing. He created a new world of light, although Mr. W. J. Stillman accuses him of "being careless of truth and that his management of atmospheric phenomena is impossible"; but he painted clouds in the sky—"how else would you paint them"—he gruffly said. He painted from one living impulse like the impressionists. He ruled in the air with a Prospero's wand, and his last words were "The sun is God." In painting water he is unsurpassed. Ruskin writes: "Nothing is so perfectly calm as Turner's calmness, the while boats and ships of other painters stand in the water, or are fastened to it, his float." He knew the greatness of the sea and painted it, and ships are secondary. He expressed the sea's awful glory, unfathomable depth and immeasurable force.

Without dwelling on Sir Frederic Leighton and Alma-Tadema, neo-classicists, who, nevertheless, felt the influence of the Pre-Raphaelites in drawing and color, and Poynter and Herkomer, and younger names of more pronounced realistic tendency of the new English school, with our own countrymen, Whistler, Sargent and Abbey, who, however it was brought about, doubtless by the vigor of American genius, are emancipated from monotonous academic art—I would take up two masters, one of them the originator, and the other the natural product, of the new movement, both of whom present interesting features of modern English painting.

*Dante Gabriel Rossetti*

It is pleasant to meet a spontaneous testimony to the influence of art upon human progress, where we would least expect to find it—in a work purely of Russian literature, in which the author says: “What a powerful instigator for acknowledging the universal relationship of things and of men, and of men among themselves, is the faculty of responsiveness to the principle of beauty; and what an important agent in the furtherance of human progress art is, since it is based on this responsiveness to beauty, and is, in fact, an embodiment of beauty. Art is one of the powers which work for the destruction of separating barriers that have been erected against human intercourse and sympathy; great can be the power of art if we open our minds to it and not allow political antipathies, national susceptibilities, utilitarian maxims, or even religious prejudices, to steal in between our soul and the true work of art. These things, indeed, have no power to wound the work of art itself, for art is invulnerable and flourishes in its own tranquillity above human narrow-mindedness. Beauty is the spiritual character of matter, and consequently beauty is the only link between these two fundamental elements of the universe.”

One such influence for the apprehension of beauty and the expansion of the mind is the life and work of such a man as Rossetti, a leader in the English literary and artistic Renaissance. Gabriel Charles Dante Rossetti came of literary stock, his father being a commentator of Dante, and he himself, in his youth, was steeped in Dantesque lore and the musical language of Petrarch attuned to poetry. On both the Rossetti and Polydori sides his parents were Anglicised Italians; his father was a revolutionary exile and friend of



Mazzini, and a writer of political pamphlets as well as an editor of Dante's works. His sister Christina was a poetess of exquisite refinement and spirituality. He began to draw when a child, and, singularly enough, chose to tint his drawings in bright colors and not thick mottled tints; this Pre-Raphaelite instinct for clear color seemed to be born in him. He commenced early to read Shakespeare, whose thought he could assimilate by the subtle sympathy of genius, and he dabbled in verse as if the twin genii of poetry and painting hovered over him, each striving to draw him to itself; it is related that a series of Italian prints belonging to the 17th century in his father's possession were constantly in his youthful hands so that an æsthetic atmosphere surrounded him although the worldly circumstances of his family were narrow; but the roots of his mind struck into a fruitful soil of Italian poetic thought and all arts were congenial to the nurture of a rich nature.

Rossetti became a matriculate of King's College, London, and studied for a while in that University, but through his yearning to be a painter he betook himself in 1842, to the Drawing Academy of Mr. Cary, son of the English translator of Dante. He left Cary's drawing school at the time of the famous opening Exhibition at Westminster Hall, which was an event in the artistic world, and, as has been said, he was impressed by the cartoons of Madox Brown, and grew restless with desire to do something as a painter. In 1846 he became a pupil of the Royal Academy school, but found himself harassed by rules, declaring that "he could not do what he ought but would do only what he wished," and in this school he met Holman Hunt, the two having been brought together by finding themselves drawing 'Ghiberti's Gates.' This was in

1848, and nothing distinctly Pre-Raphaelite had made its appearance. Rossetti, longing "to do something out of his own head," began illustrating stories with dash and humor; while at this time literature attracted him more than painting, and his "Translation of Early Italian Poets," not published until later, occupied him, and was remarkable from its style and the delicacies of its rhyme. The original poem of the "Blessed Damosel" was written in 1847 when he was nineteen, and he had come into possession of a manuscript book of William Blake's "Songs of Innocence and Experience," dreamily illustrated by its author. This stimulated him in the direction of poetic thought, and in a style of drawing and painting that "scorned Sir Joshua." He became, at his own urgent request, pupil of Madox Brown who was seven years older, and this led to a more intimate companionship with his fellow-student Holman Hunt, and to a large share in the Pre-Raphaelite movement. One of his biographers says: "Set to painting still life and pickle-jars by Madox Brown, he bolted and turned to the suggestions of Hunt, although Brown continued to be his best friend through life"; after his death Brown dedicated to him a fountain at Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. Through a drawing of 'Gretchen in Church,' contributed to the Sketching Society, he won Millais's notice and an association with him in the "Cyclo-graphic Society." A study of Lasinio's engravings of the Pisan frescoes put these young artists on a new track; they agreed to leave "the great masters," and to stick to absolute rendering of natural objects, although they did not despise canons of art so much as they did a lifeless application of school-methods, and were resolved to do the best they could. Each of them was realistic, but none of them quite reached the

extreme of the French artist whose maxim was that "a pair of boots was greater than Michael Angelo," for they kept their wits and were something more than mere imitators; they were free workers carrying out each his own ideas, and, in Rossetti's case, his poetic ideas.

He painted a picture of 'The Girlhood of the Virgin' in a novel style, comparing in this respect with Millais's 'Carpenter's Shop,' and this was his leap into fame. It was a mystical painting, representing a child-angel bearing a lily, and the head of the Virgin was that of his sister Christina, so that although of spiritual significance its basis is portrait. The colors are simple values like those of the Italian fresco-painters, and with what one has called "a horror of thick cloggy vehicles" and a preference of thin and delicate ones. The forms, in this new rendering of an old theme, are pure but of ascetic type, and the stamp of Italian art was on it.

Rossetti became one of a number of young writers who established "The Germ," or "Thoughts toward Nature in Poetry, Literature and Art," designed to encourage adherence to nature in which he wielded the pen equally well with the brush. From 1849 to 1854 he painted water color and oil pictures, the most important of which was the 'Ecce Ancilla' now in the National Gallery, a work of white tone. His sister Christina sat for the composition of the head and form of the Virgin. It was called "trivial," "insipid," "unworthy to be named art," but has been recognized as the work of one who combined the severeness of mediæval thought with natural truth, not a great picture but a delicate vision, as well as true to nature. The look of the Virgin's face is inward and the force is in the life of the soul. During this tentative period

his dramatic work of 'Mary Magdalene at the House of Simon the Pharisee' was begun, although not finished until 1858. The Magdalen catches sight of the face of Divine Purity that her conscience sees shining over the Pharisee's door, whose glance piercing to the dividing of soul and spirit causes "the phantasmagoria of a sinful world to sink into ashes" and the death of the soul before its resurrection to new life. Although he did not call himself a believer, Rossetti belonged to a Catholic family and his nature was fostered by the influence of mediæval religious art. This picture has moral force, and the contrast is sharp between the heavenly and earthly, the higher and lower life; it breaks from old methods of presenting such themes and is a poem whose pathos pierces the heart.

In 1850 Rossetti, through his friend Walter Holwell Deverell, made the acquaintance of Elizabeth Eleanor Siddal, a young woman of seventeen whose personality was striking, with a great wealth of red brown hair so liked by Titian and Palma Vecchio, and her complexion brilliant. She was gifted with artistic and poetic talent and had already been painted by Deverell in a Shakespearian character. Rossetti henceforth made her the model of many of his pictures, as in the 'Rossovestita' and the 'Beatrice at a marriage receiving or denying Dante's Salutation.' They were not married until 1860 owing to his limited means, from which Ruskin's generosity partly relieved him; for Ruskin not only aided him by sympathy in giving unreserved praises to his first paintings while he criticised his habits of carelessness, but he gave the painter a standing offer to buy all his works that he did not sell, at a price he would have offered his pictures for to others, thus helping him through the greatest straits of his life. Ruskin's estimation of him is shown in such



words as these : " I believe that Rossetti's name should be placed on the list of men within my own range of knowledge who have raised and changed the spirit of modern art ; raised in absolute attainment, changed in direction of temper." " Rossetti was the chief intellectual force in the establishment of the modern Romantic school in England."

Rossetti's theory of color may be gathered from his own words : " I believe color to be an indispensable quality in the highest art and that no picture ever belonged to the highest order without it ; while many, by possessing it—as the works of Titian—are raised certainly into the highest class. . . Color is the physiognomy of a picture ; other qualities are its life in exercise ; but color is its life itself by which we know and love it at first sight." At this time (1856) Burne-Jones came into his life and he at once recognized his genius, and urged him to go on ; for Rossetti, with Morris and Burne-Jones, were employed to decorate the ' Red House ' at Upton (so called), which led to the re-casting of decorative art in England.

From 1862 to 1868 was a period of steady work when his powers were at the best, and among the oil pictures of this time was the ' Beata Beatrix,' now in the National Gallery, represented as if she were in a death-swoon, yet richly dressed and seated amid flowers, with a sun-dial marking the silent hours. ' Joan of Arc,' ' Lilith ' or the body's beauty, ' Sybilla Palmifera ' or the soul's beauty, his mother's portrait, ' Mona Vanna,' a portrait of his sister Christina, a head of Madox Brown, ' The Beloved ' his most brilliant painting from a professional model, some designs from the Arthurian legends and other pictures, were produced at this period. The latest of this earlier group of paintings was that of the ' Blessed Damosel '

(1868), which was also a recollection of his wife, and having an abstract style of beauty of irregular and not classic type, with strong rather than oval chin, long swan neck, tall form, and an expression portraying the apathy of life's activities. It is to be observed that the basis of these pictures is the Pre-Raphaelite idea of form founded on character as exhibited in real life, as that of his wife, sister Christina, and a friend whose face is also seen in 'Dante's Dream'.

It is said that there is not now any person or institution possessing a large number of Rossetti's pictures and that they are widely scattered, for he was a shrewd man in taking up the best offers and was good at a bargain. In 1869 came the beginnings of ill health though he continued his work with a tremendous yet fitful energy, also preparing for the publication of his poems that themselves made an epoch in literature. He painted many oil pictures such as 'Dante's Dream,' now in Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool; the 'Veronica Veronese' a lady touching a lute to a bird's song and embodying ideas on the relations of art to nature; the 'Wooring of Michael Scott,' a fantastic work; a likeness of Dr. George Hake, which is reckoned his best portrait. His "Collected Poems," published about 1873 met with considerable success, with the exception of Blackwood's Magazine, and of Robert Buchanan who called the Poems "The Fleshly School of Poetry" and brought down on his head a crushing reply of Rossetti's in an article styled "The Stealthy School of Poetry." Rossetti rose above such attacks and took rank as a poet of original power, though, it may be, of mixed intellectuality and passion, "whose sense of beauty was always disturbed by his sense of feeling"; as in his paintings so in his poetry his thought played about the subject and his strong individuality changed

the truth into enigma, above all in the passion of love. He was naturally of robust and joyous temperament, but when his health broke down he drew into himself, and fell into despairing thoughts of life "feeling the disparity between his aims and achievements," yet this very shattering of his genius produced works that have in them a strange charm. Such delicate themes as 'The Sea-Spell,' 'La Bella Mano,' 'The Lamps of Memory,' 'The Day Dream,' are full of witchery like his slightest poems, and the more elaborate designs of the 'Vision of Fiametta' (a maiden with flame-encircled head) and 'Astarte Syriaca' are mystical but lovely; he continued to be the dreamy painter and the poet of pictures to his last work that consisted of two sonnets on 'The Sphinx.'

In estimating Rossetti as a painter, he should be regarded, above all, as an inspirer of others, a beginner of new things, a leader in artistic method and thought. "He was free from all pettiness, and his native aptitude for art was extraordinary. He never painted a picture without doing something in color that had not been done before. He had a fine analysis of the human face, a lofty standard of beauty though of a kind invented by himself, and he subjected all to beauty. He was not irreligious and knew that the basis of art was religion." Sir Noel Paton wrote of him: "His influence on contemporary English art has been great, and possibly few artists of more distinct individuality and intellectual force ever appeared." Holman Hunt, his contemporary, who looked at him from a Pre-Raphaelite point of view, said: "With his subtle and fiery spirit he possessed both in poetry and painting an appreciation of beauty the most intense in quality." But it has been disparagingly said of him that his painting represents inner and not outer

life, or a kind of third-world of spiritual existence of which we have no experience. This criticism is not without justice. He lacked that simple objective strength which the greatest artists—Homer, Shakspeare, Goethe, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Velasquez—exhibit, and which is based on positive nature. He swerved also from the Pre-Raphaelite world of fact into an unreal world, that partially accounts for the morbid pessimism of his thoughts dwelling much on the mystery of death, so that his art, reflecting such a mental state, slipped from its healthful relations to the actual things of life.

While suggestive of early Italian art Rossetti's painting lacked that art's earnest faith ; but, strangely enough, to the mysticism of the Italian *cinque cento* it added a sensuous coloring that gave a flesh-and-blood consistency to these dreams of beauty. "His colors are unskilfully applied without measured transitions, but at the same time without dishonesty, or they are free from mixing. Red, green, violet, rose and orange were used and often with an effect extremely lively and brilliant. Strong tones in landscape were employed." He created his own forms of feminine beauty in order to express his peculiar ideas. They combine power and weakness, force and languor, poetry and mannerism. "The heads droop unnaturally, sometimes drop backward, the arms hang languidly and the figures are attenuated like branches of willow trees ; the necks are long and the chins pointed, but their freedom from academic pose is clear gain." These silent, motionless female figures, as in the 'Beata Beatrix,' the 'Salutation of Beatrice,' and 'Sybilla Palmifera,' clad in splendid Venetian dresses, engirdled with flowers and heightened by lustrous coloring, become a remote poetic art rather than real forms of living beauty.



They are only fixed impressions of the spirit that dreams of life in death, or of the suspension of both ; they therefore partake of the weakness of purely subjective expressions, since art is not only a quality existing in the mind to perceive beauty, but it is, or should be, true to nature as taught in patient methods by nature herself. But Rossetti, in spite of his fantasies, was a great artist, and, above all, an inspiring teacher. "He put colors into the hands of his scholars and told them to do their best—to do what they could, for artistic genius would find a way to develop itself if it did not do so in the lanes and methods of a regular educational process."

It would be in keeping here to speak of Rossetti's pupil and coadjutor, William Morris ; but he walked mainly in the path of decorator rather than painter, and was, above all, the poet of "The Earthly Paradise"; but English art would not be complete without him who was a true Hellene born on English soil, the many-sided indefatigable man and one of the most gifted of his generation, who restored lost art and the noble art of fresco, made art both beautiful and useful, protected mediæval architecture in England, diffused a higher taste and exerted a powerful influence on the new field of painting itself, which was represented by such men as Strudwick and Burne-Jones.

#### *Sir Edward Burne-Jones*

Poetry has always asserted itself in English art. English love of nature, of green fields, trees and running brooks, of sheep, cattle and pastoral scenery, is seen in idyllic English landscape-painting. The northern genius shows the poetic element in German music, Scandinavian saga and wood-carving, English legend and verse ; nothing beautiful is closed to the

race that claims and comprehends Shakespeare. The poetic instinct has expressed itself in the most utilitarian times, and this money-worshipping age has not quenched its life in Browning, Tennyson, Rossetti, Morris and Burne-Jones. French critics have noticed this in a generous way, as well as the lack of the poetic element in themselves; they have recognized the fact that science has, in a large degree, taken the place of poetry in French art, and that for this England must be looked to rather than France.

Burne-Jones was a poet. Art in him claimed the right to be beautiful, and, reverently, "he was not disobedient to the heavenly vision." The real lies at the foundation of the ideal, but the true artist is a poet; his thought works upon the facts of nature and moulds them into new living forms. Burne-Jones was too young to have been of the number of original Pre-Raphaelites, but their influence fell upon a peculiarly susceptible nature, and he was in the direct line of succession to these men. He was born in Birmingham, August 23, 1833, of Welch descent, and was destined for the church, but while at Exeter College, Oxford, he became fascinated with the ideas of that enthusiastic group of artists with whom his friend William Morris was associated, and he was drawn into their society and ways of thinking. He did not learn painting in a regular course of study, but without being taught began at spare moments to sketch pen-and-ink decorative designs, stimulated by the drawings of Rossetti who awoke in him the artistic fire; William Morris also aided his tastes in the direction they first took towards mural fresco, glass painting, wood-carving, tapestry, and other branches of ornamental art, and they both began to write for the "Oxford and Cambridge Magazine" on subjects

inspired by the new spirit. Burne-Jones actually commenced his career as a painter in helping to decorate Morris's bride's home at Upton, by painting a series of pictures illustrative of the 'Nuptials of Buon-delmonte.' This led him to Italy and brought him into the companionship of Ruskin with whom he visited Milan and Venice, and it is said that he first called Ruskin's attention to Carpaccio's frescoes in Venice, from which he himself received suggestions, as seen in the drawings exhibited from time to time in the Grosvenor gallery, and that are more exquisite than even his paintings. These seemed like delicate Italian narcissus flowers transplanted to English soil where they grew hardier. He was then about twenty-three years old. He did not at that time stay long in Italy, spending only a few weeks in Venice and Florence, and a few days in Rome; yet he laid hold there of what he wanted; the altar-pieces of old painters like Memmi and Gentile da Fabriano (whom we encountered in the Italian pilgrimage) attracted him by their coloring and simple feeling; the charms of Italian art at a period when it was making its way to the richer Renaissance with its poetry impressed him. He studied color in the Ravenna mosaics, whose colors are positive, massed and enduringly brilliant; but he was no imitator and loved beauty wherever he found it. Botticelli's and Mantegna's forms caught his eye, and, it may be, he took his willowy type of woman as much as he did from any one besides Rossetti, from Botticelli's over-fine drawing; yet it should not be forgotten how nobly beautiful Botticelli sometimes could be as in the "Magnificat," where the mother looks lovingly in the eyes of the child and seems to catch his spirit. Our artist's English taste did not desert him. His Pre-Raphaelite tendency led him to

base art on nature. He belonged to the legendary school of English art and painted nature's reflections viewed through the medium of the imagination; in his pictures of the 'Briar Rose,' the 'Perseus-myth,' the 'Holy Grail,' 'Saint George,' he lived in the world of romantic art and of a kind quite removed from Italy or Italian poetry.

I once had the pleasure of visiting Burne-Jones through his own invitation at his suburban home in West Kensington, London, a red brick house that in former days belonged to Richardson the novelist, and where, it is related, Dr. Johnson and Hogarth were frequent visitors; at the end of its pleasant garden with green lawn and shade-trees stood the artist's studio. He seemed more like a poet than a popular painter, a shy man with a broad forehead and face of deep reflection, but of great gentleness and sweetness. He showed me his paintings of the 'Perseus-myth,' 'The Sleeping Knight in the Enchanted Wood,' and some cartoons of pictures not yet put on canvas, also his unfinished painting of the 'Morte d' Arthur,' in which the king lies slumbering in the vale of Avalon. There were also many designs which he told me would take him the rest of his life to complete. His daughter Margaret's expressive face, slender form and pensive cast of beauty, are the type of female figures in her father's pictures, and this shows his true succession to the Pre-Raphaelite method of copying from the real in nature as a foundation of art.

Like Rossetti, Burne-Jones began to sketch and dwell on the Arthurian legends, sprung from a pure Breton or English source; but Rossetti's 'Lancelot in the house of Ginevra' and 'Lancelot and Ginevra at Arthur's grave,' have a vein of sensuous-



ness mingled with their quality of abstract poetry, while Burne-Jones has a peculiar purity in all his works. He continued the Arthurian theme in 'Merlin and Vivienne,' 'The Holy Grail,' and 'The Sleep of Arthur;' in these pictures "the male figures are touched with lassitude as if they were young gods who had descended into a world of difficulties and sorrows, and had succumbed to its hard conditions;" there seems to have been a psychologic change that takes away their virility and turns them into half-feminine beings. This might have been designed on the theory that the perfection of humanity consists of a mingling of the masculine and feminine natures, but it seems to me a decided fault, since man should always be represented as man, and woman as woman and not androgynous; indeed, to know the true relation of the sexes is the part of a supreme artist like Raphael in the sphere of the intellect and senses, Shakespeare in the moral, and Dante in the spiritual sphere. It is the question of the sphinx to the end of time; it enters into the great law of evolution and into the beauty and perfection of the world; the final triumph over evil and the freedom and purification of the human spirit are not in the power of philosophy, but "the seed of the woman shall bruise the Serpent's head."

The figures of this artist are, notwithstanding, well-proportioned and well-drawn, showing a close study of Hellenic forms, for Greece (source and measure of art), taught him as well as Italy; but this legendary realm is full of beauty, and is poesy's own domain; in the painting of the 'Briar-Rose,' for example, the high-trellised roses and the rocks with bright flowers are those that bloom in "faerie-land," lovely if unreal. In this land the people come and go in a way

no one knows ; the armor of the knights is of luminous blue steel, and there is a hard glitter to everything as if the faces, forms and robes were made of shining brass like the towers in which the captive maidens are shut up ; there is a brilliant "dryness of coloring" in these legendary pictures, but this accords with the designs that are metallically sharp-cut and clear.

Burne-Jones's first easel paintings of the 'Legend of Pyramus' and the 'Story of a Knight,' were characterized by a bronze-green tint, and by other crudities, that did not excite attention further than as they were thought to be a young man's fancies, and not very promising. At the opening of the Grosvenor Gallery he showed noticeable power in his picture of 'King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid,' in which picture the figures, though speaking only a mute language, contain something of higher artistic force and beauty. This painting is splendidly colored with tints of blue, purple and violet, while the 'Beggar Maid' in the picture, by way of contrast, wears a plain gray robe ; the young royal lover, in superb armor, with a countenance lean and devoured with thought, sits at her feet apparently absorbed in her contemplation ; the children standing above and the glimpses of woodland are the only hints of outside things, for the picture represents a concentrated burning flame of passion.

The theme of the Arthurian cycle of myth was diffused through the early literature of France and England, appearing in the "Chansons de Geste," and was drawn upon by Burne-Jones, as one instance, in his painting of 'The Enchantment of Merlin in the Wood,' which was done in 1877 and might be compared with the picture in Tennyson's 'Idylls,' in order

to see the different ways in which a poet of the word and a poet of the brush would treat the same theme. It is a delineation of sorcery, in which the strong wizard is caught in a stronger spell than his own, while he fastens his dazed eyes on Vivienne forgetful of his art and very existence.

Another picture of powerful sorcery is 'The Wine of Circe,' a painting exhibited in 1869 at the Gallery of the Water Color Society. The banquet of the enchantress is spread with a guileful skill, and the slim black-robed cowering figure of Circe, with her long white arm stretched out in the act of pouring the poison into the wine-vase, is terribly weird, while a pair of black panthers, transformed by magical art from human beings, fawn at her feet; in the distance on the blue sea the galleys of Odysseus are approaching the island, making us feel that something fearful is in preparation. The arms of Circe's chair are formed of snakes, her own face is beautiful and ruthless.

The better-known painting of 'The Golden Stairs' belongs also to the artist's comparatively earlier works from 1870 to 1877; and it is hard to say what it means, but it does not belong to the sombre or melancholy side of his fancy, but rather to its hopeful and joyous expression. A crowd of girls descending the winding stairs of life, smiling, talking, holding musical instruments, come down as it were from above to gladden the lower world; their steps are as yet free and their faces have no anxiety, care or fear; a writer says of them: "They are robed in almost colorless shades of white and gray relieved only by the delicate color of their faces and of the flowers worn in their hair or scattered on the steps, and what other color there is the red tiles of the roof and the plumage

of the doves of soft tints supply.' Each movement of arm and foot, each turn of head and neck, is rendered with grace, and the sight of these youthful faces and forms leaves the impression of a poem, or a musical composition; not the strongest art, perhaps, but a department which is as genuine and exquisite as it is rare, dealing with the subtlest emotions—the fleeting lyric, rather than the deeper epic of life.

The large painting of the 'Briar-Rose' is thoroughly characteristic of the artist's story-loving and poetic style, in which he represents a number of young maidens sleeping the enchanted sleep of a thousand years, in the silent court of an old palace. Life does not stop, nor progress, nor recede, but is only suspended. Another wave of the magical wand would start all of them to animation and action. One of the maidens might take up her work on the loom, another her household task, and another her lyre. It is a wondrous tale of the olden time, but brings together in form and tint the loveliest things in nature, while the coloring is brilliant with the briar-roses that hang everywhere in a rich tangle of bloom; this painting was in Burne-Jones's studio when I was there, lighting the whole room, and, as it were, filled it with the sweet scent of the wild roses.

The picture of 'Venus's Looking Glass,' begun in 1867, is a poem of Hellas, representing nine nymphs in a green valley standing and bowing around a clear pool that reflects in its crystal mirror their faces and many-tinted robes; the scene is at sunset in the midst of a rocky Greek landscape; some of the figures are kneeling at the water's edge, and their forms are seen in every line in the clear water; Venus is taller and whiter than the rest and wears a blue robe; near by is a myrtle bush, and the vale rises behind into



craggy uplands with the azure sleeping sea in the distance; the lines in the pool are almost too distinct but the variety of attitudes, the lovely faces, the flowers and lilies, make a picture that beguiles us into "the clear land of the shadowless hours."

The allegorical painting of 'The Wheel of Fortune' (with sterner moral) represents the goddess Fortune with expressionless face turning with resistless force the monstrous wheel of chance on which strong men cling and climb, souls that aspire and would rise and rule, one treading down the other, one ascending and another falling, and the great wheel turning, ever turning.

One of Burne-Jones's most beautiful allegorical paintings is 'The Song of Love' (*Chant d'Amour*); there is the same love-worn face with its steadfast gaze as is seen in 'King Cophetua.' Seated in a flowery meadow a young knight whose face is in profile is listening ravished to the music of a maiden playing on one of those little organs or musical instruments such as are painted in old Italian pictures, and on the other side is a young shepherd, Love himself—crowned with flowers and with one knee on the earth, who gently presses the bellows of the organ. In the background is a group of dwellings in the court of a chateau. In this picture all lines unite in the centre of the piece as if to ennoble the face of the musician and to breathe harmony into the composition, which, if not heard is felt to be the everlasting song of love.

A more mystical symbolism is to be seen in the painting of 'Love among Ruins' that was exhibited in 1887, and which has thus been described: "Two lovers meet among the ruins of what was once a city great and gay, but where now the grass grows thick on the crumbling archway and the wild rose trails its

thorns over fallen column and sculptured frieze. The maiden, in raiment of sapphire-blue, clings to her lover's neck, her eyes haunted with the tale of horror and devastation, while he throws his arm protectingly around her." The painting is like a poem of Browning's, which provokes deep questionings; art, knowledge, civilization, the glory and power of the world, decay, but love survives. Love is the best thing, the only thing that lasts. There is no failure, no loss, where love is.

Rossetti, with that "instinctive power which he had to know at a glance what is superior as well as what is second-rate" early recognized the artistic faculty in Burne-Jones, but the two men were very different and had different methods; for one was passionately impetuous, fiery and rapid in his conceptions, the other was gentle, calmly working out his thought, and slowly contemplative, living in the past and weaving his works patiently in a golden web in order to please himself, and having little ambition to please the world or make a name.

The great series of paintings of the Perseus-myth fully justified Rossetti's sagacious estimate of Burne-Jones's genius, and they were among those works on which he bestowed the fullest amount of time and labor. There is no want of virility in these vivid pictures. James Russell Lowell pronounced the Perseus-pictures "the greatest achievement of art of our time or any time"—evidently extravagant praise. A mingling of Hellenic and mediæval ideas is seen in them. Eight designs for the whole series were made in 1875, and several large paintings were completed, viz: 1, 'The Call of Perseus' in which Athena brings to the hero the cap of darkness, sword and polished shield; 2, 'The Rock of Doom'; 3, 'Doom

Fulfilled'; 4, 'The Tower of Brass.' What do they mean? What is their aim? The flashing whirl of the great sea-snake in the dreadful cave, does it signify anything? The meeting of Perseus with the Three Fates in the melancholy land, what lesson does it read to us? The artist brings this Perseus-myth from a far-off country and bestows a life's thought on it, and does it import anything to us in our busy day? These questions I for one cannot answer, but must consign them to the spirit of poetry whose responses like the oracles are to be taken in more ways than one, and at best are vague. What, indeed, did the old Greeks signify by the Perseus-myth? Son of Zeus and Danae, the Argive hero Perseus was sent like the sons of gods to do difficult things—to fetch the head of Medusa from the Graeae and to win supernatural aid in the deliverance of Andromeda; to be, like Œdipus, the innocent homicide of his father Acrisius; to wrest his paternal kingdom of Argos from the usurper and found Mycenæ. In the picture of the 'Call of Perseus' Athena chooses him as he stands bowed before her. She brings him the weapons by whose means he is overcome. In the picture of 'The Visit to the Graeae' the forms are Greek and yet not Greek, but more like the gods and goddesses of Botticelli, blending the age of Perikles with that of Lorenzo di Medici. The picture of the 'Rock of Doom' is that in which Perseus pauses in his flight to see Andromeda bound to the rock. The 'Doom Fulfilled' is where the young hero plunges his sword into the sea-monster as it whirls in the cavern before the eyes of Andromeda, one of the most ghastly and powerful of the series. The 'Baleful Head' is where Perseus permits Andromeda to behold the reflection of the Medusa-head in the water, and there is something of

Signorelli, or Michael Angelo, in the foreshortening of the muscular naked figure of Perseus. Even if in these and other mythical paintings the artist has no definite moral aim, he seeks to raise from the dust of oblivion the old Greek fables that always hid some problem of life in them, and to realize the poetic idea pure and simple, opening into the boundless field of the imagination. Such pictures as the 'Sea-Nymph,' the 'Depths of the Sea,' the 'Wood Nymph,' 'Pygmalion,' 'Sibylla Delphica,' also show the scope of this power to revivify poetic ideas. In some of these, it is true, there is shown a pessimistic sentiment of hopeless doubt; the expression is melancholy and without life, and the type of form is tree-like and bending.

" Her body bore her neck as the tree's stem  
 Bears the top branch ; and as the branch sustains  
 The flower of the year's pride, her high neck bore  
 That face made wonderful with night and day."

This is in direct contrast to the strong spirit and symbolism in his religious paintings, but even in these there is a mixture of Christian and Greek forms, of "tall angels floating perpendicularly and slender figures in vertical lines," as in the paintings of Perugino, Botticelli and Mantegna, translating modern through older art, and exhibiting an over-refined æstheticism, but beautiful, especially the angelic figures, that belong to the art of the Neo-Greek Renaissance which is half religious and half poetic, the fruit of emotional thought not always divine, yet, in the case of Burne-Jones, always pure and refined. Of this style were the paintings of his disciples Strudwick, Stanhope, and Henry Holliday, whose pictures, like 'The Ramparts of God's House' and 'The Ten



Virgins,' are full of lofty sensibility ; so are those of Walter Crane of the same school, only in the latter the style receives a new impulse from the study of Pheidian sculpture. In these, and above all in their master, there is to be seen what another has called "a new idealism of color," of something like the Japanese art of clear, unshaded, unmixed and contrasted colors, which is now prevalent in the works of younger English painters—strange that the Occident should go to the Orient to find new methods in so old a matter as that of color, and the technique of the painter's art ! The richness of his coloring is, at times, remarkable, so that Chesnau, the French critic, considered him to be "the only artist whose high gifts in designing and coloring are equal to his poetical conceptions."

Burne-Jones is singularly apt, though simple and not artificially complex, in his allegorical figures, such as those of 'Spring,' 'Autumn,' 'Winter' and 'Summer,' of 'Temperance' with the urn pouring water on flames, and 'Fortitude' with the lion, also the Christian virtues of 'Faith,' 'Hope,' and 'Charity,' where 'Faith' holds a burning orb in one hand and a bough of unfading green in the other, while 'Hope' holds a branch of white spring blossoms. One writer thus describes his painting of the 'Hours': "The six hours of the day are fair maidens ; the first in blue is waking from sleep ; the second in flame-color is bathing her hands ; the third in red is spinning ; the fourth in green is feasting ; the fifth in crimson, plays on a lute ; the sixth, in purple, falls asleep again. Work and play divide the day, Music and Rest the evening and night." There is another beauty in these pictures and that is their composition. This is remarkably illustrated in the great painting of

the 'Days of Creation,' so full of thought. "Each day is represented by an angel plumed and draped, holding before its breast a crystal globe and in the globe the divine work is reflected, as on the third day the shadows of trees and vegetation are seen, and on the fifth day a flight of sea-birds, while the feet of the angel rest upon a strand of shells. As the creative-week advances, by a graceful symbolism the preceding days group themselves behind the day that holds the principal globe. In these creations the artist shows a clear order of design. There are six great angels with spread wings having each a crystal globe in which a separate act of creation is contained complete in itself. Every angel is individual in form and his wings and robes have varying shades of blue, purple and gold, gradually increasing in light and splendor according to the ascending value of creative power. The first holds a sphere which indicates the ordering and enlightenment of chaos—"Let there be light;" the second the dividing of the waters from the land; the third the trees and plants; the fourth the sun and moon; the fifth the birds and fishes; the sixth Adam and Eve with the tree of knowledge and the serpent coiled around it. In each picture the preceding angel is seen in the background, connecting the pictures and periods, and in the last the six angels appear together and the angel of the seventh day, seated as if resting and crowned with roses, is singing a hymn of praise to the Creator." Orderly thought is here manifested and the scheme is something new, almost Miltonic, and sublime in conception; I have purposely dwelled on this to show that notwithstanding his weaker and vaguer fancies, we have to do with a creative genius, and to show also the religious side of his nature and moral strength.

There remains the field of religious symbolism illustrated in designs of church windows, in which he seemed to penetrate the secret of mediæval glass-painting, and, at the same time, introduced a new style in keeping with the revival of Gothic architecture in England. His work is seen in windows designed for St. Martin's and St. Philip's churches in his native city, the St. Frideswide window in Christ Church cathedral, Oxford, and the triptych for St. Paul's church, Brighton. Among his designs is the beautiful figure of 'Hope,' bearing the bough of white blossoms. His religious compositions are scattered over many places in England, such as those in the cathedral church of Oxford, in Petersham, Allerton, Liverpool, and East Hampton near Dorking. The '*angeli laudantes*' and the '*angeli ministrantes*' of Salisbury cathedral, the 'Old Testament Saints' at Jesus' College in Cambridge, the 'Adoration of the Lamb' at Middleton Chenys, together with the 'Three children walking among the flowers of Paradise,' show his varied invention. The little church of the Annunciation near Brighton has some fine designs, and at Torquay there are the 'Nativity' and the 'King and the Shepherds.' The 'Nativity' is a stiff picture as if done by old Simone Memmi; "the Virgin sits on a bed of straw under two trees that are rudely twined with rushes making a roof, while three sad-eyed angels stand at the foot of the couch holding in their hands the insignia of the Passion." The 'King and the Shepherds' is a more pleasing picture and the nature while mystical is true English nature, with the background of woodland; it is in the manner of the English poets, whether of the brush or pen, to lay the scenery in England, as in the poems of Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, Keats and Tennyson.

The painting of the 'Crucifixion' is in the style of Italian mediæval, or, more distinctively, Pre-Raphaelite art, with a careful delineation of objects. The larger composition of 'David giving instruction to Solomon about building the temple,' was designed for a window in the church of the Holy Trinity in Boston, and is more conventional than usual in this artist's pictures. His Italian impressions that ruled him strongly led him to paint his first religious picture of 'The Annunciation,' in which the Virgin standing at the porch of her house in Nazareth, clad in white robes and with an expression of holy awe, receives the angel Gabriel clothed in red robes. Of this painting the simple beauty of the composition and the pure loveliness of Mary's face, and the white folds of her clinging robe, recall earlier paintings, but it is none the less true that the design is modern, which may be seen in the sense of "arrested movement in the suddenly descended angel and in the expression of natural awe." A picture of 'Christ kissing the merciful Knight' shows an independent personality, not only different from the old but distinct from Rossetti, or any of his contemporaries, only slightly reminding of Raphael's youthful paintings of 'St. George' and the 'Knight's Choice,' in which are to be found the same sweetness and grace.

'The Morning of the Resurrection,' exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1886, is a truly spiritual picture and transcendental in character, delineating two seated angels with outspread wings keeping watch by the tomb in the rock-hewn grave; each angel lays a finger to his lips enjoining silence to the sorrowing Magdalen who, standing by the empty tomb, turns to look at the risen Lord. In my estimation it is one of the most deeply-conceived poetic religious pictures





THE MORNING OF THE RESURRECTION



anywhere to be found, of that blending together of heaven and earth in the awful yet supernaturally bright atmosphere or environment which awakens the solemn sense of the divine.

The great water-color picture of 'The Star of Bethlehem' now in the Birmingham Gallery, was first exhibited in 1891, and is twelve feet by eight, the largest water-color, it is said, that exists. "The Madonna, wearing the blue and pink roses of early tradition, and holding the child in her arms, is seated under the thatched pent-house in a forest glade, where reeds and bulrushes grow thick on the banks of a clear pool. Tall white lilies blossom at her side, red roses creep up the wattled fence, and flowers of every shape spring in the grass at her feet and new life comes with the advent of the divine child. On the left Joseph stands with a faggot of sticks under his arm, watching over the scene. On the right are the three kings, led by a stately angel, bearing in his upraised arms the star which has guided their steps from their home in the far East." In these paintings is to be observed a power of producing new symbolic ideas with more of nature and differing from old conventional art while retaining its religious flavor. Five designs from the "Song of Solomon" were made in 1876 and one of them, 'The Bride of the Canticles,' called forth from an author this enthusiastic description: "She is in her garden of lilies and there come floating to her the spirits of the North and South winds wrapt in a maze of flying drapery, the South wind breathing soft airs and dropping roses." The early Italian religious paintings with which I began these essays are linked with the modern religious paintings of England, which show the same power to interpret the poetry of the Bible, the passion and vision, the spiritual glory and vague yet sublime thought of the Orient.

Mosaic art has been called "the art that lasts forever," in a sense true though forever is a long time; Burne-Jones's modern mosaic of the apse of the American church in Rome shows a new spirit infused into the rigid methods of antique mosaic art. One writer speaks of it thus: "In the centre of the semi-dome is the figure of Christ holding the world in his hand and surrounded by a glory of cherubim. The four rivers of Paradise descend from the rainbow about his throne, and wash the golden ramparts of the new Jerusalem. Five archangels in shining armor guard the gates of the city, but the sixth door is closed, and a vacant space on the right of the throne reminds us that Lucifer son of the morning has fallen. It is to be hoped that the other walls will receive mosaic decoration. Only one other cartoon was executed by Burne-Jones for this group—that of 'The Tree of Life.' Christ, Saviour of the world, is seen hanging on the cross which is the true tree of life. On the right is Adam, with a sheaf of ripe corn, the bread he labors for with the sweat of his brow. On the left, Eve, mother of all living, bears Abel in her arms, while Cain is clinging to her side, and the tall Madonna lily behind her speaks of the hope of the world. The Latin inscription is of the text "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

The magnificent piece of tapestry of 'The Visit of the Magi,' in the chapel of Old Exeter, Oxford, might be mentioned, for it is one of the most characteristic and beautiful of Burne-Jones's religious pictures in the Italian style. The tall angel in the centre who bears in his hands, clasped as if in prayer, the star, is clothed in a splendid raiment, and stands just touching with his feet the earth, from which spring





VISIT OF THE MAGI



lilies, white flowers and roses, and he seems to be poised in mid-air by the power of a heavenly mission fulfilled; the sweet young face of the mother bowed in devotion over the child is earnest with thoughts that she kept pondering in her heart; the three Magian kings are powerful personalities of varied types and richest fancy—the first an old man with white beard and wearing a turban, who holds a jewelled casket, the second a prince from farthest Ind, a stern-faced and youthful warrior with helm, sword, and chain-armor studded with golden knobs and whose hands also are full of precious gifts, the third a black king with glowing eyes who holds a crown for his offering and wears a flowing embroidered silk robe; the red glow of morning in the East is just caught over the hills of Bethlehem from under the eaves of the thatched shed, and all the lights and lines of the picture and looks of the living figures meet in the form of the little child who turns his head to acknowledge the homage of the kings. I have mentioned these works with more particularity because it is not generally known, or at least not generally appreciated, that this artist entered the field of religious art with a sense of power, and, artistically speaking, of exalted thought—with no faded version of an old theme but an original inspiration of genius and life.

What I admire in Burne-Jones is, that if he be not the greatest artist in the world he sticks courageously to his own calling, and is a master in one department now too rarely traversed—the poetic. He sought the beautiful in religious and romantic art, and through his seeking the thoughts of others are raised and the world is fairer and more worth living in. This achievement, if no other, belongs to the English school, and resembles the delicate fantasies of the

romantic poets of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; the old legends blossom once more with extraordinary freshness, passion and beauty, and yet the hand is an English hand, clear in line, lustrous in color, natural in form, and showing that art is the monopoly of no particular nation or age. His pictures, if they be sometimes like dreams, lacking in solid actuality and not so much scenes of things in earth, heaven or hell, as pure conceptions of the imagination, are, nevertheless, like the poems of Shelley and Keats, unsubstantial things and dreams transfused with the burning individuality of the poet.

I ought not to forget one sphere of decorative art which Burne-Jones entered, and that is the noble one of mural fresco-painting, which is to become more and more important because it gives free play to artistic genius, and which is charmingly exemplified in the 'Cupid and Psyche frieze' of the morning-room of the Earl of Carlisle's town house, Palace Green, London. It was done in conjunction with William Morris and Philip Webb. "The frieze occupies the space between the dado and the ceiling, and is divided into thirteen compartments (including one in a niche below), without counting two small panels in the angle. The pictures were originally painted to illustrate Morris's "Earthly Paradise," and in 1872 Burne-Jones made a selection of these Cupid and Psyche designs, for the house-frieze decoration, and did not entirely finish them until 1881. Beneath each panel there is a quotation from the poem in Roman letters of gold upon the dull peacock-green of the woodwork. The first panel on the west wall represents a procession of maidens with the words beneath :

" For then methought the Lord of love went by  
 To take possession of his flaming throne  
 Ringed round with maids and youths and minstrelsy."



In the sections of the frieze over the chimney-piece below the centre on two panels, is inscribed :

“ Loved as thou art, thy short-lived pains are worth  
The glory and the joy unspeakable  
Wherein the Treasure of the World shall dwell ;  
A little hope, a little patience yet,  
Ere everything thou wilt, thou may'st forget,  
Or else remember as a well-told tale,  
That for some pensive pleasure may avail.”

These are the two parts of the frieze illustrating “the well-told tale” of the ‘Birth of the soul from Love.’ On the other panels are the ‘Discovery of Love’ and the ‘Parting from Love’; and in the last panel on the south side, the story is ended with the inscription

“ Rise, Psyche, and be mine forevermore  
For evil is long tarrying on this shore.”

The scheme of these paintings, although frequent use of white in the robes of the figures keeps the whole fairly light, is not in a high key. The panels below are filled with designs by Morris, worked in flat gold and silver, and are covered with a simple pattern in red upon a burnished gold ground. The brackets supporting the beams of the ceiling are painted with conventional foliage, the acanthus leaf, which Morris loved, in golden browns and russets. All the rest of the woodwork is finished in blue green. The chimney-piece after Mr. Phillips’ designs, with old Italian painting in its sections, is also a noteworthy object in a room where no superfluous furniture intrudes to break the air of quiet repose.” How lovely this application of art to the adorning of the sacred shrine of home, and how superior this to the overwrought ornamentation often employed in rich new

houses! Compared with such florid and ostentatious decoration these pure artistic designs have been called "severe and simple," but an æsthetic taste pervades them, the imagination is chastened by them, and mind asserts its superiority over matter. This is luxury, but luxury not of a material sort that reaches the eye and outward sense, and goes no deeper to touch the intellectual nature or arouse a finer feeling.

Burne-Jones, though his works remind us at times of other artists, such as Signorelli, Carpaccio, Botticelli, Raphael, Rossetti,—yet has clearly a style of his own and shows a gradual growth of his power of thought; he was one of those thrice-happy men who, in the words of a French author "carry out in their mature years the thought of their youth." He aimed ever at something more beautiful and perfect, though toward the last he grew desponding about himself and exclaimed: "You don't expect a spent horse to run a race. Let us say no more about my work. I have done what I could. There are too few who care for beauty in any art."

Speaking of his methods of working, he said: "I love to treat my pictures as a goldsmith does his jewels. I should like every inch of surface to be so fine that if it were all burnt or lost all but a scrap from one of them, the man who found it might say 'whatever this may have represented it is a work of art, in surface quantity and color.' And my greatest reward would be the knowledge that after ten years' possession the owner of any picture of mine who had looked at it every day had found in it some new beauty." He was, like genuine Pre-Raphaelites, fond of low tones and modified tints, cool grays and light blues and yellows, but wonderful in the brilliancy of his color effects, through high tints and bold contrasts.

He was a finished painter, leaving nothing slovenly or obscure in his productions. He was never superficial, but did faithful work, not boasting of throwing off a picture in a day, or a short space of time, for no man was more absorbed in his art, and many of his paintings remained in his studio ten and even twenty years before they were completed, or came up to his standard; but he did not try to do what he was not fitted to do, and he was never sensational and never common-place. He was the poet of English painting. He gave a poetic and romantic impulse to modern art. He asserted the place and right of the beautiful in art. A child of Pre-Raphaelitism, he was not its slave. He worked on its main lines. He knew that all true artists must first be Pre-Raphaelites, absolutely honest to the fact and truth of things; but he insisted upon the free working out of the individual idea, temperament, and imagination of the artist, not imposing tasks or rules which he could not easily follow, and permitting him to run in the genial currents of what he had joy in doing, so that his hardest labor was a delight. It was a peculiar influence which he exerted, not away from nature, but, one might say, above the common in nature, by works not only of finished execution, exquisite in drawing, clear and brilliant in color, but, in a sense, rebuking the extreme tendencies of imitative realism in modern art; and, in spite of bitter opposition and ridicule, like Puvis de Chavannes in France, he won a splendid and permanent success. He was a man who needed no prefix or suffix to his name, and it would have been well to have simply trusted to that title of real genius which was conferred upon him by the divine hand.

Without any question France is now the art centre of the world as Italy was three hundred years ago,

for France has vast force of genius and the love of art for art's sake ; but England has, perhaps, a more intimate love of nature, and cherishes her own tastes, traditions and artists. The English school surpasses other schools in its native vigorous sense of color, rejoices in the tranquil loveliness of English pastoral scenery and the romantic poetry of its sea-girt green isle. Hogarth, Gainsborough, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Romney, Raeburn, Wilkie, Wilson, Turner, Constable, Leighton, Millais, Morris, Burne-Jones, Watts, are great names, and the works of these men that shone on the walls of the last Paris Exposition among the best prove that the Anglo-Saxon race, which has not yielded to any other in literature and science, will not do so in art.





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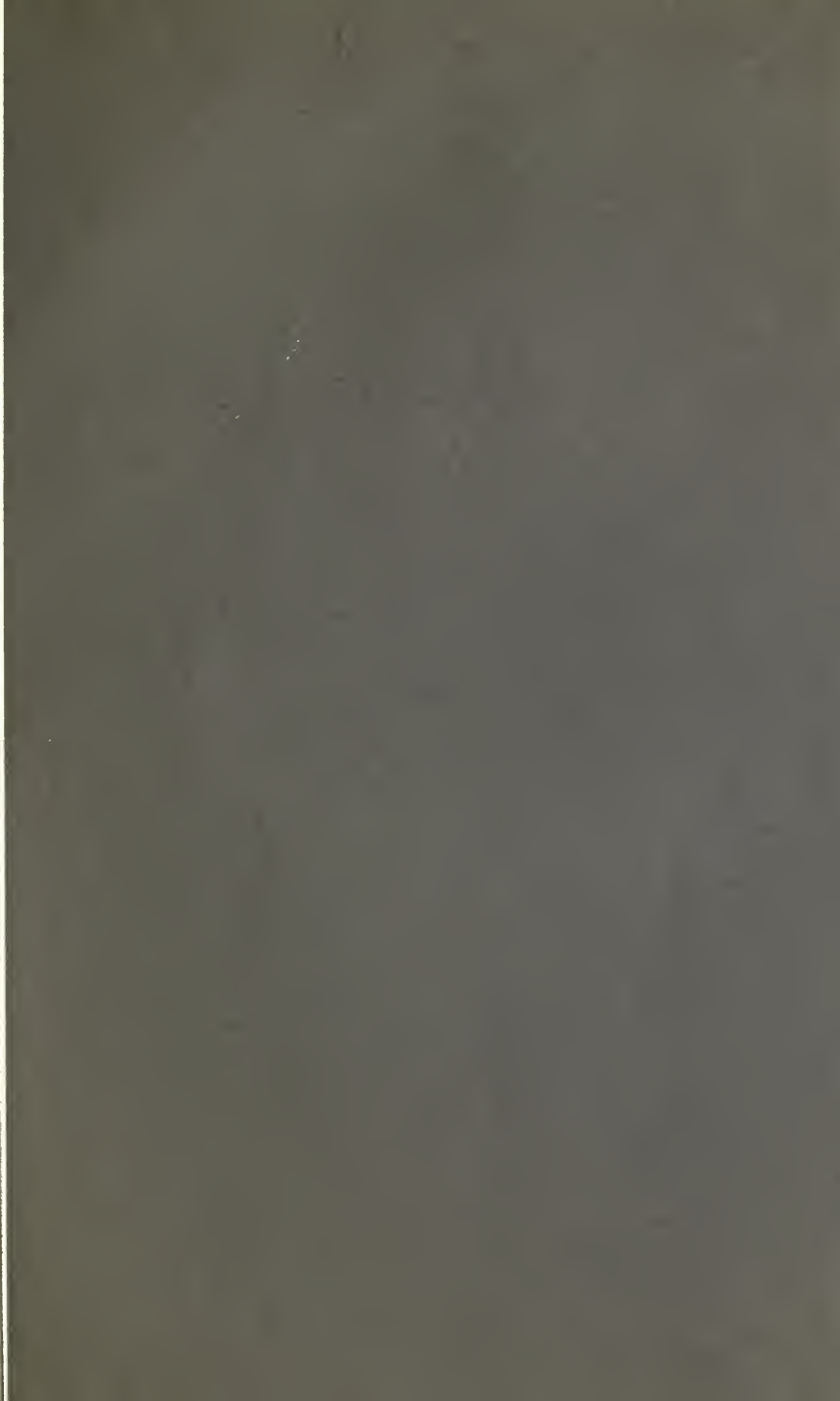
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