





Nathan Appleton.



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FAMILIAR SKETCHES

OF

SCULPTURE AND SCULPTORS.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "THREE EXPERIMENTS IN LIVING," "SKETCHES
OF THE LIVES OF THE OLD PAINTERS," ETC.

"O for those glorious days when living Greece
Disdained to seek renown in 'Golden Fleece,'
But from the marble quarry drew her fame,
And won for Athens an immortal name!"

VOLUME I.

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TO

JACOB BIGELOW, M. D.,

MY FRIEND IN SICKNESS AND HEALTH,

WHO, AMONG THE OCCUPATIONS OF A LABORIOUS PROFESSION,

HAS FOUND TIME TO DEVOTE TO THE USEFUL AND ELEGANT ARTS,

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR.



P R E F A C E.

THE following book I was prompted to undertake on account of the difficulty experienced by myself, and probably others, in tracing a connected history of the great art here treated. I know of no American work exclusively on the subject. Sculpture comes in among the fine arts for those scraps of attention which are left after music and painting have been satisfactorily treated, a few dry chapters being generally appended for that purpose to many of the popular compendiums. I know not whether I have succeeded in rendering these sketches less dry, and more familiar, but it has been my object to make them attractive to the young.

I have not aimed at scientific or learned dissertations, but simply to make a useful, and

possibly a pleasant book. As my motives were humble, so has been my execution, and I have not hesitated to press into my service and offer to my readers any information found in other writers belonging to my subject.

Should these little volumes interest the young, and be a precursor of more valuable compositions of the same cast, my purpose will be accomplished, and I hope this frank avowal will save me from the imputation of presumption.

After writing the above Preface, and when my book was nearly completed, a volume was put into my hands, which, had I met with it before, would have supplied my want. This work, entitled "Sculpture and the Plastic Art," is an excellent compendium of works preceding it. The author, however, though beginning with the same general plan as mine, has followed it out in so different a manner, that I have still thought a publication of my own book might not be useless.

The subject of Sculpture among us Americans has been but little studied except by the initiated. Painting has her thousand votaries, and is illustrated and described by a hundred authors, while Sculpture stands off in moonlit solitudes, and, like the Egyptian Isis, veils her features from the crowd.

In studying the works of authors on art, those of Winckelmann have been preëminent in my mind. Till Henry G. Lodge's translation of the second volume of his *History of Ancient Art*, he has been scarcely known to the English readers among us. Those who have become acquainted with this beautiful work will be ready, perhaps, to feel some interest in the short abstract of his life, gathered from a French translation, and which may well precede "Familiar Sketches of Sculpture and Sculptors."

NOTE.— We must observe, as we have done heretofore in historical sketches, that the various orthography of names as written by different authors is perplexing. We have sought to adopt those which have appeared most correct.

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WINCKELMANN.



WINCKELMANN.

It may be said of Winckelmann, as Corneille said of himself, that he owed his renown solely to his own efforts. Nature had impressed upon him the stamp of genius, and at the same time endowed him with the perseverance necessary to rise above the adverse circumstances of his birth. Constrained during the most promising part of his youth to struggle against indigence, it required all the strength of his mind to keep up his courage. With the most powerful obstacles to conquer, few could have foreseen that he would one day secure to the fine arts the interest and respect they merited, and fix the attention of the world upon those masterpieces of antiquity which past ages have spared to us.

His birth was obscure. The only son of a

poor shoemaker, he was born, the 9th of December, 1717, at Stendal, a small town of Prussia, two leagues from the Elbe. At baptism he received the name of John Joachim, but afterwards omitted the latter. From his earliest youth he displayed the strongest inclination to study. His father willingly furnished the means necessary for his education, and continued to do so while he was able to work; but becoming extremely infirm, he was obliged to seek an asylum at the hospital of Stendal, and leave his son to his own efforts. He had always marked out for him the ecclesiastical profession, but for this John had not the least inclination.

The first instructor of Winckelmann was a man by the name of Tappert, Rector of the College of Stendal, who, finding that his pupil possessed an excellent memory and sound judgment, paid him unusual attention. At an early period Winckelmann understood enough of the learned languages to read with pleasure the classical authors. His master, charmed with his progress, regarded him as a prodigy. The only dissatisfaction he felt was in finding that he was not so attentive to lessons of theology as to those on other subjects. He found him more than once making extracts from Latin authors, to which he was

more inclined than to theological definitions. Upon this point they could obtain nothing from him either by persuasion or rigor. Cicero was his favorite, and the orations of the Roman orator were the models on which he sought to form himself. To defray his small expenses, he taught little children to read. Tappert, his master, having lost his sight, took the young Winckelmann into his house, and his pupil willingly read and wrote for him. The master, sensible of these attentions, recompensed him by his instructions and good counsels, and permitted him to make free use of his library.

Among the studies that the young pupil cultivated from taste were history, geography, philosophy, the languages, and, above all, antiquities. His researches for works of ancient art began almost in his infancy; in the long days of summer he found many leisure moments; these were spent in hunting in the sand for fragments, which he preserved as relics.

The desire he had to extend his knowledge, as his years increased, did not leave him long in repose in the place of his birth. At the age of sixteen he repaired to Berlin, with a letter of recommendation to M. Damm, Rector of the College of C—, who found him intelligent and

industrious. The time which was not devoted to study Winckelmann employed in giving lessons to the young in those sciences he had already acquired. This good son was enabled to save something from his labors for the comfort and solace of his poor old father. After remaining some time at Berlin, finding by various accounts that his father's infirmities were increasing, he left Berlin and returned to Stendal to the arms of his aged parent.

The library of his former instructor was again open to him. The kindness and benefit he had received at Berlin were deeply engraven on his heart. Thirty years after, he sent the most grateful acknowledgments to the pastor Kulitze and the rector Damm, provided they were still living.

After his return to Stendal he resumed his studies and former occupations. It is a custom generally established in the towns of Germany, for the poor scholars to go in bands about the streets singing canticles. Winckelmann was the leader of one of these choirs. This place gave him enough to supply the necessities of his parent and himself. As he had an earnest desire and a noble ambition to distinguish himself in the world of letters, he was not daunted by the difficulties which encumbered his path, but in the bosom of in-

digence cherished extensive projects, and never lost the hope of realizing them.

Having exhausted the sources of instruction at Stendal, and his father's health being such as to enable him to leave him, he repaired to the University at Halle in 1738, with the intention of there continuing his studies. A short time after his arrival, he made a journey to Dresden with one of his countrymen; the ostensible object was to see the place and to witness the bridal solemnities on the occasion of the marriage of the Princess of Saxony with the Sicilian king. His great object, however, was the hope of finding some means of livelihood in that city; but in this he did not succeed.

On his return to Halle he resumed his studies. He did not frequent many public lectures, but derived great benefit from the libraries, having no other means of procuring books which were necessary to him. For his own advantage he made translations from the ancients, and cultivated the reading of the Greek authors. Indeed, the study of the ancients wholly occupied the faculties of his soul, and he was often so much engaged as to forget the wants of the body. Temperate from taste as well as necessity, he lived the greater part of the time on bread and water;

and though destitute of pecuniary means, was always gay and contented. His sincerity and goodness made him friends, and his capacity gained him protectors; but it must be confessed that his prospects were any thing but brilliant. Towards the conclusion of his studies, he had, without success, applied to Gesner, Professor at the University of Göttingen, to procure for him a place. After other equally unsuccessful attempts, he found himself obliged to accept a tutorship in a private family.

The desire of travelling, so natural to a young person of ardent temperament, became a passion with him. After having acquired some money, he formed the design of going to Paris. When very young he had contemplated making a voyage to Egypt, disguised as a pilgrim, to view the famous ruins of the country. The reading of Cæsar determined him to visit France. Supported solely by his own resolution, he set out on foot in 1741, with the intention of going to Paris. He directed his course to Frankfort, but soon began to feel the temerity of his purpose, and the little he could accomplish without letters or money. The journey was rendered still more difficult by the war then impending, and he was wise enough to relinquish his purpose. In return-

ing from this expedition, a little adventure happened, which he related to his friends. When he arrived at the bridge of Fulda, he stopped by the road-side to adjust his dress and shave his beard before entering the town. As he innocently lifted a razor to his face, he was startled by the shrill cries of several ladies, who were in a carriage entering upon the other end of the bridge, and who, seeing him thus, with razor uplifted, supposed he was about to cut his throat. Coming nearer, they stopped and demanded what he was going to do. After relieving them from their apprehensions, he told them, with much simplicity, of the failure of his enterprise, and that he was returning home. Their curiosity being satisfied, they begged him to accept some money, that he might continue his journey more conveniently.

Returned to Halle, he sought a new place as preceptor, and was for some time in this situation. Here he became acquainted with M. Boysen, who, quitting an office he held in the college for one more important, offered it to Winckelmann, who accepted it. But he was already too learned for so small a sphere, as is obvious from a letter M. Boysen wrote to a friend.

“I supported Winckelmann with all my powers after he had given me astonishing proofs of his knowledge in Greek literature.

But what is the consequence! Every body accuses me of being more interested in him than in the College. They say he does not know how to preach, and that he has not the gift of instruction. Some admit that the sphere is too small for him. At any rate, the number of scholars has diminished, and Winckelmann is earnest with me to let him go elsewhere."

It appears, however, that they at length recognized his merit and learning, and he received flattering testimonies from his superiors. He exerted all the strength of his mind and all his philosophy to support with equanimity his function of schoolmaster at Stendal and Seehausen. At that time he wrote thus to a friend at Zurich:—

"Let us be content, like children at the table, with what is given us, without raising our hands to the dish or murmuring that we have so little. We must perform our part in the best manner we can. I have filled formerly the office of schoolmaster with the greatest punctuality, and taught the A B C to children, dirty and stupid; while, during the hours of recreation, I aspired to an acquaintance with the grand and the beautiful, and silently meditated comparisons of Homer. I said to myself then, as I say now, Peace, my heart! thy powers surpass thy weariness and vexations."

It was evident, however, that he had no desire to remain in his present situation. On the contrary, he was revolving a plan of more enlarged existence. All the leisure he could spare from his duties he employed in making extracts from books, and in acquiring the modern languages, French, English, and Italian.

His father was yet living, but, oppressed by a weight of years, he had no consolation but in the filial affection of his son, who devoted himself to him, and did not return to Seehausen till he had closed his father's eyes, and composed his own mind after the trying scene. He continued, however, to be tormented with an earnest desire to increase his knowledge, and place himself in a situation more to his taste. He hoped to find some Mæcenas of the fine arts, and at length succeeded.

The Count de Büнау is generally known as a skilful diplomatist, a good historian, and a universal patron of letters. His History of the Empire will always be, if not a model of taste, at least a monument of his profound knowledge. His *bibliothèque*, used in Dresden and incorporated with its history, was one of the most celebrated in Europe. This was the patron upon whom Winckelmann fixed his views. He wrote him a letter, from which we make the following extract: —

“I have the boldness to forward this letter from the dust of the school. Since I have studied the admirable history of your Excellency I have been desirous to express the veneration felt by me, and in which I bear a part with all the world, for knowledge so vast and so rare.

“Happy are those attached to the service of so much learning, and, above all, to a man of virtue, who can inspire the desire of imitating it.

“I am one who has no other desire but to consecrate himself to study, and I have never suffered myself to be dazzled with favorable situations which the Church might offer.

“I have buried myself in the schools of my country, that I might be able to instruct in polite literature. But the deplorable state of our schools has filled me with disgust, and given me the idea of pushing my fortunes, if I may so speak, in a university. I begin to reflect deeply, and to question myself upon the course I have hitherto pursued, in following such studies in an age of metaphysics, where the *belles-lettres* are trodden under foot.

“Seeing myself without aid, however, I have relinquished my designs. The only resource which remains to me is in the goodness of your

Excellency. Place me in a corner of your library to copy the rare information which will be published.”

This letter was favorably received, and Winckelmann, furnishing himself with proper credentials and recommendations, hastened to the seat of Count Büнау, near Dresden.

Winckelmann now considered himself at the height of his wishes. Secluded in the temple of the Muses, he could nourish his mind by an intercourse with the ancients and the moderns; he could rectify his ideas and acquire new ones. He there found another treasure, M. Franke, author of the Catalogue of the Büнау Library, a man who was equally estimable for amiability and for erudition.

These two men became intimate friends, but not till after some time had passed. At first they were reserved and suspicious of each other, owing to suggestions by a third person. But this situation was too painful for men of a frank and candid character. They had a mutual explanation, and from that time a friendship was formed which lasted through life.

The vicinity of Dresden was very favorable to Winckelmann. Independent of those productions of the fine arts which he found there, he made valuable acquaintance with men.

He established an intercourse with M. Heyne, who had the inspection of the library of Count de Brühl, and who added lustre to the University of Göttingen. These two men henceforth became intimate friends. M. Heyne announced to Winckelmann that the literary institution of Göttingen had elected him one of its members. M. Munchhausen, the zealous partisan of letters, also became closely allied with the two friends.

Winckelmann now had every reason to be contented with his lot, but an ardent desire to travel, and a certain restlessness, which seems to have formed a part of his constitution, arising, undoubtedly, from a great thirst for knowledge, awoke anew in his mind. He had an earnest craving to visit Italy. The opportunity was not long delayed. The Nuncio of the Pope, M. Archinto, often visiting the library, became acquainted with Winckelmann. Struck with his vast erudition, he mentioned Rome to him as the place best calculated for his residence, and offered to procure him the situation of Librarian to the Vatican, but at the same time made known to him, that, to succeed in this design, he must become a Catholic. Winckelmann could not resist the force of this argument, and, it seems, of the temptation, and he did what was re-

quired,—made an abjuration of the Protestant faith. The ceremony took place at the hotel of the Nuncio.

Winckelmann seems to have been much embarrassed on this occasion. He wrote a letter to Count Büнау, which appears to indicate that the change of his religion was rather an affair of convenience than conviction. Some passages of this singular letter are given:—

“I cannot, I ought not to conceal from your Excellency, that I have resumed my first project and that I have taken a decided step.”

“I feel that I have rendered myself unworthy of your patience! But convinced of the goodness of your heart, I beseech you, Monsieur le Comte, to listen to me; may God, the God of nations and of sects, have mercy on you as you will have on me!”

“After the last attacks of ill-health that I suffered, I went to see M. Archinto, with the sole design of taking leave of him, before his departure for Vienna. I wished to know if it were possible, without compromising myself, to secure a perspective of visiting Rome. His proceeding was more courteous than I could have desired; he sought to allure me to his purpose by caresses and promises. In observing the thinness and paleness of my face,

he said that the sole means of recovering my health was to embrace another occupation, and to be relieved from confinement. I at first refused to follow his counsels, stating that I could not quit the works I had commenced, and I must have time to think on the subject. The departure of the Nuncio was deferred, and during this interval I had time to finish the *Catalogus Juris Publici*, and to commence the *Catalogus Historicus Italiæ*, which is also almost finished."

"His Majesty declared, after my act of renunciation, that he would pay the expenses of my journey, and Le Père Rauch, confessor to the king, assured me that I should want for nothing."

"I throw myself at the feet of your Excellency in spirit, I dare not do it in person; I hope that your heart, so full of humane and generous feeling, which has hitherto borne with my numerous imperfections, will cherish for me a charitable judgment. Where is the man whose actions are always judicious or wise? Homer says the gods only distribute to man one portion of reason for every day."

Count Büнау seems to have exercised much charity and indulgence towards Winckelmann, and instead of treating him with severity on account of his change of religion,

assured him of his friendship and protection if required.

Winckelmann fulfilled his engagements at the library, and then repaired to Dresden, in November, 1754, taking an affectionate leave of the still kind Count de Büнау.

In 1762 he heard of the death of this excellent man. He thus writes to his friend Franke:—

“A month has passed since I heard of the death of Count de Büнау, of which you wrote me an account in your last letter. I pity you, my friend, I pity you from the bottom of my soul; this great loss you will long feel. As for myself, I lose the enjoyment I had anticipated of again beholding this being so dear, and who has been the author of my happiness. I hoped the time would one day arrive when I could express to him most fully all my gratitude. I pictured to myself the surprise I should cause him in arriving unexpectedly at his retreat. Now these dreams have all vanished, and who knows, my friend, whether I shall ever see you? I thought of leaving for him a monument of my gratitude, but perhaps before I can execute it, my soul will be reunited to his in another life.”

Winckelmann's residence at Rome seems to have been precisely to his taste; he thus

writes to a friend: — “It is at Rome that we find all the treasures of antiquity assembled; statues, sarcophagi, busts, inscriptions, &c. One is at liberty here from morning to evening; we go without ceremony in a wrapper (*redingote*), it is the fashion. There is no necessity for fire; I am all day with open windows.”

Thus established at Rome, he had arrived at the accomplishment of his wishes. Furnished with good letters of recommendation, he very soon gained friends and protectors; surrounded by the wealth of antiquity, it was easy for him to augment his knowledge and to rectify any errors he might have conceived on the subject; every thing conspired to develop his talents, his own enthusiasm, and the spirit of the times. Benedict the Fourteenth was then Sovereign Pontiff, and the Cardinals Passionei and Albani were the ornaments of the pontifical court. Mengs also, who joined to theory the most profound, practice the most learned in the arts, encouraged and directed him.

His first friend, the Nuncio, who induced him to adopt the Catholic faith, had been appointed Cardinal, and from that time left Winckelmann to carve his own fortune, not even compensating him for the literary ser-

vices he was daily performing for him. Winckelmann, however, seemed satisfied with his situation, and thus describes it: — “I am in the midst of the city, in the vast palace of the Chancellerie, as if I were in the country; for this building is so large that I do not hear the noise of the town, though there is enough of it, for it is not now, as in the time of Juvenal, when they had no carriages. As to my manner of living, it is much the same as when I was at Nöthenitz. I retire early and rise early; my health is better than it has ever been. I eat sometimes too much and I drink like a German, that is to say, I drink wine without water.”

He passed his first year at Rome in seeing and contemplating without following any plan, the study of art being his principal occupation; and he arrived at length at an adequate discrimination between the modern and the antique. Among the works which he composed at Rome was a description of the great masterpieces of antiquity down to his own times. This was in 1756. His life while at Rome seems to have passed without vicissitude; he speaks with rapture of the beauties of nature, of the charming walks and the beautiful gardens of Rome, particularly those of the Villa Borghese. About this time there

was a report that Winckelmann had been killed by a statue. The fact was this. He entered a court to see a certain statue, and mounted the pedestal to examine the head, supposing the whole was fastened as usual by iron spikes; when he had reached the top, the statue fell and broke, but fortunately he escaped injury. He was invited to Florence by Baron de Stosch, where he remained some time inspecting different Etruscan monuments. He also visited Naples.

The truest and warmest friend of Winckelmann was the Cardinal Albani. The love of antique art was the passion of these two men. Similar tastes united them, and levelled the barrier which fortune had placed between them. Winckelmann had lived on the moderate pension of one hundred crowns, but even that had failed from the removal of a friend, and he entered the service of Cardinal Albani as librarian and inspector of antiques. Here he seems to have led a life wholly suited to his taste. "I have nothing to do," he writes to a friend, "but to spend the afternoon with the Cardinal at his superb villa, which surpasses all the works of our days, including even the regal palaces. I have four small apartments, that I order furnished as I please. The palace is situated in the finest part of

Rome, and I have the noblest view in the world. From my windows I look upon the gardens and ruins of Rome and its environs, and the view extends to the country-houses of Frascati and Castel Gandolfo. In this last place the Cardinal has a country-seat, in addition to his palace on the border of the sea. During the heat of the summer I have permission to retire there, where I can live as I used to do at Nöthenitz. I gaze at the ocean which bathes the shore, and amuse myself with counting the vessels. I come here in the middle of July, and return to Rome the first of September. This is the spot of my felicity, and here I would desire to see you. What pleasure it would be to me to walk with you on the sea-shore and upon the elevated borders planted with myrtles, or to tranquilly contemplate the ocean swelled into a tempest, under the portico of the ancient Temple of Fortune, or from the high balcony of my chamber. A month's sojourn here, where there is all which art and nature can make delightful, gives new activity to the heart and mind, and infinitely surpasses the vain pomp of courts."

With the advantages which he enjoyed at Rome and the sentiments he entertained, it is not surprising that he did not accept the offers

successively made to him. He was invited to Vienna, to Berlin, to Dresden, to Brunswick, to Hanover, and to Göttingen, but he was too much attached to the free and tranquil life he led at Rome not to fear a change. Propositions which were made to him on the part of the king of Prussia excited some attention in the public papers. Travellers of distinction were introduced to Winckelmann, and sought his direction in viewing the antiquities of Rome. In short he had arrived at the degree of distinction which he richly deserved by his works and long devotion to the study of the fine arts.

His works are translated into French, and an edition has lately been issued. For a long time they had not circulated, at least in our country, and his name was little known; but his profound knowledge has made its way, and imbues most of our treatises on art. It is not our intention to give any account of his individual works, but merely some of the principal incidents of his life. His dissertations on Portici, on Herculaneum, on Pompeii, are all highly interesting to the antiquarian.

We hasten to the closing events of his career. He had long determined to visit Germany, and the last letter he wrote on the subject was dated at Rome, 3d March, 1763. He

set out with M. Cavaceppi, a Roman sculptor. From a letter written by this gentleman, we learn that Winckelmann was laboring under a singular derangement of health of mind or body. The noble scenery of the Alps seems to have inspired him with terror, and he repeatedly suggested returning to Rome. They arrived, however, at Augsburg, and thence proceeded to Munich. At that place Winckelmann was treated with the utmost attention, and received honors proportionable to his erudition and merit. He also received valuable presents of precious stones with antique engravings. Nothing, however, dissipated the gloom which had taken possession of his mind, and he constantly insisted on returning to Italy. M. Cavaceppi in vain tried to change his resolution, and at length prevailed on him to proceed to Vienna. When there, many of his friends united in trying to persuade him to accomplish his intended journey; but though he seems to have condemned his change of purpose, he declared "it was utterly impossible for him to go to Germany; that he must return to Rome." His friend was obliged to leave him. He remained at Vienna till the beginning of June, and, notwithstanding the unfortunate state of his mind, profited by his stay in this city.

Churches, libraries, cabinets, galleries, he visited, and parted from many friends at Vienna of the highest rank, loaded with honors and presents.

He, for some reason not known, directed his route to Trieste, where he intended to embark for Ancona. Not far from Trieste he found a *compagnon de voyage* with whom he entered into conversation. This man professed a most devoted love of the arts, and soon gained his confidence and intimacy. From the first, Winckelmann, with the simplicity natural to him, confided his secrets, exhibited his medals and precious stones, and told him of the liberality of the court of Vienna, which had presented him with a purse of gold.

At Ancona he was obliged to wait for a vessel, and remained alone at the hotel, while his new friend, François Arcangeli, took the management of affairs, and was to inform him of the departure of the boat. In the mean time Winckelmann amused himself with reading Homer, the only book he had with him, and also in making additions to his History of the Arts, and writing letters to his friends at Vienna, thanking them for all their favors. These he meant to send as soon as he arrived at Rome. But he found a new pleasure at the hotel, and this was in the

visits and infantile conversation of a little child, who often made his way into his room. Winckelmann was much amused and pleased with the quickness of his repartees, and felt his spirit brightened by this communion.

On the 8th of June he was writing at his table, and giving directions to the future editor who was to publish his work on art; it seemed as if there was a presentiment of some misfortune, from these minute directions. He was in the midst of this occupation, sitting at his table, when Arcangeli entered, and told him, with much apparent tenderness, that he had received intelligence which obliged him to part from him and go to Venice; at the same time requesting to see once more the beautiful collection of medals, stones, &c. he had made at Vienna. Winckelmann hastened to give him this pleasure, arose and went to his trunk, kneeling down to unlock it, when Arcangeli slipped behind him, drew a cord from his pocket, and attempted to throw it round the neck of his victim; the cord did not pass the chin, and he could not execute his design of strangling him. Winckelmann, in this moment of distress, awoke from his lethargy; danger gave him strength; he seized the cord with one hand and defended himself with the other. The assassin then threw himself upon him, and plunged his knife into

his breast. He would have finished the deed on the spot, but there came a knock at the door and the little child entered. The assassin took flight, without daring to stop for the medals and money which had led to his crime.

The unfortunate Winckelmann received every aid, but the wounds were mortal. He pardoned his murderer, received the sacrament, dictated his last orders with the utmost presence of mind, and died in about seven hours. By the testament of Winckelmann, his illustrious friend Cardinal Albani was his chief inheritor. He bequeathed three hundred sequins to an engraver at Rome, one hundred to an Abbé, both friends, and ordered twenty sequins to be distributed to the poor of Trieste. The assassin was arrested and taken to Trieste, where he received the punishment of his guilt. His history was one of crime, as may well be supposed. He was a native of Pistoia in Tuscany, had been often arrested, and once condemned to death, but was pardoned, and lived to perpetrate this most horrible murder.

The bitter sorrow of the friends of Winckelmann and the eulogies bestowed upon his memory, may all be read in the history of his life. The loss which science and the fine arts received has been felt even to the present day.

FAMILIAR SKETCHES

OF

SCULPTURE AND SCULPTORS.

CHAPTER I.

EGYPTIAN ART.

It is natural to suppose that some attempts at imitation of familiar forms were made at the earliest period. When the Most High created man, he gave the first form for sculpture in the artist himself. Around him he displayed the models and laid the materials of the art. Not only were there forms of beauty, but substances which could be carved or moulded into their likenesses, from the ductile clay to stone capable of delicate carving, and metals which heat would fuse, and which could be combined in every shape.

The same might be said of painting; but to produce colors suitable for imitating the beautiful and delicate tints of nature, required much research and many experiments.

No doubt, the first efforts at sculpture were rude and barbarous. But these were the earliest essays of the tendency of the human mind, which ripened into the genius of Phi-

dias. We can now only imagine what they were, as no specimens are preserved.

Our acquaintance with the sculptured monuments of Egypt is comparatively recent. The accidental discovery of the Rosetta stone by a party of French troops that accompanied Napoleon Bonaparte in his expedition to Egypt, has proved of great importance. Though a mutilated block of basalt, it was covered with hieroglyphics, which have been ably deciphered. The Rosetta river, near the Nile, where it was found, has given its name to the stone. After the capitulation of the French troops, it passed into the possession of the English, and was finally transferred to the British Museum.

For the preservation of this mutilated pillar we are probably indebted to the *savans* and artists who accompanied the Emperor, but we owe to the Society of Antiquaries in England an interpretation of the mysterious characters. From the laborious researches of the ablest scholars, a key has been afforded, through the Rosetta stone, to the still existing monuments of Egypt;—other inscriptions have been rendered intelligible, and we are made acquainted with the names and attributes of the native Pharaohs, who lived nineteen hundred years before the Christian era.

The Tablet of Abydos, discovered in the year 1818, by Sir William Bankes, is another curious monument of Egyptian antiquity. This is also in the British Museum.

If we allow our imagination to wander back to the earliest period of creation, there is no limit to its conceptions. The first children who played in snow may have moulded it into shapes, as we often see them do now. I remember in my school days, after an unusual fall of snow, that the boys and girls built up from this transient material an image which they christened George Washington. I know not why the earlier children of the race may not have shaped the snows of Caucasus, and called their figures Adam or Noah. They certainly would have made as faithful a representation of their heroes, as did those children whose feat has just been recorded.

Mention is made of graven images in Exodus, in Kings, in Samuel, and in Numbers. Hiram of Tyre was employed by Solomon to decorate the Temple. We can form an idea of its glories from the minute description given in Kings of the cherubim, whose wings extended over the ark of the covenant; of the silver and gold and costly stones, and pillars of brass eighteen cubits high, and the chains

and the network, the altar of gold, the table of gold, and the candlesticks of gold. No relic remains of this glorious work of Jewish art, save a cup and a table of show-bread, a bas-relief upon the Arch of Titus in Rome.

Among the kingdoms mentioned in sacred history are Nineveh and Babylon. Diodorus Siculus describes the statues of Belus, Ninus, and Semiramis. Ninus was the son of Belus, and king of Assyria. He ascended the throne two thousand and forty-eight years before Christ. He was a warlike prince, and distinguished himself by extensive conquests over the whole of Upper and Lower Asia. In one of his expeditions he met with Semiramis, the famous queen of Assyria, and married her. Returning from his conquests, he founded the city of Nineveh. The Hebrew writers speak of Nineveh, Jonah in particular, as an exceeding great city, and as containing "more than twelve thousand who did not know their right hand from their left." This gives us a forcible idea of their state of ignorance and darkness.

Ninus does not appear to have had a long life. After his death Semiramis possessed sovereign power, and probably determined to immortalize her name. She founded the city of Babylon, visited every part of her dominions,

and left everywhere monuments of her greatness; levelling mountains, filling up valleys, and forming aqueducts to convey water to barren and unfruitful soil. She erected a monument to Belus, and built a large and costly mausoleum over the grave of Ninus. It may well be supposed that a queen so powerful would call forth the capacity and resources of her subjects. She employed two millions of men in building Babylon. We read of brazen statues of Belus, of Ninus, and of Semiramis.

The late work of Mr. Layard, "Nineveh and its Remains," has made us acquainted with the achievements of art in Assyria. The discovery of colossal heads, particularly the first one, which the Arabs pronounced "Nimrod himself," is described as a noble specimen of Assyrian art, the expression calm and majestic, and in admirable preservation, the head placed on the body of a winged lion similar to others before discovered at Khorsabad and Persepolis. The following beautiful passage is transcribed for those who may not have the book at hand:—

"I used to contemplate for hours these mysterious emblems (the winged lions), and muse over their intent and history. What more noble forms could have ushered the people

into the temple of their gods? What more sublime images could have been borrowed from nature by men who sought, unaided by the light of revealed religion, to embody their conceptions of the Supreme Being? They could have no better type of intellect and knowledge, than the head of a man; of strength, than the body of a lion; of rapidity of motion, than the wings of the bird. Those winged human lions were not idle creations, the offspring of mere fancy; their meaning was written upon them; they had awed and instructed races who had flourished three thousand years ago. Through the portals which they guarded, kings, priests, and warriors had borne sacrifice to their altars before the wisdom of the East had penetrated Greece and had furnished its mythology with symbols long recognized by the Assyrian votaries. They may have been buried and their existence unknown centuries before the foundation of the Eternal City (Rome). For twenty-five hundred years they had been hidden from the eye of man, and they now stood forth once more in their ancient majesty. But how changed was the scene around them! The luxury and civilization of a mighty nation had given place to a few half-barbarous tribes. The wealth of temples and the riches

of great cities had been succeeded by rising and shapeless heaps of earth. Above the spacious hall in which they stood the plough had passed, and the corn now waved. Egypt has monuments no less ancient, and no less wonderful; but they have stood forth from early ages to testify her early power and renown, whilst those before me had but now appeared to bear witness to the words of the prophet:—

“The Assyrian was like a cedar of Lebanon, with fair branches, and with a shadowy shroud, and of a high stature, and his top was among the thick boughs; his height was exalted above all the trees of the field; under his shadow dwelt all great nations. But now is Nineveh a desolation and dry like a wilderness; flocks lie down in the midst of her; all the beasts of the nations, both the cormorant and the bittern, lodge in the upper lintels of it; their voice sings in the windows, and desolation is in the thresholds.’”

This opening before us of the relics of antiquity, of the awful forms and lovely semblances which were gazed on by generations buried in oblivion, antecedent even to history, fills us with a solemn astonishment, which is increased when we perceive the fulfilment of

prophecy in the desolation which has swept over the places of their glory.

Herodotus asserts that the Egyptians erected the first altars and temples to the gods. But the earliest monuments of sacred art wear little likeness to the form divine. In early times, indeed, men worshipped the Deity under the symbols of blocks, of stones, and rude pillars, sometimes grotesquely carved. The images of Baal were pillars. The "Teraphim" of the Hebrews we have no reason to believe had any human shape. By the Greeks and Romans sacred images were erected, and among them, probably, a personification of creation; for though the simple imitation of natural objects is the first attempt of art, when associated with religious ideas, it soon rises to the symbolic and superhuman.

In the very ancient Indian temples statues have been found, as the colossal statue of Brahma in the temple of Elephantis, near Bombay. This figure is a man having the moon and stars carved on his left breast, the sun on the right; the female form is also exhibited, and water, animals, and plants. It was probably a personification of creation.

Enough remains of Egyptian sculpture to give an idea of the degree of taste and mechanical skill to which it attained. It has

been asserted that the Egyptians were destitute of the elements of ideal beauty. Their representations, except those of gods, are for the most part historical. It might seem, at first sight, that they had never been touched by the inspiration of genius. The ancient bas-reliefs are apparently wide departures from nature. But to form a just appreciation of any national style of art, or indeed, of any work belonging to other times and other people, we should consider it from a different point of view than that ordinarily taken; and no one can study attentively the specimens of old Egyptian art which have been handed down to us, without a feeling of awe at the striking proofs of master hands, whose genius and skill have defied the changes of time and decay. Four or five thousand years have passed away since faces were carved, whose expression is still as touching and beautiful as on the day they were made. If they do not arrive, in their statues, at our ideas of beauty, we ought not, perhaps, on that account, to conclude that their deviations from them were not conventional, and regulated by their style or school of art. The fact that they had artists capable of carving faces of such exquisite beauty, which have been preserved to our

own times, is sufficient to show that they had power to separate the arms from the body, and the lower limbs from each other.

Winckelmann divides Egyptian sculpture into three periods. The first includes the time which elapsed from the origin of the Egyptians to the reign of Cambyses, five hundred and twenty-six years before Christ, or, as they were accustomed to reckon, in the sixty-second Olympiad; this is the ancient epoch. The middle embraces the period during which Egypt was under the dominion of the Persians and the Greeks; and the third the style of imitation about the time of Hadrian. Subsequently Winckelmann extended his first period to the establishment of the Greeks under Alexander and his successors. Other antiquaries have arranged Egyptian art into five periods, but the division already given serves all the purposes of elucidation, and seems most simple and natural. We will only add, that the first is the era of original and native sculpture; the second that of mixed or Greek and Egyptian sculpture; and the third the era of imitative sculpture.

When we speak of the earliest Egyptian statues, it is well to understand what they were, lest our imaginations should mislead

us, and represent some of the beautiful Grecian forms with which we are now familiar.

The ancient statues were sometimes made of wood. Besides this, four kinds of material were employed in the early works of the Egyptians: one, soft, a species of sandstone; the second, a calcareous rock, used for tombs and monuments; the third, basalt of various shades, most suitable for small statues; the fourth was granite of a reddish hue; it was often dark and contained crystals of spar. The ancient head of Memnon, in the British Museum, is made of dark granite, with black spots. This is a splendid head, and excites our wonder. Metals were not much used, except for what we now call statuettes; these were made of basalt, or a substance resembling bronze. Every age and every country has furnished materials for this instructive art, which, though progressive, has only attained any high degree of perfection by imitating nature. The arms in the oldest Egyptian statues were marked out from the sides, but with no attempt to separate them from the body. The lower limbs were not divided, and the feet were carved together. A straight column or pillar was left behind from the head downwards, probably to give strength to the statue as well as to save labor. Small images an-

swering this description are found buried in the tombs of mummies of distinction; they are made of porcelain or terra-cotta. Their colossal figures were carved from granite, and claim the first place. The Sphinx, near the great Pyramid, rises twenty feet high, though two thirds buried in sand. We are told of two of these immense statues, one at Memphis, the other at Sais, which were seventy feet long.

The stupendous palace of Carnac has yet colossal remains of pillars and statues. Of these mighty labors, some are hewn from the rock where they stood. Such is the Sphinx near Girzeh. There is something truly magnificent in converting these living rocks to mighty giants, casting their dark shadows around them.

It was undoubtedly a sentiment of religious devotion which first induced the Egyptians to erect altars, shrines, and temples to the gods; and what could be so expressive to them of power, as magnitude. In these immense statues there is said to be often a lofty repose, a grand and solemn majesty, which impressed the most uncultivated.

The Egyptians are said to have made no progress in what we call grace. The ancient artists considered their works finished before

they arrived at our standard of beauty. Art was austere, like the manners and even the laws of the age, which punished with death the smallest crime. This severity extended to their sculpture. The priesthood forbade any innovation in the human figure on any subjects they considered holy. This must have greatly fettered the arts. Sculptors were not allowed to copy nature; every model was closely draped; strict rules were laid down, and there could be but little progress. The priest and the warrior were only distinguished by their different dresses. They seem to have had no idea of perspective or grouping. They were, however, more successful in animals. In some of the Theban temples battles are carved in bas-relief with spirit; this is principally owing to the often admirable representation of cars and horses; but a king is sometimes represented twice as large as his subjects, and his head much too large for his body.

Pottery was an important feature in their domestic arts, and it seems strange that they made the human figure so devoid of grace, when they excelled so much in vases, tripods, baskets, and household utensils. Those who have made ancient Egypt a study have asserted that at the present day we have hardly

improved on them in the form of vases, seats, and many similar articles of common use.

Among the variety of statues and groups of figures which have been discovered, the execution is nearly on an equality, and all seem to be copies from a fixed model. We have the name of but one Egyptian sculptor, and that is Memnon; he made three statues, which were placed at the entrance of a temple of Thebes, one of them the largest ever known in Egypt.

Among the obstructions to progress in Egyptian art was their ignorance of anatomy; they paid a superstitious respect to the dead, and would have considered any anatomical inspection as the vilest sacrilege. The necessary incisions for the preservation of their mummies were prescribed by law, and the operators, who were a professional set of men, were considered as barbarians. If there were any deviations detected, if the incisions for abstracting the entrails were larger than the law prescribed, the unfortunate operator was obliged to conceal himself from the rage of the relatives, who followed him with maledictions and even showers of stones.

It has been observed that there was a close resemblance between the sculpture of the earliest Egyptians and their mummies. We

cannot but feel curious to know the motives which induced them to embalm their dead. On this subject our knowledge must be deductive. Not one of these honored specimens, however admirably preserved, tells its own history; we can only judge of their high claims by the situation in which they are found, and by the sometimes regal jewels which surround them; but when they are unrolled and exhibited naked, they are all equally hideous, and a revolting perpetuation of death.

The scrupulous manner in which they are preserved seems to indicate that a close connection was supposed to exist between the body and the soul. Some have maintained that it was hoped to induce the soul to remain in its earthly prison for the term of three thousand years, instead of passing out into different animals, according to the doctrine of transmigration. The body of an ancestor was sometimes given as a pledge, and it was considered the most sacred of all duties to redeem it.

Another reason given is, that they supposed the soul was to be judged in the body, and considered it all important that it should be identified with its former residence. After the advancement which the cultivated

racés have made in religion, the body is thought light of, and Christianity teaches that it is only to be regarded as the temporary vehicle of the soul, left to moulder when its spiritual inhabitant emigrates to a higher existence; so, when life is extinct, the body is buried that it may be out of sight and forgotten. Not so those men of old; to them the form was the man. In that figure was he to peregrinate through the spheres; and to preserve that figure they struggled with the tendencies of nature, and defeated, in some measure, its decay, by their curious and revolting processes.

The Egyptians were a gloomy and grave people, and considered the kingdom of the dead more real than that of the living. It is gratifying to find that every nation, however barbarous, had its visions of another existence. It is not a deduction of reasoning; it is not a doctrine of the priesthood; but it is a rational instinct of life.

There is a more simple and natural reason alleged for the Egyptian custom of embalming the dead: there was no soil in which they could bury them. The rocks denied a grave; the sands of the desert afforded no protection from wild beasts; the fertile valley was annually inundated in all its parts, and

to have deposited their dead in it under such circumstances, so far from affording the bodies an asylum, might have produced a pestilence. The first overflowing of the mighty Nile would probably have disinterred them. A secure refuge for the dead was not to be found in peaceful shades; the rocks must first be excavated, and there the body preserved.

CHAPTER II.

EGYPTIAN AND GRECIAN MYTHOLOGY.—
SKETCH OF DÆDALUS.

SCULPTURE is so mixed with both Egyptian and Grecian mythology, that it may be well to give a slight sketch of them.

Osiris the sun, and Isis the moon, with Hermes, were the three most important gods of the ancient Egyptians, and were at one time induced to descend to the earth to bestow blessings on its inhabitants.

Osiris taught them how to make instruments of agriculture, and also their use, — how to harness the ox to the plough. He gave them the fruits of the field. Isis first showed them the use of wheat and barley, but Osiris how to cultivate and turn them to domestic purposes. He also gave them laws, the institution of marriage, and taught them the worship of the gods.

After having filled the valley of the Nile with peace and plenty, he went forth to bestow his blessings on the rest of the world.

He conquered the nations everywhere, not with warlike weapons, but with music and eloquence. In his brother Typhon he found a mortal enemy. Isis, who governed in the absence of her husband, Osiris, strove to frustrate his brother's plans. He was finally murdered by Typhon, but was still considered the tutelar deity of the Egyptians, and his soul was supposed to inhabit the body of the bull Apis.

As bulls are not immortal, it was necessary to make a transfer of the soul from one individual to another. It was required that he should be a perfectly black animal, with a white spot on his forehead, and other peculiar marks. As soon as such a one was found, he was placed in a building facing the east, where for four months he was fed with milk; at the expiration of this term the priests repaired to his habitation and saluted him with much ceremony as Apis.

The bull was then placed in a vessel magnificently decorated, and conducted down the Nile to Nilopolis, where he was again fed for forty days. During this period only women were admitted to his presence. After certain ceremonies he was conducted to Memphis, where his inauguration was concluded and a temple and courts assigned him. Sacrifices

were made to him, and once in every year, when the Nile arose, a golden cup was thrown into the river. Oxen were immolated to him. The term of his life was limited to twenty-five years. At that age he was drowned in the sacred cistern, and the whole land was filled with sorrow and lamentation, till a successor was found.

The flower of the lotus was a prominent symbol; it was a sacred plant among the Egyptians, and considered an emblem of the world as it emerged from the deep. Gods and goddesses ascended out of its cup, and the people drew moral lessons from it.

A great variety of sacred vessels were used. The science of astronomy was better understood by the Egyptian priests than by those of any other nation. A picture of the zodiac was found on the ceiling of one of the most ancient temples, and all the signs of the zodiac were there faithfully delineated.

The idea of a future state was closely connected with astronomy. The Egyptians believed in the immortality of the soul, and in its partial emigration. It is remarkable that what our Christian divines are endeavoring to instil into our minds,—the trifling value of the present life compared with the future,—was familiar to the ancient Egyptians. They

valued a good conscience because it could be carried into another life. Their dwellings and houses were unimportant in their view, and much slighted in the building. The tombs were the real dwelling-houses, and great expense was lavished on them. They believed in judgment after death; that before the soul could enter the peaceful realms of the departed, it must be judged by Osiris, and rewarded or punished according to the deeds done in the body.

Zeus was the Jupiter Ammon of the Greeks. Hera was the Juno, and Iris her messenger. The gods of Olympus were the superior deities. Besides the superior deities, there were gods of the winds, gods of the water, gods of the mountains, forests, and fields. Then came the goddesses of time; also the Graces and the Muses.

The belief in the existence of the soul after death belonged to the Greeks. The abodes of departed spirits were in the centre of the earth, divided into two regions; Elysium, the place of reward, and Tartarus, the place of punishment. Souls were escorted by Hermes down to the lower world to the river Styx; over this they were rowed by Charon, the ferryman of the region. He was a cross old man, and rowed every soul to Hades

that was permitted to enter his leaky boat, for two oboli,—a small Greek coin. When landed on the opposite shore, the souls passed through a cavern in which Cerberus kept watch. From this there was no return. Here Minos passed judgment, whether they should be admitted to Elysium or condemned to Tartarus. The former was filled with music, flowers, and enchanting views; the latter was a place of punishment. In Elysium flowed the crystal waters of Lethe; in Tartarus the fiery stream Phlegethon. Those whom Minos sent thither were taken before a second judge, Rhadamanthus, who pronounced their penalty.

Egypt may well be compared to her own Isis. There is the coldness and mystery with which the shadow of the moon invests every object. Art in Egypt was often simple and majestic, like her pyramids, or bold and eccentric, like her sphinxes: solemn and grand, but never beautiful, never filling the soul with soft and gentle emotions.

The connection between Egyptian and Grecian mythology was remote, and we find great differences. The Greeks worshipped beautiful forms, which they called divine; the Egyptians worshipped animals which symbolized to them power or the mysteries of

divine life. As we leave the twilight realm of Egypt and emerge into the light of Greece, we are cheered by the spirit of nature, and the eye is delighted by forms of beauty.

We have hitherto been travelling in the mists of antiquity; but from the conquest of Egypt the arts begin to take a more definite form. A new nation — inhabiting a region of beauty and possessing forms of physical grandeur affording the finest models to the statuary — presses forward, endowed with the all-commanding power of genius.

The American heart throbs at the mention of Greece, which in the earlier ages bore some resemblance in its constitution and government to our own; for liberty there established her seat, even near the throne of kings. Homer styles Agamemnon the pastor of the people, and ancient authors assert that liberty was the source and foundation of the grandeur of Athens.

The influence of liberty on the arts has been fully demonstrated. Industry, invention, and ingenuity flourish under its fostering hand. The Greeks were eager to distinguish artists, and honored the works of genius. Egyptian sculptors were invited to Athens, and treated with a deference they had never before experienced. This excited ambition

and gave a new stimulus to effort; and the age of Dædalus formed a new epoch in the art of sculpture.

The principal states of Greece in which the arts most flourished were Sicyon, Ægina, Corinth, and Athens; these were commercial states. It has been supposed that the Persian conquests produced some effect on Egyptian art; but this did not extend to sculpture, which the Egyptians prohibited, as opposed to their religion. They had their architecture and temples. Persepolis, to which we have before alluded, the residence of the Persian monarchs, and which is styled the Palace of a Thousand Columns, was the wonder of ancient Asia. But while the Chaldeans bowed to their Seraphim, the Egyptians to their colossal Sphinxes, the Grecians to their Pandemonium of ideal grace and beauty, the Persians looked with a steady eye to the bright luminary of day. Fire was their deity, and they worshipped no idols of wood or stone.

The works of Dædalus were extant in the time of Pausanias, and though this author says they were rude, yet he admits that they breathed an air of divinity, and there was a general improvement; his style of action and nature was adopted. Sculptors, though perhaps but little more than carvers, were solici-

tous to make their statues resemble men and women. There were many artists who bore the name of Dædalus, but only one who distinguished himself. Endæus the Athenian was one of his disciples. Smilis of Ægina was another.

Wood, plaster, and clay were among the earliest materials used by the Greeks. The olive-wood was used for statues of Minerva, and the famous statue of Venus was formed from the myrtle. Ivory and gold were appropriated later. We know with certainty that these were employed by Phidias, and also that one of his noblest statues was made in bronze.

Three generations before the Trojan war, a young man, born of a royal race, becomes known to us, by the name of Dædalus. Hitherto the genius of art had been confined within very narrow limits, and led by arbitrary rules. To the Egyptians, we have seen, it had never been revealed that nature was the true model of sculpture; or if revealed, their artists labored under restraints which prevented them from rising to those ideas of beauty to which the Greeks subsequently attained. Even in Greece the art long felt the fetters, which Dædalus at last came to break. There is an uncertainty about the birthplace of Dædalus, but he is usually

styled the *Athenian*, and his history is closely connected with that of Theseus, the great hero of antiquity.

The life of Theseus is mixed up with fable, which it is difficult to separate from reality. His father Ægeus was for a long time childless, and, despairing of having an heir, gave out that the three sons of Pallas were to be his successors. When Theseus was born, and he had the happiness of embracing a son of his own, he resolved to keep his birth secret, thinking the life of the infant in danger from the designs of Pallas. He therefore sent him to Trœzene to be educated, leaving the world to suppose that he was still childless.

For many years Theseus was ignorant of his claims, but when made acquainted with them, he hastened to Athens. There is much fiction mingled with his marvellous journey; but he arrived safe. His dangers, however, were not over. The children of Pallas attempted his life, and he challenged and slew them. For the wonderful deeds he achieved, we must seek his history. But he now interests us only as the friend and patron of Dædalus.

There seems to have been a close intimacy formed between these two men when young, and a strong similarity of character in the attempt and accomplishment of daring projects.

Dædalus was well calculated to transplant the arts and laws of Crete to Athens; and this was the favorite project of Theseus.

Hitherto we have hardly found a form of flesh among the mythical authorities of the arts of antiquity; but on Dædalus we fix as an historical personage. The people of Athens hailed him as a deity; he was extolled by poets and artists, received as the companion of the king, and respected by the nobility.

With the conception inspired by nature and his own original genius, he walked among the statues of the Egyptians, so much resembling their own mummies, with disgust. "I will chisel statues," said he, "which shall move."

He shut himself up in his workshop, and refused to admit any spectator;—even the king was excluded, who patiently yielded to the tyranny of his favorite. At length the day was announced when the result of his labor was to be exhibited, and the doors were thrown open.

A statue far larger than life stood with one foot forward, the arms disengaged, and in a natural attitude, the eyes carved with a life-like expression, and the lips gently parted. Nothing could surpass the enthusiasm of the beholders. Many of the common people believed that it walked, and a report arose that Dædalus made statues which moved.

It became the custom to call all statues executed in this spirit Dædali, and his name was adopted as implying skill. His disciples were called his sons. He did not confine himself to sculpture, — his genius branched out into useful inventions. The augur, the file, and the axe are said to have originated with him; also masts and yards of ships.

Dædalus, who nursed ambition, appeared now to have attained the gratification of success. Athens had begun to be the distinguished resort of artists, and he not only stood first among them, but was the chosen friend of the far-famed Theseus.

The appetite of ambition grows rapidly on the food which nourishes it. That of the artist became inordinate. He assumed something like regal pomp, and even affected to smile at the criticisms of Theseus, with too evident an expression of superiority.

The monarch bore all this with his usual magnanimity, considering only the prosperity of the arts, and willing to sacrifice much for his beloved Athens. The courtiers were less patient. The popularity of the artist began to diminish, and it became the earnest wish of the nobles to humble him. But this object they could not have accomplished, had not Dædalus assisted them by his own misconduct.

Amongst his pupils there was one by the name of Talus. It has been asserted by some historians that this youth was his nephew. It is not generally supposed so, but that he was a boy brought by his father from Sicyon. Be that as it may, he was a pupil of Dædalus, first working as an assistant. He early displayed uncommon talents, and became a favorite with the people. Nature had bestowed upon him grace of manners and a winning deportment.

For a long time he was contented to be an assistant to the artist, but at length the fire of his own genius began to kindle, and he obtained leave to carve a statue to be placed in the Acropolis of Athens. When completed and exhibited, it proved a surprising work of art, and the enemies of Dædalus, created by his insolence and assumption, gladly embraced the opportunity of mortifying the master, and affected to prefer it to the statues of Dædalus.

The great master well knew it was inferior to his own work, and that it had merely the merit of an excellent imitation; but he could not disguise from himself that it gave evidence of superior future talent. "He is young, and when I am declining, the splendor of his genius will blaze forth." Thus he reasoned. Applause bestowed on another excited bitter

feelings. He became gloomy and morose, and cast glances of envy and malice upon the young artist.

Suddenly Talus disappeared; several days passed, and he was not to be found. Every measure was taken by the people to ascertain the cause of his absence. At length circumstances transpired which led them to suppose he had been unfairly dealt with; by degrees, suspicion pointed to Dædalus. It seemed incredible, but the popular clamor became loud. Orders were issued for his arrest; but before the arm of justice could seize him, he made his escape.

We next hear of him at Crete. Probably Dædalus protested his innocence, and the king was willing to receive him without any investigation. He had before resided there, and Minos knew his wonderful powers.

The artist devoted himself to the embellishment of Crete. He there built the famous Labyrinth, and also composed the beautiful group of dancers for Ariadne, to which Homer alludes.

It is not precisely known by what means he lost the favor of the king; perhaps by the same insolence and assumption that he had discovered at Athens; or, if he was indeed guilty of the murder of Talus, a second crime

equally great might have followed. But he was imprisoned by Minos with his son in the very Labyrinth he had constructed. From this prison he contrived their escape. Fable says he made wings which were fastened to their shoulders, and that they were composed of wax and feathers. They both took flight together; but Icarus, the son, soared so high that his wings were melted by the heat of the sun, and he fell into the sea which is called the Icarian Sea, affording a moral and a caution to all ambitious young men. Dædalus, however, is represented to have managed very well with his, and alighted safely at Cumæ.

The inhabitants received him, it is said, with great delight, and Cocalus, who reigned at that time, loaded him with honors. He produced wonderful works of skill, and the inhabitants built a temple in honor of him, styling him the Apollo. Diodorus Siculus, who lived about forty years before Christ, says that many of his works were then in existence. His statues were generally wrought in wood, and much larger than life, and though not finished sculptures, were remarkable for boldness and action. Minos, irritated by the loss of Dædalus, and by the benefit he was rendering Cumæ, declared war upon Cocalus for

sheltering him; and it is supposed that the king had him basely assassinated to secure the peace of the realm.

It is obvious enough that fable has dealt with this history, and that much of it is what we should term mythical, that is to say, fact enlarged by admiration into fiction. The story of Dædalus is noticed for the important place he holds in the history of sculpture, and is only valuable as marking the progress of the the art. The fable of the wings undoubtedly arose from his invention of the sails of ships, which, in comparison with the slow way in which boats moved at that time by oars, might well be considered, when furnished with sails, as flying over the ocean, and bearing the father and son from their prison.

The name of Dædalus, as before observed, is indeed a common one; but inferiors must not be confounded with this great master and mighty personage of fable.

CHAPTER III.

GRÆCO-EGYPTIAN ART.—DIBUTADES AND
CALLIRHOE.

WHETHER the history of Dædalus is considered allegorical or not, it is important, as we have before observed, as showing the progress of sculpture from Egyptian to Græco-Egyptian. His pupils followed in his footsteps. Endœus made a statue of Minerva, which was placed in the Acropolis of Athens. He and Epeus were fellow-artists; the latter made the famous Wooden Horse; together they sculptured the throne of Penelope.

The Ionian school began to flourish, and the islands on the coast of Asia Minor, Samos and Chios, sent forth their artists.

Telecleus and Theodorus are mentioned by Pausanias for their works in wood and ivory; but, above all, we are indebted to the Chian school for our works in marble. Malas was said to be the founder of this school, and first discovered the applicability of marble to statues.

Dipœnus and Scyllis belonged to the school of Sicyon, of which Dibutades was said to be the founder.

Of this humble artist and his ingenious daughter, whose names are handed down to us, it is well to give a more minute account, since to her invention is ascribed the first outline of the human face, taken from life.

We would not willingly pass by unnoticed an art, which, however simple, owed its origin to the strength and tenderness of female affection.

Dibutades resided in Sicyonia. His simple dwelling, unadorned by any species of architecture, possessed one of the pleasantest aspects in this beautiful country, which extended along the Corinthian Gulf, and, though small in territory, was one of the most important states of Greece.

Dibutades claimed no merit but as a humble potter, yet he was considered the first man of his profession. Every morning the results of his labor were arranged on shelves before his house, one above another. Before evening, the shelves were usually left vacant by purchasers, for his pottery was not only all-important to his countrymen, but had become an article of commerce with the other states.

No household utensils were to be compared in strength and usefulness to those of Dibutades; and even vases and jars resembling those of Egyptian art were mingled in the daily exhibition. The more elaborate vases were filled with choice flowers, the freshest roses, yet dripping with the dew of morning. This was the office of his daughter, the youthful Callirhoe. She was now old enough to supply the place of her mother in all those nameless attentions which give a charm to domestic life. Her mother was of Egyptian parentage, and partook of the genius of her nation. While the gentle daughter was like the sparkling sunbeam on the water, the mother resembled the moon, the Isis of her own ancestors, casting a still and mysterious light on every object. For eighteen years she had been the true and faithful companion of her husband, and had toiled with him through poverty and privation; but now he was rich,—rich for a humble potter,—and Callirhoe added the grace and symmetry of her person to a circle already wearing the charm of genius and affection.

Her beauty had been remarked, and the watchful mother observed that the young men of Sicyon were the first in the morning to gaze upon the vases and early flowers. Poor

Callirhoe! She who loved so much the pure air of the morning, who hung her basket on her arm and selected from it the fairest flowers to fill the vases, who seemed to imbibe new health and happiness as the breezes played on her cheek, was now forbidden to go out without a thick veil, which not only covered her face, but draped her whole figure. The admiring crowds no longer beheld a Grecian Euphrosyne, but an Egyptian Isis, gliding by them.

One morning it was observed that there was no collection of pottery, no vases of roses, no purple anemones bursting from their buds; the doors of the cottage were closed, and the little verandah silent and dark.

It was a strange, gloomy sight without, but far more gloomy within. The faithful wife, the tender and watchful Egyptian mother, lay on the bed of death. On one side sat the husband supporting her head on his arm, on the other knelt the daughter pressing and embracing the feverish hands.

“Speak to me, mother,” she exclaimed, “say that you know me.” There was no answer; the dull stupor of death rested on that mother’s brow, on her closed eyes and parched lips. Fever in sudden and desperate form had entered this quiet dwelling.

For hours the group were immovable, only now and then wetting the parched lips of the sufferer. At length they moved, and a low sound issued from them. "Husband! daughter!" she murmured.

"Thank the gods!" said Callirhoe; "she will live! she will live!"

"No, my child! I am called, I must leave thee. But I shall live again. I know not how, but I feel that there is another life; there is something in me that will not die."

"O my dear wife!" said Dibutades, "fear not; thou shalt be preserved as thy ancestors are. Would that thy Egyptian priests were here to talk of a future life! but fear not, thou shalt be embalmed as thy fathers were."

"Waste not thy time," said she, "on this useless body. I enjoin thee to lay it in the earth. It is decaying and worthless. Give to the Egyptians, my ancestors, their useless care of the body,—let them preserve it; but I feel there is something beyond, something that will not die with it. My breath is departing, my words are confused. I feel that we shall meet again. My soul will still live; perhaps it may never leave thee."

She spoke no more; the former torpor came over her. Once she smiled. "Ah!" said Callirhoe, "she said truly; she lives! her soul is with us!"

The last breath fled, and the lifeless form was laid in the earth as she commanded.

For weeks, even months, the husband wandered like a ghost from place to place, from street to street. He had loved but once, and the tie was broken. Nothing interested him, his labors were neglected, and the pottery was no longer an object for his ambition. Every thing now depended on Callirhoe for daily comfort; she went to the market wrapped in her veil, and purchased the articles necessary for their subsistence. Her face was not visible, but there was something in her voice and manner which attracted attention. Sometimes her purchases were heavy, and she was obliged to divide them and return again for the remainder. She often met a youth whom they called Evander; he offered to relieve her of part of her burden. "I live near you," said he, "and will leave it as I pass."

This was done so often, that they became acquainted. Callirhoe was grateful for his kindness; her father was too much absorbed in his grief to notice it.

At length time, the great dispeller of sorrow, began to perform his wonders upon Dibutades, and he sought to return to his former occupation. But it was joyless; he no longer indulged in vases or Egyptian

forms; his divinity, his animating principle of action, had fled, and his labors were limited to a few household utensils. His health had suffered, and his strength was diminished.

His daughter in vain tried to assist him; her aid was feeble, and she knew nothing of the details of his business.

“Father,” said she, “you want an assistant until you become stronger.”

At first his answer was a peremptory refusal, but in a few days he acknowledged that he required a stronger arm and a younger hand, but he knew not where to find it.

“Let me ask Evander,” said she; “he seems to be without occupation, for he is always ready to assist me in bringing home my basket. Perhaps he would be thankful for the employment, and such wages as you should think just.”

“Be it so,” said the father.

The young man heard the proposal with apparent surprise, but in a few moments acceded to it. The matter was quickly arranged; he was to work a certain number of hours through the day, and his compensation was fixed at a low price, for he was only expected to perform the laborious and menial offices.

From this time Evander saw the young

girl daily, without the veil which her mother had obliged her to wear in the streets. Callirhoe, on her part, enjoyed the satisfaction of associating with a companion of her own age. She had expected to find him unskilled and uneducated, but to her surprise he became her instructor. He taught her the theory of the earth, the ebb and flow of the tides, the phenomena of the sun and stars, and would fain have added other sciences, such as mathematics and geometry; but she had no taste for abstruse studies, which did not appeal to her eyes, her ears, or her heart. He played upon the reed, a sort of flute, and adapted it to the voice of the young girl. Even the melancholy father was wont to listen, and think they discoursed sweet melody. Gradually his mind awoke to enjoyment, and he began to recover his energy and spirit.

The pottery, which had declined, now resumed its celebrity; again the shelves were filled with jars and vases, laden with fresh flowers. The humble dwelling wore its wonted cheerful aspect, and Callirrhoe felt as if her mother lived again.

For several hours in the day Evander worked in the pottery, then he absented himself till twilight. When he returned, it was to accompany the father and daughter on a walk, or, if

they preferred it, to arrange baskets of shells and marine productions.

It was an innocent and happy life the three led, the perfect illustration of Grecian life and beauty. But an interruption came: Evander informed them he was obliged to leave them, that he was summoned hence.

Dibutades had recovered his health and strength, and he willingly relinquished the services of the youth; telling him he would recommend him for his honesty and good temper, and no doubt he would gain employment.

“And will Callirhoe give me her good word?” said the youth.

“Certainly. Speak, my child.”

She had turned away, and seemed busy over her needle-work, for no sound came.

“Thou dost not want a feeble woman’s recommendation,” said the potter; “thou hast a strong arm. Perhaps thou mayst go forth in the world and become a Grecian sailor, and we shall see thee no more. Wherever thou art, my blessing go with thee, for thou hast been to me like a son.”

“O father!” said the youth, “may I not indeed be one?”

“In all kindness,” said the potter.

“And Callirhoe! what may I call her?”

“ Well, I suppose thou must call her sister, if thou callest me father.”

“ O, not so!” said the young man vehemently; “ let me call her my betrothed, my wife.”

Callirhoe turned her face, it was radiant with smiles and blushes.

“ She consents! O father, give us thy blessing!”

They knelt to the old man; he laid his hand on their heads.

“ What a fool I was not to foresee this,” said he; “ birds will mate. Ye have been on the wing together; together ye have carolled your morning songs. I was a fool not to see this before. But who is thy other father?”

“ He is a man of honor like thyself. Trust me; hereafter I will explain all to thy satisfaction, or relinquish all. Thy daughter’s welfare is as dear as my own; trust me.”

The potter was satisfied; he contended neither for rank nor money. He liked the youth, he was convinced that he had capacity to earn a living; he even thought that, when he was too old to work, he might let Evander succeed him in the pottery. But he was too prudent to suggest this idea; there is no use, reasoned he, in exciting an overweening ambition in the young; let him labor on a few years.

“I would fain know thy father,” said Dibutades, “it is proper we should commune together.”

“He does not dwell in Sicyon. Thou shalt know him hereafter.”

Callirhoe saw that her father’s inquiries perplexed the youth, and she whispered, “*I trust thee.*” Happy security of innocence and truth!

But the time came when the lovers must part. How painful these partings! Even the father was moved, and so far relaxed from his caution as to hint to Evander, that, if all went well, he might hereafter become his successor in the pottery. “But do not,” said he, “let this prospect check you in any honest and lucrative employment; I may live many years, and it may be long before you attain this eminence.”

“Long, very long may it be,” said the young man, with enthusiasm.

The eve of the parting was a sad one. Dibutades loved the youth, and he felt that he had been sometimes cold and severe; and though Evander stayed beyond his usual hour of rest, he would not retire for the night lest it might seem like indifference. As time stole on, however, he found it quite impossible to keep awake, and the lovers were left to the unheard interchange of mutual vows.

How much had they to anticipate and promise! how many little keepsakes to exchange! They had not then, as lovers have now, beautiful resemblances to console them, to gaze on and to wear near the heart.

Suddenly Callirhoe arose, and, selecting a piece of pointed charcoal which lay on the brazier, — “Keep thy head still, perfectly still, as I will place it, and I will have something by which to remember thee.”

The light of the lamp was strong, and cast his profile distinctly on the wall. With a firm and steady hand Callirhoe traced the outline till she came to the mouth, and then the gravity of the youth gave way, and he could not restrain his desire to laugh.

“Ah, you have spoiled my picture,” said she; but not discouraged, she began anew. This time she was more successful, and to their mutual delight the fine Grecian profile of Evander came out quite perfect.

“I should know it anywhere,” said she, while tears of pleasure started to her eyes.

Several days after Evander’s departure Dibutades remarked the hieroglyphics, as he called them, on the wall.

“What is the meaning of all this?” said he petulantly. “It is child’s play to blacken the wall; thou wilt give me the trouble to whiten it over.”

“Not for the world, father,” said she; “look well at it.”

Dibutades gazed steadily at it. “By Jupiter,” said he, “thou hast been copying Evander! there is his straight nose, his gently parted lips, his rounded chin! Girl, is this thy work?”

“Mine, father,” said the delighted artist.

“I will complete it for thee,” said the father.

“O, not this!” said Callirhoe, “not this! take the other.”

“What, without the mouth? No, girl; I promise thee not to injure thy outline.”

It was a difficult task, but well accomplished. Carefully he filled the outline with clay, while she stood by trembling; the eyes, nose, and mouth were well designated, and a complete medallion was formed. The father was now willing to take the unfinished outline, and by the help of the other and the assistance of his daughter, a second was completed.

Callirhoe could now have her medallion in her own apartment, the last object before her when she closed her eyes, and the first when she awoke in the morning.

But in Dibutades a new art was developed. He took profiles without the outline on the wall, that were pronounced excellent likeness-

es. At length he proceeded to busts ; his fame was soon spread abroad, his door was besieged by applicants to have their likenesses. It was a new art, and seemed to open a new sense ; the young and the old must have their busts.

Dibutades was no longer spoken of as the humble potter ; he was the inventor of a new art, appealing to the vanity and self-love of all about him. He was invited to the houses of the wealthy, and his daughter admired and sought ; he was considered the inheritor of Egyptian art, and even to this day it is doubtful whether he was a native of Sicyon, so many of the Grecian states claimed his origin. He made a bust of his daughter, which she preserved for her lover. When Callirhoe saw it completed, she said, "I should think you had flattered me, if it did not look so much like my mother."

Dibutades had been secretly trying to model a bust of his lost wife ; he could not satisfy himself, and yet it recalled her countenance. At length he appealed to his daughter. "There is something wanting," said he ; "what is it ?"

"Ah, father, it is the soul of which she told us. What is the form without it ?"

A year had passed away, and they had heard nothing from Evander. A gentle melan-

choly took possession of the young girl, and though she often repeated to herself with unswerving faith, "*I trust in him,*" she thought of the thousand perils that might surround him. The medallion was her comfort and delight.* "No wonder," said she to her father, "others seek for busts and medallions, if they are to them what mine is to me."

"I do not forget, my child," he replied, "that I received my first idea from thee, and I often think it strange that thou shouldst have made this discovery,—thou who hadst never attempted an outline."

"It was not a discovery," said she; "it came from the depth of my heart."

Another year passed, and Dibutades was so much engaged in his success, that he hardly thought of Evander. Perhaps he was not displeased that Callirhoe, who was sought by many young men, should form a more brilliant connection than his assistant in the pottery could offer. He often spoke of the art of modelling with enthusiasm, and told his daughter that it had been lately introduced in Etruria, by Euchirus of Corinth. "They say," said he, "that whole figures are beautifully modelled there."

* Pliny speaks of this as preserved to his time.

One evening they sat conversing over their simple repast, which consisted chiefly of fruit, the honey of Hymettus, and the light wine of the country. The moon was pouring her radiance through the verandah, and casting her beautiful shadows of vines and flowers, as they sported in the breeze, on every object. Suddenly a new outline was visible, and Evander stood before them. It would be useless to describe the meeting where all was truth and harmony. Dibutades was struck with his manly and spirited bearing, and felt that he was no longer his humble apprentice.

“I have come,” said Evander, “to claim my betrothed, and to explain all mystery. My father is a wealthy merchant of Corinth. He placed me at the university of Sicyon for my education. I accidentally beheld Callirhoe, and long watched her footsteps without her knowledge. When she proposed my being your assistant, I could not resist the temptation, and willingly labored in menial offices that I might be near her.

“My absence from the university was at length noticed, and though I had kept pace with my class, suspicions were excited. I received an angry letter from my father, ordering me to Corinth, and accusing me of low dissipation. I quitted you, and hastened to him.

I cleared myself of the false charges attached to me. He was going to Etruria and took me with him, and there I have resided since leaving you."

"Then you can tell me," said Dibutades, "of the progress of modelling in Etruria. I am told it has reached great perfection under one Euchirus of Corinth."

"Nay, father," said the youth, "it is yet in its infancy, and you will believe it when I tell you that I am this Euchirus of whom you speak. I was only Evander to you and Callirhoe, while your assistant in the pottery. At the university I was still Euchirus. We heard in Etruria of your success in modelling medallions and busts; then I told my father my whole story, and he has permitted me to return and claim my betrothed. In a few days he will be here, and is fully persuaded that we may found a school for modelling in Sicyonia."

That such a school was instituted about this time, there is ample testimony, and Dibutades was its founder.

A multiplicity of names may be collected, that fill up the long interval between this period and the new era of the art of sculpture;—Onatas and Glaucias, who replaced the statues of Harmodius and Aristogiton, after the originals had been carried off by

Xerxes; and Pythagoras of Rhegium, whose statues were highly celebrated; he was only inferior to Myron, who was the last and most distinguished of the early school.

Myron was a native of Eleutheræ. He unites the first and second ages of Grecian sculpture. His principal figures were in bronze; his largest ones in wood. It is much to be regretted that there are none of his original works extant. The famous Discobolus is without doubt a copy of his work. His representation of animals was wonderful. But though an imitative sculptor of the highest order, he does not appear to have gone beyond imitation. We hear of no beautiful creations of genius and fancy, — no spiritual combinations. The art at that time went no farther in Greece. It remained for the era of Pericles to give life and health to all institutions, — to awaken genius from its slumber, — to exhibit the all-conquering power of oratory in himself, — to attract around him the wisdom of Socrates, the elevated philosophy of Plato and Anaxagoras, the statesman-like skill of Miltiades, Cimon, Themistocles, and Xenophon, the celebrated tragic poets Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles, the elegance of Alcibiades, and the feminine beauty, grace, and intellect of Aspasia. But more than all these, the surpassing skill of Phidias.

CHAPTER IV.

GRECIAN ART.—PERICLES AND PHIDIAS.

PHIDIAS was born at Athens, four hundred and eighty-eight years before Christ. He was the son of Charmidas, and his father, perceiving uncommon powers of observation and a decided predilection for the fine arts, supposed he would become a painter like himself; but Phidias struck out a different career, and became the pupil of Ageladas and Hippias in sculpture.

His first attempts were under the immediate influence of Homer's poems, which he deeply studied. From these he caught an inspiration which he yearned to embody in earthly materials.

His daily walks were amongst the beautiful scenery of nature, whose perfection he delighted to contemplate, even to the smallest flower and insect; and he amused himself by imitating them. He represented flies and fish so naturally, that spectators said of the latter,

“Give them water and they will swim.” He had a knowledge of history, poetry, and the allegories of the age; he was also well acquainted with geometry and optics.

Pericles knew well how to prize talents like these. They formed a strict and harmonious intimacy, and the prince consigned to him the direction of the public works and the embellishment of his beloved Athens.

Phidias was charged by his master with the erection of that well-known temple, the Parthenon, which has since been considered as the perfect triumph of classic art.

The whole edifice was composed of pure white marble, and was about two hundred and seventy feet in length, and ninety-eight in breadth. It was supported by fluted pillars of the Doric order, forty-six in number, eight at each front and fifteen on each side; they were about forty-two feet in height and seventeen in circumference, and the distance from pillar to pillar was seven feet four inches.

The two fronts of the temple stood east and west; the former has suffered much more injury than the latter from the lapse of ages. The pediments of these fronts were adorned with a profusion of statues, larger than life, and of admirable workmanship. The metopes, by which are meant the spaces between

the triglyphs of the columns, were embellished in groups of alto-rilievos, representing the combats of the Lapithæ, a people of Thessaly, with the fabled Centaurs at the marriage of Pirithous. The frieze of the cella was decorated with a series of basso-rilievos, describing the Parthenaic procession to the temple in honor of the goddess Minerva. The attitudes of the figures were of course adapted to the space they filled. Those figures placed at the extreme angles were made recumbent; for instance, the Hyperion, the Theseus, and the Ilyssus. The next adjoining were represented sitting, and those in the centre, where was the greatest perpendicular distance, appeared standing. All the figures are admirable, but the highest precedence is given to Theseus.

In the interior of the Parthenon was placed the noble work of Phidias, which he had been completing. This was the chryselephantine figure of Minerva. It was indeed its most splendid ornament. The eyes of the statue were of precious stones, that changed their lustre with the changing rays of light, seeming almost like emotion of the soul. The robe or vestment was entirely of gold; the face, neck, and nude parts, of polished ivory; the helmet on her head, the ægis, the drapery, and the wings of the figure of Victo-

ry, which she held in her left hand, were all of burnished gold. The statue of the goddess measured twenty-seven cubits, or thirty-nine feet seven inches, in height.

This statue was placed in the centre of the temple. The interior of it was supposed to be made of wood, but only ivory and gold were apparent.

Great as was the natural talent of Phidias, he could never have attained his rank and eminence in sculpture, without the aid of his friend and patron, who opened to him the auxiliaries of wealth and power.

To charm the age, it was necessary to mingle excessive costliness with his works. Gold and precious stones were the ornaments of his Jupiter and Minerva. Simple white marble sufficed for the exquisite sculptures of the edifice itself, and these have survived to the present day, in sufficient preservation for models and studies.

Pericles found in Cimon a powerful rival, but his own calm self-possession often defeated the violence of his adversaries.

“We shall have something more than words,” said one of the Athenians who had gathered round the market-place.

“What dost thou mean?” said a bystander.

“A troupe of Cimon’s friends have collected

to escort Pericles home this evening, when his oration shall be over. Go with me, we shall see glorious times. Pericles will not tamely bear the insults they mean to heap on him; we shall have glorious fighting."

That evening Pericles spoke with unusual eloquence. His countrymen shouted, "A god, a god has come amongst us! Saw you his lightning? heard you his thunder? It is the Olympian Jove."

When the meeting was dissolved, Pericles prepared to depart. Several of his friends pressed around to accompany him home. He declined their attendance. Unlike Cimon, his predecessor and rival, he affected no pomp.

"The Areopagites were present to-night," whispered some of them, "they will follow you and get up a quarrel."

Pericles calmly replied, "There must be two sides to a quarrel."

In pursuing his solitary path, he at length perceived that he was closely followed; turning to his followers, he said, "Why give yourselves this unnecessary labor. The hill to the Acropolis is steep" (his residence was near it); "pray leave me to pursue my path alone." Then, unable to suppress their insults, they broke forth in abusive language, taunting and reviling him.

Quietly he walked on, neither hastening nor delaying his progress. The night was dark, and thick clouds gathered over the sky. When he arrived at his own door, his servants came out to receive him with torches; as he entered, he said, in a voice that all might hear, "Conduct my fellow-citizens home with your torches." They returned, awed by his self-possession.

When the popular party procured the accusation of Cimon, Pericles pleaded in his favor; his banishment, however, left Pericles at liberty to pursue his plans and embellish his beloved Athens. He sought out men of genius and employed workmen, paying them liberally.

In Phidias he early discovered powers which he called divine, and he adopted him as a friend and companion. It was on a bright morning after the excitement occasioned by the oration of Pericles, that the two friends met.

"Whither so fast?" said Pericles, as the artist was passing him.

"I am hastening to the Parthenon. A multitude are collecting to behold my Pallas; it is to be exhibited to-day for the first time."

"I will go with thee," said Pericles.

They moved silently along; the brow of the statesman seemed clouded with thought.

“Dost thou know,” said he, breaking the silence, “that I read the signs of the times?”

“I know it well,” replied Phidias.

“Wilt thou believe me when I tell thee thou hast bitter adversaries?”

“It may be so,” said Phidias, “but I will strive to conquer as thou hast done, by magnanimity.”

They arrived at the Parthenon. There stood the goddess towering above the pigmies who gazed upon her, so beautifully proportioned, so delicately finished, that she inspired a feeling of love mingled with awe. And here, too, was Phidias, the noble creator of this splendid work. Pericles stood by his side sharing all his emotions. The enthusiastic Athenians crowded to the Parthenon shouting and applauding, “Phidias is a god himself,” they cried, “we will pay him divine honors.” Then the brow of Pericles became overcast, for he was deeply read in human nature.

“I hear,” said he, “in this burst of applause, in this shouting of voices, only the roar of the whirlwind before its fury breaks forth. Ah, my friend, guard thyself well from the malice that surrounds thee.”

“Nay,” said Phidias, “my work is completed, it is before them; what can they do more than pass judgment upon it. Methinks it stands their scrutiny.”

“How much gold hast thou demanded for its completion?”

“Forty-four talents.”

“How much gold hast thou used for thy work?”

“Forty-four talents, every particle,” replied Phidias.

“How wilt thou prove it?”

“Thou hast forgotten,” said Phidias, “that by thy recommendation the gold is put on in such a manner that it can be taken off. I knew not precisely thy motive, but thy counsels are always wise; they have been most kind and judicious to me, and I have never repented following them.”

“Thou wilt not repent following them here,” said Pericles.

The power and favor with which Pericles invested Phidias were attended with the usual degree of envy and calumny which belong to low minds; and though the artist employed various workmen in the building and ornamenting of the Parthenon, and behaved with the strictest justice and liberality, he drew upon himself the accusation of fraud and embezzlement of the gold with which he had been furnished for the decoration of the statues.

For a while these reports took no decisive form. At length one of the head workmen

placed himself in the forum, and lodged a formal accusation. Pericles was in the forum by the side of the artist when he was summoned. Phidias listened calmly to the accusation.

“If this is proved,” said Pericles, “we must deliver him into the hands of justice.”

“It is of a nature,” said the adverse party, “that cannot be proved; but we have the judgment and decision of the most experienced and cunning workmen, that not more than one half of the gold is employed in the decorations of the statue.”

“It can be proved,” said Pericles, “by taking the statue in pieces, and weighing the gold.”

A general murmur of disapprobation was heard, for the Athenians were proud of the statue, and though they envied the artist, they worshipped the work.

“Let me hear,” said Pericles, “what Phidias has to say for himself; he has not spoken.”

“I leave the goddess herself to decide,” said Phidias proudly. “I place my cause in her hands. The gold, by the advice of the noble Pericles, is put on in such a manner that it can be taken off or put on at my pleasure, without injury to the statue.”

The matter was quickly decided. The gold

was abstracted from the statue and weighed in public. It was found that not a particle was wanting. The enemies and accusers of Phidias retreated amidst hisses and condemnation.

Thus one scheme contrived for his ruin was defeated, and his triumph was complete.

Previously to the statue of Minerva in the Parthenon, Phidias had cast one of Pallas in bronze, which was placed in the Acropolis. She stood to represent a guardian deity; and so lofty was her height, that voyagers who rounded Cape Sunium beheld her crested helmet and pointed spear above the battlements of the city; a noble landmark to Athenian mariners.

The following anecdote may be fully appreciated by artists.

It was intended to place a statue of Minerva on a column of very great height, and both Phidias and his contemporary Alcamenes were to execute images for the purpose, from which the citizens were to choose. When they were completed, the minute and elegantly finished one of Alcamenes was universally preferred, while that of Phidias appeared coarse and ill defined.

“Place them on the eminence for which they are designed,” said the artist.

This was accordingly done. The minute

beauties of one statue disappeared,—it became tame and lifeless; while the grand and noble proportions of the other seemed to start into action, and the people exclaimed, “Phidias is the sculptor of the gods.”

The works of Phidias are arranged in distinct classes,—those of mixed materials, ivory and gold, bronze and marble. It must not be supposed he confined himself to these; he worked also in clay, wood, and plaster.

Of all his works, the one most celebrated was his Jupiter. The god was seated on a throne which, like the statue, was made of ivory and gold. He wore a crown upon his head in imitation of a wreath of the olive-tree. His right hand held a sceptre of curious and exquisite workmanship, on the top of which was an eagle, and in the composition of this all kinds of metals were blended. The robe and sandals of the figure were of gold, and upon the garment itself were represented animals and flowers. The throne was variegated with gold and precious stones, and inlaid with ebony and ivory, that was also adorned with animals and statues; four figures of Victory, in dancing attitudes, were represented at the foot of the throne. Other figures stood at the feet of Jupiter, and the pedestal upon which the whole rested was adorned with

mythological compositions. The figure was supposed to be sixty feet in height.

The grandeur and sublimity of this statue were said to inspire devotion. When Phidias was asked whence he derived his inspiration, he replied by pointing to Homer's description of Jupiter, in answer to the prayer of Thetis : —

“But part in peace, secure thy prayer is sped.
Witness the sacred honors of our head ;
The nod that ratifies the will divine,
The faithful, fixed, irrevocable sign.
This seals thy suit, and this fulfils thy vows.
He spoke, and awful bends his sable brows,
Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod,
The stamp of fate, and sanction of the god.
High heaven, with trembling, the dread signal took,
And all Olympus to the centre shook.”

This noble statue was executed for the Eleans, who instituted an office by which the connections and descendants of Phidias received an annuity for preserving it from any thing which might mar its beauty.

It is for us to regret that it was made of such perishable materials; they were obliged to sprinkle water on the ivory to preserve it. Phidias disapproved the mixed effect, notwithstanding its brilliancy. His taste was too pure and scientific, not to perceive that the splendor of the gold and ivory was meretri-

cious, and adverse to the solemn repose and the true dignity of sculpture.

Phidias long triumphed over the base attacks of his enemies. When they found his honesty was above impeachment, they accused him of impiety, in placing his name upon the statue of Jupiter, and also of diffusing heretical opinions.

While filled with the greatness and sublimity of his own conceptions, uniting the noblest endowments which genius can bestow, — while working for the glory of Athens, and leaving monuments of imperishable glory, — the artist in his fifty-sixth year fell a victim to the accusations of his enemies. Feeling that a fair trial was all that was necessary to establish his innocence, he surrendered himself as a prisoner; from the dark obscurity of his prison he never issued. It is supposed he was secretly poisoned.

There was one person who exercised too much influence over the minds of both Pericles and Phidias to pass unnoticed, and this was Aspasia of Miletus. She was early instructed in female accomplishments, and had in her native place great advantages of education; her love of the arts, of science in its various forms, induced her to visit Athens, then so renowned. There was an uncommon union

of graces and charms in her manners and conversation. Some have spoken of her as an adventurer; but this hardly seems possible, as she was at once received into the highest circles of Athens. She had enriched her mind with learning, and even Socrates esteemed it a privilege to listen to her eloquence.

Her acquaintance with Pericles was undoubtedly a source of mutual pleasure; but unfortunately he did not live happily with his wife, a lady of high birth, and this gave rise to slanderous reports. The wedded pair at length separated by mutual agreement, and Pericles continued to frequent the literary circles of Aspasia.

This graceful and accomplished woman collected around her the contemporary philosophers of the day, such as Plato and Socrates. Pericles solicited an entry to these circles for his young nephew, Alcibiades, but he soon, by his dissipated manners, forfeited this privilege, and was dismissed from the circle.

The laws did not permit Pericles to contract a marriage with a foreign woman, or Aspasia might have become the successor of his nobly born lady. Her beauty and talents acquired great ascendancy over her friends. Phidias was introduced to her by Pericles, and found in her a congenial taste for his favorite

pursuit. When slander was tired of pointing its shafts at Pericles, it assailed her intercourse with the artist. But the only basis of these evil constructions seems to have been the fearless independence of her character.

It was indeed a wonder to behold a young and unprotected woman collecting around her the society of the highest personages. Plato describes Socrates as sitting at her feet, and Pericles as drawing from her influence and instructions the charm of his eloquence.

In our day, the intercourse of virtuous and high-minded women has an elevating influence, and perhaps this was the case with Aspasia's circle, for her slanderers seem to have been obliged to resort to grounds wholly foreign from former charges. Her house was open to the professors of new philosophical theories, which were considered heresies. Such men as Protagoras, Zeno, Anaxagoras, and others equally daring in speculation, were her constant guests. The prejudices of the day were such as to give her circle the reputation of a school of impiety.

The comic poet Hermippus, who had considered himself slighted by the circle, instituted a prosecution against her for offences towards religion and impiety to the gods. But the danger was averted through the eloquence of Pericles.

Aspasia outlived him, and afterwards married Lysicles, a young man of humble birth, but superior talents, and who by the happy influence of Aspasia rose to the highest employments in the republic.

In speaking of Phidias, it is most wonderful that at this day we have the means of analyzing his works, and viewing them with those of his pupils. The acquisition which Lord Elgin made, and which the British Museum, we think rather ungraciously, finally accepted, is now fully appreciated by all, and was at the time highly valued by British artists.

There is, however, to our uninstructed natures, something a little mysterious in the praise bestowed on some of these mutilated statues. Many who inquire with ardor for the Elgin marbles, when they visit the British Museum, turn with dismay from the shattered fragments exhibited. But let us strive to acquire a truer taste and judgment, even if we do not arrive at the highest flight of criticism which the most celebrated British sculptors reached. Nollekins, Westmacott, Flaxman, Chantry, Rossi, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Richard Payne, Knight, &c., were a select committee, called to appreciate the marbles and determine their value in coin.

Most of them placed the remains of the Theseus above the Apollo Belvidere as a work of art. Nollekens pronounces it to be as close a copy of fine nature as the Apollo. Flaxman, it is true, gives the preference to the Apollo Belvidere, though he considers it only a copy.

Perhaps those who feel a glow of indignation at hearing the idol of their imaginations thus traduced may like to know the grounds upon which Nollekens and Flaxman considered the Apollo a copy.

Nollekens says the hair and mantle of the Apollo are in the style of bronze more than marble. He then adds that there is in the Pope's Museum (Pio Clementino) a mention of a statue in Athens in bronze, by Calamis, erected on account of a plague that had prevailed in Athens,—an Apollo Alexicacus. From representations of this statue in basso-rilievo, with a bow, it is believed this figure is a copy of that. He goes on to say: "I have mentioned the hair and the mantle; but another thing convinces me of its being a copy. A cloak hangs over the left arm, which in bronze it was easy to execute so that the folds on one side should answer to the folds of the other. The cloak is single, and there is no duplication of drapery; in bronze

it is easy, in marble it was not, and I presume the imitator copied the folds in front, but the folds did not answer or correspond to the other side; those on the back appear to have been calculated for strength in the marble, and those in front represent the bronze from which I apprehend them to be taken." He considers these marbles in their mutilated state of much more value than if any attempt had been made to restore them.

Westmacott considered the Theseus much superior to the Apollo Belvidere, because Theseus has all the essence of style with all the truth of nature; the Apollo is more an ideal figure.

Lord Elgin at first thought of having the statues and bas-reliefs restored, and in that view went to Rome to consult and employ Canova. The decision of the artist was conclusive. He declared that, however greatly it was to be lamented that these statues should have suffered so much from time and from barbarism, yet they were now, as they stood, wholly the work of the ablest artists the world had ever seen, executed in the most enlightened period of the arts; that he should have had "the greatest delight, and derived the greatest benefit, from having these inestimable works in his possession for the purpose

proposed, but that it would be sacrilege in him or any man to presume to touch them with a chisel."

Such was the disinterested and enlightened judgment of Canova. His opinion has been universally sanctioned, and all idea of restoring the marbles abandoned. It is well attested, that Mrs. Siddons, the glory and pride of the English stage, was so overcome at one of the groups of female statues as actually to shed tears.

Sir Benjamin West, in a letter to Lord Elgin, says: "I perceived in your marbles points of excellence as appropriate to painting as sculpture. I allude to the visible signs of that internal life with which the animal creation is endowed, for the various purposes for which they were created. It was the representation of these emotions of life which the Grecian philosophers recommended to their sculptors, at a period when their figures were but little advanced from Egyptian statues."

The progress of the Grecian artists in this perception and execution of life is indeed wonderful. In speaking of a horse West says: "Would not one almost suppose that some magic power, rather than a human hand, had turned the head into stone, at the moment

when the horse was in all the energies of its nature? We feel the same when we view the young equestrian Athenians; and in observing them we are insensibly carried on with the impression that they and their horses actually existed, and we see them at the instant when they were converted into marble."

CHAPTER V.

SCULPTURE AND SCULPTORS CONTEMPORARY
WITH PHIDIAS.

THE art of casting in bronze owed its original perfection to Phidias. The Pallas or Minerva in the Acropolis, of which we have spoken, is now only on record. It is to his marble sculptures we are indebted for our knowledge of this mighty master, and here we have undoubted originals.

Alcamenes and Agoracritus were his pupils. Polycletus was among his contemporaries, and formed what is called the "canon" from which all succeeding artists borrowed their proportions. Ctesilaus contested with Phidias and Polycletus the prize of merit for a statue to be dedicated in the temple of the Ephesian Diana. The celebrated Dying Gladiator has been attributed to him, but, as is now thought, erroneously.

It is supposed that Pericles was absent on a three years' war when the enemies of Phidias accomplished their dark purposes.

Of many of the most celebrated pieces of sculpture, doubts are formed as to their antiquity and originality; but in the marbles of the Parthenon, transferred by Lord Elgin to the British Museum, may be seen the conceptions and practice of the Athenian sculptor; and, though mutilated and defaced, they appear before us in genuine grandeur. They are compared to eloquence in the power of engrossing our feelings. Indeed, we know not to which of the fine arts the works of Phidias are not allied. They are painting, in its high intellectual effect of form and expression; they are music, taking the heart by magic, and awakening it to all the fascination of the most exquisite harmonies. In Phidias, sculpture was no abstract art. We can only quote the language of Memes:—"In the Elgin marbles every conception deeply participates of human sentiment and action; so intimately does the representation belong to reality, that every form seems, by the touch of enchantment, to have become marble in the very energies of its natural life."

And all this we, who enter the British Museum, can see and contemplate. We may behold the works of the mighty master, who for centuries has slept with his forefathers,—we behold them as of yesterday. Greece, the

song of the poet, the boast of the warrior, has again arisen; and Athens towers above her barbarian conquerors, as mistress of the world!

The constitution and government of Greece, so favorable to liberty, formed one of the principal causes of preëminence in the arts. Liberty, says Winckelmann, established her seat in Greece, and even near the throne of kings. Homer calls Agamemnon the pastor of the people. Herodotus demonstrates that liberty was the source and foundation of the grandeur of Athens.

It is with pleasure we dwell on this testimony of ancient writers to the influence of liberty on the fine arts, and the glory of the nation. May it be our happy lot to prove that its influence is equally beneficial to morals!

Though our Boston Athenæum is yet in its infancy as regards sculpture, we may boast of its selections. There may be seen the Head of Jupiter by Phidias, the Apollo, the Venus de' Medici, and other casts of the antique.

Agoracritus of Paros was not only one of the favorite pupils of Phidias, but became even a competitor, as before mentioned. His most celebrated performances were the statues of two youths, the Diadumenus, and the Doryphorus.

The banishment of Phidias is often alluded

to by biographers ; but much obscurity rests both on the cause and term of his exile. It is painful to contemplate a being with such endowments as the victim of envy and persecution. He had given an impulse to the arts which was felt for thirty years ; and during that period, at least, his genius furnished the mould in which the art was cast.

The names of many artists who existed at this period are handed down to us, and some of their works. Naucydes was author of that figure which holds the discus, and appears to be mentally calculating the distance of the throw. Leochares, Bryaxes, and Timotheus assisted in erecting the tomb of Mausoleus, though to Scopas the chief merit is given. To him is ascribed the celebrated group of Niobe. He was thought to form a gradation between Phidias and Praxiteles. Lysippus was also of this era. Phidias distinguished himself by grandeur, the two others by grace and beauty. Phidias will always be considered as attaining the highest style of art, and it is indeed a most fortunate circumstance, that these marbles of the Parthenon come down to the present day undisputed. While it is almost a fashion to doubt the originality of every celebrated piece of sculpture, the works of Phidias are undoubted, and stand out from all others

in unrivalled and unquestioned excellence and originality.

To Scopas, as we have mentioned, is attributed that group, Niobe and her children, — one of the finest studies of the Grecian school. Fable represents them as pierced by the arrows of Apollo, one by one. There is so much truth and nature in the figures, that we almost forget the mythology which ushers them to our notice. The sons are represented separately, with the exception of two, who are supposed to be struck down by the fatal shaft while they are wrestling. Probably the foundation of the story is laid by one of those terrific diseases, which, even in later days, have been known to destroy whole families, such as plague, cholera, etc.

It is believed Niobe and her children formed originally a group, as they were all dug up from the same place. At present, in the Florentine Museum, we see them arranged round a room; and the effect must be greatly inferior upon the sympathies of the beholder, to what it would be if they were collected and formed into one powerful combination.

We go from one to the other to study out each individual, and it is only till we come to Niobe and her youngest daughter, that we yield ourselves to the illusion. Then we com-

prehend the grief of the mother, the clinging agony of the young girl clasped in her arms; our critical faculties yield, and we are lost in emotion. The subject forms a most magnificent piece of pathetic grandeur, and each individual accumulates a greater weight of woe upon the wretched mother, until the mind is melted with pity and struck with awe.

The Pedagogue in the Florence gallery is supposed to belong to this group. Pedagogue was the name given to the slaves, among the ancients, who had the care of their children. Astonishment and terror are depicted on his countenance, as he sees the children confided to his care one by one destroyed. It is a fine, expressive figure, but wants the explanation to give its full effect.

The ancient Greeks attributed every uncommon event to their gods, and in that way accounted for all remarkable phenomena. As they invested their deities with human passions, anger and revenge became instigating motives.

Winckelmann allots three epochs to sculpture: the style hard and stern; the style great and strongly marked; the style graceful and flowing. The first lasted to Phidias; the second to Praxiteles, Lysippus, and Scopas; the third to the decay of the art. The third is

termed the era of the beautiful, one of more studied elegance and softer character; yet there were distinguished artists between the two divisions, and many names are handed down to us. The beautiful commenced with Praxiteles.

The decay of art was gradual. Painting declined much faster than sculpture. The art of painting was never so completely national as that of sculpture, which paid honors to the good and the learned, which raised images of the gods before whom the people bowed in worship. Sculpture received at one time a sort of religious homage. Pausanias has preserved the names of one hundred and sixty-nine sculptors, and only fifteen painters.

CHAPTER VI.

PRAXITELES, LYSIPPUS, AND CHARES OF
LINDUS. — COLOSSUS OF RHODES.

PRAXITELES was born about 364 B. C. Many cities dispute the honor of his nativity; some suppose his birth to have been at Andros, others at Cnidus. This last idea arose from his beautiful statue of the Venus of Cnidus, a town and promontory of Doris in Caria. Venus was considered the tutelary deity of the place, and had three temples erected to her. In the last of these stood the statue of the goddess, which was the work of Praxiteles, the far-famed Venus of Cnidus. The city had become much in debt, and many offers were made to liquidate their debts if they would part with this statue, but they refused to surrender what they considered the glory of their city. Flaxman gives a drawing of this Venus from an antique statue found near Rome. The place is now a heap of ruins, an account of which is found in Clarke's travels. The famous mathematician and as-

tronomer, Eudoxus, was born there. In later times Paros has been supposed to be the birth-place of this celebrated sculptor, Praxiteles.

His youthful ardor was kindled by the noble works of Phidias, and many other sculptors, whose names are recorded. But while he felt with enthusiasm the sublimity and grandeur of their works, his very nature craved what he could not find in them,—tenderness and softened beauty. No doubt the constitution of his mind aided him in this pursuit; to him Nature wore her loveliest aspect. She came not to him in clouds and storms, in earthquakes or whirlwinds, but in the fresh breezes of the morning, scattering around her perfumed flowers, and breathing innocence and truth. As such he sculptured her; woman was to him the union of gentleness, strength, and elegance. He combined in his ideal the most perfect simplicity with the refinement of cultivated intellect. The expression of deep feeling was so mingled with modesty, that the most sensitive could not shrink from his work. The famous statue of the Venus de' Medici is supposed to be copied from his Venus of Cnidus. But however beautiful the former, and it bears away the palm from all her sisters, the copyist mingled more of earthly feeling in her composition, probably

because he possessed it himself. It is less spiritual, though not less pure and lovely, than the Venus of Praxiteles. We may well lament that so few of this master's works remain; but those which do remain abundantly prove the character of them. The Faun, the Thespian Cupid in the Capitol,* the Apollo with a lizard, are pieces of sculpture which command the admiration of the uninitiated as well as the scientific.

It is said that art cannot, or has not, attained any higher excellence than Praxiteles gave to it, and that subsequent invention has not departed from it. This may be true, but happily experience proves that there are no boundaries set to progressive excellence. Not to human intellect in its variety of combinations is it said, as to the billows of the ocean, Thus far shalt thou go, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.

* An anecdote is related by Pausanias of this statue:—“Phryne, the celebrated Thespian courtesan, was desirous of possessing one of Praxiteles' most perfect works; but diffident of her own skill in the selection, she devised the following expedient: she ordered information to be given to the artist that his workshop was on fire; he, not doubting the intelligence, rushed out exclaiming, “If my Satyr and Cupid are not saved, all is lost!”

Phryne's object was obtained, and she immediately chose the Cupid, which was henceforth called the Thespian Cupid.

It is true that empires grow old and decay, yet but few of their arts are lost. We look back hundreds of years without any effort of mind, and must be blind not to see a constant and progressive improvement. But we cannot look forward a year, not a day, not an hour, and here is the great secret of scepticism in all its forms; whereas, if we reason from analogy, we shall never feel that we have reached the limits of human perfection.

Every art, almost every mechanical employment, has something which approaches the spiritual in its effect upon our natures; we resolve this into *taste*, or a similar phraseology. And what is taste, but a spiritual influence operating on the mind? The modeller and the sculptor charms us by this spiritual influence which more or less pervades his works. The Apollo Belvidere, we are tempted to say, is a *living* example. Its execution, since the acquisition of the Elgin marbles, has been thought inferior to the mutilated Theseus; yet who gazes upon it without a thrill of rapture? It is the spiritual diffused over it which enchants us.

Lysippus was contemporary with Praxiteles, and born at Sicyon. He was originally a brazier, but he soon discovered superior talents, and applied himself to the study of

painting and sculpture. His chief works were in bronze; his Tarentine Jupiter, sixty feet high, and his twenty-one equestrian statues of Alexander's body-guards, are works which claim for him the highest commendation. In his smaller works there was exquisite finish and the nicest symmetry. He was the favorite of Alexander, who permitted Lysippus alone to cast his statue. Centuries after, his works were held in such high estimation, that even Tiberius, tyrant as he was, trembled in his palace at an insurrection of the Roman people, occasioned by a removal of one of the statues of Lysippus from the public baths.

Over six hundred works are attributed to Lysippus, and of them all not one remains. The famous horses of St. Mark were at one time assigned to him; but the workmanship is inferior to what his reputation would lead us to expect. He was supposed to have a thorough knowledge of anatomy.

The age of Alexander was celebrated for its noble works in sculpture: but from his death begins the decline of the arts. Yet it was a slow decline, and often marked by noble performances, for at least forty years from the death of Alexander the school of Praxiteles and Lysippus preserved its undiminished lustre; and even after their deaths, the son of

Praxiteles, Cephisodotus, and the pupils of Lysippus, are mentioned, though few of their works are celebrated in Greek annals. The Fighting Gladiator is attributed to Agasias, a pupil of Lysippus.

The famous Colossus of Rhodes is attributed to Chares of Lindus. Rhodes was an island in the Grecian Archipelago, lying between Crete and Candia. It was bright and beautiful, as its name implies, interpreted, as it is by some, *the Isle of Roses*; others derive the name from the rushing of waters. In ancient times it was sacred to the Sun, and could boast of its noble works of art, as well as its serene sky, its healthy climate, its fertile soil and fine fruits. This rich and powerful republic played an important part in Grecian history.

Demetrius, as remarkable for the vices as for the virtues of his character, besieged the city of Rhodes because the Rhodians remained faithful to the alliance they had formed with Ptolemy Soter. The Rhodians were so ably assisted by Ptolemy, that the besiegers were compelled to abandon their enterprise.

The Rhodians were filled with gratitude to their tutelary deity, and, feeling that an event so important ought not to pass without suit-

able notice and an adequate memorial to their allies, summoned a council to decide in what manner they might best express their divine adoration to the god of the Sun, and thankfulness to their noble friends for their timely succor.

Egetus, an ancient mariner, whose snowy locks fell over his shoulders, was chosen to address the multitude. The Grecians honored age, and listened with reverence to the words which fell from the lips of experience.

“My friends and children,” said he, “my voice is feeble, but my heart is strong. Thrice have I been shipwrecked, yet I stand before you still enjoying the air of my native land. The waves of the Archipelago have flowed over me, and I have been raised from the depths of the mighty waters, — for what? — to offer my incense to the god of the sea and land. It is my proposal that we build a statue to Apollo. Let it be a colossal one, let it encompass sea and land, let its foundation be the eternal rocks, let its head be surrounded by the halo of the morning light. For this purpose I offer two thirds of my possessions. I am old, and my wants are few. Here is my tribute.”

Enthusiastic cheers followed. Not a dissenting voice was heard. “We will have a

Colossus of Rhodes!" was the universal exclamation. Every citizen, in imitation of Egetus, contributed a part of his wealth. The next step was to select an artist, and here again they were unanimous; Chares of Lindus was at once chosen. He was the favorite disciple of Lysippus, and in the early bloom of manhood; but what gave more interest to the affair was the fact that he was the grandson of old Egetus, and would have been the inheritor of the possessions now dedicated to the statue.

He was requested to name the sum necessary for executing a bronze Colossus. He named what he thought adequate for a statue fifty feet high. The citizens doubled the sum, and requested him to erect a statue seventy cubits high (one hundred and five feet).

He immediately set about constructing it. Its feet were to rest on the two moles which formed the entrance of the harbor. A winding staircase was to ascend within to the top, from which could be discerned by glasses the shores of Syria, and the ships which sailed on the coast of Egypt. Around its neck the glasses were to be fastened for general use.

The life of an artist is full of toil and uncertainty. His calculation often falls short of the necessary expense, and his generous na-

ture sinks under the mortification. Chares of Lindus worked with ardor; his elevated conceptions could not be subjugated to the items of expense. While the Colossus was rising in its glorious majesty, the poor artist began to comprehend that the sum deposited in his hands was wholly inadequate to the completion. Had his venerable grandfather, Egetus, been living, he would have found in him a counsellor and friend, but he had been borne to his last asylum, in his ninetieth year, and Chares could only consult his tender and sensitive wife, who took the hue of her impressions from the poor artist. For twelve years he had labored upon the statue, scarcely allowing himself seasons of rest. Want and poverty they could struggle with, but disgrace never. He well remembered the accusation brought against Phidias. "Alas!" said he, "I have no gold to demonstrate my innocence." His cheek grew pale and his eye languid, still he continued his labor. There is an instinct in woman often more sure than calculation. As his wife watched the trembling hand, the wild glances, of her husband, a thought came over her that for a moment checked her circulation;—the glance was a conviction of insanity. Her course was at once decided. She determined, feeble and

timid as she was, to go to the authorities of the city, and state the whole truth. The sweet attributes of mercy live in every age; it was three hundred years before the coming of the Saviour that these events took place, yet the fountain of human charity was then welling up. They listened to her statement, and sent her back with comfort and consolation.

Shall we go on with this story, or shall we count it as a fable, as the Italian historian Muratori has done? No, let us believe in its truth; let us not, as seems to be the wisdom of modern times, veil all things in doubt; let us with generous faith embrace the records of ancient history, and be instructed by the past. With impatient steps she returned to her husband. "All will now be well!" she exclaimed to herself; "we shall again be happy, and he will live to see the noble work completed."

She entered the chamber; all was stillness and solemnity. She turned;—alas! what horror met her sight! She had indeed rightly read insanity in his eye, but too late to save him. Suspended by a cord, the deed of suicide was accomplished, and the sorrow and despair of the artist were ended.

Laches, a fellow-countryman and celebrated artist, finished the mighty statue. As it stood

with each foot placed in the opposite moles, the loaded vessels of Egypt and Tyre passed beneath, and landed near the burial-place of the artist; for the Rhodians, with a sensibility which did them credit, decreed the honors of funeral rites to Chares, and appointed his burial-place near the statue of the god.

For many years the Colossus of Rhodes stood in all its grandeur, and was allowed by Pliny the elder to have excited more astonishment than all the other colossal statues ever known. The Rhodians considered it as an object of divine worship, and as the one God before whom all nations ought to bow. It was after a day of public ceremony in honor of Apollo, that the heavens grew dark, a furious hurricane arose, and lofty trees were levelled. The zealous worshippers, trembling and affrighted, called on their deity for protection. At length, the rocking of the earth drove them to caverns. Suddenly a tremendous crash was heard; — the god of sixty years had fallen; the monster of art had been unable to save himself. The statue was broken off just below the knee, and lay a ruin.

Many a wanderer took its huge dimensions. Pliny relates that few persons could clasp its thumb, and that its fingers were as long as common statues. Flaxman, in his Lectures,

gives an engraving of the head of the Rhodian Colossus. It is thought that the fine heads of the sun which are stamped on the Rhodian coins were a representation of the ancient Colossus. The statue lay in ruins, till Rhodes, the city of wealth, of taste, and consecrated to Apollo, became the prey of the Saracens in A. D. 684, when it was beaten to pieces and sold to a Jew merchant, who loaded above nine hundred camels with its spoils. Strabo and Pliny, who lived at the time of the Colossus, both attest its actual existence.

When the decline of sculpture is spoken of, it must be remembered that it was declining by slow degrees. Beautiful copies were yet sent forth, and marble repetitions of ancient bronzes. Many of the antiquities remaining at this day belong to the era before us. For a long time sculpture retained its majestic gait and noble features. Its history is interwoven with the history of Greece itself. Such artists remained as Antheus, Callistratus, Polycletus, Apollodorus, Athenodorus, and Agesander.

It is supposed that the famous group of the Laocoön, found in the baths of Titus in 1506, was executed during this period, and was the united work of the preceding artists. Many of the antique marbles remaining belong to this era.

We must look to the history of Greece for a full revelation of the history of sculpture. The Achæan League and the noble efforts of Aratus and Philopœmen gave hope and vigor to the nation. The Amazon at the Vatican is one of the masterpieces of the Grecian school, but the name of its author is not, so far as we recollect, attached to it. The Knife-grinder, called by the Italians "Il Rotatore," at Florence, is much admired. Silenus and the Infant Bacchus are well worth studying, at Florence. Hercules in Repose, by Glycon, an artist contemporary with Alexander, was discovered among the ruins of Caracalla's baths. The celebrated Venus de' Medici, in the Florence gallery, is represented as landing on the shores of Cythera. As early as the sixteenth century it was placed in the gardens of the Medici at Rome, and was carried to Florence in 1680. Napoleon conveyed it, among the spoils of art, to Paris. It was restored to Italy in 1815. The Venus of the Capitol is considered fine, but it wants much to make it equal the beauty of the Venus de' Medici. The Dying Gladiator at the Capitol is a noble study.

Sculpture for a time awoke from her slumber, and produced statues of heroes and contemporary warriors. Antheus, Callistratus,

Polycletus, Apollodorus, Praxiteles, and others, demonstrated that genius, though crushed, could struggle into life. Then, had the Genius of Liberty hovered over Greece, she might have resumed her ancient glory. But it was not so. The Achæan League was dissolved, and Corinth with its Capitol laid in the dust. This world of beauty and greatness is no more, and we cherish in her mutilated works a school of education for our youth.

During forty-five years after the death of Alexander the schools of Lysippus and Praxiteles maintained their rank. The influence of these great men still continued. They both survived Alexander; but after their deaths original works of magnitude were not produced. Pliny considers that sculpture lay dormant during one hundred and twenty years.

CHAPTER VII.

ETRURIA AND ROME.

WE often use terms without much idea of their derivation; for instance, Etruscan figures, Etruscan borders, and Etruscan ornaments. It might be amusing to find out what ideas are often attached to these specimens by the jeweller, the embroiderer, &c.; also it would be fair to inquire into the ideas of the purchaser.

We should find many of them unconscious of the origin, and wholly ignorant of the beautiful region of Etruria, bounded west by the Mediterranean Sea, east by the Apennines, north by the river Magra, and south by the Tiber. The chief river was the Arno. This country of Etruria, lying in the centre of Italy, where now mellow Tuscany extends, where Florence sheds its fading leaves, was in the height of its glory when Rome was building, and served as a model for the new government. The inhabitants were eminent in

architecture, ship-building, the formation of dikes, and other scientific works; also for works of plastic art. They had gems, sarcophagi, vases, &c., some of which have been handed down to us, beautifully sculptured. They excelled in ornamental painting, conspicuous for form and taste rather than coloring. Indeed, they seem to have been unacquainted with the true beauty of colors, using them in their simple state, — black, brown, and red. They were great lovers of theatrical amusements, illustrated by music and poetry. This nation sunk under the political storms of the age, and their own internal dissensions, some of the most prolific sources of ruin.

The modern traveller in his progress through Italy will pause with peculiar interest in that region where once flourished Etruria, now Tuscany, and remember with awe that he is walking over the ruins of a nation. There is scarcely a spot in Italy more interesting to the antiquarian. There are constantly found remains of sculptured vases and Egyptian relics, some in a perfect state, others much injured. Volterra, Bolsena, Chiusi, Arezzo, Perugia, and other places, are included in Tuscany. The Romans carried from Volscinium, or Bolsena, alone two thousand statues. It is the fate of conquered nations to

build up the glory of their conquerors, by their arts and improvements.

After Rome had begun its barbarous conquests over the then civilized world, it is difficult to separate the works of different nations. The Etruscans were far advanced in civilization, probably as early as the Greeks, and there is an evident connection between the mythology of Etruria and Egypt. The antiquarian has been, and will continue to be, deeply interested in studying out the origin and history of this nation; but it is its knowledge of the plastic arts to which we now particularly refer. There are but few monuments of their sculpture remaining. One is the She-wolf of the Capitol; Winckelmann supposes this to have been the same which was struck by lightning previous to the murder of Julius Cæsar. A figure was found at Pesaro, in 1530, representing an Apollo; and one was also found at Arezzo, of Minerva, in 1534. There are a number more which have been exhumed, and are still preserved in the Royal Gallery of Florence.

The Etruscans were celebrated for their works in terra-cotta, but their vases have excited the greatest admiration. The most ancient were in the Egyptian style, and so much resembling Egyptian art, that it has

been doubted whether they were not actually Egyptian vases. There is so much, however, to corroborate the idea of their being native works, that this conjecture is relinquished. Black vases were the staple manufacture of Volterra. The tombs of the Etruscans were of stone, and often beautifully wrought. The figures on the sepulchral tombs were usually reclining, with the head resting on the elbow, supported by cushions.

If we speak of Etruria at the height of her power, we shall undoubtedly rank her with Greece in arts and improvements, and as even preceding that nation in many works, and in giving to Egyptian inventions their own spirit and originality. But what we mostly know of her is through her conquerors. The Etruscan power was supposed to be at its height about the third century of Rome.

It is now an effort of imagination for the traveller to recall this nation to mind as he traverses the beautiful region of Tuscany, once the Etruria of Italy. As a people they live only in memory; even their language is lost, and the remnants of art and taste which once belonged exclusively to them have served only to heighten the triumphs of Rome.

This victorious nation seemed to be inspired with the thirst of savage supremacy, only

valuing the treasures of Greece as proofs of conquest. With despoiling hand it laid waste the beautiful region of Etruria, and in about four hundred and eighty years destroyed the only native school of art in Italy, and carried off two thousand statues from Volscinium.

Rome has been so long styled the Mistress of the World, that we can with difficulty recognize her in her early stage of ignorance and plunder. The anecdote is often mentioned, of the great value the Corinthians affixed to the picture of Bacchus, which the Roman soldiers had converted to a table. The barbarians, seeing their extreme desire to regain it, and astonished at the great sums they offered, concluded that gold must be concealed in it, and the Roman general gave it in keeping to a common messenger, charging him to deliver it safe under pain of being obliged to paint one *equally good!*

Cato opposed the introduction of the Greek statues into Rome, because they formed such an entire contrast to their Roman deities that it would throw ridicule upon the latter.

Pompey seems to have been in earnest in wishing to give the arts a home in Italy. Also Cæsar and Sylla made efforts on the subject. They invited Grecian artists to Rome; but it may well be supposed with

how little enthusiasm artists could work for a nation, who had robbed them of what they held most dear, their liberty, and had sunk them in the bonds of slavery.

The so much celebrated statue of Pompey was long supposed to be the one placed by him near his house, and at the base of which Cæsar expired, immolated, as it were, to the manes of his rival. There is something painful in finding the associations of years scattered by the breath of criticism. One of the reasons given why this could not be the statue of Pompey is, that it was draped, and the Grecians allowed no drapery to their heroes.

The Augustan age was the golden age of Rome. We should naturally expect to find original artists during this period, but of all the sculptors every one is Greek. We hear of Praxiteles, Arcesilaus, Zopirus, and Evander, but all of them are Greeks. Augustus revived the arts, but they were the lifeless remains of what had been, and discover an immediate declension from higher excellence.

The reign of his successor, Tiberius, afforded no encouragement to the arts; he looked upon statues with positive contempt. Caligula directed Grecian statues to be brought to Rome, and even gave orders that the Jupiter of Phidias should be transplanted

there; but representations were made that it would be destroyed in the attempt, and he consoled himself with having some of the rare and beautiful Grecian statues decapitated and his own head put upon them.

Of Claudius we cannot say much that is better; he had the head of Augustus put on the statues of Alexander, the Macedonian hero, and fondly imagined himself the patron of the arts.

Nero, his successor, was complimented as being the equal of Claudius in his appreciation of the arts; and truly it would seem so, for he caused one of the finest statues of Alexander, made by Lysippus, to be gilded. There is nothing left to redeem his character even in matters of taste. He appears to have been rapacious after what was appreciated by others. The heads of Seneca are not supposed to be genuine. It is true that many beautiful statues were found at Antium, the place of his birth; for instance, the Gladiator Borghese, made by Agasias of Ephesus, and the celebrated Apollo Belvidere, of both of which we have casts in the Boston Athenæum.

A succession of emperors follow who are little marked, such as Vespasian, Domitian, and Nerva. Titus, the son and successor of

Vespasian, did more for the arts in the two years that he reigned, than Tiberius had done in twenty-two.

The reign of Trajan diffused new vigor throughout the empire, and together with learning, the arts felt the fostering hand of the monarch. The most eminent monument of his taste in this particular is the column called by his name, which stood in the centre of the square of the Forum. There is also a colossal head of the Emperor in the Villa Albani.

Hadrian, or Adrian, the successor of Trajan, was a true lover of the arts, and it is said was himself a sculptor. His desire of knowledge was insatiable; he travelled to Arabia and Egypt, observing all the monuments of antiquity.

Greece, no longer bowed down by oppressors, again arose to temporary greatness. Adrian loved Athens because she had been the seat of the arts. He embellished the temple of Jupiter, and paid almost divine honors to Grecian heroes and sculptors.

The house of Adrian was at Tivoli, and from this spot some of the best marbles have been taken. The head of Antinoüs was found here; of this statue we have a cast at the Athenæum. He was the favorite of Adrian.

After Adrian, the Antonines still protected

the arts. Marcus Aurelius was acquainted with design, but good artists were rare, and the Sophists, a sect that flourished at that time, opposed all talent and genius, thinking nothing worth attention but abstruse study.

The statue of Marcus Aurelius, in bronze, is well known; it was erected before the Church of St. John Lateran, because the house in which the Emperor was born was situated here. The figure of the Emperor was buried under the ruins of Rome in the Middle Ages. Only the horse was then mentioned, and it was called the horse of Constantine. When there were celebrations at Rome, at the time the Popes held their seat at Avignon, wine and water were made to issue from the head of the horse,—wine from one nostril, water from the other.

At what time the figure of Marcus Aurelius was replaced in its seat is not mentioned; but when it was removed to the Capitol, a public officer was appointed for it, who was called the “keeper of the horse.”

Commodus was the unworthy son of Marcus Aurelius; his disgraceful reign seems to have excited as much indignation as that of Nero, though it was not distinguished by equal atrocities. It is unfortunate that the fine arts should have suffered from political

passions and party resentment. The Senate, resolving to annihilate all remembrance of Commodus, ordered the busts and images of him to be destroyed, and extended their resentment to works he had caused to be executed. In digging under his superb residence at Nettuno, on the sea-shore, a quantity of heads and statues have been found, which were evidently mutilated by design, and with the use of instruments.

Under the reign of Commodus, the Greeks had fallen into such a state of barbarism, that they were ignorant of their own language. One of their poets who imitated Homer, was considered as obscure as Homer himself. The works and sculpture after this time prove the total decline of the arts. The Arch of Severus is a poor imitation of more ancient works.

Heliogabalus, who has left a name clothed with ignominy, caused one work of merit to be sculptured. It is supposed to be Mæsa, his grandmother, who presided in his senate of women. This work was at the Villa Albani.

Alexander Severus succeeded Heliogabalus, at the age of fourteen. His youth was distinguished by his love of the arts and of letters. He honored great men as he honored the gods. His sepulchral urn, in the Capitol,

was supposed to contain his ashes. It has since, however, been doubted, as all things may be; for he was massacred in a revolt of his soldiers, at Mayence, in his thirtieth year. He was succeeded by Caracalla.

In speaking of the total decline of the arts, there seems to be proof that their seeds were planted too deep for destruction, and were always ready to spring up under favorable circumstances. It is correct, however, to say, that the decline of sculpture and painting may be fixed before Constantine. As soon as this emperor resolved to rear a new Rome on the site of the ancient Byzantium, he collected the most magnificent works of art, and summoned the best artists around him. He preserved the statues of the gods, not as objects of worship, but as beautiful creations. Christians of a later, though less enlightened period, in their fanatic zeal, destroyed these pagan deities, and did more injury to the arts than the early barbarians.* It would seem surprising that so many heathen specimens have come down to us under these circumstances. But the adherents of the old mythology took equal pains to secrete and preserve images which they so

* During the eighth century the image-breakers, or Iconoclasts, flourished. The blind infatuation of these barbarians is greatly to be deplored.

much valued. They buried them in desolate places where no altar ever stood, and often accident has since brought them to light. Constantine caused new works to be executed,—Christ as the Good Shepherd, Daniel in the Lions' Den, and several others of Scriptural authority.

In the reign of Julian the Apostate, the heathen temples were restored, and new statues of the gods erected. After him came again the furious and fanatic zeal of the Christians. Every thing pagan was destroyed; heathen temples were pulled down to build churches, and statues of bronze melted to cast church vessels out of them.

It was not till Theodoric, in the year 493, possessed himself of supreme power in Italy, that bounds were set to the rage for destruction; he did his utmost to preserve what remained of ancient art, and even punished with death the theft and destruction of statues.

Pope Gregory, however, afterwards caused numberless statues to be destroyed.

The Crusades have been regarded as favoring the advancement of the arts. Though they may have introduced some Eastern works and materials, they impoverished the the land. Bishops, abbots, and monasteries flourished, however, at this period, a munifi-

cent style began to prevail, and in this way the Crusades indirectly promoted the arts.

In the eleventh century Germany outstripped all other countries. Statues were executed by the order of Charlemagne at Aix-la-Chapelle. German artists practised in Italy, Spain, and France: specimens still remain in England. It was not till 1250 that Nicholas of Pisa introduced improvements and made almost an era in the arts. He formed the first school of sculpture for modern Europe. The works of this master and those of his scholars are still remaining in his native city of Sienna. In 1350, his grandson, Andrea Pisano, established the first academy of design at Florence, and before the close of the century, sculpture had become a national art.

In tracing the art of sculpture down from its origin, we see that it was variously affected by the Assyrian, Egyptian, Grecian, and Roman mind, and in its unfolding it was essentially modified by the genius of these several people. The Romans alone brought to it no accessions of original wealth. They borrowed from Etruria and from Greece, and while they decorated their halls and baths, their palaces, temples, and public places, with the spoils of Athens and the works of Grecian artists, they felt no

genuine reverence for art, and paid it no enthusiastic honor. They were only acquainted with sculpture through the destruction of a conquered people. Their own genius was for war, mechanism, and social order; that which had been the life and even the religion of the age of Pericles at Athens, was adopted only as extrinsic elegance at Rome,—the exhibited ornament, the fine and affected grace of the age of Augustus. Rome therefore may almost be stricken out of the sisterhood of sculpturing nations. She was great as the conqueror and plunderer of Greece. The chisel became the servant of the sword. It was sufficient for them that they could transport statues enough to fill their public and private halls, and shine forth in meretricious splendor. In one department, however, the Roman sculptors, in time, attained true excellence. From the age of Julian to that of Gallienus, their busts are said to deserve great praise, and even to take an honorable place beside the Grecian masterpieces. They did not, it is true, possess the ideal nobility which belonged to a greater age, but there was the expression of individual character and mind, of Roman talent, of manly force and clear sense.

It is only, however, in busts that praise

is given to Roman sculpture. In the ideal departments of the art, in all that we strictly mean by sculpture, Greece closed the series of inventive nations. In her the art culminated and shone with unrivalled brightness. Greece appropriated the realm of beauty, and made it for ever her own. The world then awaited a new impulse to be given to all intellectual exertion. Christianity finally gave this impulse, but till then Greece remained, not only supreme over her conquerors, but in art, as in letters, mistress of the world.

CHAPTER VIII.

SCULPTURE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.—LIFE OF
FILIPPO BRUNELLESCHI.

THE Middle Ages comprehend a period which extended from the sixth to the twelfth, and some extend it to the fourteenth century. During that time we have but little light, for universal darkness prevailed; the few gleams of day which reach us proceed from the progress of Christianity.

Italy was not wholly subdued, for we find that in the eleventh century her cities proclaimed themselves independent. Venice was the first that established her liberty, but Pisa was the first which founded a native school of art.

In the year 1064, the great Cathedral, or Duomo, as it is usually called, was commenced under Buschetto, the first eminent sculptor in Italy. The commerce of the Pisans had enabled them to procure many of the ruins of Grecian sculpture. Buschetto in his boyhood had been struck with the

beauty of these fragments ; as he advanced in years, his admiration grew into a species of veneration, and he persuaded the Pisans to let him construct the celebrated Duomo, in which he might avail himself of the capitals and columns that were then lying useless.

In the year 1152, Il Buono founded at Naples the Capuan Castle, and also erected the spires of St. Mark's at Venice. He was an architect and sculptor, and he assisted in decorating the Duomo at Pisa, and ornamenting the Campanile, or leaning tower, and also in preserving and restoring the Grecian Sarcophagi in the Campo Santo.

Niccola da Pisa deserves a more than passing notice. He introduced a decided improvement in sculpture ; he restored the antique style of the head and casting of the drapery. About 1225, he sculptured, at Bologna, the superb urn of San Domenico, and was afterwards called Niccola of the Urn. His greatest work was the altar of San Donato, at Arezzo, which cost thirty thousand gold florins. He inspired artists with the desire of excellence, and was able to teach a perfection he could not himself attain. His groups were crowded and wanted expression. Giovanni Pisano was his son, and distinguished as a sculptor and architect. Andrea Pisano was

his grandson, and produced many celebrated works early in the fourteenth century.

The Florentines were a liberal and aspiring people, and in this age of reviving art they determined to build a cathedral of such extent and magnificence that it could not be excelled by the power of man. To Arnolfo di Lapo, a distinguished architect, they intrusted this arduous undertaking.

The foundation of the edifice was laid on the birthday of the Virgin. The whole people of Florence assembled, and many from the neighboring states; the greatest enthusiasm prevailed; the statues of the Virgin were thought to wear a peculiar air of serenity and approbation; indeed, some averred that they were observed to shed tears of delight. In the presence of this vast concourse, in the year 1298, the church received its name, Santa Maria del Fiore.

The cost of this cathedral was very great. The Pope and Legate therefore thought it but judicious to grant large and free indulgences to whomsoever should contribute to this Christian enterprise.

Arnolfo di Lapo proceeded to lay the foundation of this noble edifice, and accomplished wonders in its execution; but death summoned him from the vast undertaking, and

his associate, Andrea Pisano, followed him. The church of Santa Maria del Fiore was left in an unfinished state; Arnolfo's plans for the cupola were not understood, and it was considered a work almost beyond human ability.

We find Andrea Orcagna celebrated as contemporary with Andrea Pisano. Luca della Robbia is mentioned at the end of the fourteenth century, as having discovered the secret of covering terra-cotta models with a colored varnish, which rendered them as hard as marble, and also as durable. This secret is lost.

We now arrive at the fifteenth century, distinguished as a new era of the arts. The thirteenth and fourteenth centuries have been termed the infancy of modern sculpture; with the fifteenth, its manhood begins.

Filippo Brunelleschi was diminutive in stature, but possessed great intellect. For a few years the want of outward endowments depressed his mind, but there is that in true genius which triumphs over accidental defects. His noble spirit soon gave him supremacy over others, and enabled him to subdue the discontent he had felt in early life, which was probably engendered by inferiors around him. He assumed the noble resolution of making

himself distinguished by self-denial and generosity, and by kindness and disinterested services to his fellow-beings.

It was striking to see how great an empire his excellent judgment and dignity of mind often gave him over those who were older than himself, and much more outwardly gifted. He was always calm, self-possessed, never excited by passion, and eager to communicate knowledge to any of his associates. He was known as the enemy of vice and the friend of virtue. In every way in his power he promoted the cause of industry, and constantly engaged in teaching the poor arts and employments that might mitigate their necessities. To give money, he said, was the easiest way of being charitable, and also the least efficient; to give industry and capability, such as often resulted from instruction, was an effectual method of helping the virtuous poor.

It was not long before the little Filippo, as his family and friends styled him, began to fill a gigantic space in their esteem. On all important questions he was consulted, frequently by men six feet high; who, to their astonishment, found themselves looking up to him. His father wished him at first to follow his own profession as a notary, but perceiving that his mind was intent on various ques-

tions, he determined to leave him uninfluenced in his choice of a profession, giving him all useful opportunities of instruction.

Filippo rejoiced in this enlightened resolution of his father, and resolved that he should never have cause to repent of his confidence. He requested him to place him in the guild of the goldsmiths. He soon excelled in the art of setting precious stones, and began to execute small figures in silver. The first works which attracted much notice were two prophets in half length, which were placed over the altar of San Jacopo di Pistoja. These attracted much observation, and were considered very beautiful specimens of workmanship.

It soon became evident that his genius could not be confined to the goldsmiths' guild; he began to turn his attention to reckoning the divisions of time, to the adjustment of weights, the movement of wheels, and made several beautiful timepieces with his own hands.

Fortunately for both, Filippo became acquainted with Donatello, a young sculptor of great promise, who had already gained distinction. They at once contracted a warm friendship, and, finding in each other qualities and powers which assimilated, became so

strongly attached that one seemed unable to live without the other.

We can hardly imagine any thing more beautiful than the alliance of gifted minds, where taste and genius form as it were the cement between them. The works of Donatello called forth a corresponding talent in his friend, and about that time a statue of Santa Maria Maddalena was wanted by the monks of Santo Spirito, in Florence, to be placed in one of their chapels. Filippo had desired such an opportunity of cultivating and exercising his skill, and, encouraged and urged by Donatello, he executed one in linden-wood, which was considered a triumph of art. Unfortunately, the church was burned in 1471, and with it this and all other of its treasures of art.

Filippo gave great attention to perspective, which was then imperfectly understood. He invented the art of taking a ground plan and dividing by intersecting lines, making perspective so simple that we can hardly estimate aright its difficulty and importance, in the present day, as a discovery. Considering perspective as indispensable to correct drawing, he took the greatest interest in teaching it to all artists. This art, being new, awoke much attention, and Massacio, a young painter whose name has come down to us, could not

sufficiently acknowledge the kindness of his disinterested teacher.

Filippo also became deeply interested in the mathematical sciences, acquired a knowledge of geometry, and often astonished the scientific by a learning superior to their own.

At that time the Scriptures were beginning to be diffused. Filippo at once turned his attention to the study of them. He was present at discussions, and at length spoke with so much eloquence that his hearers said they were listening to St. Paul. The works of Dante were his great delight, and his mind formed a thousand spiritual associations with the great author. But though his thoughts were continually at work on abstract subjects, he left all at the sight of his beloved Donatello, who, he said, gave him more pleasure than any thing on earth, for he warmed and blessed his heart. They consulted each other in all their difficulties, and frequently conferred respecting works of art. The circumstance of the Christ and wooden crucifix took place at this time, which will be related hereafter. They sometimes received commissions for united works, in which they labored together harmoniously and with mutual appreciation.

The Florentines now determined to reconstruct the two doors of the church of San

Giovanni, a work which it was thought no masters were capable of doing since the death of Andrea Pisano. Accordingly, notice was sent to a variety of artists. Among them Filippo and Donatello were visited. A year was allowed them to produce specimens and designs. At the end of the year the whole number assembled. The one chosen was Lorenzo Ghiberti. Both Filippo and Donatello withdrew their designs, declaring that his was superior, and that he ought to be the artist. Some preferred Filippo's design, but neither he nor Donatello would listen to it, both agreeing it was inferior.

The commission being given to Lorenzo, the two friends departed for Rome, resolving to remain there some time. When Filippo saw the magnificent churches and buildings of the metropolis, he was overcome with surprise. He had already acquired fame as a sculptor, and had proved that he could excel in statuary, but he now conceived the idea of devoting himself to architecture, and leaving sculpture to his friend, who, he thought, excelled him in that branch of art. "I have no mortification on that account, my dear Donatello," said he, "nor do I wish for the vainglory of surpassing you, but I think architecture a more useful art, and myself better calculated to excel in it."

Donatello replied, that he was perfectly sure Filippo would excel in whatever he undertook. He did not remonstrate at his determination, but readily assisted him in his new studies, and in all his measurements. Filippo had a great purpose revolving in his mind, and this was to undertake the cupola of Santa Maria del Fiore in Florence. No one had been found courageous enough to undertake it after the death of Arnolfo di Lapo. He kept his own counsel, but studied the Pantheon at Rome, and all the difficulties that had obstructed the vaulting.

The money of the two friends falling short, after they had been some time in Rome, Donatello concluded to return to Florence, while Filippo supplied his wants by setting precious stones for the goldsmiths. After continuing a few weeks, he began to imagine the air of Rome did not agree with him, and he returned to Florence. Some of his friends said he pined for his other half, Donatello.

There was at this time great excitement about constructing the cupola of Santa Maria; the wardens determined it should no longer remain in its unfinished state, and they requested Filippo's opinion on the subject. He gave them much information upon the difficulty of performing the work, and advised

them to issue proposals to all celebrated architects, requesting them to be present within a year from that time, and on a particular day; that they should assemble artists from all nations, — as many as they could possibly collect; then it would be easy to determine who had the best ideas on the subject, and would undertake it with the most capacity and the greatest probability of success. The proposal of Brunelleschi pleased the syndics and wardens, and accordingly it was adopted.

In the year 1420, all these foreign masters were assembled, together with the most celebrated of the Florentine artists. It was a curious sight to see them, with their different costumes, gestures, language, &c. Again the wardens, syndics, and superintendents of Santa Maria were all fully determined that a decision should now be made.

It was arranged that every one should speak in turn, and exhibit his method. The variety of proposals was as great as the number of masters. Some asserted that an immense scaffolding was necessary in the church; others, that a column should be erected in the centre of the building below; others, that various columns should be erected to support the cupola on the top of the church. For the various opinions we would refer to

Vasari, from whom much of this account is taken.

After all had been listened to with profound attention, Filippo came forward. The foreigners looked at him with surprise, for, as we have described, he was diminutive in his appearance, and at a first glance one saw nothing imposing in his countenance. The clear, decided manner in which he expressed his views called forth a smile from many of the blustering strangers. However he went on, stating that the cupola could be erected at a much less expense than had been proposed, and without any framework whatever.

The assembly could no longer withhold their derision; they advised him to exercise his eloquence on some other subject, as he certainly could not be considered sane on that. Filippo, however, persevered; at length the patience of the assembly wholly failed, and it gives some idea of the rudeness of the times, when we are informed that the orator was taken up bodily and removed from the hall.

Filippo, though much offended, determined to put his views of the method which ought to be adopted on paper. After much debate his excellent judgment prevailed, and as he had always been most highly esteemed as an artist and a man, it was determined that the

work should be given to him, and a suitable allowance made for his expenses. Thus far Brunelleschi was satisfied, but not so when he found that it was considered a work of such responsibility that another ought to share it, and they gave him for a colleague Lorenzo Ghiberti, who had acquired the highest fame by constructing the door of San Giovanni. When Filippo understood this, he was indignant; he knew perfectly well that Lorenzo was not adequate to the task. When he mentioned his objections, they accused him of a low feeling of envy towards Ghiberti.

“How can that be?” said Filippo calmly. “Did I not allow him the superiority when all our plans were exhibited for the door of San Giovanni? Did I not urge you to appoint him at once, and did I not fully acquiesce in all the honors paid to him when the work was nobly accomplished? Because an artist excels in one department, does it follow that he must excel in another wholly distinct? What has ornamenting the doors of San Giovanni to do with building the cupola of Santa Maria? The one requires a thorough study of architecture, the other is sculpture in its minute form.”

There was a strong party, however, for Ghiberti among the dignitaries of the Church,

and he was appointed colleague, with equal power and an annual allowance. But, what was most trying to Brunelleschi, they affected to consider Ghiberti as the projector of the plan, and Filippo as merely the executor.

The morning after this passed, Donatello found his friend sitting in a contemplative mood. "Well, my dear Filippo," said he, "you have now an opportunity of proving to the world that your statement was a true one, and showing your enemies that Ghiberti can do nothing in this great work."

"I have nearly come to the conclusion," said Brunelleschi, "of relinquishing this undertaking."

"Is it possible," said Donatello with vehemence, "that you will in this way suffer your enemies to triumph over you?"

"Nay," said Filippo, "I do not take the same view that you do. I cannot consider these men my enemies; I have done nothing to injure them."

"Thou art as simple and as innocent as a child, my poor Filippo. Dost thou think that envy leagues itself with justice? No, no, it is because thou art so noble and good, so much better than all other men, that they envy thee. But complete thy work; do not allow them to triumph. Show them that

thou art truly great. I beseech thee, by the love I bear thee, not to relinquish this work. Wilt thou not consent, my own Filippo, for my sake?"

"I will," returned Brunelleschi, putting his small hand into the large, powerful one of Donatello; "thou hast conquered."

From this time the artist devoted himself wholly to the work he had undertaken. But the vexation was even greater than he had foreseen. His work was often stopped for the consideration of Ghiberti, who, after days of delay, would pompously announce that he approved of the plan.

At length, however, what with anxiety and injustice, Filippo became seriously ill, and was confined to his bed. This was, upon the whole, a fortunate circumstance; for the whole work, when it had reached a critical point, devolved upon Ghiberti. The workmen came to Filippo and requested his directions. His only answer was, "Go to my colleague."

Lorenzo, however, could not direct them; the work was wholly at a stand. There ensued the greatest trouble and confusion; the builders complained that they had no directions, and the stonecutters and masons were clamorous. At length the wardens were compelled to go to Filippo and humbly implore

him to give written directions, if he were not able to superintend in person.

“Why do you come to me?” said the artist. “Where is Lorenzo? He is my colleague by your appointment, — go to him.”

“We have been to him,” they replied, “but he says he will not do any thing without you.”

“Strange!” replied Filippo ironically; “I can do well enough without him! But I must request you to leave me to the rest I want.”

Donatello, who was seated by the bedside of his friend, now arose, and with an exulting flourish opened the door and showed them out.

“It is evident,” said the wardens, “that he is determined to do the work alone or not at all, and we may as well come to his terms at once.” Accordingly a submissive letter was written to him by the wardens, proposing to remove Lorenzo.

Filippo, by the advice of Donatello, did not recover too fast, but let them feel the consequences of their obstinacy some time longer. He then announced that he would resume the direction of the work, if it were left entirely to him.

Lorenzo complained so bitterly of the injustice done him, that they suffered him to keep

his salary, and humbly requested Brunelleschi to allow him to style himself colleague.

“I will do thus much for him,” said Filippo; “the work shall be divided into two distinct parts, wholly separate; he shall have one part, I the other; he may select which he pleases.”

Lorenzo was obliged to assent to this arrangement, which at once exposed his ignorance of architecture; when the workmen called on him for directions, he could give none. It now became evident to all, that, however beautifully he had sculptured the doors of San Giovanni, he was wholly inadequate to the building of the cupola of Santa Maria del Fiore, and he was dismissed from the service.

The wardens and principal men became eager to make amends to Filippo for all that had passed, and they voted that, as it was evident the whole labor of constructing the cupola had hitherto fallen on him, he should be the head and superintendent for life; and a liberal annuity was secured to him, besides compensation for past labor.

Filippo resumed his work with new energy. The tide had turned, and he was now extolled as the greatest architect in the world; and this was true, for he had made architecture his great study in Rome, and all his studies

had been fitting him to master a work which no other artist would undertake.

The views with which he first conceived the project he explained thus: "Remembering that it is a holy temple, dedicated to God and the Virgin, I confidently trust that, for a work executed to their honor, they will not fail to infuse knowledge where it is now wanting, and will bestow strength, wisdom, and genius on him who shall consecrate his best powers to their glory."

The building made rapid progress, and by the constant oversight and industry of Filippo the workmen were compelled to perform their duty, and all was brought to a state of perfection that could not otherwise have been obtained.

It was now necessary to construct a model for the lantern, and Filippo was willing to exhibit the one he had made, at the same time modestly asserting that he would adopt any better one that might be offered. All the architects of Florence were determined to outdo him; they said he had reaped glory enough. Even Lorenzo, not discouraged by his former failure, presented a model; and one enterprising lady of the Gaddi family exhibited an ingenious and pretty piece of work. It was decided, however, that Filippo's

was the only model to be adopted. The others were poor imitations of his, and he was left, as he wished, to execute it alone.

In the midst of this project, full of fame and honor, and blest by the serenity of an innocent life and a peaceful conscience, he was called away.

His death took place in 1446. It was deeply deplored by his countrymen, who (as is perhaps too customary, even in our day, with respect to distinguished men) honored him when dead more than when living.

We need not expatiate on the true-hearted Donatello's feelings; he long expressed his sense of loneliness, and when high encomiums were passed upon some of his own beautiful works, he would reply, "Yes, they are very well, but God could make but one man like Filippo."

The most touching tribute to Brunelleschi, however, was the grief of the poor artists whom he had constantly aided and benefited.

He was buried with solemn obsequies in Santa Maria del Fiore, the place of his noble works. He left to the Italians the memory of his excellence and extraordinary talents.

Many verses honored his memory. The following is a translation of one written by

an intimate friend, who watched his progress on the cupola of Santa Maria:—

“Stone upon stone I raise on high,
Circle on circle without end ;
So step by step, beyond the sky,
To heaven’s great circle I ascend.”

A sentence in the Latin language is inscribed upon his monument.

CHAPTER IX.

DIFFUSION OF SCULPTURE.—LIFE OF
DONATELLO.

DURING the fifteenth century an attention to sculpture began to spread among other nations, Germany, France, and England; in the latter country there are Gothic remains even earlier. Sculpture was blended with architecture, both in a rude but impressive style. In Italy, however, sculpture was more distinctly preserved, and though to Greece we owe our earliest debt, still it must be acknowledged that the fifteenth century constitutes a splendid era. But preparatory to this were sculptors and architects, who no doubt gave the form and impress to distinguished artists. The flourishing school we have alluded to of the Pisani, John, Nicolò, and Andrea, spread art and industry far and wide.

We have dwelt with pleasure and interest upon Filippo Brunelleschi. His fine character commands our respect, and the attachment which existed between him and Donatello is

honorable to human nature. They have been called rival artists, but this term does not belong to them. Their paths, though side by side, were distinct; and although, had Filippo devoted his whole life to sculpture, he might have ranked as high in that art as Donatello, he decided to turn his attention wholly to architecture; in doing this, he avowed that he thought it a more useful art. His deep religious sensibility led him to spend hours in the noble cathedrals, and there he first formed the design of consecrating his powers to the temples of the Deity.

It is a striking feature of sculpture, that its earliest inspirations were derived from religion. Brunelleschi was eminently a sculptor; and in all his improvements in architecture, he consulted the proper manner in which lights and shadows were to be thrown on objects of sacred veneration, adding thereby to their grandeur and sublimity. Brunelleschi rested in the bosom of the Roman Church, where some of the noblest and best men have reposed. Any foreigner who visits Florence, and repairs to the Church of Santa Maria del Fiore, must feel deep interest in the history of the architect of the cupola. We now turn to Donatello, his friend.

Donatello was born in 1383, at Florence.

He early discovered a superior taste in the arts of design, and even in his youthful attempts excelled in carving. As he progressed in years he made perspective a constant study, and discovered a decided taste for architecture.

He was brought up in the family of Robert Martelli, who was by profession an architect, and most happy to find similar tastes and superior talents in the youthful Donatello.

It was not long, however, before the young artist decided to devote himself to sculpture. The first work which made him known was the Annunciation placed in the Church of Santa Croce, in Florence. For the same chapel he executed a crucifix in wood; this occupied a great proportion of his time, and he considered it the best work he ever accomplished.

Fortunately the intimacy between him and Brunelleschi had been closely formed. While all the world were admiring the crucifix, and the artist himself could see no fault in it, he conceived the idea that Filippo was cold towards it; at first he proudly determined to provoke no criticism by questions. At length, however, his pride yielded, and he said, "You have never told me what you think of my work."

"Are you not satisfied with the approbation you have received?" said Filippo.

“No,” replied Donatello, “I must have yours. Come, tell me honestly if you see any faults.”

They took their station before the piece of sculpture; Brunelleschi looked long and earnestly at it. “It is well carved,” said he; “there is no fault in the crucifix.”

“Nay,” said Donatello, “this is cold approbation; I demand of you, by our long friendship, to tell me truly what you think of the whole.”

Filippo knew the irritability of his friend, but, thus implored, he spoke. “I have ever imagined,” he said, “the figure and form of Jesus Christ as perfect. The sublimity of his doctrines, the grandeur of his conceptions, and the sweetness of his character have thrown a human idea of beauty over the whole. When I think of Christ, I contemplate him in his transfiguration on the mount, and I behold in him divine loveliness.”

“Well,” said Donatello, “go on. What have I done?”

“Thou hast placed a boor upon the cross. Look at his robust limbs, at the resolute, almost fierce look of his countenance. In vain I seek for the benign expression that must have distinguished the Saviour, — the submission and resignation which triumphed over the agonies of death.”

“That is thy opinion, is it?” said Donatello, his eyes sparkling with sensibility. “Were it as easy to execute a work as to judge it, thou wouldst not be so severe on my Christ. Thou hadst better try to make one thyself, after thine own idea.”

Filippo made no reply, but determined to try his skill. He worked laboriously and secretly for several months, neither Donatello nor any one else conjecturing his occupation.

One day he invited his friend to dine with him, and, according to the custom of artists at that time, they went to the market together. When there, Filippo purchased various articles, and, requesting Donatello to take them home, said he would follow. “Do not be impatient,” said he, “but look about and amuse thyself; I will be after thee in a few minutes.”

Donatello took the articles in his apron and proceeded to the house. When he entered, the first object that struck his eyes was a Christ upon a cross, which Filippo had been secretly carving. Donatello, overcome with astonishment, let the contents of his apron fall, and when Filippo entered, he found him gazing in speechless admiration upon the Christ.

“Why, what hast thou been doing with my dinner?” said he, laughing.

“I have no appetite for dinner to-day,” said Donatello. “I acknowledge that thou alone hast executed as it deserved the figure of Christ. I see now that mine is a boor, as thou hast said.”

This was Brunelleschi's Crucifixion, which, it is said, has aroused infidels to adoration. With true nobleness Donatello revered the work of his friend, and they were more strongly than ever united.

The calm, gentle, yet energetic character of Filippo admirably regulated the impetuosity and violence of his friend. Many anecdotes are related which prove that Donatello was sometimes rash and impatient. He was employed by a Genoese merchant to make a bronze bust of the size of life. This commission had been procured for him by Cosimo de' Medici. Donatello spent much time upon it, and it was very beautifully executed. When the bust was finished, and the price of it inquired, the merchant was much astonished at the cost, and said it was a most extravagant price. Donatello, however, remained firm, and it was finally referred to Cosimo.

The prince, being a true judge of the arts, would willingly have taken it himself at the estimate; but wishing to deal justly with the merchant, he had the bust placed in front of

the battlements of his palace, that it might be observed by all who passed, thinking that the admiration it excited would reconcile the merchant to the cost. Still, however, he persisted in refusing, and made so small an offer, that the indignation of Cosimo was excited, as well as that of the artist.

“If you had made this in a month,” said the sagacious merchant, “which you might have done, the offer I make you would have secured you a florin a day.”

Donatello could no longer repress his anger, but telling the merchant that it was evident he was a better judge of buying horse-beans than statuary, he gave the bust a violent push, which threw it into the street below; then, turning to the astonished merchant, he said, “You have made me destroy in a hundredth part of an hour what has been a whole year in making.”

The merchant had fully intended to purchase it, though he meant to get it at the smallest price. His disappointment was great, and he at last told Donatello that, if he would reconstruct it, he would pay him double the sum; but he positively refused, though urged by Cosimo. He afterwards repaired the bust, and presented it to Cosimo, his noble patron.

In the Santa Maria del Fiore are two sing-

ing boys, by him, represented in alto-rilievo, of uncommon beauty. In the Florence Gallery is a bronze statue, supposed to be a Mercury, which is thought to equal the works of ancient art. His marble statue of St. George is unrivalled.

The number of works which Donatello executed is indeed wonderful. His fame extended over Italy. He was sent for to Padua to erect a monument to General Erasmo Narin, who was a leader of the Venetian troops, and there he exhibited the hero in bronze, on the Piazza of San Antonio. The Paduans were so much pleased with Donatello, that they strove to make him a fellow-citizen, but he preferred to repair to Florence, to his revered friend Cosimo; playfully declaring that, if he stayed much longer at Padua, he should forget by what laborious efforts he had acquired all he knew, and though he might be continually criticized and censured in his native city, such criticism would give him a motive for study, and conduce to his attainment of greater excellence.

He executed many works for Santa Maria del Fiore; and over the door of Santa Croce a statue of San Ludovico, who left a kingdom to become a monk. Some of his friends reproached him for having made San Ludovico

stupid and clumsy. "I did so on purpose," he replied, "since the saint must have been a stupid fellow to exchange sovereignty for a monastery." He executed for Cosimo de' Medici a bust of his wife in bronze. Later in life he suggested to Cosimo to remove the antiquities of his country-seat to Florence, and he restored them with his own hand.

Donatello, notwithstanding his inflexibility with the merchant, was liberal; caring little for money. Indeed, he made so light of his gains that he kept his money in a basket, suspended by a cord from the ceiling; and from this receptacle his assistants, as well as his friends, took what they needed, without being expected to account to him. Old age had now come upon him, and he was unable to work, but Cosimo took care of him, and his cheerfulness and kind temper procured him numerous friends. It was his lot to outlive his noble patron, but Cosimo, on his deathbed, left Donatello in charge to his son Piero, who bestowed on him a farm, upon which he might live most commodiously. He was at first much delighted with the gift, and said he was now provided with a competency for his whole life; but at the end of a year he went to Piero and restored to him the deed of the farm, declaring that he could not

have his comfort destroyed by household cares, and listening to the troubles and outcries of the farmers, who came pestering him every third day; now, because the wind had unroofed the dove-cot; then, because his cattle had been seized for taxes; and anon, because of the storms which had cut up his vines and fruit-trees. With all this, he said, he was so completely worn out, that he had rather perish with hunger than be tormented by so many cares.

Piero was much amused, but to oblige him took possession of the farm, and assigned him an income of larger value, secured in the bank, and to be paid to him in cash every week. Happy the artist who finds such a friend and patron as Cosimo de' Medici! The latter, during his life, was dissatisfied with Donatello's dress, and he caused a mantle and cap to be made for him in patrician style, and requested him to wear it, at least at festivals. Donatello wore it once or twice, and then sent it back again to Cosimo, telling him "it was too dainty for his use." As the friend of the house of Medici, Donatello lived happily several years. He then became paralytic, and died in 1466, in a low, ordinary house, close to the nunnery of San Nicolo. He was buried in the Church of San

Lorenzo, near the tomb of Cosimo, as he had himself commanded, "that his body might be near him when dead, as his spirit had been ever near him when in life."

Vasari records a circumstance that is too illustrative of this artist's character to be omitted. A short time before his death, his kinsfolks came to condole with him, and suggested that he would undoubtedly leave a farm which he owned in Prato to them; for though it was small and produced but little income, they should value it for his sake. Donatello calmly replied, "I cannot content you in this matter, because I have resolved to leave the farm to the countryman who has always tilled it, and bestowed faithful labor on it for my sake; whereas you have had no concern in it, but the thought of obtaining it. Go, and the Lord be with you."

His treasures of art were left to his disciples, whom Vasari enumerates.

The death of Donatello was much regretted by his fellow-citizens and artists, and by all who had known him. His obsequies were honorably performed, and he was followed to his grave by all the painters, architects, sculptors, goldsmiths, and nearly the whole population of the city.

His remains rest near those of Cosimo

de' Medici; the one ennobled by learning, goodness, rank, wealth, birth, and patronage of the arts; the other scarcely less ennobled by his own natural endowments.

Among the Latin and Italian epitaphs made upon him, we select the following:—

“ Quanto con dotta mano alla scultura
Già fecer molti, or sol Donato ha fatto;
Rendute ha vita ai marmi, affetto ed atto.
Che più, se non parlar, può dar natura? ”

We add the following translation:—

“ With gifted hand Donato could bestow
On sculptured marble all for which we seek;
With life and action he has made it glow,
And what could nature more, but bid it speak? ”

We insert another translation from a friend:—

“ Whate'er the instructed hand hath given to stone,
Of feeling, act, or life, Donato gives;
His hand moves o'er it and the marble lives;
What more can nature give, but voice alone? ”

CHAPTER X.

THE TWO BROTHERS.—ANDREA DEL
VEROCCHIO.—TORRIGIANO.

IN the first years of the fifteenth century several distinguished artists appeared, besides Brunelleschi, Ghiberti, and Donatello, who may be ranked earlier.

From the time of the Pisani, Nicolò and Andrea, sculpture revived. After the death of Lorenzo Ghiberti, in 1445, and of Donatello, in 1446, the art still flourished in the hands of Andrea del Verocchio.

The thirteenth and fourteenth centuries have been called the infancy of reviving sculpture. With the fifteenth, it takes the form and stamp of manhood.

About this time two young brothers, born of obscure but respectable parents, began to signalize themselves by works of art. In their ages there was but one year's difference; they had been rocked in the same cradle, and borne in the same arms, and their mutual attachment led them, as they advanced in life,

to the same occupations. Their father employed them in running of errands, and doing little services, which earned them a small recompense. His true theory was that they had better labor for nothing than not labor at all, for idleness is the parent of crime. When it is considered how many children in Italy are growing up merely to bask in the beautiful sunshine, to live on the wild fruits of the country, and sleep in the open air, we cannot be surprised that that beautiful region has been the theatre of crime and disgrace. It may reconcile us to our inclement skies of the North, to our driving snow-storms, our freezing cold, that every human being is compelled, by his own physical suffering, to find a shelter at least for the night. The Catholic priests assert that it is a species of fatherly indulgence to permit the natives to enjoy their vagabond habits, to beg about the streets, and live in perpetual idleness.

The father of our two boys, Antonio and Piero, thought otherwise; and perceiving that they discovered much ingenuity, he went to Bartoluccio Ghiberti, the most celebrated goldsmith in Florence, and stated his own honest and judicious views, and requested him to take one of his boys for the menial offices of his business. Ghiberti allowed him

to send them, and after conversing with them selected Antonio. But he was not condemned to menial purposes; his ingenuity and quick perception at once raised him to the rank of an apprentice in the business. He soon outstripped all his fellow-apprentices, and became the favorite of his master. He was intrusted with the execution of valuable works, and the setting of rare and precious stones. He also discovered wonderful art in making figures in silver and bronze.

We must not suppose his brother, Piero, was left in idleness all this time. For weeks he drooped, after his separation from his beloved companion, and his father marked him reclining on the banks of the Arno, watching its course, and gazing on the clouds and noting the shadows of morning and evening.

"This will never do, Piero, my boy," said the father; "we must have some avocation for you; you are lost without your brother."

"True, father," he replied; "but I am not altogether idle."

"Why, what are you doing?"

"I am making pictures."

The father, struck with this answer, went immediately to the famous painter, Andrea del Castagno, and related his little narrative. Andrea told him to send the boy to him, and

he at once received him. Thus were the two brothers most happily placed.

Lorenzo Ghiberti was working on the door of San Giovanni, and employed many assistants, always, however, selecting those who distinguished themselves for the taste and neatness of their handiwork. He soon discovered the wonderful excellence of the youthful Antonio, and invited him to try his skill in forming a festoon for a part of the door. Those who have seen this door of San Giovanni will understand that it required the labor and skill of many years to complete it. It was in looking at this door that Michel Angelo exclaimed, "This is worthy of being the gate of Paradise." Antonio did not consume a great deal of time in this subordinate employment, though the execution was considered very beautiful. His talents were by this time universally acknowledged, and he determined, by the assistance of his friends and admirers, to separate from Bartoluccio and Lorenzo Ghiberti, and open a magnificent shop. For many years he followed this employment, increasing in wealth and fame, constantly improving and acquiring new powers in the different arts of buhl and intaglio.

Hitherto the brothers had pursued their occupations separately, but they now yearned

for each other's society, and Antonio, having long desired to be able to incorporate colors in many of his works, relinquished his occupation as goldsmith and sculptor, and applied himself to the study and practice of painting. Afterwards uniting his labors with those of Piero, he became an excellent painter, and they worked jointly.

It is somewhere said that the two brothers evinced the same partiality for a young girl of singular beauty, but Antonio, discovering that Piero had long fixed his affections upon her, generously withdrew from the contest, and she became the wife of Piero.

Though Antonio is ranked among the sculptors, we must remember that in that age a goldsmith who made small statues was considered a sculptor. The brothers earned wealth and fame by their united labors, and were able to procure the means of a happy old age for their parents. Some of the bronze sculpture on the doors of St. Peter's at Rome was done by Antonio, as were some parts of the celebrated doors of San Giovanni at Florence.

One brother did not long survive the other, and both were buried in the Church of San Pietro in Vincola, where a marble tomb commemorates the worth of both.

Andrea del Verocchio is less known as a painter than as an architect and sculptor, yet he will always be remembered in the first capacity as the beloved master of Leonardo da Vinci. Both he and Pietro Perugino, a distinguished painter, were pupils of Andrea. He painted a large picture for the nuns of San Domenico, in Florence, and it excited a good deal of admiration. He was then requested to paint another for the monks of Vallombrosa. The subject of this picture was the Baptism of Christ by St. John. When near its completion, he was taken ill and unable to work on it. "I commission thee, my Leonardo," said Andrea, "to do thy best on this work, for I have promised it at a certain time, and I see no prospect of being able to accomplish my promise." Leonardo da Vinci had the greatest reverence for his master's skill, and felt inadequate to the task. "Do thy best," said Andrea.

Accordingly Leonardo, the future painter of the Last Supper, at Milan, tremblingly seized the brush, but his hand grew steady as he painted. The fire of genius lighted his eye, and a more than mortal resolution nerved his hand. "It is for my beloved master I implore skill and power for this deed," said he mentally, as he knelt before the crucifix.

“The work is done, father,” said Leonardo. “It only waits for your correction.”

As soon as Andrea was able, he was conveyed by his young pupils into the studio. He looked upon the picture at first in silence.

“Master,” said Leonardo, kneeling beside him.

Andrea threw his arms around him, and burst into tears. “My son,” said he, “I paint no more; to thee I commit my pencil and pallet; thou shalt increase, but I shall decrease.”

From this time he refused to undertake any painting, and turned his whole attention to sculpture united with architecture. He immediately set about a design of sculpture which had before been given to Donatello, but from some cause or other was never undertaken. It was a San Tommaso in bronze. He made the models and moulds, and finally cast the figures. They came out perfect, and the casting was considered faultless.

The incredulity of Thomas is perfectly depicted, and also his desire to assure himself of the fact related to him is expressed in his countenance. There is a mixture of tenderness and veneration in the manner in which the disciple lays his hand on the side of the Master, when the Saviour has raised his arm and opened his vesture, to disperse the doubts

of the incredulous Thomas. This figure breathes the grace and divinity which brought the Apostle at once to his feet, when he exclaims, "My Lord and my God!"

Soon after this work, the noble houses of Florence were in deep mourning; a young and noble lady had died most suddenly, in giving birth to an infant. Her husband, who deeply loved her, was earnest to secure a memorial to her fame. He commissioned Andrea to execute a work worthy of the subject. He represented the lady on the stone which covered her tomb, rising with her infant. There is the beauty of an ascending spirit in this figure; to which he added three angels, representing three virtues. This was done in marble, and is yet extant in Rome.

He returned to Florence full of fame and honor, and accomplished many works. He is often mentioned as the *old* Andrea Verocchio, in contrast to his young pupils. His life was filled with labors of art and usefulness. His fame had extended over Italy, and he was summoned to Venice to execute an equestrian statue. While there, he took a violent cold in casting the work, which threw him into a fever, and he died at Venice, at the age of fifty-six.

Next to Leonardo da Vinci, he prized Lorenzo di Credi, whose remains he had

brought from Venice, and buried in the Church of San Ambrogio, in the sepulchre of Ser Michele di Cione.

Andrea took much pleasure in making models. He made his moulds from a soft stone found in the neighborhood of Volterra, Siena, and other parts of Italy, which being burnt in the fire, pounded finely, and kneaded with water, is rendered so soft and smooth, that it may be made into whatever form is desired; afterwards it becomes perfectly hard. Entire figures may be cast in moulds from it. It became a fashion to make casts of heads of this material, as it could be done with little cost. We are greatly indebted to the skill of Andrea Verocchio, who was one of the first to accomplish this thing.

Lorenzo the Magnificent was well known to be the patron of the arts. He never saw any dawning of genius but he was desirous to foster it and bring it to maturity. He accidentally beheld some artistic work of the young Torrigiano, and from that time displayed a kindness for him. Torrigiano, though bold, violent, and passionate, felt there was too much to risk by showing any of these bad propensities to Lorenzo, and for a time won his favor. At length Lorenzo determined to admit him to his garden, on the Piazza of

San Marco, in Florence, which was decorated in the richest manner with figures from the antique, and with the most perfect sculpture. In every walk, in all the *logge* or buildings, were placed beautiful statues, with pictures and other productions of art, by the most eminent masters of Italy or any other country. These treasures were superb ornaments to the garden; but Lorenzo considered it a school of art. This place he permitted the artists to use as an academy of design. The young nobles made it a resort, and, favored with wealth and rank, had the opportunity of devoting themselves to their pursuits without being urged on by poverty and want, which too often damp the ardent mind. But even for such exigencies the great and good Lorenzo provided; he furnished the means of instruction for the poor, supplied them with proper clothing, and animated them by presents and rewards when they had bestowed uncommon skill and labor on any work. Donatello's disciple, Bertoldo, now a man of mature age, was the guardian chief of the place. He instructed the students, received all the treasures, the designs, the drawings, and every thing which had accumulated for many years. He was a man of acute penetration, and read the character of the

pupils almost instinctively. The one in whom he took most delight was Michel Angelo Buonarotti, then just starting into life, yet promising the high and noble career he afterwards followed.

When Torrigiano was introduced by Lorenzo, Bertoldo expressed regret; he said, "I fear he will prove a serpent in our fair garden of Eden."

"He has genius, Master Bertoldo," said Lorenzo; "let us at least give him a chance."

Torrighiano was of full stature, and robust in his appearance. Cellini, the artist, describes him as of a magnificent figure and most audacious deportment, and says: "He had the look of a huge trooper, rather than of a sculptor; his gestures were violent, his voice loud and unmusical; it seemed as if the outside denoted the character within. He never could endure those who excelled him, and was always eager to quarrel. He had a peculiar aversion to Michel Angelo, because he was the favorite of all and so unlike himself." It was on one of his peculiarly quarrelsome days that a beautiful work of Michel Angelo, which he had just completed, was pointed out to him; bitter and mocking words followed, and he assailed the artist with language that became insupportable. Angelo

replied in a manner that increased the rage of Torrigiano to the insanity of passion; he struck him a violent blow on the face, that left its mark for life.

Lorenzo no sooner learned the circumstance, than he took measures to arrest the criminal; but in the mean time he had fled from Florence, and enlisted as a recruit in the army of Duke Valentino, who was then making war in Romagna. He also served under Paolo Vitelli, in the war against Pisa. He seemed now to have found his right profession, for he is said to have behaved with bravery in the campaign, and obtained honor as a standard-bearer.

But his restless ambition could not be satisfied in this situation, as he saw no chance of promotion or money. He then determined to return to sculpture, and even executed some small figures in marble and bronze, in competition with those of the still hated Michel Angelo. Italy, however, had become detestable to him, and some merchants invited him to come to England. There he executed many works in marble, bronze, and wood, proving himself superior to the English artists. Here he might have been satisfied, for money and fame flowed in upon him. His works were largely remunerated. He made the bronze monument of King Henry the Seventh (and

his queen, Elizabeth of York) in the chapel called after that monarch in Westminster Abbey. It was completed in 1509, and he received for it £ 1,000 sterling.

But his uneasy spirit was again urging him on, and he went to Spain, where he executed various works which were highly prized; among them, a beautiful statue of the Virgin and Child. This the Duke of Arcos desired to purchase, and he made Torrigiano magnificent offers, which the artist accepted; but when the payment came, he found himself defrauded in the miserable coin sent to him. Listening only to his rage, he demanded no explanation, but, rushing to the ducal palace, threw himself upon the figure, and broke it in pieces. The Duke avenged himself by accusing Torrigiano of heresy; he was thrown into the prison of the Inquisition, and after several trials adjudged to suffer the heaviest penalty of the law. But little more is known of this unfortunate man, the victim of his own violent and ungoverned passions. It is supposed that he died in prison, and thereby escaped the horrible condemnation of a Spanish *auto de fe*.

Torrighiano drew the designs of the present edifice of St. Peter's at Bologna.

CHAPTER XI.

LEONARDO DA VINCI.—MICHEL ANGELO.—
RAPHAEL.—BENVENUTO CELLINI.—PROPER-
ZIA DE' ROSSI.

AT this period lived Leonardo da Vinci, less known as a sculptor than as a painter and architect. He executed, however, some pieces of sculpture, and was invited to make a colossal figure of the Duke of Milan. For this he accomplished a model; but the expense was too great for its execution, and it was finally relinquished. His early taste led him to painting, an art in which he was preëminent, though he excelled in architecture. His mind seems to have been richly endowed with a taste for the fine arts, in all their forms. He was likewise an accomplished gentleman, winning the favor of the wise, the good, and the high-born. It is well known that he died in the arms of Francis the First. He was the pride of Andrea del Verocchio, who taught him the rudiments of painting. That he was an excellent statuary, as Lanzi tells us, is de-

monstrated by his San Tommaso in Orsanmichele at Florence, and by the horse in the Church of St. John and St. Paul at Venice. He modelled the three statues cast in bronze by Rustici for the Church of St. John at Florence. There is also a colossal horse of his work at Milan.

Few have united such various accomplishments as Leonardo da Vinci; but his fame comes down to posterity chiefly as a painter. There are many records of his various accomplishments. He was brought to Milan by Lodovico Sforza, whose heart he had won by his musical performance on a silver lyre, a new, curious, and original instrument constructed by his own hands. A numerous company were assembled to hear his first performance. They were all astonished and charmed by his music and extemporaneous poetry. He likewise excelled in eloquence. He remained in the service of the Prince Lodovico, and engaged in some public works of hydraulic engineering for the benefit of the state. It was during this period that he painted the celebrated "Last Supper."

Few men secure to themselves an immortal renown; among the few is Michel Angelo. His life and character have so often been portrayed, that we only now

speak of him as a sculptor. Though he excelled in painting, architecture, and almost every science, his taste led him particularly to sculpture. In this art he, like Phidias, struck out new conceptions; and in after life he expressed regret at not having wholly devoted himself to it. He was born in 1474, at Arezzo, in the territory of Tuscany. He studied anatomy for twelve years, under Bertoldo, who had the direction of the gardens of Lorenzo de' Medici. It was this study that rendered his early attempts in both painting and sculpture so remarkable; his figures display profound knowledge of the human body, and scarcely less of the human soul. He perfectly understood the action which internal emotion gives to the features and the limbs. When he wished to express elevated thought and determination, he impressed his own mind on the work, and it stood forth with a power which seemed divine. His statue of Moses, in the Church of Pietro in Vincola, in Rome, is considered his greatest work. It is sitting, of colossal size. We speak with reverence when we say it conveys to many minds a conception of the power of the Deity.

All do not view this statue with the same sensations. I heard a lady exclaim at the

first sight of it, "It is awful!" "Yes," one of its admirers replied, "awfully grand and noble!" "Awfully ugly, I mean," returned the lady.

His David, which stands in the Piazza of the Grand Duke at Florence, about to hurl the stone at Goliah, gives the highest conception of beauty.

Beauty is not that which Michel Angelo appears to have made his particular study. He sacrificed no strength of emotion to what we call beauty of attitude. In some instances the attitudes are violent and exaggerated; for instance, in his celebrated picture of the Last Judgment at the Sistine Chapel. It is a fact that his paintings continually remind us of his sculpture, and this appears to be his congenial art.

From Memes we quote the following observation, which ought to be valuable to sculptors: "Trusting to mechanical dexterity, and to his profound science, he frequently ventured to work without model, or reference to the living form. This produces a rigidity, a want of feeling, and a mannerism, even in his best performances, the commencement of those conventional modes which finally superseded all diligent study of nature, and led to the abandonment of every genuine grace of sculpture."

The sculpture of Michel Angelo is to be seen at Rome and Florence. No traveller can enter either of those places and neglect the opportunity of viewing them. The first impression received from them is astonishment; no one thinks of beauty. His Night and Day may be seen at the Boston Athenæum, in plaster casts.

His Bacchus, at Florence, is considered an astonishing piece of art, but Rome is thought to contain the finest of his statues. The Pieta, and Dead Saviour, in St. Peter's, are among his early works.

He exercised a wonderful power on the art of sculpture, and though his productions are not numerous, they take the highest place in the Middle Ages. He died in 1564.

Of sculpture, Sir Joshua Reynolds's observation on art truly applies, that long cultivation and great study are necessary to judge correctly of a work. However accurate and natural it may be, it is a new standard we have to judge by: Some author styles sculpture frozen music; in some respects it is nature congealed. It has not the aid of colors or of atmosphere; it stands an abstract of what was or may be. What uneducated being could appreciate the Moses of Michel Angelo?

Raphael was contemporary with Michel Angelo. As a painter, he stands unrivalled. He was born in 1483. We have seen one or two pieces of sculpture ascribed to him, which prove that he might have excelled. It is very possible that some of the works of Raphael di Monte Lupo, a favorite pupil of Michel Angelo, may have been attributed to Raphael, the immortal painter.

Benvenuto Cellini has said so much of himself, that hardly any thing is left to say of him. His autobiography is much read, and thought highly entertaining. He was contemporary with Michel Angelo, Torrigiano, and men of that period. He excelled in minute works of art, particularly in the goldsmith line. He was born in Florence, in 1500, was apprenticed to a goldsmith, named Andrea Sandro, and at fifteen years outstripped his companions in the profession. He composed a lily of diamonds, set in gold, for some great man, which introduced him to general notice.

In 1527, Rome was beleaguered; Cellini took an ardent interest in the events of the day, and served as bombardier in the Castle of San Angelo.

He at length quitted Rome, considering himself ill-treated by the Pope, and entered the service of Duke Alexander, in Florence,

for whom he executed many beautiful works. In 1537, he went to the court of Francis the First of France. On returning to Rome, he was again beset by enemies, and thrown into prison upon false accusations, but was liberated by Cardinal Ferrara.

His skill was fully appreciated in France, and he was invited thither, where he set up a complete workshop. His finest works were here accomplished, many of which may still be seen in Vienna and Dresden. In France he executed his enormous model of the statue of Mars, whose head served as a sleeping-chamber. He also made a bronze relief, called the Nymph of Fontainebleau. His best work was executed at Florence, for 'Cosimo, — a Saviour on the Cross, of the size of life. The Duke presented it to Philip the Second, king of Spain, and it is now in the Escorial. Cellini died in 1570.

Properzia de' Rossi is one of the rare instances of excellence in the art of sculpture among the female sex. She lived in Bologna, and was much distinguished for her beauty and elegance. Her accomplishments were numerous: she was skilled in needlework and embroidery of all kinds; as a musician she excited much admiration, and her vocal powers were said to be wonderful. Added to

these female accomplishments, her taste had led her to acquire a degree of science almost exclusively, in that day, appropriated to the other sex. She was original and ingenious in her occupations, and had the surprising faculty of making intaglios on peach-stones. She arrived at great excellence in this minute carving. It was wonderful to see, on so small a thing as a peach-stone, figures beautifully delineated. On some was wrought the Cross, with Christ extended on it and the Apostles standing around; on others, the Virgin and Child.

These works excited admiration and astonishment; but she often heard people exclaim, "It is a pity so much labor should be expended on such a very little thing as a nut." She began fully to agree with them, and applied for leave to make ornaments for the doors of San Petronio's Church. In these works she gave so much satisfaction, that she was importuned to try her skill in marble.

Count Alessandro de' Pepoli, who had conceived the highest idea of her talents, requested her to execute a marble statue of his father, Count Guido. This not only enchanted the near connections, but attracted the attention and commendation of the whole city.

But poor Properzia, with the graces and

accomplishments of a woman, possessed a woman's tenderness of heart. There is mystery thrown over a part of her life. She left her husband and home at Rome, and took up her residence at Bologna. Here she exercised her imagination in marble with great success. There are still extant, in rilievo, two angels of extreme beauty, which are her work.

A subject upon which she lavished great skill and time was one taken from the Old Testament. The world, which is often severe in its judgments, did not hesitate to say it was the history of her own life. As an engraver she excelled, and was particularly happy in the foliage and branches of trees.

There was a great coronation to take place in Bologna, and Pope Clement the Seventh came to perform the august ceremony. The works of Properzia, in the sacred edifice of San Petronio, were pointed out to him; he was so much pleased with them that he made many inquiries about the fair artist, and at length requested an interview. Properzia could not refuse his Holiness, and she appeared in his presence closely veiled. It is said that, after conversing some time with her, he offered to take her back with him to Rome, telling her that the monuments of her

genius which he had beheld at Bologna induced him to make the offer. She replied, that she would remain among the monuments of her genius, and there be buried.

When quitting his presence, she knelt to pay the usual homage; in so doing, her veil fell, and discovered a face of such surpassing, yet almost unearthly beauty, that the Pope was overcome with emotion. That same week she breathed her last. She was buried, as she desired, in the hospital for the poor.

Some attempts have been made to make the melancholy events of her life the subject for a tragedy, but it is better that they should remain in obscurity.

CHAPTER XII.

BENEDETTO DE MAJANO.—PIERO DA VINCI.—
GIOVANNI DA BOLOGNA.—LORENZO GIO-
VANNI BERNINI.

BENEDETTO DE MAJANO was originally a carver in wood, and very successful in that art. He copied the manner of Filippo Brunelleschi, and of Paolo Uccello. He made use of various colors, and introduced perspective and foliage among other improvements. The novelty of this art acquired him much reputation, and he was encouraged by several princes. Among others, Alphonso, king of Naples, ordered an escritoire. He also executed, with much ingenuity and labor, a casket for Matthias Corvinus, king of Hungary. He was requested to convey it in person to the king, who took much delight in rare and curious things. Benedetto, after some deliberation, started, and arrived safely in Hungary. The king received him with favor, and expressed a strong desire to see the curiosity he had brought with him, and

requested that the casket might be opened in his presence and among his attendants. Accordingly Benedetto had it brought, and opened it with a very natural confidence of success, knowing how universally such works had been admired, and that this was the most exquisite thing he had made. What then, must have been the mortification and disappointment of the poor artist, to find that it was in pieces! It had become wet in the course of transport; the humidity of the ocean had penetrated the case, and entirely decomposed the cement, causing it to fall to pieces.

Poor Benedetto was at first in despair; but reflecting that the parts were all there, he went to work, and so well restored it, that the king professed himself satisfied. The artist, however, was not so; he could not recover from the mortification he had experienced, and from that time conceived a disgust for a kind of work which, however beautiful, was so frail. From that time he began to work in marble.

Vasari gives an account of his numerous works, many of which are still extant, as he rose to much fame as a sculptor. He died in 1498, at the age of fifty-four, and found an honorable sepulchre in the Church of San Lorenzo.

At the Castello di Vinci, in Val d' Arno, had lived Ser Piero, the father of Leonardo da Vinci. In a large, unfurnished room of this overgrown mansion might be seen a young boy, stretched on the floor, with a parchment before him, surrounded by mathematical instruments, which seemed rather the playthings suited to his years than intended for scientific use. He had just entered his tenth year.

The windows of the large hall opened upon the beautiful scenery of the vale of the Arno, hill, meadow, and lake, while curtains of vines and roses, trained over the windows, diminished the glare of the glowing sunbeams.

As there was neither chair nor table in the apartment, the youth was fain to use the floor as his drawing-desk, occasionally resting on one elbow in deep thought.

Suddenly his father entered. Piero hastily arose: "O father, is it you?"

"Yes," he replied, "who else should it be?"

"I thought it was Gianetta; it is strange she does not come; it will be too late."

"Too late, my son? too late for what?"

"Nay, father, ask me not; the star is passing." And he rushed to the balcony and gazed upwards.

"Thou art dreaming, boy; there are no stars in the sky; it is broad day."

“And where are the stars, father?” said the boy earnestly.

“God knows,” replied he.

“And so do I,” exclaimed the youth; “they are veiled in floods of light, they are lost in the glorious radiance of the sun, but they are there. Where, father, is the glory of our race? Where is Leonardo da Vinci?”

“Alas, boy! thou knowest full well; why dost thou ask? The angels of heaven he knew so well how to paint bore him upwards from the arms of Francis the First, where he breathed his last.”

“And where is he now? where is my uncle?” asked the boy.

“In heaven.”

“But, father, how dost thou know that? Thou seest him not there.”

“Not bodily, but I know he is with Mary and her blessed Son.”

“What hides him from us? why do we not see him?”

“Ask me no more questions,” said the father.

“Well, then,” replied the boy with animation, “I will tell *thee*. It is the glory of the invisible world that hides him from us. Just so it is with the stars; they shine when the god of day is not by; but I can see them,

for I know their places, and Gianetta's star and mine — But hark! I hear her footstep."

A girl, somewhat younger than himself, sprang forward.

"I have long waited for thee," said the boy; "our star is passing. Where hast thou been?"

"O Piero, do not think of the stars, poor Giotto is at the point of death!"

Bartolommeo had withdrawn, and the children were left to themselves.

"Giotto at the point of death! I must see him."

"O no! he is too sick to see any one; grandmother will not permit it if she is at home."

"Where is she?"

"I left her going out to gather herbs; she wishes to try a new remedy."

"I will go and see him," said the boy.

"Do not, dear Piero; grandmother will be so angry with me!"

"Never mind, I will take it all on myself; I will bring no anger on any one else. Don't cry, Gianetta; stay till I come back. And he rushed out.

He bent his steps to the humble dwelling of the grandmother, who had taken the helpless orphan when her parents died. There he found poor Giotto; he lay feeble and emaciat-

ed, his eyes closed, and apparently past speaking. Piero took his hand, hung over him, and said in a low voice, "Good Giotto, speak to Piero."

The old man opened his eyes. "Art thou here!" he exclaimed; "welcome, young master. Now I may die in peace. Listen while I have words to speak. Thy uncle, the great Leonardo, had skill as a diviner; he was initiated in ancient lore."

"Yes," said the boy, "I know all that; he could read the stars; I can read them too. Jupiter is Gianetta's and mine."

The old man groaned. "O Piero," said he, "it is of this I would warn thee; *beware!*"

"What have I to fear?" said the boy boldly, "I am growing tall and strong. I can master any boy of my own age, if I have fair play. The other day a little boy was carrying a basket of faggots, and that great Jacopo came and tipped it up. 'Here,' said I, 'thou hast me to fight, not that poor child'; and I gave him a thump. They formed a ring round us — But, Giotto, thou dost not listen."

The old man had fallen into convulsions; when the grandmother returned, she found him dying. Piero stayed till he had breathed his last, and then hurried back to Gianetta,

who, timid and fearful, was awaiting his return.

“How is poor Giotto?” said she.

“He is gone among the stars. Do not cry; he is happy; he will no longer suffer pain or sickness. Poor old Giotto! I have heard him say, many a time, that he was just the age of my uncle, the great Leonardo da Vinci. He had something he wanted to tell me, but I was too late.”

“Piero,” said Gianetta, “do not grieve. Giotto did not want to see you; he said it would do as well if I gave you the letter.”

“What letter?” said the boy impatiently.

“One I put in my bosom,” said she, shaking her dress, “O, I hope I have not lost it.” It fell upon the floor, and he hastily seized it.

“If you *had* lost it!” said Piero, in a threatening voice.

“What would you have done to me?” said she, laughing.

“Gianetta,” replied he, “you are only a girl, and you cannot understand how important a letter may be to a man. You must not interrupt me while I read it.”

The little girl stood before him with her eyes fixed on his face. He examined the letter, looked at the seal,—it was sealed with Spanish wax.

“Giotto never did this,” said he. Instead of tearing it open, he put it in his vest. “What could he mean when he said, *Beware!*”

“Did he say so to you?” said Gianetta. “Three times when I have talked of you to him within this last week, he has said, *Beware!* What could he mean, Piero? What does the word mean?”

“It means,” said the boy, evidently a little doubtful, “*Take care*—”

“And not fall?” said Gianetta. “Yes, I know now; when I was climbing a hill, the other day, I fell and bruised my arm. I told Giotto, and he said, ‘If I had been there, you would not have fallen.’ And I said, ‘No, nor if Piero had been there’; and then he looked at me so stern, and said, ‘*Beware!*’”

“Strange!” said Piero; “perhaps *Take care* does not mean the same thing.”

“I must go,” said the girl. But suddenly turning, she exclaimed, “O Piero, I forgot to tell you Giotto said you must burn that letter, you must not open it.”

“But I will, though,” said the boy resolutely.

“O no! you must not,” said she, looking alarmed.

“Nonsense, why did he send it to me, if I am not to open and read it? What good will it do me? Why did he send it to me?”

“He said it was yours, but you must burn it, and never read it.”

“I will open it this minute,” said the boy, drawing it from his vest, “and we will both see what it all means.”

“For the Blessed Virgin’s sake, do not read it,” exclaimed Gianetta. “If you disobey the commands of dying men, their eyes are always upon you; you will see poor Giotto looking at you day and night. O Piero, do not open it! burn it for my sake.”

“Now you speak *sense*,” said the boy archly; “I would do a good deal for your sake, little girl, and when I grow a man I will take care of you.”

“That is not what I mean,” said Gianetta; “I do not think of myself, only of you and the Blessed Virgin. If you disobey dead men, I have always heard they will haunt you day and night. O Piero! promise me.”

“Well, go along,” said the boy pettishly, in haste to be alone.

When Gianetta was gone, he drew forth the letter. There was no direction on it, but a few hieroglyphics, which he certainly did not understand. He looked at the seal, it was perfect in its impression; but equally incomprehensible to the boy. Perhaps, thought he, there is nothing within which I can read.

Gianetta's warning came across his mind, and he thought of poor Giotto's last struggles, of those eyes unmeaningly fixed upon him. It would be bad, thought he, to have such a companion haunting me night and day. I will wait; perhaps I had better tell my father all about it.

A more doting father than Bartolommeo, son never had. He had married a lady of much distinction, for Leonardo da Vinci's fame and talents had given a species of nobility to his family. His life as a painter has been often recorded. Many have gazed on the Last Supper, at Milan, and venerated it, as the work of the great painter, who do not possess artistic skill enough to see in its mutilated state the original perfection of the design. This painting had been begun in 1493, and Leonardo employed sixteen years upon the work. It is painted on the wall of the Refectory, in the Church of Santa Maria della Grazia. Unfortunately he had used a new method, which caused its decay. The ground is plaster, mixed with mastic, melted in with hot iron, and then primed with a mixture of white lead and earthy colors, which, though brilliant for a time, did not hold the oil.

Owing to its low situation and an unusual quantity of rain, the Refectory became

flooded, and fifty years after it was painted it was greatly obscured by dampness and smoke. But a more horrible mutilation was occasioned by the pious monks in 1652; they, wishing to enlarge the door of the Refectory, cut away part of the figure of Christ, and in so doing, jarred the whole wall, and brought off parts of the surface. In 1726, Bellotti undertook to repair it; he used a secret process, and painted it all over. In 1770, a common artist was employed to renew the colors, but it was soon perceived that he was destroying the work, and he was fortunately stopped.

Bonaparte went to see it, and while looking at it wrote an order that the military should not use the room for any purpose. This order was disobeyed, and the Refectory was used as a hay magazine.

In 1807, attempts were made by Eugene, the Viceroy, to preserve it, by putting the Refectory in proper order, draining it, and endeavoring to create a favorable atmosphere. It is said, however, that it is now scaling off. At present there is but little left, save the composition and the forms.

We will now return to the family of Leonardo da Vinci. They felt that with him their glory had departed. But Bartolommeo, a younger brother, still hoped that a new light

might arise, in the birth of a son. For this he uttered vows and prayers, which in time were granted, and a fine boy was brought to the baptismal font. The first impulse of his mind was to call him Leonardo da Vinci, but by the counsel of his friends, he concluded to name him for his grandfather, Piero. The boy had increased in vigor and beauty, and at the age of five discovered such wonderful intellect, that his father, unable to wait the slow development of years, summoned two famous astrologers to read his destiny. At this period these arts were much in vogue. Even the great Leonardo had made the study of chiromancy or palmistry a serious pursuit. Their predictions fulfilled the sanguine expectations of Bartolommeo; they foretold that the young Piero would possess wonderful talents; that he would reach extraordinary perfection in art. At the same time they acknowledged that there was an adverse power, which might crush the bright promise of the future.

Bartolommeo was a man of a plain, rational mind; he was dissatisfied with the vague insinuations of the philosophers, and demanded something more precise. They promised, when they parted, to give it to him in writing. This, however, was not done.

The letter was intrusted to old Giotto, who, understanding that it concerned the nativity of Piero, and remembering how tenacious his former master, Leonardo, was on these subjects, determined to keep the paper until Piero was old enough to comprehend it. The old man had observed the growing tenderness between Gianetta and Piero, and knowing the disparity of their birth and situation he concluded that in this way the adverse powers had determined to counteract his inclinations, and he tried to avert all influences of the kind. But death, which baffles human ingenuity, left his plans unfinished.

It were difficult to say whether Bartolomeo really believed in astrology, but he was pleased to have his own aspirations sanctioned by it, with regard to his son. During the fifteenth and sixteenth, and a part of the seventeenth centuries, if we may believe the author of *Guy Mannering*, astrology was the creed of the wise and scientific, rather than of the ignorant; and the casting of nativities had become a lucrative profession.

The father was capable of instructing his son in the early rudiments of education, being well learned in the literature of the day. When his pupil had reached his tenth year, the period at which he is first introduced, Bar-

tolommeo considered it proper to place him with Bandinello, a distinguished painter. The boy had acquired habits of study and close attention, and he went to work with the purpose of attaining the art, and constantly bearing in mind the fame of Leonardo. But though he studied the rules, his hand seemed paralyzed in the execution. There was no kindred genius awakened; still, however, he plodded on for years, and gave no evidence of improvement in painting. At length he thought of the sealed paper, which he had not opened. "Perhaps," said he, "I may find the secret here. I will give it to my father; but will not the dead man haunt him too? O no! for he is not forbidden to open it. But then the burning of the letter? Ah, well!" added he with boyish ingenuity, "that shall be accomplished; after my father has read the letter, I will burn it."

With impetuous haste he flew to his father, and told the story. Bartolommeo received the intelligence with much attention. Here was the long expected letter, which he had relinquished the idea of ever receiving. He understood old Giotto too well not to comprehend his motives in reserving it for Piero, and he determined to inform him of the whole proceeding.

“Thou knowest, my dear boy,” said he, “how fervently thy mother and myself prayed for thy birth; Heaven and the Blessed Mary granted our prayer. Thou promised all we could desire, yet thou wert but a babe, and we coveted most earnestly some confirmation of our hopes and expectations. When thou wast five years old, I sent to the far East for an experienced astrologer, and a celebrated chiromancer. The one calculated nativities by the stars; the other by lines on the human body, particularly those of the face and the palm. I gave them each a large sum to secure their skill.”

“Well, father,” said the boy, eagerly, “what did they say?”

“But little,” said Bartolommeo, for he had good sense enough to understand that to rouse the vanity and pride of the boy, might be a serious injury to his future progress. “Thus much they said, that thou mightest with industry acquire fame and honor like thy uncle.”

“Well, the letter, father; you have it in your hand, open it.”

Bartolommeo cut round the curious seal, and opened the letter. It was filled with mathematical figures, about as intelligible to the father as to the son. Yet the predictions

were repeated ; fame, honor, and success were promised. He handed the letter to Piero with an awakened pride.

As the boy examined the seal, he saw plainly written under it, "Thy life will be a short one. Beware!" He turned pale.

"Do not build too much on these soothsayers, my dear son," said the father, attributing his emotion to the excitement of the flattering predictions ; "you must lend your aid to accomplish them, or they will come to nothing. Your uncle Leonardo da Vinci considered them but as incitements to industry and high resolve. For my own part, I am but a plain man, and do not build on astrology or chiromancy. No, my dear boy, it is on your good disposition, on your desire to learn, on your application to your profession, that I depend, and on the holy saints and Blessed Virgin to give you health and long life."

The courage of Piero returned, and with a noble self-possession and disinterestedness, which marked the character of the boy, he determined to conceal the fatal prediction from his parents.

"Father," said he, "there is no use in preserving this paper ; suffer me to burn it." And then, shuddering, he added, "I would not have a dead man's eyes upon me."

“ We will preserve the beautiful seal,” said Bartolommeo. “ Your mother will like to have it among her collection.”

“ No, father,” he replied, “ I shall be happier to destroy the whole.”

Bartolommeo opposed him no longer, and he placed it in the small lamp, which stood on the table.

Time passed rapidly ; five years had Piero been with the painter. “ Now, dear father,” said the boy, “ listen to me. I am not like my uncle Leonardo. I have no hand for painting. I can admire its beauty, but when I attempt any thing, my execution wholly fails. I cannot even imitate ; I know not how to give the beauty of light and shadow, and even the colors of my master fade under my touch. I am fifteen years old ; ought I not to have made some progress in the art ? Father, do not trust to these soothsayers ; methinks they are but men like ourselves. When I was a child I had my fancies about the stars, and I persuaded Gianetta that we were to live in Jupiter ; but we were children then. My mother mourns for my absence ; let me return to her. I shall find some employment congenial to my taste, and to that I will devote myself. Let the dream of a second Leonardo da Vinci be over ; two such occur not in one family.”

The father was struck with the good sense of his son. "Be it as you say, my dear boy," said he; "but I must speak to Bandinello."

The master was perfectly candid. "I am convinced," he replied, "that Piero, with the finest talents, will never make a painter; his soul is not in the art. We all have our different vocations; painting is not his. Take him back with you to Florence, and his genius will develop itself."

Bartolommeo at once adopted his advice. The master and pupil parted with sincere affection, and they returned to Florence. With what delight did the fond mother receive her son! But Piero remarked that she was paler than when he left.

"Are you not well, dearest mother?" said he, as he knelt by her.

"I believe so," said she, smiling, "I have a little cough, and sometimes a pain in my side; but I have a good little nurse. Who do you think hardly ever leaves me? Your former playmate, Gianetta; her grandmother is dead, and she lives wholly here. It is she who dresses my room every day with fresh flowers. She is a good, affectionate child."

As she spoke, the little nurse entered; she started on seeing Piero, and dropped an awkward courtesy; Piero went forward and shook

hands with her. He was struck with her improved appearance; the sun-burnt face had whitened into a fair complexion, and the large, dark eyes beamed with gentleness and truth.

“How glad I am, Gianetta, to see thee with my mother!” said he.

“Ah!” she replied, “the dear Signora is so kind to me! She took me from the house of death.”

“We will not think of that,” said Piero, “now you dwell in the house of the living. I shall never forget the pleasant rambles we have had together, Gianetta.”

“Thank you, Signor,” said she, dropping one of her little courtesies.

A few days after, they met again; Gianetta was gathering flowers to dress her lady’s room.

“Ah, Gianetta, how art thou this morning?” said Piero.

“Well, Signor, I thank you,” said she, not forgetting her little courtesy.

“But why dost thou call me Signor? Formerly I was Piero.”

“Ah, Signor, we were children then; now,” and she looked modestly down, “I know my place”; and she entered the verandah with her hands full of flowers.

“I understand this,” thought he, “it is the teaching of my lady mother.”

Dearly he loved this lady mother; never was there a more affectionate one. Bred in the high aristocracy of Italian conventional forms, she well knew how to draw the line between a favored and chosen domestic and her own Da Vinci, without haughtiness or unkindness; yet in her mind there was a barrier impassable, and she wasted not a thought upon it.

Neither did Piero apparently. New plans and new aspirations had taken possession of his mind. He had passed whole mornings in the Church of Santa Maria del Fiore; there he spent hours in contemplating the statues of Donatello, particularly the fine one of St. George, to which Michel Angelo exclaimed, "March!"

"Father," said he, one memorable day, "I have failed in painting, try me at sculpture."

Bartolommeo at once consented, and placed him with Nicolò, who was surnamed Il Tribolo. This sculptor was at the time constructing a fountain at a gentleman's villa.

Piero immediately began to design, and soon far outstripped the other pupils of Tribolo. He devoted himself with the utmost ardor to study, day and night, pressing forward, with fervent desire, to honor and fame, and stimulating all around him by his exam-

ple. Through these means he acquired in a few months a marvellous degree of knowledge. Tribolo, seeing his skill and ingenuity, and being still at work on the fountain, gave Piero a block of marble, and requested him to chisel from it a boy, to ornament his fountain. Piero took it with much delight; he first made his model in clay, and then accomplished the work in marble with so much success, that his master at once perceived that he could excel in higher tasks.

In a short time, Piero produced, from another block intrusted to him, two boys, embracing, and holding fishes in their hands; from their mouths the water of the fountain was to flow. These figures were so graceful in their air and expression, there was so much beauty and nature about them, and every part so well done, that it was decided by every one, that he was capable of undertaking and completing works far more difficult.

His success hitherto now encouraged him to purchase a large block of marble, and have it carried to his dwelling. He worked on it in the evening after he had returned home, and part of the night, and also on all holidays, so that by degrees he completed a statue from it. It was a figure of Bacchus with a Satyr at his feet, in one hand holding a

cup, in the other a bunch of grapes. His head was crowned with a wreath of the vine. The marble was a fac-simile of the model he had moulded in clay. In this, as well as in his other works, Piero discovered a wonderful lightness and grace. When the Bacchus was finished, it was purchased by Capponi, and "to the present day," Vasari says, "Ludovico Capponi, his nephew, has it in his court."

When this piece of statuary was beheld by the Florentines, who had not before known that Piero was the nephew of Leonardo da Vinci, they at once exclaimed, that he was the true descendant of the great man, by relationship and blood, and from that time he was called *Il Vinci*, and not Piero.

It would be arduous to mention all his works. Lucca Martini, who had worked with Tribolo, was much delighted with Piero's statues, and gave him a block of marble, from which he made a Christ fastened to the cross. This, more than all other things he had chiseled, excited astonishment; for he had not then attained his eighteenth year, and in a few years of study had acquired more than many do in a long life and with much experience.

It may well be supposed that the parents

of Piero felt as if their prayers were accomplished.

“Is there nothing, my son, I can do for you?” said Bartolommeo, in the fulness of his satisfaction. “If you have a wish ungratified, speak, and if it be in my power, it shall be granted.”

Thus urged, Piero answered: “Francesco Bandini is the friend of my friend Lucca Martini; he has, through him, invited me to come to Rome and remain a year. I have indeed a most earnest desire to behold the magnificent works of art collected there, but particularly those of Michel Angelo, who, you know, is still living, and whom I may see face to face.”

It was with much reluctance that his parents consented to part with him, but they felt that it was unjust to debar him from acquiring eminence and fame. He took an affectionate leave of his father and mother, nor was Gianetta forgotten; she still retained a place in his affection, but he was too busy and too studious to gather the little purple flower of “love in idleness,” and Gianetta seemed to have no aspirations beyond the approbation of the ever kind Signora.

While at Rome he distinguished himself by beautiful productions, and to prove his grati-

tude to his friend Martini, he made in wax the Moses of Michel Angelo, which is in San Pietro in Vincola. Nothing could be more beautiful than this work, which he presented to his friend.

While he was studying at Rome, Martini was appointed by the Duke of Fiorenza inspector of some public works, and not forgetting, in his new office, Piero, he wrote to inform him that he had prepared a room for him, and would provide a block of marble, upon which he might work at pleasure.

Piero, that he might be near Martini, accepted the invitation, and went to Pisa, where he found, not only his room prepared, but the block of marble in it. He immediately began to carve a standing figure, but as he went on, finding some defect in the marble, which interfered with his plan, he changed it into a youth reclining, represented as a river god, holding a vase, with water pouring from it. The vase was supported by three figures, who assisted in throwing the water. When he had finished the work, he gave it to Lucca, who presented it to the Duchessa di Fiorenza; by her it was transferred to her brother, the Duke of Toledo, who placed it at the fountain in his garden at Chiaja.

Martini communicated to Piero, at this

time, Dante's poem, the *Divina Commedia*, describing the cruelty exercised by the Archbishop Ruggieri against Ugolino, condemning him and his four sons to die of hunger. The description so wrought on Piero, that it gave rise to a design of this scene.

It is indeed wonderful, the variety of works he crowded into his early years, all of them finished with taste, elegance, and according to the rules of art. It may well be supposed that the second Da Vinci was no longer obscure; he had fast arisen to an eminence for which his parents had hardly dared to hope.

It may be asked whether the astrologer's prediction did not sometimes occur to his mind; it certainly did, but he had the resolution to bury it in his bosom; and not distress his parents by imaginary fears. He had now passed his twenty-second year; perhaps he felt some symptoms of declining health, for his watchful friends imagined that he was more thoughtful and less gay than formerly. When his mother remarked it to Bartolommeo, he replied, "Surely this is natural. Leonardo was a grave man; our Piero has the weight of honors on his shoulders. Ah! we must not expect him to sport like a boy."

About this time he was intently engaged in what appeared to be a mere fancy design.

It was neither a goddess nor an allegory, but a young girl, clad in the simple habit of the country, with her apron filled with flowers; it was crowded so full, that they were falling out at each end, while she was trying to collect them in her beautifully rounded hands and arms. How much it was admired, and how much his lady mother admired it!

“I must have that,” said she, “my dear Piero. Do you know that it reminds me of Gianetta? It is extremely like her; but we must not hint it to her, — it might put foolish thoughts into her head.”

Had some one already suggested it to the young girl, now almost a woman, or was it an accidental blush which covered her face and neck, as she entered the room, and saw it standing on a pedestal?

A slight agitation, too, seemed evident in the voice of Piero, as he said, “Gianetta, my mother accepts this piece of sculpture, because it happens to resemble you.”

“Let me gather up some of the herbs for the poor child,” said Gianetta, trying to smile, and kneeling at the feet of Piero, who stood gazing on his own workmanship. Then, in a whisper which was like the faint breeze of the dying wind, she uttered, “Beware!”

Piero started. Was the word spoken, or was it his own imagination?

The lady mother seemed happy in the resemblance. "You shall dress it with fresh flowers every morning," said she to Gianetta.

"I am glad to have finished this work," said Piero, "before I leave you. I have put *my heart and soul into it*. My friend Martini is going to Genoa, and invites me to accompany him. Fare thee well, my own mother. Gianetta, take good care of the Signora; *remember thou hast in keeping what I love best.*"

Tears fell from the mother's eyes, as she pressed her beloved son to her bosom; his too overflowed. It is not then strange that the gentle Gianetta, so true to human sympathy, should have found it quite impossible to restrain hers; but she knew her place too well to utter a word.

It was thus the little group parted, and Piero went to take a more manly leave of his father.

In spite of his wisdom and precaution, Bartolommeo had done all in his power to spoil his son, and in this short parting he must add a few more words of praise and commendation.

"Thou hast been more to me, Piero, than I dared to ask of Heaven. All I can desire,

thou hast accomplished, and crowned my gray hair with honor. My vows are fulfilled."

The two friends reached Genoa. Again Piero found among the wonders of art full excitement; he was applied to by the heirs of a distinguished gentleman to execute a model for a sepulchre, which he at once commenced, and was intent in the work, perhaps little suspecting that his own was in preparation.

He had complained of indisposition. His friend had been summoned to Florence by the Duke, and commended him to the care of a good Abate, leaving him well situated in his house and promising to hasten back.

After his departure, Piero became more ill, and gave directions that he should be conveyed to Leghorn by water, and from there he proceeded to Pisa.

He reached his friend, prostrated in strength and suffering from fever. The next day, towards noon, he passed away to another life, just as he had entered his twenty-third year.

Such was the short career of Piero da Vinci, the nephew of Leonardo.

The lady mother did not long survive her son: grief is a sure destroyer. Gianetta was her constant attendant: their lives melted away together, like the fading gleam of twilight.

The Signora's death was recorded by sculptured urn. Gianetta's history is conjectured only, by the marble statue chiselled from life by Piero.

Giovanni da Bologna, born in Douay, 1524, was a pupil of Michel Angelo. It is said that some severe censure on his works from the master excited his desire to excel. He is best known as the author of the Mercury, Messenger of the Gods, of which we see many copies. This piece is in Florence, and also the equestrian statue of Cosmo the First. He lived till 1608.

Many other artists might be mentioned who aroused this era of sculpture from the deep sleep of vandalism. For nearly three centuries it had contrived to flourish, when one man by his false taste, yet surprising and fascinating talents, contrived to destroy the great and noble reform made by such men as the Pisani, and above all by Michel Angelo.

Genius is often a dangerous gift, and such it proved to Lorenzo Giovanni Bernini. He very early discovered wonderful talents, and as he advanced in life despised all rules of art, and indulged in the wildest creations of fancy. He was born in Naples, in 1598. Unfortunately he found many followers, and was able

to degrade the art by fantastic deviations from the rules of taste. His great object was to surprise. His attitudes were striking, but unnatural. Considering Michel Angelo as deficient in grace and beauty, and imagining himself endowed with rival powers, he strove to become the hero of a new style. Some of his works are pointed out at Naples, and immediately strike even the uninitiated as affected and unnatural; yet from their novelty, in the beginning, they excited admiration and had imitators.

His works are numerous in Rome, but are now seldom selected for study. His figure of Constantine, in the Vatican, and above all, his Theresa, in Santa Maria della Vittoria, and his Santa Bibiena, in the church dedicated to that saint, seem to be exceptions to his general works. His Theresa is represented in an ecstatic rapture of divine love, and is a legitimate subject for his peculiarities.

Probably Bernini was not in the best school for classical improvement, as he was early flattered and extolled. At eighteen he produced his Apollo and Daphne, in marble. At the close of his life he acknowledged that he had made but little progress since the time when that and his St. Theresa were made.

In the year 1644, Cardinal Mazarin offered

him, in the name of the king of France, a salary of twelve hundred crowns, if he would live in Paris, and confine his labors to the embellishment of that city. But he declined the offer. After the death of Urban the Eighth, when Pope Innocent had ascended the papal throne, Bernini found he had many enemies. He was fortunate, however, in gaining the favor of his Holiness by a model for a fountain. As an architect he was more faultless than as a sculptor. The colonnade of the Basilica San Pietro was the design of Bernini. Again he received an invitation to France from Louis the Fifteenth. He could not resist this tribute to his fame, and left Rome in 1665, at the age of sixty-eight, with a numerous retinue, travelling in the style of an ambassador. He was received in the most flattering manner; after a time, however, he conceived a disgust, and returned to Rome.

He lived to the age of eighty-two, and died in 1680, leaving to his children a fortune of thirty-three hundred thousand francs. He was of opinion, that, in order to excel in the arts, one must rise above all rules and create an original manner. In this consisted his great mistake; to be original, he became affected and extravagant. He had knowledge enough to make Michel Angelo his model, but

imagined that he could improve upon him; and as the immortal Florentine made his figures nude, Bernini clothed his in voluminous and flowing drapery.

He lived in the papal reigns of Gregory the Fifteenth, of Matteo Barberini or Urban the Eighth, of Innocent the Tenth, and of Alexander the Seventh, the successor of Innocent the Tenth. His style is severely censured, as false in taste and false in execution; but his works, in many instances, it must be allowed, are very beautiful.

It certainly may be considered a subject of regret, that Bernini, to build the tabernacle over the high altar of St. Peter's Church, robbed the portico of the Pantheon of its panelled ceiling and beams of bronze. This almost excites indignation; for what monument of Roman art can be compared to the beautiful Pantheon?

CHAPTER XIII.

ANTONIO CANOVA.

CANOVA may be considered as the restorer of sculpture in Italy, since the time of Michel Angelo. The numerous Grecian works that adorned Italy inspired him with his early love of sculpture, and though merely the son of a stonecutter, he developed, even while working at his father's trade, the true character of his mind.

He was born at Passagno, near Treviso, November 1st, 1757. He early began to model in clay; this much discomposed the neatness of his dress, and his mother prohibited the dirty employment. Thus interdicted, he secured a quantity of butter, and modelled a lion from it. His mother was so much surprised by its beauty and lifelike appearance, that she contrived to have it placed on the table of a Patrician of Venice, named Falieri. The nobleman saw at once the genius of Canova, and put him under the instruction of

a sculptor called Toretto, where he made great progress. His early attempts are yet preserved, particularly two baskets of fruit, executed in marble.

He studied at the Academy of the Fine Arts at Venice, and won several prizes. At the age of twenty-two he completed a group of Dædalus and Icarus. This work gave so much satisfaction, that the Senate of Venice sent him to Rome, with a pension of three hundred ducats.

Canova visited the studios of the modern artists, and studied the forms of ancient sculpture. He professed himself much indebted to Raphael Mengs, Sir W. Hamilton, and particularly to the celebrated Winckelmann. He soon became distinguished, and the brightest anticipations were conceived of his future success; how well he fulfilled them, we at this day fully know. His Cupid and Psyche, his Venus and Adonis, the Dancers, the Graces, Paris, Mars, and Venus, and particularly his Repentant Magdalen, are enough to establish his fame.

Pope Pius named him Inspector-General of the Fine Arts in the Roman States, with a pension of four hundred scudi. He was also invited to Paris by the First Consul, and, by the Pope's permission, went. He was there re-

ceived with open arms, immediately loaded with all their academic honors, received as a member of the Institute, and the friend of the First Consul.

At this time, while staying in Paris, he executed the statue of Napoleon. This did not please the subject himself, for on seeing it he exclaimed, "Canova croit donc que je me bats à coup de poing." This statue was presented by Louis the Eighteenth to the British government; afterwards it came into the possession of the Duke of Wellington.

Canova received the title of Prince of the Academy of St. Luke; this was an honor which had not been awarded to any one for many years. He was afterwards appointed to visit Paris, to recover the works of art of which Bonaparte had spoiled Italy. His reception was much less gracious on this errand, but he executed well his commission, and with a decision that was termed *hauteur*. But it was an unwelcome errand to the French, who had so long been decked in the spoils of the classic peninsula. Canova understood the dignity of his office, and styled himself "the Pope's ambassador." The French minister said in reply, "You mean, his packer."

Canova was received with every honor on

his return to Rome. Pius acknowledged his ambassador by the utmost distinction, and named him Marquis of Ischia, with an endowment of three thousand Roman scudi. Canova, with characteristic liberality, consecrated the whole of this sum to the encouragement of art.

Few artists have been able to do so much for the arts; he founded annual prizes, and was always ready to assist young artists with his purse and counsel. He began a church at Possagno, and when he died, left a sum for its completion.

If we go over the list of Canova's productions during the thirty years which he filled with honor, we find that he has left fifty-three statues, twelve groups, fourteen cenotaphs, eight large monuments, seven colossal figures, a group of colossal size, fifty-four busts, and twenty-six bas-reliefs, besides a number of unfinished pieces. He never trusted to assistants, but executed all his designs himself. Yet sculpture did not wholly absorb him; there are extant twenty-two pictures from his hand.

He died at Venice, October 13th, 1822, aged sixty-six years. His heart was put in the Church of San Marco at Venice, in the magnificent tomb he had erected for Titian,

(but whose remains had not yet been there deposited,) and his body was buried at Posagno, his native place. Titian was afterwards removed from an obscure corner of San Marco, and placed in the monument.

It was not until Canova's time, that the true beauty of the antique was again rightly prized, and redeemed from the influence of Bernini, from Algardi, Roggi, Ferrata, Brunelli, and Rusconi; although in the middle of the last century, Winckelmann and Mengs, under the patronage of Cardinal Albani, had called forth into light, and studied out the true and classical art of antiquity.

We cannot too highly estimate the genius of Canova in reviving a pure and just style, at a period when the vigor and originality of Michel Angelo were in a manner lost by modern sculptors, and the noble simplicity of earlier times abandoned. His Theseus was his first great undertaking, and it is said that he employed no inferior artist to work down the marble, but executed it wholly with his own hand.

It is most pleasant to contemplate him as possessed of wealth and honor; the poor artist returning the patronage which he once received. The Roman Academy of Antiquity was endowed by him; pensions were granted

to young students, prizes established for the most successful works, and charities for destitute artists, and for the wives and families of those who died in want. He undertook magnificent works, and his liberality seemed boundless. Many of his noble studies were furnished gratuitously. He erected a temple near the spot of his nativity, and furnished the design for the whole edifice.

It was Canova's fate to execute a work in 1807, which called forth all the sensibility of his heart. Louisa, Countess of Albany, the beautiful and unfortunate wife of the Pretender, Charles James Edward Stuart, grandson of James the Second, requested Canova to erect a monument to the memory of Vittoria Alfieri. This may be called Canova's most elaborate work, and in this he combined his various and lofty talents of dignity, expression, and deep feeling.

It cannot be uninteresting to speak of this noble and interesting woman. Married when very young to the Pretender, she early discovered that her happiness was shipwrecked. Still, however, she bore with patience and gentleness the violent temper of her husband. He was fifty-two when she married him; they lived for some time at Rome, and received the honors of royalty; but his inordinate am-

bition at length disgusted even his adherents. We will now give Alfieri's account of this lady : —

“ I determined in the month of October to visit Florence, without having decided whether to pass the winter there, or at Turin ; but I had scarcely arrived before an event took place which induced me to take up my residence there for several years, and, indeed, which almost determined me to abjure my native country, and thus acquire literary liberty.

“ During the preceding summer, which I had passed at Florence, I frequently met with a very distinguished foreigner, remarkable for her beauty and amiable manners. It was impossible not to note this lady, and still more impossible not to seek to please her when once in her company. Though I might easily have obtained access to her, since most foreigners of distinction, as well as the Florentine nobility, visited at her house, yet from my reserved and retired character I declined an introduction, and contented myself with meeting her at the theatres and in the public walks.

“ The first impression she made on me was most agreeable. Large black eyes, full of spirit and gentleness, joined to a fair complexion and flaxen hair, gave surprising

brilliancy to her beauty. Twenty-five years of age, possessing a taste for letters and the fine arts, an amiable character, an immense fortune, and placed in domestic circumstances of the most painful nature, how was it possible to avoid feeling the deepest interest in her?"

Such was the early impression which Count Alfieri received from Louisa of Stolberg. He was afterwards introduced to her, and says he was "involuntarily caught in the toils of love." From this time his mind seems to have been occupied by the image of this unfortunate woman. He wrote his celebrated tragedy of Mary Stuart at her suggestion. She exercised a happy influence over his character, stimulating him to literary and noble pursuits. At this time he says:—

"My days glided away in unruffled tranquillity, with the exception of the sympathy I experienced in seeing *Mia Donna*—the phrase is untranslatable—a victim to the tyranny of a peevish and drunken husband. I participated in all her sufferings, and felt the bitterness of death. I only saw her in the evening, or when dining at her house, her husband always present; for though they had been married nearly nine years, he had never suffered her to visit or be absent from him.

“ When I saw her in the evening, my happiness was embittered by witnessing the sorrow which oppressed her. Without a constant application to study, I could hardly have supported the hard necessity of seeing her so seldom.”

The character of Alfieri was an extraordinary one. It is to be regretted that there is no translation which does justice to his memoir of himself; but there are insuperable difficulties in translating the Italian into English. The title Alfieri gives to the lady is uniformly “*Mia Donna*”; his translator substitutes “*my fair friend*.”

After enduring the heaviest trials from her brutal and now almost constantly intoxicated husband, the Countess was at length relieved in some measure from his tyranny by the influence of Alfieri, who, as a man of rank and letters, stood high. It was secretly arranged that she should visit one of the convents of Florence; her husband, as usual, accompanied her, and was greatly astonished when informed that she was to remain there. The miserable man tried in vain to retain his victim, but he was informed that there was no appeal from the government. She did not stay here long, but was sent by her brother-in-law, Cardinal York, to be placed in a convent in Rome.

Alfieri had accomplished his purpose in obtaining a release for the Countess from the tyranny of her husband, which was so well known that every one approved of the step she had taken. After her departure the poet remained desolate and sad. He would not follow her to Rome, as it might give rise to rumors. After one year he made a short visit to that place, and saw the Countess at the grate of her convent. He had at least the satisfaction of knowing she was released from her persecutor. He remained in Rome but a few days.

At length the Countess obtained permission from the Cardinal, her brother, to leave the convent, and live separate from her husband, in an apartment he assigned her in his palace. Her ample fortune made her perfectly independent of all pecuniary considerations, and this arrangement appears to have been a happy one. Alfieri was now permitted to visit her, and she performed the part of a true friend. Some of his finest tragedies were written under her influence. His visits were more and more frequent, and at length the Cardinal interfered to forbid them. Alfieri acknowledges that the frequency of his visits was indiscreet, but declares that their intercourse never exceeded the strictest limits of

honor and propriety. He voluntarily renounced the pleasure of this intercourse, and left Rome in 1783.

He wandered for years through England and France, absorbed sometimes in writing poetry and tragedies, and sometimes in purchasing horses, a passion from his youth upwards. He says that as soon as he arrived in London he began to purchase horses, and at length increased his stud to fourteen. In riding, superintending his horses, and writing to the Countess, he spent his time in the great metropolis.

After passing some months in England, he set out on his return to Rome, taking with him his horses. Every day some mischance happened to these favorites; one had a violent cough, another became lame, and a third would not eat. In the passage from Dover they were necessarily stowed in the hold of the vessel. On arriving at Calais they were slung over the sides into the sea, and compelled to swim for their lives. He succeeded finally in getting them safe ashore, and was rewarded by the admiration they excited at Amiens, Paris, and Lyons. All this was nothing to the passage of the Alps, of which the account is sufficiently amusing. He arrived, however, at Turin with his convoy safe.

But as we are not giving the life of Alfieri, we must cut short this narrative. The Countess obtained permission to visit the waters of Baden, and in Germany Alfieri saw her near Colmar in Alsace; but they met only to separate. After a long series of trials, at length Alfieri received the intelligence that the lady was free. Her husband died in 1788. She returned to Italy, and was secretly married to Alfieri.

Her influence on the ardent character of the poet seems to have been undiminished, and his constancy to her entire. "Without her," he says, "I never could have accomplished any thing excellent." His first meeting with her is beautifully described in his *Life*, — "*quella gentelissima e bella Signora.*" A few moments before his death, he held out his hand to the Countess, and said to her, "Clasp my hand, my beloved, I die!" And the word was but uttered, when it was fulfilled.

Thus died Vittorio Alfieri, in his fifty-seventh year, after a life of devoted love and literary celebrity. For a short time his remains were deposited beneath a simple stone in the Church of Santa Croce at Florence.

It was to Canova, for we now return to our sculptor, that his widow applied to erect a monument worthy of Alfieri. It is a splendid

sarcophagus ; each of the four corners is ornamented with a tragic mask, a tribute to the genius of the poet. In the centre is his bust, sculptured in a medallion. Beside the tomb is a draped figure of Italy, pointing to the poet, and weeping for her favorite son. On the base is seen a lyre, beautifully sculptured. It stands in the Church of Santa Croce, near the tombs of Michel Angelo and Machiavel. A little seat, opposite the monument, was for years pointed out as the spot where the Countess was accustomed to resort to contemplate the tomb of her beloved.

CHAPTER XIV.

THORWALDSEN.

COPENHAGEN was the birthplace of Thorwaldsen, and 1770 was the year of his birth. The early predilection for art in the boy originated in the employment of his father, who supported his family by rough carvings in wood, in the dock-yards of Copenhagen.

It is striking to observe how early a direction is given to the youthful mind by daily habit and observation. The father little imagined that in his own laborious employment he was cultivating the genius of his son, which was hereafter to bring forth such noble fruits. When his predilection for art first developed itself, his father was urged to place him at the Academy of Copenhagen. He was unwilling, his assistance had become important, but he at length consented, and in 1781, when he had attained his eleventh year, he entered the Academy. Here he obtained the highest marks of approbation; probably

he owed much of this success to the persevering gentleness of his temper, and an entire devotion to his studies.

After he had made obvious improvement, his father was desirous that he should return to his wood-carving. This measure was decidedly opposed by his instructor, and the son determined to devote a part of his time to the assistance of his father, reserving to himself an equal part of it for his own improvement in sculpture. In 1787 he obtained a prize.

He was so successful at the Academy, that he was allowed the gratuity set apart for travelling students. With this he immediately set out for Rome, the earnestly desired haven of artists, and in the spring of 1797 arrived there. He did not at first obtain the success he had anticipated; his prospects grew dark, his money was almost expended, and he felt obliged to return home. Still, however, he had not failed in acquiring reputation.

At this time Mr. Thomas Hope was accidentally conducted to his studio by an Italian servant. He was much struck with his works, particularly a figure of Jason in clay. He demanded of the artist for what sum he would complete it in marble. Thorwaldsen replied, for six hundred zecchini. "That is

below its merit," replied the noble-spirited banker, "I will give you eight hundred, and every facility for accomplishing your work."

We may judge of the effect produced on the sculptor. He now fixed his residence at Rome, and thought no longer of returning.

His noble creation of art brought him honor and wealth. He was engaged in works for the palace of the Pope, in expectation of Napoleon's visit to Rome. He modelled his Day and Night, his Hebe and Mercury, and made beautiful sepulchral monuments. He was invited to return to Denmark, and he received the most flattering tokens of respect from his native country.

It was most natural that he should wish to revisit the land of his birth, and in 1819 he returned to it; but he found there the changes which belong to time and chance. Both of his parents were dead, and after passing a year at Copenhagen, under his new honors and griefs, he went back to Rome to prosecute his labors.

Happily there is no difficulty in tracing out the life of Thorwaldsen. His high and noble career is well recorded. His sepulchral monuments have been the admiration of Europe. We of another hemisphere have beheld with delighted eyes his beautiful and natural rep-

resentation of children, who may well be considered the angels of sculpture, and, we think, are much more lovely when represented without wings than with them.

On a subsequent visit to Denmark, he executed two bas-reliefs, "Christmas Joy in Heaven," and the "Genius of Poetry." The latter he gave to his friend, Oehlenschlager, the author of some fine tragedies.

He intended returning again to Rome in the summer of 1844, but was suddenly attacked with disease of the heart on the 24th of March, and died at the age of seventy-three. A public funeral demonstrated the high veneration of the people. The king of Denmark received his body at the entrance of the church.

To the Museum in Copenhagen, which bears his name, he bequeathed all the works of art in his possession,—casts of his own works, his statues, his paintings, his cameos, bronzes, medals, and engravings,—a most valuable collection, made during his residence in Rome.

A statue of Lord Byron was executed, at particular request, by Thorwaldsen; a subscription having been raised for this purpose. The poet is seated on the fragment of a ruined temple, with his feet on the broken shaft of a

column. With one hand he presses a pencil on his lips, as if meditating in the midst of composition; in the other he holds a volume of *Childe Harold*.

The statue arrived in London in the year 1833, and was to be deposited in Westminster Abbey, when, to the astonishment of the subscribers, it was refused admittance. It is now at Trinity College, Cambridge, the ornament of the library.

Thorwaldsen has justly been called the "Danish Phidias." There is no doubt that his sculpture approaches more nearly to Grecian art than any of modern times.

His memory is equally beloved as a philanthropist and an artist. The *Life of Thorwaldsen*, by Dr. Thiele, has just been published at Leipzig. We shall content ourselves, therefore, with a few observations, which may be of service to those artists who labor for years without being able to demonstrate their powers.

The noble and sensitive spirit of Thorwaldsen, as we have intimated, was nearly crushed by the neglect and want of appreciation with which his works were viewed, and he was about quitting Rome in despair, when the genius and intellect of Mr. Hope, united to his generosity, gave the artist an opportunity of

proving to the world his surpassing excellence. After this period his career became brilliant; every one of his works was eagerly sought, and he arose to the heights of fame. We are aware that his was a peculiar excellence, but the young artist need not despair. Let him study as Thorwaldsen did, with unremitting industry; let him patiently wait for some happy consummation of his genius and toil. We fully believe that every artist, if he will honestly seek the truth, may be able to estimate in some degree the value of his own works. He has a thousand tests by which to judge them, but none more striking than the effect they produce on promiscuous gazers. The ignorant may applaud and parasites admire, but there is a consciousness of truth which forces itself upon his judgment. Many an artist has spent the best years of his life in trying to be what nature never intended he should be. When this conviction comes, let him magnanimously renounce the profession of sculptor, painter, or musician, and seek an independence among the more humble, but useful and honest men of his native land. But this is all unlike the discouragement of Thorwaldsen, or that of Flaxman; they had the inward support of true genius, the divine fellowship of art. Thorwaldsen received his

crown while living. Flaxman's works are now earning him posthumous fame, and were never fully appreciated till after his death.

The endowments of genius are peculiar, and sometimes unfit the possessor for what is called popular applause. In some instances they may soar too high for common appreciation, and are not comprehended. Fortunately, however, this is not often the case; the highest order of talent and execution finds its responsive sympathy in the human heart. The uninstructed are softened, elevated, and delighted, they know not how or why; they are merely obeying the great law of nature, with its kindred associations.

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